

December 6, 1971 / 50 cents

Newsweek

INDIA ATTACKS
The Battle for Bengal

চবি জা অর্কাই পুজ
৬৪৩

Bangla Desh
Guerrillas

PRICES

Australia		A\$0.45
Burma		K2.20
Ceylon		Rs. 3.00
Fiji Islands		F\$0.45
French Oceania		FP50.00
Guam		US\$0.50
Hong Kong		HK\$3.00
India		Rs. 4.00
Indonesia		Rp. 200
Japan		¥ 200
Korea		Won150
Laos		Kip250
Malaysia		M\$1.50
Nepal		NC-Rs. 5.00
New Guinea		A\$0.45
New Zealand		NZ\$0.45
Okinawa		US\$0.50
Pakistan		Rs. 5.00
Philippines		P2.00
Singapore		S\$1.50
Taiwan, China		NT\$20.00
Thailand		B10.00
Vietnam		VN\$200
US Forces		US\$0.50
W. Samoa		NZ\$0.45

A very special memory, by

Jaeger-LeCoultre

"It happened over lunch at our favourite fin de siècle restaurant. I was a little short of ideas, so I asked him point-blank what he'd like for his birthday.

He said he wanted the Taj Mahal. Not good enough, I said. Cleopatra's Needle? What would you sew with it, I replied.

So we finished our coffee and went for a long walk in the sun. Tuileries, Place Vendôme, Rue de la Paix.

Finally I saw it in a window. A Jaeger-LeCoultre, absolutely made for him. We went inside, I slipped it on his wrist, and that was that. He paid, naturally, but it didn't matter. He always does.



The nicest thing about it is that it reminds us so often of the things we love best. Lithographs. The mahogany carvings in the restaurant. Old things, made lovingly by hand.

out
got the r

De Luxe 44
De Luxe 14

In the U.S.A., Jaeger-LeCoultre watches are sold under the trade name "LeCoultre".

JL JAEGER-LECOULTRE

Top of the Week

চবিজা ডাকিই দৃক

৩৪৭

Newsweek



Correspondents Jenkins (left), Parker, Clifton

The Battle for Bengal PAGE 14

In a series of forays that threatened to engulf the Indian subcontinent in a violent and unnecessary war, Indian troops swarmed into East Pakistan last week. To cover the outbreak of fighting between the two archenemies, Newsweek dispatched correspondents Loren Jenkins and Tony Clifton to Pakistan, and Arnaud de Borchgrave and Maynard Parker to India. From their reports, and files from R. Ramanujam in New Delhi and Fazal Qureshi in Karachi, Associate Editor Richard Steele describes the battle for Bangla Desh, and Associate Editor Richard M. Smith analyzes the international consequences of an Indo-Pakistani war. In a companion article, Associate Editor Daniel Chu reports on the Bengali refugees and the problems they pose for the Indian Government. (Newsweek cover photo by Frederick Ohringer—Nancy Palmer.)

Wooing Old Friends PAGE 13

President Nixon's free-wheeling foreign policy has upset some diplomatic applecarts. Last week he moved toward righting some of them. In meetings with the leaders of France, Britain, West Germany and Japan, he hopes to alleviate the international monetary crisis and gain support for his talks with Peking and Moscow.

Compound Interest

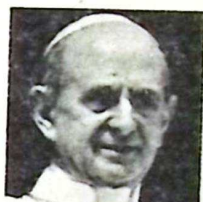
Atlanta correspondent Stephan Leshner asked Alabama's Gov. George Wallace to "play President" and name his shadow Cabinet. Some surprises. Page 28.

Five months after he leaked the Pentagon papers, Daniel Ellsberg has evolved from a person to a cause. Associate Editor Mark Levy tells the story, using files from Frank Morgan in Boston. Page 31.

For several months, Pope Paul has been seeking closer ties with the 60 million Catholics in Soviet bloc nations. With files from Newsweek's John Dornberg, religion editor Kenneth L. Woodward analyzes his success. Page 46.

By almost every standard, the safest, most crime-free major city in the world is also the largest: Tokyo. Peter Rutledge reports on the reasons for Tokyo's unique orderliness—including its police force. Page 38.

A revolution is brewing in the movie industry. The use of videotape instead of film promises breakthroughs in the economics and technology of filmmaking—as well as new problems. Martin Kasindorf reports. Page 58.



Contents

December 6, 1971

INTERNATIONAL	13
Mr. Nixon's diplomatic fence-mending	
The battle for Bengal (the cover)	
India's staggering refugee burden	
A talk with the Acting President of Bangla Desh	
An analysis of the India-Pakistan crisis	
The Mideast: tough talk along the canal	
Britain's compromise Rhodesian accord	
A black golfer pierces apartheid's wall	
Morocco: King Hassan's troubles	
U.S. AFFAIRS	25
Time for a Presidential screen pass?	
The Earl Butz nomination dispute	
Hubert Humphrey cranks up for '72	
The High Court rules on sex bias	
George Wallace's shadow Cabinet	
The case of the parachuting skyjacker	
The Rahway prison uprising	
Daniel Ellsberg prepares for trial	
THE CITIES	38
Tokyo, safest big city in the world	
Atlanta: how Mayor Massell does it	
MEDICINE	40
Do-it-yourself medical tests	
Vitamin C and the still-common cold	
SPORTS	42
The Nebraska-Oklahoma gridiron epic	

THE MEDIA	44
The weather-wise Old Farmer's Almanac	
Life's new circulation cutback	
A Ms. by any other name?	
RELIGION	46
God and women at Harvard	
The Vatican looks to the East	
BUSINESS AND FINANCE	47
Hints of peace on the monetary front	
Phase two: the lingering questions	
Will record auto sales aid employment?	
Real-estate trusts: the bloom is off	
Retirement for GM's James M. Roche	
Japan: a peace payoff in the cola battle	
Waiting for Perot	
Exit economic adviser Paul McCracken	
SCIENCE AND SPACE	55
Trying to predict a California quake	
The lead-pollution controversy	
EDUCATION	65
Illinois's tough school boss	
Women's drive for faculty equality	
LIFE AND LEISURE	66
The Seychelles' emerging tourist boom	
THE ARTS	37
Goetz Friedrich's Marxist "Don Quixote"	

ART	43
A retrospective of Paul Strand photos	
MOVIES	58
Will videotape replace film in movies?	
Roberto Rossellini's "Socrates"	
BOOKS	60
Eric Bentley's "Thirty Years of Treason"	
"The Food of Italy," by Waverley Root	
THEATER	67
Phillip Dean's "Sty of the Blind Pig"	
OTHER DEPARTMENTS	
Periscope	2
Letters	4
New Products and Processes	10
Newsmakers	32
Transition	41
International Marketplace	50
Worldwide Stocks	53
THE COLUMNISTS	
Stewart Alsop	24
Paul A. Samuelson	53
Clem Morgello	54
William P. Bundy	68
© 1971 by Newsweek, Inc., 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022	

Newsweek, December 6, 1971

Whoever made his Jaeger-LeCoultre must have felt much the same way: the details are so exquisitely done. The man in the shop told us it took a thousand hours to make, and it was finished by hand. There was another Jaeger-LeCoultre in the shop—my kind, with brilliants in white. He didn't say a word when I pointed it out, but I think he said, "You."

JAEGER-LECOULTRE Genève

THE PERISCOPE

MR. NIXON TAMES A TEXAN

The President has tightened the reins on the most free-wheeling member of his Cabinet, Treasury Secretary John Connally. The Texas Democrat's hard-line tactics against Japan and the nations of Western Europe during the world money crisis (even after those countries had offered major concessions) sparked complaints from the State Department and White House adviser Henry Kissinger that Connally was putting long-standing U.S. alliances in peril. One noticeable result was that a recent Connally speech in New York was, at Mr. Nixon's direction, greatly toned down before delivery.

MOSCOW MINDS ITS U.S. TIES

While readying a Moscow welcome for President Nixon, the Kremlin isn't neglecting its other American fences. Mikhail Suslov, No. 4 man in the Soviet hierarchy and its leading Marxist theoretician, has written a long letter to Gus Hall, head of the U.S. Communist Party, noting that Mr. Nixon wrote first to suggest a summit meeting. The fact is that the President's letter, which produced Leonid Brezhnev's invitation to Moscow, was prompted by earlier overtures from Soviet diplomats.

THE PRICE OF POLITICAL PRIVACY

GOP congressmen debating the new legislation regulating political contributions got a chilling warning from Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, chief fund-raiser for the 1968 Nixon campaign. Enforcement of the proposed rules on disclosure of donors, he bluntly told GOP leaders, would "dry up contributors who give anywhere from \$10,000 to \$200,000."

WHERE SHOULD JACKSON RUN?

The Florida branch of Sen. Henry Jackson's brain trust, plus the AFL-CIO leaders who look fondly on the senator as a Presidential candidate, are upset by his thinking about entering the New Hampshire primary. The balloting in Florida comes just a week after the New England vote, and the fear is that Jackson will waste time and money in what is rated home country for Maine's Sen. Edmund Muskie.

PEKING'S TWO MIDEAST VIEWS

Peking appears to have two Mideast policies, one public, one private. The Chinese have refused to join the big-power talks on the Arab-Israeli con-

flict because they do not support the 1967 U.N. resolution setting them up. In private talks, however, Peking's envoys have been saying they would "not oppose" a settlement based on the U.N. plan. Diplomats suspect the reason the Chinese are keeping their private views private is that the Palestine guerrillas—whom the Chinese support—oppose the 1967 resolution. Backing it would not help Peking's stance as the champion of Third World nations.

CLEANING UP WITH MR. NIXON

A plan to clean up the Great Lakes in one massive billion-dollar sweep will soon be put before the President by Environmental Protection Administrator William Ruckelshaus. It will involve new waste-disposal technology and bans on municipal and industrial dumping, plus chemical treatment for lake waters. The proposal, besides promoting Mr. Nixon as a clean-water champion, should also help him with Midwestern voters.

CULTIVATING THE CORN-BELT VOTE

To pacify farmers in the big corn states, who are up in arms over the depressed prices caused by record crops, the Administration is reported ready to use a section of the new farm law permitting payments to farmers when feed grains fall below certain levels. The checks would arrive in the farmers' mailboxes next spring—just in time for the beginning of the primary voting season.

THE SOVIET NAVY'S NEWEST 'BIRD'

Missile watchers in the Pentagon expect the Soviet Navy's new ICBM to become an operational weapon late in 1972. It has just had its fourteenth test firing since 1969, a successful 3,400-mile flight from the White Sea to Kamchatka on the Pacific. The experts think it may replace an earlier, sub-launched missile of about 1,300-mile range. (The U.S. Navy's Poseidon, the replacement for the Polaris, is rated at about 2,800 miles.)

A MESSAGE FOR JOHN LINDSAY

New York's Mayor John Lindsay is getting messages from Democratic politicians in California urging him to decide quickly whether or not he will run for President. These professionals, whose state is reckoned as one where Lindsay can count on at least some support from party regulars, say time is short. Many key Democrats are edging toward Sen. Edmund Muskie simply because, as one of them (who favors Lindsay) put it, "it's time to make a commitment."

highest cost/performance ratio GX deck



M-11D

"Highest cost/performance ratio" means it's the best buy for your money. After you have seen AKAI's latest M-11D Stereo Tape Deck performing and after having listened to it, you'll agree. You can enjoy true sound—GX sound. By "GX sound", we mean sound reproduced with the AKAI-developed GX (glass and single crystal ferrite) Head, the first of its kind in the world. This head is "dust free" and "wear free" and guaranteed for highest quality sound for over 100 times the service life of conventional permalloy heads! It also produces a "focused field" which makes possible recording of both super high and super low frequencies without distortion.

An outstanding feature of the M-11D is the new center capstan system which

provides equal tape tension during forward and reverse playback. This results in substantially decreased and even wow/flutter.

Yet another revolutionary feature is the AKAI-developed self-lubricating hysteresis synchronous 2-speed motor incorporated in this tape deck. This self-lubricating system means semipermanent maintenance-free operation of the motor.

The M-11D also features such professional specs as automatic reverse with sensing tape, instant manual reverse, automatic stop/shut-off switch, Super Range Tape (SRT) switch for use when using low noise tapes, pause control, 3 heads including 2 GX Heads, and 2 speeds.

To match the high performance of the M-11D, the AA-6600 Solid State AM/FM Multiplex Stereo Tuner Amplifier and SW-155 Hi-Fi Stereo Speaker System are recommended.

AKAI's M-11 Stereo Tape Recorder is also available.

Audio & Video

AKAI®

AKAI ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
Ohta-ku, Tokyo, Japan

OKINAWA: Gakiya Radio Electric Co., High-Way No. 1, Oyama TAIWAN: Te Ming Trading Co., Ltd., No. 12, 2 Sec., Wu Chang St., Taipei HONG KONG: P.H. Shek Ltd., United Chinese Bank Bldg., Des Voeux Rd., Central SINGAPORE: Amateur Photo Stores Ltd., Rm. 503, Chinese Chamber of Commerce Bldg., 5th Floor, Hill St., Singapore 6 MALAYSIA: Amateur Photo Stores (M) Sdm. Bhd., 54 Jalan Raja Laut, Kuala Lumpur/49 Penang St., Penang PHILIPPINES: Sigma-Mariwasa Inc., 717 Aurora Blvd., Quezon THAILAND: G. Simon Radio Co., Ltd., 30, Patpong Ave., Surriwong, Bangkok SAIPAN: J.C. Tenorio Enterprises, P.O. Box 195, Saipan, Mariana Islands 96950 CAMBODIA: General Radio-TV Co., 101, Vithei Khemarak Phoumin, Phnompenh CEYLON: Elite Radio & Engineering Co., Ltd., 26 Keyzer St., Colombo 11 WEST PAKISTAN: Universal Enterprises, Shop No. 34, Hotel Metropole Bldg., Karachi-17 GUAM: The AKAI Shop Inc., P.O. Box 221, Agana, Guam VIETNAM: AKAI Information Center, 80 Tudu, Saigon

AKAI products are available through the PACEX MAIL ORDER SECTION, APO San Francisco 96323 and MAIL ORDER SECTION, Navy Exchange #260-010, FPO Seattle 98762. Also available through US Army & Air Force PACEX Exchanges, Navy Exchange, and Marine Corps Exchange. U.S. Navy Purchasing Branch, Hongkong, B.C.C. service and maintenance facilities are available in the U.S.A. Write to us for a list of AKAI service shops.

Remember when there were only two sides to every question?

A man could once say Yes or No.

But not any more.

Not when the Nuclear Society keeps growing. Not when more and more of the world's millions are hammering at the door of better living—and in many cases, getting no reply.

Not when a decision in Moscow or Manchuria can affect your welfare in Manchester, Manila, or Mysore.

As all the problems of the world grow in number and complexity, so do the answers:

from a simple Yes or No to a not-so-simple multiplicity of choice.

Good journalists once could provide quick answers, but no longer. Today's questions defy such answers. Journalism today is rather an arsenal of awareness, to provide readers with ammunition against easy answers. It offers not solutions, but options based on facts and informed opinions of which one of several courses can be taken.

Competent journalism must resist the desire to reassure the reader that all is well, as long as he keeps reading. It must instead have the courage to give him the best possible guidance in a world in which he knows all is not well.

News doesn't have to be unchangingly bad or challenging or foreboding. But it must be reported today with a sense of responsibility—for people with a sense of maturity.

For such people, in fact, there is an excellent option.

Newsweek the world's most quoted newsweekly

Mrs. Cynthia Castle-Hammond is having an affair with Lufthansa.

It's all over the world.

Some people might call Mrs. Hammond flighty. Not Lufthansa. We find her single-minded and devoted. She has been known to extend her stay in many of the cities we fly to, rather than leave with one of our rivals.

What is it that makes Mrs. Hammond—and seven million other passengers—so faithful to Lufthansa?

Is it our cuisine? Our First Class Senator Service? Our beer? Or our extra services (which don't finish when the flight does)?

Perhaps it's our reputation for reliability and efficiency.

For instance, if we say we are taking off from Dakar at 3.05 a. m. then — if the control tower is happy — that is exactly when we'll take off.

Whatever it is, Mrs. Hammond, like anyone in love, isn't telling.

But we're happy... happy to have been able to sweep her off her feet.

And into the air.



Lufthansa

Official
Airline
München
1972



ready voted in the affirmative, withheld my vote. A pair, such as the one described, can only be given when one of the members is physically present in the chamber to announce the pair.

I have always considered your magazine excellent in its coverage of national affairs and rarely have found inaccurate reporting. I hope this letter corrects one of the infrequent inaccuracies.

HUGH SCOTT
Senate Minority Leader
Washington, D.C.

Outside the Great Wall

The cover is a masterpiece of photography. It catches the fine, immensely intelligent and expressive face of Chou En-lai. I felt that I was instantly and instinctively confronted with a face that could be that of the "Khan of Khans," the "Emperor of the World": Genghis Khan (CHINA JOINS THE WORLD, Nov. 8).

The U.S. will never be able to penetrate and understand the Chinese thought and soul. Chou's penetrating, dreadful and distrustful glance is not only directed at Nixon, Brezhnev and the Japanese but also at the whole world of barbarians outside the Great Wall.

MORDECHAI SCHAPIRA
Haifa, Israel

■ One of the most important events of the postwar period was the coming to power of Mao Tse-tung. Another important fact is the rise of Japan as a world economic power. I cannot understand journalists and politicians in the United States and the Western world in general, who, like ostriches, bury their heads in the sand and cannot look straight at the certain turn of events in the next decade or two. China, Japan and Asia are coming together, will work together and in the future will be the most powerful bloc in the world.

GAMINI SAMARASINGHE
Lund, Sweden

Along the Border

Pakistanis share Mr. Bundy's concern (Oct. 25) that the situation on the Indo-Pakistan borders should not be allowed to develop into an "outright war between India and Pakistan." But one fails to appreciate Mr. Bundy's observation that "both India's support of the guerrillas and its resulting passionate rejection of U.N. observers in its refugee camps are understandable parts of a policy under which Mrs. Gandhi has so far courageously resisted pressures for outright war." Surely, if Mrs. Gandhi wants peaceful resolution of the problem of displaced persons, India should agree to a United Nations team on her side of the borders. Pakistan has already expressed willingness to this proposal. Under the circumstances, India's obduracy is calculated to provide fire cover to the infiltrators so that they can help India attain her long-cherished goal of undoing Pakistan. It should be the aim of all those who want to avoid "the worst crisis the world has faced since 1945" to make India agree

to a policy of non-interference in the internal affairs of Pakistan so that a solution that meets the desires of our people can be worked out.

A. H. KARDAR
Member Elect
Punjab Provincial Assembly
Lahore, West Pakistan

Amchitka

The Atomic Energy Commission's insistence on proceeding with the Cannikin test (U.S. AFFAIRS, Nov. 15) demonstrates one of the saddest realities of human behavior—the inability of man to view a situation from a perspective other than his own.

How could the AEC possibly defend itself if, while in full possession of the facts concerning the potential destructive possibilities of a 5-megaton anti-ballistic missile, the explosion went down in history as eventually the most devastating since Hiroshima?

KATHERINE KOPERSKI
Brockport, N.Y.

■ I feel totally helpless and doomed when I try to believe in the great goodness and beauty of this earth. Why must the idiocy of grown men determine practices that will further pollute what little clean air, sea, animal and plant life mankind has left?

What kind of pleas do we need to see that we are already on the brink of barbarism? I find it hard to believe in civilization. The only answer seems to be to escape—but where?

MAJORIE ELLEN LOBB
Darbu, Norway

Supreme Court

President Nixon's nominations of strict constructionists to the U.S. Supreme Court seem to be viewed as catastrophic by supporters of the activism of the Warren Court era. These supporters have lost no opportunity to place the philosophy of strict constructionism in the worst possible light.

NEWSWEEK's article "Nixon Poker: Six of a Kind" (U.S. AFFAIRS, Oct. 25) characterized it as "a philosophy that does not necessarily insist on judicial excellence and achievement among its tenets." A more serious charge was laid a week later in the article "The Court Is Supreme, After All" (U.S. AFFAIRS, Nov. 1) which claimed that "Mr. Nixon's 'strict constructionist' label means little—the majority tend to be strict on matters of property, states' rights and judicial restraint, somewhat looser on interpreting guarantees of the Bill of Rights."

I suggest that those who want the return of an activist Court would more effectively achieve their aim by voting next year for the Presidential candidate who promises to appoint one.

ROBERT M. SCOBLE
Sydney, Australia

Letters to the Editor, with writer's name and address, should be sent to: Newsweek, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Newsweek

Philip L. Graham, 1915-1963

Frederick S. Beebe, Chairman of the Board
Katharine Graham, President, The Washington Post Company

Editor-in-Chief and President
Osborn Elliott

Editor

Kermit Lansner

Managing Editor: Lester Bernstein

Executive Editor: Robert Christopher

Senior Editors: Joel Blocker, Arnaud de Borchgrave, Mel Elfin, Rod Gander, Peter Goldman, Edward Klein, Edward Kosner, Jack Kroll, Dwight Martin, Lawrence S. Martz, Clem Morgello, Russell Watson.

Art Directors: Alfred Lowry.

Operations Directors: James M. Blackwell.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, Hal Bruno, Karl Fleming, Milton Friedman, Joseph Morgenstern, Charles Roberts, Paul A. Samuelson, Leon Volkov, Henry C. Wallich. General Editors: Kenneth Auchincloss, Hans Axelrod, Olga Barbi, Richard Booth, Raymond Carroll, Matt Clark, Jack Conway, Robert V. Engle, Jerrold K. Footlick, John T. McAllister, Albert W. McCollough, Tom Nicholson, Bill Roeder, Walter Rundle, Hubert Saal, Rafael Steinberg, Harry F. Waters, Kenneth L. Woodward, Christopher S. Wren, Paul D. Zimmerman.

Associate Editors: George Alexander, David M. Alpern, Lucille Beachy, Peter Bonventre, Susan Braudy, Barbara Bright, Charles Caruso, Daniel Chu, Walter Clemons, Arthur Cooper, Douglas Davis, James E. Doherty, George Gann, Peter Gwynne, Ivan Kaye, Peter G. Kramer, Charles T. Michener, Stephen K. Oberbeck, David Paul, G. Bruce Porter, Peter S. Prescott, Michael Ruby, Sandra Salmans, Ann C. Scott, Ted Slate, Richard M. Smith, Archer Speers, Richard Steele, Robert Vermillion, Ruth Werthman, Fay Willey, Lynn Young, Arthur Zich.

Department Heads: John Lynch, Ralph D. Paladino, Milton Unger.

Assistant Editors: Virginia B. Adams, Constance W. Carroll, John J. Conannon, Ebbe Ebbesen, August P. Giannini, Judith Ginsold, George Gorman, Hans Gosnell, Lucy Howard, Phyllis Malamud, Ann Ray Martin, Virginia Martino, James McVea, Margaret Montagna, Bob Monterola, August von Muggenthaler, Johnathan Rodgers, Kenneth Sarvis, Ann M. Schumacher, Gerson Zelman.

Senior Editorial Assistants: Edward R. Darlington, Allison W. Dimond, Suzanne Donner, Susan Fleming, Valerie Gerry, Janet Huck, Ruri Kawashima, Abigail L. Kudlik, Jean MacGregor, Trish Reilly, Jean Seligmann, Merrill Shells, Raymond Swail.

Editorial Assistants: Susan Agrest, Katrina Ames, Linda Backstein, Bonnie Bell, Mehrak Birjandi, Judith Birnbaum, Dobrila Bonchik, John Burke, J. Calamari, Holly Camp, Diane Camper, Betsy Carter, Albert J. Cass, Stephen Cole, Patricia Conway, Joseph A. Cosenza, Barbara L. Davidson, Mary K. Doris, Jerry Eitelberg, Jerome Gram, Constance Guthrie, Joan Heady, Mary B. Hood, Joseph Ingarra, Lorraine Kisly, Laurie Lisle, Anne McGinn, Joan McHale, Ruth McKown, Stephen G. Michaud, Barbara H. Nicolosi, Eileen Pond, Sylvia Robinson, Don Scott, Bill Seldman, Dorothy Sheddock, Ralph K. Smith, Nancy Stadman, Joseph P. Stiner, Cornelius van den Heuvel, Lisa Whitman.

Art and Pictures: Thomas P. Orr (Photo Editor), Barbara A. Allen, Walter Bensl, James J. Bresnan, Americo Calvo, Helen Clancy, Robert Cohen, Dale Denmark, Grace Dostal, Roxanne Edwards, Charles D. Feeney, George Fitzgerald, Henry Genn, Bernard Gotfried, James J. Kenney, Robert R. McElroy, Paul Melone, Anthony Rollo, Joseph Romano, Donald Van Dyke, John Whelan.

