

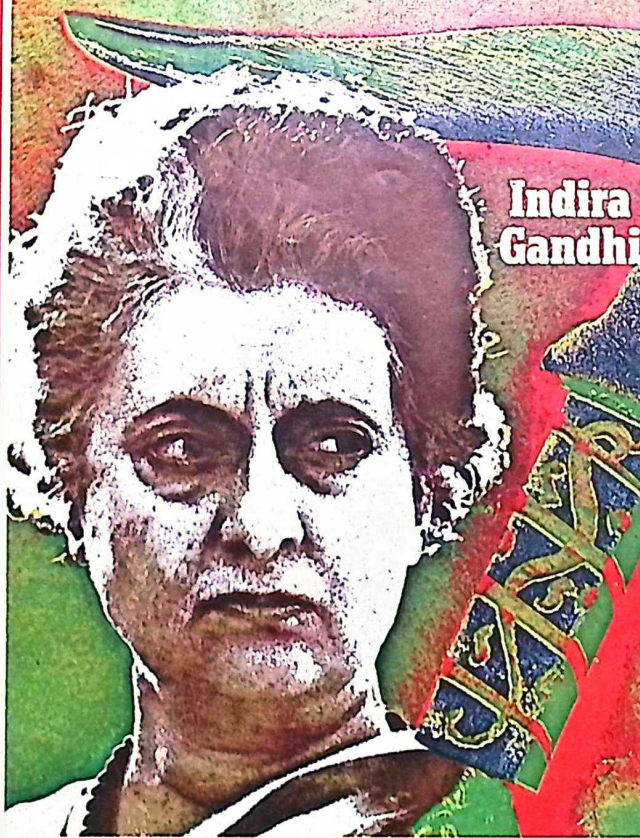
DECEMBER 6, 1971

T I M E

Conflict in Asia: India v Pakistan



Yahya
Khan



Indira
Gandhi

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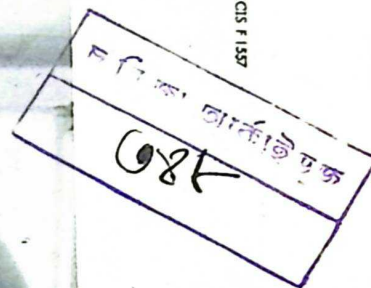
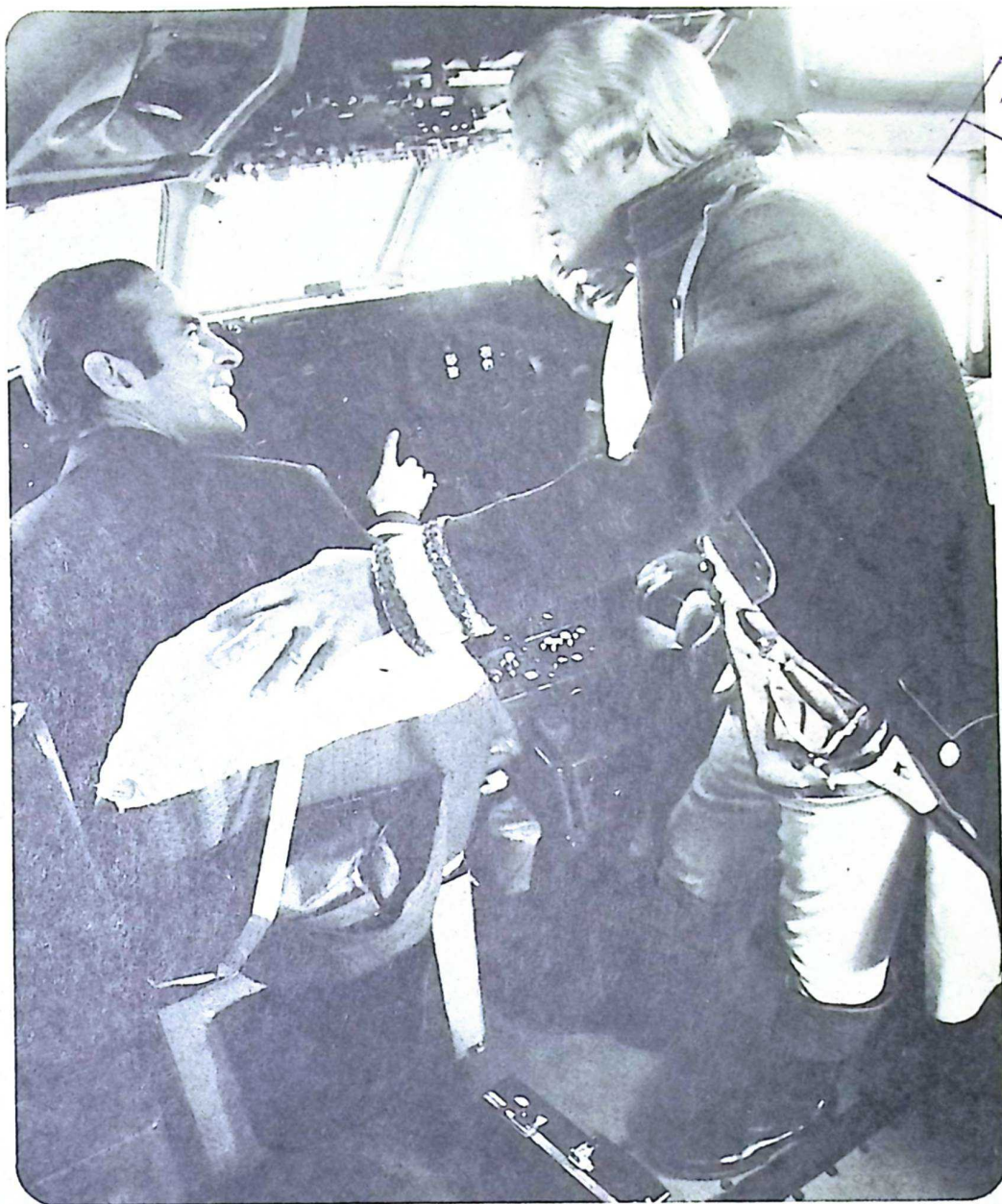
insurance companies, a \$1 million deal was profitably and successfully concluded. And the Taiwan firm became the owner of a slightly used dock. Your overseas problems may not be this complicated. But even the most routine transaction can benefit from the experienced attention of our international bankers. Here at home, too, our man-on-the-spot service can speed

your collections, aid with mergers and acquisitions, find plant sites, and finance expansion. Whatever you need, Bank of America's men-on-the-spot have what you're looking for. In the Far East. In the Middle East. Or anywhere.

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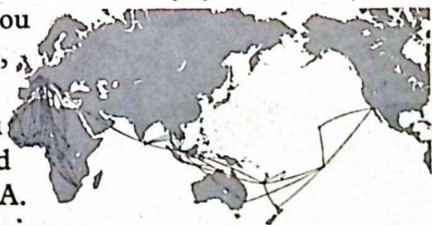
*James Cook (1728-1779), one of the earlier long-distance travellers,
and the first to practise scientific exploration.*

What think ye, Captain Cook?

Nowadays, the helm is known as the joystick. And the look-out is called radar. A simple matter of jargon — and of progress, Captain.

You helped us turn navigation into a profession, and we're much obliged, forsooth! Today, you would be a jet pilot... provided that you pass the examinations, of course.

They're tough, you know, both for us and for our planes: U.T.A. gives no marks for daring.



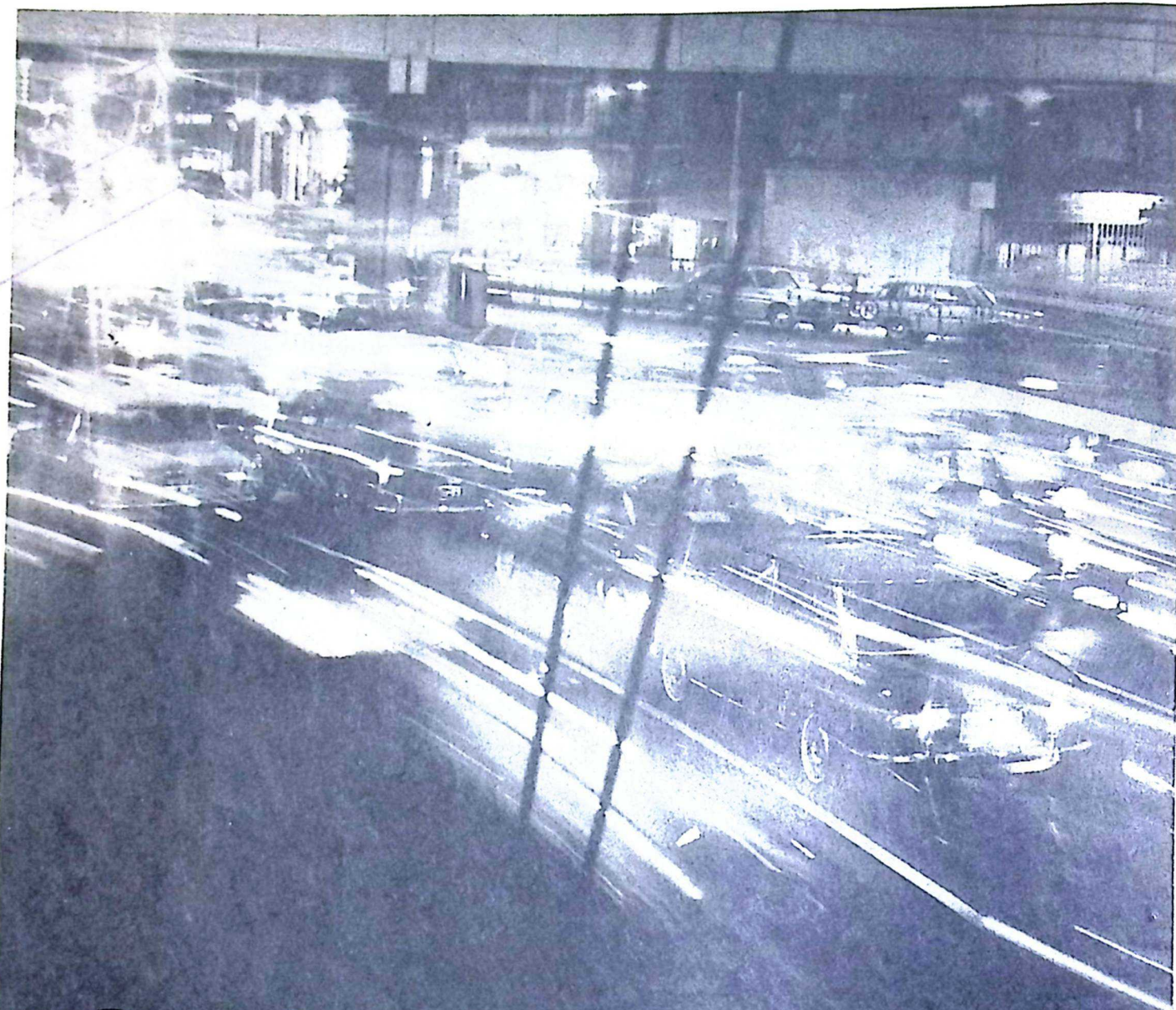
We have over 130 passengers aboard, all experienced travellers like yourself. We take them far (an average of 3000 miles per passenger), so we must carry them with care.

A friendly welcome aboard, elegant hospitality (we're a French company, after all), a comfortable trip, a happy landing. We owe that much to such long-distance passengers.

How say ye, Captain Cook?

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LETTERS

A Colorful Pattern

Sir: Your all-knowing writers have declared that busing [Nov. 15] is the only noble thing to do for the poor neglected black Americans. Does our Constitution state that all neighborhoods and schools must have a mixture of every race and nationality in them? There are some people who prefer to live with their own nationality or race. Because some interpret this as an evil racist attitude, the right of people to live with whom they please is denied. Is it the courts' duty to arrange us all in a very colorful pattern?

SANDRA WOZNIAK
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Sir: I hope that your objective report on busing will help the public understand that the issue that matters is not the bus ride but what is at the end of the bus ride. If discrimination can be reduced, if children can receive a better education, then every educational tool, including busing, should be used. Success or failure rests not with the bus but with the dedication of leadership to a truly equal education system and society.

LEON E. PANETTA
Former Director
Office for Civil Rights
Health, Education and Welfare
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Sir: The blacks rightfully want their children to be in a school where the surroundings are best for learning. So do the whites. Both agree the place isn't the ghetto.

Bus the blacks where they want to go, but don't punish white children by putting them in the ghetto.

SUSAN GREEN
Portland, Ore.

Sir: Blacks do not want to exchange their culture for white culture. All they are demanding is their constitutional right to attend schools of far better standing than those of the ghetto. Education will then give black people the "tool" to further enrich their own culture.

MRS. MICKEY JONES
Boston

Sir: You say black children do not get a good education in ghetto schools. I agree, but if it's not good enough for the blacks, it's not good enough for the whites.

WANDA MILLER
Newport News, Va.

Sir: When Mrs. Irene McCabe, leader of the N.A.G., says, "I don't think I'm required to study or participate in another group's ethnic culture if I don't want to," she fails to recognize that black Americans have always been forced to study and conform to white culture.

SYLVIA SUE BERGMAN
Bean Station, Tenn.

Sir: In the interests of accuracy, Oregon's Representative Edith Green is not a Republican, as you stated, but a Democrat and a very good one.

MARY K. MARK
Portland, Ore.

The Charles Thomas Tragedy

Sir: Your story on the Charles Thomas tragedy and the State Department's personnel rating system (Nov. 15) is also ap-

plicable to the efficiency reports prepared on armed forces personnel. From personal observations, I tend to believe that integrity, diligence, and professional competence, carry no weight with many reporting officials and commanders, and in their view amount to no more than abstract notions. One might be better off if he pursued the development of his golfing rather than his professional skills.

One might conclude that one need not live in Communist-controlled territory in order to understand Kafka, but only that he be subjected to the administrative apparatus of the State Department or the armed forces.

RICHARD J. KALNOK
Major, U.S.A.F. (ret.)
Chicopee, Mass.

Sir: In "Undiplomatic Reforms," you described the treatment of both Charles Thomas and Willard Brown by the Department of State management, and pointed up the crying need for a full investigation by disinterested parties of the department's personnel policies. Many of us believe that the prerequisite for raising the generally low level of State Department effectiveness and re-establishing public confidence in its advice is making State's personnel system more fair, modern and efficient.

One of the principal causes of the present malaise in the department is the "old-boy" network, which for too long has rewarded the toady with honors, good assignments and promotion while it ruthlessly punishes those who challenge the accepted conventional wisdoms of foreign policy.

XAVIER M. VELA
President, Local 1534
American Federation of
Government Employees
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Everyone deplores the tragic death of Charles W. Thomas, no one condones the loss of files or bureaucratic error, and reasonable men support objective procedures for the redress of legitimate grievances.

This said, your sweeping and over-dramatized condemnation of the selection up or out system is misleading and a disservice both to the reading public and the cause of reform. Each year the selection boards screen the records of all eligible officers. The records contain much more than the annual efficiency reports you so snidely described. They are thorough, comprehensive and contain illustrative detail.

As elsewhere, injustice does occur but, on the basis of my 35 years' experience, not often and seldom without ultimate redemption.

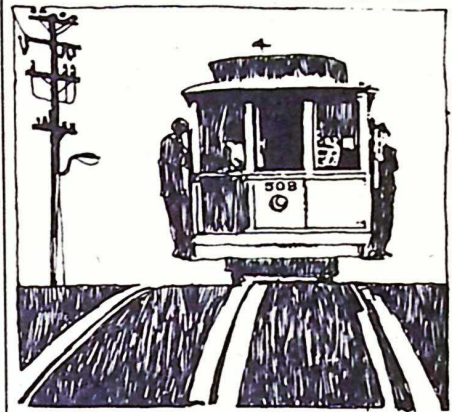
I know Howard Mace as a man of kindly disposition. He has given his adult life to his profession, and he deserves a better fate near the close of long and faithful service than to be singled out as "primarily responsible for the selecting-out process."

J. GRAHAM PARSONS, FSO
Department of State
Washington, D.C.

Authorship Denied

Sir: Your Letters to the Editor section [Nov. 22] published a critical and highly insulting commentary on the Iranian 2,500th anniversary celebrations, and attributed its authorship to "Norman R. Burton, Man-

SAN FRANCISCO



Get there through
the world of Dynasty.



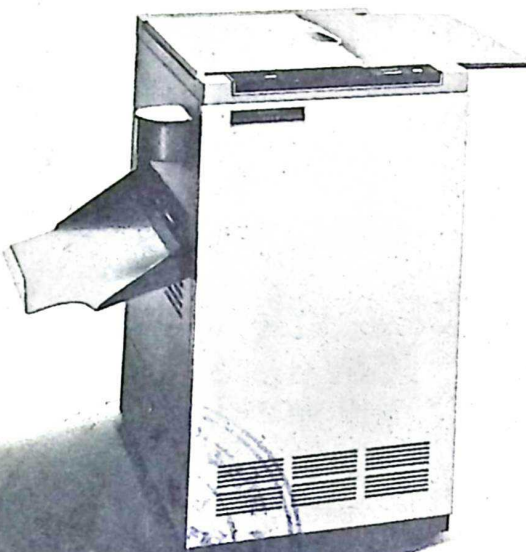
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needs to be known,
the more it needs TIME:
in 185 countries, the most
important magazine to the
world's most important people.



The Weekly Newsmagazine

aging Director, Page Communications Engineers, Teheran."

I emphatically deny the authorship of the letter you published over my forged signature, and most especially do I deny the allegations and sentiments expressed in that letter. I cannot divine the reasons why a person would invent a statement so contrary to my own knowledge and beliefs, but let me set the record straight.

Those of us working here in the American and European business communities are proud of the accomplishments made by our Iranian friends. Those of us who are working on advanced technology projects with the Iranian government are pleased with the superior business relationship that exists between us. Contrary to the mischief set forth in the forged letter, we could not ask for a better friend or a better customer.

The reported cost of the celebration was greatly exaggerated—by the false Mr. Burton and by much of the foreign press as well. I know that most of the money was spent for long-range accomplishments, including schools, parks, roads and public communications systems. Much of the work was speeded up to achieve completion in time for the celebration. But to attribute the costs of these projects to the celebration itself would be like putting the total price tag for a ship onto the cost of the launching party.

More personally, my assignments here have spanned much of the past twelve years. As residents, my family and I love the nation and its people. We love living here. We think the celebration was well conceived and beautifully executed.

NORMAN R. BURTON
Teheran

▶ TIME deeply regrets its error in publishing a forgery, as well as any embarrassment caused to Mr. Burton or to Page Communications Engineers.

The Power of Love

Sir: Your essayist, Mayo Mohs, surely caught the direction in which the Roman Catholic Church is moving (Nov. 15). If "infallible" stands for power and "fallible" stands for love, then you could say that the church is becoming aware that the power of love is stronger than the love of power.

WALTER ANTHONY, C.S.P.
San Francisco

Sir: The Essay "Toward a More Fallible Church" had the beautiful undertone of hope—that the church is not ready to disappear from the face of the earth, that God is not about to pick up his "tent" and go home.

I think it is time for many of us Catholics to ask not what is wrong with our church, but what is wrong with our individual response to the spirit in the church.

FR. B. GRAMELSPACHER
Tomakomae, Japan

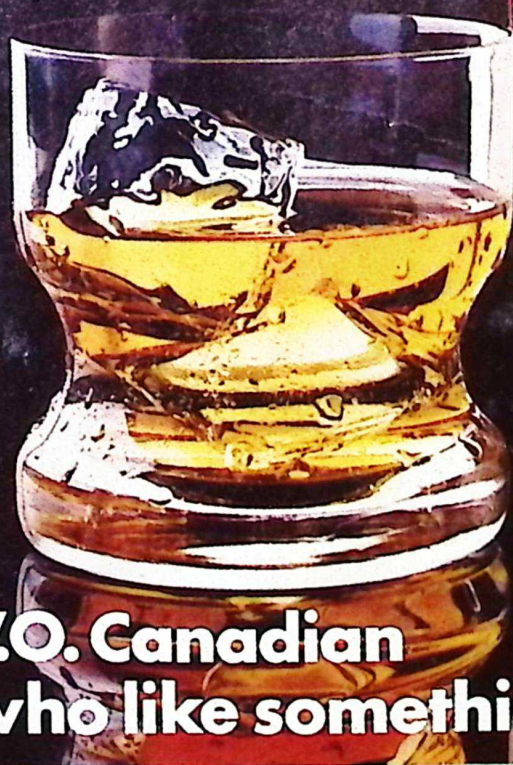
Sir: Mayo Mohs' Essay is a welcome voice in the wilderness of commentary on the recent synod. In an age of computers that is overcome with future shock, many are inclined to forget that "humanity, after all, is the saving grace of the church."

M.C. HESS
Columbus

Sir: You mention that Josyf Cardinal Slipi spoke up for the persecuted 4,500,000 Ukrainian Roman Catholics. I would like to point out that these (and I am one of them) are not Roman Catholics but are



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known as Eastern Rite or Ukrainian Catholics. "Roman Catholic" refers only to Latin Rite Catholics. Latin has never been used in the Eastern Rite Catholic Church.

I am most grateful, though, that you did mention this courageous individual. What he said about the plight of Ukrainian Catholics is unfortunately true. Cardinal Slipyi has the support of the vast majority of Ukrainian Catholics, and he is truly a "Holy Father" to them.

ANDREW ZAPLATYNSKY

Capelle aan den IJssel, The Netherlands

Unyielding Threat

Sir: These people who saw in the Amchitka blast [Nov. 15] the final proof of the unyielding threat of American technology missed the real thrust of the argument against the explosion. Certainly there was a danger at Amchitka—a remote one, however. What better proof is there than that there was no tidal wave, no earthquake, as many feared, yet secretly hoped? (That would show them!)

The real thrust of the argument against the blast was that it was one more when we've already had enough. It said to us—at the gut level—that the power is still in *their* hands, and that the *they* is not simply Americans, not simply Nixon, but military-oriented, ecologically near-sighted leaders everywhere who have not yet perceived that the arms race has nothing to do any more with the human race.

DANIEL F. WOOD
Vancouver, B.C.

Sir: Like many other people in Japan, I got up early the morning of the Amchitka test. Some of us were truly worried. Apparently nothing serious has happened as a result.

But because of this, can the AEC and President Nixon say, "See, we told you so. There wasn't anything to be worried about"? Had they been so certain of its safety, why didn't they have the test right next to the Washington Monument?

I believe that the U.S. or those responsible for the test owe an apology to the rest of the world. People in Japan, for example, experienced, and will continue to do so, a great fear. They spent time

and money protecting themselves against possible earthquakes and tidal waves. This cost, psychological and material, cannot be easily repaid.

NORIO OHTA
Osaka, Japan

Looking to the Man of the Year

Sir: Look no further for 1971's Man of the Year. President Nixon, with his bold new initiatives, has finally made the grade.

MICHAEL MURPHY
Louisville, Ohio

Sir: The most talked-about "man" for 1971 is the dollar.

LAUREN JOFFE
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir: I nominate Indira Gandhi for showing almost unbelievable restraint, compassion and humanism.

JANAK PATEL
Stanford, Calif.

Sir: Daniel Ellsberg for Man of the Year!
ROYALD V. CALDWELL
Portland, Ore.

Sir: I nominate Captain Alan B. Shepard.
WALTON WINDSOR
Towson, Md.

Sir: Lieut. William Calley.
FRANK A.M. BRYANT, M.D.
Napa, Calif.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Unrelated Game

Sir: As the owners and publishers of Monopoly, we reviewed with interest your piece entitled "Mafia Monopoly" [Nov. 15], which makes two other references to our famous real estate trading game equipment in describing a new but unrelated game.

Unfortunately, your piece was so written that it created the impression that we were putting out the new game. Such confusion first occurred among prospective purchasers who made inquiry to us regarding purchase. Secondly, and most unfortunately, at least two groups that publicly took exception to the new game as an ethnic slur advised the press that we were responsible.

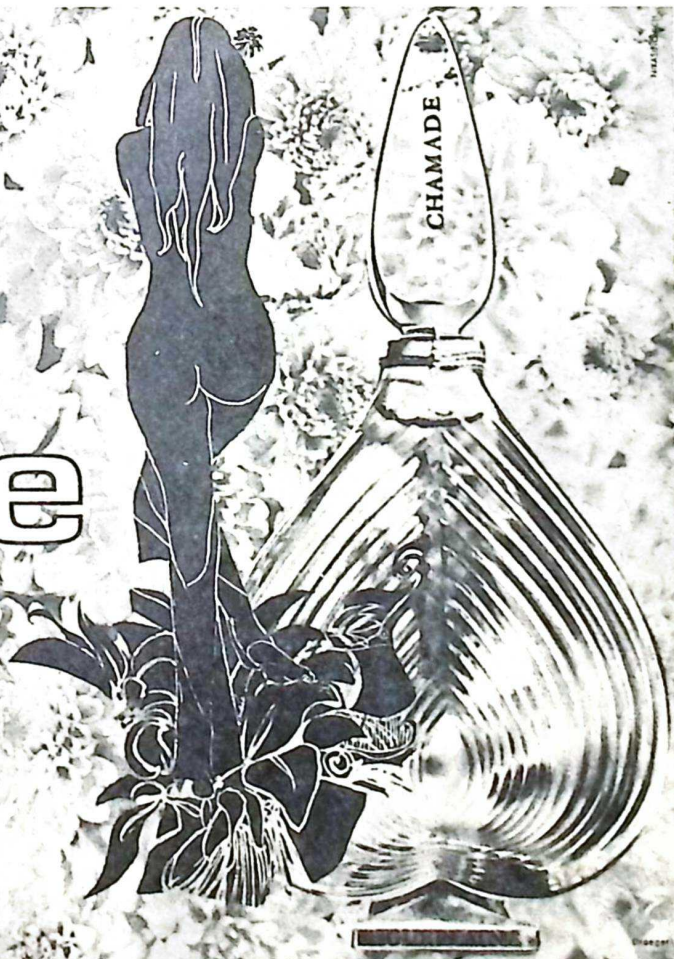
Please, before, in the words of *The Godfather*, we take any more "bum raps," let the public know we do not publish or sell *The Godfather* game.

EDWARD P. PARKER
President
Parker Brothers
Salem, Mass.

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GUERLAIN

PARIS





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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

WE first heard the news of the fighting between India and Pakistan when both capitals began issuing a series of sharply conflicting claims. Radio Pakistan announced that India "has launched an all-out offensive against East Pakistan," while India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi said this was "Pakistani propaganda" and "wholly untrue."

To sort out all the contradictory reports, TIME immediately assigned six correspondents to the story. Bill Stewart and Jim Shepherd covered the Indian side from their base in New Delhi. Two former New Delhi correspondents, Dan Coggin and Lou Kraar, flew into Pakistan from their regular posts in Beirut and Singapore. Bill Mader and Friedel Ungeheuer provided back-up coverage from the State Department and the United Nations. In the combat zone, however, most local officials did their best to confine foreign correspondents to the rear areas and to harass them with red tape. The results were sometimes frustrating.

"I came to Pakistan prepared to see the kind of tank battles I had witnessed during the war over Kashmir in 1965," Correspondent Kraar cabled from Rawalpindi, "but I found this town completely quiet. It made me feel like that correspondent in Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop*, who cabled his home office, ADEN UNWARWISE, while a competitor reported, ADEN WARWISE. The main event that evening was a dinner that President Yahya Khan was giving for the Chinese Communist First Minister of Machine Building, Li Shui-ching, who was here to dedicate a factory. President Yahya talked informally with reporters and expressed some unusually tough warnings to India. But the only evidence of war that night was the blackout which was quite unnecessary."

From the correspondents' files, and from background research assembled by Reporter-Researcher Susan Altchek, Contributing Editor Marguerite Johnson wrote the cover story. A veteran of TIME's Art section, Marguerite shifted to World last winter after taking a five-month-long excursion around the globe by freighter, jetliner and Trans-Siberian Railroad. Upon her return, she was assigned to what seemed at the time a relatively tranquil part of the world: India. This is her second cover story since then on the tragic subcontinent. "The conflict," she says, "is so suffused with ancient religious, cultural and racial hatreds that it is difficult for any Western journalist to comprehend it fully. There are times when the Indians and Pakistanis do not seem to understand it either."

The Cover: Photographic design by Fred Burrell.

RAOUL GATCHALIAN



MARGUERITE JOHNSON

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BANGLA DESH GUERRILLA, ARMED WITH CAPTURED WEAPON, INSIDE EAST PAKISTAN

THE WORLD

India and Pakistan: Poised for War

THE first warning that a serious clash had occurred came in an announcement over Radio Pakistan. India, it said, "has launched an all-out offensive against East Pakistan without a formal declaration of war." That charge proved to be false; it was not a full-fledged war—yet. On the other hand, it was certainly not a trifling skirmish, as Indian spokesmen at first euphemistically described it.

For months, border battles had broken out almost daily between troops of the two nations. The conflict that finally erupted last week along the 1,300-mile frontier was plainly big enough to raise the specter of a major conflagration on the subcontinent. The presence of Indian troops on Pakistan's soil escalated the dispute between the two nations to the point where full-scale war could erupt at any moment—a war that could also cause an uncomfortable confrontation of the major powers.

Rigid restrictions on news coverage by both governments made the exact shape of the conflict murky, but it was clear that battles had occurred at roughly half a dozen sites along the border (see map, opposite). At week's end, a combination of Indian regulars and Bengali Mukti Bahini (the East Pakistani liberation forces, which oppose West Pakistan's rule over the East) had captured portions of five areas, totaling perhaps 60 sq. mi. of real estate. All along the border, artillery exchanges and firefights kept the situation tense and dangerous through the week. Scene of the biggest battle was a slender salient of India that points sharply into East Pakistan some 20 miles west of the Pakistani city of Jessore, an important railhead

that leads to key ports on the Bay of Bengal. Early last week, according to a Pakistani general, one battalion of Indian regulars operating alongside a battalion of Mukti Bahini crossed the Indian border point of Boyra. From there, camouflaged with netting and supported by tanks and heavy artillery, they thrust northeastward along a U-shaped front into East Pakistan.

After the Indians and guerrillas had moved about six miles inland and seized the village of Chaugacha, Pakistani resistance halted the advance. In the counterattacks that followed, the first tank battle of the war broke out. In ten hours of fighting, Pakistani forces said, they destroyed eight Indian tanks and damaged ten others; they admitted losing seven tanks. Next day, Pakistani forces called up an air strike, sending four Sabre jets on Indian positions. Indian Gnats, lightweight jet fighters, intercepted the planes within Indian territory, and shot down three of them. Two of the Pakistani pilots who bailed out were captured by Indian forces.

Captured Matériel

TIME Correspondent William Stewart paid a visit to Boyra last week. "Refugee camps are scattered along the road, but there are no soldiers in sight," he cabled. "In fact, not until we reach the small city is there any sign of fighting. We sit down in a semicircle in front of the briefer—Lieut. Colonel C.L. Proudfoot. In a blazing Bengal sun are three Pakistani tanks (U.S.-made Chaffees) and an odd assortment of captured matériel: American machine guns and Chinese ammunition. Proudfoot explains that Pakistani tanks have been probing

the border near Boyra since Nov. 17. On the night of Nov. 20-21, he said, a number of tanks were heard approaching Boyra. The tanks reached and began firing on Indian positions. A squadron of 14 Indian tanks (Soviet-made PT 76s) crossed into East Pakistan to outflank the Pakistani squadron. The battle raged four or five miles into East Pakistan. When the smoke cleared, three Pakistani tanks had been trapped in India, and another eight were reported destroyed. The Indians claimed a loss of only one tank."

The Indian and Pakistani accounts differed in a number of details. Initially, Pakistani spokesmen in Islamabad told of 100,000 and then of 200,000 Indian troops pouring across the border at half a dozen points. Those figures were considerably exaggerated. Major General M.H. Ansari, Pakistan commander in the Jessore sector, told newsmen that the Indian guerrilla forces had lost 200 to 300 dead and twice as many wounded, but that they had managed to recover all the bodies; that would be quite a feat under any circumstances. Ansari showed journalists a letter stamped "14th Punjab Regiment" and an Indian soldier's diary picked up in the course of the fighting.

There was no disagreement over the essentials of the battle and its dangerous significance. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi went before Parliament in New Delhi and acknowledged that Indian troops had entered East Pakistan "to repulse a Pakistani attack" near the border. She also corroborated the report that India had shot down three Pakistani Sabre jets. Mrs. Gandhi added that she would not emulate Pakistani President Agha Mohammed Yahya

Khan by declaring a national emergency—a move that was more symbolic than substantive for West Pakistanis since their country had been under martial law since March 1969. But later that day Indian defense officials announced a significant change in policy: henceforth Indian troops would be allowed to enter the East “in self-defense.”

Diplomatic Flurries

The elements of this supercharged situation have become all too familiar to the rest of the world:

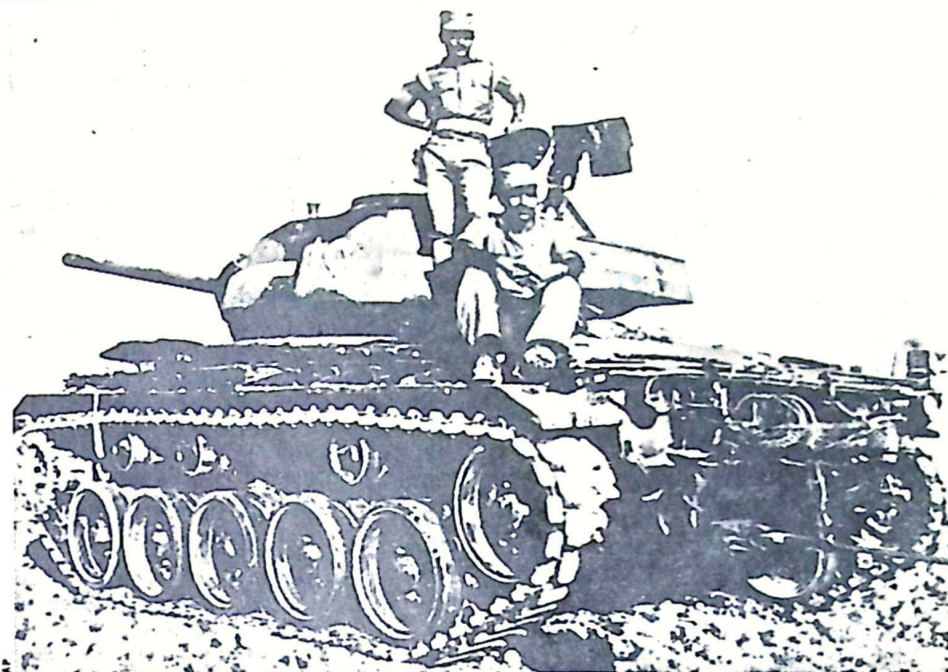
1) a swiftly growing independence movement in the much exploited eastern wing of Pakistan;

2) the ruthless crackdown by Yahya's tough West Pakistani troops last March and a resulting exodus that sent nearly 10 million Bengali refugees flooding into India;

3) a flourishing guerrilla movement that now numbers as many as 100,000 adherents, fervently committed to the creation of a free Bangla Desh (Bengal Nation) in East Pakistan, and all but openly aided by New Delhi.

Last week's intensified fighting sent alarms through the world's capitals, and there was a flurry of activity in Washington, Moscow and United Nations Headquarters in Manhattan as the big powers sought some way to defuse the explosive confrontation. On Thanksgiving Day, Richard Nixon phoned Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath. The President discussed the Indian-Pakistani situation with the British leader, as well as their decision to meet in Bermuda in December. U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Jacob Beam visited the Soviet Foreign Ministry twice during the week to urge the Russians, who had become India's chief sponsors, to help stop the fighting.

Washington clearly did not wish to assume the role of mediator as Moscow did at Tashkent in 1966 to settle the Indian-Pakistani conflict over Kashmir.



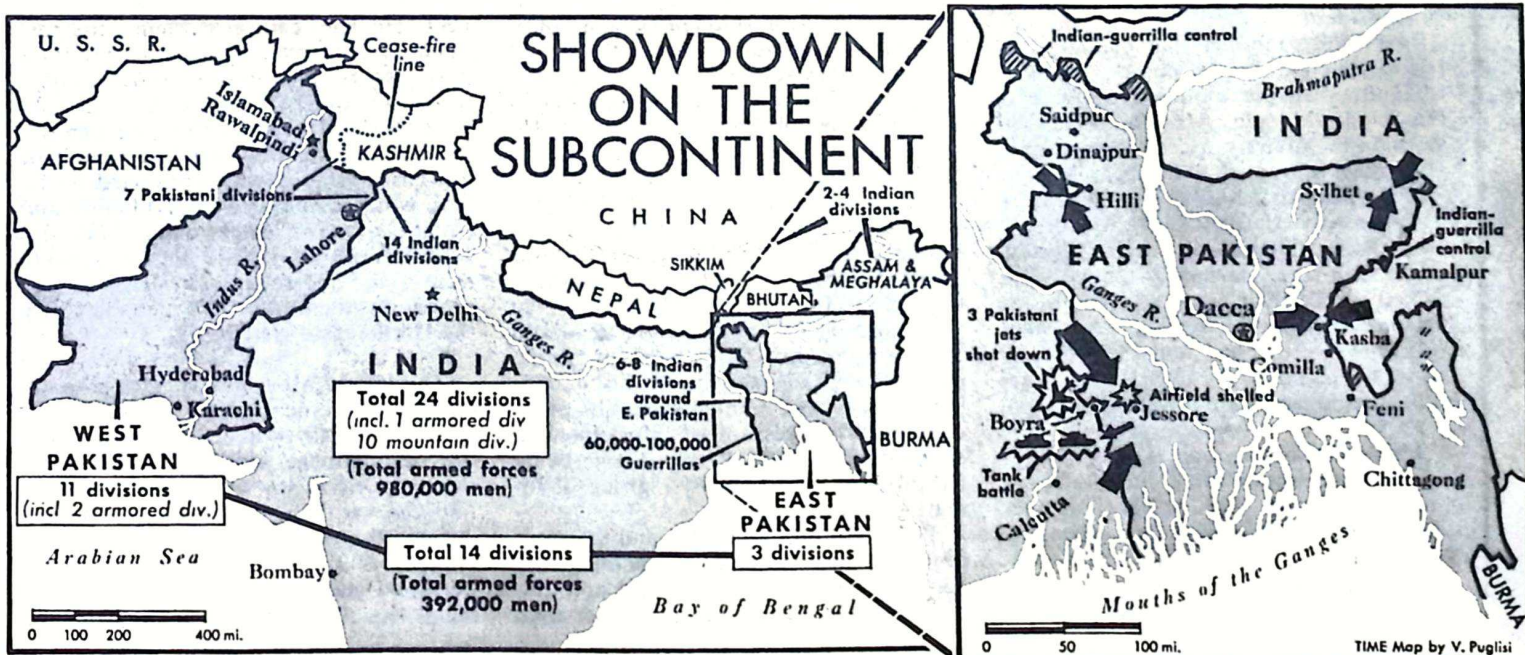
INDIAN SOLDIERS ON CAPTURED PAKISTANI TANK
The claims conflicted, but the peril was plain.

For one thing, the U.S. felt that it did not have sufficient leverage with India. Beyond that, the White House calculated that if it became deeply involved, there would be serious repercussions from Congress, especially in view of the nation's profound distrust of foreign entanglements in the wake of Viet Nam.

Moreover, Washington has no blueprint for specific points of settlement. It believes that any solution must be worked out by the Pakistanis and the rebels, and that if mediation is necessary, it should come from a neutral entity like the U.N. Nor does the Administration have any intention of getting militarily embroiled, even though Pakistan has bilateral and multilateral (SEATO and CENTO) alliances with the U.S. The defense treaties, officials emphasized, are directed only against Communist aggression.

For their part, the Russians sent a stern note to President Yahya urging him to seek a political solution that would end the bitter civil war in East Pakistan and halt the influx of refugees into India. The Soviets have also used their influence with New Delhi to call for restraints on India. Under the terms of a 20-year “friendship treaty” signed in August, Moscow and New Delhi are obliged to consult when either is threatened with attack. Since the Russians are known to want no part of a conflict that could bring China in on Pakistan's side, they have thus suggested that India move with care.

China is believed to be no more anxious for a confrontation with its socialist sister. Despite their pledge of support for the Pakistani regime in the event of an attack, the Chinese have told Pakistan's generals that a political





GUERRILLAS CARRY WOUNDED COMRADE
After all the carnage, no solution.

solution would be preferred. Though they made a stinging attack against India in the U.N. two weeks ago, accusing it of "subversion and aggression" in East Pakistan, Peking and New Delhi were quietly negotiating behind the scenes to re-establish high-level diplomatic exchanges.

Today, Not Tomorrow

The solution, in the view of U.S. Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, is to bring the U.N. into the picture. "This is the time, now, today, not tomorrow, for the Security Council to act," he said. But the fact is that, even though all the big powers are anxious to avert a conflict on the subcontinent, none are rushing to place the issue before the U.N. Security Council for fear that they might prove to be unable to agree. Lying in his hospital bed in New York City, U.N. Secretary-General U Thant confided to one of his aides last week: "If I am suffering from a bleeding ulcer, it is at least in part due to my frustrating efforts over the past eight months to do something about the terrible situation in East Pakistan." Even Pakistan's U.N. delegate, Agha Shahi, who was ready to bring the matter before the Security Council early in the week, quickly changed his mind. Consultations with the Chinese delegation and soundings of Soviet intentions persuaded him that the two Communist powers might not

agree on a cease-fire resolution. The Japanese, however, are working on a resolution that they will introduce if the fighting continues.

The protagonists in this conflict are two extraordinarily strong-willed, even stubborn leaders. At 54, Yahya is a tough-talking professional soldier who rarely shows any inclination for compromise and exhibits his impatience at the drop of an epithet. "Stop reminding me every day," he once snarled at Pakistani journalists when they asked about his repeated promises of a return to democracy for his country. "The people did not bring me to power. I came myself." The stocky former army chief of staff, a Pathan who came to power in 1969 when widespread strikes and disorders forced President Ayub Khan to step down, showed his quick temper last week during an impromptu speech at a late-night dinner in Islamabad. Lashing out at Indira Gandhi, he said at one point: "If that woman thinks she will cow me, I refuse to take it. If she wants a war, I'll fight it."

Child of the Nation

The remark was not only ungallant, it was imprudent. For when it comes to tough-mindedness, Mrs. Gandhi is at least a match for Yahya Khan. As the only daughter of Jawaharlal Nehru, she was carefully groomed for leadership and grew up an adored and beloved

Hindu and Moslem: The Gospel of Hate

AS Britain prepared to strike its colors in New Delhi, Mohandas Gandhi, India's great apostle of nonviolence, appealed to his followers to "go out among your districts and spread the message of the Hindu-Moslem unity." But when independence came in 1947, it was the gospel of hate that swept the two new nations on the vast Indian subcontinent.

Overnight, families that had lived as friendly neighbors for decades in British India became mindless enemies in Hindu India and Moslem Pakistan. Within nine months after partition, some 16 million refugees had fled crazed mobs in both countries. Perhaps 600,000 were slaughtered. "If they were children," wrote British Historian Leonard Mosley, describing the carnage, "they were picked up by their feet and their heads smashed against the wall. If they were girls they were raped and their breasts were chopped off. And if they were pregnant, they were disemboweled."

That was 24 years ago. Today, the religious animosities that have already warped the past and present of one-fifth of humanity seem to have become permanent. Not only do Hindu and Moslem troops of the two countries clash at the borders, but Hindu and Moslem ci-

vilians also frequently tear at one another in cities and towns. In West Pakistan, communal troubles are rare only because very few Hindus hung on after partition. But in East Pakistan, Moslem oppression had caused a steady Hindu migration to India even before the current troubles began. Now that light-skinned Pathan and Punjabi troops from the West rule by the gun, dark-skinned Bengali Moslems try to survive by informing on their equally dark-skinned Bengali Hindu neighbors. In India, meanwhile, the sight of a Hindu mob seeking vengeance for some Moslem insult is all too familiar. Such incidents have grown fairly frequent since 1964, when the theft of what was purported to be a sacred hair of Mohammed from a mosque in Kashmir sparked three months of turmoil throughout India and East Pakistan. Two years ago, 1,000 Indians were dead and 30,000 homeless after a week of rioting that followed an incident in the modern industrial city of Ahmedabad. The provocation: a procession of Moslems had collided with a herd of sacred cows being led through the streets by a group of Indian *sadhus* (holy men).

The 468 million Hindus and 181 million Moslems who share the teeming subcontinent are divided by social and cultural differences that go far deeper than

the economic and religious prejudices that divide, say, the Catholics and the Protestants of Northern Ireland. The Hindu inhabits a world peopled by deities, in which material things and the individual are fundamentally unimportant. He lives a life carefully circumscribed by a whole host of social, cultural and religious taboos. All outsiders are suspect, but beef-eating Moslems are particularly "unclean." (Moslems, for their part, regard Hindus and other nonbelievers as infidels.) Almost all of the subcontinent's Moslems—89%, by one authoritative estimate—are descendants of low-caste Hindus who converted to Islam, which emphasizes individuality and equality under a single deity. They did so primarily to escape the inexorably rigid social and religious restrictions imposed on them as "Untouchables" by the Hindu caste system.

The Hindu-Moslem struggles go back centuries. Some 1,500 years before Christ, tall fair-skinned Aryans invaded the subcontinent, subjugated the dark-skinned Dravidians who inhabited it and imposed on them the caste system. But during the millenniums after Christ, plunderers from Central Asia—Turks, Persians and Afghans—brought with them the flaming sword of Moham-

"child of the nation." From her father she inherited a sense of grace under pressure, but where he was the idealist, she is much more the pragmatist. As one political commentator observed: "Her father was a dreamer who did not act decisively. The people loved Nehru, but they are impressed by Indira's ability to make decisions and make them firmly and fast." In elections last March, Indians gave Indira, who like Yahya is 54 years old, an overwhelming two-thirds majority in Parliament.

Hostility to Hatred

Rome and Carthage in ancient times, Israel and the Arab countries in today's world—such are the parallels to the national enmity between India and Pakistan that come naturally to mind. Behind their hostility lies a legacy of Hindu-Moslem religious enmity that is as old as Islam (*see box*). There are many who believe that if India had held out a little longer for independence from Britain without partition, it would have had its way and today there would be one country on the subcontinent, not two. But as Nehru confessed much later, "The truth is that we were tired men, and we were getting on in years too. We expected that partition would be temporary, that Pakistan was bound to come back to us. None of us guessed how much the killings and the crisis in Kashmir would embitter relations."

But partition came, and what had been Hindu-Moslem hostility was soon converted into Indian-Pakistani hatred. The very next year, the two new countries were at war with each other in the Vale of Kashmir. Even today, Kashmir lies a festering wound between India and Pakistan. Should all-out war come, there is no doubt that the conflict in East Pakistan would quickly be dwarfed by far bigger and bloodier battles in the west largely aimed at control of the fabled valley.

The issue stems from Britain's failure to make provision for India's 601 princely states when self-determination elections were held on the subcontinent in 1947. As it happened, Kashmir was ruled by a Hindu Maharajah, but its population was predominantly Moslem. When Pakistan invaded in the autumn of 1948, the Maharajah promptly placed the province under Indian rule. Once again, in 1965, it became the battlefield for the rival powers.

Though both Pakistan and India began as parliamentary democracies, they soon drifted along divergent political paths. Jawaharlal Nehru lived to guide India into a role as the world's largest democracy (pop. 547 million), but Pakistan's founding leaders, Mohammed Ali Jinnah and Liaquat Ali Khan, died soon after independence and eventually the country fell under military control. Since the military was dominated by

the Pathans, Punjabis and Baluchis of the West, it became established policy to short-change the poorer, more densely populated eastern wing, which before the refugee exodus began last March had a population of 78 million v. 58 million for the West.

"Mischievous and Wicked"

The differences have also shaped both countries' foreign policies. As Nehru created a policy of neutrality and sought to establish India as the leader of the nonaligned bloc of Third World countries, Pakistan became a firm ally of the West. Then the U.S., in what former Ambassador to India John Kenneth Galbraith calls the most "categorically mischievous and wicked" action it has ever taken, began to build up Pakistan as a military power. With India pursuing a policy of calculated coolness toward the U.S., Washington turned to Pakistan as a potential ally against Communism; in return Pakistan provided special facilities, including a base that was used for U-2 overflights of the Soviet Union (Francis Gary Powers took off from this airfield).

Pakistan, however, viewed the connection as insurance against India, not Communism. After 1965, when the U.S. cut off military aid to both countries, India turned to the Soviet Union and Pakistan to China. With Russia's help, India has built itself into a military

medanism. By the mid-17th century, when the Mogul Emperor Shah Jahan built the Taj Mahal, the subcontinent was firmly under Moslem rule, and its Hindus were a subjugated majority.

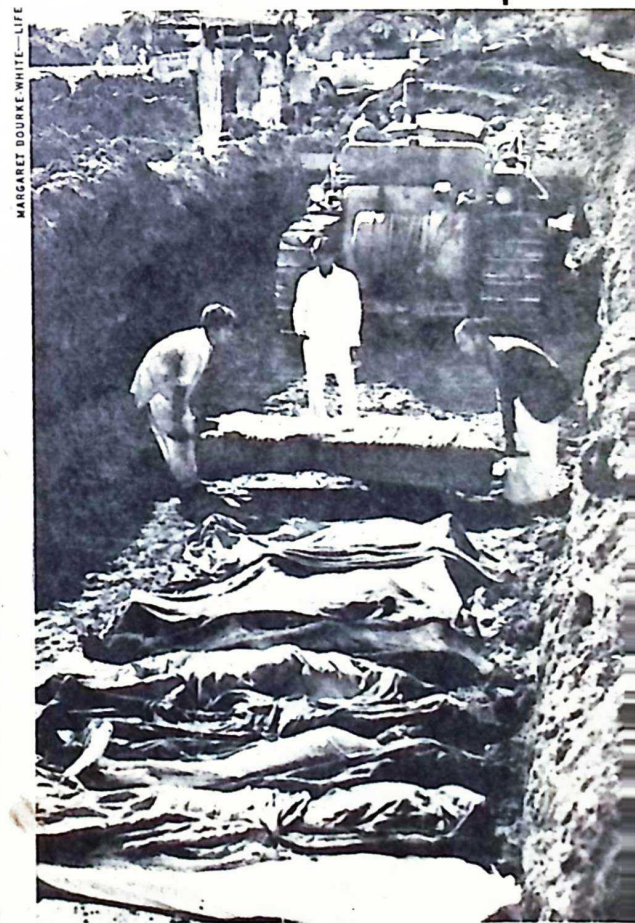
By the 18th century, the Mogul Empire was in decline, and rebellious armies under Hindu and, later, Sikh leadership had begun to pull it apart. The British finished the job, and as they began to annex great swatches of the old Mogul Empire, England's soldiers and administrators unwittingly opened the way for a dramatic Hindu renaissance. The first British conquest was the vast state of Bengal, or what is now India's West Bengal state and East Pakistan. As shrewd and energetic traders, Bengal's Hindus had close ties with the British, and they naturally found positions in the new civil service. As British rule spread, so did the new Hindu elite. They became not only civil servants but also teachers, doctors, lawyers and engineers, landowners and financiers, writers, poets, philosophers and reformers.

The proud Moslems, warriors and horsemen rather than merchants and intellectuals, turned inward and all but abandoned the field to the Hindus. As Historian Arnold Toynbee described it, "A British arbiter had decreed that the pen should be substituted for the sword as the instrument with which the competition was conducted." As indepen-

dence approached, the Moslems understandably grew uneasy about the prospects of life under a vengeful Hindu majority. Moslem Leader Mohammed Ali Jinnah demanded the creation of a separate Islamic nation, Pakistan. Among the five provinces that opted to join the new nation was East Bengal, whose Moslem majority had no desire to live under a Hindu-controlled government in New Delhi. Despite the ravaging that East Bengal has taken at the hands of the West Pakistani troops, the attitude persists. Says an Indian official: "If an Indian army marched into East Pakistan and drove the West Pakistanis out, it would for ten days be the Indian army of liberation and on the eleventh day become the Hindu army of occupation."

But why have the divided Hindu and Moslem states not been able to maintain a separate peace? Gandhi always thought that a common thread of Indian-ness would somehow hold the two together. But the explosion of Hindu-Moslem hatred after partition was enough to poison a whole generation of Indians and Pakistanis. In the meantime, a new generation has grown up on both sides—one that does not even remember the days not so long ago when all thought of themselves as Indians.

MASS GRAVE FOR 1947 PARTITION VICTIMS



power far superior to Pakistan. Its forces (980,000) outnumber Pakistan's (392,000) by more than 2 to 1; its air and naval capacity is also rated superior. If India were to fight Pakistan alone, there is little doubt which would win.

Sharing neither borders nor cultures, Pakistan's divided parts, separated by a thousand miles of Indian territory, make it a political anomaly, at odds not only with India but with itself as well. As Jinnah put it shortly after independence, there was little to hold the country's two divergent wings together except "faith." It was not enough. Last December, when the nation went to the polls in the first free elections in its history, East Pakistanis gave an overwhelming endorsement to the Awami League and its leader, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, 51, who had pledged to bring the exploited wing greater autonomy.

The prospect of the political balance of power moving from West Pakistan to the East was not acceptable to the generals. On March 25, Yahya outlawed the Awami League, arrested Mujib, who is now being tried for treason, and launched a ruthless repression that by one estimate has claimed a million lives and has sent nearly 10 million refugees flooding into India, most of them into the state of West Bengal. Awami League leaders who escaped to India promptly set up the Bangla Desh government in exile with headquarters in Calcutta, and some 130 Bengali diplomats subsequently defected from Pakistani missions around the world. The rebels immediately began raising and training a guerrilla force that, by some estimates, now numbers 100,000 men.

Today India's worst fear is that many of the refugees will refuse to go back to East Pakistan under any conditions. Nearly 8,000,000 of them are Hindus, who were singled out by the Moslem mil-

itary for persecution. Pakistan, moreover, claims that only 2,000,000 Pakistani refugees are in India—a figure that corresponds to the number of Moslems who have fled. This coincidence may suggest that even if there were a settlement, the Pakistanis would refuse to permit the Hindus to return.

Swarm of Locusts

A confidential report recently submitted to Mrs. Gandhi's Cabinet concluded: "The most alarming prognosis is that not even 10% of the Hindu evacuees may choose to go back. If this becomes a reality, it might be disastrous for West Bengal's economy, and this economic disaster is bound to bring in its train serious sociopolitical problems of perhaps unmanageable dimensions."

The dire forecasts are confirmed by a World Bank report released in September. India's economic development, the report said, could be seriously stunted by the cost of the refugees. That cost, expected to reach \$830 million by the end of the fiscal year in March, exceeds all of India's 1971-72 foreign aid for development.

The setback came at a time when the country was just beginning to show some economic headway. With a \$50 billion gross national product, India has begun producing all manner of sophisticated materials, from complex computers to nuclear reactors and jet aircraft. But the distance it has come is only measurable by the distance left to go. Some 200 million people still subsist on 15¢ a day; more than half of the 10 million government workers earn less than \$25 a month. As a Calcutta industrialist put it: "The refugees have descended on our hopes like a swarm of locusts on a good crop."

Economic pressures are also building in West Pakistan. So far, the Islamabad

regime has been able to muddle through fairly well. The real crunch will come in a few months. Pakistan is spending almost 55% of its fiscal outlay on defense, and the cost of military operations in the East alone runs to \$60 million a month. One observer estimates that the 3,000-mile route around India that Pakistani planes must take to supply forces in the East is the equivalent of a supply line from Karachi to Rome.

In light of all this, some West Pakistanis are privately beginning to concede that it may finally be necessary to do what the generals spilled so much blood to avoid: give up East Pakistan. A high Pakistan government official admits that there is no more than "a 50-50 chance of Pakistan holding together."

There were also indications last week that Yahya is beginning to feel threatened by political opposition in the West. Charging that "some of its leaders are in collaboration with the enemy and are trying to foment revolt in West Pakistan," he suddenly outlawed the National Awami Party, a labor-oriented leftist group that emerged as the dominant provincial party in elections last December. The Pakistani President has promised to convene the National Assembly later this month. But with both the East's Awami League and the West's National Awami League disenfranchised, the Assembly is beginning to appear about as representative as President Ayub Khan's "basic democracy," a scheme by which the former President's rule was sustained through a hand-picked electoral college of 120,000 educated Pakistanis.

Secret Proposal

Many Pakistanis fear that in the event of war, the odds will be overwhelmingly in India's favor; even Yahya has called war with India "military lunacy." Thus, Pakistan's blustery charges of invasion last week were widely read as a last-ditch attempt by the Islamabad military regime to bring about international intervention. Should a U.N. peace-keeping mission be sent in, for example, pressures from the Indian side of the border would be greatly alleviated, allowing the Pakistani troops to concentrate on subduing the Bengali rebels. For precisely the same reasons, India is seeking to avoid intervention—on the theory that such relief would enable Yahya to avoid a political settlement and thus prolong the refugee burden.

The worst fear of diplomatic observers was that India and the Bengali guerrillas, confident that they would win easily, were attempting to provoke Yahya into a declaration of war. According to this theory, which is held by a number of U.S. State Department officials, Mrs. Gandhi's Western jaunt was designed mostly to gain time while India's military buildup progressed. When Pakistan's chief ally, Peking, indicated that it really wanted no part of a war on the subcontinent, the Indians decided to move. With snow falling in



PRIME MINISTER GANDHI ADDRESSING TROOPS AT RAJASTHAN
Differences in details but not in essentials.

the foothills of the Himalayas, making Chinese intervention even more unlikely, they sprang. Their aim was twofold: to draw West Pakistani troops to the border regions, making it easy for the guerrillas to gain control of the interior; and to goad Islamabad into declaring war so as to enable India to attack in the west as well as the east, and thus settle the issue of Kashmir once and for all.

Another theory holds that India's militant moves may in fact be designed to force Yahya to reconsider an aborted peace proposal. TIME's Dan Coggin learned that the secret proposal was made by President Nixon to Mrs. Gandhi on her visit to Washington last month. The President reportedly told the Prime Minister that Yahya Khan appeared to be accepting the idea of negotiations with Mujib. If she would remain "moderate" for the time being, Washington promised, it would use its influence to persuade Yahya to sit down with the imprisoned Bengali leader and work out a solution.

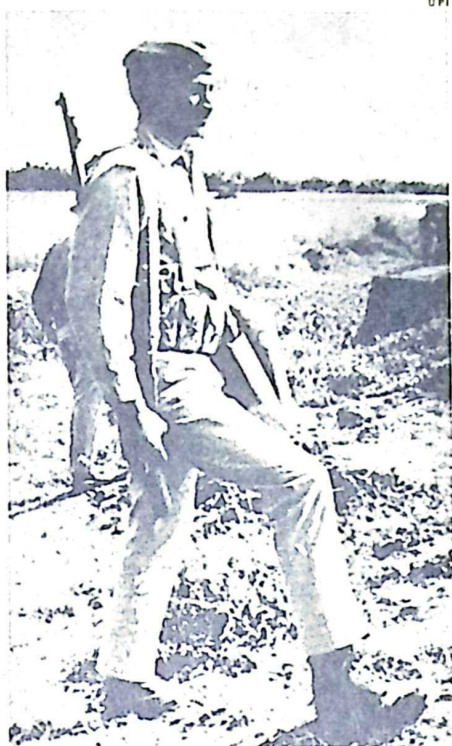
There were two chief possibilities under consideration by Yahya, both posing the prospect of a referendum for East Pakistanis to decide their status after a two- or three-year cooling-off time. One proposal suggested that Mujib be released and that he and his Awami League be at least partly reinstated during the waiting period. The other involved keeping Mujib under house arrest in West Pakistan and making no substantial political changes in the interim.

Danger of Escalation

Indira agreed to adopt a wait-and-see course. Only the week before, Yahya had made a mildly hopeful remark that "if the nation demands his [Mujib's] release, I will do it." Simultaneously, four appeals for Mujib's release, all of suspiciously obscure origin, appeared in the government-supervised press in West Pakistan. On her return to New Delhi, Mrs. Gandhi appealed for restraint and patience.

In the meantime, however, several hard-lining West Pakistani generals got wind of the proposal and informed Yahya that they were opposed to any sort of negotiations with Mujib. They argued that Pakistan's unity depended upon maintaining the current policy—in effect to outlast the guerrillas. The generals, moreover, also tried to convince Yahya that Mujib should be executed after his treason trial is completed. Yahya has apparently not yet made up his mind about the Bengali leader, but observers have grown markedly more pessimistic about his fate. "Mujib may well never get back to Bengal alive," says one Western diplomat. In any case, India's new militancy posed grave risks of dangerous new escalations that could get out of hand.

Late last week, Yahya took time out to attend the dedication ceremonies of a new heavy-machinery factory outside



PAKISTANI SOLDIER MANNING OUTPOST
Like Rome and Carthage.

Islamabad. The President was in an ebullient mood. The factory had been built with Chinese aid, and it seemed a good moment to underscore Peking's support.

Yahya thanked China "for renewing the assurance that should Pakistan be subjected to foreign aggression, the Chinese government and people will, as always, resolutely support the Pakistan government and people." Then it was China's turn. Peking's own special emissary, Li Shui-ching of the First Ministry of Machine Building, spoke glowingly of Chinese-Pakistani friendship, but he carefully avoided any mention of the tension with India or of specific aid from Peking. Then, in a surprising and symbolic gesture, he released a boxful of doves.

The message was clear—peace, not war—but whether the subcontinent's bitter antagonists would heed it was very much in question.

SOUTHEAST ASIA Keeping Them Guessing

It was like beginning a burglary by deliberately knocking over the garbage cans. As a formidable force of South Vietnamese Rangers, armored, infantry and artillery units assembled at a base in Tay Ninh province northwest of Saigon, Lieut. General Nguyen Van Minh's command post issued almost daily bulletins about what targets the ARVN force would hit across the border in Cambodia. Communist staging areas near the town of Snuol were mentioned, as were the Mimot plantation near Krek, the vast Chup plantation, the town of Suong and the enemy-infested banks of the Chhlong River.

In case anybody still had not guessed that the South Vietnamese were coming, helicopters loaded with airborne commando teams clattered noisily into points north of Chup, and American B-52s made basso-profundo bombing runs.

Last week Total Victory VI, as the big operation was named, finally got under way. Riding trucks, tanks and armored personnel carriers, roughly 20,000 ARVN troops rolled across the border and into the Fishhook area of Cambodia along Route 7. An ARVN airborne brigade choppered ahead and occupied Chrum, a small town northwest of Krek, the initial objective. After three days, there was no sign of the 5th, 7th and 9th North Vietnamese army divisions, which had been operating in the area. By week's end, after what was described as "light contact," the South Vietnamese claimed 43 enemy dead, two ARVN wounded.

With Care. Minh claims that the idea behind all the pre-invasion publicity was "to keep the enemy guessing and on the defensive." Only cynics, of course, would suggest that it might also have been designed to give the enemy plenty of time to get away in case he wanted to avoid anything so unseemly as a battle.

Actually, as the new dry season begins, both sides have reason to handle themselves with care. Last summer Minh's troops took a mauling at the hands of the North Vietnamese at Snuol; they left behind ten tanks, 50 trucks and 14 armored personnel carriers. But the Communists have even more reason to be battle shy. In September and October, Minh's troops in Tay Ninh badly battered units of the 5th North Vietnamese Division, which had slipped across the border from Cambodia to try to disrupt the South Vietnamese presidential election.

The massive ARVN move into Cambodia was doubtless prompted by a sudden increase in the flow of enemy supplies down the Ho Chi Minh Trail, where the seasonal surge in Communist truck traffic has come much earlier than usual. By hitting the Communist staging areas in Cambodia in the coming weeks, ARVN forces hope to spoil enemy plans to regroup and resupply for an offensive in South Viet Nam early next year.

Hoarding Food. Another objective of Minh's noisy operation is to counter a Communist campaign against Cambodia's capital. For a month, enemy rockets have repeatedly slammed into Phnom-Penh and nearby Pochentong airport. One theory is that the Communists are trying to force the Cambodians to pull back for the defense of the capital the troops that are harassing them in northern and eastern Cambodia. Phnom-Penh's residents are so worried that a Communist invasion is imminent that they have begun to hoard food. Obviously, Minh is not the only one who knows how to keep everybody guessing.

Middle East: A Case of Jitters

THE Middle East may be problem No. 5 to you," Egyptian President Anwar Sadat recently told a visiting diplomat, "but it's crisis No. 1 to me." Last week Sadat was doing his best to make it crisis No. 1 for the rest of the world as well. Wearing a khaki uniform, he viewed sandbagged positions along the Suez Canal and delivered bellicose pep talks to the troops. "I have come to tell you," Sadat said, "that the time to fight has come, that there is no more hope. Our next meeting will be in Sinai."

Sadat's statements set off the Middle East's worst case of war jitters in 16 months. Civil defense equipment was tested and in Cairo, blue dim-out paint was smeared on headlights and plate-glass windows. The uneasiness deepened when Jordan's Premier Wasfi Tell, 51, was gunned down by at least three assassins outside the Cairo-Sheraton Hotel, only yards from Sadat's Nileside villa in the Giza district. The triggermen were almost certainly fedayeen. Tell, who was in Cairo for an anti-Israel planning session of the 17-member Arab Defense Council, was a steely foe of the Palestinian guerrillas. As one of King Hussein's most trusted confidants, he urged Jordan's ruler to turn the army loose against unruly guerrilla groups earlier this year and chase them out of his kingdom. For a time, this made Tell *persona non grata* in many Arab capitals. His appearance in Cairo last week without protest from other representatives at the meeting was a joint effort at reconciliation, but the fedayeen foiled it. "Hatred, hatred, hatred," screamed Amman Radio and Hussein summoned his cabinet to an emergency session.

Before Tell's murder, the assembled Arabs enthusiastically echoed Sadat's bellicose statements. According to

Egypt's hawkish Chief of Staff Major General Saad Shazly, the council voiced "full desire to participate in the battle against Israel." The Israelis, in turn, responded with scare headlines. EGYPT ASSEMBLES LARGEST ASSAULT FORCE SINCE D-DAY,* said one. "We cannot permit ourselves to carry on with the attitude of business-as-usual," Premier Golda Meir told a Labor Party meeting, "with Sadat saying to his people not that he will win, but that he will take them into battle."

Five Failures. Despite such alarms, war did not appear imminent—at least not until after a United Nations debate on the Middle East, scheduled to open this week. The Arabs were apparently trying to generate pressure, to end the stalemate that has existed since the cease-fire began. Dissatisfied with U.S. peace efforts, the Egyptians hope to sway opinion in the U.N. General Assembly, where there is a built-in anti-Israel majority.

If Sadat was trying in a none too subtle manner to put pressure on Washington, so was Mrs. Meir. Israel is anxious to obtain at least 50 more U.S.-built Phantom jets, particularly in view of continuing Soviet military aid to Egypt. Last week Israel played up the news that eight to ten more Soviet TU-16 "Badger" bombers had arrived in Cairo and that they were capable of car-

* Egypt has an estimated 70,000 men stationed along the canal, in addition to 10,000 commandos training for hit-and-run raids. It also has an estimated 1,000 pieces of artillery in the area, including 203-mm. cannon with a 30-mile range, as well as nearly 1,000 tanks and an undetermined number of Frog ground-to-ground missiles. Israel's opposing force is smaller but well equipped, better trained and is dug in along the formidable, 100-mile Bar-Lev Line. Moreover, it is supported by a superior air force.

rying air-to ground Kennel missiles with a range of 50 miles. Washington maintained that in spite of these Badgers the Middle East arms balance had still not been upset.

Ample Leverage. Mrs. Meir arrives this week for a face-to-face confrontation with President Nixon. Her friends in the U.S. gave her ample leverage last week. The Senate voted 81 to 14 for \$500 million in military credits for Israel, half of it specifically earmarked for Phantoms. Eight Senators representing both parties meanwhile paid a private call on Secretary of State William Rogers to urge him to change his stand on Phantoms for Israel. Rogers not only stood fast but told the group that Israel's intransigence on peace terms was isolating it in world opinion. The U.S., he said, was Jerusalem's only true friend.

Rogers is likely to say as much to Mrs. Meir; in addition, U.S. officials will contend that even if they did approve Israel's purchase of more Phantoms, the planes would be a long time coming off production lines. The fact is that if Washington wanted to, it could provide the planes almost immediately. Two years ago, a fleet of 50 Phantoms for Israel was put together out of allotments ticketed for the U.S. Air Force; the planes were hurriedly swabbed with the white and blue insignia of Israel and rushed across the Atlantic. Plainly the Administration is sidetracking the present request so as to pressure Israel into peace concessions. But with U.S. elections upcoming, Nixon may be hard put to continue saying no.

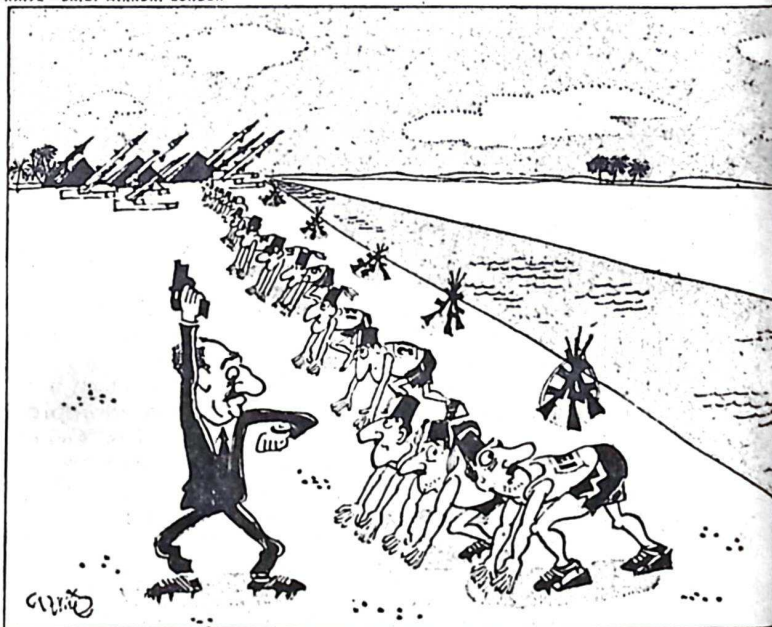
Super Dilemma. The domestic ramifications of the situation are not lost on the Arabs. In an interview with TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott in Cairo last week, Egyptian Foreign Minister Mahmoud Riad, a shrewd and seasoned diplomat, professed to be confused. "It is something we cannot

HASSAN DIAB

WAITE—DAILY MIRROR, LONDON



PRESIDENT SADAT (RIGHT) AT THE SUEZ CANAL



CARTOONIST'S VIEW: "The time for battle has come."

understand—how a superpower with certain responsibilities about peace in the world can be affected by some votes in an election. We don't understand how it is commonly accepted that the Jews are a community completely separate from other Americans, as if their loyalty is to Israel rather than to their own country."

Riad also wondered why a superpower like the U.S. should have any difficulty at all telling Israel precisely how to behave. "I recall what Dean Rusk said to me in 1968," Riad told Scott, "when I asked him about the U.S. position on withdrawal by Israel. He said, 'There is no doubt that we don't want any country to annex territory of another country. This is our policy, so the Israelis should no doubt withdraw from your land.' I replied, 'Why, then, don't you make a public statement? That's all we want.' Mr. Rusk said, 'We are a superpower. We are not Upper Volta or Gabon, and if we say that Israel should withdraw, then they must withdraw.'"

Continued Riad: "Mr. Rogers has said Israel should withdraw. He has said that the U.S. would use all its influence to see U.N. Resolution 242 implemented and the U.S.'s own plan implemented. When you hear these words from a big power—that it will use its influence—well, it's something that has big meaning. That is why we agreed to the U.S.'s playing a role. But if it turns out that the role is no more than that of a small power like Nicaragua or Costa Rica or Malawi, what's the point in receiving any American representative?"

One Small Incident. Riad assured Scott that in spite of Sadat's fiery statements, Egypt is not intent on war. He said, "When you hear from us that there will be no more discussion at the United Nations and that we refuse Resolution 242 [calling on Israel to withdraw from occupied territories in exchange for secure and agreed borders], then you can say that Egypt is ready to fight."

The trouble is, however, that warlike words ring louder than peaceful protestations. Sadat, by having repeatedly proclaimed 1971 as Egypt's "year of decision" against Israel, and now by telling the army that the time to fight has come, is painting himself into a corner. Using another image, an old U.N. hand last week put it thus: "Sadat, like Nasser before him, has developed a habit of hanging himself on a hook and then pleading with the major powers to get him off."

Before they do, though, one small incident could occur that might get out of hand. Significantly, Israel has already dropped warning hints that if Egypt attempts to resume even limited warfare in the Suez Canal Zone, its troops will retaliate in full force. There will not be another war of attrition, the Israelis insist, but an all-out conflict. And then problem No. 5 would again become everybody's crisis No. 1.

RHODESIA

In "Civilized" Hands

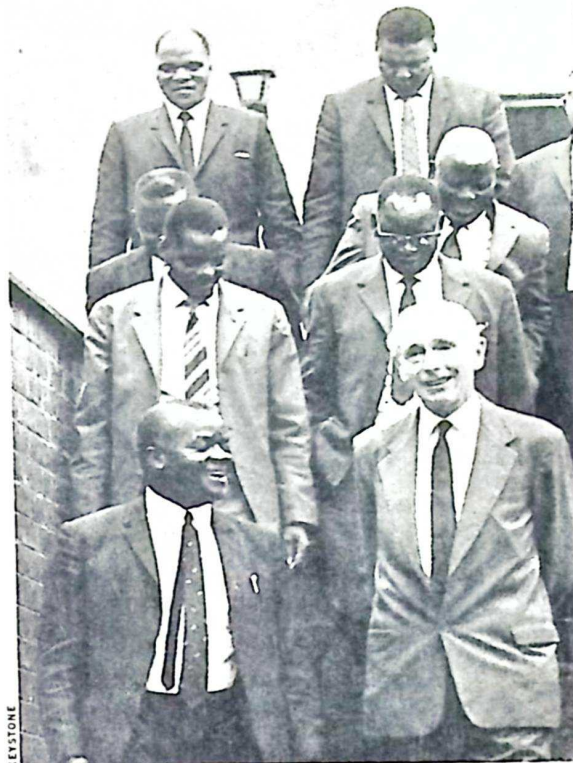
At the Long Bar of Meikle's Hotel in Salisbury, white Rhodesians were clinking bottles and roaring the merry refrain of *Land of Hope and Glory*. From the African bar at the other corner of the building came a throaty *Nkosi Sikelele Afrika* (God Bless Africa). "There you have it," said a Rhodesian businessman as he listened to both. "Take a man from one of those bars, push him into the other, and it would be like throwing in a hand grenade. Britain and the rest of the world can do what they like, but this is what Rhodesia has to face up to."

Facing that reality, Britain last week reached a compromise agreement with the breakaway white-supremacist government of Rhodesia. After six years of coaxing and outright pressure, including an economic embargo, London agreed to permit Rhodesia's return to colonial status just long enough to be granted official independence. It was the issue of independence, which Britain refused to grant until provision was made for some form of black majority rule, that led Premier Ian Smith to cut Rhodesia loose from its ties to Crown and Commonwealth six years ago with his unilateral declaration of independence.

Giving Ground. Twice since then, former Labor Prime Minister Harold Wilson met Smith to try to bring Rhodesia back into the fold. Each time, the talks failed to bring satisfactory agreement either in Britain or in Rhodesia, where blacks outnumber the 250,000 whites by 20 to 1. Preliminary negotiations for a third attempt were launched by Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath's government one year ago.