News Editors: Don Holt.
Bureau: WASHINGTON: Mel Elfin, James Bishop Jr., Samuel Shaffer, Nancy Ball, Guy Bocell, Evert Clark, Philip B. Cook, Thomas M. DeFrank, William S. Gray, Shirley Hoffman, Nicholas Horrock, Henry W. Hubbard, Tom Joyce, John Lindsay, Thelma McMahon, Norma Milligan, Lloyd H. Norman, Elizabeth Peer, Robert Shogan, Henry T. Simmons, Richard T. Stout, Rich Thomas, Henry L. Trehwitt, Samuel Yette, Wally McNamee (photographer). ATLANTA: Joseph B. Cumming Jr., Henry P. Leffermann, Stephen Leshner, Sunde Smith, Eleanor Clift. BOSTON: Frank W. Morgan Jr., Seth S. Goldschlager. CHICAGO: Frank Mader, Bernice Buresh, Mary Alice Kellogg, Malcolm MacPherson. DETROIT: James C. Jones, Jon Lowell, Vera E. Smith. HOUSTON: Hugh Aynesworth, Kent Biff. LOS ANGELES: John L. Dotson Jr., Paul Brinkley-Rogers, Martin Kasindorf, Marvin Kupfer, Lester Sloan (photographer). NEW YORK: Patricia Lynden, Tom Mathews, Ruth N. Ross. SAN FRANCISCO: Gerald C. Lubenow, Elisabeth Coleman, William J. Cook, James D. Wilson. UNITED NATIONS: Raymond Carroll. LONDON: Robert J. Korengold, Angus Deming. PARIS: Edward Behr, Alan Tillier, Steve Saler. BONN-MUNICH: Bruce van Voorst, John Dornberg, Joachim Moskau. VIENNA: Milan J. Kubic. ROME: Jane Whitmore. MOSCOW: Jay Axelbank. BEIRUT: Loren Jenkins, Kenneth D. Huszar. NAIROBI: Peter R. Webb, Andrew Jaffe. TOKYO: Bernard Krieger. HONG KONG: Maynard Parker, Tony Clifton, Sydney Liu. SAIGON: Kevin Buckley, Donald A. Johnson, Nicholas C. Proffitt. BUENOS AIRES: John Barnes. Special Correspondents: JERUSALEM: Michael Elkins. MADRID: Miguel Acca. NEW DELHI: R. Ramanujam. OTTAWA: Gerald Worona.

Gibson McCabe, Vice Chairman
Harry C. Thompson, Publisher
Robert D. Campbell, Executive Vice President
Thomas O. Darrigan, Secretary-Treasurer
S. Arthur Dember, Senior Vice President
Russell J. Melvin, Vice President

INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

Peter A. Derow, Vice President, Managing Director
Earl K. Chism, Administrative Director: Terrence J. Dougherty, Production Controller: Thomas P. Fowler, Promotion Director: James A. Haworth, Circulation Director: Ramon H. Ivey, Production Director: Robert G. McMurtry, Advertising Director: Donald M. Quinn, Circulation Controller: Michael G. Stien, Marketing Director: John F. Sullivan, Information Systems Director: François G. Verglas, Development Director.

ASIA EDITIONS: 6-4, 1-chome Marunouchi, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo, C. J. Kennedy, Managing Director; G. Ando, Promotion Director; K. Kato, Japan Sales Director; L. Napear, Publicity Director; Y. Ohba, Administrative Director; T. Sago, Circulation Director; S. Sai, Production Director.

Longines Ultra-Quartz: world's first cybernetic watch.

Cybernetics. Is the self regulation of a phenomenon by means of an electronic comparison circuit. In the Longines Ultra-Quartz the latter receives the frequencies of the quartz and the motor, in the form of impulses, compares them and if necessary sends a correction signal to the motor sustaining circuit. This process of automatic correction takes

place 170 times per second, thus guaranteeing a precision in the region of a minute per year.

Dependable. The high technical standard and construction of the Longines Ultra-Quartz all combine to make it resistant to: water, shock, acceleration, vibration, and magnetic fields.

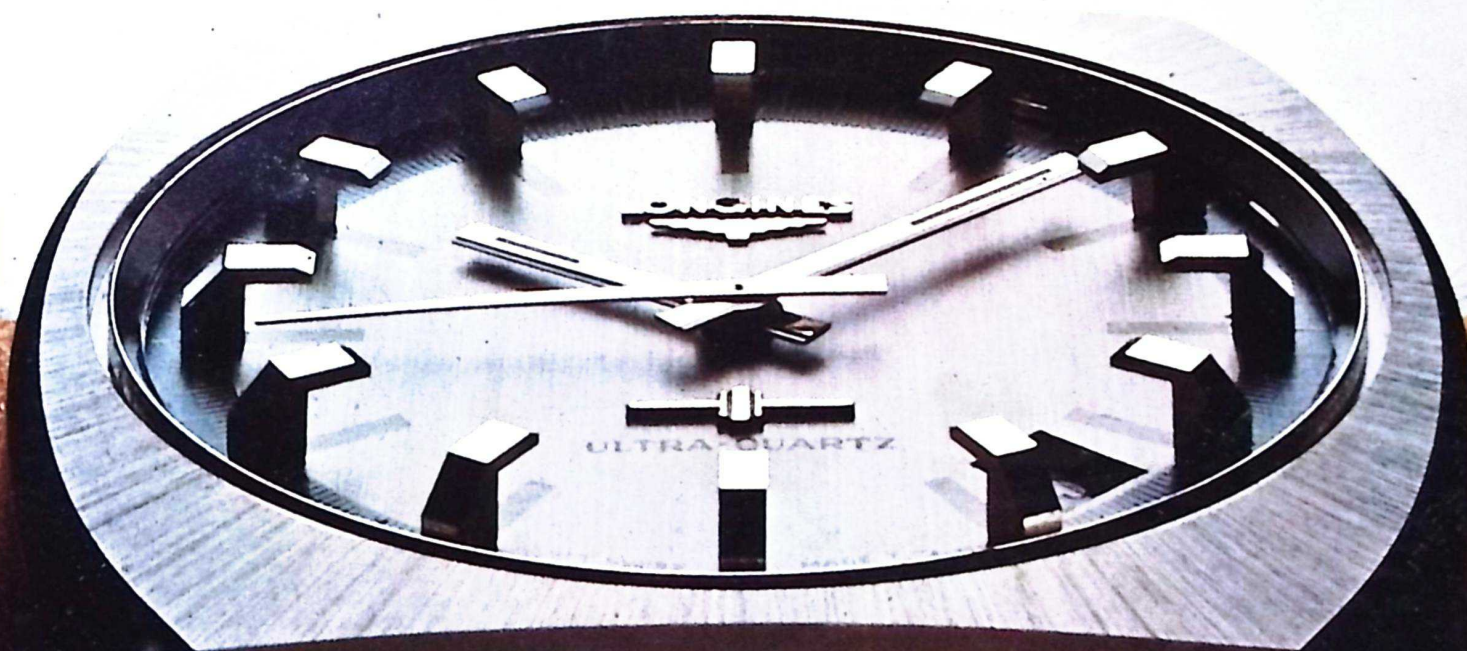
Security. The Ultra-Quartz is so precious that we

feel it our duty to offer you one final bonus. As well as the usual Longines World Service guarantee, we insure your Longines Ultra-Quartz against theft and loss.



LONGINES

The new measure of time
Ref. 8482 steel - Ref. 8483 gold.



Longines
official timer
at the Olympic Games
Munich 1972



UPDATING TWA'S NEW AMBASSADOR SERVICE.

TWA has a new service to America and Europe and around the world.

It's called Ambassador Service. And it's genuinely new. Not a new name for something old.

We ripped out the insides of our entire 707 fleet. And started again.

You'll find new carpets, new colours, new hostess uniforms, new everything.

707 Economy.

There's the new twin seat in economy. It can be three across or, if the plane's not crowded, two across or even a couch.

Also in economy, we now offer a choice of three meals. Most airlines give no choice.

In first class we have new armchairs. And a choice of no less than five international meals.



NO OTHER AIRLINE HAS ANYTHING LIKE IT.

With wines, champagne and liqueurs from around the world.

After dinner, there are two movies on every movie flight. (One for general audiences, one for mature). And eight channels of stereo.

TWA's Ambassador Service doesn't stop when the plane does.

At every airport you'll find our Ground 707 First Class.

Ambassador to help you with any problems you may have, from finding you a hotel to phoning your office.

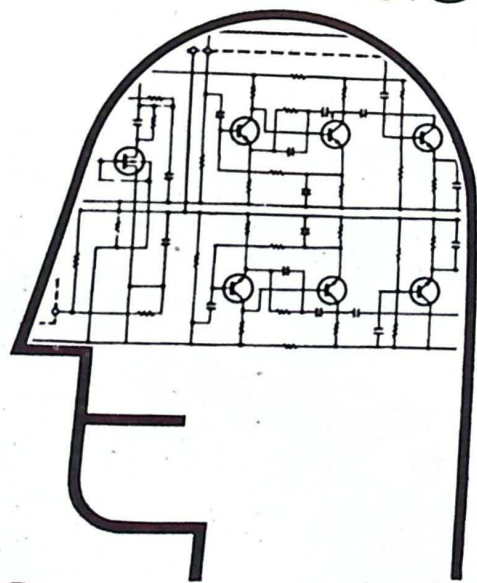
TWA's new Ambassador Service is available around the world.

In economy or first class, no other airline has anything like it.



SYSTEMATIC

To stay big in international trade, you have to have a knack for organizing and originating problem solving solutions. We have it. With the ingenuity of more than 4,000 Nichimen marketing specialists strategically located around the world, we can help you discover when, where, and how to do business effectively. Nichimen. We find the answers.



Nichimen

Nichimen Co., Ltd.

P.O. Box 18, Osaka, C.P.O. Box 1136, Tokyo
10 offices located in major international cities.

NEW PRODUCTS AND PROCESSES

Chameleon: Printing inks that change color with alterations in temperature have been developed by Tokyo Ohka Kogyo Co. of Kawasaki, Japan, and Dai Nippon Printing Co. of Tokyo. The secret lies in the use of so-called liquid crystals—microcapsules of organic substances that are mixed into the ink in manufacture. The first commercial application of the new inks will be on a forthcoming cover on a women's weekly magazine published in Tokyo. The developers say the touch of a reader's finger will cause the cover picture to change color. Later applications are planned for beer-bottle labels and frozen-food packages.

Timber Checker: A new Swiss-made device makes possible fast, accurate on-site inventory of such for-



estry data as wood volume and stumpage and eliminates the need for filling out tedious forms. The device, called Swiss Perfo, looks somewhat like a giant caliper and has dial settings to record on paper tape the diameter, height, species and quality of forest growth (photo). The tape is later fed into computers for direct readout and analysis. Swiss Perfo is available from Maison Transdata, S.A., of St. Croix, Switzerland, and is priced from \$500 to \$675.

See-Through: A new, transparent adhesive developed specifically for bonding glass to glass has been introduced by Epoxy Technology, Inc., of Watertown, Mass. The adhesive, called Epo-Tek 310, has a "pull-apart" strength of 570 pounds

per square inch, will cure in two hours (at 149 degrees Fahrenheit) and will withstand temperatures ranging from 58 degrees below zero to 167 degrees above zero Fahrenheit. Besides attaching glass to glass with no visual distortion or loss of light transmission, Epo-Tek 310 can be used to bond metal to metal, ceramics to ceramics and metal to glass. The adhesive, intended for industrial use, is available in half-pound evaluation kits for \$10.

Add Water and Serve: A line of lightweight, freeze-dried meals prepared especially for hikers, campers and boatmen has been introduced by Wilson Certified Foods, Inc., of Oklahoma City, Okla. The freeze-drying process removes 98 per cent of the moisture content of the foods,

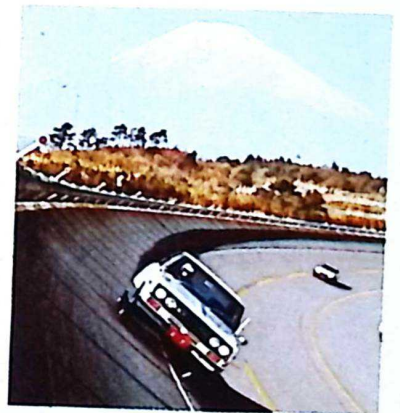
making them feather light and insusceptible to spoilage. When soaked in water for about fifteen minutes, the ingredients of the freeze-dried meals are said to resume the appearance, weight and flavor of fresh products. Sold under the Campsite Foods label, the freeze-dried meals include a complete breakfast, beefsteak and pork-chop dinners, and individual servings of beef and chicken stew, hamburgers, scrambled eggs, diced ham, ham cubes, meat balls and bacon bars. A complete meal for two weighs less than 7 ounces, providing the backpacker with a lightweight, varied larder that need not be kept refrigerated. Prices range from \$1.69 for a Campsite breakfast for two to \$2.99 for a beefsteak dinner for two.

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



Los Angeles Loves Us

Los Angeles is a city of highways. People zip to work. Zip home. Zip to the country. Zip downtown. And a lot of them zip in Toyota safety. Power. Economy. And comfort. Because a Toyota is backed by worldwide research, modern manufacturing methods and computer-quick after sales service. And Toyota international love.



TOYOTA

If you are in Hollywood, Los Angeles, U.S.A., the man to see is Jack Everroad, your Toyota dealer. He can tell you what highway testing we do to prove Toyota power superiority. (See small photo.) Result? Your Toyota is one of the safest cars built. For high-speed highway driving today.



Thessaloniki Citibankers at the White Tower.

In Thessaloniki — the right bank in the right place

Every year, many visitors to Greece attend the International Trade Fair in Thessaloniki, Greece's second largest city. Every day, Citibankers here, as in Athens and Piraeus, attend to the international banking needs of businessmen from all over the world. Just as we do through fully-staffed branches, subsidiaries and affiliates in 85 countries. Wherever your interests lie, Citibank is the right bank in the right place to serve you.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK
Broadest Shoulders in the World of Banking



MEMBER F.D.I.C.



APIS



UPI

Summiteers: Mr. Nixon will meet Pompidou in the Azores, Sato in California, Brandt in Florida, Heath in Bermuda, Mrs. Meir in Washington



J.H. Darchinger



UPI



UPI

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

For all of its calculated razzle-dazzle, there is something about Richard Nixon's approach to foreign policy that has remained fundamentally troubling. Those surprise announcements of his forthcoming trips to Peking and Moscow coupled with the shocks of Nixonomics on America's major trading partners have left many with the impression, fair or not, that the President is considerably more devoted to improving relations with old adversaries than in maintaining cozy ties with old allies. Last week, however, Mr. Nixon moved decisively toward repairing some of the diplomatic damage wrought by his freewheeling policies. In dramatic fashion he doled out in one-a-day fashion the official and unofficial White House on the two coasts, the President revealed his plans for a series of face-to-face talks with the leaders of France, Britain, West Germany, Japan and Canada. In a sense, Mr. Nixon was only returning to his own first principles. On taking office nearly three years ago, the President promised full consultation with allied governments on all key international issues. But in achieving his breakthrough to the Communist bloc that pledge seemed all but forgotten. The turnaround in U.S.-China came with hardly so much as a "way" warning to friendly foreign powers. And Washington's new tough stance on the world's trade and monetary issues threatened to push the leading trading nations to the point of warfare. With the Presidential season fast approaching, Mr. Nixon was aware that the disarray among his policy armor—and he decided it was time to do some patching up.

December 6, 1971

At the very least, the current round of jet-propelled summitry should keep the President at the forefront of the sweepstakes for peripatetic world leaders. In weekly sequence, the President will meet first with France's President Georges Pompidou in a two-day session in the Azores, followed by similar conferences with British Prime Minister Edward Heath in Bermuda, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt at the Florida Presidential retreat at Key Biscayne and then Japanese Prime Minister Eisaku Sato at the Western White House at San Clemente. He will also meet with Canada's Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau at a still-undetermined location in the United States. By design, Mr. Nixon was avoiding major capitals in selecting rendezvous sites in order to keep pomp and ceremonies down to a minimum. (Only Israel's strong-minded Prime Minister Golda Meir was something of a pattern buster; upset over the public acrimony between Israel and the U.S., she insisted on going to Washington for talks with the President).

At his meetings with the European and Japanese leaders, the President is given a better-than-even chance for marking up some notable successes. All of Mr. Nixon's foreign counterparts were obviously flattered with the sudden flurry of attention from Washington, particularly Pompidou, who received first billing. The bulk of the discussions is expected to center on the international monetary crisis, and there were high hopes that an interim agreement on currency parities would come from these direct talks as well as from a meeting of the Group of Ten industrial nations this week in Rome (page 47). Still, White House sources

insisted that the main business will be to assure the foreign leaders that Mr. Nixon will protect their interests during his visits to the Communist capitals. "The real rationale for the discussions," explained a U.S. official, "is to enable the President to go to Peking and Moscow as the spokesman for the free world, with the endorsement of our allies."

'Leak': The dates of the President's sojourn in China were due for official unveiling this week. But last week, as Air Force One winged westward taking the Presidential party to San Clemente, one unconfirmed "leak" came when Presidential adviser Henry Kissinger brought his two children into the rear compartment to chat with newsmen. To a reporter's question on the timing of the Peking trip, young David Kissinger, 10, piped up, "He's going in March." And the President of the U.S. now seems to have little choice but to confirm or deny the inside information of a 10-year-old.

Embarrassing as young David's gaffe may have been, however, it reflected a state of affairs which left the Democratic aspirants to the White House frustrated and envious. For his hobnobbing with world leaders should help to keep Richard Nixon in the political spotlight almost up to next November. "The President is convinced that if he wins next year, it will be because of his record on foreign affairs," said a highly placed Republican source. "The only thing that can defeat him, he believes, is a sagging economy, and he thinks that the economy is now moving reasonably well. Thus, a solid performance in the foreign field is critically important to the President because he's counting on it to win him a winning edge."



AP



Mukti Bahini attacks →
Indian Army thrusts →

Don Mackay

New Delhi ups the ante: A moral mandate for 'hot pursuit' across the East Pakistani border

The War in Bengal: India Attacks

When nations go to war, they almost invariably claim to be acting out of the purest motives. Last week, as India's leaders met in the high-domed central hall of the New Delhi Parliament, there was much pious table-thumping and jingoistic rhetoric to justify an attack against Pakistan. "If we have to silence the Pak guns," vowed Defense Minister Jagjivan Ram, "we are not going to stop at the border but go inside Pakistan. We do not care how far inside we have to go if it becomes a matter of our self-defense." With that moral mandate, thousands of Indian troops swarmed across the border into East Pakistan—and the stage was set for a third round in the seemingly endless strife between the subcontinent's two archenemies.

Inexorably, the two nations appeared to be heading for a wholly unnecessary war, one for which each side would have to shoulder an equal share of guilt. Over the past nine months, the Pakistani Government of President Mohammed Yahya Khan had indiscriminately slaughtered more than a million of its subjects in a cruel and myopic attempt to prevent autonomy for the Bengalis of East Pakistan. And India, under the leadership of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, had launched a calculated campaign to dismember Pakistan, turn its eastern wing into the client state of Bangla Desh and free itself of the burden of caring for nearly 10 million Bengali refugees who had fled Yahya's reign of terror (page 15). As one diplomat in New Delhi cynically put it, "What was seen as a liability here a few months ago, is now seen as an opportunity." What made the steady drift toward war even more tragic was

that the one man who undoubtedly could stop it—Bengali leader Sheikh Mujibur Rahman—was being tried by Pakistan for treason, and Yahya Khan steadfastly refused to free him.

Worse still, none of the world's major powers seemed able—or even very willing—to exert the kind of influence that could stop the conflict. Despite Washington's \$4 billion worth of assistance to Pakistan—aid largely designed to maintain leverage with Yahya Khan's government—the U.S. appeared powerless to sway the Pakistani leader. And the Soviet Union, notwithstanding its recently signed friendship treaty with India, had no better luck reigning in Mrs. Gandhi. Thus unchecked, the rush to war was on, even though both countries had much to lose by it. "All good Moslems believe they will go to a better reward if they die in battle," sighed a Western diplomat, "and Yahya may just want to go that way." As for India, it seemed determined to risk plunging 20 per cent of the world's population into chaos in order to realize its long-cherished hope of becoming the unchallenged power on the subcontinent and a giant to rival China for predominance in Asia.

The clash between India and Pakistan had been a long time coming. Like a pair of angry cats, the two armies had been circling and spitting at each other for months before the first lunge came. At scattered points along the 1,300-mile frontier between India and East Pakistan, troops stood poised while each side probed and harassed the other with artillery and mortar barrages, piecemeal sniping and an occasional small fire fight. All the while, the Indian and Pakistani

governments loudly accused each other of provocations and self-righteously maintained that they themselves would never be the aggressors. But, in fact, India was preparing to strike. And though New Delhi barred all reporters from border areas to conceal its troop movements, NEWSWEEK Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave, along with a correspondent of The New York Times, managed last week to slip through the Indian net. De Borchgrave's report:

There was not a sign of war as we drove the 54 miles from Calcutta to the
(Continued on Page 16)



UPI

Indians pose on captured tank

Newsweek, December 6, 1971

NO PLACE WORSE THAN HOME

These days, the telephone in P.N. Luthra's modest, third-floor flat in Calcutta starts jangling at 6 each morning. And with the first ring Luthra, a 54-year-old retired army colonel who is responsible for coordinating India's relief program for Bengali refugees, is jolted awake by one of the seemingly endless series of problems that confront him daily. The first caller on a recent morning informed him that the Indian territory of Tripura, abutting East Pakistan's Comilla district, had received only 45 freight-car loads of food the previous day instead of its normal allotment of 67. Rushing to his makeshift office in the Calcutta branch of the Labor Ministry, Luthra ordered food stocks diverted from "a little reserve I have managed to build up in Assam." But when an aide found the phone connections to Assam so bad that he could not make himself understood, a telegraphed order had to be sent instead. "It will take 24 hours to get there," Luthra muttered helplessly. "I won't even receive confirmation for another 48 hours."

And so the problems mounted through the day. According to Indian Government figures, 9.8 million Bengali refugees have already fled to India and some 12,000 more stagger across the 1,300-mile-long East Pakistani border every day. Among other things, they create a mind-boggling logistical puzzle for Luthra and his 280-man staff. With the onset of winter, some 4 million blankets must be distributed immediately in the colder districts near the Himalayan foothills, but fewer than a half million have arrived from abroad. Another 5,000 wells for drinking water have to be drilled in West Bengal to supplement the 6,000 already sunk. Concerned with reports that perhaps 30 per cent of the drug supplies and 15 per cent of the foodstuffs earmarked for the refugees vanish before reaching the 1,000 camps India now maintains, Luthra recently decreed: "We must tighten security." But an aide disagreed. "The more we tighten up," he argued, "the more bottlenecks we'll have. Speed is more important now than trying to prevent the inevitable pilfering that goes on."

Yeoman Service: In fact, for all the smarts, the Indian relief workers have performed yeoman service. At the sprawling Salt Lake camp near Calcutta's Dum Dum Airport, a new hospital staffed by sixteen doctors has helped to drastically cut the death rate among the camp's estimated 50,000 children to an average of only three a day. In addition, the children at the camp now attend an open-air school under the direction of 110 teachers: who are themselves refugees from East Pakistan. Salt Lake's population consumes some 200 truckloads of food and supplies a day—which amounts to a daily ration of 10.5 ounces of rice, 3.5 ounces

of wheat and 3.5 ounces of vegetables per person. Children also get a pint of milk per day plus a multiple vitamin pill under a supplementary feeding program to cure the malnutrition that afflicted most of them when they first crossed the border.

To be sure, the Salt Lake camp is reputed to be a "showplace." And there, as in the other 150 camps that foreign reporters are permitted to visit, it is not the least bit uncommon for ten families, or about 50 people, to huddle under a single tent measuring 50 by 24 feet. Babies are scattered all over the place, crying and vomiting, and the overpowering stench of human waste pervades the camp from one end to the other. The conditions seem intolerable, but the refugees endure because, unbelievable as it may seem, many of them never even had it this "good" in the Bengali villages whence they came. At most camps, all a refugee has to do is to look over to an adjoining Indian village, sometimes only 300 yards away, to see that, thanks to the relief program, he usually gets more to eat and receives better medical care than does the local Indian population.

Resentment: Understandably, the impression that the refugees are getting favored treatment from the Indian Government has bred resentment among the locals. When a human tidal wave of 200,000 East Bengali refugees suddenly inundated the frontier village of Balat in India's Meghalaya state, for example, Luthra's relief workers hastily organized a 400-bed hospital and dispatched a mobile X-ray unit, an electrical generator and surgical instruments there. Balat's 3,000 permanent inhabitants, most of whom had never even seen a hospital before, marveled at the attention showered on the newcomers and, naturally enough, began asking why they were not treated at the new hospital too. Similarly in Calcutta, where no fewer than 500,000 of the teeming city's 8 million people are jobless and where 70 per cent of the families subsist on about \$12 a month, there are bitter complaints that refugees have been offering their services for 1 rupee a day, instead of the going daily wage of 3 rupees for unskilled laborers. Only stern measures by the authorities have thus far prevented wholesale rioting between Calcutta's slum dwellers and the equally impoverished refugees in their desperate scramble for any sort of paying jobs.

These social strains and the staggering financial burden of refugee relief seem more than India can possibly bear. Estimates indicate that the program will have cost \$900 million by next March, of which only \$250 million has been offset by donations and pledges from abroad. Fully 16 per cent of India's



Refugees: The \$900 million burden

current national budget is now eaten up in refugee relief, and the country's food stocks, painstakingly built up over two good crop years as a cushion against leaner times, are fast dwindling. Special taxes have been levied, and the government has cut back drastically on all other spending areas, even to the extent of shelving of long-planned development programs. "We cannot even reckon how much the refugees will cost us in '72," an Indian official told NEWSWEEK's Arnaud de Borchgrave, "because the prospect is too horrendous to contemplate."