Two weeks ago, British Foreign Secretary Sir Alec Douglas-Home arrived in Salisbury with 25 aides. Sir Alec set up headquarters at Mirimba House, a verdant, 16-acre British government estate that was scrubbed up and reopened for his stay, and began holding talks with black and white Rhodesians alike. Though there was a time when it appeared that he would fly back to London empty-handed, both he and Smith finally gave enough ground to make an agreement possible. It appeared, however, that Douglas-Home gave considerably more than Smith did.

Since 1964, when Sir Alec was Prime Minister, the British had insisted that Britain would readily grant independence to Rhodesia if five basic conditions were met: 1) assurances of unimpeded progress toward majority rule for Rhodesia's 5,000,000 blacks; 2) guarantees against retrogressive amendments of the constitution once independence was achieved; 3) an immediate improvement in the political status of blacks, especially advanced education, that would enable more of them to become qualified voters; 4) some sign of progress toward ending racial discrimination; and 5) proof that any basis for proposed in-



DOUGLAS-HOME WITH BLACK LEADERS
Sensible to some, a sellout to others.

dependence was acceptable to black as well as white Rhodesians.

By the time agreement was reached last week, Britain had diluted its demands. Sir Alec, for example, dropped his insistence on a privy council to guarantee against retrogressive changes in the constitution. He wanted the council despite the existing strong Declaration of Rights enforceable by the Rhodesian High Court.

For his part, Smith relinquished the voting provisions designed to keep Africans from ever obtaining a majority in Parliament. Currently, 16 members of Parliament are black, v. 50 whites. Any increase in black participation hinged on their contributing more to the national income tax, not on how many black voters there were. Now, increases will be based not on tax payments but on the number of registered black voters, until there are 50 white and 50 black M.P.s. Because of educational and property requirements, that may not come until the 21st century.

Progress toward majority rule is not exactly "unimpeded," rather it is a remote possibility. The procedure agreed to by Smith and Douglas-Home gives the whites an effective veto at the crucial final stage.

Downright Sellout. The relatively tame reaction to the pact among Britain's Laborites indicated that, while the agreement was far from ideal, it was the best that London could expect. Without it, Sir Alec believed that Rhodesia would become "irrevocably apartheid." In Black Africa, comment was predictably critical. Nairobi's *Sunday Post* said that Britain had sanctioned "existing white domination," and Tanzania's President

Julius Nyerere predicted that Rhodesia would become "a second South Africa." African Nationalist Edson Sithole, a Rhodesian lawyer who was once detained for his political activity, called the agreement "a downright sellout." On the other hand, Chris Phillips, leader of the reactionary white Republican Alliance, complained that it "will put bus drivers and barrow boys on the voters' roll."

Smith, speaking to Parliament over a public address system that also carried his message to blacks packed in the streets outside, reassured his fellow whites that "control of Rhodesia [has been] retained in civilized hands," and indicated that it would remain that way for a long time to come. "No European," he said, "need harbor any anxiety about the security of his future in Rhodesia." It remains to be seen whether the blacks feel quite so sanguine—or how they define civilized.

SOVIET UNION

Whoa, Comrade Brezhnev

Since last spring, Leonid Brezhnev has unofficially ranked as the *primus inter pares* in Russia's collective leadership. But Brezhnev is handicapped by a bothersome pecking-order peculiarity of the Soviet system. As General Secretary of the Communist Party, he is the Soviet Union's most powerful official. On diplomatic protocol lists, however, he stands only No. 3. First is Nikolai Podgorny, who as chairman of the Presidium holds the position of head of state. Second is Aleksei Kosygin, who as Premier ranks as chief of government.

According to diplomatic custom, Brezhnev is not entitled to the top red-carpet treatment accorded to foreign dignitaries of higher official standing—elaborate airport ceremonies, big honor guards and 21-gun salutes. On his recent visit to Paris, the French did not decide to accord Brezhnev full head-of-state honors until the Russians dropped some very strong hints that he wanted it that way. When Brezhnev meets with President Nixon in the spring, he is cer-

tain to be painfully aware that he is receiving a man who holds the overwhelming protocol advantages of being at once a) party leader, b) government chief and c) head of state.

Politburo Opposition. Since last September, a campaign has been under way to elevate Brezhnev to the No. 1 spot in name as well as fact. There was some speculation in Moscow that Brezhnev's backers would seek to create for him a new all-powerful Council of State, along the lines of similar bodies in Bulgaria, East Germany and Rumania, that would give him the top state job as well as the ranking party post. Other speculations held that Brezhnev would shove Kosygin aside and take over both government and party leadership just as Nikita Khrushchev did in 1958.

Brezhnev's backers were expected to make their move at last week's plenum of the 240-member Central Committee. Apparently, however, the issue did not even come up at the sessions. What happened? Some Western experts speculate that Brezhnev sensed that there was so much opposition within the 15-man Politburo that he backed away from making a grab for power. According to some accounts, Brezhnev could count on only five votes. At least seven Politburo members are implacably opposed to granting greater governmental authority to Brezhnev to go along with his party leadership; to do so would be to scrap the collective leadership system that was instituted after Khrushchev's ouster as a safeguard against one-man dictatorship.

Shades of Nikita. Podgorny's position may have proved to be stronger than Brezhnev had suspected. In recent months Brezhnev has somewhat softened his positions on Yugoslavia's independence, mutual troop reductions and diplomatic deals with the West; he has even personally forced the intransigent East Germans to agree to concessions in the Berlin negotiations. As a result, a number of disgruntled marshals and industrial managers have rallied round Podgorny, who has become the rep-

resentative of the extreme hard line within the Kremlin.

Some Western analysts suspect that Brezhnev will seek to enhance his own position by undermining Kosygin, whose stewardship of the Soviet economy has recently come under severe, if still indirect, criticism. When the Supreme Soviet, Russia's rubber-stamp parliament, approved the new five-year plan last week, Kosygin declared that by 1975 the Soviet Union would surpass the U.S. in total production. That forecast is as empty as the boast made by Nikita Khrushchev in 1961 that Russia would overtake the U.S. by 1970. Kosygin, a competent economist, must have known this. As he fully realizes, the Soviet economy is plagued by poor quality, haphazard planning and sloppy work habits. But the very fact that Kosygin felt compelled to inflate his importance by making such a farfetched promise to the Supreme Soviet may well be a reflection of his uneasiness.

EAST GERMANY

Don't Go, Comrade Ulbricht

Leonid Brezhnev may have failed in his efforts to gain election to higher office, but in East Berlin, a far less likely candidate succeeded grandly. By a unanimous 500-to-0 vote, the East German Volkskammer (People's Chamber) last week re-elected old Walter Ulbricht, 78, to a fourth four-year term as Chairman of the East German Council of State.

Ulbricht's re-election caught most outsiders by surprise. Last May, Ulbricht was suddenly and unceremoniously ousted from his far more powerful post as party leader in favor of Erich Honecker, whom the Russians refer to as "our man." Most foreign experts were convinced that the gaunt and obviously sickly Ulbricht would also be dumped from his largely ceremonial post as Chairman of the State Council.

The East Germans had other plans. Since the chairman's job was mostly honorary, it made little sense to engender bitterness among Ulbricht's admirers by stripping him of his last shred of power.

More important, East Berlin might have used Ulbricht's re-election to flash a signal to Moscow. As events have shown, Ulbricht was fired at the insistence of the Russians, who wanted to ensure East German cooperation in negotiating a Berlin settlement. The East Germans are now engaged in almost nonstop negotiations with the West Germans. They may well reach agreement this week over new arrangements guaranteeing free transit to and from West Berlin and establishing more contact between the two parts of the divided city. Nonetheless, the East Germans may at the same time wish to indicate their displeasure over Soviet pressure tactics by making a gesture to the spike-bearded Ulbricht, who stubbornly resisted plans for even the most limited accommodation with the West.



PODGORNY & BREZHNEV
Sometimes, No. 3 tries hardest.

FRANCE

Ismaël the Inexhaustible

For seven years, Ismaël Franconville, 71, lived as a widower. Having been married for 37 years, the Normandy barber kept looking for a second wife, and in 1970 he found her. But after only three months, Denise Franconville, also in her 70s, decided that her spouse was far too amorous for her tastes. In a rare decree, a Dieppe court accorded Denise a divorce on the grounds of her husband's "excessive virility."

In defending himself, Ismaël told the court: "I enjoyed myself when I felt like enjoying myself. I did everything that is normal for a married man. My wife was crabby, sulking and egoistic." The woman judge, Marie-Thérèse Chesnelong, disagreed. Observed she: "Mme. Franconville claims that her husband, despite his advanced age, showed a devouring sexual appetite, considering his spouse an object at his complete, total and permanent disposal." Judge Chesnelong said that Ismaël's conduct ran "from tenderness to the most refined bestiality. He could not pass near his spouse without trying to caress or kiss her, or to lift her skirt with a view to touching her. Several times a day he pursued her with assiduity, covering her with kisses on her entire body. And these aphrodisiac acts seemed the most natural thing in the world to him. Mme. Franconville justly called him a satyr."

To make matters worse, France's most distinguished legal journal, *La Gazette du Palais*, published the case in toto. Soon the story of Ismaël was being publicized by the press, radio and TV. Bringing a \$1,000 damage suit against the venerable *Gazette*, Ismaël asserted: "The court's diploma of virility, reproduced in the press, has done me great harm." The *Gazette's* lawyer asked: "What's he complaining about? His barbershop is never empty any more. Men envy him, and women admire him."

A plump, short, silver-haired fellow, Ismaël dresses as if he were 50 or younger, wearing a fashionable black turtleneck, red corduroy shirt, hound's-tooth sports jacket with velvet collar, and snap-brim hat. In Neufchâtel-en-Bray (pop. 6,000), where he lives and works in an old folks' home, Ismaël now shrugs off the snickers that greet his name. He chuckles over the judge's decree himself and says: "Her decision was ridiculous. Do I have bestiality written all over my face? After all, I'm not different from any other man."

HONDURAS

Swans, Spooks and Boobies

Henry Kissinger excepted, White House aides do not normally rate elaborate receptions abroad. But when Presidential Counsellor Robert H. Finch reached Honduras last week on the fifth leg of a six-nation Latin American tour, he was received royally.

Because of Hurricane Laura, Finch's

plane was diverted from Tegucigalpa, the capital, to San Pedro Sula. No matter. Honduran President Ramón Ernesto Cruz, accompanied by his entire Cabinet and several cases of vintage champagne, hurried to Honduras' second city to meet Finch there. During a two-hour layover, the reason for all the hospitality became clear. Finch and Cruz signed an agreement under which Washington will cede to Honduras two Caribbean islands that have been U.S. possessions for more than a century.

Great Swan and Little Swan, 97 miles off the Honduran coast, together cover scarcely three square miles. Little Swan is uninhabited; the larger island is used principally as an air-navigation and weather-reporting station. Its population consists of a U.S. Federal Aviation Agency technician, four weathermen and 16 civilians, most of them related in a four-generation link to the island's thrice-married elder, Captain Donald Glidden, 79, a Cayman Islander who settled on Swan in 1927. There are also innumerable booby birds, notable for their droppings, which for centuries have been used as fertilizer.

After Columbus. The Swans may have been visited in 1502 by Columbus, who was making his fourth voyage in search of that elusive passage to the East Indies. Later expeditions established Spain's claim to them. Because there is no water on the islands, they were usually bypassed. In 1856, however, the U.S. passed the Guano Islands Act, which enabled it to pre-empt any unclaimed islands on which bird droppings or guano abounded. Under that proviso, Washington claimed Great and Little Swan in 1863.

Great Swan became a weather station in 1914, but it was 1960 before the real Swan song began. A New York company called Gibraltar Steamship Corp., which owned no steamships, set up shop on the island with a 50,000-watt transmitter. Gibraltar, of course, was a CIA cover, and Radio Swan was soon booming propaganda to Fidel Castro's Cuba, 350 miles away. It called Castro and his lieutenants "pigs with beards" and accused Brother Raúl Castro of being "a queer with effeminate friends." In reply, Havana Radio called Swan "a cage of hysterical parrots."

Look to the Rainbow. Before the Bay of Pigs assault began in 1961, Radio Swan beamed coded messages like "Look well at the rainbow. The fish will rise very soon. Chico is in the house. Visit him." After the attack failed, Swan was gradually phased out of the spook business and used instead for weather reports and sending navigation signals. The U.S. eventually decided that the islands could be safely given away. For Honduras, which has claimed them since 1923, Swan has long been



FINCH & CRUZ SIGNING AGREEMENT
One of Christopher's lesser finds.

a symbol of Yankee imperialism. In 1961 a boatload of students sailed out to plant the Honduran flag on Great Swan. Invited ashore, they flew their flag, stayed for sandwiches and beer, and then sailed home.

The U.S. Senate is expected to ratify last week's agreement by next spring. After that Honduras will leave things as they are on Swan. The U.S. technicians will remain, as will Glidden and his family. But another potential—though minor—international flash point has been damped down. Raising his glass in a toast last week, President Cruz remarked that Washington had been wise to give up the Swans. If it had not, he hinted with a straight face, Honduras would have had to resort to force.

COLOMBIA

La Capitana

The voice thundered, amplified by a bullhorn: "Who wants electricity connected?" Crews scrambled to string up power lines. "Who does not have the telephone he applied for?" Another utility crew rushed to work. Behind the bellowing bullhorn stood a round-faced, chunky woman who is known to Colombia's poor as "La Capitana del Pueblo"—the captain of the people. Once, when pleas for water had gone unheeded, *La Capitana* and a work crew manned picks and shovels to unearth a water main and hooked up public taps—without city help or approval.

Feet First. Some might call it pure demagoguery, but María Eugenia Rojas de Moreno Díaz, 37, has not earned her reputation as a defender of the poor by sitting around in Colombia's lavish private clubs. María Eugenia is the force behind a growing wave of populism. As her political power grows,

the nation's Liberal and Conservative parties, which offer little more than Tweedledum and Tweedledee choices, are growing downright panicky.

María Eugenia is the daughter of Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 71, the controversial dictator who took office in 1953. He is credited with helping to end the fighting between Liberal and Conservative factions that had claimed 200,000 lives in the bloody *violencia*, and curbing the power of the elite. His regime, however, is also remembered for unbridled corruption and outrageous strong-arm tactics. Finally, the military sent him scampering into Spanish exile in 1957. María Eugenia went into self-exile in the U.S. and gave birth to two sons while living in Miami with her husband, Senator Samuel Moreno Díaz.

By the time Rojas Pinilla returned to Colombia in 1958, the politicians had stitched together the cozy National Front coalition through which the Conservatives and the Liberals alternate the presidency every four years. Last year, however, the former dictator—contrary to the gentleman's agreement of the National Front—entered the race as a Conservative—and lost to the official candidate, Misael Pastrana Barrero, by only 1.5% of the total vote.

María Eugenia, convinced that the election was a fraud, tried to say so in the Senate, where she holds a seat. Permission to speak was denied, but she got up on her desk and began to orate anyway. Finally, four burly men picked her up and carried her out of the chamber feet first—with María Eugenia laughing heartily all the way.

Eclectic Platform. Behind the scenes, María Eugenia runs her father's party, the *Alianza Nacional Popular*, known simply as ANAPO. As majority leader of Bogotá's city council, she is also *de facto* mayor of the capital.

ANAPO has representatives in at least 700 of Bogotá's 900 neighborhoods. The first person to call on migrants pouring into the slums from depressed rural areas is usually an ANAPO recruiter. The party obtains jobs for 400 people a month in Bogotá alone, offers free medical and dental care to members. With 24 cities of 100,000 or more people in Colombia (overall population: 21 million), that kind of urban organization could lead to an ANAPO victory in the 1974 elections. The established parties are painfully aware of that, and President Pastrana is pressing Congress for basic educational, agrarian and urban reforms. Meanwhile, inflation is increasing while the price of Colombia's prime export, coffee, is down to 40¢ a pound, v. \$1 during the fat '50s.

Similar economic stagnation—along with similar inaction by the established politicians—helped bring a Marxist coalition to power in Chile last year and has spawned a predominantly leftist front in Uruguay, where elections were held early this week. Both movements are strongly nationalistic and directed to a large degree against foreign in-



MARÍA EUGENIA IN 1970 ELECTION
Panic in the Establishment.

vestment. ANAPO, using the same technique, calls for a state takeover of all mineral wealth, the import-export trade and the banking system. A probable target might be some of the \$700 million private U.S. stake in Colombia, half of it in oil. But Rojas Pinilla himself does not openly oppose foreign investment.

Actually, ANAPO's eclectic platform, formalized earlier this year by a Marxist, a moderate leftist and a conservative, promises to reform everything but goes into few specifics. Rojas Pinilla is a conservative on land reform; he still owns substantial acreage picked up during his days as dictator. Thus, instead of calling for land expropriation, he speaks of "colonizing" new lands to increase production. Much of his party's appeal is rooted in the frustrations of the lower classes, and the party's overall thrust is to the



CARRIED FROM SENATE FLOOR
Votes in the slums.

left. But the magnetism of the old dictator and his daughter seems to outweigh the appeal of orthodox Marxism.

Switch in Gender. If age, diabetes and a heart pulsed by a pacemaker keep Rojas Pinilla from running in 1974, María Eugenia would most certainly pick up the ANAPO banner. There is some question whether Colombians would vote for a woman; famous women in Latin America tend to be the mistresses of famous men. But a surprising number of Colombians, when asked about a woman President, told TIME's David Lee: "Ah, but María Eugenia is *muy macha*"—a switch in gender of the word describing a virile man.

Nonetheless, a woman has certain advantages on the campaign trail. At every whistle-stop, male candidates are expected to drink a mind-numbing local firewater known as *aguardiente*. To refuse is an insult, even though two or three shots are enough to end a politician's campaigning for the night. María Eugenia, by gently declining a drink, can squeeze in twice as many speeches as the average, reeling male.

UNITED NATIONS Take That! And That!!

For nearly a decade, the Chinese and Soviets have amused or alarmed the world with some of the most acerbic political invective ever hurled across a border. Last week, after nearly a month of studied politeness, the two arch-antagonists tore into one another for the first time in the General Assembly of the United Nations. The occasion was a debate over the old Soviet proposal for a worldwide conference on disarmament, a concept that both the U.S. and China reject as unworkable.

"Bragging [and] boasting are of no avail," declared China's chief delegate Chiao Kuan-hua, his voice rising with emotion. "If the Soviet government truly has the desire for disarmament, the Soviet representative should solemnly declare that at no time and in no circumstances will the Soviet Union be the first to use nuclear weapons, and that it will dismantle all nuclear bases and withdraw all nuclear weapons and means of delivery from abroad. Distinguished Soviet representatives, do you dare to do so?"

By now Chiao was pointing at Soviet Ambassador Yakov Malik. "If you are man enough, you will do it. But if you have a guilty conscience and an unjust cause, you will not dare to do so, because although you appear to be tough outwardly, you are in fact timid inwardly. We are certain that you will not dare to do so. Is this not true? Please reply!"

Malik was quickly on his feet accusing the Chinese of "class betrayal," propounding "false theories." As for Peking's charge that the U.S. and the Soviet Union seek to run the world as a superpower "duet," Malik replied that what the Chinese want is "to become a super superpower." Peking's serve.

PEOPLE

President Richard Nixon is "an astrological island surrounded by water," according to Washington Astrologer Hal Gould. Nixon, whose sign is the earth sign of Capricorn, is surrounded by the three water signs of Pisces (Wife Pat and Daughter Tricia), Cancer (Daughter Julie, and the confirmation of Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz will bring the number at Cabinet level to five) and Scorpio (Vice President Spiro Agnew, Crony Bebe Rebozo, Friend Billy Graham, Aide Bob Haldeman). Explains Gould: "Capricorn people are the Avis of the zodiac—they try harder, they place tremendous demands on their friends. The water signs are sensitive, emotional, idealistic; and since Capricorn is practical and hard-nosed, he looks for more visionary people." Among Gould's "hunches" for 1972: Spiro Agnew will be replaced by another water man. He names no names—except to predict that Piscean Pat Nixon will have a hand in the selection. John Connally, incidentally, is a Pisces.

"I've about cornered the market on dissident Communists," says Actor Richard Burton. Having just finished playing Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito (TIME, Oct. 18), he is now Stalin's mortal enemy, Leon Trotsky, in *The Assassination of Trotsky*, being filmed in Rome by U.S. Director Joseph Losey. Elizabeth Taylor anxiously monitored the scene in which the murderer, played by French Actor Alain Delon, sneaks up behind Trotsky with an Alpine ice ax hidden under his coat. Delon claimed to be so wrapped up in his role that he was afraid he might actually kill Burton. "There are plenty of French actors in the world, but if you kill me you kill one-sixth of all Welsh actors," said Richard, forgetting for a moment that nearly every Welshman is an actor of sorts.



BURTON AS TROTSKY
An ice ax.

After 20 years of true red love, Italy's *Numero Uno* Communist, Luigi Longo, 71, boss of the largest (1,500,000 members) Communist Party in the West, took advantage of Italy's new divorce law to make an honest comrade of his longtime mistress Bruna Conti, 58. Their 17-year-old son Egidio was present at the ceremony, performed by the Communist mayor of Genzano. So were two other sons by his previous wife Teresa Noce, who fought beside him in the Spanish Civil War and served the party in Italy, Spain and France. Though Longo had not lived with her since he spotted Bruna in the Union of Italian Women a couple of decades ago, Teresa is reported to have phoned her congratulations.

David Kissinger is only ten years old, but he has already learned something about making news. On the presidential plane *The Spirit of '76* with



DAVID KISSINGER
A gaffe.

his father, Henry Kissinger, and White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, he heard the inevitable newsmen ask the inevitable question: "When are we going to China?" When Dad did not answer, David helped out. "You're going in March, aren't you?" he piped up. That was news of the first magnitude, and Master David was quickly whisked back to his seat, where Ziegler asked him where he had got his information. On the radio, replied David, who returned to the amused correspondents and volunteered his source.

Teddy Roosevelt's advice to statesmen, "Speak softly and carry a big stick," has been put to good use by Britain's Prime Minister Edward Heath. The stick he wielded was big in prestige—the baton of the London Symphony Orchestra—and his soft words were admonitions like "Ssh!" when he thought things were getting a bit too loud in the musicians' rousing rendition of Sir



HEATH REHEARSING
A big stick.

Edward Elgar's 15-minute Cockaigne overture. "A thoroughly professional job," said the *Daily Telegraph* critic. "Genuine creative interpretation," said the *Guardian's* man, who particularly admired "the shading of the rallentandos in the romantic passages." The P.M., a former Oxford organ scholar, has long conducted the Christmas carol concert in his home town of Broadstairs, but the concert at London's Royal Festival Hall, for which he meticulously rehearsed, was his debut with a professional orchestra. "The fulfillment of a life's ambition," he beamed. "I must be one of the most fortunate men alive." Commented the London Symphony's regular conductor, Andre Previn: "It is not true that I am shortly to be guest Prime Minister for 15 minutes."

To Women's Liberationists it seemed too good to be true: a beauty queen—Miss World, no less—publicly renouncing the whole chauvinist charade. After Brazil's beautiful Lúcia Petterle learned in London that she would be at the beck and call of the contest sponsors throughout 1972, she summoned her lawyers. Her mail was being opened, she complained; she was being awakened at 7 a.m. for appointments and was under constant supervision. "I don't want to be enslaved by this title," flounced the third-year medical student at a press conference back in Rio de Janeiro. "I'm not going to lose a year of study because of any crown." She said that she had refused to sign her contract, had turned down a modeling tour of France and Bob Hope's Christmas trip to Viet Nam. But alas, a day or two later, liberated Lúcia slipped back into those golden chains. Her final year at medical school would be "postponed," she said, and everything was going to work out according to the sponsors' idea of the best of all possible Miss Worlds.

THE U.S.

AMERICAN NOTES

Hiroshima Diary

When Army Air Force Captain Robert A. Lewis set off toward Hiroshima as copilot of the *Enola Gay* on Aug. 6, 1945, he began a brief log of the mission, scribbling on the backs of War Department forms. Last week the diary was auctioned off at Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries for \$37,000 to a rare-manuscript dealer. In it, there was a glimpse, as in a time-lapse film, of the moment when men first used the Bomb against one another.

Lewis was on hand for the auction, and he read some of the diary aloud. It had first been published in 1946—but 25 years later, his voice gave his words a special poignancy: "At 0730 we loaded. The bomb is now alive and it's a funny feeling knowing it's right in back of you. Knock wood . . . We started our climb to 30,000 feet at 0740. Well, folks, it's not long now." As the B-29 let the Bomb go: "For the next minute no one knew what would happen. The bombardier and the right seat jockey or pilot both forgot to put on their dark glasses and therefore witnessed the flash. Then in about 15 seconds after the flash, there were two very distinct slaps, then that was all the physical effect we felt."

"We then turned the ship so we could observe results . . . The city was 90% covered with smoke and a large column of white cloud, which in less than three minutes reached 30,000 feet and then went at least 50,000 . . . Just how many Japs did we kill? I honestly have the feeling of groping for words to explain this or I might say My God what have we done."

LEWIS (UPPER RIGHT) & "ENOLA GAY" CREW



The War Doppler

In its regular Thursday tabulation, the U.S. command in Saigon announced last week that American casualties—five killed in action and four wounded—were at the lowest combined count since early in 1965. For months American losses in Viet Nam have been declining in an almost steady curve.

The Viet Nam War, as the Pentagon papers seem to confirm, entered most Americans' consciousness almost surreptitiously, until in the later 1960s they found themselves fighting, to their own bewilderment, the longest war of their national history. Today the process seems reversed as the U.S. fades out of the war. No one is ready to declare the war over for Americans while they are still dying in it. But the war that came without declaration is also ending—for the U.S. at least—gradually, again without formalities, like the Doppler effect, as some great baleful engine screams by and then recedes.

Mace That Line

High school football rivalries in Texas sometimes have a quality of tribal warfare. This month two old and furious small-town enemies, Premont and Los Fresnos, were tangling at Premont. With less than two minutes remaining and Los Fresnos leading 14-12, a brawl erupted among the players on the field.

One of the first to join officials in restoring order was a Premont policeman. The cop waded into the fight and sprayed his chemical Mace into the faces of seven of Los Fresnos' first-string players, who fell to the ground screaming and holding their eyes.

They were guided back to their bench for treatment. The Premont team, with the opposition disabled by this exercise of frontier sportsmanship, completed a 55-yd. pass and kicked a field goal to win 15-14. To compound the offense, Premont school officials later sent Los Fresnos a bill for \$1,200—for the damage that the angry losers caused when they tried to tear up the locker room.

The Spirit of Christmas

The Federal Trade Commission last week warned that some manufacturers of Christmas cards are cheating buyers by putting fictitiously high price tags on their boxes of cards. The practice allows retailers to strike out the manufacturer's price and write in a phony "lower" price, creating the illusion of a bargain. Season's greetings.



NIXON WITH VISITING OHIO STUDENTS

Nixon:

WHILE troubles piled up in Congress for President Nixon last week, he announced a series of surprise summit meetings that will have him jet-hopping from island to island and coast to coast over the next two months. It was something of a whirlwind act with a serious motive: before he undertakes his historic mission to China, he wants to make sure that key heads of state have been consulted and accommodated. Under the watchful eye of Henry Kissinger, the President will meet with:

- French President Georges Pompidou for two days in mid-December in the Azores;
- British Prime Minister Edward Heath the following week in Bermuda;
- West German Chancellor Willy Brandt, who will come to Key Biscayne, Fla., in late December;
- Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato, who will visit San Clemente in January;
- Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, almost certainly, at some point not yet determined.

This unprecedented round of summit talks is intended to deliver a clear message to Peking: the U.S. President will be speaking not just for his own nation when he arrives in China but for the Western world as well.

France was singled out for the initial meeting because of the role it had played in arranging the China trip; Paris had served as an intermediary between Washington and Peking, smoothing out many details. Beyond that, President Pompidou has been the latest Western leader to talk to Soviet Boss Leonid Brezhnev, and Nixon is anxious to know what is on the Russian's mind before he goes to China. Nixon feels he enjoys a special relationship with Pompidou. "I find the French President a man very much like myself," he once remarked. The French President reciprocates the feeling. On leaving the U.S. after a visit in 1970, Pompidou remarked that he and Nixon shared a "communion of temperament."



GREETING THE REDSKINS AT PRACTICE



DEPARTING WITH PAT FOR THANKSGIVING

A Fresh Burst of Summitry

The talks with Pompidou, Heath and Brandt will be far-ranging. They will include the forthcoming European security conference and the proposed mutual reduction of forces between the Warsaw Pact nations and the NATO countries. Since Secretary of the Treasury John Connally is accompanying Nixon and Henry Kissinger, the international economic impasse will also be discussed—though not likely resolved (see *THE ECONOMY*). The summit conference with Sato will give the Prime Minister a badly needed boost at home, where his reputation has been seriously damaged by the sudden U.S. policy reversals on both China and international trade.

Campaign Dilemma. To keep American power from being undermined at a critical stage in overseas developments, the President ordered an all-out lobbying effort to defeat the Mansfield Amendment, which would have reduced U.S. forces in Europe by 60,000. Though the proposal was heavily supported in the beginning, it was defeated in the Senate last week by a comfortable 15-vote margin. The President's domestic design did not fare so well. He had urged Congress to pass a \$27.4 billion tax cut to stimulate the economy. The House gave him about what he asked for, but the Senate handed him much more than he wanted: another \$11 billion in tax relief, mainly for individuals.

Much of what the Senate added is expected to be whittled down by House-Senate conferees, but the most worrisome amendment will be the hardest to remove. It provides each of the major political parties with \$20.4 million for the 1972 presidential campaign. Adopted by an almost strictly party vote, it is patently aimed at bailing the Democrats out of their financial predicament. As an instrument of campaign reform, it is suspect: it concentrates an awesome amount of cash in the hands of one man in one election. Because of its blatant partisan appeal, the Senate amendment jeopardizes the chances of the more sensible

campaign bill now being considered by the House. But the Democrats would be overjoyed to have millions, no questions asked, from federal coffers. The Republicans, on the other hand, would have no trouble raising as much as \$40 million from private sources. But the amendment specifies that if a party chooses to accept private contributions, it must forgo the federal handout.

It is a painful political dilemma. The White House would like to get the amendment killed in conference, but the House Democratic leadership is as happy with the proposal as Senate Democrats were. Republican congressional leaders mutter darkly of a presidential veto of the entire tax bill. Still, Nixon badly needs the bill if his rosy promises of economic upturn in 1972 are going to be realized. If they are not, his re-election could be in doubt.

Along with their other rebukes of the week, Senate Democrats continued to give Nixon a bad time on his nominations. His two choices for the U.S. Supreme Court, Lewis Powell and William Rehnquist, finally won the approval of the Judiciary Committee—only after prolonged quibbling by some of its members. But another nomination ran into unexpected trouble. While ticking off the business still ahead of the Senate in the remainder of the session, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield remarked: "Bringing up the rear will be the nomination of Mr. Butz as Secretary of Agriculture." After the Senate stopped laughing, Minority Leader Hugh Scott added: "I can envision the headlines: SENATE SITS ON BUTZ." It was no joke. Earl Butz's nomination was reported out of the Agriculture Committee by only 8 to 6, and the committee is more conservative as a whole than the Senate. It was no surprise that liberal Democrats opposed his nomination on the grounds that he is too friendly to big farmers and not friendly enough to small ones. But the No votes of conservative Southerners and Midwestern Republicans came as some-

thing of a shock to the Administration.

The President doubtless found some solace in a midweek visit to his favored Washington Redskins. He delivered a little pep talk: "What really proves that a person or a team or a country has it is not when it is winning and everybody is with them and everybody is cheering them on, but when it has lost one and then does not lose its spirit. It comes back and goes on to win." Such, at any rate, is the presidential game plan.

Pat into the Fray

In 1960, Pat Nixon was one of the pluses in her husband's campaign for the presidency. With the cloth coat and shirtwaist dresses, she added a humanizing grace to Nixon's race against John F. Kennedy. But in the eight years that separated the two Nixon presidential campaigns, Pat Nixon changed. The bitter defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial race and the long road back left their marks. During the 1968 campaign, she was little more than a speaker's platform mannequin, hair carefully coiffed, legs properly crossed at the ankles, the smiles and pattering applause from her gloved hands correctly timed but somewhat mechanical.

As First Lady, she has presided over White House teas and receptions with quiet charm. But Mrs. Nixon has avoided the clamor of a public person—except for her notably successful trip to earthquake-devastated Peru in June 1970. All this, however, is apparently coming to an end. In January, Mrs. Nixon will travel to the inauguration of William R. Tolbert Jr. as Liberia's President. It will be the first time an American First Lady has visited the African continent, or served as the U.S. representative at the inauguration of a foreign chief executive. After the ceremonies in Liberia, Mrs. Nixon will visit Ghana and the Ivory Coast. She will accompany the President to Moscow. And Peking? "I'm lobbying for it," she says. White House political strategists are also planning a more active role for the First Lady in the election campaign. Whether at presidential request or by her own choice, Pat Nixon has changed again.

The Battle of Bal Harbour

AS petty and personal as it may seem, the clash between President Nixon and Labor Chieftain George Meany is for the highest political stakes. At issue is not only the fate of Nixon's plan for the nation's economic recovery, which may depend on whether labor accepts the Government's wage guidelines. Also in the balance is the 1972 presidential election. Determined that Nixon must go, Meany is preparing the biggest labor participation of any campaign in history. Just as determined to stay, Nixon plans to beat back the attack by showing that he serves the national interest while labor serves only itself.*

The battle opened head-on at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Bal Harbour, Fla. A week after the encounter, pundits were still busy retracing the maneuverings of these two seasoned infighters. The President staged the first surprise. Though he had been routinely invited to attend two months before, he did not accept until the eve of the convention two weeks ago. George Shultz called Meany to ask if Nixon could address the delegates the next day. Impossible, replied the labor boss. The executive council had scheduled a meeting to vote on a resolution of non-cooperation with the Pay Board. Nixon would have to come later.

No Flourishes. A swarm of presidential advancements descended. They made a number of requests of Meany: an offstage microphone for announcing the President's arrival, a union band to strike up *Ruffles and Flourishes* and *Hail to the Chief*, a seat of honor to the right of the podium for the President to occupy while Meany made the introduction, removal of delegate seats in front of the speakers' stand to make room for live television cameras, banishment from the press area of reporters covering the convention so that there would be space for White House correspondents.

Meany flatly turned down all the requests. The White House persisted about the music. The Secret Service brought along sheet music and placed it on the musicians' stands. Meany told the Musicians' Union not to let the orchestra play. Hissed a Nixon man: "You will play this." Once again Meany insisted that the musicians lay down their instruments.

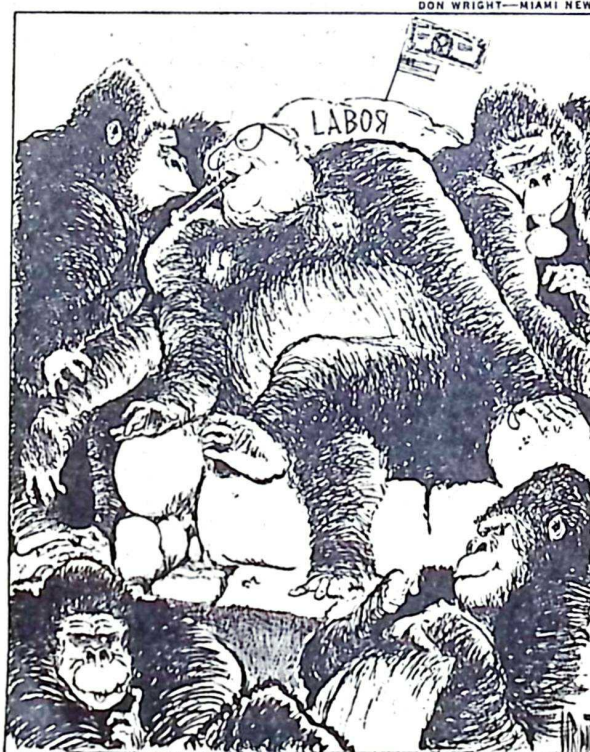
When the President emerged, he was accompanied by no music, and received only perfunctory applause from the delegates. Since he could not get the seat he felt the dignity of his office required,

* The President took on an additional labor problem last week: he invoked the Taft-Hartley Act in order to halt a crippling two-month strike on the East and Gulf Coast docks. In October, he used the law to put longshoremen back to work on the West Coast.



he walked directly to the podium. As the President spoke off the cuff, Meany sat glowering near by, occasionally muttering a sardonic rejoinder. When he finished, Nixon stepped down from the stand to shake hands with delegates. Within moments, Meany gavelled the convention back to order and sent the President on his way. The delegates gave the labor boss a standing ovation.

But if Meany had won the round inside the hall, he clearly lost it outside. In a situation where he had the upper hand, he came across as churlish and vindictive. Labor strategists conceded later that it might have been better tactics to smother the President with kindness rather than cold-shoulder him. As the convention continued last week, he tried to recover lost ground. He told the delegates



"We're definitely hurting Nixon's image."

legates that he had not intended to give the President an inferior seat. "When you go back over the history, John F. Kennedy sat in that chair. Lyndon Johnson sat in that chair. The commander of the American Legion will sit in that chair when we introduce him a little later. Jerry Lewis, if he can sit still long enough, will sit in that chair too." Meany also had an explanation for the lack of music. "We don't have an orchestra. We have what you might call some chamber music. I don't think you can play *Ruffles and Flourishes* on a violin." He conceded that some of the delegates had laughed during the President's speech. "But I still think we have a constitutional right to laugh."

At a news conference, Secretary of the Treasury John Connally answered Meany in kind. "Mr. Meany," said Connally, "reflected an arrogance and a boorishness and a discourtesy that ill becomes a leader of the American labor movement." Many union members seemed to agree with Connally. A survey conducted by the Opinion Research Corp. showed that 63% of union families disapproved of the treatment given the President at the convention.