Nightmares: But contemplate it India must because there is growing evidence that many of the refugees have no intention of returning to East Pakistan—not even to an independent Bangla Desh. Some 80 per cent of the refugee population is composed of Hindus who have been the special targets in the Pakistani Army's bloody repressions, and now that they are in India many wonder why their parents failed to take them out of Moslem-dominated Bengal when the subcontinent was partitioned in 1947. Despite efforts to convince them that a new Bangla Desh will be a non-secular state with equal rights for all, few of the Hindus seem persuaded that a return to their disaster-prone villages in East Bengal is preferable to the nascent welfare state of the refugee camps. Key Indian officials told de Borchgrave, however, that unless the refugees are "unloaded very soon, Indian troops may have to drive them back home at bayonet point." Such a prospect conjures up nightmares in New Delhi and, without doubt, is a major factor behind India's current effort to resolve the Bangla Desh crisis quickly through military pressure.

(Continued from Page 14)

border town of Bangaon—no military traffic, no Indian Army units, no thudding artillery. When the road turned east, at a sign reading "Pak Border—Two Miles," we followed it until an Indian major stopped us, explaining that the Pakistanis were firing on the road just ahead. The major took us down a roadside ditch toward the border, and though we could hear the tumble of distant shelling and the whistle of an occasional bullet as we walked, the area was still calm. Where is the fighting, we asked, and the major replied, "All quiet on this side. A bit of automatic stuff at night, a few mortar rounds but otherwise no movement." At the border itself, Indian troops were well dug in and sturdy red-brick walls blocked the road. But beyond the walls, a sign was still visible, and it read: "Welcome to Pakistan."

Bound for the Border

But tranquillity suddenly vanished as we were driving back to Bangaon. In choking clouds of red dust, an awesome convoy was churning toward the border. Lumbering Soviet-built trucks towed twelve 105-mm. artillery pieces, turbaned Sikhs manned a steady stream of jeeps mounted with recoilless guns and cumbersome trailers hauled pontoon-bridge equipment. We slipped in among a seemingly endless procession of trucks, each jammed with soldiers in full combat gear and automatic weapons. Everything from amphibious armored personnel carriers to furniture for command posts was in the convoy, and it all indicated that the Indian Army was positioning itself for an incursion into Pakistan. Even though we were waved off the road just before the border, the army made no effort to conceal the border-bound caravan or India's intentions. "My men have been waiting to move forward for a month," one officer told us as we joined him for tea. "Their spirits are high."

It was patently obvious from the unceasing convoy as well as from conversation with the field commanders that India, for all its public proclamations to the contrary, was finally lending the Mukti Bahini guerrillas a direct hand. After our observation of the Indian troop movements, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi acknowledged for the first time that her army had been given the go-ahead to cross the Pakistani border "in self-defense." But in fact, India's tactics were more like the doctrine of "hot pursuit." For even before we saw the convoy, Indian forces had crossed the border north of Bangaon and destroyed thirteen Pakistani tanks. And, in another clear indication that India was stepping up its involvement in the battle for Bengal, an Indian Cabinet minister told me, "There is no time now for interim or compromise solutions. Speed is now essential."

For the time being, however, India refrained from mounting an all-out offensive. Instead, New Delhi's tactics



Marc Riboud—Magnum

Syed: 'Won't take much longer'

'WONDERFUL JOB'

Although its "President," Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, is currently being tried for treason by the Pakistani Government, the self-proclaimed nation of Bangla Desh has set up a four-man government led by "Acting President" Syed Nazrul Islam. Recently, in the first interview he has granted any journalist, Syed talked with NEWSWEEK Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave. Below, excerpts:

ON THE REBELS' CAMPAIGN

My boys have done a wonderful job. We are now well-organized and effective. The people's sense of patriotism is also an excellent source of military intelligence; all the educated people are on our side. I don't think [it will take] much longer. You have seen for yourself, both in occupied and liberated areas, the support we enjoy.

ON OUTSIDE INFLUENCE

It is entirely our own show, and there is no pressure from India of any kind... The Communists are supporting us and have pledged explicit loyalty to my government. But they are not a big factor.

ON THE UNITED STATES

The U.S. press has spelled out the basic issues. The story is now known. As a result, your Congress is supporting us, too. But we cannot understand why the U.S. Government is against us.

ON AN END TO FIGHTING

If [Yahya] has the foresight to see that independence is inevitable, then we can negotiate the details of withdrawal without bloodshed. First, he must release Mujib, then recognize independence. Fighting can then stop and troops be withdrawn. If Yahya Khan wants a settlement and a peaceful transfer of power, then all he has to do is release Mujib. If he doesn't want a peaceful transfer, then we will fight to the bitter end.

seemed designed to tie down large numbers of Pakistani troops with a series of quick, limited strikes and thereby pave the way for the Bengali guerrillas to seize control of more territory. To that end, the Indians reportedly thrust into the districts of Sylhet, Comilla and the Chittagong Hills along the eastern border, as well as pushing in from the west toward Jessore (map, page 14). Lying in the midst of a rich agricultural plain, Jessore is regarded as a key city in the rebels' plan to take over East Pakistan, and India's offensive seemed to be aimed at speeding up that timetable. With the area around the city in Indian and Mukti Bahini hands, NEWSWEEK's Tony Clifton flew into Jessore on a Pakistani Air Force plane and cabled this report:

It is obvious that the Indians are using regular troops, tanks and heavy guns to make incursions into Pakistan's territory. In fact, when I flew into Jessore, Indian soldiers still held a salient of land west of Jessore and had the city's airport under sporadic fire. I was quickly hustled off to the Pakistani headquarters where Maj. Gen. M.H. Ansari, the sector commander, described the Indian attack: "They came in strength, two brigades supported by a tank regiment and artillery fire from 130-mm. Russian guns. They pushed in about 6 miles. That was too much, so we counterattacked and pushed them back almost to the border." When I asked if the attackers could have been Bengali guerrillas, Ansari scoffed. "These weren't rebels. They were using tanks and heavy guns and the rebels haven't got that sort of weaponry. Those things don't grow on trees." He paused and added, somewhat wistfully, "Although I wish they did because then we'd get some too."

A Thankless Task

Ansari claimed that his forces had killed some 200 to 300 enemy soldiers and added, "We captured uniforms and papers which showed they were regular Indian troops. They came from the Fourteenth Punjab Regiment." While refusing to say how many of his own men had been killed, he admitted that casualties were substantial: "They weren't throwing rose petals at us, you know." Even though Ansari said that he had driven the Indians back toward the border, no Pakistani official denies that the area surrounding Jessore is effectively in enemy hands. And wresting any part of East Pakistan back from a guerrilla force will be a thankless task for the army. Although the monsoons have ended, vast areas of land are still covered with water, and literally hundreds of rivers and streams crisscross the terrain. The few roads that do exist are puny tracks, all highly vulnerable to guerrilla attack.

An equal threat to the government exists on the opposite side of East Pakistan in the Comilla district. I flew into a Pakistani headquarters near the town of Brahmanbaria where army officers charged that Indian troops had mounted

Newsweek, December 6, 1971

a major battle. The Pakistani commander led me to a railroad truck piled high with dead bodies and showed off the weapons he had captured. While there was no way for me to tell whether the decomposing bodies were those of Bengali guerrillas or Indian regulars, the rifles, automatic weapons and light machine guns were undeniably of those types used by the Indian Army. The brigadier had no doubts that his enemies were Indians, and he was almost gleeful when he described the battle. "We killed between 300 and 400 men, with three times that many wounded," he crowed. "We destroyed the Nineteenth Punjab Battalion and badly mauled another."

The brigadier's bloodthirsty attitude was thoroughly typical of the feelings that Pakistanis and Indians have for each other. For the two states have been uneasy and often hostile neighbors since they were carved out of British-ruled India in 1947. The surgery that created Pakistan as a bifurcated Moslem state divided by 1,000 miles of Hindu India was hardly performed before countless thousands of people were slaughtered in the indescribably bloody "partition riots." And although the festering hatreds born of differing religions and customs were kept leashed for much of the following quarter century, the open warfare that broke out between India and Pakistan over Kashmir in 1948-49 and again in 1965 ensured that the mutual antagonisms would not die.

Nor is the India-Pakistan enmity the only hostility that scars the troubled subcontinent. Just as much antagonism exists between Pakistan's two principal races—the Punjabis who dominate West Pakistan and control both government and army, and the Bengalis of East Pakistan who bitterly resented the west's economic exploitation of their prosperous agricultural land and their status as a subjugated people. When the Bengalis rallied behind Sheikh Mujibur Rahman in last December's national election, they won a clear majority of seats in the nation's parliament. But Yahya Khan postponed the parliamentary opening, provoking a general strike and murderous Bengali rioting in East Pakistan. Yahya's response was brutal. He loosed the Punjabi army on the East in a terror campaign that eventually took the lives of more than 1 million Bengalis and drove 9.8 million into exile in India. And, however unwittingly, he brought his country and India to the brink of war.

India Holds the Cards

For Pakistan, a head-on collision with India would likely verge on catastrophe. With India's armed forces more than double Pakistan's (980,000 men against 392,000) and its air force totaling 625 combat aircraft as opposed to 285 Pakistani planes, New Delhi holds a heavy statistical advantage. But beyond that, the weather, political geography and the Mukti Bahini have all combined to give

India a virtually fail-safe position. The winter snows have closed off the Himalayan passes, thereby reducing the danger of a Communist Chinese attack in support of Pakistan; in fact, so confident is India that its Chinese border is safe that it recently repositioned some of its mountain troops along the Pakistani borders. Moreover, Yahya Khan faces a logistical nightmare trying to resupply his forces, separated from each other by East Pakistan's waterlogged terrain and from the West by India itself. Most important, Yahya's 80,000 troops in East Pakistan must fight two enemies at once—the Indians in front and the increasingly menacing Bengali guerrillas in the rear.

Indeed, the two-front nature of the fighting forms the nucleus of India's current strategy. For months, Mrs. Gandhi's government trained and equipped the Mukti Bahini. But seeing no sign that

difficulties in the long run." And the People's Republic of China—a principal supporter of Pakistan's cause—concentrated chiefly on bawling out the Soviets.

Nobody Is Listening

Nowhere was the impotence of a major power more evident than in Washington. Although the Nixon Administration called on the combatants to show restraint, the pleas fell on deaf ears. In India, where anger at the fact that the U.S. continued arms shipments to Pakistan until a month ago still runs high, a senior official bristled at the U.S. request. "We got the pats on the back for our restraint and they got the arms," he snapped. "You say you're putting pressure on the Pakistanis. We say you're trying to eat the cake and keep it." Nor did the U.S. meet with any greater success in Islamabad. For all his reliance on U.S.



Mukti Bahini guerrillas: India speeding the timetable of rebellion

Yahya Khan would agree to autonomy for the East, and bleeding to death economically from the cost of caring for the refugees, India upped the ante. "They couldn't afford to let the Mukti Bahini rebellion mature at its own rate," a diplomat explained, "so they decided to telescope the process." The incursions were the result, and last week, as Mrs. Gandhi began a series of visits to border troops, New Delhi abounded with rumors of further dramatic escalation.

While the Indians and Pakistanis were trading bullets and talking of a larger war to come, the rest of the world was merely talking. Despite the fact that they had supplied both the arms and the money to fuel the fighting, the world's major powers seemed unable to stop the conflict. Russia, which has supplanted the West as India's premier armorer, confined itself mainly to low-key tongue-clicking in Pravda, perhaps because Moscow feels it is backing the eventual winner. Military conflict, the Pravda article said, "would cause dire human and material sacrifice and would cause further

support, Yahya resolutely clung to the view that Pakistan could be saved without the release of Mujib and without buckling under to the Mukti Bahini.

Given Yahya's intransigence and the increasingly provocative Indian border crossings, it was difficult to see how full-scale war could be avoided. Indeed, many foreign military attachés in New Delhi predicted that Jessore would fall to the Mukti Bahini by the end of this week—thus setting the scene for the proclamation of an independent Bangla Desh and, perhaps, a retaliatory declaration of war by Pakistan against India. If that should happen, the subcontinent would be engulfed in a more punishing conflict than any it has ever seen. For unlike past wars between India and Pakistan, this might well decide the ultimate fate of one of the antagonists. "The birth pangs of Bangla Desh will signal the death throes of Pakistan as we have known it," said one American diplomat. "Yahya knows that. His army knows it. And they won't go down without putting up one hell of a fight."



Tass—Sovfoto

Clients with patrons: Pakistan's Yahya and Chinese official; India's Gandhi with Russian leaders

Why India Won't Risk Peace

If India fails to provoke Pakistan into an all-out war, it surely will not be for lack of trying. True enough, no one seriously believed that New Delhi had precipitated problems in East Pakistan where none had existed before. But neither did anyone doubt that the Indians had sought to take every possible advantage of the crisis from the beginning. Nor was there any question but what with the "opportunity of a lifetime," as one Indian politician described it, now in hand, New Delhi would risk everything to transform its dream of a weak, dismembered Pakistan into a reality.

As most Indians saw it, there was really no other choice. With the bills for refugee care soaring astronomically, officials in New Delhi were convinced that a full-scale war would be far cheaper than being stuck with the refugee problem for even one more year. And they even produced the figures to prove it. By next March, according to official estimates, the refugees will have cost the Indian government \$900 million—or more than thirteen times the cost of the entire 1965 war with Pakistan. In short, if the current crisis dragged on, the financial drain on the Indian budget might well become unbearable. Indeed, what the Indians seemed to fear most was a Palestinian-style denouement—in which the government would have to contend with both the refugees and a continuing and costly standoff with hostile Pakistani forces in East Bengal. "We have accepted the risk of war," said one Indian official, "because we believe the risks to India of letting things go on as they have been are far greater than the risks of war."

That kind of attitude has confronted Pakistan's Mohammed Yahya Khan with a painful dilemma: whether to accept defeat and proceed with a humiliating withdrawal from East Pakistan or to risk

initiating a devastating war himself. Given the dismal alternatives, Yahya has understandably tried to carve out a more favorable position somewhere in between. Under pressure from Pakistan's so-called "22 families" (the nation's most powerful business leaders, who originally favored the crackdown on the Bengali rebellion to preserve their investments in the east but who now fear losses at home due to protracted war), Yahya has even begun to talk of compromises—privately suggesting the possibility of a plebiscite in the east. As one U.S. diplomat explained it: "It's obvious that Yahya is beginning to understand some things he missed a few months ago."

On Trial for Treason

But it may already be too late for Yahya Khan to salvage an acceptable compromise. For despite his apparent willingness to haggle, he remains unwilling to make the only concessions that would seem to appeal to New Delhi: the release of Sheikh Mujibur Rahman and negotiations for an independent Bangla Desh. Still on trial for treason, Mujib remains in jail in the Punjabi town of Lyallpur. And Yahya is by no means ready to accept the humiliation of Bengali independence just yet. As the Indian pressure has escalated, in fact, Yahya has stiffened too—talking very much like a man who knows a fight is coming. "If she [Mrs. Gandhi] wants war," he declared last week, "then I will give it to her. If that woman thinks she is going to cow me, I refuse to take it."

If all-out war comes, most people expect the Pakistanis to trigger it with a strike into Kashmir or across India's western plains. An escalation of the conflict by that degree, the Pakistanis were said to believe, might be enough to force the U.N. Security Council to take up the

crisis and perhaps even to implement a U.N.-supervised cease-fire along the entire Indo-Pakistani border. But that ploy seemed doomed from the beginning. For one thing, great-power rivalries over the subcontinent appeared significant enough to forestall any U.N. action at the moment. For another, a Pakistani attack would give the more powerful Indian Army the excuse it has been waiting for to deal Yahya's forces a decisive defeat.

No matter what short-term tactics Yahya chose, in other words, Pakistan ultimately seemed on the way out of the eastern zone. Nonetheless, no one was suggesting that India had any ideas of annexing the territory. For while the predominantly Moslem rebels were more than willing to accept help from India's Hindus across the border, they would undoubtedly look with a much colder eye on Indian efforts to bring about a full political take-over. In fact, India appeared likely to inherit enough troubles just by acquiring an independent Bangla Desh on its doorstep to discourage any thoughts of bringing it into the Indian fold.

An international welfare case even in its palmy days, East Bengal is in worse shape than usual as a result of the current tumult. Its rickety communications network and minuscule industrial base have been all but destroyed. The region will plainly need massive infusions of Indian money and materials to get back even minimal stability. Without that aid, Bangla Desh could collapse into anarchy and become a focal point for Marxist radicalism on the subcontinent. Finally, though social scientists on both sides of the border discounted the theory, some government officials in New Delhi still feared that an independent Bengali state would fan the flames of India's own separatist movement in adjacent West Bengal.

From the Indian point of view, however, there was no question that an independent Bangla Desh would do far

more good than harm. For starters, it would allow New Delhi at least to ease the refugee problem somewhat. In the long run, the re-establishment of traditional trading patterns between East and West Bengal should hold some economic benefits for India. But most important of all the breakup of Pakistan would assure India's undisputed supremacy on the subcontinent. For with the loss of an estimated 60 per cent of its population, 50 per cent of its foreign exchange and 20 per cent of its tax revenue, Pakistan seemed likely to present little in the way of a sustained military threat to the New Delhi government and appeared destined to wind up with just about as much diplomatic clout as that wielded by neighboring Afghanistan.

China's Influence

With the Pakistani counterweight safely out of the way, India would no doubt also seek to flex its political muscles beyond the limits of the subcontinent. Particularly in Asia, Mrs. Gandhi & Co. have their sights set on chiseling away at Peking's preponderant influence. The Indians have long resented playing diplomatic second fiddle to their Chinese rivals, and in view of the international attention lavished upon the Chinese, the Foreign Office in New Delhi is smarting more than ever. "Why is Nixon treating China like a big power?" complained one Indian political scientist. "Because they have nuclear weapons? In 1960, we were as advanced as China in these weapons but we chose not to go on, in the interest of everyone. And now we are treated like stepchildren." Obviously, even without nuclear weapons, India hopes to change that relationship soon.

The U.S. itself faces an uphill fight to improve its own relations with South Asia. For in supporting the Pakistanis in the latest upheaval, however reluctantly, Washington clearly seems to have bet on the wrong team. As one American diplomat put it last week: "If there's an all-out war, the Indians will see us as being against them and the Paks will think we've betrayed them. Only the Russians have done their math right. They know that any way you add West Pakistan's 60 million and the East's 80 million, it doesn't equal India's 550 million." Indeed, next to India, the Soviet Union appeared likely to be the big winner in the battle for East Bengal. In fact, some people were predicting that Moscow would parlay its support for India into vastly increased influence on the subcontinent and all around the Indian Ocean. But while the Russians have plainly enhanced their standing in the area, that assessment seemed a bit overdrawn. For throughout the current crisis, Mrs. Gandhi has resolutely steered her own course—neither asking for nor accepting direction from any quarter. And with India riding high, there seemed to be little reason to suspect that the headstrong Prime Minister was about to begin listening to outsiders now.

Newsweek, December 6, 1971

Sadat Rattles His Saber

To Egyptian air-defense crews along the Suez Canal, dawn seemed to mark the beginning of another dull day. Then, suddenly, things started to happen. Blip after blip began to appear on their radar screens, signaling the approach of the largest armada of Israeli planes since the Mideast cease-fire went into effect sixteen months ago. Fearing a possible pre-emptive strike by enemy aircraft, Egyptian Air Force commanders ordered their pilots into the air, and within minutes warplanes blanketed the skies from Port Said to Suez City. Tension mounted until the Israelis—having tested Egypt's readiness and satisfied their own curiosity—abruptly wheeled around and headed back for home.

This game of aerial chicken occurred last week only days after Egypt's President Anwar Sadat visited his front-line troops at the canal and declared: "There is no longer any hope whatsoever of a peaceful settlement . . . I have come to tell you that the battle is at hand." Yet, despite Sadat's saber rattling and Israel's provocative probe, few people believed that the Mideast was on the brink of another war. One reason for this view was the near certainty that, in the event of an outbreak of fighting, Egypt would have to confront Israel virtually alone. With Jordan in no mood to fight and Syria at the mercy of far-superior Israeli forces, the Arabs' oft-touted "Eastern front" is in a shambles. And although Arab military chiefs of staff meeting in Cairo last week reported "startling success" in producing a joint plan of action against Israel, it appeared that the most the Egyptians would be able to count on in any renewal of warfare would be a

token force of men and planes from Libya and, perhaps, Algeria.

More important, Moscow does not want its Egyptian client to launch a military adventure that might, as a Pentagon official expressed it, "result in one hell of a shellacking." For, in the Kremlin's eyes, this would not only represent a severe strategic and psychological setback for the Arabs, but it would complicate the upcoming summit conference between Russian leaders and President Nixon.

Raids: Consequently, there is a widespread feeling that, at most, Egypt may be planning to rattle Israeli confidence and alarm the world by sending well-trained commandos across the Suez Canal in a series of dramatic but limited actions. "The effect of successful commando raids," said a Western diplomat in Cairo, "would be to simultaneously boost Egyptian Army morale, scare the U.N. and the big powers into taking immediate action and distract attention from the frustrating stalemate on the Suez front." And an Israeli military analyst admitted: "For Cairo's purposes, a war isn't necessary. What the Egyptian leaders need is a small tactical victory—and maybe not even a victory, but simply an action that would cause us a lot of casualties—in order to frighten the world."

As these remarks suggest, Cairo's increasingly aggressive posture seems directed primarily at international opinion and, most immediately, at this week's opening of the Middle East debate in the United Nations. Seen in this light, the Egyptian President's recent bellicose remarks appeared to be part of a carefully orchestrated campaign to pressure the U.N. General Assembly into taking



Sadat escalates the rhetoric: "The moment of battle is at hand"

UPI

a tough line with Israel for its failure to withdraw from Arab territory occupied during the six-day war of 1967.

Cairo's chances of success on the diplomatic front seem better than its prospects on the battlefield. Indeed, it is widely expected—even by officials in Jerusalem—that the current session of the General Assembly will produce some sort of resolution condemning Israeli intransigence. And, for the first time since the creation of the Jewish state, there is a strong likelihood that Israel's chief ally, the U.S., will vote for censure—provided that the wording of the resolution is not overly harsh. For, despite the fact that it was Egypt that last week torpedoed Secretary of State William Rogers's seven-month-old peace initiative, the Nixon Administration regards Israeli inflexibility as the main cause of the diplomatic stalemate that has afflicted the Middle East for the last four years. And, as evidence of its displeasure, Washington last week continued to refuse Israel the additional F-4 Phantom fighter-bombers the Israelis so badly want.

Missiles: In an effort to improve relations between Washington and Jerusalem, Israel's Prime Minister Golda Meir is scheduled to visit the U.S. this week to meet with Mr. Nixon and Rogers. While Mrs. Meir is expected to press the Administration to resume the delivery of the Phantoms and other sophisticated military hardware such as Lance ground-to-ground missiles, sources close to the Prime Minister say that she will have more important diplomatic objectives in mind. Specifically, Israel's leaders are extremely worried that when Mr. Nixon goes to Moscow in May, he may strike a deal with the Russians to impose a Mideast solution that would force Israel to give up virtually all of its captured territory. In the hope of averting this prospect, Mrs. Meir is reliably reported to be ready to propose to the President a plan for reactivating Gunnar Jarring's United Nations' peace mission which Israel scuttled early this year.

With this more forthcoming attitude toward the Jarring mission, Jerusalem hopes it will be able to soften any action that may be taken against it by the U.N., and the Israeli diplomatic maneuver will almost surely be supported by the Organization of African Unity, which recently designated a ten-member committee to attempt to break the Egyptian-Israeli deadlock. For after concluding visits to both Israel and Egypt last week, the Africans called for precisely the same approach—a return to the Jarring peace initiative.

Even if this Israeli effort succeeds, however, it will scarcely enhance the immediate prospects for a Middle East accord. For Ambassador Jarring will still be faced with the same complex equation as before. Proof of this came late last week in Cairo when Jordan's visiting Premier Wasfi Tell was assassinated in front of his hotel. The assassination

of Tell, who has taken hard line against the Palestinian guerrillas in Jordan, may have been meant as a stern warning to King Hussein not to proceed with his recent suggestion to open talks with the Israelis. But for the moment, at least, even this bloody development seemed insignificant compared with Egypt's passionate desire to compel Israel to relinquish its control of Arab lands. As one leading Israeli official noted last week: "The danger of the current situation is the that Sadat may paint himself into a corner from which there is no escape."

Georgia on My Mind

Under steady Israeli diplomatic pressure, some 10,000 Jews—a record number—have been permitted by the Soviet Union to emigrate to Israel this year. Perhaps as many as 3,500 of these have come from the Soviet Republic of Georgia, where they lived in tight little Jewish enclaves, practicing their ancient ways. Now, to the embarrassment of the Israeli Government, possibly 350 of these Georgian immigrants, after a quick look at Israel, have decided that they do not like the country and have written to Soviet President Nikolai Podgorny, asking for permission to return home.