Counting Pennies. Ultimately, labor's attitude toward the President will be determined by how well Phase II succeeds (see THE ECONOMY). Union members are not optimistic. A prevailing gripe is that prices have continued to rise while wages have been frozen. To many, Phase II seems to promise more of the same. "How the hell can they control things?" asks Henry Borello, an official of the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association in San Francisco. "They freeze a few wages. Then you go to the grocery store, and things are up a

penny a can here, a penny there." Workers are also worried that the economy is not going to pick up soon. While unemployment remains high, they feel business is free to increase its profits. "We'll go along with controls if they are equitable," says Paul Schrade of the U.A.W. "But why should the workingman shoulder higher prices and fixed wages when the profit-makers are getting away scot-free?"

Labor has won a number of concessions from the Nixon Administration, including pay hikes that surpass the 5.5% guideline. But if the time comes when Nixon must crack down, union members are likely to forget their differences with George Meany and close ranks behind him. There are already signs of just that. Says David Crippen, a member of the Social Services Employees of Los Angeles: "For what must be the first time in its history, this local is supporting Meany." The Battle of Bal Harbour was an opening skirmish in what promises to be a long, bitter political campaign.

Democrats: Trying for Party Reform

NO hired bands and conscripted paraders will erupt in "spontaneous" demonstrations. The total time for nominating and seconding speeches for a candidate will be limited to an austere 15 minutes. Favorite sons will be discouraged. When the Democratic Party meets in Miami Beach next July to anoint its presidential choice, some of the more garish rituals of American political folklore will be missing. So, too, the party's reformers hope, will be the spectacle of bosses brokering power in cigar-clouded hotel suites amid a certain heady cynicism about how the game is played. No one is certain what will replace the old game. Ever since the broken heads and tear gas of Chicago more than three

30 years old. The convention was predominantly white, male, middle-aged and at least middle class.

To change that situation, a special commission first headed by South Dakota's Senator George McGovern worked for 8 months and finally in November of last year adopted a program to reform delegate selection. A second commission reviewed the commission rules. Apart from trying to tone down the convention spectacle itself, the commissions' 18 guidelines call for these major changes:

► The unit rule (by which the majority carries the entire delegation) must be abolished in order to assure that minority voices will be heard. Delegates

National Committee that they are in full compliance with all 18 guidelines. The rest of the states are in various stages of compliance. The process has been delayed because in some states the party has had to seek legislative approval to change the rules on delegate selection. Sometimes, recalcitrant old-pro politicians have slowed the process.

Twenty-two states plus the District of Columbia will hold presidential-preference primaries to select their convention delegates. The other 28 states will choose delegates through local and county caucuses leading to state conventions. Georgia and Mississippi, both of which occasioned some of the bitterest credentials fights ever in 1968, have gone out of their way to ensure free delegate selection. Georgia's new rules call for wide-open conventions next



POLICE & PROTESTERS BATTLE IN CHICAGO (1968)

An end to the rituals.

years ago, the Democratic Party has been embarked on an extraordinary and ambitious attempt at self-transformation.

In 1968 at least 20 states had no rules—or totally inadequate rules—for the selection of convention delegates, leaving the process to a caucus of party leaders. In Georgia, for example, the delegates were personally picked by the Governor. States that held conventions to choose delegates favored the party's establishment. More than a third of the 1968 delegates were chosen before the year began, when neither major issues nor possible candidates had been clearly identified. Blacks made up only 5.5% of the Chicago delegations, although they are 11% of the population and 20% of the total that eventually voted for Hubert Humphrey. Women provided 52% of the Democratic vote in '68, yet they made up only 13% of the delegations. A majority of the delegations had no more than one member under

must be selected in the same calendar year as the convention so that they will reflect current thinking of the party.

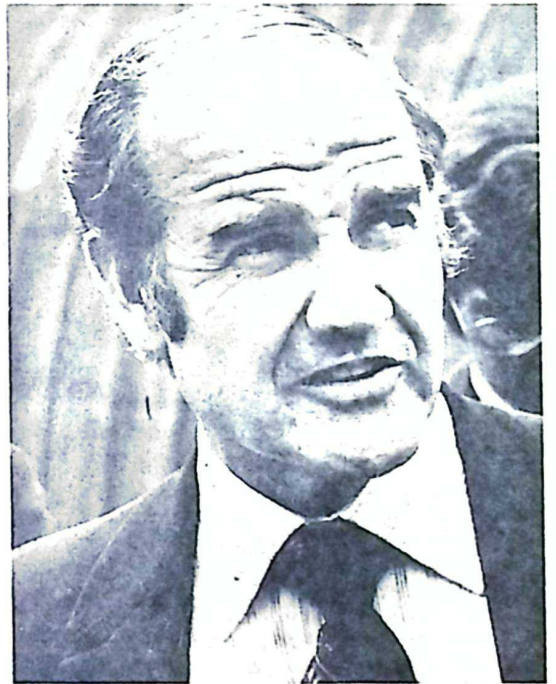
► In states that hold party conventions, at least 75% of the delegates must be picked at the congressional-district level or lower.

► Explicit written rules must establish uniform times and dates for all state conventions or other meetings that select delegates.

► Each candidate for delegate must be given a chance to state his presidential preference on the state convention ballot.

► Above all, the state parties must "encourage minority-group participation so that they will be represented on the national convention delegation in reasonable relationship to their presence in the population of the state."

The movement to put these guidelines into effect is now in midpassage. So far, 22 states have satisfied the Democratic



REFORMER GEORGE MCGOVERN

spring in each of the state's ten congressional districts. At that, the new process may seem a kind of reversion, since every faction will try to pack the district convention halls with allies.

Already the reforms have shaken the fiefs of party regulars. In Illinois, Edmund Muskie has made inroads into a delegation that otherwise would have been the feudal property of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley. Some organization Democrats have begun working with Muskie's men as representing the lesser of two evils; they fear that under the new rules, which encourage delegates to commit themselves, George McGovern insurgents might defeat uncommitted regulars, thus diminishing the Daleyites' clout in Miami Beach.

Open Doors. The effort to achieve proportional representation for minorities, the young and women contains an inherent difficulty. The reform commission did not dictate quotas, relying instead

on the democratic process to achieve a better mix. Yet states that rely on election of delegates may find white middle-class majorities choosing white middle-class delegates, just as before. Some states have worked out formulas to adjust the proportions; in Pennsylvania, for example, 75% of the delegates will probably be elected, with at least some of the remaining 25% picked by party leaders to balance the delegation to the satisfaction of the credentials committee.

At first, the national party said it was enough to throw open the doors. Now women's groups and black organizations are pressuring for guaranteed representation at the convention. Recently, a task force from the Na-

tional Women's Political Caucus told Democratic National Committee Chairman Larry O'Brien that it will not be satisfied unless at least 50% of the delegates to Miami are female. Black leaders are demanding that 20% of the delegate seats be occupied by blacks.

Four at Once. One large question is whether the minorities, the poor, the young and women will get their own representatives or those picked by party professionals and organized labor. "They'll just send Joe's wife instead of Joe," says one Democratic official. Another envisions the pros picking a poor, young, black woman and getting credit for four categories at once.

At the moment, on paper, the re-

forms look impressive. Some Democrats doubt that in the end the party's choice will be radically different than it would have been under the traditional system. But if the reforms work, they might make it psychologically much more difficult for a Eugene McCarthy or some other liberal to launch a fourth-party movement. One real danger is that the Democrats, by advertising a new standard of political purity, may be destroying the spirit of accommodation and compromise within their own ranks, inviting a shrill marathon of credentials challenges next summer. The parades may be gone, but it will not be a dull convention.

Meanwhile, given either primaries

The Odyssey of Hubert Humphrey

The day is already 15 hours old, with no end in sight. The chartered Jet-Star shudders in powerful headwinds. It will be midnight or after when you reach your destination, the national convention of the Young Democrats in Hot Springs, Ark. You were supposed to speak at noon, but the Senate was voting on campaign financing, and you could not get away. They put you over to the evening banquet, but you could not make that, either. Here you are, Hubert Humphrey, age 60, twice a mayor, a national political figure since 1948, four times a Senator, for four years Vice President, once your party's candidate for the presidency. You have been through all this before—the long days, luncheons, dinners, chartered flights, delays, hotel rooms, limousines, taxicabs, interviews, speeches, baby kissing, crowds big and small, jostling, jeers, small-time pols who have to be humored, contributors who think they own you because they gave to your last campaign. But you know, and others know, that you will go through it all again—if you can.

SUCH were the reflections of TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey as he accompanied Humphrey on one more political swing not long ago. No question, Humphrey is back and running hard for the nomination. He is well down the road toward announcing his candidacy for 1972. So far this year he has traveled to 31 states, talking with trade associations, labor delegations, youth groups, and of course party politicians. Humphrey, who lost the presidency to Richard Nixon in 1968 by a mere half-million votes, insists that his chance for a second nomination is good. He eagerly points out that he has consistently been ranked "no worse" than third, and in the last Gallup poll, he was tied with Ken-

nedy behind Muskie. He says that he is not alarmed by the competition. He explains: "I'm not so sure one man dominates the scene completely."

But can Humphrey himself come to dominate the race for the presidential nomination? Despite his relatively easy re-election to the Senate in 1970, he still carries the stigma of a loser who might not be able to win against a Nixon equipped with a series of presidential successes. Humphrey claims that on the Viet Nam issue he has as "good" a record since 1968 as any of the potential candidates. But there are those on the party's left who will never forgive him for not breaking with Lyndon Johnson over Viet Nam in the 1968 campaign. A Humphrey nomination could very possibly send them scurrying to a fourth-party movement. Besides, as Humphrey freely admits: "I'm not the new boy on the block. I'm not the prettiest face in town." Party leaders, nev-

ertheless, give him more than an outside chance for the nomination.

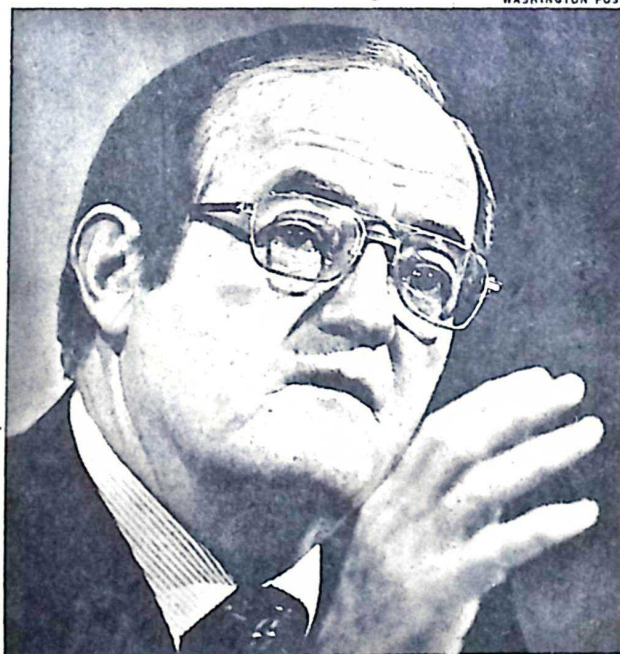
As he is fond of asserting, he has risen, Nixon-like, from the ashes of defeat before. He lost the first time he ran for mayor of Minneapolis, and he lost the 1960 Democratic nomination to John Kennedy. Among high-level Democratic politicians, Humphrey is the best-liked personality of all the party's candidates, announced or not. He has access to an organization that stretches into almost every state and has been promised support from backers ready to shell out cash for a Humphrey campaign. Eugene Wyman, a former California Democratic chairman, can get Humphrey all the money he needs if he wants to go into the California primary. Marvin Rosenberg, a New York curtain manufacturer and another party money man, refuses to open his purse strings to any Democrat until H.H.H. gives the word.

Humphrey has strong support among labor leaders and blacks. I.W. Abel of the United Steelworkers of America,

Floyd Smith of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, and Lane Kirkland, reputed to be George Meany's likely successor as head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., are all ardent Humphrey men. Georgia's Julian Bond has said that Humphrey has more black backing than any leading Democrat except Kennedy. Bond added, however, that most blacks feel Muskie will win the nomination.

After the debacle at the 1968 convention in Chicago, when Humphrey was jeered and ridiculed by college students, he started seriously wooing the young. He is still far from being the youthful voters' political guru, but most young voters rank him far ahead of Nixon.

For his part, Humphrey is unfailingly enthusiastic about himself and his past record. "Remember, I almost won a miraculous victory last time," he



SENATOR HUMPHREY

or party conventions in all 50 states, the effect will be to encourage delegate candidates to link up with a presidential contender rather than go uncommitted or identified with a favorite son. Thus, with more committed delegates being chosen all through the spring, it should be much easier to chart the progress of presidential candidates as the convention approaches. Theoretically if not realistically, it is possible that one of the candidates might wrap up a majority of the 3,000 delegates by May 23, the date of the Oregon primary, provided that all of the delegates chosen in the 16 primaries and eleven state conventions up to then were pledged to him.

says. "In 1968, Nixon didn't win, we lost. Think back—the '67 riots, Martin Luther King's assassination, Bobby Kennedy's assassination, the convention itself. Even with that, all that we needed was time, just a little more."

He also believes that Nixon is vulnerable. "He's not trusted by blacks. He can't carry the Midwest again. He's a cosmetic candidate and it wears off. This Administration is like a machine headed by a mechanic. He is a hard fighter, a gut fighter. But we have him on the economy. This economy will not function under his leadership." All that, of course, remains to be seen between now and Election Day next year.

As always, Humphrey talks a good campaign; a longstanding joke among Washington wits is that H.H.H. speaks at 80 miles per hour with gusts up to 100. He frankly admits that those sometimes rambling monologues could prove damaging. He remains infectiously, indomitably ebullient. He laughs easily and frequently, even though his overeagerness to please everyone in the world seems a little pathetic. He dresses more carefully than he used to, and his graying hair still looks dyed to some; Humphrey's aides admit that he tinted it in 1968, but he insists that he does so no longer.

When the JetStar puts down in Hot Springs after midnight, Humphrey sees a small crowd of people waiting for him. Some carry signs that read: "You cared for us—we'll stay up all night for you." The reflective mood drops away. "I grabbed a clean shirt after the final vote and here I am," he yells, delighted with the show of affection. At the Arlington Hotel, he speaks for 40 minutes to some 700 young Democrats; they interrupt the talk with 25 standing ovations.

An hour later he appears at a reception for some older Democrats who also have waited up for him. After the reception, Humphrey meets with a small group of Young Democrats and talks politics over sandwiches and beer until 3:30 a.m. After only four hours' sleep, he is up and off again by 8—and running, running, running.

PRISONS

Tragedy Averted

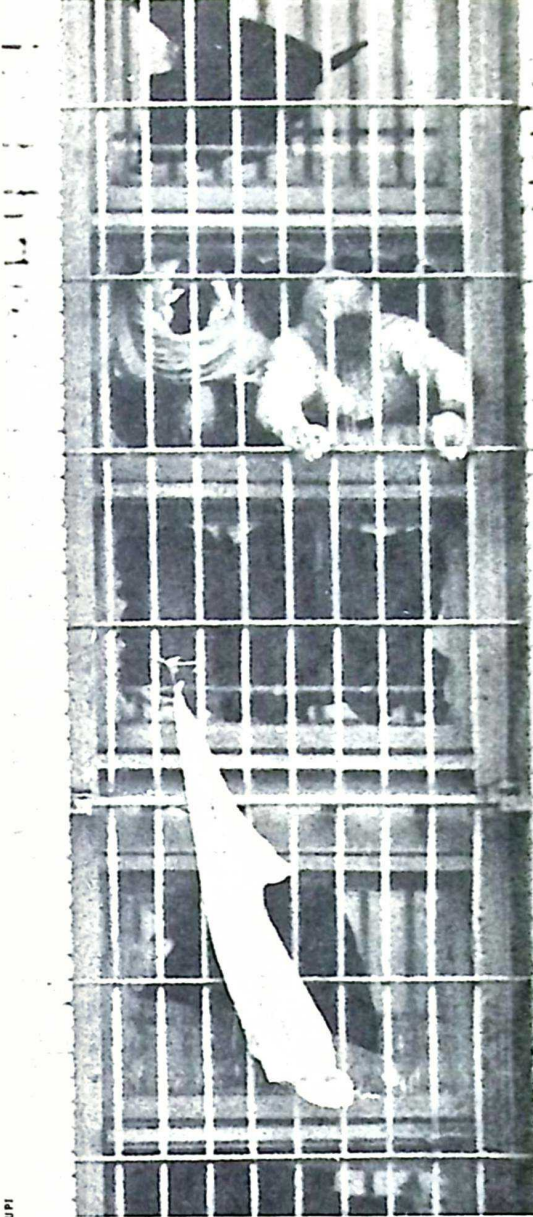
There was an ominous familiarity about the uprising in the maximum-security state prison at Rahway, N.J. Remember Attica, scrawled on a sheet fluttering from a cellblock window, was hardly necessary. However, 24 hours after Rahway inmates had seized four guards and the warden as hostages, the rebellion ended peacefully. At Attica, 43 inmates and hostages died during an assault on the prisoners' stronghold; after a negotiated settlement, the hostages at Rahway were released and prisoners returned quietly to their cells.

Throughout the fearful day, New Jersey officials and inmates alike gradually abandoned hard-line demands in favor of safety and compromise. Shortly after the rebellion started, New Jersey Governor William Cahill appeared, to direct negotiations from a nearby command post. The prisoners were not as well organized as the Attica inmates; they were also less militant and inflexible in their demands. Both sides, it seems, remembered Attica.

Fifteen Demands. The outbreak began in an auditorium at the hub of the sprawling, X-shaped penitentiary. A few more than 550 of Rahway's 1,143 prisoners were attending a regular movie screening on Thanksgiving Eve. *Making It* had just concluded when an inmate leaped onto the stage and launched into an angry speech denouncing the injustice of the prison system and society at large. He asked anyone who did not want to join a revolt to leave the hall immediately. Only 150 inmates stayed. Warden U. Samuel Vukceovich arrived to try to calm the disturbance, but within minutes he and the guards were overpowered. The riot was on.

No one knows how many prisoners were involved, but they took over a wing of the prison that normally houses more than 500 men. As at Attica, state troopers and prison guards donned bulletproof vests and helmets in preparation for an armed attack on the inmates. Inside, prisoners drew up a list of 15 demands, covering improved food and medical care, educational and rehabilitation programs, religious freedom, increased mail privileges. Three newsmen allowed into the cellblock at the prisoners' request heard echoes of Attica in the inmates' demands. Associated Press Correspondent Carl Zeitz, one of the three, wrote later: "Inmates crowded to the bars, each hotly stating his grievances: distrust of officials, contempt for the police and the guards, the conviction that the courts, the prisons—indeed the whole system of American justice—are a failure and they its victims."

Grievance Formula. On Thanksgiving Day, prisoners shouted demands for total amnesty; that had been the principal obstacle to a settlement at Attica. They set fires inside the cellblock to dra-



INMATES WITH BED-SHEET BANNER
Both sides remembered Attica.

matize their grievances. But behind the scenes, negotiations went on quietly. The armed assault was called off. Cahill's presence, which the men inside the prison learned about from radio announcements, probably contributed to a swift and peaceful settlement. The Governor said later that he would have done whatever was possible to avoid bloodshed. "I probably would have gone in myself." New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller had refused to travel to Attica, arguing that he could not negotiate with the rebelling inmates.

Rather than insisting that their demands were not negotiable, as the Attica rebels had done, Rahway inmates agreed to a formula for settling their grievances with prison officials after the riot had ended. Finally, the leaders withdrew their demand for amnesty, asking only that observers supervise their return to undamaged cells as a safeguard against reprisals. One by one, the hostages were released and the prison returned to normal.

CRIME

The Bandit Who Went Out into the Cold

Northwest Airlines Flight 305 began as the most prosaic of milk runs. It started in Washington, D.C., at 8:30 a.m. last Wednesday, with scheduled stops at Minneapolis, Great Falls and Missoula, Mont., Portland, Spokane and finally Seattle. What happened en route rivaled Alfred Hitchcock's more baroque fantasies. In the most elaborate sky-jacking ploy in the bizarre history of air piracy, an inconspicuous middle-aged traveler identified on the manifest as "D.B. Cooper" extorted \$200,000 from the airline, and apparently foiled any plan of capture by parachuting to safety over southwest Washington State.

Whoever the latest air pirate is, he obviously had conceived his plan with a lapidary's attention to detail. Wearing dark glasses and a plain business suit, he boarded the Boeing 727 in Portland and took a seat at the rear. He did nothing to distinguish himself from the other 36 passengers aboard—until he gave a stewardess a note stating his demands. "I thought he was trying to hustle me," said the stewardess, Florence Schaffner. "I stuffed the note in my purse, and he motioned that I should take it out and read it." He wanted, upon arrival at Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, the sum of \$200,000 and four parachutes. Recalls Passenger Richard Simmons: "I saw one stewardess answer a call, and her face dropped. She looked bewildered and gulped. I guess she learned what was happening then."

She certainly did. The hijacker showed her a briefcase that contained two red cylinders and a tangle of wire. He told her calmly that unless his demands were met he intended to

blow up the airplane. She immediately relayed the demands to Captain William W. Scott, who in turn radioed Seattle ground control. Northwest President Donald W. Nyrop quickly issued orders to cooperate fully with the hijacker and "do whatever he demands." Airline officials were dispatched to round up the money, and a call went out for the four parachutes.

The 727 circled the Seattle airport until the hijacker was satisfied that the money and parachutes were ready. The plane then touched down at 5:40 p.m. Said Pilot Scott to the men in the control tower: "We will ask you to stay there until we get coordinated with our friend in the back."

Getting Antsy. Says Passenger Barbara Simmons: "It was really strange. When the plane landed, we sat there for 15 minutes, and nobody talked." As soon as the money and parachutes were brought aboard, the hijacker allowed the passengers and two of the stewardesses to disembark; however, he demanded that one of the girls, Tina Mucklow, remain on board as a hostage. The hijacker asked to be flown to Mexico. The crew explained that such a flight was out of their ship's range. At one point the impatient captain told the tower: "This guy is getting antsy." To underscore the point, the hijacker interrupted an attempt by a Federal Aviation Administration official to board the plane by snapping: "Let's get this show on the road!"

With the hijacker's agreement, the plane ultimately took off for Reno, ostensibly a refueling stop en route to Mexico. Yet it is clear that the hijacker knew precisely what he was about. He ordered the plane to be flown at less than 10,000 ft. and at 200 m.p.h., an extremely slow cruising speed. He also ordered the rear door to be left unlocked. Of all U.S. commercial airliners, only the 727 has a door beneath the tail that would permit a reasonably safe parachute jump. Then he locked Miss Mucklow in the forward cabin with the crew, and was not seen again. Five planes trailed the jet from Seattle, but no one saw the hijacker jump. If he fell free in the dark for more than a few hundred feet, however, he would have been almost impossible to spot.

Four-State Manhunt. FBI officials estimate that he dropped into an open area in the wilderness some 35 miles north of Portland. The location was determined by the time of his jump, which probably occurred when a red light went on in the cockpit, indicating a drop in cabin pressure. The hijacker must have opened the rear door at that point.

A four-state manhunt was immediately launched. FBI agents, along with more than 30 officers of the Clark and Cowlitz county sheriff's departments, set up a command post and fanned out through a thickly timbered corridor 15 miles long and ten miles wide near the towns of Longview and Ariel in southwest Washington. The area is densely



PILOT SCOTT & STEWARDESS MUCKLOW
Outdoing Hitchcock's baroque fantasies.

forested enough to present a serious hazard to the jumper if he did not make the clearing. Said Undersheriff Tom McDowell: "We're either looking for a parachute or a hole in the ground."

The 3rd Armored Cavalry joined the search from the air, sending out two helicopters. But the hijacker also managed to pick ideally inclement weather to cover his escape. Sullen clouds rolled in from the Pacific, grounding the choppers until a couple of hours before darkness. By week's end officers were scratching their heads and wondering where to look next for the dapper, audacious fellow with \$200,000 to spend.

CITIES

Romney on Forest Hills

In white, middle-income Forest Hills, N.Y., last week angry crowds booed the bulldozers that were breaking ground for a proposed low-income housing project that would bring numbers of blacks into the area (TIME, Nov. 29). One resident, Mrs. Ann Schachter, mother of two small schoolchildren, admits that she is embarrassed by the pickets. Still, she adds, typically enough: "I like to think of myself as a liberal, but the term doesn't seem to apply to me any more. I'm frightened." Rabbi Ben Zion Bokser, who favors the project, says of the protesters: "They are afraid of what they see as these hostile forces breaking into their island."

Mayor John Lindsay's associates proclaimed that the project would proceed, but there were signs of queasiness at City Hall; last week the Board of Estimate turned down a similar proposal for Lindenwood, another section of Queens. Also last week, despite a personal appeal from New York's Republican-Conservative Senator James Buckley, Housing and Urban Development Secretary George Romney gave the

INSPECTING RAMP ON FLIGHT 305



Forest Hills plans his final imprimatur.

Romney is the pivotal figure in any serious nationwide attempt to break down the ghetto and establish low-income housing in communities like Forest Hills. With 650,000 units of low- and moderate-income housing scheduled for construction in the next year, he faces the intricate task of translating fair-housing legislation into hard reality. Romney is in a precarious position, working within an Administration that has shown, at best, limited enthusiasm for racial integration. Last week, at his home in the plush, predominantly white Detroit suburb of Bloomfield Hills, Romney talked to TIME Correspondent Jess Cook.

"The Forest Hills project is one that increases opportunity for low- and moderate-income families," he said. "I'm wholeheartedly in favor of making that possible. It was a product of local responsibility and planning, that means the New York City administration. It doesn't seem to me that the Federal Government can shape its programs on the basis of what individuals or groups have to say. That would mean substituting the views of citizens in a neighborhood, any neighborhood, for policies laid down by Congress and responsible state and local officials."

Mobility and Diversity. Continued Romney: "A successful program must avoid causing the majority of Americans to dig in their heels. If that happens, if they insist on the status quo, then believe you me we're through. On the other hand, there must be sufficient tangible progress so that minority Americans, at least most of them, will decide that the problem is going to be solved within our present structure."

As a Mormon and a politician, Romney has the approach of a pragmatic evangelist. "There's nothing wrong with enclaves," he concludes, "as long as they don't prevent the opportunity to locate where the jobs are. I don't think anyone knows what patterns are going to develop when American citizens all enjoy mobility and diversity of choice. But I'm convinced we can't restrict black Americans, or brown, or yellow or any other kind for that matter, to the central cities and not permit them that fundamental opportunity."

STUDENTS

Kent State Revisited

In the Portage County, Ohio, courthouse last week, the trials began for the first of the Kent 25—students, outsiders and one professor indicted a year ago for rioting, arson and other crimes supposedly committed just before the campus shootings of May 4, 1970. On that day, four students were killed and ten wounded by National Guard gunfire. The same grand jury that handed down the indictments exonerated the National Guardsmen of any blame for the deaths. Last week a trial jury of eight men and four women visited the cam-

pus to examine the site of the slayings. TIME Correspondent William Friedman also looked in on the haunted campus to measure its mood a year and a half after the killings. His report:

On a crisp November afternoon, Kent State University resembles any other thriving Midwestern campus. Hirsute young men and their long-haired girl friends, identically dressed in blue jeans and peacoats, stroll hand in hand across a snow-covered reach of lawn. Their path is interrupted by bulldozed mud trails, wire fences and spools of cable, the debris of new campus construction.

But Kent State today is nothing like Oberlin—or even Kent State, 1969. The bloody afternoon of May 4 ensured that the campus would not be the same for years to come. Passers-by stop at the sculpture outside Taylor Hall, insert a little finger in a clean bullet hole and quietly move on. In general there

UPI



STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS AT PORTAGE COUNTY COURTHOUSE
Now it is dope, work or the counterculture.

is a sense of listlessness on the campus, coupled with a lingering frustration over the handling of what the students consider to have been a massacre. Last August the office of Attorney General John Mitchell dropped further federal investigation of the incident. Two nonradical students got up a petition calling on President Nixon to reverse Mitchell's decision. They gathered more than 10,000 signatures in just eleven days and carried the petition to Presidential Aide Leonard Garment in Washington; they have little hope of success.

Drastic Cuts. Kent's new president, Glenn A. Olds, 50, accompanied the students to Washington. He was named to replace Dr. Robert I. White, who retired after the tragedy and is presently touring Kent State exchange programs abroad. Olds is past dean of international studies and world affairs for the State

University of New York, and most recently the U.S. representative to the United Nations Economic and Social Council. His Government connections have led some students to brand him as "Nixon's p.r. man on campus."

Olds acknowledges his difficulties. He is aware that most of his students are disillusioned with the System, and that he cannot proceed with the business of education until the question of May 4 is adequately resolved. On top of that, he must contend with a hostile state legislature, which has proposed drastic cuts in the state education budget.

No Outrage. Unquestionably, the school has calmed down; the campus police force has been beefed up from 30 men to 88, and most of the hard-core radicals have left school anyway. There have been no political rallies this year. Kent's radicals came to the movement late in the game, and like Dostoevsky's young radicals in *The Possessed*, they

were shocked by their first encounter with political reality. Says Dr. Edward Crosby, director of the Institute for African American Affairs: "The students had all been playing roles. They never expected violence."

Students have sporadically contributed to a Kent 25 defense fund, but most of the campus has turned toward passivity. One student concedes: "Kent State is now a household word. But Kent State as a symbol is more important to other universities than it is to itself." Adds Bill Arthrell, one of the 25 indicted: "You can't maintain your outrage for a year. Now everyone has his own trip: dope, work or the counterculture." Jerry Lewis, a sociology professor, perhaps best characterizes the prevailing mood: "As much as we want justice, we're all tired. Many of us are just trying to go to school."

Signs of Cheer for Christmas

THE Administration's economic policies are headed for a critical test this week: the start of the Christmas shopping season. Besides their importance to retailers and manufacturers, holiday sales are a sensitive gauge of the public's mood. The pace of production and employment for months to come could well be determined by how many shoppers pick up that extra gift or two. All the experts have been carefully waiting for the tightfisted U.S. consumer to start spending again and thus lead the economy to the "great year" that Richard Nixon has promised for 1972.

The prospects are relatively bright. Says J.C. Penney's President C.L. Wright: "We think that Christmas sales will be pretty darn good. Not a boom, but better than last year." Ralph Lazarus, chairman of the Federated Department Stores chain, sees a sales increase in the fourth quarter of 12% over last year or, excluding price increases, a real growth of 9½%. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, also estimates that the real growth in retail sales for Christmas will be about 9%. Including inflation, a First National Bank of Chicago study reports that sales for Christmas and the first half of 1972 will climb by as much as 12% in chain stores and by up to 20% in discount houses.

Sales are already quickening. Department-store volume jumped during October and early November by 14% over the same period last year. Buying has

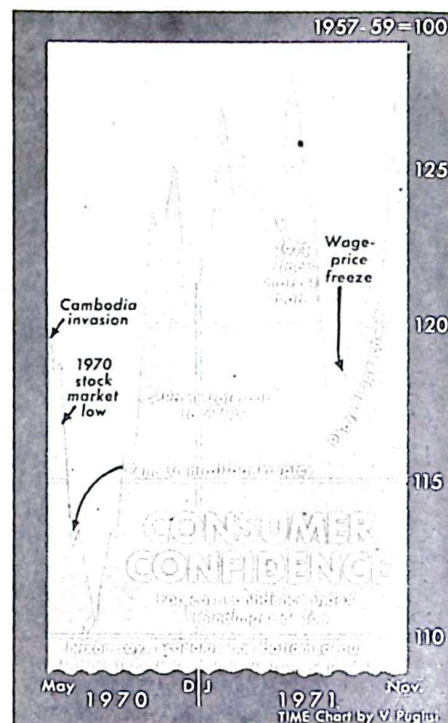
been brisk on the West Coast, the Northeast and in the South, but rather spotty in the Midwest. Partly as a result of the housing boom, which lifted sales of higher-priced, higher-profit items like appliances and home furnishings, durable goods sales are up a hefty 31% from November of last year. Clothing sales are also strong because the old mini-mid-maxi battle is over, opening the way for more apparel sales to women. More important, because double knits and other new fashions are catching on, men have been buying more clothes this fall than last.

Saving Less. Fully half of the rise in total retail sales is due to record buying of cars. This year more than 10.1 million U.S. and foreign cars will be sold, up 16% from strike-stalled 1970. Ford and Chrysler officers predict that next year will be equally strong.

At long last Americans are putting less into their savings accounts. The savings rate dropped from 8.2% in the second quarter to 7.7% in the third quarter. The decline was partly due to a slowdown in the growth of personal income caused by the wage freeze. People did not get their expected raises, but they continued to spend at least as much as before, and so saved less.

Beyond that, consumer confidence is growing. Albert Sindlinger, a top market researcher, surveys 2,300 families a week around the nation, asking them to forecast whether their own incomes as well as the local job situation and business conditions will be higher or lower six months hence. His "forecast index" of consumer confidence rose from this year's low of 117.4 in July to 128.5 in mid-November, the highest since late 1969. Because the upturn began in early September and it takes at least three months before the consumer mood is translated into purchases, Sindlinger figures that a substantial rise in spending should start this month. The first signal that consumers have finally shed their fears for the future, he says, will come when the stock market picks up, which he expects around mid-December. After plunging for weeks, the Dow Jones industrial average jumped 18 points, to 817 last Friday. Though news of a possible settlement on the world monetary scene helped, the chief cause was technical: a drop in selling volume.

Unlike consumers, businessmen are buying cautiously. They added only a paper-thin \$300 million to their inventories in the third quarter. Economists reckon that inventories are as low as they can go, are bound to rise, and will thus be a propellant force in the months ahead. So, too, may be capital spending. Businessmen hardly in-



creased their outlays for plant and equipment this year. But McGraw-Hill projects a 7% increase for next year, and the research economists at Lionel D. Edie Co. forecast a 9% gain. In past economic recoveries, these capital forecasts have been on the low side, and businessmen have roughly doubled their predicted outlays as signs of economic revival become more visible. If consumers buy as much as expected, businessmen's spending—which so far has been a lagging indicator in this recovery—may really open up.

PHASE II

Battle of the Bulges

Just before Phase II clocked in on Nov. 14, President Nixon allowed that he expected a "bulge" in prices during its first days. The opening decisions of the Pay Board and Price Commission make disturbingly clear that Phase II already consists of a good many more bulges and bumps than smooth roads.

The unions' huffing and puffing has frightened the Pay Board's business members into seeking labor peace at a high price. They have approved a wage raise for coal miners nearly three times as high as Phase II's 5.5% guideline, and most members seem likely to take a permissive, placating view of labor's "catch-up" demands in the shipping, aerospace and railroad industries. By the same inflationary token, most of the increases granted by the Price Commission have been above the 2.5% overall average set for price hikes.

Horatio's Stand. The impact of the coalworkers' settlement hit quickly. Officials of the Old Ben Coal Corp., a subsidiary of Standard Oil Co. of Ohio, asked the Price Commission for a 6.7% price increase to cover fresh wage



SHOPPING FOR GIFTS IN MANHATTAN
Joy to the retail world.

costs. The case will be decided this week. Commission members are well aware that coal operators unhappy with domestic prices can further increase their fast-rising export shipments, which are not subject to price controls. Coal users already protest that the companies are exporting too much, and that the result could be a dangerous winter shortage of fuel and electric power. Nevertheless, like Horatio at the bridge, Commission Chairman C. Jackson Grayson Jr. has vowed that employers will not be allowed automatically to pass along exorbitant wage hikes to their customers. In effect, the Price Commission has been forced into serving as the Pay Board's monitor.

Detroit's four automakers also applied for increases, and so far two have got them—an exemplary 2.5% for American and 4.5% for Chrysler. But after learning that General Motors, the industry price setter, had petitioned for only a 3% increase, Chrysler chiefs decided that they could really make do with the same and retreated to 3%. G.M., which based its bid on increased costs and new pollution-control and safety equipment on 1972 models, at least scaled down its original ambitions. Shortly before the price freeze, the company planned increases of 3.9% for 1972. The .9% difference will save the average car buyer about \$30, and that is a victory for the Price Commission.

Offsetting Increases. Two big steel-makers, Bethlehem and National, won increases of slightly more than 7% for the price of tinned mill products, which are used to make tin cans. Can companies promptly made plans to apply for offsetting increases in their prices. If those are granted, food companies that use the cans are certain to do the same, and so on, until the boost reaches the consumer. The Price Commission also approved a 3.8% increase in the advertising rates of Chicago's Field Enterprises, but turned down the bid of Virginia's Bassett Furniture Industries to boost prices by 1.8% on the grounds of "insufficient justification." New applicants for price increases included the U.S. Postal Service, which requested a 23.9% hike in third-class mail. All together, more than 160 applications are pending before the commission. Cost of Living Council Director Donald Rumsfeld said that a study of 64 of them showed that requests averaged 3.3%, a level that "does not in and of itself pose any threat."

Perhaps not, but neither the wage nor price decisions of Phase II's first two weeks provide much cause for celebration. There is justification of sorts for early adjustments that exceed the Administration's yardstick: some involve hardship cases and contracts that became binding before Phase II began. But what the public desperately wants to see—and what the President's pay and price officials must provide—are some tough decisions that measure up to the yardstick.

Herb Stein's Comfortable Purgatory

As a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, Herbert Stein, an advocate of free markets, argued long and hard against controls on wages and prices. But when he was summoned in mid-August to the weekend Camp David summit at which the pay-price freeze was slapped together, he recalls, "I felt a sense of exhilaration. I left all sorts of conventional notions behind." Working almost straight through from 7 p.m. Friday to noon Saturday, he drafted position papers on the options facing President Nixon; on Saturday night he wrote summaries so trenchant that, with only

policy. Publicly, however, McCracken became known for doggedly insisting that the Administration's original "game plan" was working well. As early as last spring, he was asking Nixon to let him return to academe.

As McCracken's successor, Stein will have the task of watching carefully over Phase II policies, of telling the President whether they are succeeding and of suggesting alternatives if they are not. Logically, that should be a special purgatory for Stein, who still harbors deep theoretical doubts about the program. But, he says, "my skepticism is subordinated to making the program work. After all, I have a sort of parental love for it."