Among other things, the Georgians charge the Israelis with being lax Jews. As merchants, they also object to being assigned factory jobs, and, as insular Georgians, they wish to recreate semblances of the villages they left behind—which the Israelis will not permit. "I came to Israel," said one Georgian last week, "so now I want to go back. Is that forbidden?" Answered one annoyed Israeli, "Why should it be? This is not the Soviet Union."

SOUTH AFRICA:

Over the Bunkers

Sports fans the world over fondly recite the maxim that international athletic competition should transcend politics. But sometimes it doesn't work out that way. In South Africa, where an official policy of racial separation holds sway, white and non-white athletes are not generally permitted to mix it up on the playing fields. For this, South Africans have had to pay the price of global ostracism: they have been excluded from the Olympics, banned from international competition in half a dozen sports, and their Springbok soccer teams have been subjected to the wrath of anti-apartheid demonstrations abroad. But last week, in South Africa itself, the golfing world witnessed what could be described as a well-placed chip shot that looped over the bunkers guarding South Africa's rigid segregationist approach to sports.

The occasion was the South African Professional Golf Association Championship in Johannesburg—an event that, for the first time in its six-year history,



Player: No armed guards needed

boasted a racially mixed entry list. Among the fourteen non-white golfers who competed in the tournament were eight South African blacks, one from Swaziland and five South Africans of Indian descent (who are classified as "non-whites" in that country). But by all odds the center of attention was visiting black American golf pro Lee Elder, who appeared at the personal invitation of South Africa's golfing great, Gary Player. Player himself knows something about racial heckling—in a reverse sort of way. At the U.S. Open tournament last summer at Ardmore, Pa., a group of armed guards accompanied him around the course to protect him from the threats of militant black organizations in the U.S.

Nothing of the sort troubled Lee Elder in Johannesburg last week. A poised, soft-spoken touring pro who came up the hard way to become the top money winner among black golfers on the follow-the-sun circuit, Elder, 37, characteristically downplayed the historic importance



Elder: Chip shot at apartheid

Newsweek, December 6, 1971

of his playing in apartheid country and declined to be drawn into public discussions of the host country's racial policies. "It would be naïve of South Africans to think that I'm unaware of the policies of your country," he said at a news conference last week. "But I came here because Gary asked me to come, and I came here to play golf."

Hindered: And play Elder did, although a strained back and lingering fatigue from an exhibition tour of African countries kept him from performing at his best. His reception from the first integrated galleries at Johannesburg's Huddle Park course was warm and sincere. Blacks and whites alike sighed in lament when Elder bogeyed the first hole. They applauded wildly when he later birdied two holes. And his hotel room phone rang constantly with calls from well-wishers telling him what his visit meant to them and to their country.

Despite Elder's low-keyed breakthrough, no one was predicting an imminent end to segregation in South African sports. Though the Pretoria government has in the past bent its rigid rules to admit Maori rugby players on the New Zealand national team, South African authorities have adamantly refused to grant black tennis star Arthur Ashe permission to compete in their country. Whether the appearance of top-drawer black golfers at South Africa's most prestigious tournament was intended merely as a one-shot experiment or as an indication of things to come was hard to say. But if it signaled a new official approach to sports in South Africa, then the many bilingual signs at the Huddle Park clubhouse reading "Blanken-Europeans Only"—signs that were so casually ignored by one and all last week—may one day be removed permanently.

RHODESIA:

'Far From Ideal'

Standing side by side outside Salisbury's Milton Buildings last week, Britain's Foreign Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home and Rhodesia's Prime Minister Ian Smith smiled broadly at each other in the morning sun. Moments before, the two had emerged from Smith's office where they had reached an accord aimed at ending the six-year-long struggle between Britain and its rebellious former colony. Then, waving to the crowd, Sir Alec drove off to the airport for a sixteen-hour flight back to London to report the details of the agreement to the House of Commons. And Smith, remaining for questions, told reporters that he was "very happy." Asked if Rhodesia's blacks would also be happy with the agreement, Smith parried: "We have the happiest Africans in the world."

Smith's condescending remark was, in a sense, appropriate. For although the agreement offered Rhodesia's 5 million blacks guarantees against racial discrimination and at least the possibility of

eventual political control, it left power firmly in the hands of the country's 250,000 whites for a considerable time to come. "Smithie promised there would be no black rule in our lifetime," said one pleased white Rhodesian, "and he kept his word."

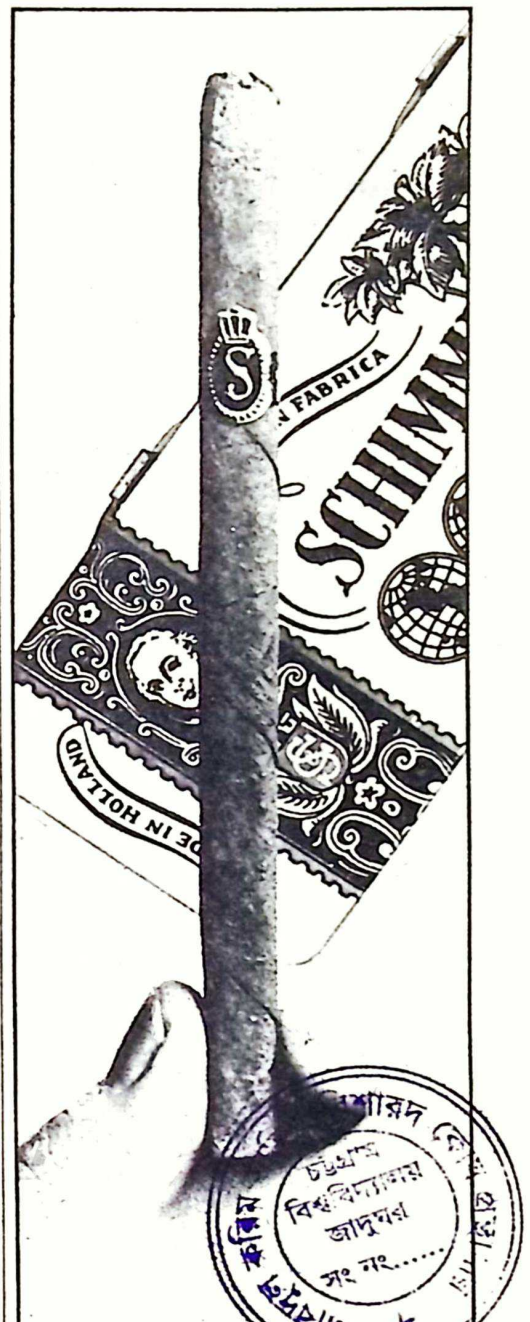
Qualifications: This confidence in the future of white supremacy rested on provisions in the agreement outlining a complex, two-stage plan for African political advancement. Stage one could lead to "parity" between blacks and whites in the Rhodesian Parliament (now divided by law into 50 white seats and sixteen black seats) by adding 34 more black seats. But this would be done a small step at a time, with the new black seats being created as blacks met the same financial and educational qualifications for voting as white Rhodesians.

How long it might take for such parity to be achieved was, as Smith remarked, "fruitless" to speculate upon. But given the present economic and educational status of the vast majority of Rhodesian blacks, it would—by conservative estimate—take more than a generation. And only then, according to the agreement, would the possibility of stage two—majority rule—be opened up with the addition of ten more parliamentary seats to be chosen by qualified blacks and whites voting together. Theoretically, this could result in a ten-vote black majority, but the Home-Smith accord contained a built-in white veto. The election for the additional ten seats could only take place after a two-thirds vote of approval in Parliament.

Land: But if the agreement dashed African hopes for majority rule, the package did contain hopeful elements. A new bill of rights guaranteeing "fundamental rights and freedoms of the individual" would be written into the Rhodesian constitution. Moreover, an Anglo-Rhodesian commission would be established to examine the whole question of racial discrimination—particularly in the areas of employment and land ownership. One of the pieces of legislation that would certainly come under the commission's scrutiny is the Land Tenure Act, which now divides the country's land holdings almost equally between blacks and whites, despite a black-to-white population ratio of 20 to 1.

When Sir Alec presented the terms of the agreement to the Commons last week, cries of "Shame!" and "Betrayal!" erupted in the opposition Labor benches. And many African leaders, bitter at what they considered a "sellout" by Britain, argued that Sir Alec had also given racialism "an international certificate of respectability." At the United Nations, which has called on London not to grant independence until majority rule is attained, the Africans and their supporters promised to stir up a verbal storm and demand the continuation of the current U.N.-sponsored embargo on trade with Rhodesia.

Still, the likelihood is that the Tory



DUET

The famous Holland Panatella of international standing. For your smoking pleasure in packs of 5, tins of 10 (shown here) and drums of 25



Schimmelpenninck

The makers of Holland's finest cigars

**Why is
\$3,100,000,000
now deposited in
the Bahamas by
people like you?**

**A 10% interest
rate, highest
tax-free income
of any major
safe banking country,
is only one of many
important reasons!**

Some 200,000 people from 115 countries all over the world today have deposited virtually every kind of currency in banks in the Bahamas. Why? More than being able to earn 10% interest a year. More than our record of complete safety. More than the fully-respected privacy of a Swiss-style numbered account for anyone who wishes it.

People like you deposit money with us in the Bahamas because we are a *full-service* chartered bank, rendering same-day service whether you direct us to handle investments, property acquisitions, mutual funds or other transactions in addition to instant withdrawals and deposits. All in complete confidence, without any exorbitant fees.

We welcome inquiries of all kinds, and deposits of all sizes. There are many advantages we do not have space to explain here. Find out, without obligation. Mail the coupon today.



International Bank & Trust Limited
International Bank & Trust Building
NASSAU, BAHAMAS

CONFIDENTIAL.

P.O. Box N-3223
NASSAU, BAHAMAS

Please provide the information indicated above in full confidence and without obligation.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
COUNTRY _____

NP2

government of Edward Heath would press ahead with plans to carry out the Home-Smith accord. Early next year, in line with its terms, a commission of eminent Britons will be dispatched to Rhodesia to determine whether the proposals are "acceptable" to the population at large, black and white. Then, as is likely, the agreement will be accepted by the Rhodesian Parliament, and the British House of Commons—possibly next spring—will declare the territory's rebellion at an end and grant it independence. "It was far from ideal," commented a British diplomat, "but, given our diminishing influence in Salisbury, I believe we got the best settlement that we could."

ranks of the activists was a daring urban-guerrilla operation in May 1970 that seemed to foreshadow the shoot-out three months later at a California courthouse for which Angela Davis is to be tried. According to West German police, the incident occurred when an imprisoned anarchist named Andreas Baader was permitted to travel under guard to a Berlin library to do research on a book that he was writing. Unbeknownst to the police, Baader's visit was part of a carefully arranged escape plot. As Baader, accompanied by two guards, entered the library—where Ulrike was seated at a table pretending to read—two masked figures burst into the room. Over-



Klaus Mehner

Ulrike vs. the police: West Germany's version of Angela Davis

WEST GERMANY:

A Most Dangerous Lady

Back in the 1960s, when the student-protest movement was at its height in West Germany, one of its most vocal supporters was a dynamic young woman journalist named Ulrike Marie Meinhof. As chief columnist for a left-wing periodical, Ulrike was an outspoken advocate of "armed conflict" as a necessary stage of revolution. And when the student movement disintegrated into factionalism, Ulrike naturally sided with the extremists who preached and practiced violence. Before long she had her own gang, a price on her head and her face on wanted posters throughout her homeland. And last week, when a Cabinet minister publicly labeled her and her cohorts "the most dangerous gangsters there are," Ulrike Meinhof—whom many of her countrymen have compared to America's Angela Davis—was promoted to the status of West Germany's most wanted fugitive.

What catapulted Ulrike into the front

powering the guards, the assailants, allegedly aided by Ulrike, freed Baader and raced from the library under cover of tear-gas grenades and a hail of machine-gun bullets. Credit for masterminding the escape was given to Ulrike, whom police described as a woman with "an unusual degree of criminal energy and intelligence."

Notoriety: Headlined in the press, this feat electrified the West German public. And it was only the beginning of Ulrike's climb to notoriety. In the months that followed, "the Baader-Meinhof Group," as Ulrike and her accomplices came to be known, was credited with bank robberies and thefts that netted more than \$150,000, an arsenal of guns and countless automobiles. Public hysteria and a sensationalist press embellished their accomplishments. (Once, the gang was credited with robbing three Berlin banks in the space of ten minutes.) A special 30-man police unit was set up to try and catch the gang. And, last July at the height of the national hysteria, a report that the Baader-Meinhof group had been seen in Hamburg

resulted in a near-siege of the city by 3,000 policemen.

But for all their Bonnie-and-Clyde success, Ulrike and her gang have proved far from invulnerable. Fifteen members of the group have already been apprehended and one was shot to death by the police. And as its use of violence has escalated, the left-wing ideology of the Baader-Meinhof gang has increasingly been called into question. Indeed, when Peter Homann, Ulrike's boy friend and a key member of the group, turned himself in to the police last week "to call attention to the public hysteria in this case," he admitted that he and his comrades had no coherent program. Most telling of all, the Baader-Meinhof group has recently been disowned by the West German political left from which it sprang. "This group," declared Rote Presse Korrespondenz, the voice of West German anarchism, "has become so criminal that it represents a danger for the entire socialist movement."

MOROCCO:

Hassan's Last Hurrah?

Morocco's King Hassan has proven nimble at last-minute escapes. Most recently, machine-gun-toting army officers assaulted his elegant birthday party at the seaside palace of Skhirat, and held the King and his stunned guests prisoners for six hours. But the coup attempt—the fourth in eight years—melted like cake frosting, and in 48 hours the plotters were shot by firing squads. What shocked Hassan about this particular assault on his life was not only the fact that the plot was hatched by his once-trusted officer corps but that there was little public rejoicing over his escape. "Well," muttered one Casablanca businessman, summing up the feelings of many members of the Moroccan middle class, "better luck next time." And as things now stand, next time may not be far away.

The bitterness that boiled over into the shoot-out at Skhirat last July still bubbles. Moroccans, who once thought that their King could do no wrong, now inveigh openly against the widespread corruption that begins, according to general report, with Hassan and seeps down into every aspect of Moroccan life. In the ten years he has been King, Hassan has squandered money on concubines, wives and an enormously extravagant court. (The King's retinue on a recent trip to Paris numbered 100.) Under Hassan, honest young officials have been appointed to key ministry positions or to the King's own Cabinet, only to become corrupt—and fabulously wealthy—within a few years. "It's very difficult for anyone to fight the system," a former member of Hassan's Cabinet told NEWSWEEK's Edward Behr. "People get corrupted gradually, almost without realizing it."

Bribes: Moroccans had grown accustomed to the \$10 to \$20 bribes to minor officials for procuring passports and to

the "commissions" businessmen had to pay to import or export anything. But it was a different thing entirely to be assaulted with stories that King Hassan, as Morocco's biggest landowner and food exporter, had been manipulating prices and that high-grade Moroccan iron ore had been sold on international markets at the price of lower-grade—with Moroccan officials stashing part of the difference in Swiss bank accounts.

All of this has come to the public's attention since the gun fight at Skhirat. Faced with growing unpopularity and an army so demoralized that it couldn't (or wouldn't) protect him, Hassan had to act. First, in a token move, he lifted



Photoreporters

Hassan: A tattered image

taxes on bicycles and transistor radios, and reduced the price of sugar—which had jumped 50 per cent in the last eighteen months and is a staple for poor Moroccans, who sip heavily sweetened mint tea all day long. Then he increased pensions for government officials and raised salaries—frozen for the last six years. Still, the grumbling continued.

Last month, Hassan took desperate measures; he launched an anti-corruption drive. Six ex-Cabinet ministers were arrested, one of them a close personal friend of the King's. Scores of middle-level officials have also been arrested, and many others booted out of office. And this may be only the beginning. In the end, Hassan may be compelled to part with his entourage and courtiers. Meantime, some suspiciously wealthy Moroccans, unnerved by their monarch's campaign, have given up their luxurious, air-conditioned American limousines in favor of less-conspicuous Renaults and Fiats. Most surprising of all, King Hassan has shown a willingness to strike at members of his own family. Not long

ago, he ordered the government to issue warrants for the arrest of two wealthy Moroccan businessmen employed by his uncle, Prince Moulay Ali.

But for all the housecleaning, King Hassan's reputation has suffered a damaging blow. And any further airing of his regime's dirty linen can only harm him more. In an effort to replenish his political capital, Hassan has recently held unprecedented meetings with leaders of the opposition. At the same time, he has tried to mend his strained relations with the armed forces. "But the army," says one diplomat in Rabat, "has had it as far as Hassan is concerned. For them, the King is already dead, and they don't even want him to get any political kudos for instituting reforms. They have lost all faith in him."

Retreat: Political power, as well as the throne itself, may be slipping away from Hassan. As some people see it, the opposition leadership would never have talked with the King without assurances of major constitutional changes. Such changes could mean the establishment of Morocco's first effective Parliament and the relegation of Hassan to the status of a constitutional monarch. Others believe that the King may ultimately have no realistic choice but to play for time while he organizes an orderly retreat. That, in fact, may be happening already. Recently, Prince Moulay Ali purchased a luxurious home in Brussels. And in the past few weeks, some 60 Moroccan workmen have been feverishly refurbishing one of King Hassan's many residences—a little-used chateau tucked away in Senlis just outside Paris.

HONDURAS:

Easy Giveaway

Three guano-steeped, lizard-infested specks in the western Caribbean, the Swan Islands (population: 12) cannot even be found on most maps. Nearly a hundred miles off the Honduran coast, the islets served as a lair for pirates in the seventeenth century and as a CIA monitoring station in the 1960s.* But once the CIA dismantled its operation there a few years ago, the U.S.—which first laid claim to the islands in Lincoln's day—had little use for its minuscule possessions. And so, last week, hoping to earn some goodwill in Latin America, the U.S. ceded the Swans to Honduras, which has long claimed title to them.

To at least one American, Sumner Smith of Lincoln, Mass., the treaty of cession (which must be ratified by the U.S. Senate) came as a bitter blow. For the 82-year-old Smith, who owned a commercial enterprise on the islands, claims they belong to him. "I guess the U.S. is trying to impress Latin America," his son Sumner Smith Jr., said last week. "And it is an easy thing to give away."

*Among other things, the CIA-run Radio Swan broadcast coded messages to the invading Cuban exiles during the Bay of Pigs episode.



BY STEWART ALSOP

THE MYTH AND WILLIAM REHNQUIST

WASHINGTON—There is no logical or constitutional reason why the Senate liberals should not vote solidly against William Rehnquist just because he is an undoubted political conservative. The notion that the Supreme Court is "above politics" is a myth, and always has been. The trouble is that the myth, like other myths ("All men are created equal"), is a useful myth.

Myths beget pretense, and because so much mythology surrounds the Supreme Court, a good deal of hypocrisy has always surrounded it too. For a recent example, the Senate conservatives opposed Abe Fortas for Chief Justice, and the Senate liberals turned down Clement Haynsworth, for various cover-reasons. The real reason was that Fortas was too liberal for the conservatives, and Haynsworth too conservative for the liberals.

In the more distant past, Franklin Roosevelt tried to pack the Supreme Court with politically dependable Justices, on the patently false grounds that he was really doing the "nine old men" a favor by lightening their workload. Victorian ladies were not supposed to have legs, and Justices are not supposed to have politics. Yet the fact is that the Court has always consisted largely of politicians appointed by a politician and confirmed by politicians for political reasons.

POLITICIANS

Many Justices, like Earl Warren and the late Hugo Black, have been office-holders. Almost all the rest, like Felix Frankfurter or Abe Fortas—or for that matter, William Rehnquist—have been deeply involved in politics. Yet the myth that a political man, once appointed to the Court, ceases to be political, as by a mystic laying on of hands, has been sedulously and successfully cultivated by the Court itself.

Its chief cultivator was William Howard Taft, who disliked being President but loved being Chief Justice. Taft was largely responsible for the Supreme Court Building. Its great bronze doors, its echoing corridors, its pseudo-Greek portico with the huge carved letters, **EQUAL JUSTICE UNDER LAW**, are all designed to inspire reverence in the simple citizenry for the godlike beings who inhabit the place. Yet the lawyer-politicians who sit on the Court frequently and bitterly disagree on what equal justice under law consists of.

It is highly desirable, obviously, that the men who sit on the Court be com-

petent lawyers—by the estimate of one Justice, 95 per cent of the work on the Court consists of complex legal questions unrelated to political issues. This is why the Senate really needed no cover-reasons to reject G. Harrold Carswell. But no one argues that William Rehnquist is an incompetent lawyer, and the cover-reasons for voting against him are thin and unconvincing.

POWER OF REVIEW

The real reason for voting against him involves the other, vital 5 per cent of the Court's business—the power of judicial review, which the Court in recent years has used to alter profoundly the social and political fabric of the United States. That power, first asserted on dubious constitutional grounds by John Marshall, has been vastly expanded by a device that is a tribute to what smart lawyers can do with words. The words are from the Fourteenth Amendment: "No state shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

These words were of course intended to protect the newly freed slaves against re-enslavement. Yet the smart lawyers on the conservative pre-New Deal Courts used them to outlaw the income tax and all sorts of social and economic legislation. Smart lawyers on the liberal Warren Court used them to extend the Court's powers into social and economic areas previously reserved to the states.

The Warren Court, like the "nine old men" of Roosevelt's day, was really making laws, in the name of judicial review and the Fourteenth Amendment. It was making laws, moreover, that would never have been passed by the legislative branch. So it was natural for conservative legislators to be infuriated by the liberal Warren Court. And it is natural for liberal legislators to vote against Rehnquist because he is very much a conservative.

There is only one rather illogical reason for not doing so. This is that to confirm or reject Supreme Court nominees on purely political and ideological grounds, without any valid cover-reasons, could destroy the myth. And the destruction of the myth could destroy the Court.

A Damocles sword hangs over the Court. For the Court could be all but destroyed by a majority vote in Con-

gress. Article Three of the Constitution gives the Court "appellate jurisdiction"—but "with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." The plain English of these words means that Congress could, by a majority vote, limit the Court's jurisdiction in any area it chose.

After the Civil War, the Congress did just that, in a dispute involving the Court's right to rule in *habeas corpus* cases, and the Court meekly complied. In 1964, the House, infuriated by a Court order to reorganize itself in line with the Court's "one man, one vote" ruling, voted by a solid majority to limit the Court's jurisdiction in this area. The issue was sidetracked in the Senate. Otherwise, it could have led to a great constitutional crisis, in which the Court would have had to rule on the right of Congress to emasculate the Court.

Now an issue more emotion-engendering even than the "one man, one vote" issue has been created by the Court's decision approving busing for purposes of racial balance. In many parts of the North, this ruling has aroused passions as fierce as those the 1954 integration ruling aroused in the South. It is not hard to imagine a situation in which a more conservative Congress could vote again in both Houses to emasculate the Court.

REALITY

The Court, Alexander Hamilton remarked, has the power "neither of purse nor of sword." It has only the power of a myth. The myth, curiously enough, has sometimes taken on a sort of inner reality, as myths sometimes do. Appointed for life, their careers secure, with history beckoning, the Justices quite often do rise "above politics."

For example, an "L.A. Times Republican," Earl Warren, led the most liberal Court in history, and a liberal intellectual, Felix Frankfurter, became a conservative hero when he fought the Warren Court's activism. It is not inconceivable that William Rehnquist might one day emerge as the Court's paladin of civil rights and civil liberties.

But, given William Rehnquist's record to date, that seems highly improbable, so it is logical for the liberals to vote against him. The danger is that it may become a habit for the Senate to confirm or reject Court nominees on strictly ideological and political grounds. Then the myth that sustains the Court could be destroyed, and the Court with it.

Mr. Nixon's Scrimmage With Congress

The Washington Redskins were in trouble, that was perfectly clear. The line-up that had carried all before it in its first five games staggered to a 13-0 shut-out at the hands of the Dallas Cowboys. The team that had dared to dream of glory in the Super Bowl was left with nightmares of hometown boos in RFK Stadium. Across town, the Great White Father observed the Redskins' plight, and one afternoon last week Richard M. Nixon hopped into a White House limousine and drove out to the team's Virginia training camp for an impromptu pep talk. Speaking as someone who had, he said, "heard a few [boos] myself in my lifetime," the President predicted a quick comeback—and a playoff berth—for the faltering squad. Coach George Allen then led the team in a "hip-hip-hooray" and ordered his charges to "run a play for the President." At quarterback Bill Kilmer's request, Mr. Nixon called the play, and Kilmer dropped back and threw a perfect screen pass.

Mr. Nixon's well-known enthusiasm for sports nearly matches his zest for politics, and he likes to draw parallels between the ups and downs of the athlete's life and the vicissitudes of his own public career. Appropriately enough, his visit to the Redskins in their time of troubles occurred during a week when he found himself increasingly beset in his own domestic arena. His relations with the Democratic Congress, never very smooth during his three years in office, were turning ever more contentious as an election year approached—the legislative scrimmage was forming more and more along party lines. And he also faced mounting attack from a bipartisan



The Redskins and chief fan: Time for a screen pass in the domestic arena?

Capitol coalition anxious to speed the war to its close and to reassert Congressional influence over U.S. foreign policy.

The Democrats, for one thing, had rammed through the Senate a controversial plan to finance Presidential campaigns with public tax money. Other costly but vote-catching proposals—day-care centers, tax reductions far more sweeping than the Administration wanted—had already passed one or both houses of Congress. Dr. Earl Butz, the President's nominee for Secretary of Agriculture, had run into angry opposition fueled in part by election fever (following story). Liberal Democrats threatened to press their fight against Supreme Court nominee William Rehnquist into extended debate on the Senate floor.

Godsend: The campaign-financing plan (Newsweek, Nov. 29) posed one of Mr. Nixon's worst dilemmas. For the Democrats, it was a godsend: the \$20.4 million in tax money that would be made available to each of the major parties would solve the perennial finance problem that has left the outs \$9 million in debt even before the '72 campaign begins. For the Republicans, it was a trifle: they could almost certainly raise more cash by spurning the tax funds and soliciting private contributions on their own, though this would lay them open to the charge that Republicans were beholden to fat cats while Democrats drew their support from the people as a whole. Predictably, the vote traced party lines almost exactly: 50 Democrats (including all five of the Senate's Presidential candidates or proto-candidates, who rushed back to town for the balloting) and only two Republicans voted aye, 43 Republicans and just four Democrats no.

The proposal, tacked onto the Administration's tax-relief bill, now goes to a Senate-House conference, and it seems

likely to win approval. The conferees may well lop off several other costly Democratic features added to the bill in the Senate: a raise to \$800 in the personal tax exemption, tax credits for college tuition and for old people's property taxes. But Mr. Nixon will probably soon find himself in a painful double bind: to accept the campaign-financing fund and thus give aid and comfort to the Democrats, or to veto the tax bill and thus perhaps slow economic recovery, which in turn would strengthen the Democrats' hand in the '72 campaign.

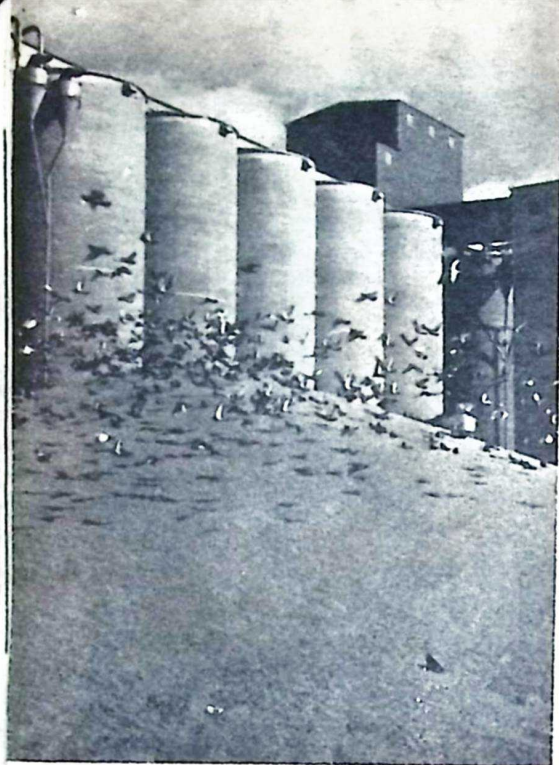
The Butz nomination could prove a similar political embarrassment. Some White House aides hoped privately that Butz would lose on the floor, on the theory that the present humiliation of Butz rebuffed was preferable to the future political damage of Butz installed. Mr. Nixon's Supreme Court nominations fared much better: Lewis Powell was approved by the Senate Judiciary Committee unanimously, and William Rehnquist by 12-4. Most assumed that both would win confirmation, but the Rehnquist debate promised to add further contention to the session's closing days.

'Just One More': On foreign-policy issues, the Administration managed to hold its own. It beat back, by 54-39, a Senate Foreign Relations Committee plan to cut back U.S. forces in Europe, and antiwar senators decided to shelve for the time being an amendment that would have cut off all military funds for Vietnam except those needed for U.S. withdrawals. There has been a succession of these stop-the-war votes this year: some of them have started to win in the Senate, and they are coming ever closer in the House. Sighed one White House aide last week, "I'm afraid we have just one more win left to us on this issue."

So the Administration's tacticians are



Rehnquist: Fight on the floor



Corn dumped in Indiana: Trouble AP

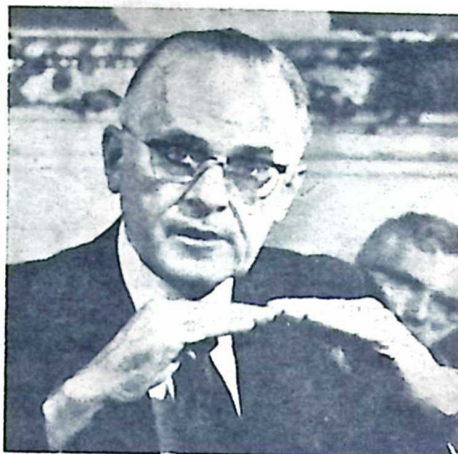
looking forward to a very tough year. The President, they sense, will have to work harder than ever to keep legislative momentum from passing to the Democrats as the campaign draws nigh. The opposition is fired up and charging hard—perhaps it is not a bad time for a quarterback to drop back and toss a screen pass.

Down on the Farm

Dr. Earl Lauer Butz, a brusque agricultural economist from Indiana, has, at 62, never quite resolved his appetite for high public office. During the Eisenhower Administration, he apprenticed as an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture under the unpopular Ezra Taft Benson, before returning to Purdue University for a ten-year stint as dean of agriculture. Eventually, he had hoped to be tapped for the presidency of Purdue. In 1968, he made a bid for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in Indiana—and finished last. When President Nixon tapped Butz to be his next Secretary of Agriculture, it seemed that opportunity had finally knocked, but his abrasive reputation has combined with the current farm crisis to throw his confirmation in to doubt.

The Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee's 8-6 approval of Butz last week only intensified the opposition. While Butz agreed to quit the boards of four corporations (among them, Ralston Purina Co., and International Minerals & Chemical Corp.) and sell 5,000 shares of agri-business stock worth about \$109,000, three days of hearings underscored his close ties to corporate agriculture and his abiding philosophical indifference to the value of small farms today.

The Butz appointment is ill-occasioned politically, coming when Mr. Nixon faces



Dennis Brack—Black Star

Butz at Senate hearing: Wrong man?

real trouble in the traditionally hospitable Farm Belt. A bumper grain harvest, partly the result of government overreaction to last year's corn blight, has glutted the market; in Iowa, corn that cost an estimated \$1.08 per bushel to produce is selling for little more than 90 cents—if indeed it sells at all. For months, dock strikes have blocked grain exports through the Gulf ports and Chicago's Calumet Harbor, and the President's resort to a Taft-Hartley injunction may be too late to help. The corn has overflowed storage elevators and backed up along railroad sidings and streets in Iowa, Illinois and Indiana. Democratic Sen. Harold E. Hughes sees his Iowa farmers "trapped in the most serious agricultural depression since the 1930s."

Mr. Nixon tried to mollify critics by promising not to merge the Department of Agriculture in his proposed government reorganization, and by edging out the unassertive incumbent Secretary, Clifford M. Hardin. But his choice of a successor rooted in the Benson tradition of laissez-faire agriculture left many farmers despairing about how much relief they can expect. Democratic exploitation of the rural malaise by Midwest champions such as Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey and Sen. George McGovern could peel away most of the 105 electoral votes the eleven Farm Belt states offer in next year's Presidential election.

'Far Out': The mounting bipartisan opposition to Butz is being spearheaded by Sen. Herman E. Talmadge, the Georgia Democrat who chairs the Agriculture Committee, and Sen. Jack Miller of Iowa, its ranking Republican. Both voted against committee approval. Before the Thanksgiving recess, Sen. William Proxmire of Wisconsin dredged up Butz's remarks to a Minneapolis marketing seminar last April, in which the nominee called the revised food-stamp program run by the Agriculture Department "just short of ridiculous," and the President's proposed welfare reform "so far out that even the Democrats . . . won't buy it."

There was enough in that speech to offend almost everyone. Butz discerned "a real threat to American agriculture . . .

from the environmentalists or from the do-gooders or from consumerism or from whatever you want to call it," and urged his audience to extol the blessings of pesticides. With that, the militant National Farmers Organization and the National Farmers Union found their counteroffensive joined by the Sierra Club and Friends of the Earth, plus the AFL-CIO and even Ralph Nader. The more moderate National Grange and the American Farm Bureau Federation both voiced approval—much of it faint—for the nominee.

Cold-Blooded? Butz, who grew up on a 160-acre farm near Albion, Ind., has no patience with the enduring myth of the family farm. "There are some people that just weren't cut out to be farmers," he suggested back in 1957. "It's not at all cold-blooded to suggest that they seek other employment." Many dirt farmers, of course, have had to do just that, and Butz himself predicted a few weeks ago that there would be 1 million fewer farms by 1980. Yet it is not his candor that has come under fire so much as his acceptance of the inevitable absorption of family operations by big business.

Even Butz's academic credentials have made him suspect on the farm. "Farmers are getting damn suspicious of the ag schools," says William Damisch, who works 320 Illinois acres. "They look like stooges for the big agricultural corporations. As for Butz, I haven't talked to one farmer who's happy about him."

By the weekend, GOP Sen. James Pearson of Kansas urged Nixon to withdraw the nomination, calling Butz "the wrong man for the wrong job at the wrong time." Adversaries agreed the vote would be tight. One opponent tallied up 35 senators for Butz and some 40 against, with the others wavering, but an Administration liaison man predicted, "We will win by at least three votes." The Senate, finicky of late about those it confirms for the Supreme Court, has usually tolerated Cabinet nominees on the ground that the President deserves to choose his own transient Administration. Now even this prerogative may be eroding in the clash over Earl Butz.

REPUBLICANS:

The Price

The anti-Nixon crusade of Rep. Paul N. McCloskey has cost him back home. While the maverick Republican was campaigning in the East, the Democratic-controlled state legislature, busy reapportioning California's Congressional districts, carved up his Eleventh District, in the San Francisco suburbs. Delighted Republicans declined to intercede. Now McCloskey must either run again in the remodeled Eleventh, gerrymandered 58 per cent Democratic, or face a tough primary in a new Republican Seventeenth District. He is postponing his decision until after his Presidential challenge in New Hampshire on March 7—three days before filing closes in California.

HHH: Walking a Political Tightrope

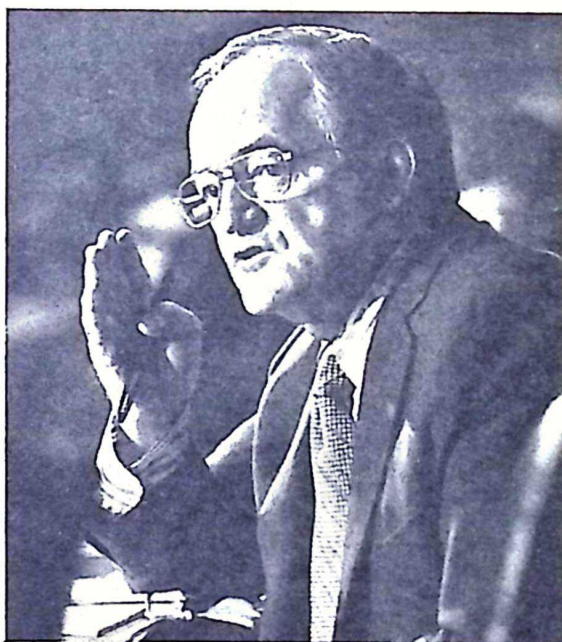
Senator Hubert H. Humphrey does not plan to announce his candidacy for the Democratic Presidential nomination until late December or January—by which time it ought to rank as the second least surprising political statement of the year—right behind the same announcement by Democratic front runner Edmund Muskie. A HUMPHREY FOR PRESIDENT telephone listing has already been requested from the District of Columbia phone company, and this week, a first-rate corps of Humphrey campaign professionals begins moving into the suite of offices on Washington's Nineteenth Street vacated in October by Sen. Birch Bayh after he abandoned his own try for the nomination. "If I feel I have a 50-50 chance to get that nomination, I'm going after it," Humphrey said last week—and while the real probabilities may be a good deal less than that, the 1968 Democratic candidate has clearly made up his mind that the odds are swinging his way.

Humphrey has been sniffing out the possibility of recapturing the nomination since last spring, crisscrossing the country to check out old political pals and test the reflexes of the party's money men. The response was hardly galvanic ("I'm not exactly the new boy on the block," he admits), but none of the other hopefuls seemed to be creating much excitement either. With a sizable number of important Democratic contributors still in his corner and a steadily improving standing in the polls—he is now a solid third behind Muskie and Edward Kennedy—Humphrey determined "to move—and move hard."

Whether or not he makes it depends on which side of the Humphrey coin the primary voters and party pros will choose to look at. At 60, the former Veep is clearly the most experienced man in his party; he is a loyal party regular with friends in every Democratic cranny, and he is a household name. At the same time, he is still stigmatized as Lyndon Johnson's man; he is still the loser of the 1968 election to Richard Nixon—and his nomination in 1972 would almost certainly re-awaken the intraparty bitterness of his last Presidential campaign.

Mr. Inside: Organizationally, Humphrey is beginning well behind most of his rivals, but he is catching up. Unlike 1968, when many hands made confusing work, full responsibility for the campaign has been given to Jack Chestnut, 39, a tough Minneapolis lawyer who managed HHH's 1970 Senate landslide in Minnesota and is described as "the s.o.b. inside that Humphrey's never had." In California, probably Humphrey's strongest state

right now outside his native northland, legislative majority leader Walter Korb took over last week as HHH's state committee chairman, backed by Gene Wyman and Walter Shorenstein, perhaps the state's two most important Democratic contributors. At least a dozen other wealthy backers stand ready in other states. Humphrey has also picked up money and some political legacies from Birch Bayh's retirement—notably the endorsements of California's black state senator, Mervyn Dymally, and Miami's mayor, David Kennedy. And Humphrey claims that the party's important local leaders are starting to come around. "Three months ago, I had little support among county chairmen," he told NEWS-



Dennis Brack—Black Star

Humphrey: Running on the 50-50 chance

WEEK's John Lindsay. "I've got it now."

But Humphrey lieutenants have begun organizing in only about half a dozen states so far—significantly fewer than Muskie, or Sen. George McGovern. And HHH's strategy is equally unformed. To overcome the retread image, Humphrey must score impressively in at least one or two important primaries—but the question of deciding which ones, HHH admitted, "is like walking a tight rope over Niagara Falls." New Hampshire appears to be out, and Florida could be a fiasco—even Miami's Kennedy favors waiting "to fight another day" if polls show Humphrey doing badly. Wisconsin, on April 4, was once an HHH natural, but his liberal-labor support has been severely eroded by the efficient organizations of Muskie and McGovern, Jackson's appeal to labor and hostility in the college communities. Humphrey could sit tight until the California primary in June, but he would run the risks of seeming to duck the fight and of seeing Muskie or another

rival steal the whole game before then.

Even if he escapes disaster in the primaries, Humphrey will have trouble convincing many former supporters that he deserves another chance after 1968. "There are only four men who can get the nomination—Muskie, Jackson, Kennedy and Humphrey," says a Democratic governor. "And Muskie is the only one who has a chance to beat Nixon." Humphrey's vital backing by organized labor is all but dead in such key states as Ohio and Michigan, and a United Auto Workers official goes so far as to say, "If he pushes too hard, it's going to be embarrassing for everyone and he's going to end up looking kind of sad." Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley had a bitter falling-out with Humphrey over HHH's latter-day criticism of the Chicago riots and of Daley's lukewarm support in 1968.

Youth Vote: Another major stumbling block for Humphrey is the youth vote, which was supposedly lost to him forever because of the 1968 convention violence and Humphrey's Johnsonian stance on the Vietnam war. But HHH believes that the war issue—on which he is now a dove—is defunct, and that the "real younger crowd" now in college does not care about 1968. The revived happy warrior spends a few hours a week wooing newly enfranchised voters, and his eyes light up at the memory of a standing ovation two weeks ago from 700 Young Democrats in Hot Springs, Ark.

If he licks all these problems, Humphrey still faces the supreme task of bringing down his chief rival in the Democratic middleground, Ed Muskie—HHH's running mate in 1968 but now a formidable and sometimes testy opponent. Humphrey's aides have made no secret of their belief that the cautious Muskie has bungled his campaign. "If Muskie had moved to grab hold," an advisor told NEWSWEEK's Richard Stout, "we wouldn't be in the position we are today." Muskie in his turn often takes digs at "Hubert" ("I was proud to support Hubert in 1968, but let me say one good turn deserves another"), and infuriated Humphrey by reeling off eight "Hubert" jokes in a row during a joint appearance in Minnesota. With Humphrey in the race for real, party pros are now bracing for an end to the gentlemanly skirmishing and the beginning of the usual Democratic donnybrook. It will be a battle that the solid Muskie could win going away, or that the effervescent Humphrey might just win for himself. It is also one that could wreck them both.

SUPREME COURT:

Ladies' Day

When the Supreme Court ruled in 1872 that Illinois could prohibit women from practicing law, one Justice wrote: "The paramount destiny and mission of women are to fulfill the noble and benign offices of wife and mother. This is the law of the Creator." But last week, the

GEORGE WALLACE'S SHADOW CABINET



Porter



Friedman



Mills



Stennis



Hébert

Life is a series of ups these days for Alabama Gov. George Wallace. The balky Alabama Legislature finally approved his record-breaking \$1 billion budget for next year, and folks have been turning out in large numbers for Wallace "appreciation dinners"—the most recent a \$25-a-plate dinner in Houston that grossed \$65,000 for Wallace's 1972 Presidential war chest. Flying home to Montgomery, Wallace was in an ebullient mood. "Governor," said NEWSWEEK's Stephan Leshner, "let's play President. If you won, who are some of the people you'd pick for your Cabinet and advisers?"

Wallace was game enough—although he said he hadn't given the matter all that much thought and pointed out that any list would be incomplete. He was also wary of seeming to imply that his Cabinet choices necessarily supported him in return. "I don't want to get none of these fellows in trouble, now," Wallace said. "They might all have to come out with statements that they wouldn't serve with me. So you make it clear now that these are just the kinda people I admire." With these caveats, Wallace offered a partial shadow Cabinet:

Secretary of State: William James Porter, chief U.S. negotiator at the Paris peace talks, or G. McMurtrie Godley, U.S. ambassador to Laos. Wallace met both men on a trip to the Far East two years ago and respects them as military hard-liners. The governor added that he would also want his Secretary of State to "dive into the underlings in the department and see who's really making policy."

Secretary of the Treasury: Arkansas's Rep. Wilbur Mills or economist Milton Friedman. "I would want somebody who was ignorant like I am—I mean, who doesn't understand how you can run up a \$100 billion deficit and yet everybody in the country's going to get rich."

Secretary of Defense: Louisiana's Rep. F. Edward Hébert, hawkish chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. "I want a man who believes in superiority in our offensive and defensive capabilities."



Wallace: Pretending

Attorney General: Retired U.S. Supreme Court Justice Charles Whittaker or Mississippi's Sen. John Stennis. "I'd want the Attorney General to be strong for local law enforcement," Wallace said. "We don't want any national police force, and I don't like this wiretapping, except for national security where you'd make a sworn statement to a judge that that's what it's for."

Secretary of Agriculture: Georgia's Sen. Herman Talmadge. "I want a man who would long for the time when the law of supply and demand would take over, but until then would be a strong advocate of a higher parity level."

Secretary of Labor: George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, or Leonard Woodcock, chief of the Auto Workers. "But," Wallace said, "they'd have to be objective and willing to say when there've been excesses on the part of labor as well as industry."

Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare: Dr. Max Rafferty, right-wing former California superintendent of public instruction, now dean of the school of education of Troy State University in Troy, Ala., and a man, Wallace said, who does not permit "this permissiveness stuff that turns these kids into radicals."

The list leaves four Cabinet posts unfilled (Commerce, Interior, Transportation and Housing and Urban Development), but Wallace would hope to find a place in one of them for Dr. Clarence Manion, former dean of Notre Dame's law school. As head of the FBI, Wallace is prone to favor Houston police chief Herman Short or Philadelphia Mayor-elect Frank Rizzo, the former police chief—but only if "J. Edgar Hoover got too old and had to retire." The governor is mum about his Vice Presidential choice, possibly because the question is of a different order of seriousness. But his campaign headquarters has mailed out a million questionnaires asking voters for their preferences. With 200,000 answers in, the clear first choice for Veep is Georgia's former governor (and present lieutenant governor) Lester Maddox.



Talmadge



Meany



Rafferty



Manion



Rizzo

Court showed it has updated its thinking about such laws—both divine and constitutional. For the first time in nearly a century of litigation, the High Court invalidated a state law on the ground of sexual discrimination.

The Court's decision centered on a dispute between an estranged Idaho couple over who should administer the estate of their son, who had died without leaving a will. Idaho courts, citing a state law under which "males must be preferred to females" in choosing executors, appointed the husband, Cecil Reed, to

look after his son's small legacy. But in a unanimous decision, the Supreme Court found the Idaho statute unconstitutional because it denied Mrs. Reed the "equal protection of the laws" guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. But in his opinion, Chief Justice Warren Burger stopped far short of banning all laws that make distinctions between the sexes. The Chief Justice reiterated earlier holdings that states have the power to enact laws that treat different classes of persons differently as long as the statutes are "reasonable" and "not arbitrary."

Feminists, who had hoped the Court would cast doubt on all sexually discriminatory laws, were disappointed by the Reed decision. They feel that ruling unfairly places the burden on women to prove discrimination and that a case-by-case assault on biased laws will take too long. Nevertheless, more suits are expected, and the lower courts, which have already shown a willingness to invoke the Fourteenth Amendment against discrimination in taverns, on juries and in college admissions, may now be even more sympathetic to women's rights.

SKYJACKING:

Quantum Leap

The trickiest part of a skyjacking is escaping after the plane is back down on the ground. Once-hospitable Cuba no longer rolls out the red carpet for hijackers*—and elsewhere squadrons of police and government agents are sure to be waiting at the runway as the airliner touches down. But last week, a nondescript-looking man on Northwest Airlines Flight 305 arrived at a brand-new solution to the skyjacker's most perplexing problem. In a quantum leap of jet-age criminality, he hijacked the plane for a huge ransom, then took the money and jumped.

Carefully planned, boldly executed, the high-flying heist marked a new chapter in the bizarre annals of U.S. air piracy. The skyjacker, who appeared on the passenger list as "D.B. Cooper," was the first man ever to parachute from a plane that he had commandeered. And when he disappeared into the night sky, somewhere between Seattle, Wash., and Reno, Nev., "Cooper" carried with him the largest ransom ever extorted from an American airline: \$200,000 in cash.

Flight 305, a three-engine Boeing 727, began its five-stop flight in Washington, D.C., bound for Seattle. Passenger Cooper boarded toward the end of the journey in Portland, Ore., and he attracted little attention at first. Tall and swarthy, about 40 years old, he was dressed in a reddish-brown business suit and wore sunglasses. Some of the 36 passengers and six crew members aboard later thought he might have been a Mexican or a Mexican-American. "He was very unobtrusive," recalled Robert Gregory, a paint manufacturer from Puyallup, Wash. Shortly after take-off from Portland, the quiet man handed stewardess Florence Schaffner a note, which she tucked into her purse at first ("I thought he was trying to hustle me"). The note demanded that \$200,000 and two parachutes be given to him when the plane reached Seattle. He also opened his briefcase to reveal two red cylinders and wiring that he said was a bomb. "He was very relaxed," Gregory recalled.

Hands Off: Pilot William Scott kept his cool, too, and few of the passengers realized what was going on. Cooper's demands were radioed ahead, and Northwest personnel scurried to Seattle banks to assemble the ransom. Authorities, perhaps mindful of the three deaths that resulted when FBI agents rushed a hijacked plane in Jacksonville (NEWSWEEK, Nov. 1), adopted a hands-off policy. "FBI and police have advised no action be taken. Repeat. No action to be taken," Captain Scott was informed by the Seattle control tower. As he circled the field for two and a half hours, Pilot Scott told his passengers only that

the plane had developed "minor mechanical difficulties" and that he was burning up excess fuel before landing. "He had a very authoritative voice," said passenger Larry Finegold, an assistant U.S. attorney in Seattle. "He could make you feel good even if you were walking toward a guillotine."

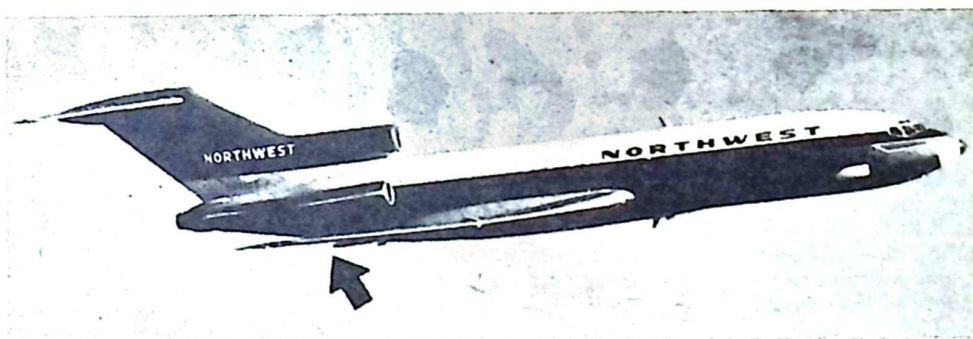
The crew followed Scott's lead and kept things natural. "There was a drunk in first class who kept harassing the stewardess because she refused to bring him another drink," said Finegold. "He was oblivious to the whole hijacking thing."