Stein has excellent credentials as a thinker who can not only adapt to but also lead changes in economic thinking. In the late 1940s, he helped develop the concept of the "full employment budget"—the idea that the Government should gear expenditures not to estimates of what tax revenues actually will be but to what they would be if the economy were operating at full employment. Nixon finally enunciated that idea as official Government policy last January.

Stein, who holds a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago, first gained attention in the economics profession at age 28 by winning a \$25,000 prize from the Pabst Brewing Co. for the best essay on how the U.S. could achieve full employment after World War II (he recommended retraining defense workers and reducing taxes to stimulate the economy). The next year, 1945, he joined the business-supported Committee for Economic Development. Eventually he became its chief economist, and later a senior fellow at Washington's influential Brookings Institution, which is a sort of stud farm for top Government economic policymakers.

A jowly and owly man, Stein brings to his new eminence a refreshingly acerbic wit that should serve him well in making points to the President and the press. Just before his promotion, he suffered an unexplained blood clot that has left him almost completely blind in one eye. When Nixon called him in the hospital, Stein joked: "Half of what I see isn't worth reading anyway." He also possesses a feeling for the politics of the economy that Nixon should appreciate in a key adviser during election year. In a speech a year ago, as the 1970 elections were approaching, Stein observed: "The poet says that April is the cruellest month, but the poet did not know about seasonal adjustment. Seasonally adjusted, September was the cruellest month. The news wasn't as bad as in the spring, but it came at a worse time—just before the election."



NEW CHAIRMAN IN CEA OFFICE

slight editing, they were handed out to the press as background material on Sunday. Last week Herb Stein's flexibility was rewarded. In a change not so much of policies as of personalities, Nixon named pragmatic Herb Stein, 55, to succeed professorial Paul McCracken as CEA chairman on Jan. 1.

The job is theoretically one of the most powerful in Washington, but its actual clout has varied widely with the man filling it. McCracken, on leave from the University of Michigan, was one of its less mighty occupants. Gracious and courtly, he once asserted: "I'm a professor, not a politician." No infighter, he was elbowed aside in policymaking by Budget Boss George Shultz. When Treasury Secretary John Connally replaced Shultz as top economic-policy man, McCracken rode Connally's coattails within the Government by arguing—well before Stein—for an incomes

WORLD MONEY

Hints of a Deal

Tall-talking Treasury Secretary John Connally heads to Rome for a meeting of the Group of Ten rich nations this week, and there are hints that the U.S. at last may be willing to make a deal to settle the world money upheaval. Powerful U.S. officials are pressing for a speedier settlement than Connally had envisioned, at possibly a lower price than he had hoped to obtain from foreign nations. Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur F. Burns has told President Nixon that an agreement is urgently needed to prevent a world economic slowdown. Foreign Policy Adviser Henry Kissinger has privately warned that Connally's abrasive tactics may invite foreign diplomatic reprisals. Trade Adviser Peter G. Peterson has begun to recognize that the 10% import surcharge, which was his idea, offers less and less bargaining leverage for the U.S. the longer it continues.

A series of quiet diplomatic meetings in the U.S., Europe and Japan last week shaped the faint outlines of a deal. It calls for the U.S. to devalue the dollar by 5% or 7%, by raising either the price of gold or the price of the international Special Drawing Rights. There would be little or no change in the French franc or British pound, but because the dollar would be devalued, French and British goods would tend to be 5% to 7% costlier than U.S. exports.

The Japanese yen would be revalued upward by about 12½%, and the German mark by roughly 7%. Counting in the dollar devaluation, that would make Japanese goods at least 17½% more expensive and German products 12% costlier than American items. Meanwhile, all currencies would have "wider bands," meaning that they could shift up or down by an additional 3% or so from their official parities, depending on supply and demand.

Talks will continue at this week's Rome meeting, but they are unlikely to produce a final deal. That may come after Nixon meets with French President Georges Pompidou, British Prime Minister Edward Heath and West German Chancellor Willy Brandt (see THE U.S.). Nixon could then present the package to the nation as a Christmas present—and claim credit for pulling off a gutsy gamble that led to a sensible, equitable solution to the world's money woes.

TRADE

Mission to Moscow

While John Connally was packing his briefcase for the Rome money meeting, Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans was in Moscow cultivating officials of the Soviet Union. The Administration hopes to raise the level of U.S.-Soviet trade to as much as \$2 billion a year by the mid-1970s. Last year's turnover

was only \$190 million, or about the same as U.S. trade with Honduras.

The Soviets were giving careful attention to the Stans mission. Shortly after he landed in Moscow, the Secretary was whisked into the Kremlin for a 3½-hour meeting with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin. There, and in subsequent discussions throughout the week, the Russians asked to be accorded "most favored nation" status by the U.S., a move that would give Russia the same low-tariff access to American markets that other U.S. trading partners enjoy. Kosygin also suggested that the U.S. Export-Import Bank extend Russia the same easy credit arrangements offered to other nations. American refusal to grant credit and the Soviet Union's dearth of hard currency have long limited Soviet trade with the U.S.

It will take more than talk to increase trade between the two super-



STANS & KOSYGIN IN KREMLIN
Easy credit for caviar.

powers. The U.S. presently buys caviar, sable skins, chrome, aluminum scrap and various chemicals from the Soviets, but they have little else of immediate interest to offer American importers. Soviet industrial officials are anxious to acquire high-technology American goods, particularly machine tools and computer software; however, many of the items they desire require special clearance from the Commerce Department because of alleged national security considerations.

Still, Stans left Moscow claiming that "there are very substantial opportunities for increased trade in both directions between the two countries" and that "a watershed had been created in relations" with Russia. To show that he meant business, the Commerce Department a few days before Stans' trip granted 54 export licenses to U.S. firms, allowing them to ship some \$528 million worth of industrial equipment earmarked for the Soviet Union's new Kama River truck factory.

TIME ESSAY

PERILS OF

TRYING to tame a tiger by throwing him raw meat when he growls menacingly is a risky strategy. Yet the Nixon Administration is following just such a policy in foreign trade, attempting to appease protectionists by placing curbs on the imports about which they howl loudest. Last month the Administration bludgeoned Japan into setting "voluntary" quotas on shipments of textiles. Now it is trying to persuade Italy, Spain and Japan to similarly restrict sales of shoes to the U.S. These moves expand a record that includes such earlier items as the "temporary" 10% surcharge that Nixon slapped on many imports and the proposal to grant tax credits to buyers of American-made, but not foreign-manufactured, industrial machinery.

The policy of appeasing protectionists at home may well succeed in deflecting even higher and wider restrictions on foreign goods, which the Administration claims is its intention. But there is an equal chance that the President is casting himself as the sorcerer's apprentice. Protectionism has been a powerful force throughout U.S. history. Today, when the world's economies have grown inextricably interdependent, the protectionist danger is especially great. Nixon, who proclaims himself a free trader, faces a new protectionist alliance that is more broadly based than those of the past. The alliance is armed with arguments of unprecedented sophistication, and it is ominously well attuned to some real trends in American thought and economic behavior.

To some extent, the new protectionism reflects the revival of isolationist sentiment; modern protectionists like to portray themselves as champions of a hard-nosed economic nationalism pitted against a fuzzy-minded one-worldism. More specifically, the falling profits and rising jobless rates of the 1970 recession fanned businessmen's and workers' fears of lower-wage foreign competition. There has also been a panicky loss of faith in the ability of American industry to compete in the world, a feeling supported by figures that show a drastic worsening of the American trade position.

In fact, free trade as an official U.S. policy is a relatively new phenomenon. One of the earliest bills considered by the U.S. Congress was a tariff act that was passed on July 4, 1789. In 1828, Congress sharply increased the rates via a law that was labeled by cotton-exporting Southerners and Western farmers a "tariff of abominations." During the post-Civil War era, tariff rates were generally kept high by Republicans. The G.O.P. policy culminated in the disastrous Smoot-Hawley Act of 1930, which

THE NEW PROTECTIONISM

set off an international trade war that deepened the world Depression. Only in 1934, when the folly of that approach became painfully evident, did Washington switch to a consistent policy of promoting freer global commerce.

Nixon did much to change that climate by promising in his 1968 campaign to hold down textile imports. Since then, the pressures have steadily grown. Two weeks ago, for example, the Senate authorized Nixon to increase the 10% surcharge to 15%. Indiana Senator Vance Hartke and Massachusetts Representative James Burke have introduced a bill that aims at holding down to 1965-69 levels any imports that start to win a sizable share of the domestic market. That measure appears likely to die, along with nearly 100 other protectionist bills introduced in this congressional session, but the increasing number of such attempts testifies to a growing congressional opinion that there are many votes in protectionism—and few in free trade.

That feeling has been mightily spurred by a change in the traditional political line-up on trade questions. Through much of U.S. history, Eastern manufacturers were the leading protectionists, while free trade was advocated by the South, the farm bloc and labor, all of which correctly saw increased trade as a stimulant to prosperity. Now that alignment has been fragmented. Farmers, who devote a quarter of their acreage to growing crops for export, are still reliably for free trade. But the South, to safeguard its textile mills, has turned protectionist. Big business, which has built up extensive operations overseas, is mostly for free trade, but with some backsliding. Most important, the hard-lobbying labor movement has turned vehemently against free trade.

The classic protectionist line—that imports must be restricted in order to keep foreign products turned out by low-wage labor from bumping Americans out of jobs—is still the basic emotional pitch. Protectionists, however, have also developed a more intellectual position. Its essence is that the free-trade gospel is out of touch with the competitive reality of today's world economy.

General Electric Chairman Fred Borch, for instance, contends forcefully that the U.S. is under a handicap in competing with nations that subsidize exports as a matter of government policy. He points out that between 1960 and 1970, U.S. domestic prices rose 32% and export prices 23%. In the same period, domestic prices in Japan and Italy soared 78% and 54% respectively, but the increase in export prices was held to only 8% for each country, thanks to

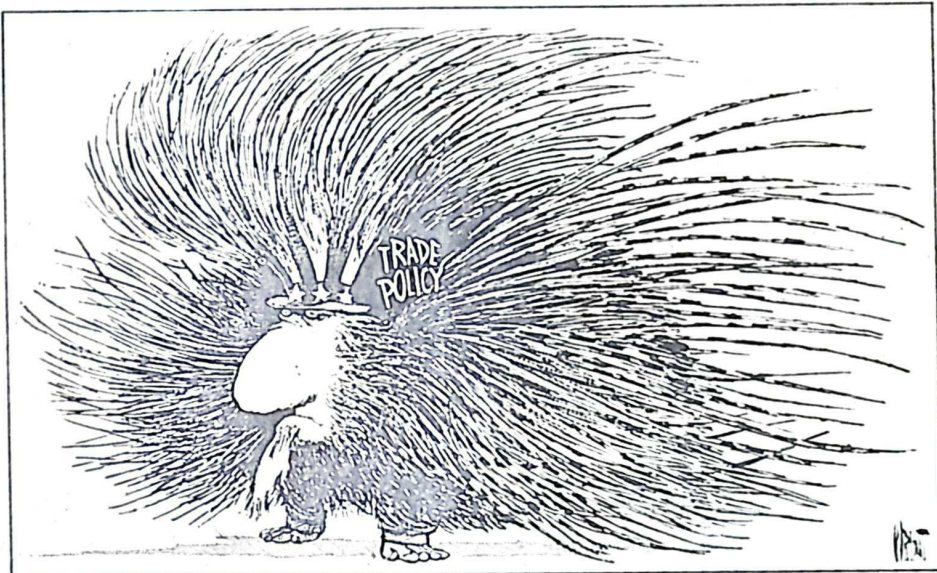
government subsidies and other special help. As an example of such aid, Borch points to a Japanese law that allows companies to take accelerated depreciation write-offs, and thus reduce their taxes, as the proportion of their sales going into export increases.

U.S. free traders ought to recognize that the handicap argument has some validity. It does not justify protectionism, and indeed Borch does not plump for that. But the Administration could well give U.S. exporters more help by stimulating research and development and providing financial aid for companies entering the export field. White House Trade Chief Peter Peterson promises to

thorized aid to those workers and businesses injured by imports, only a meagly \$20 million for such assistance is included in the fiscal 1972 budget.

Above all, the Administration must make its Phase II program work, because the U.S. economy is unlikely to revive strongly and become more competitive until inflation is controlled. That will not happen until the Pay Board and Price Commission demonstrate the courage to break the wage-price spiral by turning down excessive union and company demands. An economic environment of inflation that sucks in imports, and an unemployment rate that stirs deep fears about jobs, is the ideal breeding ground for protectionists, who may only be emboldened by Nixon's piecemeal appeasement of their desires.

WRIGHT—MIAMI NEWS



design a legislative package including just such measures; it certainly deserves sympathetic consideration.

What else could be done to blunt the protectionist appeal? One essential is a quick resolution of the international monetary crisis through upward revaluation of major foreign currencies and probably a formal devaluation of the dollar. More realistic currency values would tend to lower the world price of U.S.-made goods; as a necessary part of any monetary deal, the Administration should promise unequivocally to remove the 10% import surcharge. That solution would not mollify protectionists, but it would please some of their reluctant allies who are properly concerned about the startling deterioration in the U.S. trade balance. The Administration also could expand training assistance to workers who lose their jobs because of imports. Peterson promises proposals to do that too, but he had better hurry; businessmen and labor leaders have heard such promises before and no longer believe them. Though Congress in 1962 au-

Whatever the state of the economy, the case for free trade is as compelling as ever. Protectionism cheats consumers out of money that they could save by purchasing inexpensive imports. (A Nixon Administration task force once estimated that quotas on oil imports alone cost the U.S. consumer \$5 billion a year.) Limiting imports also restricts the consumer's freedom of choice. If something like the Hartke-Burke bill had been in effect during the days when Detroit insisted on making nothing but gas-guzzling dinosaurs, many motorists who wanted economical transportation would have been denied the option of buying Volkswagens. By shielding inefficient industries from the kind of competition that forces them to improve, protectionism works against the best use of a nation's resources. Beyond all that, protectionism, modern as it may seem in its new guise, is incompatible with the deeper reality of a world in which nations have an increasing need to get along with each other economically as well as politically.

■ George J. Church

Chicom Chic

They drive back and forth between the Roosevelt Hotel and the United Nations, a clump of austere functionaries clad in sober blue tunics, baggy matching trousers and caps straight out of a '20s movie. Style setters for the Beautiful People? Who would believe it? Yet so it seems. Chairman Mao's favorite jacket in particular—and just about anything else Chinese—is selling in Manhattan boutiques this fall like rice cakes at the Spring Festival.

The new Nixon look in American foreign policy is basically responsible. Sensing a trend, a pretty young thing called Veronika Yhap put aside her work as a hospital planner and became a Dragon Lady—one of four, in fact, who banded together under that name to import Chinese-manufactured clothing and handicraft. Born in Shanghai but educated in the U.S., Veronika found a host of potential buyers around Manhattan shops after she showed clothes from her own wardrobe. "The response was fantastic," she says, "and we were in business before we knew it."

Padded Tunic. She and her friends hired a pattern cutter to snip out standard American sizes and sent the results off to China, where the clothes were manufactured. Their bestseller is the classic Mao jacket, padded slightly for warmth, with a removable (and washable) white inner collar and buttons con-

cealing snap closings. It retails for \$33 (with matching trousers, it is called the *jen-min chuang*, or people's suit). The Dragon Ladies also offer other styles right out of *Terry and the Pirates*—a bright red medallion-print pantsuit at \$70 and a long coat with slits up both sides, called a *chi pao*, at \$120.

The creations of other American China watchers are not quite so authentic. Designer Donald Brooks takes elements of classic Chinese styles, such as mandarin collars, flowing sleeves, frog closings and lush prints, and incorporates them into his high-fashion line. Characteristic is a simple dress in red with a white swirl print, banded and sashed in black with a mandarin collar and frog details, which sells for \$315. Mrs. Richard Nixon has been observed trying on a few Chinese-styled Brooks dresses, leading to the presumption that she will wear them if she goes to Peking with the President. Brooks says no: "She's just modeling them for a magazine."

Other New York designers have gone Chinese as well, although most of the designer-created lines will not hit the national market until next year. At Bonwit Teller, however, the flashy, far-out ideas of Giorgio di Sant'Angelo are on display now. His basic looks include a dolman-sleeved, high-waisted body suit, with a loose, short-sleeved long robe that goes over it. "I think this will replace the poncho," he says. "In winter,

the Chinese sometimes wear six of these robes—the layered look is really very Chinese."

Bill Blass, Oscar de la Renta, Stan Herman and Kasper have also gazed East. Says Herman: "I like the Chinese look because I'm for the whole political factor. If it's going to bring everyone closer together, I'll show everyone what the Chinese look like."

Opaline Orange. Chinoiserie is finding a place beyond the clothing industry. Revlon is going Oriental. Lipsticks are called China Glaze, Opaline Orange and Bamboo Bronze, for instance, and a forthcoming across-the-board cosmetic line is billed as "the China Silk Face." The hosiery people are producing pantyhose with Chinese coolies running up the sides, a new line of decorator fabrics is called the Colors of China (warm tones such as terra cotta, wisteria, fawn and plum), and there is a host of Chinese food products. Some now come from China itself, including bean curd, bamboo shoots, lotus roots and dried lily flowers.

Here and there, especially in the Midwest, inquiries about Chinese-made goods are greeted with suspicion or surprise; the vogue has not yet appeared there. In the East, though, anything Chinese seems to have a new cachet. At Bloomingdale's in Manhattan, for instance, a new China Passage boutique is doing a roaring business in simple, handmade Chinese items such as a 50¢ back-scratcher, a \$12 coolie hat and a \$6 cricket cage. The latter will do just beautifully for New York cockroaches.



THE BROOKS LOOK



VERONIKA YHAP IN MAO COAT
Mandarin collars in Manhattan boutiques.



SANT'ANGELO ROBE

Another innovation: The 202
Electronic record player.

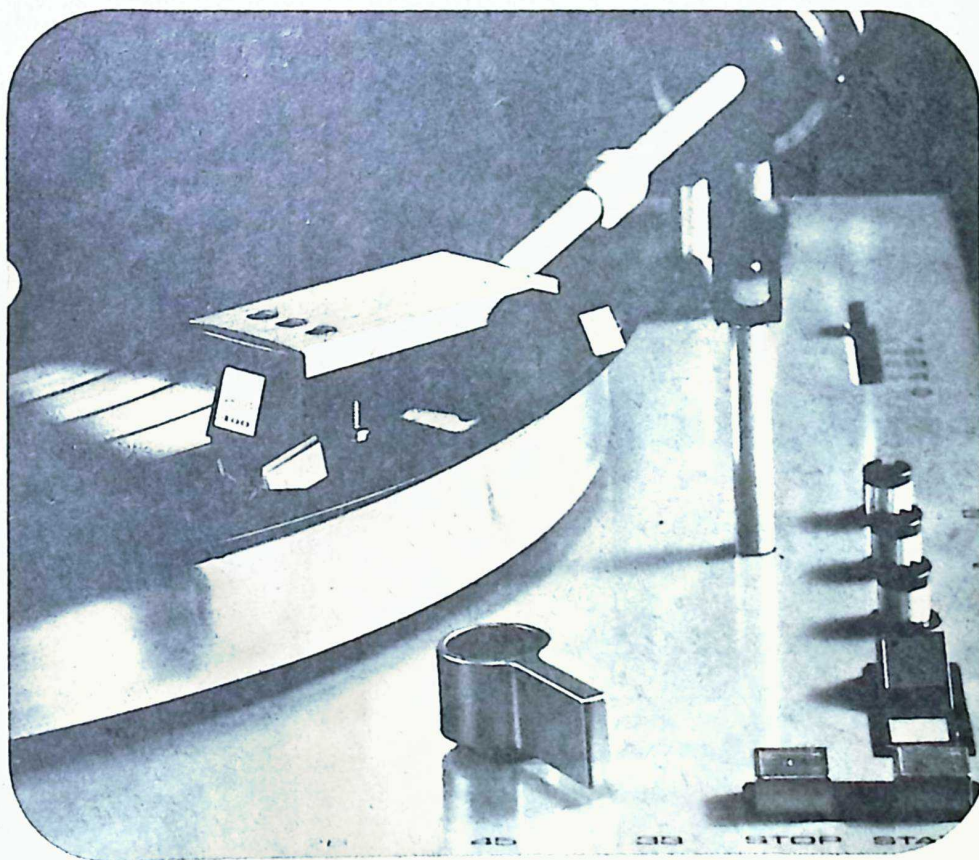
The 202 Electronic is all HiFi.

No wow, flutter or even click.

For Philips made it electronic
where other players are
still mechanical.

It has a silent electronic photo-stop,
electronic speed selection
and control for perfectly stable
turntable speed. Its silence
brings you perfect sound.

the brain people



PHILIPS

ENVIRONMENT

Good Ideas

ON LAND. Each day residents of New York City churn out 23,000 tons of garbage. Each day garbage men burn it in incinerators located around the city or dump it as landfill in swamps and other areas within the city's five boroughs. But incineration adds to New York's air pollution, and landfill areas are rapidly vanishing. What to do with the daily mountain of garbage? Treat it, answers a company called Ecology, Inc., and then sell the end product.

Ecology, Inc.'s \$2,000,000 Brooklyn plant is grinding up about 150 tons of garbage per day. Ferrous metals are removed by magnets. The remaining refuse is aerated in a special "digester," which decomposes it while also killing bacteria and smells. The addition of phosphates, nitrates and potash to the mix produces a high-yield fertilizer, which is being sold commercially within a 200-mile radius of the city. Of course, the company's capacity is too small to make more than a dent in New York's huge mound of garbage. And if all the trash in the city were treated this way, it would produce more fer-

tilizer than the area really needs. But the company plans to expand operations, perhaps to 1,000 tons a day, and make and market other things—such as wallboard and artificial lumber—from garbage.

AT SEA. As tankers get bigger and bigger, the number of ports they can enter gets smaller and smaller. There are only about 20 commercial harbors in the world deep enough to serve the *Nisseki Maru*, a new Japanese behemoth that stretches 1,139 ft. long, carries almost 3,000,000 bbl. of crude oil and draws 89 ft. of water. Such monster tankers—each representing a potentially catastrophic oil spill—pump their cargoes into oil depots at the deep ports. Then smaller vessels take the oil to final destinations along the coast.

Recognizing the inefficiency of this "transshipment," a New York entrepreneur named Robert P. Davis has come up with a better plan. His Energy Corp. of America has spent \$200,000 to design an enormous shallow-draft ship, which he calls the "ecology tanker." If built as planned, it will look almost roly-poly—890 ft. long, 170 ft.

wide, but drawing only 39 ft. fully loaded. At this draft, it can slide easily into most major ports, while still carrying 800,000 bbl. of oil. Much more maneuverable in narrow channels than the monster tankers (thanks to powerful "thruster" propellers set at right angles to its bow and stern), the ship will include several safeguards against oil leaks. One drawback: it will cost at least 8% more to build than a conventional tanker of the same capacity.

ON HIGH. "I doubt," Architect Paul Rudolph once complained, "that an ode has ever been written to a flat-topped building in the sunset." But in a recent issue of the *AIA Journal*, Landscape Architect Lynn M.F. Harriss points out that these rooftops comprise hundreds of acres of usable open space in the cities' most congested areas. Now a wasteland of tar studded with water tanks and elevator hoists, they could be made into green public parks in the sky.

The bleak flat areas can be sodded and planted. A building's watertank system could be extended to serve a pool or fountain, and elevator equipment could become a glassed-in display "for those who like to see the wheels go round." Harriss admits that such an urban transformation would take a

Saving the Big Cypress Swamp



GUIDE & BUTTERFLY HUNTERS IN THE SWAMP

TO conservationists, Florida's Big Cypress Swamp, 35 miles west of Miami, is a watery treasure of solitude and variety. Covering 968,000 acres of wetland, forest, rivers and islands, it teems with wildlife, including such endangered species as the Florida panther, alligator, snowy egret and bald eagle. Moreover, the swamp is a major watershed that supplies the vast Everglades National Park, immediately to the south, with a constant flow of vital water. To land subdividers, on the other hand, it seems the next logical place in which to expand Miami's suburbs.

Last week President Nixon announced that he would ask Congress to authorize acquisition of 547,000 of Big Cypress' acres. The reason, he said, is to save them "from private development." Nixon thus outflanked Democratic Senators who already had mapped plans to protect the swamp. The cost of federal acquisition, said Interior Secretary Rogers Morton, will be "considerably in excess of \$100 million," spread over the next decade.

AMERICAN BALD EAGLE & EAGLETS AT HOME



little imagination and a lot of money. But the roof gardens would not only be a pleasant place to eat lunch; their greenery would also "exhale" oxygen, and so help to improve air quality.

Dr. Hsu's Frozen Zoo

Most zoos with animals like Tasmanian rat kangaroos, white dolphins, snow leopards, cheetahs and a rare Indian barking deer would be swamped with visitors. Cell Biologist T.C. Hsu (pronounced shoe) has assembled more than 300 rare species in a collection that rivals New York's huge Bronx Zoo; but it draws no crowds. Dr. Hsu's pets are all in test tubes, stored in steel bins at the University of Texas' M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute.

Each test tube, embedded in dry ice, contains between 60 and 100 million cells of an individual species, usually grown from bits of skin tissue. Most of the samples come from animals Hsu believes are doomed to extinction. When that happens, their genes will be lost. Hsu's hope is that scientists of the future will be able to use the genetic "codes" locked in the cells of each species to reconstitute the original animals.

China-born Dr. Hsu, whose more conventional field is the study of chromosome behavior, concedes that this notion is still close to science fiction. But he can point out that a complete carrot plant has indeed been grown from a single carrot cell. At any rate, other scientists are becoming interested; some have even risked life and limb to contribute to his frozen zoo.

A few years ago, Navy health officers came under fire while trying to take skin samples from a rare Vietnamese mole. On another occasion, a California biologist set out for a remote and desolate island off Southern California, which Hsu had heard was the only habitat of a certain rodent. The biologist's boat sank, and he was marooned for three days. He fed himself on bait he had brought for the rodents.

Says Hsu: "If through my work children two centuries hence may be able to see extinct species live again, I feel that I will have left a worthwhile legacy."

A Better Idea for Detroit

During the past decade, downtown Detroit has lost so many businesses and middle-class residents to its surrounding suburbs that a local wag once cracked: "Will the last company to leave please turn off the lights?" Rather than wait for that dismal moment, Henry Ford II has a better idea. Last week he announced that the Ford Motor Co. will sponsor a \$500 million development to lure people back to the center city.

The development will renovate a 28.5-acre plot on the shore of the Detroit River. Now occupied by decrepit commercial buildings, the area by 1980 will contain a soaring hotel, four office tow-



FORD, GRIBBS & PROJECT MODEL
Revival on the riverfront.

ers, apartment buildings and retail stores. To design the project, Ford has hired Architect John Portman, a vehement believer in the vitality of cities with proven experience in planning Atlanta's Peachtree Center and San Francisco's Embarcadero Center. Said Ford: "We all know what Chicago has done with its lake-front area. I think we in Detroit should be able to do at least as well along our own riverfront area."

A better comparison would be with Pittsburgh. Ford's project and Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle command views not of a shimmering lake but of busy riverfronts. Moreover, the Fords in Detroit, like the Pittsburgh Mellons, have clearly been stung by criticism that they have not done enough to stem the deterioration of the city where they base their fortunes. Henry's brother, William Clay Ford, plans to move his Detroit Lions football team to Pontiac, Mich., for example, and Ford Motor Co. is building a \$750 million commercial and residential complex in nearby Dearborn. Both projects threaten to attract more businesses and people from downtown Detroit—a trend that Henry Ford II obviously hopes to diminish.

To date he has secured options on the riverfront property. Next the city must transfer its holdings to Ford Motor's Land Development Corp., which will supervise planning and construction. "The size of the development is such that no single company can handle it by itself," Ford explained. "We want and need the participation of other companies to bring the plan to reality."

Local response has already been heartening. Ford officials say that Detroit businesses have indicated interest in occupying as much as 2,000,000 of the project's 5,000,000 sq. ft. of office space. As for Detroit Mayor Roman S. Gribbs, he summed up his feelings about Ford's action in a word: "magnificent."

THE THEATER

Consecration

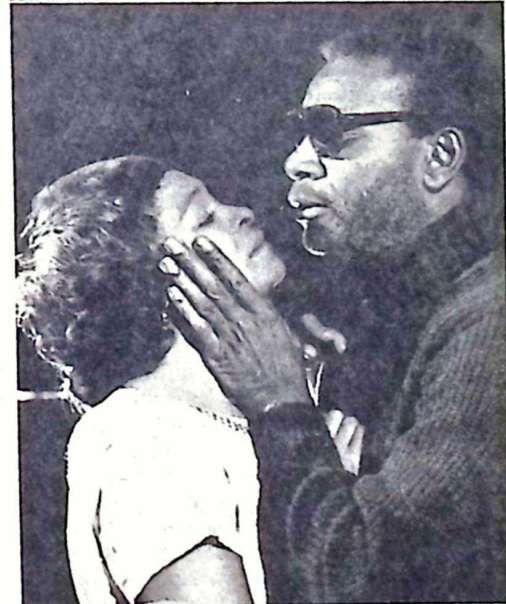
Last season, Manhattan's Negro Ensemble Company wallowed in polemics. Now the company has made a brave new start with the most impressive drama it has yet staged. *The Sty of the Blind Pig* by Philip Hayes Dean is steeped in the humor, the passion, and the frustration of black life. It is eloquent, powerful, moving and beautiful.

This is a family play, though it only contains the fragment of a family: a mother, her daughter and the mother's brother, who drops in from time to time. The mother, Weedy (Clarice Taylor), is both possessive and plaintive, one of those women who suck up so much of the oxygen in a room that no one else can breathe. Her thirtyish daughter Alberta (Frances Foster) is all nerves—lonely, desperate and starved for a man's caressing hands. Uncle Doc (Adolph Caesar) is an alcoholic numbers player.

Into Weedy's claustrophobic Chicago apartment comes a mysterious stranger, Blind Jordan (Moses Gunn), who calls himself "the last of a long line of blind singers." He may be the symbol of a quest, of the black racial unconscious or of the power and primacy of blood. In a mesmerizing second-act curtain scene that builds to a crescendo of religious and erotic frenzy, Blind Jordan becomes Alberta's lover. In Act III he leaves, and the two women sit in disconsolate resignation, like the heroines of Chekhov. Words of praise cannot do full justice to the play or the players, or to the skillfully unobtrusive direction of Shauneille Perry. Everybody involved deserves cheers for making *The Sty of the Blind Pig* a consecrated act of theater.

■ T.E. Kalem

BERT ANDREWS



FOSTER & GUNN IN "STY"
An erotic frenzy.



KRISTOFFERSON & BLACK IN "PIKE"

Scuffling on the Fringes

"I used to be a teen-age idol," laments the eponymous hero of *Cisco Pike*. Now, down and out in Venice, Calif., he is trying for a comeback, but the record companies are no longer interested.

Cisco (Kris Kristofferson) kept money in his jeans for a while by dealing dope, but he quit after getting busted twice. His arresting officer (Gene Hackman) visits him one day with a proposition. The cop is in need of money fast. He has got hold of a shipment of high-quality grass and wants Cisco to deal it. Then maybe he will shade his testimony on the two busts to Cisco's advantage. Cisco loads the stash into his guitar case and hits the street.

Too much of the movie is taken up with Cisco's rounds. There are a lot of grungy, evocative Los Angeles locations (dinners, the back streets of housing developments), but the action is too episodic to sustain interest. Despite this, and an absurd denouement better suited to the pages of a Marvel comic book, there are indications throughout that Writer-Director Bill L. Norton was up to something more than just another movie about youth and hard knocks.

Norton is especially good at conveying the casual desperation of someone scuffling along the fringes of show biz, bidding his time and hoping for a break. Some of his scenes have the unhurried air of good improvisation. Others are burdened by some awfully thick dialogue. At one point, Cisco's girl (Karen Black) demands, "It's me or dealing; make up your mind."

Kristofferson, himself something of a

rock star, eases through his first dramatic role in sleepy, sardonic style. Karen Black has played her part, or a slight variation on it, so many times before that even her presence is a cliché. Gene Hackman's psychopathic cop, already on view in *The French Connection*, is also familiar but a good deal more substantial.

Cisco Pike has the mismatched, haphazard look of a film that was toyed around with in the editing. It is almost as if someone struggled to keep it in a mold that Norton was trying to break.

■ Jay Cocks

Ah, Wilderness!

In the latest episode of the ongoing series *Richard Harris v. the Elements*, our hero appeared as a white man taken captive by a cantankerous band of Sioux Indians. He was abused, mocked, beaten, left to scrounge for himself outside the tepees, and finally strung up by his nipples. Impressed by his tenacity, and the resilience of his pectorals, the Sioux initiated him into the tribe.

Harris is still hanging in there. Those earlier diversions—which were packaged under the title *A Man Called Horse*—were games at summer camp compared with the exquisite natural tortures that he endures in *Man in the Wilderness*. This time he appears as a trapper named Zachary Bass, who roams the Pacific Northwest during the early 18th century. The film has barely begun before Harris is attacked by a grizzly. Badly mauled, Harris is left for dead by the other members of his expedition, under the command of salty old Captain Henry (John Huston). He vows revenge. After virtually resurrecting himself, he hunts up some food, whittles a



HARRIS ENDURING "WILDERNESS"
Exquisite tortures, resilient pectorals.

crutch, constructs a spear and strikes out overland in search of retribution.

The film cuts back and forth between Harris' escapades and the efforts of Captain Henry and crew to get their boat to water before winter sets in. The whole business is well directed by Richard Sarafian, and Cinematographer Gerry Fisher's camera transforms the landscapes into looming, threatening presences. But the result is still a combination of Herman Melville and the Boy Scout Handbook.

Huston stomps about like a cut-rate Ahab, pursued by the Furies and haunted by his guilt over abandoning Harris. He could have spared himself the heartache if he had only seen *A Man Called Horse*. Then he would have known that the redoubtable Harris would persevere admirably, in the best Saturday matinee adventure tradition.

■ J.C.

Angst on Sunset Strip

The Christian Licorice Store keeps the audience off balance. It comes on like a fairly conventional, chichi love story, a lot of fancy wrapping around an empty package. But whenever total apathy threatens, a small moment occurs—a shot, a gesture, a line of dialogue—so well rendered that expectations are revived. They may be frustrated anew in the next scene, but even at its worst *The Christian Licorice Store* always manages to be interesting.

The plot is an offhand affair about a hot-shot California tennis player (Beau Bridges) afflicted with the same psychogenic pestilence that has raged through so many other contemporary movies (*Five Easy Pieces*, *Two-Lane Blacktop*). The tennis player has a smashing girl friend (Maud Adams), who turns him on but threatens to tie him down. His career is lucrative but unfulfilling. Even when his beloved coach and manager (Gilbert Roland) dies, he is incapable of feeling much more than self-pity. So with characteristic cool, he embarks on a course of suicide.

The movie is a patchwork of pop culture—its title derived from a Tim Buckley tune, its sound track laden with song fragments and snippets of news broadcasts, its pastel photography reminiscent of countless TV commercials. Monte Hellman, director of *Two-Lane Blacktop*, even appears in a cameo role. All this does not amount to much more than another episode of Sunset Strip angst, but there are reassuring indications throughout that Director James Frawley and Scenarist Floyd Mutrux are capable of better work.

Roland's death is especially effective. The camera finds him lying in bed, pans over to pick up his clock radio switching on, continues slowly round the room, showing dozens of framed pictures that range over his past, then comes to rest again on him. He has not moved. The radio continues to play.

■ J.C.

That Self-Sufficient Thing

It was 1964. Italian Director Sergio Leone was casting the lead in an American-style western called *A Fistful of Dollars*. His eye was caught by a rangy young actor in a scene from the *Rawhide* TV series, even though the actor had no lines in the scene. Enthusiastic over the actor's "stillness," Leone signed him up. On location in Spain, the actor more than lived up to expectations: he kept falling asleep between takes. To some, it may have seemed that he fell asleep *during* takes. "In Italian movies," he later recalled, "they act a lot. They come from the *Hellzapoppin'* school of drama. To get my effect I stayed impassive, and I guess they thought I wasn't acting."

The actor was Clint Eastwood. Whatever it was he was doing, it was right. His slow-talking, fast-shooting performance in *Fistful*, for which he was paid \$15,000, made him within months Europe's favorite American actor. Two more phenomenally successful Leone westerns followed, in which Eastwood's cut was sufficiently enlarged that he could return to the U.S. in 1967 not only a star but also a millionaire. His eight pictures released since then—many of them the stark, violent brand of adventure tale that has come to be known simply as an Eastwood movie—have made him the No. 1 box office attraction in the world, and No. 2 in the U.S. (behind Paul Newman).

Calm Strength. Which still leaves the perhaps irrelevant question: Can he act? Now Eastwood has neatly sidestepped the question by becoming a director. His first effort is the recent *Play Misty for Me*, in which he also stars as a disk jockey who gets involved with a psychopathic listener (played by Jessica Walter). His direction is better than

might have been expected, and shows a solid gift for scenes of violence and tension (TIME, Nov. 22).

Behind the camera as well as in front of it, Eastwood is a commanding figure at 6 ft. 4 in., but he moves languidly, speaks little and seems to get things done through sheer force of presence. Working for him on *Misty*, says Actress Walter, "I didn't know what he was like inside, but he had this wonderful calm strength that was very reassuring."

Assurance is the basis of Eastwood's appeal, as he himself realizes. "A guy sits in the audience," he explains. "He's 25 and scared stiff about what he's going to do with his life. He wants to be that self-sufficient thing he sees up there on the screen in my pictures. A superhuman character who has all the answers, is doubly cool, exists on his own without society or the help of society's police forces." Adds Actress Susan Clark, who worked with Eastwood in *Coogan's Bluff*: "Part of his sex appeal is the constant mystery: How deeply does he feel? How deeply is he involved in life?"