Actually, Scott was killing time while the cash and the chutes were rounded up. But the skyjacker grew suspicious. "Impress on this man that we are not trying to stall," the tower messaged Scott. "He's getting very impatient for those chutes," replied the captain. "We are going to have to come up with them pretty quick..." A minor hitch developed when the skyjacker learned that authorities had procured military parachutes. Obviously an experienced skydiver, Cooper demanded sport-type chutes that are used for extended free falls from high altitude. On the ground, Cooper got his chutes and money—and permitted all the passengers to disembark along with two stewardesses. At that, a Federal Aviation Administration official climbed

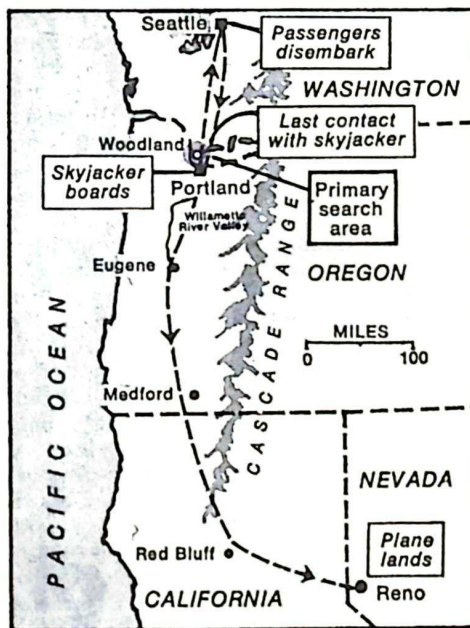
aboard to reason with him. "Let's get this show on the road," the skyjacker barked, and the FAA man retreated as Scott prepared for take-off.

Cooper wanted to fly directly to Mexico, but agreed to make a refueling stop in Reno. And he gave explicit orders to Scott to fly the jet low and slow—no higher than 10,000 feet, with the flaps down for a minimum cruising speed of 200 mph. He also ordered that the rear exit door be left unlocked. Once aloft, Cooper sent stewardess Tina Mucklow forward into the cockpit with Scott and the two other crew members. His last message over the intercom came just as Flight 305 was passing over Lake Merwin on the Lewis River in southern Washington. About that time, too, instruments on the control console indicated that the rear exit had been opened, dropping the cabin pressure. The temperature also dropped—to 7 degrees below zero. When the 727 landed in Reno, nearly three hours later, the rear exit was agape and Cooper and two of the chutes were gone.

Manhunt: Police quickly satisfied themselves that Cooper could not have escaped from the plane after the landing, so a four-state manhunt began, stretching from Washington to Nevada. The jet had followed the Willamette



Take the money and jump: The skyjacker made a flying exit from the 727



The route of Northwest Flight 305



Checking the exit ramp at Reno



Pilot Scott and stewardess Mucklow

*Indeed, at the weekend, Cuban police seized three American murder suspects who flew in on a TWA jet they had hijacked in Albuquerque, N.M.



Troopers massing at Rahway, rebel inmate and admonition: A lesson learned AP

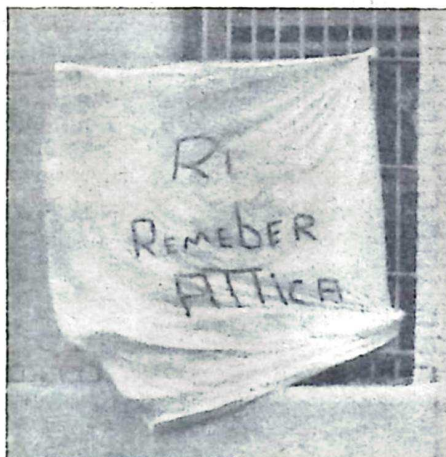
River Valley, with broad, flat farmlands where a good chutist might land safely even at night. That route purposely avoided Oregon's rugged Cascade Mountains, where the temperatures were below freezing and snow warnings had been posted. Just as well planned, it appeared, was Cooper's selection of the Boeing 727—one of the few commercial airliners with a rear exit so positioned that a chutist could clear the plane and its jet exhaust. No chute openings were sighted by three Air Force planes that bird-dogged the airliner, but officials said Cooper could have waited many seconds before pulling his ripcord.

Search parties working out of Woodland, Wash., concentrated on the rainy Lake Merwin area, but the locals there doubted they could find any trace of the skyjacker. After all that planning, they said, he would hardly leave his chutes behind to mark his trail. Some even thought that he had a confederate waiting on the ground to whisk him away. "For that matter," said the waitress at a café near search headquarters, "he could be down at the tavern right now having a beer and watching the excitement over television."

PRISONS:

'Remember Attica'

Ever since the blood bath at New York's Attica state prison last September, officials at every one of the U.S.'s antiquated, desperately overcrowded penitentiaries have been waiting for the next eruption. Last week, when inmates at the somber, 76-year-old, maximum-security prison outside Rahway, N.J., suddenly seized six guards and the warden and barricaded themselves in two wings of the pen, it seemed that another Attica was in the making. But, as it turned out, the bitter lesson of that bloody episode had left its mark on authorities and in-

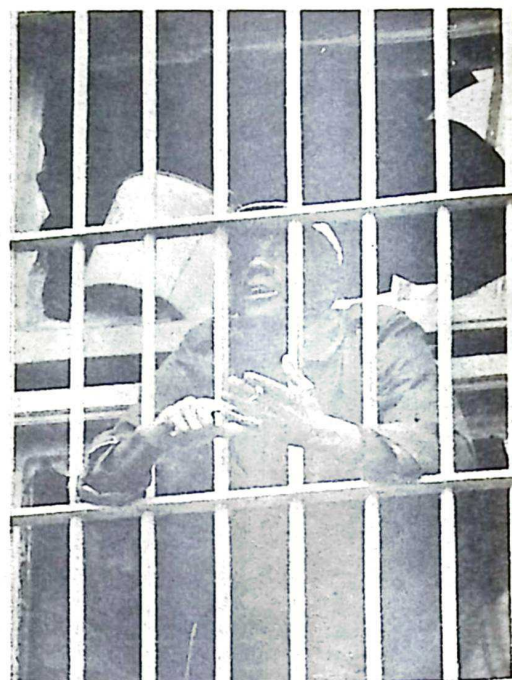


Frank Hurley—New York Daily News

mates alike. Reason and restraint prevailed for the most part—and the rebellion was extinguished without fatal bloodshed.

At first glance, the Rahway insurrection bore a frightening resemblance to Attica. A small core of knife-wielding inmates, most of them blacks, led the revolt—while a force of some 150 state troopers, local police and guards from other prisons massed outside, preparing to storm the prison with tear gas, shotguns and submachine guns.

But fortunately, there were key differences too. New Jersey Gov. William T. Cahill set up a command post at a school in nearby Woodbridge, committing the prestige of his office to any promises the state might make. Rahway's rebels were neither as desperate nor as well-organized as Attica's. And they made only three basic conditions for the release of their hostages: that there be no physical reprisals against them, that they be allowed to present their grievances to the press—and that the governor personally take them under consideration. Unlike Attica's rebels, the Rahway inmates made no demand for amnesty from prosecution. And perhaps most important,



Harry Hamburg—New York Daily News

both sides were only too aware of how disastrously the uprising could end. "They don't want to be killed," Eddie Mullins, a black guard released by the rebels to act as a go-between, told authorities. "They want to sit down and talk. Don't make this another Attica."

The rebellion first erupted Thanksgiving Eve while some 500 inmates watched a movie called "Making It" in the prison auditorium. According to an eyewitness, only seven guards were on hand—and none of them had guns. Suddenly, one prisoner, drunk on prison-made moonshine, hurled a chair through the screen, leaped to the stage, and announced, "We're going to make some new rules. All with me stay. The rest, leave. And you punk mother-f----- guards get the hell outa here." All but about 40 inmates left. But when Warden U. Samuel Vukceovich, summoned from his home near the prison compound, attempted to put an arm around the chair thrower and calm him down, he was knocked to the ground and kicked. Another inmate jumped on Vukceovich's chest—and then, as Edward O'Beirne, one of the captured prison guards, put it later, "All hell broke loose."

Bedsheet: Suddenly, inmates were rampaging through the cellblocks, barricading doorways and setting mattresses, trash barrels and prison cells ablaze, chanting "Fire power!" and "Right on!" "We want to be men," one inmate shouted from a prison window. "We want Cahill, Cahill, Cahill." From another fluttered a bedsheet crudely scrawled with "Remember [sic] Attica." The rebels bound their hostages, including Vukceovich who had been stabbed in the back, dumped them in empty cells and posted guards to protect the captives from the more violent prisoners. In response, prison authorities cut off water, electricity and heat. And through the long night siege,

wind and icy rain whipped through smashed windows into the darkened prison wings.

By dawn, the rebels' mood had turned more ugly. A newscast brought them word that Col. David B. Kelly, chief of New Jersey's state police, had decided to attack the prison. One of the hostage guards, Kenneth Koetsier, 23, remembers that the rebels told him, "If they come through that door we're going to kill you." It never came to that. From his command post, Governor Cahill asked the troopers to hold off their assault—and later that day announced he could agree to the rebels' three conditions for release of the hostages.

Good Faith: Four newsmen—Carl Zeitz of Associated Press, John Needham of United Press International, and two local reporters—entered the prison, and the rebels released one hostage as a sign of good faith. Two hours later, the reporters emerged with a list of rebel demands—a litany all too reminiscent of Attica, including better food and health care, more religious freedom, an end to racism (some 70 per cent of the prison's 1,143 inmates are blacks or Puerto Ricans), and an investigation into prison parole procedures. "To be treated as human beings is all that we ask," read the rebels' petition. Cahill pledged that negotiations on the reforms would get under way as soon as order was restored. And at 10 that night, the rebels capitulated: the last hostages were set free—including Warden Vukcevic, whose back wound had been neatly sutured by one of the inmates and whose condition was pronounced satisfactory. Besides the warden, more than a dozen guards also had been injured.

At the weekend, a team of eight attorneys, headed by the state's chief public defender, Stanley Van Ness, pledged legal aid to the rebel inmates. And Governor Cahill announced that a panel of five prisoners, elected by the inmates themselves, would soon convene with state officials to negotiate their demands. Said the Governor, with obvious relief, "It was a happy Thanksgiving after all."

PENTAGON PAPERS:

Ellsberg Today

Five months ago, Daniel Ellsberg earned himself a small footnote in the history of the Vietnam war by leaking the contents of the top-secret Pentagon papers. In the months that followed, Ellsberg has been hailed as a hero by the antiwar left, investigated by two grand juries and indicted on espionage and larceny charges. And along the way, the quiet, 41-year-old intellectual, a senior research associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has found out what it is like to be transformed from a person into a cause.

"I'd have to say my life has changed considerably—in that I no longer have a

private life," Ellsberg mused recently. Ellsberg and his wife, Patricia, were never part of the Cambridge social set even before the Pentagon papers were published, and now he finds that many of his old friends are critical of his activist role. "Although Dan started off in a very sober vein, he has become increasingly shrill," remarks one fallen-away friend who teaches in Boston. But if Ellsberg is shunned by some former colleagues, he has found support in unexpected places. One day last summer, a policeman came up to him outside a Harvard Law building and said, "I want to shake your hand. A lot of us think you did just the right thing." And then the cop stepped off the curb and held up traffic while Ellsberg crossed the street.



Ellsberg: Increasing the risk

Ellsberg spends most of his time speaking out against the war and raising money for a variety of left-wing causes. Since June, he has made twenty formal speeches and turned down offers to make 200 more. But while he has become a prime fund raiser for the Berrigans and other antiwar activists, he may have some trouble attracting cash for his own legal defense. Former Sen. Charles Goodell heads up a national fund-raising committee, but so far the organization has held only two cocktail parties. Ellsberg's father-in-law, millionaire toy manufacturer Louis Marx, refuses to donate money for his son-in-law's defense, and Ellsberg has been forced to spend some \$40,000 of his own.

Since he leaped into the national spotlight last June, Ellsberg has grown increasingly outspoken. He has labeled former President Johnson's account of the Vietnam war "a set of lies," and he is

distressed that the public outcry over the Pentagon papers so quickly subsided. In particular, he believes that his own exposures of secret information, having wrought no apparent damage to the national security, ought to lead to far more openness in government. "For the fact is," he told NEWSWEEK's Frank Morgan, "that if the Pentagon papers should have been made available before, as I think is widely accepted now, then there is damn little that should be kept secret."

Strategy: Pre-trial hearings are due to begin soon in Los Angeles, and Ellsberg spends much of his time planning strategy with his lawyers, Leonard Boudin, a longtime attorney for the left, and Harvard Law School Prof. Charles Nesson. Ellsberg hopes to use his trial to raise

questions about the constitutionality of the war and the foreign-policy-making process. As his lawyers explain the case, the Los Angeles indictment charges their client with the illegal possession and retention of classified documents. A second grand jury, convened in Boston but suspended at present, is investigating the distribution of the papers and could hand up a further indictment of Ellsberg as well as reporter Neil Sheehan of The New York Times and perhaps other journalists.

The defense case will center on Ellsberg's motives for releasing the classified report. "He acted for what he considered the good of his country," contends defense counsel Nesson. "By no stretch of the imagination of anyone did he act to aid a foreign power or to do harm to the United States, which is what the Espionage Act's provisions are concerned with." And Ellsberg will argue that he is being selectively prosecuted for doing little more than what top government officials do when they use classified documents to write their memoirs.

Ellsberg himself is looking forward to his trial with eagerness. He feels his actions have already produced sharp debate over U.S. Indochina policy and have made the public aware that the war is the result of deliberate government decisions. But he is disappointed that President Nixon has not speeded up troop withdrawal and that Congress continues to vote for the draft and for military spending.

For Ellsberg, then, his trial represents a platform to raise what he considers important constitutional and policy questions. "Am I willing to take an increased risk of going to prison in order for these issues to be addressed for the first time?" Ellsberg asked rhetorically. "To that my answer is 'Yes.'" But, he added, "I don't have in front of me the option of simply calling the case off. If I did, for the sake of myself and my family, I'd probably have to take that option."



Tom Hubbard—Cincinnati Enquirer



AP

Conductor Plimpton in Cincinnati, maestro Heath on the podium in London: Walter Mitty scores again, and again

Walter Mitty was leaping from one podium to another. He turned up in Ohio under the name of **George Plimpton**, the man who does everyone else's thing—in this case conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra even though he can't read music. In England, it was Prime Minister **Edward Heath** waving the baton as he conducted the London Symphony Orchestra in Elgar's "Cockaigne" overture at a charity concert. An amateur maestro who regularly leads his hometown choir in Christmas carols, the P.M. disconcerted the audience at the Royal Festival Hall with his foot-tapping style, but he won bravos and kind notices. "I can't think of a music critic likely to do so well," wrote one reviewer, and Heath also got the musicians' vote. "We've had worse conductors," said a member of the percussion section. "He was a bit square, but then he is a Conservative."

The woman who put Pine Bluff, Ark., on the map returned to her birthplace to be feted last week. Outside the Simmons First National Bank, the electric sign under the clock said "Welcome Home **Martha Mitchell**" and flashed the outlines of two of Martha's trademarks—a telephone and a parasol. Even the winds cooperated with Martha Mitchell Week by wafting away Pine Bluff's other gassy product—the pungent exhaust from the paper mill. The guest of honor attended an Arkansas Symphony performance, toured Main Street in a snow flurry and said on TV that she remembered Pine Bluff as "a quiet, lovely place where people were taught manners more than anything else. We concentrated on being ladies, and it really paid off."

How goes the battle for women's liberation in Italy? *Così, così*. Mingled cheers and hisses greeted **Betty Friedan** when the U.S. feminist addressed a pre-

dominantly female audience in Rome and told what the liberated future could bring: "You might have a female Pope one day." At a pro-abortion rally in a Roman café, militant women won a skirmish by routing a plain-clothes policeman who had tried to stop Ms. Friedan from making a speech—which she delivered while standing on a chair. "They're well into consciousness raising here," said Betty about her Italian visit. "I've felt the same thing in Latin American countries and in Catholic countries in general. There's so much more oppression in the system to fight. These women are going to be dynamite."

"Directed by **John Ford**" won raves at a Hollywood screening—except from the master moviemaker whose work had inspired the documentary. "I thought it was long," said Ford, 76, "and the print was bad." Still, he praised director **Peter Bogdanovich** for "a superb job on a dull subject. I liked it all, what I could see in those shadowy figures."

"Well, folks, it's not long now," wrote co-pilot **Robert A. Lewis** as the Enola Gay took off from Tinian on Aug. 6, 1945, heading for Hiroshima to drop the atom bomb. "There'll be a short intermission while we bomb the target," reads another entry in Captain Lewis's log, which fetched \$37,000 from a manuscript dealer at a Parke-Bernet auction in New York last week. Scribbling in his notebook during the flight, Lewis reported that two "slaps" shook the B-29 fifteen seconds after the A-bomb's flash. "We then turned the ship so we could observe results and then in front of our eyes was without a doubt the greatest explosion man has ever witnessed . . . 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. If I live a hundred years, I'll never quite get these few minutes out of my mind." Now 54 and a New Jersey resident, Lewis watched the auction and said he was "in a state of shock" over the unexpectedly high sale price—80 per cent of which goes to him.

Despite dodging other reporters since he left the White House, **Lyndon Johnson** has given an exclusive interview to Hearst columnist Marianne Means. He pledged loyalty to his party in the 1972 Presidential race: "There are absolutely no circumstances which would lead me not to support the Democratic nominee." What if old friend and fellow-Texan **John Connally** becomes **Richard Nixon's** running mate? "If Connally is going to be Vice President," smiled Johnson, "I hope it will be on the Democratic ticket." Miss Means on LBJ in retirement: "Today, instead of watching the network news simultaneously on a three-set TV console, as he did in the White House, he watches three late-night talk shows. But he keeps the sound turned off, until the conversation on one of the shows grows animated and looks interesting."

The male half of moviedom's Ten Years After, better known as **Richard Burton**, reflected on his decade with **Elizabeth Taylor** in a London Daily Mirror interview. Question: "What sustains this highly entertaining relationship of yours?" Burton's answer: "We have genuine adoration and love for each other. Love may be a curious word to use in this permissive age. But I am still, at 46, despite my wildness and rampant youth, enormously disgusted by permissiveness. As for Elizabeth, she is really a very prudish girl, which is one of the reasons she has been married five times. She would not go to bed with a gentleman unless he was married to her."



As imagined by Sofia Evrenoglou
Age 11, Sydney, Australia

The Contaminated Waters.

(Westinghouse is helping to purify them)

We've been de-salting water for years. Westinghouse-built plants from the Florida straits to the Java seas produce over 29½ million gallons of fresh water a day.

We're tackling today's water-pollution problems, too.

Our "water factories" are cleaning up polluted water from paper mills, oil refineries, chemical plants, food processing plants, coal mines, and city sewers.

Westinghouse shipboard waste-reclamation systems also help to keep the waters clean. And recently we introduced brand-new Homecology™ units which remove contaminants

from tap water.

If you have a water need try us. We've the skills and equipment to bring your water to precisely the purity needed for your process, or plant, or population center. And after you've used it, we'll clean it up again to the exact standards required.

Westinghouse plants and offices are located throughout the world. Or write Westinghouse Water Quality Control, 200 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Westinghouse 

What's happened to your watch lately?

From a Canadian deep-sea fisherman: "In 1963 I was engaged in the salmon operation aboard the vessel 'Haida Girl'. On 6th August, we had unloaded our catch for the day and had retired for the night. At approximately four in the morning one of the crew members woke up to find that the boat was taking water very rapidly. We had time only to rush up on deck and leap onto the barge which we were tied up to. At that time I was not wearing my watch as we had snagged our net the previous day and had worked on it quite late that night and I don't like to wear my watch while mending nets as the web will catch in the bracelet."

The watch went down with the boat in 35 fathoms. The boat was submerged for 22 days.

"I had gone in to see Mr. Manson about a new watch but he told me to wait and see if they could raise the boat, as it would probably be in good condition, but I was quite sceptical as I thought the pressure would 'pop' the crystal; nevertheless, when the boat was raised I was there and went aboard to look for my watch. The watch was on the galley floor amongst mud, weeds, etc. I took it on the barge that had raised the boat and washed it off; upon shaking the watch it commenced to go and was none the worse for the length of time it had been under. I continued to wear the watch without taking it to a jeweller."

From the leader of a Welsh Himalayan expedition: "On our recent expedition to West Nepal we used watches of your manufacture. They were the Explorer Perpetual type and gave every satisfaction. These watches served us so well that we feel that we owe you some form of testimonial.

During the six and a half months spent away from the U.K. we experienced the widest possible range of temperature and humidity: the highest temperature being 117 deg. F. in the shade in Afghanistan to 34 deg. of frost at the top of the 19,000 ft. Urai Lagna pass near the Nepal-Tibet border. The humidity varied between the moist monsoon weather of India and Nepal to the arid dryness of the Tibetan plateau in winter. Never once during this period did any of the watches show any signs of irregularity. So much so that good time keeping was taken for granted.

Our first check on the time broadcast by Radio Delhi in early January proved that both Harrop's and mine were within seconds of the correct time after five months away from civilization."



The Rolex Datejust.
Available in 18ct. gold or stainless steel, with matching bracelet.



The Rolex Explorer.
Available in stainless steel with matching bracelet.

From an American Army Colonel: "My watch has recently successfully endured a very unusual experience. On 12th September I participated in a mass parachute drop over Normandie Drop Zone, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. I was to jump behind an equipment bundle and the NCO responsible for it. The reserve parachute of the jumpmaster, who assisted in pushing the bundle from the plane, was inadvertently activated. As I stepped partially into the door to make my exit this chute opened fully outside the aircraft and pulled the jumpmaster out of the door like a cork from a bottle.

As he left the plane the jumpmaster brushed my left side violently and it was then that the watch band was snapped and the entire watch hurled out of the plane at an altitude of 1250 feet.

I followed the jumpmaster out of the door but on landing conducted only a cursory search for the watch as I had my duties to perform, and did not believe the watch could be found, and if found I expected it to be in many pieces. (The jumpmaster, incidentally, suffered only superficial injuries.)

On conclusion of the tactical problem two days later I returned to the Drop Zone with my driver to conduct a more thorough search. Within a half-hour I found the watch. This in itself is like finding a needle in the haystack. Moreover, although heavy rain had fallen in the interim, the watch had continued to run."

From an Independent Institute of Submarine Research: "The watch was subject to no special precautions during the dives. On the contrary, in the second month of the trials it was dropped during loading operations from a height of about six feet onto the cement quay. Despite this very violent shock, the accuracy of the watch was not affected in the least, and the only damage was that a small piece of luminous material was detached from the minute hand.

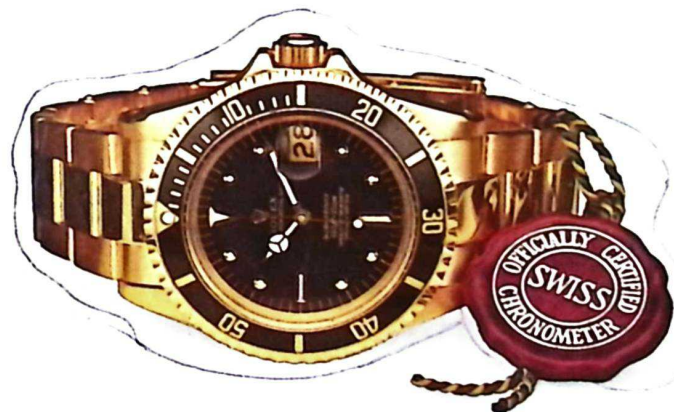
In spite of the high degree of salt in Mediterranean waters, combined, between the dives, with tropical temperatures and humidity, no trace of corrosion could be detected. Similarly no trace of humidity could be found in the watch. Several dives were carried out with the winding-crown pulled-out, in the position for hand-setting.

All previous trials with watches of the best-known makes had shown the entry of water at the first dive, easily discernable by condensation on the inside of the glass.

As a final trial, the watch was lowered at the end of a steel wire to a depth of 400 feet, double the maximum depth to which it was possible to dive with independent compressed air equipment. After an hour of this test no water had infiltrated into the watch."



*The Rolex GMT-Master.
Available in 18ct. gold, stainless steel or steel and gold
combination. All with matching bracelets.*

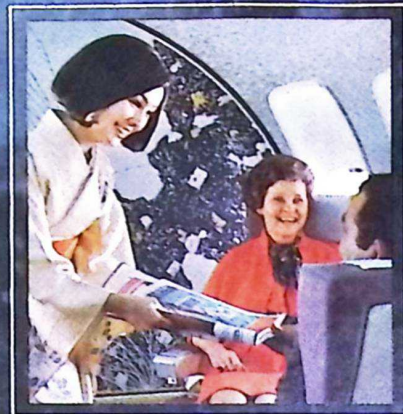


*The Rolex Submariner Date.
Available in 18ct. gold or stainless steel with matching bracelet.*

**Owning one is
almost as satisfying
as making one.**


ROLEX
of Geneva

Rue François Dussaud, 1211 Geneva 24, Switzerland.