Lone Drifter. That has always been a mystery. Eastwood, 41, has lived the life of a lone drifter, not unlike his screen characters. The son of an itinerant cost accountant, he grew up moving from one California town to another. After high school he worked in a lumber mill, as a lifeguard, digging swimming pools. He had never thought

as *Two Mules for Sister Sara* and *Paint Your Wagon*, were beginning to take him into different, sometimes more complex styles than his monodramatizations in the old spaghetti westerns. Sensing a wrong turn, he set up his own company, Malpaso Productions. Last week he was on location high in the California Sierras as the star of Malpaso's latest feature, *Joe Kidd*, a story of a wandering gun fighter who aids some dispossessed Mexican farmers—in short, an Eastwood movie. Through Malpaso, Eastwood can not only pay himself many fistfuls of dollars per picture (around \$1,000,000) but can choose the scripts, control the productions and assign himself director—something he intends to do frequently in the future. "I decided," he says, "that when you've done 250 hours of filming, you've had time to pick out the things and styles you like and put them all together."

Rise of the House of Hammer

In the high-rolling film business, seven of every ten releases are box office flops. Financing is drying up, and most studios have cut back to a handful of new productions a year. What would Hollywood make, then, of a brash little outfit called Hammer Films on a second floor in London's Soho district? Hammer is riding a streak of nearly 100 straight moneymaking movies. Last month it began shooting its tenth new production of 1971. So successful has it become at exporting its wares that it is a winner of the Queen's Award for Industry—a grateful tribute for its contribution to Britain's balance of payments.

The films that have made Hammer, in its words, "accepted as a branded product all over the world" are largely girl-and-ghoul flicks and caveman epics, with titles like *Countess Dracula*, *Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde*, *One Million Years B.C.* and *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb*. Each is turned out on a near-strangulation budget and schedule (\$500,000 and 25 shooting days). The plots, usually lifted from some Victorian romancer like Bram Stoker or Sheridan Le Fanu, are as creaky as the doors of Castle Dracula. The starlets who flit through prehistoric landscapes or quaint Transylvanian villages, bosoms heaving with fright, seem as interchangeable as the sets.

Reddest Gore. Only when it comes to promotion is Hammer truly lavish (the usual budget: \$50,000 per picture). One of its first gimmicks after getting into the horror business in 1956 was to station ambulances outside theaters where its features were playing, supposedly to cart off fainting fans. For *The Curse of Frankenstein*, it claimed 3,000 victims in the U.S. alone. Often its advertising billboards seem more carefully prepared than its scripts. "There are more nudes in our posters than in our pictures," admits Founder and Chairman Sir James Carreras, who was knighted last year for his philan-

ACTOR EASTWOOD WITH WALTER IN "MISTY"



DIRECTOR EASTWOOD SETTING UP SHOT
Not the Hellzapoppin' school.

of acting, but when a friend with a movie camera insisted on filming a screen test, he ended up with a contract at Universal. Bit parts there led eventually to his 7½-year stint as Rowdy Yates on TV's *Rawhide*, and his discovery by Leone. Even today he shies away from what is left of the swinging life in Hollywood, living modestly 20 miles away with his wife of 18 years, working out daily in the garage, investing his money, sticking to a close circle of male cronies.

Some of Eastwood's recent films, such



Campari interludes

thropies but is still better known in the film trade as "the High Priest of Horror." It was the *One Million Years B.C.* poster of a barely wolf-skinned Raquel Welch, not her grunting rendition of the *femme sauvage* part, that led to her wider exposure.

What is Hammer really promoting: Sado-sexuality? Occultism? "Pure entertainment," insists Sir James. "I see the rushes every Monday to make sure there are no sick-making scenes and no explicit sex or violence." Still, there is plenty of implicit sex and violence, and the simulated gore is the reddest to be seen anywhere (at \$70 a gallon). Sir James views it all with the sanguine air of a man who started as the operator of a chain of movie theaters in London's Hammer-smith area (the source of the name Ham-

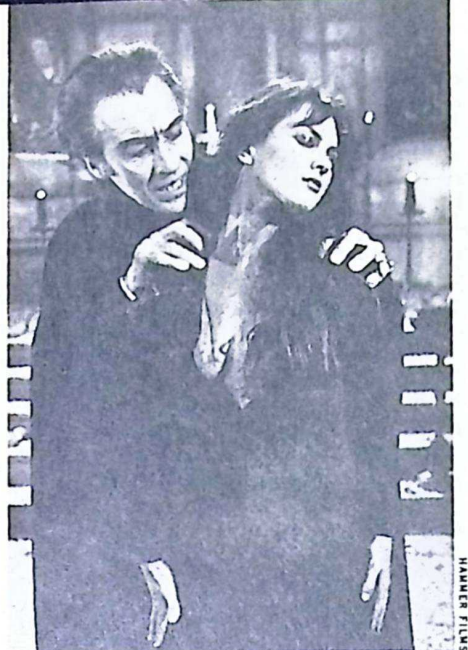


HAMMER'S CARRERAS

Improving the balance of payments.

mer). His Spanish-born father established the chain in the 1920s; today his son Michael, 44, carries on the family tradition by serving as Hammer's executive producer. "Frankenstein never gave anyone bad ideas," says Sir James. "Dracula could never be held responsible for a crime wave."

No Camping. Unlike its prime competitor, American International Pictures, Hammer refuses to pander to the younger drive-in crowd (the bulk of the horror market in the U.S.) with more fad-conscious pictures like *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. Out of respect for the Karloff-Chaney-Lugosi classics of the 1930s, Sir James would never permit a Vincent Price to camp up the Gothic genre. While piling up its \$100 million-plus grosses over the years, Hammer has been able to attract—if not get the best out of—such expert directors as Joseph Losey, Guy Green and Ken



HAMMER FILMS

CHRISTOPHER LEE AS DRACULA
Ambulances outside the theaters.

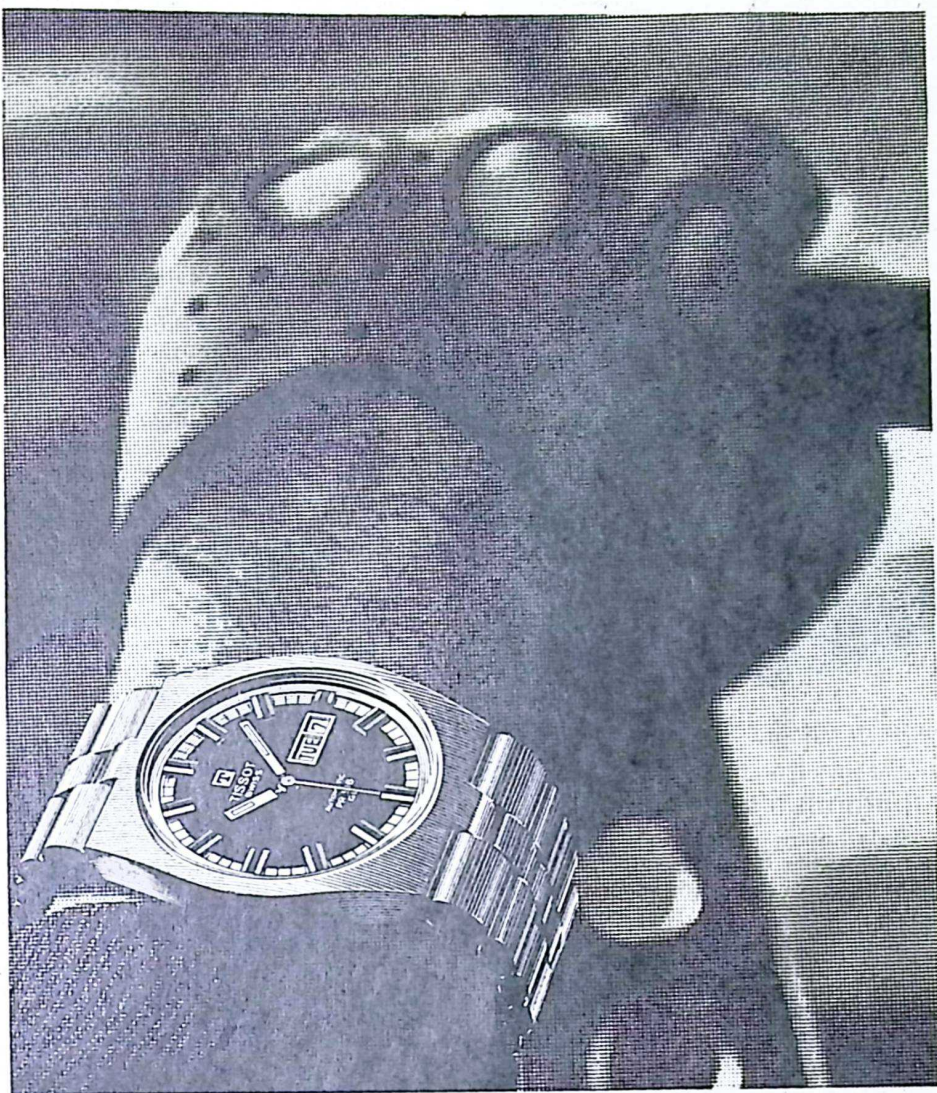
Hughes, and such solid character actors as Peter Cushing (the house Doctor Frankenstein, Sherlock Holmes) and Christopher Lee (Dracula, the Frankenstein monster, Fu Manchu).

Now, after all those profits without honor in the serious film world, Hammer is attracting a *cinéaste* cult following. This fall the prestigious British Film Institute showed a retrospective "Tribute to Hammer Films" at London's National Film Theater. The month-long festival came complete with solemn program notes (the portrayal of a Cornish voodoo cult in *The Plague of the Zombies* is seen as symbolic protest against oppressive modern mineowners). The changing critical climate seems to make Sir James uneasy. "I hope our public realizes that we're not going to change in the same way," he says. "We're in the business to make money, not to win Oscars. If the public decided tomorrow that it wanted Strauss waltzes, we'd be in the Strauss waltz business."

SCENE FROM "COUNTESS DRACULA"



HAMMER FILMS



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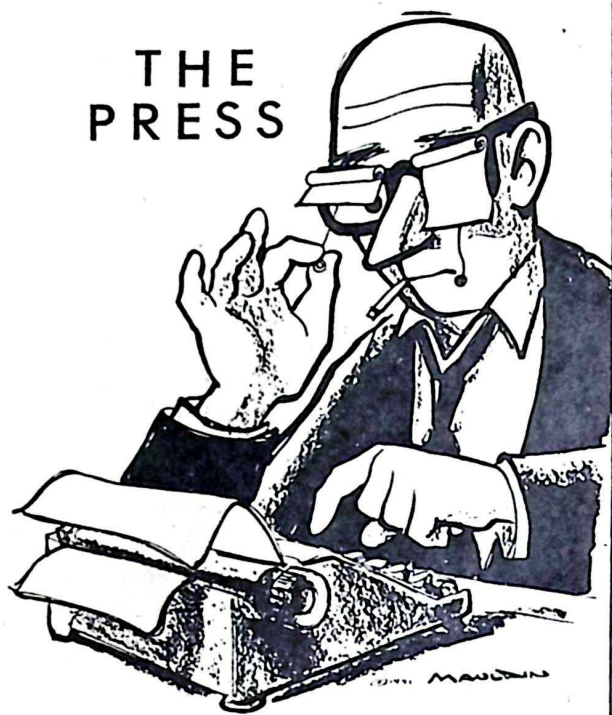
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THE PRESS



CHICAGO "REVIEW'S" COVER CARTOON (SEPT. 1971)

Journalism's In-House Critics

Like many another established institution, the U.S. press tends to suffer criticism badly—even when it comes from within. Editors do often read with respect the magisterial preachments of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, which for ten years has ranged with cool competence over the triumphs and trials of American journalism. But the *C.J.R.*, published bimonthly by Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism, has neither the staff nor the space for consistent critiques of how the press performs at the local level.

In the past three years, a new kind of journalism review has sprung up in nearly a dozen U.S. cities. Unlike the well-documented, professorial *C.J.R.*, the newcomers are blunt, angry and gossipy in their exposure of faults, real or imagined. Most are financially fragile, physically unprepossessing and dependent on volunteered talent. Execution has been uneven, but editors are beginning to wince as they read.

Raising Doubts. The first, and probably still the best, of the new in-house critics is the *Chicago Journalism Review*, a *TIME*-sized monthly launched after the stormy Democratic Convention in 1968 to fight "news management, news manipulation and assaults on the integrity of the working press." Its favorite subject is the generally uncritical attitude of Chicago's papers toward the political machine of Mayor Richard Daley. When Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were killed in a Chicago shootout two years ago, the dailies at first did not question the official version: that the Panthers fired first and brought the fatal fusillade on themselves. But the *Review* devoted a spe-

cial 16-page issue to the incident and raised many doubts, which now seem amply justified; last summer a grand jury indicted city officials for obstructing justice in covering up what it decided was an unprovoked case of police overkill. The November issue of the *Review* included a report on the cozy, profitable relationship between several local sport reporters and Marje Everett, former principal owner of Arlington Park and Washington Park race tracks.

Chicago's *Review* has spawned a host of imitators, including the *Philadelphia Journalism Review*, *St. Louis Journalism Review*, *Review of Southern California Journalism* (Long Beach), *Hawaii Journalism Review*, Rhode Island's *Journalists Newsletter*, *Thorn* ("A Connecticut Valley Media Review") and *The Unsatisfied Man* (Denver). None so far has had the impact of Chicago's *Review*. Contributors are mostly junior staffers from local papers; criticism has often been narrow and carping, more concerned with working conditions than the papers' performance; advocacy sometimes is so one-sided as to seem irresponsible. But some valid questions have been raised. The Long Beach *Review* attacked local papers for rejecting an article on the use of dum-dum bullets by the city's police. The *Philadelphia Journalism Review* took the monthly magazine *Philadelphia* to task for refusing to run an unflattering pre-election investigative report that it had assigned on Frank Rizzo, the city's tough police commissioner who is now mayor-elect.

The most ambitious of the new reviews is New York City's [*MORE*],* a tabloid monthly that made its debut last June. Editor Richard Pollak, a former press writer for *Newsweek*, wrote in the first issue that [*MORE*] would cover the New York press "with the kind of tough-mindedness we think the press should, but seldom does, apply to its coverage of the world." Unlike the other reviews, [*MORE*] has tried to stake out a national constituency, since New York is the publishing center for the magazine industry.

Among its best efforts to date was a piece by Charlotte Curtis of the *New York Times* on the resignation of former *Harper's* editor Willie Morris last spring. She argued that the real reason Morris had to quit was his erratic stewardship of the magazine, and not the financial interference he cited in his resignation statement. Though [*MORE*] sometimes misses the mark, its current issue contains a well-researched if slightly overstated article by the *Institutional Investor's* Chris Welles, condemning the *New York Times* for putting out "a busi-

ness and financial section of astonishing mediocrity," which is dominated by "press releases, unembellished spot news and public relations trivia." Another article criticized the *New York Daily News* for altering Associated Press copy to delete negative testimony in FCC hearings on whether the paper should be allowed to keep the license for its New York television channel.

Kiss-and-Tell. As a rule, [*MORE*] does not allow a contributor to write about his own publication, in effect preventing both partisan gripes and possible reprisal. Newspaper chiefs complain with some justification that many of the new journalism reviews are primarily kiss-and-tell operations in which staffers write about personal grudges.

Most editors insist that they approve of the concept of journalism reviews. Although Denver *Post* Managing Editor John Rogers feels that *The Unsatisfied Man* contains "too much invective," he adds that "if we in journalism can't take criticism, we might as well close shop." Assistant Managing Editor Ben Bagdikian of the *Washington Post*, whose critique of the paper in the *Columbia Journalism Review* eventually led the *Post* to hire him, feels the review concept has "made it possible for professionals to talk about the press in a critical way without pussyfooting. These reviews have taken a look at sacred cows—sacred cows were all over the newsroom leaving what cows usually do—and have challenged the conventional wisdom of news selection." As the new reviews gain in stature and maturity, Bagdikian feels, they may be able to "strengthen those voices in the wilderness who really care about the profession."

Consummate Professional

When Supersalesmen John Veronis and Nicolas Charney announced plans last month to recast and expand the staid *Saturday Review* (*TIME*, Nov. 22), they sought someone to serve as "a strong right arm" to Editor Norman Cousins. After Cousins abruptly resigned in disagreement with the magazine's new owners (*TIME*, Nov. 29), Charney took the title of editor and stepped up the search for what he called a "consummate professional" to help him revitalize and run the *Review*. The search ended last week with the selection of *TIME* Senior Editor Ronald P. Kriss.

Kriss, 37, will serve as executive editor while he and Charney develop the *Review's* four new monthly offspring, which are scheduled to start publication next September. Then, Charney says, he expects to concentrate on expanding the conglomerate parent, *Saturday Review Industries*, and make Kriss the sixth editor in the *Review's* 48-year history.*

Most *Review* editorial operations

* Named for the traditional newsman's slug at the bottom of each page of copy to indicate more is to come.

* Kriss is the second *TIME* senior editor to be given top responsibility at a major magazine in the past six months. Robert Shnayerson was named editor of *Harper's* last June.

will move next year from New York to San Francisco, where Veronis and Charney have leased a onetime firehouse to serve as their corporate headquarters. Backed by an extra \$4,000,000 that more than doubles the magazine's annual editorial budget, Kriss will not only expand the staff but also solicit more outside contributions. He will be looking particularly for "freelancers who are primarily writers rather than well-known names."

Brooklyn-born Kriss went to Harvard, where he majored in European history, and Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism. He was a foreign correspondent for the I.N.S. and U.P.I. wire services in Tokyo and served as a telegraph editor for the New York *Daily News* before joining *TIME* in 1961. He has written or edited almost every section of the magazine. As a writer in *The Nation* section he was responsible for some 40 cover stories, and he has edited nearly 30 more as chief of *TIME*'s World section since mid-1969. Writers for the *Review* should find Kriss a moderately heavy but craftsmanlike editor with a gift for clarifying complex issues and an eye for the small but telling detail that can brighten a story. Colleagues have become accustomed to a quick temper that he claims is "like a tropical storm—it clears the air and is soon forgotten."

Charney and Veronis chose Kriss for his "broad background, which makes him an ideal anchor man for the total team of professionals we plan to assemble." The new *Review* will no longer reflect the personal tastes of a single editor, as it did those of Norman Cousins for 31 years. "The emphasis," says Kriss, "will be on informing the reader rather than grabbing him by the throat."

KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



EDITOR KRISS
Anchoring the total team.

SCIENCE

The View from Mariner

A typical Southern California haze hung over Pasadena last week, but at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory there was much less concern about the local weather than about conditions on Mars, some 80 million miles away. As scientists monitored the pictures and scientific data being transmitted from Mariner 9, in its second week in orbit around the distant planet, Mars was still enshrouded in a raging dust storm. While apparently beginning to subside, the giant duster will probably obscure much of the surface for weeks to come. Faced with the growing possibility that the Martian skies will not clear up completely during Mariner's planned three-month photography mission, JPL controllers fed a new temporary "shooting script" into the spacecraft's onboard computer, thus enabling Mariner's twin TV cameras to look for holes in the cloud cover.

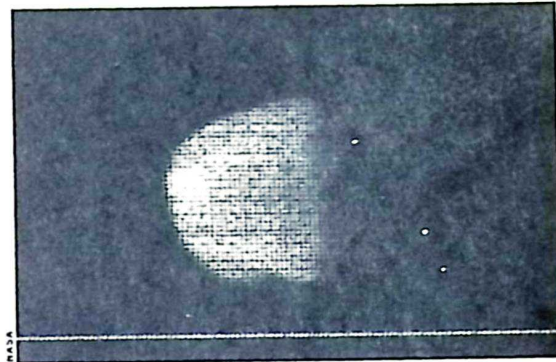
That improvisation quickly produced rewards. Mariner found an opening in the dust clouds near the south polar cap and managed to get another look at an area that had been marked by long, frost-covered ridge lines and craters during the flybys of Mariners 6 and 7 in 1969. To the surprise of scientists, the pictures showed that the ridge lines were no longer covered by frost, many craters had vanished entirely, and the surface was remarkably smooth. Said Astronomer Bradford Smith: "This whole area looks like it's been planed off." Some scientists speculated that the most logical explanation for the change was that the surface had been scoured by glaciers as the polar cap grew during Martian winters and then receded again.

Photographing Deimos. There was disagreement about the composition of the glaciers. Carl Sagan, director of Cornell University's Planetary Studies Lab, suggested that the glaciers are frozen carbon dioxide (dry ice), the major constituent of the polar cap. Smith felt that dry ice would not flow like a glacier. "The only thing that does," he said, "is water." Mariner's instruments did detect water vapor in the atmosphere above the south polar cap, suggesting that it had risen from the ice below. Those readings encouraged scientists who still hope to find some form of life, however rudimentary, on the desolate Martian surface.

Taking its TV eyes off the planet for a while, Mariner demonstrated its versatility—and the skill of its terrestrial controllers—by spotting and photographing the outer Martian moonlet, Deimos, from a distance of more than 5,000 miles. Deimos, a tiny chunk of debris only 5½ miles by 7 miles, seemed to be flattened in its northwest quadrant, appearing to one JPL observer "like half an apple with a bite taken



MARTIAN LANDSCAPE



DEIMOS VIEWED BY MARINER 9
A new shooting script.

out of it." It also had unexplained light splotches and other surface features that may show up more clearly when JPL technicians use computers to enhance the photograph.

Mysterious Silence. Despite the storm, readings taken by Mariner's infrared spectrometer enabled JPL investigators to identify several earthlike minerals in the Martian crust, including quartz, granite and anorthosite. Those findings caused considerable excitement among the scientists. They indicated that Mars had at one point in its history undergone melting and that lighter elements had floated to the surface, later hardening into an earthlike crust. Included among the lighter elements are carbon compounds that were necessary for the development of life on earth. Said NASA Exobiologist Jerry Soffen, who is project scientist for the Viking program that will make a purposeful attempt to find life on Mars in 1976: "There can't be biological evolution if there is not geological differentiation."

Other findings reported by Mariner included atmospheric pressure and temperature readings, irregularities in the gravity field and a description of the bulge around Mars, which gives the planet 1.2 miles more girth at the equator than at the poles.

The Russians, for their part, continued to maintain a mysterious silence about the progress of their twin craft Mars 2 and Mars 3. Western scientists had expected Mars 2 to arrive at the red planet by week's end, Mars 3 five days later. As the days passed without any word from Moscow, there was growing concern that the first of the two Russian craft might have failed to go into orbit around Mars and sped by into distant space.

First No to Sex Bias

In dealing with women's rights, the Supreme Court has consistently reflected the prevailing spirit of the times. In 1873, for instance, one Justice wrote avuncularly of "the natural and proper timidity and delicacy which belongs to the female sex." As late as 1961, Justice John Harlan held that "woman is still regarded as the center of home and family life," and therefore has "her own special responsibilities." But the climate has changed, and last week the court unanimously held, for the first time in its history, that a law was unconstitutional because of discrimination based on sex.

Mrs. Sally Reed of Boise, Idaho, had

DUANNE GARRETT



MRS. REED

A precedent of uncertain reach.

been denied permission to serve as administrator of her deceased son's estate (worth less than \$1,000) because a state law provided that "males must be preferred to females" when the two have an otherwise equal claim. As a result, her husband, from whom she was divorced, was appointed administrator. Writing for the court, Chief Justice Warren Burger found the preference for males "arbitrary" and in violation of the equal-protection clause of the 14th Amendment.

Laws treating various groups of people differently can still be valid, said Burger, but he specified that any such differentiation must have "a rational relationship" to the purpose of the legislation. The Idaho Supreme Court had found that the state law eliminated a source of controversy that courts would otherwise have to settle, but the U.S. Supreme Court found this an insufficient reason for favoring males over females as estate administrators.

The decision was immediately hailed

by the American Civil Liberties Union as "an occasion in constitutional history," and telegrams of congratulation from other women poured in on Mrs. Reed, who was soon contending with a front lawn full of reporters. "We never dreamed it would go this far," she said of the case's modest origins. "I just cared about the principle of the thing. The courts don't give women the right to be heard. I hope more women will do what I did. Instead of complaining about the way things are, we've got to go into the courts and get them changed."

Battles Ahead. Despite Mrs. Reed's victory, advocates of women's rights still have considerable legal battling to do, for the court's opinion falls far short of announcing a broad general principle. Feminists had actually been hoping to see such a principle embodied in a proposed constitutional amendment banning all discrimination on the basis of sex. The amendment had passed the House earlier this year, but on the very day of the court's action, a Senate subcommittee substantially weakened the amendment by specifying that legal distinctions between the sexes could still be permitted if "based on physiological or functional differences."

There is relatively little dispute in the area of physiological differences, but "functional differences" are precisely what the advocates of women's rights think the law should not reinforce. They argue that the idea of all women having special "functions"—and all being treated as identical—is simply a result of old prejudices and still causes discrimination against women in such traditionally male activities as aviation, horse racing or police work. (The courts have already upheld laws that forbid women to work as bartenders.) And in the jobs they do have, women are often "protected" from earning overtime.

The Senator who added the weakening clause, Sam Ervin of North Carolina, has frequently argued that the constitutional amendment is unnecessary. He says that the 14th Amendment plus the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which governs employment practices, provide adequate protection for women's rights. Now that the Supreme Court has specifically applied the 14th Amendment to a case of sex discrimination, many Senators are likely to support Ervin's position.

A careful reading of the court's decision, however, lends weight to the feminist view that it may not be a very strong precedent, much less a substitute for a new constitutional amendment. The circumstances of the opinion—the fact that it was written by the Chief Justice and that it was unanimous—gave it the aura of a landmark. But the actual language was narrow. The court did not say that classifications by sex are inherently suspect, as are classifications based on race. It thereby left itself ample room to up-

hold such classifications whenever some kind of reasonable case can be made for them. Such a case must clearly be stronger than the one for estate administrators, but how much stronger remains to be seen.

Willing to Please

Woodstock, Vt., is the very model of the picturesque New England country town. It has a tranquil village green, stately brick and stone houses, and a postcard vista of the ski slopes in the adjoining hills. So it is only natural that outside investors (notably Laurance Rockefeller) have bought property there, and that the population of 1,150 includes a sizable proportion of writers, artists and wealthy exurbanites.

It was just as natural that James Wright, a dapper young lawyer from De-

LARRY MC DONALD



WRIGHT

A reach of uncourtly precedence.

troit, should settle on Woodstock ten years ago as a good place to practice. In due time, he became a director of the Woodstock National Bank, president of the Rotary Club, and even (from 1964 to 1968) the prosecuting attorney for surrounding Windsor County. Yet apparently his grasp exceeded his legal reach. Wright, 44, stands accused of writing himself and his family into the wills of lonely widows.

According to charges filed by Vermont Attorney General James M. Jeffords with the State Supreme Court, Wright also committed numerous other improprieties, including representing both sides in legal disputes. The attorney general is seeking Wright's disbarment.

Unpleasant Surprise. Wright's troubles apparently started in October 1963, when he witnessed a will for Mrs. Shirley Pierce. The will named him as executor. After Mrs. Pierce died in November 1964, Wright sold her house to his father-in-law for the modest sum of

\$5,000. Only two months after the sale, the father-in-law resold the property for \$12,000.

Another widow, Mrs. Florence B. Bigelow, 70, whose fortune was estimated at \$100,000, engaged Wright to draw up her will in 1965, when she was suffering from diabetes and failing eyesight. According to the attorney general, Mrs. Bigelow had a friend read her the will. She was unpleasantly surprised to find that Wright would get a share of the estate as executor. In addition, his wife Robyn was to inherit 25 shares of IBM stock, valued then at \$10,250. Mrs. Bigelow promptly acquired a new attorney and a new will, and the Wrights got nothing when she died.

On June 6, 1969, after numerous cobalt treatments for throat cancer, Mrs. Dunlap S. Garceau, widow of an inventor of medical instruments, died. Her will, drawn up by Wright and executed eight days before her death, bequeathed 200 shares of Standard Oil (N.J.), then worth \$15,500, to Wright's wife; the Garceau house, land and personal possessions to Wright's mother; \$25,000 each to Wright's two adolescent daughters; and \$35,000 cash to Wright's wife "to be used by her in her sole discretion for library purposes and for the arts."

Following Instructions. The reading of the Garceau will set in motion an examination of Wright's activities. Other lawyers reported numerous requests for revamping of wills that Wright had drafted. Wright declined to seek re-election as director of the Woodstock National Bank, a decision reportedly prompted by other board members.

Wright continues to be highly visible around Woodstock. He has filed an exhaustive 63-page brief with the Vermont Supreme Court, denying all of the attorney general's charges and declaring that he was only following the instructions of his clients. And a good many of the citizens of Woodstock choose to believe him. In such a friendly country village, said one Wright critic, "they just refuse to believe he's guilty of all those things."

Doing Time and Paying for It

"Work release" programs, which allow certain convicts to leave prison every day to work at private jobs, have long been celebrated by prison reformers as a means of rehabilitating criminals. William Leeke, director of South Carolina's Department of Corrections, has documented an additional justification for work release: it pays off financially.

In the fiscal year 1970-71, says Leeke, each full-time inmate cost South Carolina \$1,832 to maintain. But each prisoner on work release pays the state \$1,278 out of his earnings for room, board and transportation. Furthermore, the average working convict pays \$908.70 in social security, state and federal taxes. The total payments make the employed convict a net asset of \$354.70.

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The Virgilian Knack

"Virgil Thomson is the only man in the world who can keep me up until four in the morning." The late Sir Thomas Beecham's remark was a tribute to the fact that Thomson, one of the foremost U.S. composers, composes sentences just as brilliantly as he does music. He has been as familiar to the music public for his books (*The State of Music*) and his distinguished music reviews in the New York *Herald Tribune* (1940-54) as for works like the opera *Four Saints in Three Acts* or the film score for *Louisiana Story*. Whether in words or notes, Thomson expresses himself with the homespun texture of his Missouri background, the elegance of his Parisian training and an elfin wit all his own.

Last week, implausibly, the elf turned 75. To mark the occasion, there was a series of performances of his music (highlighted the week before when the Philadelphia Orchestra played *Three Pictures for Orchestra* in Philadelphia and New York). There was also a conversation with TIME Music Critic William Bender which, although it did not last until four in the morning, showed that Thomson has lost none of the old Virgilian knack:

OPERA: "I find it the most interesting thing around in music today because it is least bound by schoolmasters and school-book minds. It's show business, and therefore has to work."

HIS FORTHCOMING OPERA "LORD BYRON" (to be given its world premiere in April by Manhattan's Juilliard School): "The

world is full of orchestration operas—everything down to and including the kitchen stove, and then the singers have to yelp above it. Mine is a singing opera. I like the words and rather wanted them heard. Byron is the hero and the villain both. Byron slept with everybody around. He was, don't forget it, a lord, a millionaire, a genius and a beauty. And with all that, he had to misbehave every day to cut himself down to size."

BRAHMS: "He can be very touching. When he gets it right, that is. The songs, the short piano pieces, anything that's in miniature form, they're wonderful, very personal, and elaborately subtle. He gets kind of square-toed in the big long numbers."

MIXING ART, BUSINESS AND FUNNY BUSINESS: "The ladies and gentlemen of the average symphony or opera board are, roughly speaking, the chamber of commerce. I think it is always bad to have artistic direction in the hands of the business community. Not that I mind a bit of funny business now and then. If people want to get some orchestras or opera companies started so their wives will have a place to go, and they can sleep with prima donnas, that's all right, because once the artists are up there in front of the public, corruption disappears."

BEING 75: "One of the nice things is that you don't have to go out so much. You can be very close to composers like Beethoven and Mozart and Bach, Haydn and Schumann, but that doesn't mean you have to run uptown all the time to hear them played. They're in the mind, like your grandmother."



COMPOSER THOMSON
Misbehave every day.

Songs to Live By

In 1969 Dory Previn was one of the country's top lyricists, and her collaboration setup seemed ideal. Teamed with her husband, Composer Andre Previn, she had written songs for a dozen films, including *Valley of the Dolls*, *Irma La Douce* and *Goodbye, Charlie*. Two of their songs had won Academy Award nominations. But the collaboration was less than it seemed. Dory's lyrics were good, even sensitive. But, as she explained to TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler, "they weren't my feelings. I was writing from other people's viewpoints. And while I was married to Andre, I was never presumptuous enough to write my own music."

Then, 2½ years ago, Andre left Dory to live with Mia Farrow, and Dory's psyche cracked. She spent four months in a sanitarium. "With Andre gone, I thought, 'God has canceled out, I'm canceled out.' And so, while I was in the hospital, I started writing, to get some order out of the chaos."

When Dory emerged from the hospital, she carried a sheaf of lyrics that turned out to be the beginning of a



SONGWRITER PREVIN
Beware of young girls.

new career. They unmistakably expressed her own feelings: they told what it is like to lose your mind, to talk to imaginary people, to consider incest and suicide. Set to her own deceptively light tunes, sung in a breathy voice and gathered in an LP album titled *On My Way to Where*, they sold 25,000 copies. A second album followed, which doubled those sales. A third, just out, is selling even faster. Dory has written a musical about her life, which she hopes to see produced on Broadway. She has also turned the same material into a screenplay, which is now being shown to producers.

"What I've tried to do," she says, "is bring the madness out in the open. Keep it under wraps, and it erupts into wars and violence." Dory grew up in Woodbridge, N.J., under a sort of terror imposed by her father, a laborer named Michael Langan. Once, in a rage, he confined Dory, her mother and baby sister in the dining room for several months. That episode became a song in Dory's first album. (Also in that album is a bitter song dedicated to Mia: "Beware of young girls/who come to the door/wistful and pale/of twenty and four . . .") Langan, a frustrated clarinetist, determined early that Dory would be a show-business success. He sent her out to sing in saloons at the age of eleven. Later he sent her to New York, where she dutifully enrolled in drama school.

After a year of that, Dory tried modeling, but at 5 ft. 5 in. she was too short. She got a job as a chorus girl in a road company of *Top Banana*, but was fired on the road. Too broke to get back to New York, she holed up in Chicago. She kept alive with odd jobs, and began to read books, something

she had been forbidden as a child. "I leaped into Kafka, Joyce, T.S. Eliot," she recalls. "I began writing short stories, song lyrics." These led to a job writing movie lyrics for MGM in Hollywood, and soon after that she began her successful collaboration with Andre. "But all this time," she says, "I felt this terrible guilt because I hadn't become a star. I called my father to tell him about my lyric writing, and all he said was, 'Oh, so you've failed at singing.'"

Dory, who was under constant analysis during her marriage and suffered breakdowns toward the end, still goes to group therapy every week, refuses to fly or even leave Los Angeles for fear of losing contact with her group members. "I've got to be careful to stay close to people who can handle my madness," she says. The walls of her one-bedroom house in the Hollywood hills are covered with therapeutic needle point. But her worktable is covered with songs, and through them she has developed a philosophy to help her survive. She expressed it in one of her lyrics:

I can't go on/I mean/I can't go on/I really/ Can't go on/I swear/I can't go on/ So/ I guess/I'll get up/ And go on.

MILESTONES

Died. Joseph C. Wilson, 61, board chairman of Xerox (see BUSINESS).

Died. Joe Adonis, 69, the onetime East Coast gambling czar, described by the late crime-fighting Senator Estes Kefauver as "the most sinister of all U.S. underground figures"; of heart disease; in Ancona, Italy. Born Giuseppe Doto, "Joe A." became a Brooklyn rum-runner and a kingpin of "Murder Inc.," later bankrolled casinos from Maine to Miami, dabbled in legitimate business. A suave figure partial to conservative suits, Adonis once derided less successful gangsters as "crazy hicks. That fellow Dillinger—why, he had about a quarter in his pocket when he got knocked off." When the Kefauver subcommittee cracked down on racketeers, Adonis was convicted in 1951 for gambling, served two years, then was convicted for perjury and chose deportation. He lived in Milan until four months ago, when an Italian court declared him "dangerous" and banished him to the tiny Adriatic village of Serra de' Conti.

Died. J. Howard Pew, 89, publicity-shy patriarch of the powerful Philadelphia family that controls Sun Oil and chairman of that company's executive committee; in Ardmore, Pa. He took over the firm in 1912, when he succeeded his father, Sunoco Founder Joseph N. Pew, as president. Though for a time a supporter of the John Birch Society, his penchant for privacy made him one of the nation's least-known industrial giants.

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Tribes in the Gallery

The aesthetic eye goes foraging in the wake of historical disaster. Having striven for 300 years to dispossess and wreck the Indians with gun, bottle, Bible and treaty, white America is now focusing an unprecedented degree of interest on their artifacts, which, like deposits on the verge of a shrinking lake, mark the point from which cultures drained away. A magnificent collection of these relics, selected from the so-called "historical period" of North American Indian culture (17th to 19th centuries), is now on view at Manhattan's Whitney Museum.

It is a curious fact that even in America, the masks, totems, clothes, paintings and beadwork of the 57 Indian tribes represented in this show were the last forms of "primitive" art to win general esteem outside their own tribal context. Only ethnologists were interested. The red man's images scarcely influenced white culture—unlike African art, whose impact on early 20th century painting was fundamental. Max Ernst collected kachina dolls, and Jackson Pollock, it is said, was interested in Navajo sand paintings; but as a rule, whether it was treated as knickknacks or, more decently, as ethnographical evidence, Indian art has languished on the fringes of white perception. The Whitney, by inviting its guest curator Norman Feder (who is in charge of the Indian collection at the Denver Art Museum) to assemble some 300 works and present them as art, has done an exemplary public service. The items in the show have been chosen with meticulous connoisseurship. Their installation, by Designer George Hoehne, is a model of clarity and visual tact.