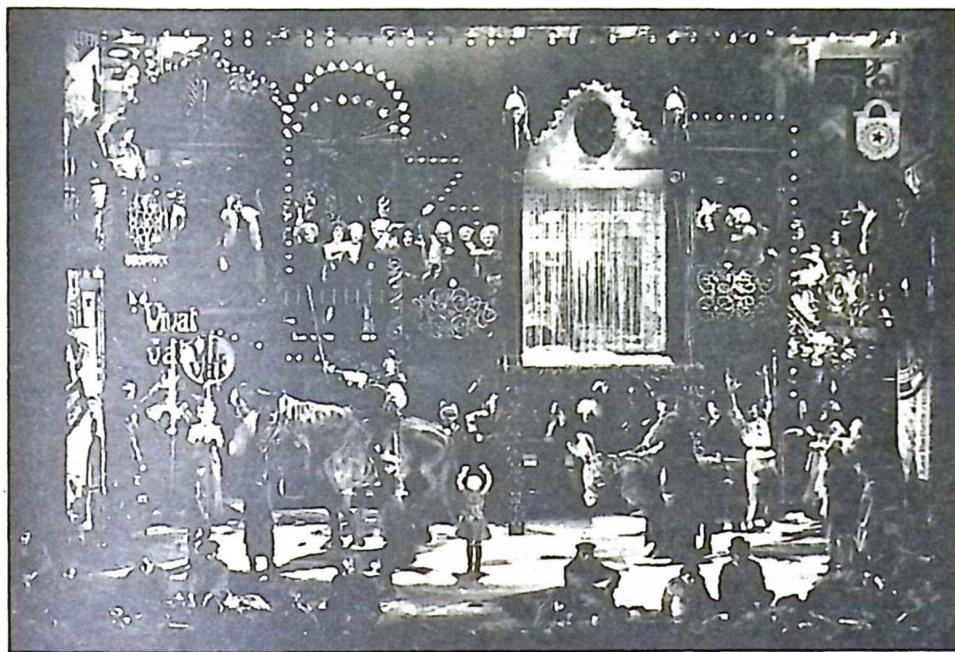
FRIENDLINESS: YOU CAN FEEL IT IN THE AIR

The smile was made in Japan. No, not all smiles. We mean the very special smile of the young lady wearing the kimono on Japan Air Lines. Her smile is part of an art of hospitality begun about the time legend gave birth to history in Japan. The art flourishes still on all of our jets. The next time you fly on Japan Air Lines—whether to Europe, the United States or most anywhere in Asia—prepare for a reception that is nothing less than royal. Your hostess, you see, has a millenium of personality behind her. When she smiles, she smiles!



JAPAN AIR LINES
the worldwide airline of Japan





Arwid Lagenpusch

Friedrich's 'Don Quixote': A switch in time from sunny Spain to sin city

Behind the Opera Curtain

Imagine an "Aida" that doesn't take place in Egypt. Or a "Marriage of Figaro" staged like a hippie happening. Or a teeny-bopping "Salome" who strips down to the jewel in her navel. They're all inventions of stage director Goetz Friedrich, second in command to the legendary Walter Felsenstein at East Berlin's famous opera house, the Komische Oper.

Now the 41-year-old Friedrich, who with true Marxist fervor put on "Porgy and Bess" in a setting that makes Catfish Row seem like the Riviera, enhanced his reputation as the enfant terrible of the Unter den Linden with a new production of Massenet's "Don Quixote." The Don has been moved up in time to the early 1900s, when Massenet wrote the music, and in place from the sunburnt Spanish countryside to a nameless Central European city, where the lumpen-proletariat vegetates, whores and pimps prosper, and the Don's Dulcinea is a depraved stripteaser.

Friedrich puts on a flashy show, using pop art, mirrors, psychedelic lights and a cast of thousands to fashion a sin city much like Kurt Weill's "Mahagonny." There, in a back alley, amidst rat-infested garbage, the Don dies. "His naïve utopias," intones Friedrich, "have been shattered by the cynicism of a late bourgeois society. But the Don has not died in vain. Sancho Panza will carry on. Sancho gains important plebeian elements against the backdrop of a bourgeois society," says Friedrich. "Now he can see the world more clearly and realize there are better methods of achieving Utopia."

Friedrich has somehow managed to follow the orthodox Communist line and be sex-obsessed at the same time. All the

members of his cast in "The Marriage of Figaro" were under 30 "so that the confusion over their love relationships would be credible," says Friedrich. "Love is adaptable to circumstances as well as persons." Thus his heroines in "Così Fan Tutte" make up their minds to lose their virginities with strangers. Besides being sexy, his Aida is timeless and placeless. "I wanted to demonstrate," he says, "that the plot-imperial in context—could be imagined against a military dictatorship."

Work: Friedrich refuses to talk about his personal life. But he's been married, divorced and has a son. He admits having started out wanting to be a lawyer like his father, but a state law forbids sons to follow fathers into "bourgeois" professions. For Friedrich there is no personal life, no hobbies, only work. Says American singer Cullen Maiden, the Porgy in Friedrich's "Porgy and Bess": "Rehearsals began at 10 and we were lucky if we went home at 10:30 that night." At that pace it took Friedrich six months to mount the opera. It only took him two months to stage "Don Quixote." "It's a short opera," he says.

"I never felt more like a Communist," says Friedrich, "than the morning after the opening of 'Don Quixote.' The opera is about the impossibility of living in a world stripped of ideas or in which ideals have been subverted." Of course the proper application of that interpretation depends upon which side of the Iron Curtain one lives on—or is forced to live on. It's interesting, in that light, that Friedrich would not comment upon his chances of succeeding Walter Felsenstein, now more than 70, as head of the Komische Oper. "That's a political decision," say people close to the East Berlin scene, "and not a question of artistry."



More transpacific flights from Japan than any other airline.

From Tokyo, Japan Air Lines offers more convenient schedules to the U.S.A. than anyone else. To Tokyo, Japan Air Lines has an extensive network of flights linking the transpacific service with major cities throughout South East Asia. And you can cross the ocean to the U.S.A. on the most beautiful flying experience in the world, JAL's 747 Garden Jet which flies frequently from Tokyo to Hawaii, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and from Hong Kong to Tokyo, Hawaii and Los Angeles.

Completing the picture of convenience are the JAL DC8s which also serve Honolulu, San Francisco, Vancouver and New York. For reservations call your travel agent or your nearest JAL office.*

* JAL offices are located in:

JAPAN

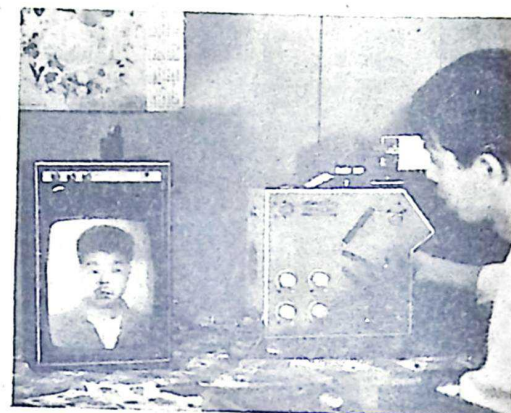
Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka, Kyoto, Kobe, Hiroshima, Fukuoka, Kitakyushu, Nagasaki, Sapporo, Kushiro, Takamatsu.

FAR EAST

Guam, Okinawa, Seoul, Pusan, Taipei, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, Jakarta, Kuala Lumpur, Manila, Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland.



JAPAN AIR LINES



Tokyo police practicing kendo (left); mugging victim scrutinizing suspects via portable TV (above)

The World's Safest City

Ask most students of urban affairs to name the safest major city in the world and the chances are better than even that the answer will be London, Stockholm, or perhaps even Moscow. But all are wrong. For by almost any standard, the safest and most crime-free major city in the world is also the largest city in the world: Tokyo.

Recent statistics from the Japanese Ministry of Justice make the point dramatically enough. Where Chicago's 3.3 million people committed 810 murders in 1970, Tokyo's 11.4 million committed only 213. Where Los Angeles recorded 1,988 cases of rape, Tokyo had only 500. There were just six bank robberies in the Japanese capital last year and drug addiction is all but nonexistent. Juvenile delinquency is limited for the most part to occasional shoplifting and bicycle stealing. And in the category of armed robberies, the comparison with U.S. cities becomes downright appalling. While the police of New York had to contend with 74,102 holdups and muggings last year, their counterparts in Tokyo were confronted with only 472. "I walk around at night by myself and it never occurs to me that something might happen," says a young American woman who has lived in Tokyo for the last ten years. "This is safer than any place I've ever been."

There are a number of reasons for Tokyo's uncommonly low crime rate—which is shared by most other Japanese cities. With labor throughout Japan in drastically short supply, there is precious little reason for anyone to turn to crime to make a living. But no less important is the almost total homogeneity of Japan's populace. Except for some 600,000 much-put-upon Koreans, there are none of the racial or ethnic minorities which contribute so heavily to crime statistics in the U.S. and some European cities.

Beyond these obvious factors, there

is another explanation for Tokyo's orderliness that goes as deep as the national character itself. The Japanese family structure has historically had much more influence over the behavior of its members than the government or society at large. "From the time he is quite small," says Tokyo psychoanalyst Hitoshi Aiba, "the Japanese is taught to think how his actions will reflect on his family. Japanese are taught to be self-punishing. They are very much concerned with guilt, and even a criminal is tormented by what his parents would think if his crime were found out."

Network: Besides its community and familial restraints, Tokyo also has an amazingly effective police force. For one thing, the department can call on an astonishing array of electronic equipment to help track down a criminal. One device, a portable television projector, allows a victim to examine suspects in a police line-up from the comfort of his own home. For another, the city's 38,000 cops operate so close to the grass roots that they often know as much about residents of their beat as they do about members of their own families. In one section of the city, for instance, a 33-year-old patrolman makes it a practice to take snapshots of oldsters in his district and present them to the subjects on their birthdays. And to supplement their own resources, the police have developed a whole network of auxiliary groups that extend the department's ears and eyes throughout every level of society. One of these, the *Hitokuchi Undo* or "Hello Dear" Society, befriends youngsters and helps steer them away from delinquent behavior. Another auxiliary group, the 100,000-member Crime Prevention Agents, specializes in passing out crime-stopper information.

All this is made possible by the fact that Japanese regard helping the police as a high form of public service. "The general public," says Zen Tokoi, research director for the Justice Ministry, "respects

the police and is quite cooperative. This is one reason we can operate so efficiently." And efficient the Tokyo police undeniably are. For the 1,389 crimes that involved murder, arson, rape and robbery last year, the arrest rate was 90 per cent. For murder it was an astonishing 97 per cent.

Brawn: Still another boon to Japan's cops is the Japanese attitude toward guns. In Tokyo itself, the Public Safety Commission has banned pistols outright and requires registration even of air rifles. The criminals themselves tend to consider using guns as somewhat cowardly; they prefer knives or swords instead. And though Tokyo policemen carry side arms and undergo compulsory judo or kendo training, they seldom find the need to use force.

In fact, except in the case of student demonstrators whom they flail with considerable gusto, Japanese cops regard any use of violence as bad form. "If I am involved in a scene where I have to use the art of judo, that's dishonorable," says Tokyo's chief homicide detective, Hiratsuka Hachibe. Hachibe (whose nickname is Thunder Detective) almost invariably uses brain in preference to brawn. In his 33 years on the force he has sent some 50 murderers to the gallows, but only once has he felt obliged to use dishonorable means. That was several years ago when he went to a Tokyo apartment to arrest a suspected murderer and blundered into a large dice game. As the crapsshooters—and his suspect—fled in panic, Hachibe had no choice but to knock the villain out with a thunderous right-arm chop.

A Win for Mayor Sam

It was already well into the dinner hour, but the rush-hour traffic still snaked for miles along the Atlanta, Ga., expressway. Suddenly the cacophony of horns was obliterated by a loud, mechanical flapping noise overhead. Moments later a voice with a slight lisp ech-

oed from on high: "Frustrated? How'd you like to be riding 65 miles an hour in an air-conditioned train instead of this mess?" Hundreds of startled motorists jerked their eyes skyward and saw a large, blue helicopter hovering over the tie-up. "This is your mayor, Sam Massell," continued the celestial voice, coming from a bullhorn aboard the copter. "I'm asking you to help us do something about this traffic. Vote 'Yes' next week for the proposed Atlanta rapid-transit system. It will be a vote for Atlanta's future."

Sam Massell's choice of medium for his message was a characteristically flamboyant one for the diminutive (5 feet 6 inches), high-pressure mayor. But then the rapid-transit referendum was no ordinary, off-year-election issue. Billed as the South's largest construction proposal since the establishment of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the plan to lace Atlanta's entire metropolitan region with a \$1.4 billion, train, bus and subway system had generated intense emotions on every side. Proponents of the plan, mostly chamber-of-commerce types and blacks, maintained that the outcome of the vote would determine the city's very future. "It will be a test of whether Atlanta has the determination and confidence to move ahead," predicted the Rev. Andrew Young, a black community leader. But suburban opponents of the plan argued with equal vehemence that a region-wide subway would simply increase the range of inner-city muggers, rapists and drug pushers. One powerful critic, former Georgia Gov. Lester G. Maddox, was moved to take out personal ads in local newspapers damning "this corrupt, inefficient and immoral idea."

'Victory': No single individual campaigned more vigorously for the transit plan than Sam Massell. And the 44-year-old, first-term mayor was the happiest man in town when, early this month, Atlanta voted to approve the controversial scheme—albeit by the narrowest of margins (a recount is now being completed). "The fact that it's a victory at all is an overwhelming victory," Massell told *Newsweek's* Joseph Cumming Jr. last week. "People have been asking, 'Which way Atlanta?' But there is no question now that we are going forward."

There are many among Atlanta's 1.4 million citizens, however, who believe that the most promising development in the city's recent history was not the transit vote but the election of Massell himself two years ago. The youngest mayor in Atlanta's history, and the first Jew to win the office, Sam Massell embodies a genuine political phenomenon in the Southeast's largest city. To defeat his Republican opponent, who was almost unanimously supported by the old-line business community that has charted Atlanta's course for generations, Massell (then vice mayor) put together a brand-new coalition of white liberals, blacks and blue-collar workers. The campaign was a very ugly one and some of its

scars still linger. But many of his former opponents now view the onetime real-estate executive as exactly the right mayor at the right time. "Atlanta is being providently directed," says developer James E. Cushman. "Massell was what we needed to bridge the gap—and I worked like hell for his opponent."

Kowtow: The secret of Massell's broad, if sometimes grudgingly bestowed, popularity rests in his uncanny ability to keep all of Atlanta's highly polarized factions continually confused as to just where his sympathies lie at any given moment. Shortly after he took office, he thoroughly confounded critics who had predicted that he would kowtow to his black and union supporters by virtually breaking a protracted strike by the city's largely black garbage-workers union. On the other hand, he has publicly pledged to place minority workers in 50



Ron Sherman—Nancy Palmer

Massell: Keeping them guessing

per cent of all municipal jobs by 1975 and has already named three blacks to head city departments. Similarly, he warmed business leaders' hearts by giving them a new sports coliseum but then turned them apoplectic when he refused to cross a picket line to address a convention at the Regency Hyatt House Hotel. He increased police salaries by 22 per cent and enlarged the department by 33 per cent, but also sternly warned his cops against brutality and instituted psychological tests for police candidates.

Perhaps the most ingenious demonstration of Massell's dualistic approach came during Atlanta's "hippie crisis" last summer. A four-block stretch of famed Peachtree Street had gradually become a Southern Haight-Ashbury, a mecca for thousands of teen-age runaways, motorcycle toughs and drug pushers. As violence in the area soared and Atlanta's middle-class community demanded action, Massell sought to cool passions by defending the longhairs' rights in a special TV address. But simultaneously the

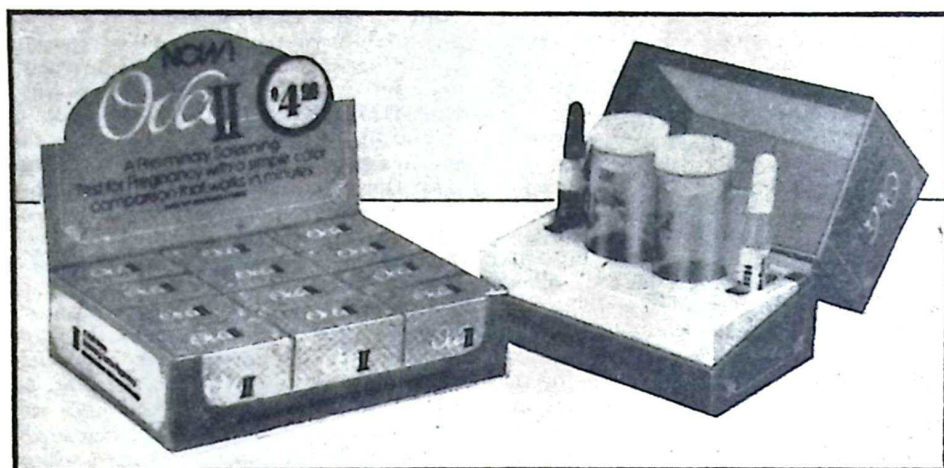
mayor assigned a special, 64-man police squad to the hippie beat and took out ads in underground papers that warned: "Unless you have bread and a pad, please find your thing somewhere else ... or face a bad scene." The hip culture got the message and the long-haired emigration to Atlanta largely stopped.

For all such successes, however, Massell has not yet effectively come to grips with the city's more serious maladies—a lack of low-rent housing for the poor, deteriorating schools and other services, and deep fears among the white middle-class that the increasing black population (now at 51 per cent) may eventually transform Atlanta into another Newark. Mayor Massell, however, is supremely confident that he is equal to the task. An indication of that was his choice of role during a fund-raising evening before the cream of Atlanta society. Massell played a harassed city mayor who, when confronted with a major problem (an epic traffic jam), slipped off his shirt and revealed his true identity—"Super Sam." And if not all Atlantans see the superhuman in Sam, most would at least agree with the assessment of Massell offered by one local businessman. "This guy," he said, "is making the system work."

Renewal or Removal?

In what has become a conventional American lament, the black residents of Hamtramck, Mich., have long complained that they were being victimized by the city's urban-renewal projects. Not only were their homes razed for parking lots, freeways and industrial parks, but when it came to finding new places to live, discrimination by local real-estate dealers often left them with no place to go. As a result, many blacks had to leave Hamtramck altogether and set up new lives in the neighboring communities of Highland Park and East Detroit.

Last week, in an unprecedented ruling, a Federal district-court judge agreed that Hamtramck's blacks had been done wrong. Noting that the city's percentage of blacks had decreased from 14.5 per cent to 8.5 per cent during the years from 1960 to 1966, Judge Damon J. Keith, himself a black, ruled that Hamtramck's policies had amounted to a blatant case of "Negro removal." Besides ordering Hamtramck to provide living quarters for blacks displaced by urban renewal in the future, he gave the city and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development 90 days to come up with plans for housing some 1,600 blacks who had been forced out in the past. Predictably, local officials were quick to plead that the decision would put an unfair burden on a city already in dire financial straits. Equally predictably, blacks hailed the ruling as a milestone victory. "Studies have shown that urban-renewal projects often mean the removal of minorities," said Edward C. King, lawyer for the plaintiffs. "This decision provides a way to rectify this."



Home medical kits: A weakened sense of awe and a burgeoning market

Do-It-Yourself Medicine

The general public has traditionally regarded medicine as an arcane art whose secrets of diagnosis and healing are known only to those who carry the magic letters M.D. after their names. Now, however, this awe seems to be weakening and in the U.S. laymen by the thousands are buying over-the-counter kits that enable them to perform simple medical tests, ranging from diagnosing pregnancy to measuring blood pressure in the privacy of their own homes. Not surprisingly, the rapid growth of such do-it-yourself medicine is causing considerable disquiet among doctors. At the same time, Federal regulatory authorities, with proper bureaucratic caution, are instituting new programs to test the kits already on the market and screen those that have not yet reached the local drug store counter.

Actually, the do-it-yourself approach to medical testing is hardly revolutionary. Diabetics routinely measure their glucose levels after meals, for example, and many physicians train their hypertensive patients to use a simple blood-pressure cuff at home. But in the past, points out Dr. William Barclay, a top official of the American Medical Association, "the physician and patient have traditionally worked in this way as a team. Now the patient is diagnosing himself without the doctor's aid—and there's no telling what harm might occur."

The extent of the burgeoning do-it-yourself market is unclear even to the Food and Drug Administration, which has the responsibility for regulating "diagnostic products." The best estimate is, however, that hundreds of such devices are either already on sale or about to reach the stores. Among them:

- **Ova II**, which is described as "a preliminary screening test for pregnancy" by its manufacturers, Faraday Laboratories of Hillside, N.J. The test involves adding urine to two vials of chemicals and com-

paring the colors of the vials. Preliminary tests on some 1,000 women have shown Ova II to be 96.5 per cent accurate. Nevertheless, Faraday Laboratories has taken pains to caution its customers to use the test only with a doctor's close counseling.

- **Sears, Roebuck and Co.'s sphygmometograph**, which measures blood pressure. The patient fits a cuff around his arm, inflates it and then waits while a miniature microphone inside the cuff picks up the blood pressure sounds and records them electronically. The Sears catalogue warns that "only a doctor is qualified to interpret the results."

- **The Fertility Testor**, produced by Weston Laboratories of Ottawa, Ill., is designed to indicate when a woman is in her fertile period. The Fertility Testor relies on the fact that glucose appears in the vagina both immediately before and during ovulation, and it consists of a tape which changes color in response to the presence of glucose. The woman introduces the tape into her vagina using a modified speculum; if the tape turns any shade of blue, it indicates that she is in that brief period every month when she can conceive.

- **The PAP-ette Pipette**, soon to be marketed by the Ortho Diagnostics division of Johnson & Johnson and described by its manufacturer as "an aid in the diagnosis and detection of cervical malignancy." The device consists of an applicator, which deposits a chemical solution in a woman's vagina, and an aspirator, which collects the solution after it has washed out cells from the vaginal tract. The solution preserves the cells, and the whole sample can then be sent to a laboratory for examination. The manufacturers emphasize that the pipette is "purely a collection device, not designed to replace a Pap smear."

A basic criterion for such tests and devices is that they should be simple enough in concept and operation to allow untrained people to use them. It is pre-

**TODAY AT Sears...YOU'LL FIND A
NEW AUTOMATIC-RECORDING
BLOOD PRESSURE INSTRUMENT**
LET'S YOU RECORD YOUR OWN BLOOD PRESSURE
ACCURATELY, QUICKLY, WITHOUT ASSISTANCE

**FOUR SEARS
CATALOG OF
HOME CARE AND
DIAGNOSTIC AIDS**
Get your copy now page 102



The new automatic recording sphygmometer...
The patient sits down...
The patient inflates the cuff...
The patient waits for the device to record...
The patient reads the result on the dial...



Blood Pressure Instruments

1. **Automatic Pipette**...
2. **Automatic Sphygmometer**...
3. **Automatic Blood Pressure Instrument**...

cisely this simplicity, however, that has raised fears among many doctors. "Home Pap smears are nice," says Dr. David Forkosh, director of Chicago's Forkosh Memorial Hospital, "but they don't tell you enough about other things a doctor looks for when he conducts an internal examination on a woman. Other diseases might be present that could be diagnosed only with a more complex test." A similar criticism has been leveled at some of the blood-pressure kits. Though the Sears instrument measures both systolic and diastolic pressures, there are other kits which measure only the systolic. "Clinically," warns Forkosh, "this is as good as no information at all."

Voodoo: Perhaps even more dangerous for the patient, however, is the risk that he will make a false diagnosis on the strength of the information he gets from a do-it-yourself kit. A falsely positive result from a home pregnancy test, for example, could lead to the emotional trauma and expense of an unnecessary abortion. "Such gadgets should be viewed in the same way as voodoo and medicine men," advises the AMA's Barclay. "In the days when medicines and tests were harmless, there were no consequences except fraud. But unfortunately today our weapons for diagnosis and treatment are powerful and dangerous. If a test turns in false results, a patient may be in physical and financial jeopardy."

At present the only do-it-yourself diagnostic instrument that must meet Federal standards of accuracy is the humble clinical thermometer. But the FDA now is preparing to develop new procedures for regulating the flow of all do-it-yourself medical devices into the consumer market. "It is extremely important to assure the accuracy of these seemingly simple products," declares Dr. Henry E. Simmons, director of the FDA's Bureau of Drugs, "because they do affect the di-

agnosis and they do guide the therapy. It is every bit as important that do-it-yourself medical devices function properly as it is important that drugs be safe—perhaps even more so.”

C Is for Controversy

Last winter, when Nobel laureate Linus Pauling, the controversial California biochemist, recommended taking heavy doses of vitamin C as an effective means of preventing the common cold, he was assailed by medical men of every stripe. The studies on which Pauling based his claims for vitamin C, the critics maintained, had been performed without the proper controls and were not large enough to be convincing. But despite the skepticism of most physicians, millions of people across the U.S. took Pauling's advice to heart and sales of vitamin C immediately skyrocketed. And now, with the return of the peak season for colds and flu, pharmacists in many areas report that the demand for vitamin C is again so high that they are having trouble keeping it in stock.