"My contention," Feder declares, "is that anyone can appreciate Indian art, regardless of his knowledge, background

or previous experience." Perhaps—but in a strictly limited way. Few people could encounter the carved ceremonial masks of the Northwest Coast Indians, the Tlingit, Kwakiutl or Tsimshian, with their exquisite shell-inlay work and flowing, knife-blade forms that so inexplicably resemble archaic Chinese bronze decoration, without feeling some instant response to the vitality of their stylistic language. Through their art runs a supreme capacity to make sensation concrete: what European artist, for instance, could develop a more concise epigram of a grizzly bear's humped, sullen power than the unknown Tlingit carver who hewed one (see cut below) full-face, with shell teeth, on a house wall in Sitka? In the same way, there are painted buckskin coats and drums in the Whitney whose spontaneous, eccentric beauty of drawing is little short of breathtaking, while the bizarre and untrammelled inventiveness of some Eskimo masks would have been the envy of Miró or Picasso.

But these are aesthetic matters. Tribal art was not all or even mainly concerned with aesthetics. Its issue was use. The Western idea of an artist, making "beautiful" objects which serve no pragmatic end, did not exist. Such a man would have been an absurdity to the Sioux, the Cherokee or the Zuni. Perhaps the only point of similarity between our visual culture and the Indians' was an obsessive use of art as prestige; thus, like bankers decking their duplex walls with Noland or Franz Klines, the Northwest Coast Indians would spend huge sums on carved totems and festive potlatches to dedicate them, simply to affirm their status and prerogatives.

Goals of Life. Indian art was always functional. The mask or totem was meant to control the powers of nature. One can only control what can be named; and the image was a visual



IROQUOIS FALSE-FACE MASK
The image was a visual name.

name, a classification. Thus, to take only one of innumerable examples, the powerfully grimacing "false faces" (see cut above), which the Iroquois used to carve from living trees, are still made and worn by members of the Masked Medicine Society to cure sick tribesmen. Even the most apparently subjective dream pictures or vision paintings (of which the Whitney has one superb example from the Arapaho tribe) served to fix in a warrior's mind the exact form of the hallucination or revelation that he had induced to "teach" himself the future goals of his life.

Eloquent Images. So there is nothing random about the ferocity and aggression which stare from some Indian art. It is expressive, not expressionist. Each inflection of the carver's chisel was purposeful; every shape and spot of pigment has its connections to a whole web of assumed classification and ritual, none of which has the least relationship to the systems of knowledge and memory that we as Westerners inherit.

From this, a disjuncture rises. Indian art was wholly mythic when it was not strictly practical. It grew out of day-to-day social necessity, which ours no longer does. Hence its unique value as cultural evidence—quite apart from its formal beauty. It is memory solidified. Thus, in the Whitney, two opposed forms of consciousness stare at each other. On one side, the whites' guilty and eclectic benevolence, which springs from an apparently insatiable desire to consume fresh art; on the other, the rigorous and once eloquent images of Indian art, veiled from us on every level except the aesthetic because the civilization in which they were once explicit has been crushed, vulgarized or uprooted. This encounter says a lot about the limits of our own culture. It should help dispose of the condescension that calls Indian art primitive.

■ Robert Hughes



CARVED BEAR FACE IN SITKA
An epigram of humped, sullen power.

From Coeducation to Equality

During the 1968 campus uprising at Columbia, nearly half the students who "liberated" university buildings were girls from Barnard College. But while the men mounted the barricades, the women mostly sat in the back rooms, cranking out leaflets or making peanut-butter sandwiches. Many of them resolved then and there never again to defer to male "machismo trippers." Since that time, the cause of Women's Lib in academe has flourished. Next to local voting rights, it is now the most visible cause on major campuses that otherwise seem free of controversy and revolt this year.

The basic argument of the liberationists is that coeducation is a sham unless it means genuine equality. The issue has been raised particularly on once all-male campuses that have recently gone coed. Last week, as Dartmouth became the last Ivy League school to drop its all-male tradition, trustees voted to admit

coeds at a 4-to-1 ratio of men to women, a standard similar to that followed by Yale and Princeton. Rather than being delighted with the change, many coeds argue that the quota system is demeaning and condemns them to second-class status on campus. Female academics favored proposed amendments to federal college-aid bills that would have required all coed schools to do away with quotas entirely within seven years. The amendment was defeated early last month after vigorous lobbying by many Ivy schools, which prefer to integrate at a slower pace. Harvard's new president, Derek Bok, for example, recently called for changing his university's 4-to-1 ratio to 2.5-to-1 by 1975.

Condescending Patronage. Women's colleges are having their own second thoughts about going coed. Last month Mount Holyoke joined such other notable girls' schools as Wellesley, Smith, Sweet Briar and Wells in deciding to admit men only on a strictly limited basis. Feminism is partly the explanation.

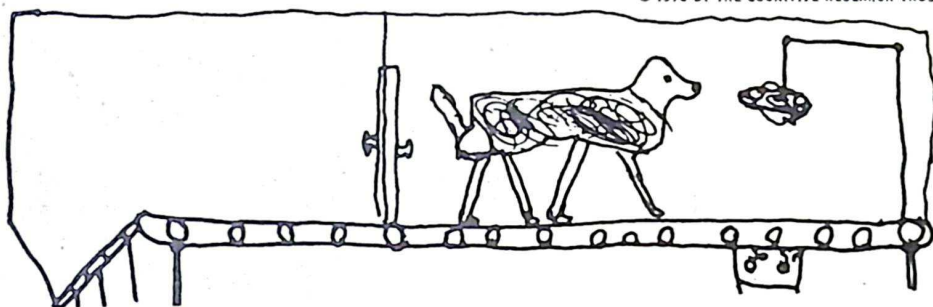
Women's colleges are now sending potential applicants a propaganda brochure prepared by an association of Southern women's schools. It argues that on most coed campuses, women "experience the condescending patronage of a male-dominated society."

Tactics employed to counter male dominance vary. Last spring two of Princeton's newly admitted female undergraduates tried to expand campus awareness of "female sensitivity" by invading a male student's room and slashing his collection of 40 *Playboy* pinups. (A faculty-student board put the slashers on probation.) At Harvard, women are complaining to faculty members who persist in beginning lectures to mixed groups of Harvard and Radcliffe students with "Good morning, gentlemen." Activists at the University of Oregon are trying to make departments change the symbolically objectionable titles of courses like "Man and His Environment," to "The Human Environment." Stanford women are taking non-credit courses in car repair, and liberationists at Berkeley have organized informal classes in karate. The result,

How to Exercise Dogs and Minds

THE problem is not the most serious that mankind faces, but it is intriguing enough: How would you design a dog-exercising machine? As part of a research project on the way humans think, British Psychologist Edward de Bono recently gave that assignment to readers of the British education magazine *Where*. The first 72 answers were from children aged four to 14, attending schools in both the United Kingdom and its former overseas territories. The unedited results, along with De Bono's commentary, are contained in an offbeat and fascinating new book entitled, naturally, *The Dog Exercising Machine* (Simon & Schuster; \$3.95).

Although often strikingly different, the children's designs fell into several definable patterns (see cuts). Many instinctive-

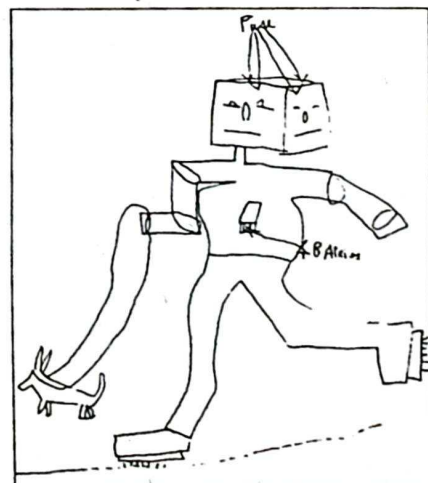
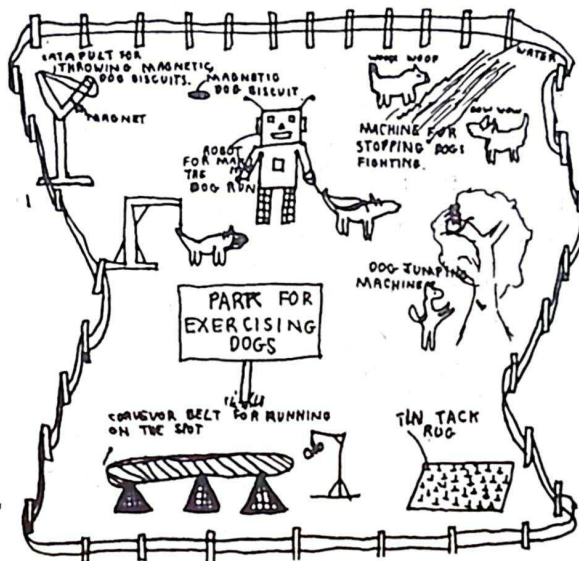


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ly thought of using robots. Others favored obstacle courses and recreational parks with equipment that would both intrigue and energize a dog. One child's park had a catapult that hurled magnetized dog biscuits, which dogs chased as the biscuits automatically flew back. Several children proposed motorized treadmills, one of which was patrolled by four armed guards to keep the poor pooch from running off it. Another treadmill design featured a screen on which a movie of a rabbit was projected while air blowers bombarded the dog with bunny scent. A girl put her pet on springs that jiggled its feet. A device that pulled dogs along was propelled by an ingenious power plant: the energy was created by the dog's barking into a speaking tube. Only one machine threatened punishment, using a hammer to whack a dog on the back if it refused to exercise.

The point of the experiment, De Bono explains, is that since there is no such thing as a dog-exercising ma-

chine, the children had to invent one from their own resources rather than rely on adult-imposed knowledge and experience, which often block creativity. The humorous but logical drawings, he believes, provide further proof that children are good at generating original ideas. The results are so refreshing, in fact, that many adult readers will surely be tempted to try designing a dog-exercising machine themselves.



according to one Berkeley woman, is that "men here are a little less likely now to try something with a woman." Fifteen members of the Women's Activist Movement at Wisconsin last week marched into the university's "red gym," hitherto reserved exclusively for men, and demanded the right to use the basketball courts and the showers. So far, they have been allowed to play but not wash.

Who's Who. Almost every major U.S. campus has at least one cell of activist undergraduates who lobby (among other things) for day-care centers, abortion counseling and free contraceptives. Another demand is new courses in "womanities." On dozens of campuses, "women's studies" programs now include courses on literature written by women, economic studies of the woman's role in the marketplace and seminars on the psychology of women. A few of the pressure groups are openly lesbian in orientation. But, says Bonnie Strote, a member of several groups at the University of Washington, "It's getting difficult to tell who's gay and who's straight. A community is growing up of women who are relating so well together that they love each other and hug each other but aren't gay."

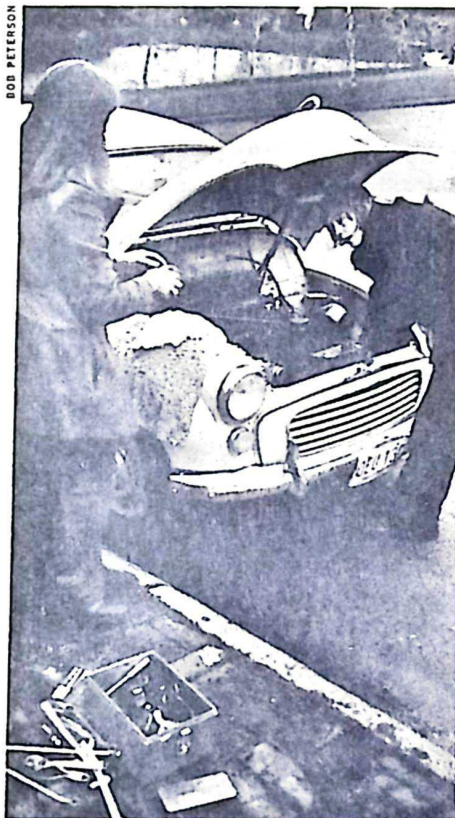
The activist groups include large numbers of female teachers as well as students. They have found a common cause in the persistence of discrimination against educated women in scores of jobs, a pattern that Oregon feminists derisively call the "Sally-secretary-sex-symbol syndrome." The most obvious problem is right on campus. Women are seldom promoted to senior faculty rank and are often paid less than men with the same level of responsibility and experience. At Stanford, a women's group has tartly pointed out that the School of Education has no female administrators and only four women among its 42 professors.

Action Plans. Detailed complaints from women's groups have helped pressure the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare into warning 35 universities that they are discriminating in their hiring practices. Most of the

campuses have filed "affirmative action plans" promising to do better. Brown, which had 11 tenured female professors in 1969, now has 14. At the University of Wisconsin, 636 female instructors and administrators are getting "women's equity" salary adjustments, a policy that the federal Pay Board has approved.

Still, many campuses are moving too slowly to suit women—or HEW. Last month HEW threatened to take steps leading to cancellation of Columbia's \$55 million in federal research contracts, because the university had failed to prove that it was going ahead with its action plan. Despite last week's Supreme Court ruling on women's financial rights (see THE LAW), feminists are sure that even more pressure will be necessary to fulfill their goals—and are prepared to keep the pressure on.

CAR-REPAIR LESSONS



WOMEN'S KARATE CLASS AT BERKELEY



MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 50,944,110 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 50.57, up .10 for the week ending Nov. 26. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 816.59, up 5.92; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 91.94, up .33. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Change	Net.
Allied Chemical.....	27	24 1/2	26 1/2	+ 3/4	
Aluminum Co America.....	39 1/4	36 1/4	39 1/4	+ 2 3/4	
American Brands.....	38 1/2	37 1/2	38 1/2	+ 1/2	
American Can.....	30 1/4	29 1/4	29 1/4	- 1 1/2	
American Motors.....	7 1/4	6 1/2	7 1/4	None	
American Tel & Tel.....	42 1/4	41 1/2	41 1/2	- 1/4	
Anaconda Copper.....	12 1/2	11 1/2	12 1/2	- 1/2	
Avon Products.....	98	94	97 1/2	+ 2 3/4	
Bethlehem Steel.....	25	23	25	+ 1/2	
Boeing.....	14 1/4	13 1/4	14 1/4	- 1/2	
Burlington Ind.....	28 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	- 1 1/4	
Caterpillar Tractor.....	39 1/2	38 1/2	39	- 1/2	
Chrysler.....	26 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/4	- 1/4	
Coca Cola.....	108 1/4	104	108 1/4	+ 3 1/4	
Commonwealth Edison.....	36 1/2	35 1/4	36 1/2	None	
Control Data.....	37 1/4	32 1/4	37 1/4	+ 2 1/4	
Corning Glass Works.....	173 1/4	168 1/2	169 1/4	- 2 1/2	
Dow Chemical.....	69 1/2	65 1/2	69 1/2	+ 3/4	
DuPont de Nemours.....	136 1/4	133 1/2	136 1/4	+ 3 1/4	
Eastman Kodak.....	87 1/4	83 1/2	87 1/4	+ 2 1/4	
El Paso Nat Gas.....	16 1/2	15 1/2	16 1/2	None	
Fed Dept Stores.....	46 1/4	45	46 1/4	+ 1/4	
Ford Motor.....	65	63 1/2	64 1/2	+ 3/4	
General Dynamics.....	19 1/2	18 1/4	19 1/2	+ 1 1/4	
General Electric.....	57 1/2	55 1/4	57 1/2	+ 1	
General Foods.....	33 1/2	31 1/4	33 1/2	+ 1	
General Motors.....	77 1/4	75 1/4	76 1/4	- 3/4	
Gen Tel & Electronics.....	29 1/4	27 1/2	28 1/4	- 1/2	
Georgia Pacific.....	42 1/2	40	40 1/2	- 2 1/4	
Goodyear Tire.....	28 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	- 1/2	
Grace Co.....	27 1/4	25	26 1/4	+ 1/4	
Great Atl & Pac.....	18 1/4	18	18 1/4	- 1/2	
Greyhound.....	19 1/4	18 1/2	19 1/2	+ 1/4	
Gulf Oil.....	25 1/2	24 1/4	25	+ 1/4	
Int Business Mach.....	298 1/4	290	298 1/4	+ 5 1/4	
Int Harvester.....	25 1/2	23 1/2	25 1/2	+ 1/2	
Int Nickel.....	27 1/2	26 1/4	27 1/2	None	
Int Paper.....	29 1/2	29 1/4	29 1/2	+ 1/4	
Int Tel & Tel.....	48 1/2	46 1/4	48 1/2	+ 1/2	
Johns Manville.....	38	37 1/2	37 1/2	- 1/2	
Kraftco.....	42 1/4	40 1/2	41 1/2	- 3/4	
Kresge SS.....	89 1/4	85 1/4	87 1/2	- 1/2	
Kroger Stores.....	27 1/2	27	27 1/2	- 3/4	
Ling Tempco Vought.....	8 1/2	7 1/2	8 1/2	+ 1/2	
Litton Industries.....	20 1/2	18 1/2	20	+ 1/4	
Lockheed Aircraft.....	8 1/2	8 1/4	8 1/2	- 1/2	
McDonnell Douglas.....	29	27 1/4	29	+ 1	
Merck Co.....	115 1/4	109 1/2	113 1/4	- 1 1/2	
Minnesota Mine Mfg.....	121	117 1/4	119 1/2	- 1/4	
Mobil Oil.....	48 1/2	47 1/4	48 1/4	+ 1/4	
Occidental Pet.....	12 1/4	10 1/4	11 1/4	- 1	
Owens Illinois.....	43 1/4	41	42	+ 3/4	
Pacific Gas & Elec.....	30 1/2	29 1/2	29 1/2	- 1/2	
Pan American.....	11 1/2	10 1/4	11 1/2	+ 1/2	
Penn Central.....	4 1/2	4 1/4	4 1/2	- 1/4	
Penney J. C.....	67	64 1/2	65 1/4	- 1	
Polaroid.....	88 1/2	83	88 1/4	+ 1 1/4	
Procter Gamble.....	74 1/4	72 1/4	73 1/2	+ 3/4	
Ralston Purina.....	31 1/2	31	31 1/2	- 1/2	
RCA.....	32 1/4	30 1/4	32	None	
Reynolds Ind.....	53 1/4	51 1/2	53 1/4	+ 1 1/2	
Safeway Stores.....	33 1/2	32 1/2	32 1/2	- 1 1/2	
Sears Roebuck.....	96	91	96	+ 4 3/4	
Shell Oil.....	42 1/2	41 1/2	42 1/2	+ 1	
Southern Cal Edison.....	26 1/2	25 1/4	26	- 1/4	
Std Oil California.....	52	50 1/2	52	+ 3/4	
Std Oil New Jersey.....	69 1/2	67 1/4	68 1/2	- 1/4	
Swift Co.....	34 1/4	30 1/4	33 1/4	- 1/4	
Tenneco.....	22 1/4	21 1/4	22	- 1/4	
Texaco Inc.....	30 1/2	29 1/2	30 1/2	+ 1/4	
Textron.....	27 1/2	25	25 1/2	- 1 1/2	
Time Inc.....	53 1/2	49	50 1/2	- 2 1/2	
Trans World Airlines.....	36 1/2	33 1/4	36 1/2	+ 1	
UAL Inc.....	38 1/4	35	38 1/4	+ 1 1/4	
Union Carbide.....	41	38 1/2	39 1/4	- 1 1/2	
United Aircraft.....	26	24 1/2	25 1/2	- 1/2	
U.S. Ply Champion.....	26 1/2	25 1/2	26 1/4	- 3/4	
U.S. Steel.....	26 1/2	25	26 1/4	+ 3/4	
Westinghouse.....	86 1/2	83 1/2	84	- 2 3/4	
Woolworth.....	46 1/4	44 1/4	45 1/2	- 1/4	
Xerox.....	110 1/2	105	110 1/2	+ 4 3/4	

France Enters "The Enjoyable Epoch"

MUCH of Western Europe has been gripped this fall by the sudden fear of a recession. West Germany's Council of Economic Advisers, for example, last week reached the gloomy conclusion that the German economy, the Continent's most powerful, will sink to a growth rate of only 3% in 1971—about half the increase registered last year—and predicted that still worse times were ahead for 1972. In large part because of President Nixon's defense of the dollar, which has made U.S. goods more competitive abroad and foreign-made goods more expensive in the U.S., similar setbacks have befallen Belgium, Italy, The Netherlands and parts of Scandinavia. Almost the sole exception is France. In a time of worldwide economic uncertainty, the French have managed to engineer their own economic lift-off.

French exports, few of which go to the blockaded U.S. market, jumped to \$2 billion in October, an alltime monthly record. Economic growth is expected by the government to total 5.6% this year and about the same in 1972. With the help of profitable long-term deals like the ten-year trade agreement recently signed with the Soviet Union, which included a \$500 million contract for the construction of a Renault truck factory 500 miles southeast of Moscow, French economists expect the nation to increase exports from 14% of production now to 19% by 1980. Per capita gross national product (\$2,064) is already ahead of West Germany's (\$1,848). Some time in the middle of this decade, according to Common Market economists and Futurologist Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute, France's total G.N.P. will surpass that of West Germany. The result would give Frenchmen the world's fourth largest economy (after the U.S., the U.S.S.R. and Japan).

Picky Palates. France's new prosperity is arriving with far less fanfare than either the "economic miracle" of West Germany or Japan's *boom*. That is partly because the nation's cautious business establishment has only begun to recognize its own progress and partly because some of the economy's primary institutions have seemed to change little. The largely nationalized French banking industry remains one of the crustiest anywhere, and too many farmers are still dedicated to satisfying the world's pickiest palates rather than to modern agricultural production. Moreover, the standard of living for millions of Frenchmen remains mediocre: the last time the government checked (in 1968), for example, more than a third of Paris houses had no indoor toilet.

Nevertheless, France's leaders are

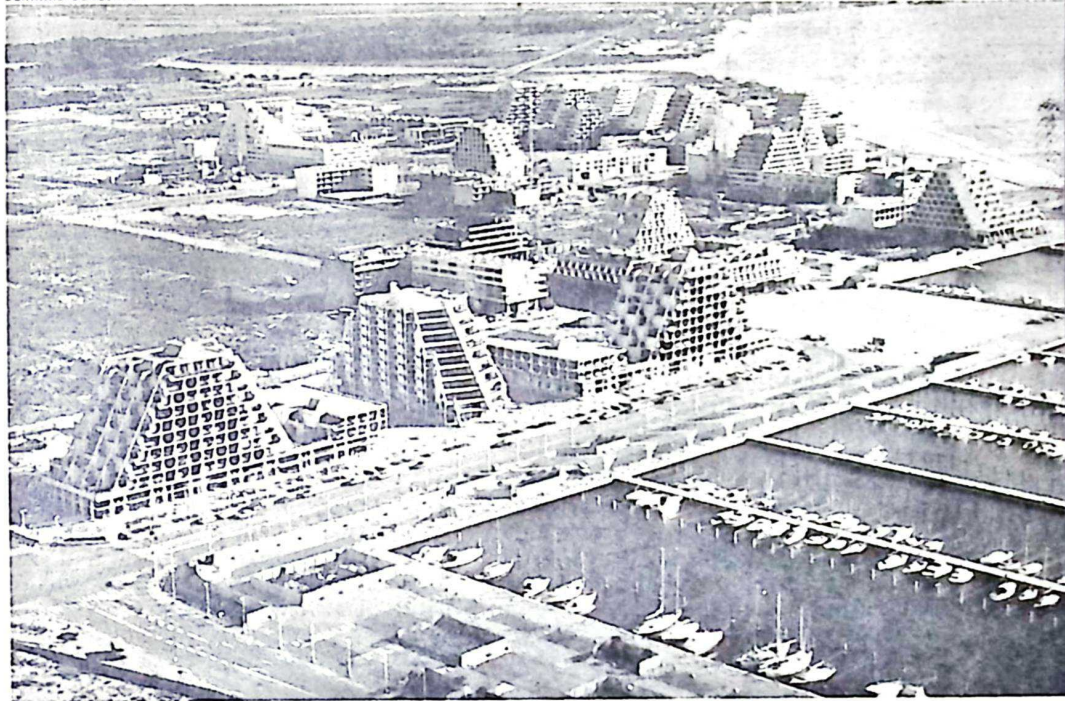
convinced that the current boom is no illusion. As Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing told TIME Correspondent Charles Eisendrath: "The attitude of the French toward economic facts has become much more practical, much more realistic. The old management has practically faded away. Our aim is to bring our economic abilities to the level of our intellectual and human abilities. We will do so."

France's economic abilities are show-

ing ical proposal by far was to reverse France's historic trend toward ever tighter centralization, which was begun in the 17th century when Louis XIV began holding permanent court at Versailles, thus depriving the nobility of their regional power bases.

Resort Towns. A new nobility of economic planners has been provided with government funds to oversee development outside the capital. The results are visible, for example, in rapidly ex-

BERNARD DEAUJARD



LA GRANDE MOTTE, NEW RESORT ON WESTERN RIVIERA

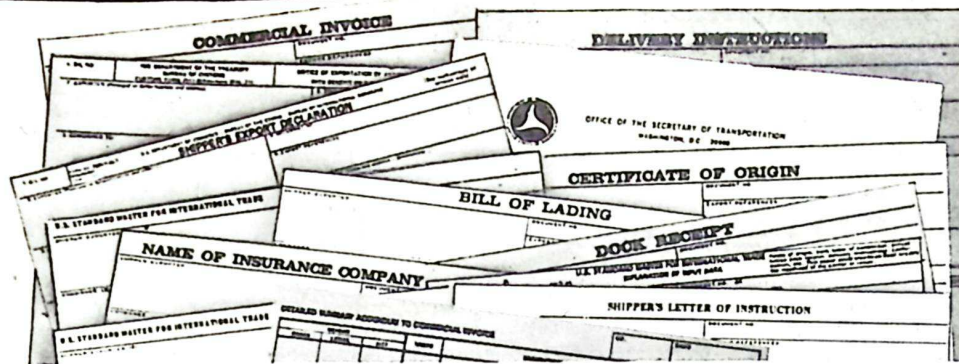
A lift-off from cars, computers, construction—and the "Four Musketeers."

ing well now. Last year the country's auto production grew 23%, to 2,500,000 units, partly because of an aggressive export campaign that induced West Germans to buy more Renaults (154,000) than any other foreign car. The French arms industry ranks second only to that of the U.S., and has recently gained new customers in the Middle East and Latin America. French computers, which were introduced in 1960 and long regarded as one of Charles de Gaulle's empty bids for prestige, have turned into a profitable, \$150 million-a-year business, growing at the rate of 25% annually.

In large part, such rosy statistics are De Gaulle's legacy. *Le Général* recruited a group of first-rate minds to oversee French development. Among De Gaulle's economic managers was a Rothschild banker, Georges Pompidou, who became his successor as President in 1969. The economic group's most rad-

panding port facilities at Dunkirk and Le Havre. Nowhere has life changed so much as along the western Riviera, where builders are hard at work on Fos-sur-Mer, a new port that will provide entry to a vast inland shipping route. By 1980, when dredging work along the Rhône and Rhine rivers is completed, vessels will be able to reach the North Sea from the Mediterranean via Fos, thus avoiding the long trip around the Iberian Peninsula.

Located 31 miles west of Marseille, Fos has already become a major unloading point for Middle East oil, is equipped with a mile-long quay for supertankers, and has attracted some \$2.5 billion in private investment. Wendel-Sideler, France's largest steel company, is building a \$1.3 billion mill to turn out 7,000,000 tons a year, about one-third of the present national output. At six other points along the same stretch of Mediterranean coastline, government-



SAMPLING OF GOVERNMENT EXPORT DOCUMENTS
Paper tigers of no great import.

built resort towns are partially complete. Over the past year they have attracted 600,000 visitors to accommodations ranging from trailer parks to de-luxe hotels, and by 1980 the tourist load is expected to triple, equaling that of the "old" Riviera east of Marseille.

Industrial expansion has been greatly aided by a generation of farm youths anxious for city jobs. Perhaps more important, their new bosses are frequently young, aggressive men trained in management. Just how sweeping the change at all levels of French management has been became clear last summer when the Patronat (national association of employers)—for generations one of the most conservative forces in the country—backed British entry into the Common Market. The government has also set up an informal economic panel that specializes in spotting overseas investment opportunities for French industry and preventing foreign takeovers of French companies; it is composed of four men, all under 40, including the personal assistants of Pompidou and Giscard. Known as the "Four Musketeers," the men have succeeded in denying the Heinz Co. control in Grey-Poupon mustard and in getting Ugine-Pechiney to invest in New Caledonian nickel facilities, thereby countering an expansion move by International Nickel Co.

Higher Station. If *le boom*, as the French are still reluctant to call it, continues as predicted, the inevitable result will be to reinstate Paris in the position of leadership that it more or less abdicated when De Gaulle stepped down. That era may well have begun last week, when Richard Nixon and Pompidou announced that they will meet for discussion later this month in the Portuguese-owned Azores. The President will be accompanied by Treasury Secretary John Connally and Pompidou by Giscard. Among likely topics of discussion is what adjustment France will be willing to make in the exchange rates between the franc and both the dollar and the mark. Giscard says that he is prepared to exercise further economic leadership "at the proper time" but makes it clear that there can be "no progress" until the U.S. sets forth a more specific plan for reversing its balance of payments deficit. Meanwhile, Giscard—and most of his fellow citizens—seems content to bask in the first rays of what he calls "the enjoyable epoch."

WORLD TRADE

Cut That Tape

Charges of red tape in Washington are common enough, but rarely are they made by high Government officers. In a new report, Secretary of Transportation John Volpe reveals some shocking statistics about the high costs that red tape tack on to the nation's imports and exports. Says Volpe: "The cost of documentation in U.S. international trade has reached nearly \$6.5 billion annually, or 7.5% of the value of U.S. export and import shipments." The documents are demanded mostly by the Government, but also by banks, insurance companies and shipping firms. Items:

► More than 1,000 different customs, credit, insurance and other documents are in use in the U.S.

► An average overseas shipment requires more than 360 copies of 46 separate documents.

► U.S. foreign trade creates 6.5 billion copies a year of 828 million documents.

All this, says Volpe, "impedes the expansion of international trade and can seriously endanger the nation's ability to compete in world markets." He recommends elimination, simplification or standardization of scores of trade documents. That, he estimates, could reduce paper-work costs by at least 45% and save U.S. importers, exporters and Government agencies \$3 billion a year.

METALS

No Shine in Silver

Since ancient times—indeed since long before Judas Iscariot betrayed Jesus—silver has been regarded as a precious metal, often playing a crucial role in the rise and fall of nations. In recent years, silver has gradually ceased to be used as a base for currencies. For this and other reasons, the price of silver has plunged—from an alltime high of \$2.57 per oz. in June 1968 to as low as \$1.29 early last month. Victims of the fall include Wall Street metals speculators, small-time investors who had bought silver as a hedge against inflation, silver miners in the U.S. and Canada, and even coin collectors. The price of a bag containing \$1,000 in silver coins has dropped from \$1,400 in October 1969 to \$1,030 now.

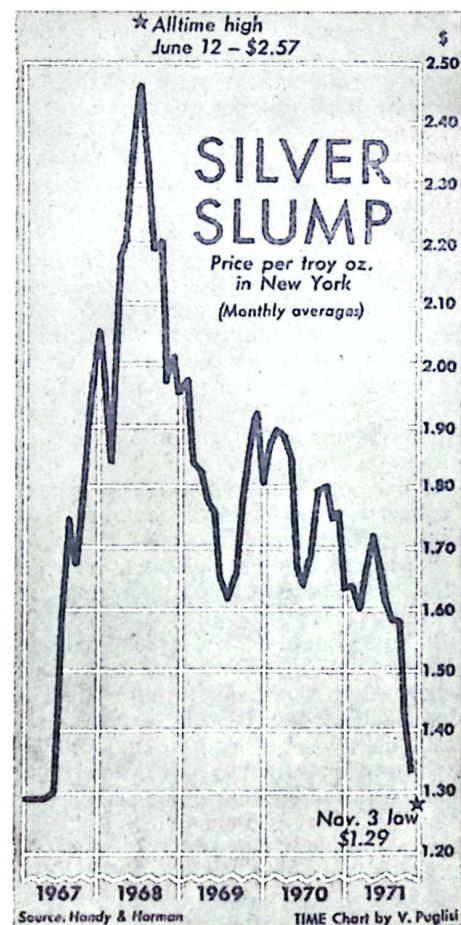
The precipitous fall had been pre-

ceded by an equally dramatic climb. For more than 30 years, the U.S. Treasury had fixed the official ceiling price of silver at \$1.29 per oz. In July 1967, with its silver stockpile declining and the price of silver at \$1.70 on the London free market, the U.S. removed the ceiling on silver—and the domestic price shot up. Big-time commodity speculators and small-time investors began to gamble on silver futures. That seemed a minimal risk because the world produces far less silver than it uses.

Sure enough, the price of silver scaled an alltime peak in mid-1968, and heavily leveraged speculators earned as much as \$11,000 on contracts for which they had put down as little as \$1,000. Many brokers airily predicted that the price would hit \$5 or even \$10 an ounce.

Instead, the price began to tumble. Last August, when Richard Nixon unfurled his new economic policy, commodity analysts expected that investors would end the fall by rushing to buy silver as a hedge against monetary instability. The fact that they did not reflects the degree to which silver had been demonetized; it had become simply another commodity, whose future value depends entirely on industrial demand for it in making film, electronic gear, silverware and jewelry.

The Crucial Overhang. Last year global demand for silver amounted to 397 million oz., but production in the non-Communist world was only 247 million oz. What speculators grossly





STRETCH OF NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
Beating the downtown slump.

underestimated, however, was the size and importance of the "overhang"—the hoard of silver being held aboveground by corporations and private investors. There is an estimated 450 million oz. in bullion stored in the U.S. and Europe, plus 500 million oz. more in private U.S. coin collections. Moreover, millions of people in India are believed to own several billion oz. of silver jewelry and other heirlooms. Such huge hoards guarantee that the world will not run out of the metal for years to come.

Eventually, as stockpiles of silver begin to decline, the price of silver seems certain to rise. And yet, as so many speculators have learned to their sorrow, the inscrutable silver market is a law unto itself. Right now, researchers are avidly seeking substitutes for silver in the manufacture of film, which accounts for 25% of its industrial demand. If they are successful, the silver market will shudder through still another convulsion.

RETAILING

Chicago's Magnificent Mile

Downtown business districts have been losing customers to fast-growing suburban shopping centers, but a lively exception is Chicago's North Michigan Avenue. During the past decade, \$2 billion worth of construction has risen on and near North Michigan, which Chicagoans call "the Magnificent Mile." California's I. Magnin has just opened a branch there, joining already established Bonwit Teller and Saks Fifth Avenue of New York, as well as such fashionable shops as Tiffany and Cartier. Soon they will be joined by Dallas' Neiman-Marcus. Two weeks ago came the biggest news of all. Chicago's retailing giant, Marshall Field & Co., whose main store in the Loop on State Street is scarcely a mile away, and New York's Lord & Taylor announced that they will both open branches in Water Tower Plaza, a \$100 million shopping, hotel and apartment complex that will go up on the avenue.

The rise of Michigan Avenue reflects the decline of State Street. More and more, State Street stores have been switching to budget-basement merchandise and catering to lower-income

blacks, while North Michigan has been attracting higher-income whites by concentrating on high-fashion goods. But, despite the general adversity in U.S. central cities, North Michigan has prospered for another reason: its fine mix of commercial, residential and recreational properties bring in business. The handsome, tree-lined avenue is the center of an area that accommodates 400,000 white-collar workers in the daytime; at night the area's hotels, steakhouses, theaters and nightclubs lure more crowds. It is a sort of Main Street for the Gold Coast, a residential community of 40,000 upper-income city dwellers.

"We think this is the most exciting metropolitan shopping location in the world," says Philip Klutznick, the real estate executive whose Urban Investment & Development Co. is building Water Tower Plaza. Lord & Taylor's Chairman Melvin Dawley is equally euphoric: "North Michigan Avenue has more vitality than Manhattan's Fifth Avenue."

EXECUTIVES

An Original Copier

In making a sales pitch for his product, lean, scholarly Joseph Chamberlain Wilson once quoted in Latin a homily from a Montaigne essay: *Fortis imaginatio generat casum* (A strong imagination begets the event). In his own case, it took twelve years of imagining the possibilities of an obscure invention for any historic event to occur, but the result was one of the most successful single products ever put on sale: the Xerox machine. By the time he died of a heart attack last week at the age of 61, while lunching in Manhattan with Nelson and Happy Rockefeller, Wilson had turned the modest Rochester firm that he took over from his father in 1946 into a \$1.7 billion-a-year giant.

Gambling Their Salaries. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Rochester, Wilson briefly considered an academic career, then went to work for the Haloid Co., a photocopying firm that his grandfather had helped start in 1906. Shortly before he became president, the Government began drastically cutting back on its large wartime orders from Haloid, and Wilson started a search for new products. His chief of

research, Dr. John Dessauer, showed him a 25-line abstract in a Kodak company journal describing a dry copying process that had been invented by Physicist Chester F. Carlson in the 1930s but never commercially developed. Wilson studied Carlson's equipment—which had been unsuccessfully offered to Kodak, A.B. Dick and IBM—then decided to buy the rights to it.

"I would have to be psychoanalyzed to say if I would take the same risk again," he said later. "It's when you're very young and naive that you have the courage to make the right decisions." Over the next twelve years, Haloid poured some \$75 million into what has been named "xerography" (from the Greek words for "dry writing"), about twice its earnings from regular operations. The difference was scraped up through loans and new stock, some of which Wilson and other executives accepted in lieu of salary. In 1960, the first fully automated Xerox machine came to market.

Social Causes. After the machine's success had made millionaires of himself and at least 300 other investors, Wilson, a gentle man whom everybody called "Joe," increasingly devoted himself to many educational and social causes. He was chairman of his alma mater's board of trustees, steered it into making a \$196,000 investment in Xerox stock that is now worth \$120 million, and left the university some \$20 million, plus millions more in trust. Wilson encouraged others at Xerox to become involved in civic affairs. "Those in the inner city have derived little benefit from technology and no profit from it," he once noted. "Technological companies are at the center of social change and therefore have a responsibility." Joe Wilson not only did much to eliminate the drudgery of office work by having the imagination to develop Xerox, but he more than lived up to his responsibilities as a citizen.

JIM LARAGY



JOSEPH C. WILSON

Imagine ... imagine ... imagine.

Old Possum Revisited

T.S. ELIOT: THE WASTE LAND edited by Valerie Eliot. 149 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$22.50.

It is no shock to be reminded that until someone suggested *Mein Kampf* as a title, Adolf Hitler wanted to call his book *Four and a Half Years of Struggle Against Lies, Stupidity and Cowardice*. Everybody needs an editor. Besides, the Führer was that kind of fellow. But T.S. Eliot! Could that austere poet's most celebrated work actually have sprung from sweaty sessions with pencil stubs and mutual gropings after the *mot juste*? It has always been painful to imagine, even though for 50 or so years Ezra Pound has been acknowledged as much more than *The Waste Land*'s literary godfather.

No one exactly thought that Eliot wrote "February is the cruellest month" the first time and had to be put right. But until 1968, all sorts of glum speculations were still possible. Then the only copy of the original manuscript turned up in New York. A brief critical glimpse—but no note taking—was permitted then, answering some questions, raising others. Now the poet's wife, Valerie Eliot, has brought out a facsimile edition of the original *Waste Land*. Complete with notes, a color key to distinguish Pound's editing from Eliot's, progressive handwritten and typed versions of the text, it clearly shows what Eliot, Pound, and even Eliot's unstable first wife Vivien contributed.

"Perhaps Be Damned." Eliot's famous burrowings and borrowings in Baudelaire, Buddha, Frazer's *Golden Bough*, the Fisher King legend, Shakespeare, the prophet Ezekiel, *Ecclesiastes*, Dante's *Inferno*, Rupert Brooke, Richard Wagner, Verlaine, Aeschylus, Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and Oliver Goldsmith originally helped make the poem the perennial undergraduate's hunt-and-peck guide to instant culture. But there appear to be no direct transplants from Pound. Except for an odd "an" or "who," he inserted only two words into *The Waste Land*: "demobbed" for "coming back out of the Transport Corps," and "demotic" to replace "abominable" when Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant of "The Fire Sermon," made an indecent proposition "in abominable French."

What Pound did do was cut, clipping off as many as 40 lines in a clump. His special target was a heavy-footed parody of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. Though the couplets concern the ablations of a fleshly lady named Fresca, they show Eliot at his most priggishly professional, and Pound briskly informed Eliot: "You cannot parody Pope unless you can write better verse than Pope—and you can't."

Pound's marginalia, scribbled, indeed,

with a stumpy pencil, mark the trail of an editor with a fine merciless eye for padding, preciosity or false prosody: "3 lines Too tum-pum at a stretch," one scribble reads. With the notation "1880," Pound skewered an anachronism in which Eliot called for "a closed carriage" in 1922; the carriage promptly became a "closed car at four." W.H. Auden once observed that Eliot was part church warden, part twelve-year-old boy. Pound was on the side of the boy. His objections to Eliot's frequent use of "may" and "perhaps" ("Perhaps be *damned*") rise to pique when Eliot's narrator of the moment, the blind seer Tiresias, who by definition knows the past and the future, suggests that a half-formed thought "may" pass through the mind of a young woman after adultery. "You Tiresias," snaps Pound, "if you know, know damned well or else you don't."

Geenteel Dropout. Except for scholars, libraries and a few former English majors now adrift in commerce, these disclosures alone do not justify the coffee-table price fixed on the book by its publishers. Pound was a good editor, as well as the best and most generous teacher and preacher of modern poetic practice ever. Eliot had already started cutting radically, and Pound cut to the bone, giving *The Waste Land* pace and density. But except for a score of lines, part of a much longer description of a sea voyage that Pound cut from the "Death by Water" section, the excisions cannot have been difficult to decide on. They rarely leave even second-rate Eliot on the cutting-room floor.

Happily, Valerie Eliot has written a clear and humane introduction, which

pieces together the poet's life during the period, roughly 1916 to 1922, when *The Waste Land* was in preparation. What emerges is a portrait of the artist as the most scrupulous, harried and genteel academic dropout of the half-century. After studies at Harvard, the Sorbonne and Oxford, Eliot gave up his Ph.D. degree (as Pound had before him) to write poetry. He married a neurotic woman who eventually went mad. To support them, he lectured, edited, wrote occasional literary pieces, taught at the High Wycombe Grammar School for "£140 per annum with dinner," eventually gravitating to a job at Lloyds Bank.

Eliot is reticent in his letters to his disapproving parents and to New York Lawyer John Quinn, who ran interference for the publication of Eliot's work in the U.S. Still, they are laced with references to Vivien's illnesses, constant moves and removes in search of better air or care. Eventually the strain proved too much. Eliot went off to a psychiatrist in Lausanne for three months in 1921, dropping Vivien in Paris and leaving



ELIOT, VIRGINIA WOOLF & VIVIEN (1932)

The typist home at teatime, who ~~begins~~
~~clears~~ away her ~~(broken)~~ breakfast, lights
 Her stove, and lays out squalid food in tins;
 Prepares the room and sets the room to rights.
 Out of the window perilously spread
 Her drying combinations meet the sun's last rays,
 And on the divan piled, (at night her bed),
 Are stockings, dirty camisoles, and stays.
 A night-dress wraps her as she ~~arrives~~
 In nervous terror on the window seat;
 A touch of art is given by the false
 Japanese print, purchased in Oxford Street.
 I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs,
 Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest,
 Knowing the manner of these crawling things,
 I too awaited the expected guest.
 A youth of twenty-two, spotted about the face,
 One of those ~~birds~~ ~~loiterers~~ ~~whom~~ ~~we~~ ~~may~~
 We may have seen in any public place
 At almost any hour of night or day.
 Fine but not first-class with ambitions gone,
 His hair is thick with grease, and thick with scurf,
~~His~~ his inclinations touch the stage -
 Not clear enough to associate with the turf.

The S.T. Dupont lighter.

It's practically as perfect as the match.

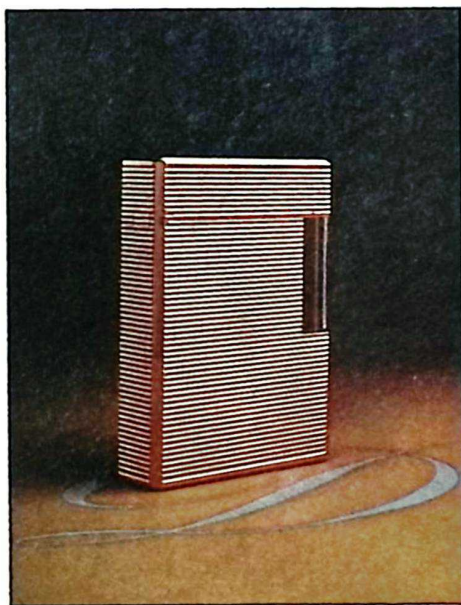
The match is a simple and beautiful idea. It was perfect almost the instant it was invented.

Lighters are rather more complicated, so S.T. Dupont of Paris has to go to all sorts of extremes to make theirs seem as simple and as perfect.

Such extremes, in fact, that it takes at least two months to make one S.T. Dupont lighter. In our mass-production world, this seems virtually medieval. But that doesn't bother the craftsman at S.T. Dupont a bit. Sometimes they even feel as though they're being rushed.

And, when you consider all that they have to do, perhaps they are.

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That's why an S.T. Dupont feels so solid. Why every piece fits so perfectly. Because it was one piece to begin with.

They take the time to sculpt the design with a diamond, so it will be clean and perfect. To plate the mechanism with gold. To test each lighter for at least two weeks.

Two months really may not be very much after all.

There are even S.T. Dupont lighters that take longer, the ones in *laque de Chine*. They require at least an extra month, for coat after coat of authentic Chinese lacquer to be painstakingly applied, allowed to set and then hand-polished with charcoal.

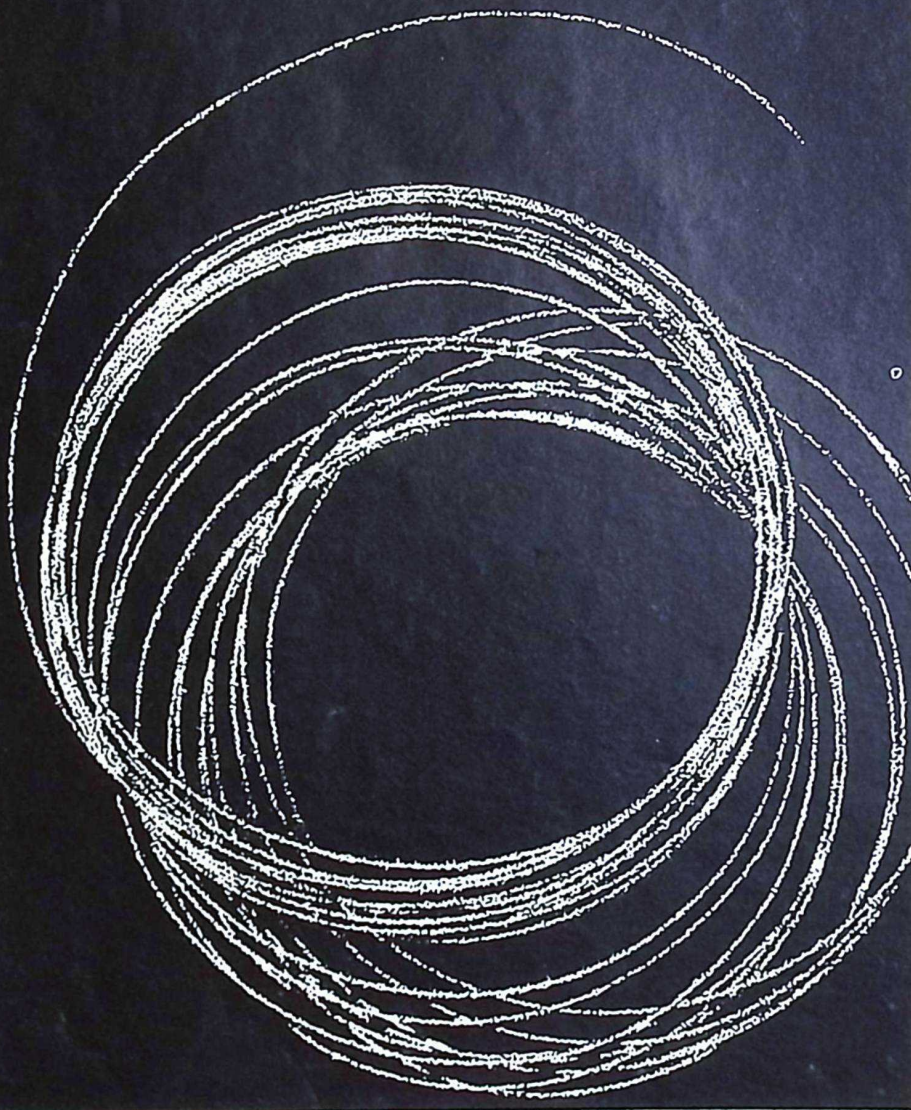
S.T. Dupont spends a great deal of time trying to be perfect.

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S.T. Dupont
ORFÈVRES A PARIS

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their cat, "a very good mouser," with Poet Richard Aldington. He needed to learn, he explained, "to be calm when there is nothing to be gained by worry." When he came back, he brought much of *The Waste Land* with him.

Subjective Correlative. "Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion," Eliot once wrote, "but an escape from emotion." He meant the refinement of the raw and the private into some sort of usefully generalized artistic ritual. Yet it is hard to read this annotated *Waste Land* in context without being acutely aware of Vivien and of how pervasive the poet's revulsion toward sex now seems. The physical description of Fresca's toilette, cut by Pound, adds to the impression. This is a moment of waning reputation for Eliot, and we are now probably due for a gloomy spectacle: the purifier of the dialect of the tribe flat on the couch like a patient etherized upon a table as a new generation of Freudian critics probe his private parts, and prove that the Objective Correlative was Subjective after all.

Current complaints against Eliot cite his "irrelevance," or attack his Christian quietism. The latter criticism is a fielder's choice. Eliot considered the world around him and decided that rapid improvement of human nature in the mass was unlikely. Though it is often hard to see where the pugnacious radicals of today find evidence to the contrary, their private need to believe that man and society can be swiftly and violently perfected is no doubt every bit as passionate as the need for religious faith that sears *The Waste Land* and softens Eliot's later works. As to "irrelevance," however, *The Waste Land* revisited holds up well, even deprived of the historic value it had as the great pioneering work in the tastes and techniques possible to modern poetry. It does not take a Tiresias to see that in the Age of Aquarius, Madame Sosostrius with her tarot cards has gone public; love has declined further toward lustful practice, and "fear in a handful of dust" has been raised to the nth power by the fine drift of particles over Hiroshima and Eniwetok.

Because he is an extraordinary poet, there has always been more to Eliot than moral order and message. Shorn of his wan hope for the peace that passeth understanding, deprived of his Sunday morning service, he still subliminally touches the ear and the heart in moments which, in another connection, Eliot has so well described:

... the moment in and out of time,
The distraction fit, lost in a
shaft of sunlight,
The wild thyme unseen, or the
winter lightning
Or the waterfall, or music heard
so deeply
That it is not heard at all, but you
are the music
While the music lasts.

■ Timothy Foote

A masterpiece of miniaturization, the Minolta 16 MG-S has as many uses as cameras twice its size and weight. It's part of a real system of subminiature photography—flashgun, cubegun, filters, close-up lenses, copy stand, even a daylight developing tank. And it works with automatic precision to give you perfect pictures everytime. The 16 MG-S uses the super-size, quarter-frame 16 mm film format. So your negatives blow up into sharp color or black-and-white prints.

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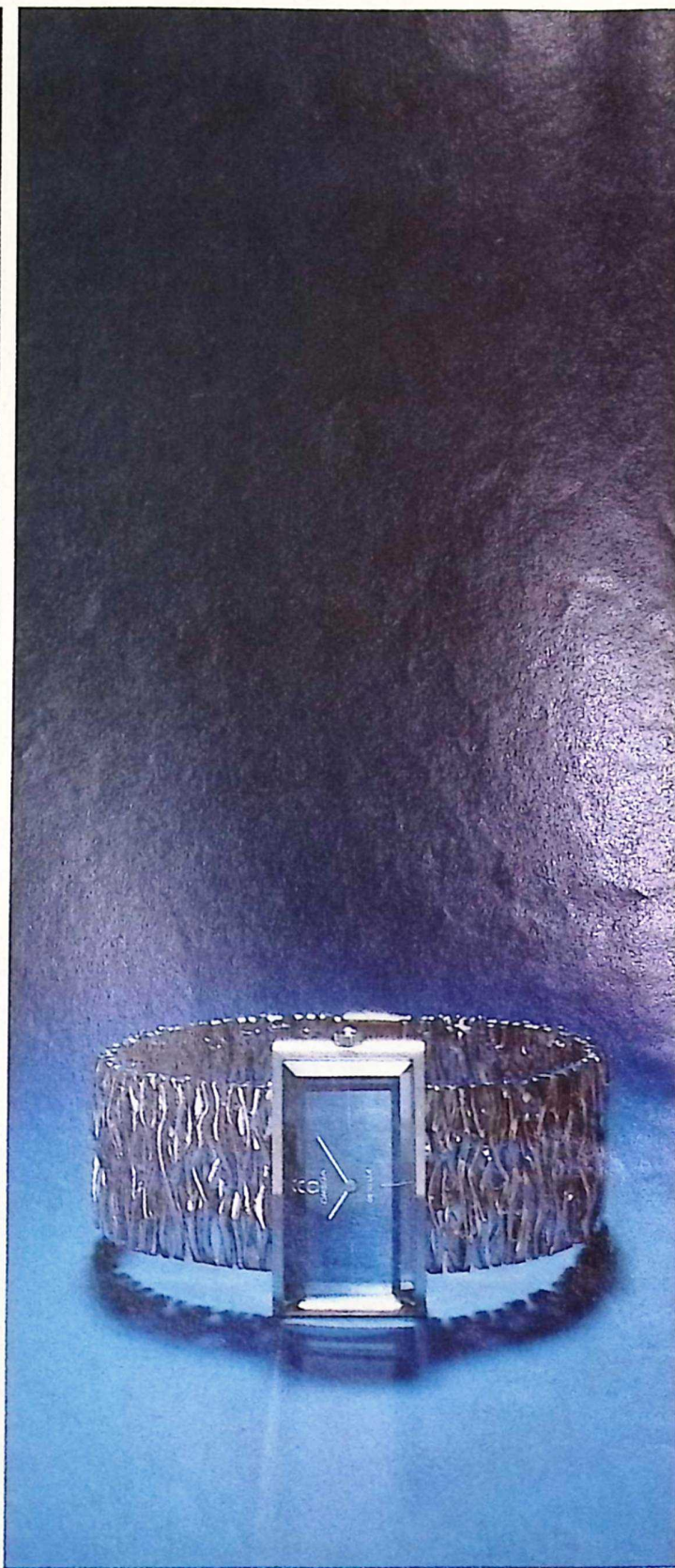


Minolta



1. Like shimmering waves, this yellow gold bracelet's part matt and part polished pattern breaks against the case. The effect is original, modern and sumptuous. Dial with painted hour markers. Heavy sapphire crystal. Also available in grey gold.

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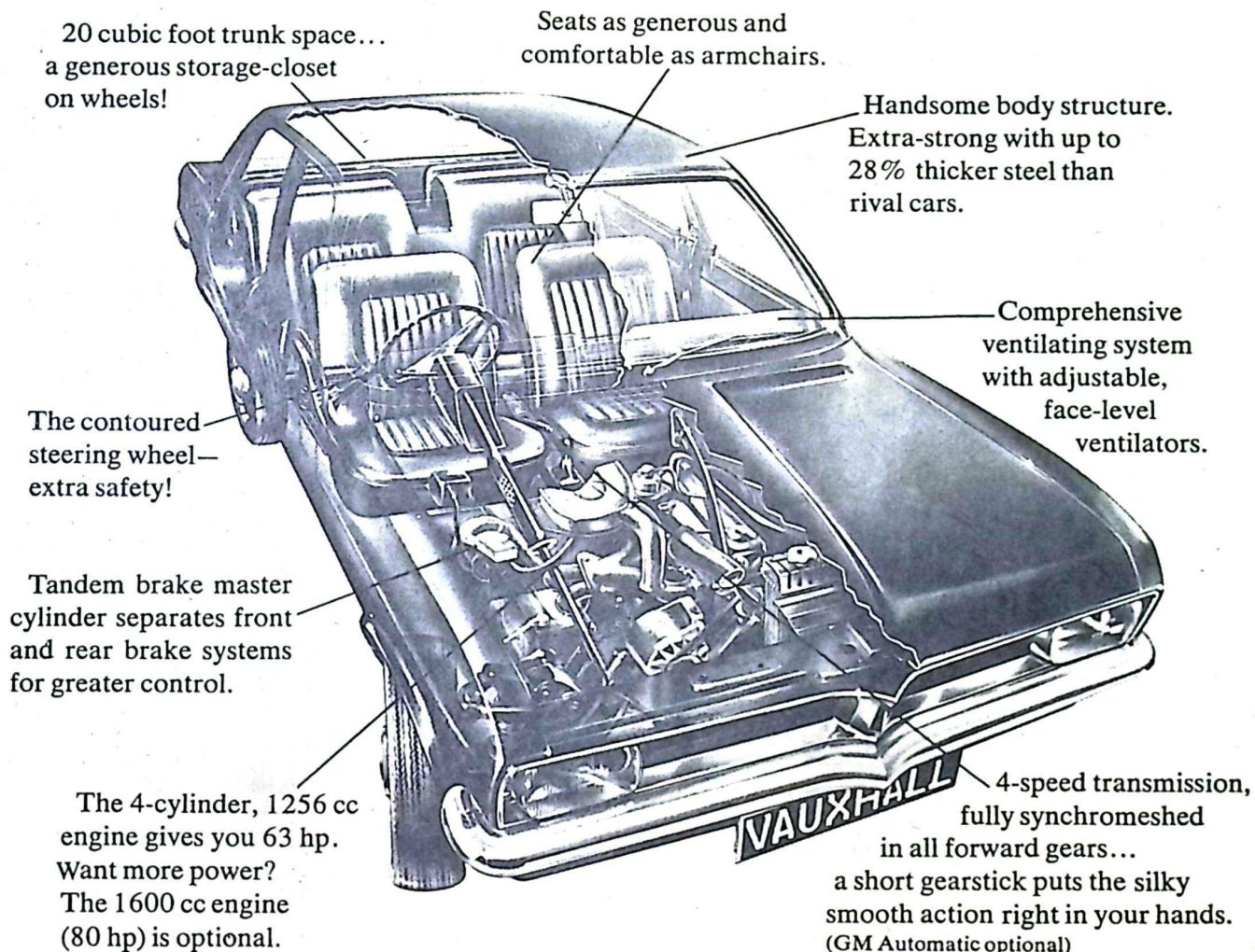
d. Parker 45 Standard Pen: Give a most practical gift with a thoughtful personal touch. The owner's monogram may be applied in moments, at no extra cost, at the time you buy the pen. Economical bottle fill, or may be converted to

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Disorder and Early Sorrow

CHILDREN, YOU ARE VERY LITTLE by Betsy Drake Grant. 245 pages. Atheneum. \$6.95.

Movie stars who write are like statues that bleed—highly suspect. But Betsy Drake, a minor star of the late '40s (*Deep Are the Roots*) who spent the '50s as Mrs. Cary Grant, has produced in *Children, You Are Very Little* a first novel with flair and ferocity.

Her subject, an unhappy childhood, is a certified Freudian yawn, but she plays it for funny and painful surprises. More like Little Lulu than Little Nell, her 10-year-old heroine Lucia refuses to let grownups run and ruin her

ALLAN GRANT



BETSY DRAKE GRANT
Raffles in hair ribbons.

life. When her parents fight, and Lucia is sent to live with a saurian grandmother in Virginia, she battles the old monster to a standstill. "You're a big mean bug," she screams, "and I sink your mean mud head about ten million feet into the ground!" Then with all her force she struggles to reconstitute the family she needs.

Convinced that money is the problem, Lucia hatches a sort of Raffles-in-hair-ribbons plot to rob a jewelry store, fence the proceeds through her favorite newsboy, reunite her parents in New York and live with them ever after. The plot is a hilarious failure, but the robbery makes such a scandal that Grandma sends Lucia back to her mother. Lucia arrives in a glow, triumphant. "Mother, I love you. I'm home." Mother, just out of a mental hospital, begins to laugh hysterically.

In the black literature of childhood, the book will not rank with Christina Stead's horror story of family life, *The Man Who Loved Children*. Lucia is less a person than an argument. Most

adults, the book suggests, are losers, and most children feel the lash of a loser's fury a hundred times a day. To make the point, Author Grant makes Lucia's life a masochistic nightmare in a gallery of Halloween horrors. Her mother is a festering grievance, her father an intellectual wimp, her aunts and uncles high-church lobsters of menacing respectability.

Even in scenes where the author delicately snips the buttons off her characters with scissors of irony, one senses that she would really like to cut a good deal deeper. Why does she restrain herself? She has image, language, an actor's sympathy that lets her inhabit as well as observe characters. If she had fully released her rage, this impish novel could have been a devil of a book.

Author Grant says she began to write when she was eleven and, like her heroine, was living with relatives on a farm in Virginia because her parents had separated. Born to money (her grandfather built the Drake Hotel in Chicago), she grew up in Paris, New York, Chicago, Washington. In her teens she and her mother were broke, but in 1946, after summer stock and a go at modeling, she signed a film contract. She met Cary Grant on a boat coming back from England and, not sorry to escape a career in mediocre movies, married him in 1949. Divorced in the early '60s, she signed on as director of psychodrama therapy at the U.C.L.A. Neuropsychiatric Institute.

Psychiatric assumptions underlie much of the book. "Adults demand that children understand what they're trying to say," Betsy Drake points out, "but too often they interpret a child's most serious moments as stupid or cute or funny. So children, in self-defense, learn to play for the laugh. It's a style of craziness, a style of survival, a style of distancing. I learned this style as a child but I'm not really impressed with my comic or ironic side. I'd much rather write straight out of despair."

■ Brad Darrach

After Us the Dragons

THE NIGHT COUNTRY, REFLECTIONS OF A BONE-HUNTING MAN by Loren Eiseley. 240 pages. Scribners. \$7.95.

Are we quite sure who Loren Eiseley is? One of those philosophizing scientists—isn't he?—constantly being praised for his literary graces? A figure on TV panel discussions, a professor somewhere or other, repeatedly granting interviews on the meaning of life and the future of mankind?

There is indeed something solemnly institutional about Eiseley, the Benjamin Franklin Professor of Anthropology and the History of Science and Curator of Early Man at the University of Pennsylvania. Perhaps only someone with such an array of titles would drift into such rhetoric as "the frail confines of the human heart," and then, on the same page, "the wind-

swept uplands of the human mind."

But there is another Loren Eiseley, as this eighth book of his makes clear. This is the Eiseley who grew up listening to his father recite Shakespeare to his stone-deaf wife; the Eiseley who rode the rails during the Depression, who has spent much of his life hunting for bones in caves, and who believes that the process of evolution will lead in startling directions: "I always say to myself hopefully, 'After us the dragons.'"

A half century ago, Eiseley watched and heard his father dying of cancer, and ever since then he has suffered from insomnia. That was how he came to live in "the night country," a place of fear and uncertainty, where the rules of daylight no longer apply, and the animal with the yellow eyes is no longer tame. Once you have come to know the night country, you remember it even when the sun is shining.

Eiseley has met strange creatures in the night country, and he tells marvelous stories about them. He tells of a farmer who has a monster living in the well beneath his house, and a novelist who offered a toast to the triumph of mankind, unaware that he was being observed by a bemused rat. He tells of an old rancher who shocked his family by keeping the skeleton of his sister, murdered by Apaches, in the china closet. And of the lonely bachelor who had found and fallen in love with what he believed to be a petrified woman.

For Eiseley, storytelling is never pure entertainment. The autobiographical tales keep illustrating the theses that wind through all his writing—the fallibility of science, the mystery of evolution, the surprise of life. Thus dramatized, such concepts seem not preachy but triumphantly self-evident.

■ Otto Friedrich

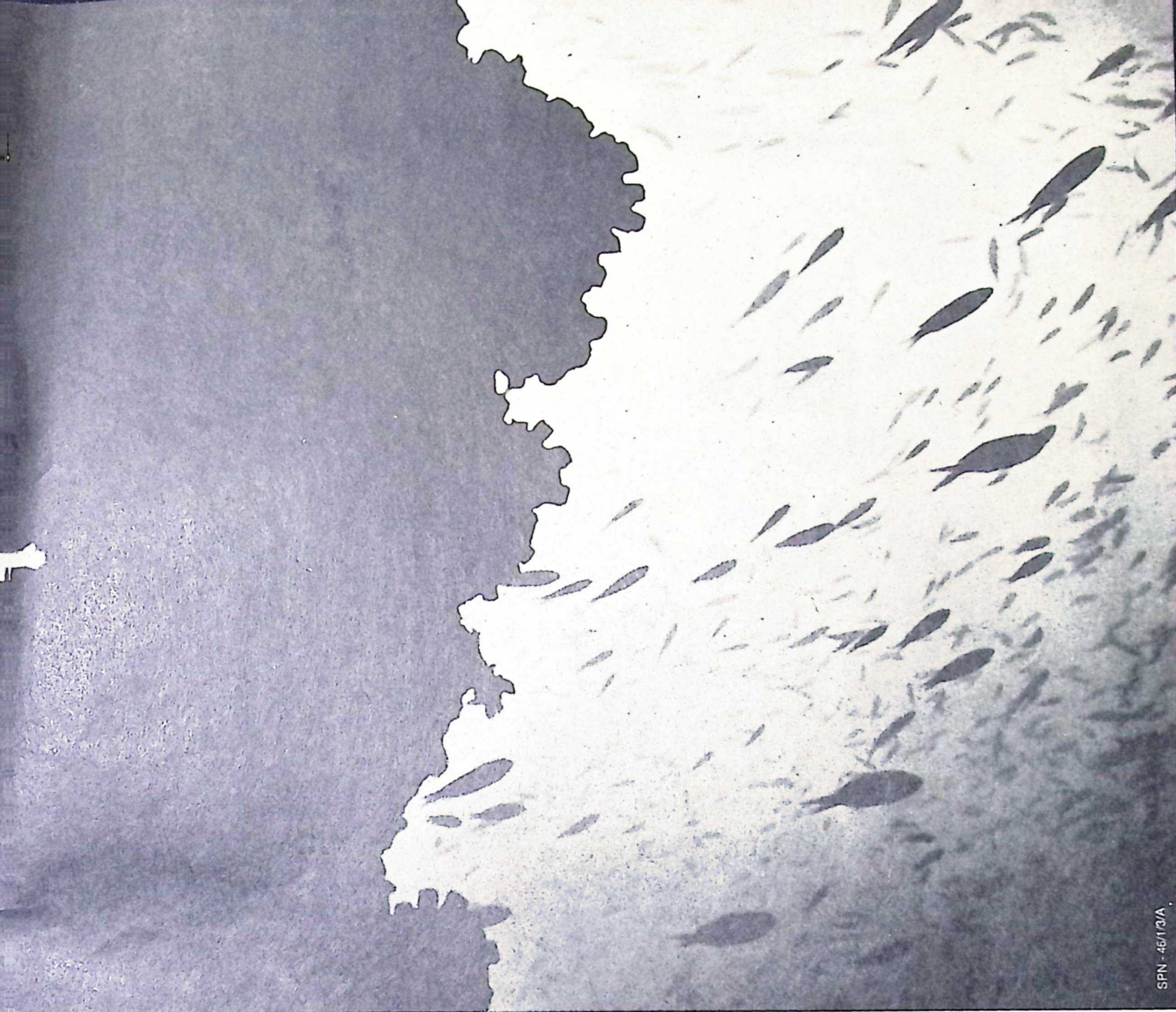
Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Day of the Jackal, Forsyth (2 last week)
2. Wheels, Hailey (1)
3. The Exorcist, Blatty (3)
4. Message from Malaga, MacInnes (4)
5. Bear Island, MacLean (6)
6. The Betsy, Robbins
7. The Winds of War, Wouk
8. Our Gang, Roth (8)
9. The Other, Tryon (5)
10. Maurice, Forster (10)

NONFICTION

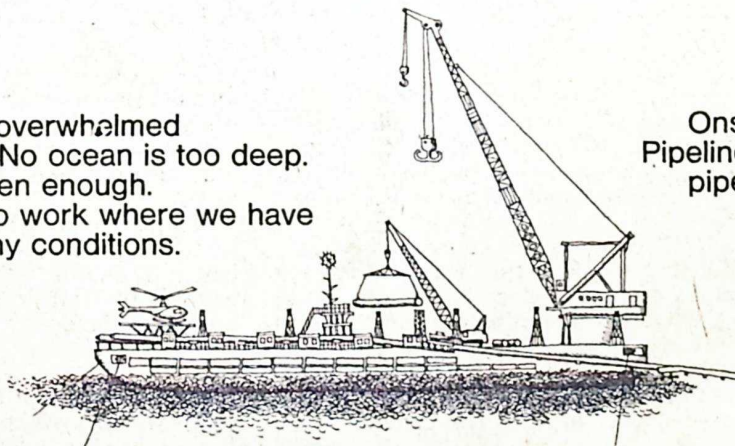
1. Honor Thy Father, Talese (1)
2. Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (3)
3. Any Woman Can, Reuben (2)
4. Beyond Freedom and Dignity, Skinner (4)
5. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (5)
6. The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Portola Institute (6)
7. The Vantage Point, Johnson (8)
8. Tracy and Hepburn, Kanin (9)
9. Without Marx or Jesus, Revel (7)
10. The Show Business Nobody Knows, Wilson



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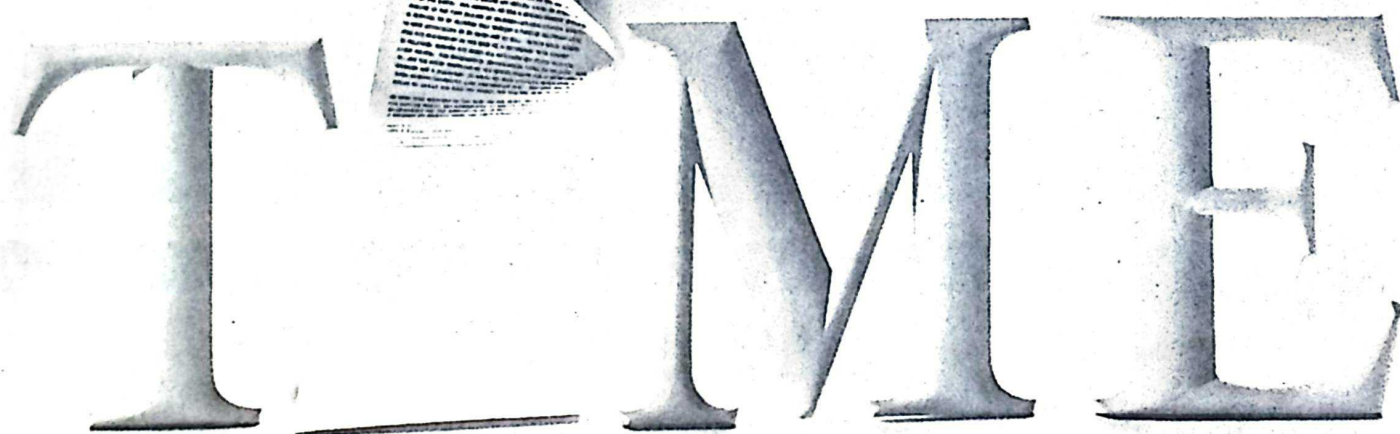


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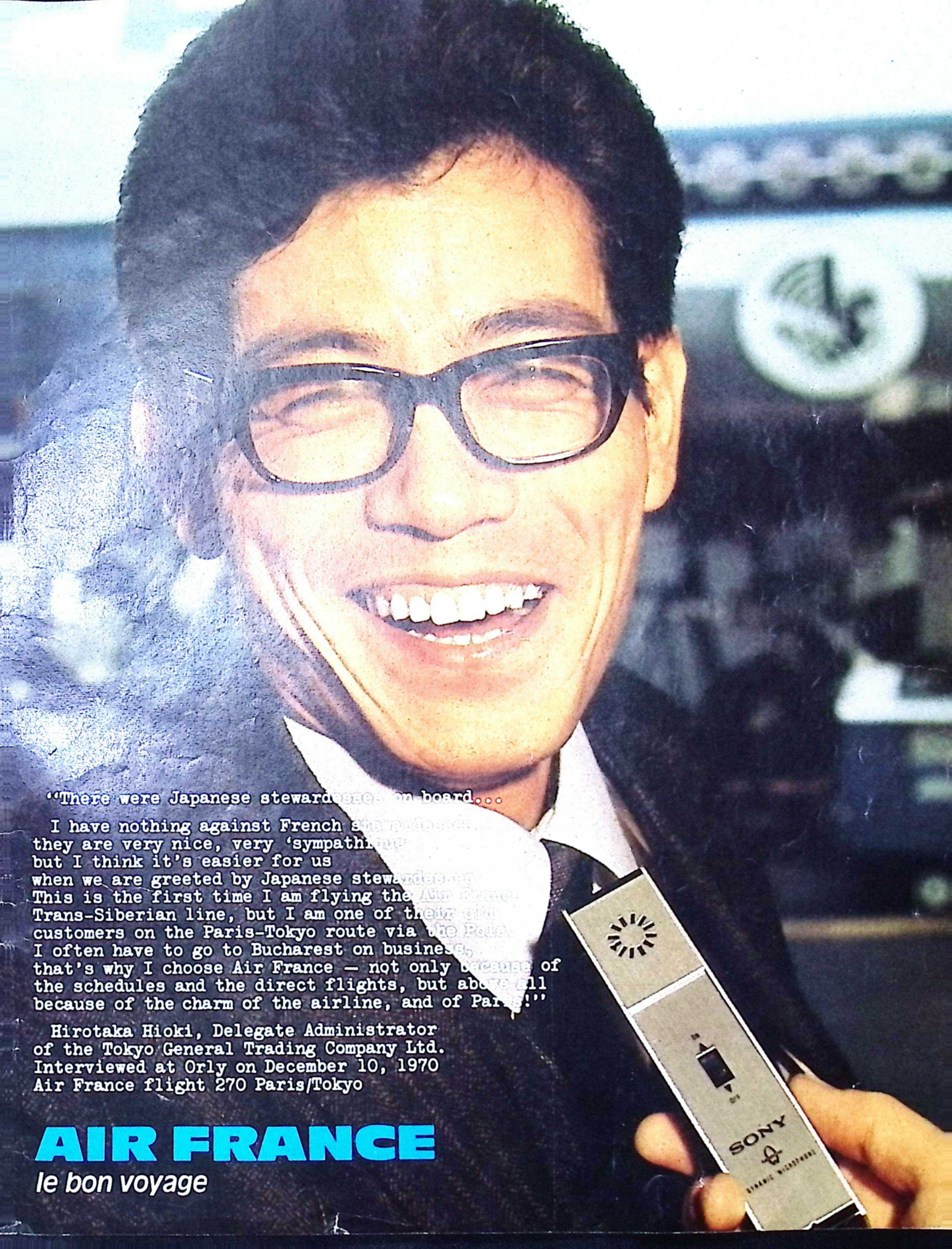
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A close-up photograph of a man with dark hair and glasses, smiling broadly. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a white shirt and a dark tie. He is holding a silver Sony Dynamic Noise Meter in his right hand. The meter has a circular dial at the top, a small window in the middle, and the Sony logo and 'DYNAMIC NOISE METER' text at the bottom. The background is slightly out of focus, showing what appears to be an airport or travel setting with a circular logo visible on a wall.

"There were Japanese stewardesses on board..."

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Hiroataka Hioki, Delegate Administrator
of the Tokyo General Trading Company Ltd.
Interviewed at Orly on December 10, 1970
Air France flight 270 Paris/Tokyo

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