Recently, however, a study of vitamin C at the University of Maryland turned up some clinical evidence that seems to contradict Pauling's thesis. To test the efficacy of vitamin C, Doctors Andrew R. Schwartz and Richard B. Hornick gave eleven male volunteers from the Maryland House of Correction 3,000 grams of vitamin C a day for two weeks. At the same time, ten control subjects were given innocuous placebos. Then the doctors inoculated all the volunteers with one of the more than 100 viruses known to cause the common cold—and the vitamin C and placebo therapy was continued for another week.

Within a day or two after injection of the virus, all 21 subjects developed typical cold symptoms, including runny noses, stuffiness, sore throats and coughing. No significant differences could be found, reported the Maryland doctors, between the intensity or duration of the symptoms of the men who had received vitamin C and those of the control subjects. On the strength of this, Schwartz and Hornick concluded that vitamin C is completely ineffective in preventing colds. But Schwartz, for one, doubts that any such negative findings about vitamin C's effectiveness in preventing colds will induce people to stop taking it for that purpose. “People who think vitamin C cures colds,” he observes, “will continue to use it, regardless of the scientific data. Americans today are a medication-taking public, for whom strong emotional appeals often override scientific facts.”

Millions: The Food and Drug Administration, meanwhile, has kept a close watch on the vitamin C craze—and last month it stepped in to order the recall of nearly 9 million tablets of the vitamin because they were mislabeled. Astonishingly enough, the agency revealed that this was the fourteenth such FDA action since May—bringing the total number of

vitamin C pills recalled so far to 105 million.

The pills involved in the latest recall were actually a form of vitamin C called sodium ascorbate (the most common form of vitamin C is plain ascorbic acid). The presence of the sodium is perfectly safe for most people but could be harmful to those with heart disease and high blood pressure. But the bottles' labels, the FDA noted, failed to warn of this distinction. Most of the manufacturers involved are small companies that make their products for health-food stores, and some of the recalled pills bear such exotic names as “vitamin C rose hips supplement” and “acerola-flavored vitamin C supplement.” Apparently, the inadequate labeling was the result of the suddenly increased demand for vitamin C that took place last winter and spring. “The major producers couldn't meet the



Pauling: Cold comfort

need,” says an FDA spokesman, “so a lot of other companies jumped in. As long as they got their names on the labels, it seems that they didn't worry about anything else.”

Boosts: For all such setbacks, vitamin C's medical stock has received some boosts as well—albeit in areas other than cold prevention. At Bowman Gray Medical School in Winston-Salem, N.C., researchers have come up with preliminary evidence suggesting that vitamin C may be involved in stimulating white blood cells to kill invading bacteria, including the germs responsible for strep throat and staphylococcus infections. And at Pennsylvania State University, Dr. Ralph Mumma has found that when large amounts of a vitamin C derivative are given to rats, the release of cholesterol from their blood is significantly hastened. High cholesterol levels in the blood, of course, are generally believed to be a major factor in heart disease—a considerably more serious affliction than the common cold.

Died: JOSEPH C. WILSON, 61, board chairman of the Xerox Corp., the man behind the copying company's phenomenal success; of a heart attack, while lunching as one of Nelson Rockefeller's guests at the New York governor's Fifth Avenue apartment, Nov. 22. Wilson's story reads like a Harvard Business School graduate's version of Horatio Alger. Succeeding his father in 1946 as president of the modest Haloid photographic-paper manufacturing firm in Rochester, N.Y., Wilson boldly gambled the company's future and his own savings on xerography—whose inventor, Chester Carlson, had been turned away by Eastman Kodak and IBM, among other corporations. Fourteen years and \$20 million later, Haloid Xerox's model 914 dry-copying machine put Xerox into the office vocabulary, ran up personal fortunes for Wilson and Carlson (who died in 1968) and started Xerox Corp. spiraling toward revenues that reached \$1.7 billion in 1970.

■ **NED DAY**, 60, member of bowling's Hall of Fame; of an apparent stroke, in West Allis, Wis., Nov. 26. King of keggers from 1938 to 1950, Day featured flawless form plus such a sweeping hook that he launched his stride from the far left side, giving the ball the width of the alley to roll across before it spun back toward the strike pocket.

■ **JOE ADONIS**, 69, former U.S. underworld big shot; of complications from pneumonia, in Ancona, Italy, Nov. 26. When the late Sen. Estes Kefauver was probing racketeers in 1951, he billed Adonis as possibly “the most sinister of them all.” A lie to the Kefauver crime committee tripped up the Italian-born crony of Frank Costello; Adonis swore that he was born in Passaic, N.J., thus leaving himself open to a perjury sentence and deportation. To beat the rap, he returned to Italy “voluntarily” in 1956, but his alleged Mafia entanglements made him persona non grata in Italy's big cities. First Rome booted him out, and last June he was exiled from Milan to the tiny town of Serra de' Conti.

■ **J. HOWARD PEW**, 89, longtime head of the Sun Oil Co. and patriarch of the Pews of Philadelphia; of pneumonia, in Ardmore, Pa., Nov. 27. Son of Sun Oil's founder, Pew built the firm into a giant of the petroleum industry and presided over one of America's richest families, worth nearly \$1 billion.

■ **ZEZ CONFREY**, 76, jazz pianist and composer, of a stroke, in Lakewood, N.J., Nov. 22. Inspired by a cat prancing on his keyboard, Confrey wrote “Kitten on the Keys.” He played it at a Paul Whiteman concert in New York in 1924 and vaulted to fame with another young composer on the same bill—George Gershwin introducing “Rhapsody in Blue.”



Kinney scoring: Matter of strength

Conquest in Norman

Billboards sprouted suddenly amid the oil rigs on the table-flat land, exhorting Oklahoma to crush Nebraska. Local radio stations interspersed their records with choruses of "Boomer Sooner," the Oklahoma fight song. Pickup trucks and oilmen's Cadillacs parked in rare tandem, each bedecked with team banners and bumper stickers. All over Norman, Okla., from the roadhouses, where the "good ole boys" dined on such regional delicacies as chicken-fried steak, to the campus pub that served no fewer than 1,400 hamburgers on the morning of the game, thousands of Nebraskans and Oklahomans were happily working themselves up to a feverish pitch early last week. And while the old-timers may have been a little put off by the rock music, long hair and other signs of changing times in the noisy students' pub, no one in Norman was even thinking about generation gaps. It was the gaps in their team's defensive line that dominated conversation in Norman as the clash between the U.S.'s two top-ranked football teams drew near.

Every few years, football finds itself confronted with a "game of the decade"—a late-season match-up of undefeated teams with the national championship at stake. Some such battles have even lived up to all their superlative billing, the most recent being the 15-14 Texas victory over Arkansas in 1969. But few games have offered a contest as intriguing as this year's between top-ranked Nebraska's power and defense and second-ranked Oklahoma's speed and finesse. And when the Thanksgiving Day struggle ended, with Nebraska notching a 35-31 triumph, everyone who played or watched had good reason to be physically and emotionally exhausted.

"This is the pinnacle," exclaimed Oklahoma defensive coach Larry Lacewell,

who has coached throughout the Southwest and the prairies. "To appreciate it fully, maybe you have to know this country. You have to know the kids who grow up thinking only of football, the ones who play in high school or junior college, riding those old 'yellow dogs' (rickety school buses with straight-backed seats) for hours between games, eating bad box lunches—and loving every minute of it." A former Big Eight player summed it up no less emotionally to *NEWSWEEK*'s Pete Axthelm: "When you play for Oklahoma or Nebraska, you don't feel like you're playing just for the school. The atmosphere makes you think you're playing for the whole state."

That atmosphere was heightened by the presence of the governors and assorted civic leaders from both states—but it was the emotionalism of the ordinary fan that gave the day its special zip. Nebraskans told frequent tales of the Oklahomans' legendary lust for points; during the Sooners' record-breaking winning streak in the mid-1950s, for example, fans were said to have left the stadium grumbling if the Sooners won by only three touchdowns. But the Oklahoma partisans gave as much as they received. "Nebraska fans," sniffed one Sooner coed, "are the worst in the Big Eight. They're not nearly as gentlemanly as the fans from Kansas State."

"Maybe," her date suggested, "the Kansas State fans were more polite because we beat them, 75-28."

Triple Option: Indeed, the Oklahoma offense has satisfied even the greediest of fans with its point production all season—and it was the focal point of all the pregame hysteria and analysis. Jack Mildren, who is possibly the best quarterback in the country, had directed the Sooners' triple-option attack with rare poise and precision. Depending on the reactions of the defense, Mildren could hand off to his fullback, run the ball himself, or pitch at the most dangerous running back in the game, Greg Pruitt. Ever since Texas popularized the triple option and the Wishbone Formation, no team had been able to stop it when it was executed well. And that was precisely the challenge facing Nebraska coach Bob Devaney and his vaunted defense.

The game didn't turn out to be that simple, of course—and it was the unexpected complexity of its parries and thrusts that made it such a fascinating and exciting spectacle. Nebraska didn't stop the Wishbone, and Oklahoma didn't hold back the Cornhuskers' pro-style attack. But as the game unfolded, each defense did take away certain weapons from the rival offense, forcing the quarterbacks to react with brains and boldness. "When you recruit a boy to play quarterback for us," said Oklahoma coach Chuck Fairbanks, "you don't take a guy who's milking a cow and worrying about tipping over the pail." And quar-

terback Mildren and his Nebraska counterpart Jerry Tagge illustrated that in a duel of quick thinking under pressure.

When it became clear, for example, that Nebraska's defense was designed to neutralize the mercurial Pruitt at all costs, Mildren coolly abandoned the pitchout to Pruitt and picked the Cornhuskers apart with his own running and passing. And when Tagge realized that the Oklahoma defense was designed chiefly to stop his passing, he made a crucial second-half adjustment of his own. "Our trouble was that we weren't going out and sticking it to them," said halfback Jeff Kinney. "I was hoping at halftime that we would decide to run it down their throats." They did—in a bruising second-half rushing performance that gave Nebraska new life.

The din in the packed, freezing stadium grew to a steady roar as the lead changed hands several times throughout the second half. But midway in the final quarter, it became clear that no tactics would hold down either offense any longer. Now it was a matter of physical strength and big plays. Nebraska, ultimately, had too much strength—and Tagge won it with two key plays. First, with third down and a yard to go, he spotted the Oklahoma defense stacked against a plunge, and switched his call to send Kinney wide for 17 yards. Then, on third down and eight near midfield, he scrambled away from a tackler and passed to slotback Johnny Rodgers, who made a diving catch for a first down. Kinney then slammed through the Oklahoma defense on five of the next six plays before scoring the winning touchdown.

Nebraska coach Devaney understandably called it the greatest victory of his career, and more objective observers suggested that it might have been the greatest game of anybody's career. In the saddened Oklahoma dressing room, there was more praise than bitterness. "If Nebraska doesn't give Tagge its Most Valuable Player award," said Lacewell, "the vote's fixed." Others hoped that Devaney, who has amassed the best winning percentage of any college mentor, would finally be named Coach of the Year this season.

In the Nebraska locker room all such speculation was drowned out by the exuberant din. Someone asked Johnny Rodgers if he had felt any urge to spike the ball to the turf or hurl it in the air after his great plays. "Oh, you know how we are out here," Rodgers replied with a wink. "We're all kind of conservative."

Leader of Men

Off the field, Ohio State football coach Woody Hayes is a staunch advocate of law and order; on the field, he approaches each game as a battle and thinks of himself as a cool strategist, not unlike his hero Gen. George S. Patton. But in the

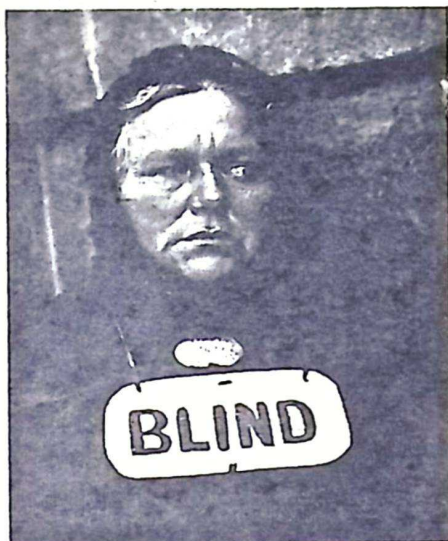
final game of the season against Michigan, Hayes was neither cool nor orderly.

Late in the fourth quarter, just when his Buckeyes had a chance to salvage a disappointing season with an upset of third-ranked Michigan, their final drive was ended by a pass interception that clinched Michigan's 10-7 victory. Hayes, certain that officials had overlooked pass interference by Michigan on the play, stalked onto the field to argue the decision. After an exchange of words and gestures, the referee marched off two 15-yard penalties for unsportsmanlike conduct against Ohio State while his own players and assistants shoved Hayes off the field. Two plays later, Hayes continued his rampage by bending a yard marker over his knee and hurling it onto the field—a feat of strength that recalled the time he made a point at a players' meeting by throwing a movie projector across a room. Concluding his act, Hayes then ripped a flag from the downs marker and tore it to shreds.

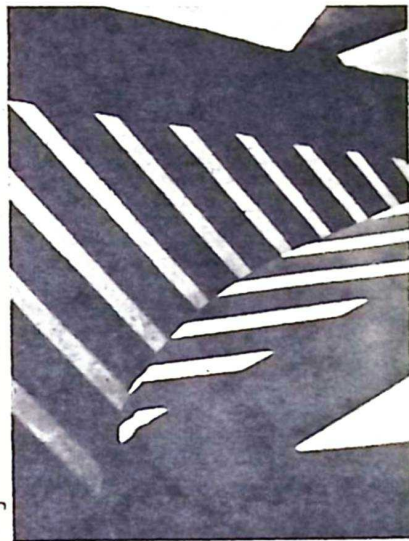
Hayes has had more than his share of scrapes with referees in his 21 years at Ohio State. But his performance during the Michigan game alienated even some of his ardent supporters. Last week, the student newspaper, *The Daily Lantern*, noted that "Hayes is given to lengthy discourses on the leadership, sportsmanship and character that are developed by football. He certainly showed a dearth of these qualities himself..." And Cleveland Plain Dealer sports editor Hal Lebovitz exhorted Hayes "to apologize for his immature behavior... First it was ludicrous, then revolting. It's one thing to be a fierce competitor... quite another to be a horse's rear end, which he was at Ann Arbor." But the cantankerous Hayes wasn't about to apologize to anybody. "It was one of the worst-called plays in the history of college football," he insisted. "I'd have been ashamed if I didn't go out on the field."



Hayes: Blowing his cool



Strand's 'Blind Woman' (1916)



'Porch Shadows' (1915)

The Right Moment

Alfred Stieglitz, who introduced photography as a fine art to the United States early in this century, called Paul Strand's work "pure," without parallel either here or in Europe. Generations have heard about him; his name is ranked in the textbooks with historic figures like Edward Steichen and Clarence White. But the photography of Paul Strand has been more discussed than seen. Now the Philadelphia Museum of Art has launched a major retrospective of Strand's work, comprising some 500 photographs, with stops ahead in St. Louis, Boston, New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Coming at a time when the master is into his 80s, the show is long overdue.

Looking at wall after wall of Strand is a demanding, extending experience. Strand is an unsparingly disciplined photographer who makes nothing easy for the eye or the mind. He never parades his technical virtuosity or indulges in flashy, sentimental subjects. He is the Matisse of photography, patient, persistent, holding his ground while others take the easy way. In 1923 he attacked the makers of "pretty pictures" in a controversial lecture that he still remembers with pride. "I told them the world was full of picture makers who didn't have anything to say," he recalls. "I wanted to turn the attention of students to content, to the world around them."

Baffling: Strand did not begin as a surrealist. At first, he was influenced by the flood of abstract painting that appeared in New York before World War I, much of it at Stieglitz's "291" gallery. He moved so close to nature (and to machines) that the results came off as bafflingly beautiful studies in light and form, hinting at a reality that never explains itself. But even in his first show at "291," in 1916, there was a hard clarity

in all the pictures. When he focused on the geometric towers of Wall Street, the innards of his own camera or the shadows on a porch, he did so directly, never pausing to distort or soften the edges.

"My experiments in abstraction taught me how to compose a picture," Strand says, "and let me go on into the world around me, my real interest." He hit his stride when he focused upon the faces of the people he saw in the streets of New York. He mounted a "false" barrel on the side of his camera, so his subjects would not know when the lens was on them, creating the first truly candid camera. Strand has been able to stay on unobtrusive terms with the world ever since, whether in Wall Street, Mexico, France or Africa. The blind woman he snapped in 1916 in New York is an unforgettable image, direct, unsparing, pure. In the early '20s, he joined the painter Charles Sheeler in a transposition of reality on film. Their effort, "Manhatta," which is being shown in Philadelphia, is considered the first poetic documentary, collaging bold visions of street crowds with fragments of Whitman's verse.

Strand has often been celebrated for his humanism. His studies of Mexican peasantry—a major part of this exhibition—were praised for precisely this reason by David Siqueiros, the revolutionary Mexican painter. But it is not his politics or philosophy that makes him a great photographer, not even his exceptional skill at printing and finishing his photographs, but rather his ability to choose the right moment. Every one of the 500 photographs at Philadelphia has the feel of a portrait. Whether he focuses on traders in an Arab market, a deserted ghost town or children at play, Strand produces a world poised in perfect, almost cubistic balance between "reality" and pure form, between something mortal and something immutable, beyond change.

—DOUGLAS DAVIS

Weather-Wise

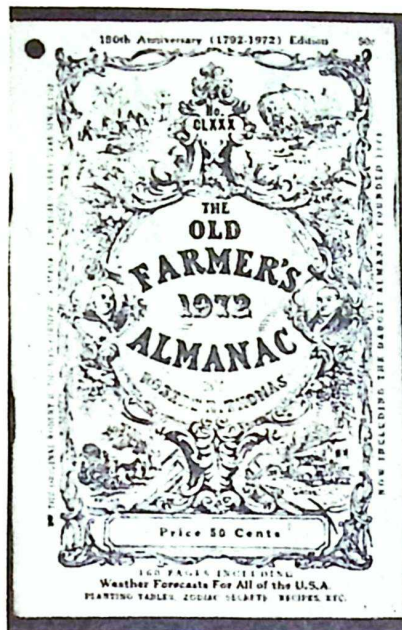
The current issue of the Old Farmer's Almanac predicted two-tenths of an inch of rain for northern New England on Thanksgiving Day 1971. Then weren't the folks in Dublin, N.H., where the Almanac is published, a little surprised by that 2 feet of snow? "Well," one native allowed laconically as he dug out his driveway, "it was an understatement."

The Old Farmer's Almanac may have blown that call, but, even so, the folksy little annual has compiled a remarkable record for accuracy. During the past ten years, the Almanac's weather predictions for the entire U.S., prepared eighteen months in advance, have been right 80 per cent of the time. Last year, the Almanac hit the date of New England's first major snowstorm right on the nose. And it projected a total winter snowfall for the area of 58 inches and an average temperature of 32 degrees; the actual figures came to 58.4 inches and 32.6 degrees.

So reliable is the Almanac's day-to-day forecasting that many snow-removal agencies around the country keep the small, yellow-covered book close at hand. Even New York City, whose snow crews have been caught flat-footed before with politically painful results, now consults the Almanac, and thus it was well prepared for a sneak storm that jolted the city last March. The Almanac's weather watch has become so popular, in fact, that the sunspot analyses on which it is largely based are now being marketed separately from the Almanac itself. And one of the first clients of the new service was said to be the Central Intelligence Agency.

Heart: The nation actually has several Farmer's Almanacs (a generic term that cannot be copyrighted), but none has appeared without interruption for as long as the Old Farmer's Almanac. Celebrating its 180th anniversary with the 1972 edition, the ancient magazine claims to be the country's oldest continuing publication. And, judging by recent trends, it may be one of the most successful; last year, it sold 1.8 million copies, up 500,000 since 1965.

The Almanac's weather, astronomical and tide charts are the heart of the operation; the rest of the 160 pages, jam-packed with down-home aphorisms and ads for burial insurance, appear to have been written and designed during a time out at a quilting bee. In fact, they are the product of artful New England ingenuity. When a shrewd Dubliner named Robb Sagendorph bought the floundering Almanac from Little, Brown, Inc., in 1939, it had been modernized out of all recognition. Sagendorph promptly restored all of the Almanac's familiar hayseed features and applied the same nostalgia-laden formula to the other publications (Yankee Magazine, Cape Cod Compass, calendars and



Judson Hale, C. Robertson Trowbridge and Old Farmer's Almanac: 180-year heritage of witchcraft and down-home aphorisms

books) in his rapidly growing empire.

Sagendorph died last year, and the bucolic operation is now run by two relatives: publisher C. Robertson Trowbridge, 39, a Princeton-educated state legislator, and editor Judson Hale, 39, a Dartmouth alumnus. In addition to their other chores, Trowbridge and Hale produce the weather forecasts under the collective pen name, "Abe Weatherwise." They refuse to reveal the tricks of their trade, except to explain that the forecasts are based on a cyclical theory using old Weather Bureau observations and the sunspot studies. "Part of it is witchcraft," Trowbridge acknowledges, "and that part will remain our secret. But the wonderful thing is that when we're correct, everyone tells us how accurate we were. When we're wrong, they say no one can forecast the weather, anyway."

Life's Smaller Span

For the second time in less than a year, Life magazine last week took a step that has become an all-too-familiar ritual for mass magazines: it announced that, effective with the issue dated Jan. 14, it will reduce its circulation from 7 million copies to 5.5 million. The hard-pressed giant of the Time Inc. empire also revealed that it would like to raise both its advertising rates and its subscription charges as soon as possible. "We are doing this," explained Life publisher Garry Valk, "in order to put ourselves on a sounder economic footing."

What with soaring costs and relatively static revenues, the footing has been a bit treacherous lately for Life—as for most other magazines. But, echoing a note struck by Gardner Cowles when he folded Look two months ago, Valk declared that rising postal rates were "the one thing that caused us to act now." New rates have already increased Life's annual mailing bill by \$1.9 million, he said, and during the next five years, the

added cost will mount to \$14 million.

Life's solution to this dilemma was the concept that less is better. The reduction in circulation—which will be achieved in large part by dialing back on unprofitable, cut-rate introductory subscriptions—will mean a savings on printing and mailing costs. It will also make Life less expensive for advertisers, since the cost of advertising space is based on the total number of readers. At its current circulation of 7 million copies, a full-page, four-color ad in Life costs \$54,000. The proposed increase in ad rates—which, if the government's phase-two watchdogs are willing, will average out to 2.5 per cent—will raise the advertisers' "cost per thousand." But, despite that, the reduction in the magazine's circulation will cut the over-all price of a color page in Life to \$43,000.

The latest cut in circulation will peg Life's volume at 3 million copies less than it was selling a year ago (an earlier circulation cut was made last January). But the magazine also plans to ask the government for what Valk called "a substantial increase" in subscription rates. "This is nothing new," Valk contended. "All magazines are coming around to the view that the day is over when you can extract more money from the advertisers. We're going to have to charge the readers more; there's no other way. If we can get one cent more on each copy, we come out \$2,750,000 ahead."

Fricassee: Life's new circulation will put it nearly on a par with its stable mate, Time, which charges \$37,570 for a color page. But Valk professed to be unconcerned about the prospect of intramural competition. "We've always been competing with Time," he said, "and I hope we will continue to give them good competition." Life may also have some trouble with McCall's and the Ladies' Home Journal, which charge less for a page of advertising than Life's new rate and offer advertisers a larger audience

for their money. Valk, however, insisted hopefully that he had a better product to sell. "We feel that we give a more valuable editorial background," the Life publisher declared, "than how to cook chicken fricassee."

'Constructive Hostility'?

The Nixon Administration has never been particularly fond of Sander Vanocur, and now that the former NBC newscaster is on a quasi-public payroll, it likes him even less. Last week, it was revealed that Vanocur was being paid the robust salary of \$85,000 a year by the National Public Affairs Broadcast Center (NPABC), a newly formed production arm of the nation's 210 non-commercial television stations. And since more than half of the center's \$3.2 million annual budget is provided by the taxpayers, the White House was said to be—well, troubled.

Some supporters of public television found it curious that no objections had been raised over the salary public TV pays conservative William F. Buckley—which is reportedly far larger than Vanocur's. More to the point, NPABC president Jim Karayn declared: "We feel that public TV must have correspondents of major reputation in order to function." Such talents are not cheap, but Karayn noted that Vanocur had taken a 35 per cent pay cut when he joined the center and that the \$600 to \$700 he would get for each of his scheduled shows was a relatively low fee, even for public TV. Karayn also denied that Vanocur had been hired on the strength of his outspokenly liberal views but added that "there should be a constructive hostility between the press and the Administration."

It appeared that, in Vanocur's case, at least the second part of that formula had been achieved. And that could conceivably have ominous implications for public television. Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy, has never approved of the centralized operation in which Vanocur is engaged. And some people in Washington theorized that the Administration might seize upon the salary dispute as an excuse to drag its feet on permanent funding for public TV. "This is a great test," said Karayn, "of whether or not we can withstand pressure from Congress or any agency of the Federal government, especially in news and public affairs."

New Man at the Review

As soon as Saturday Review owners Nicolas Charney and John Veronis put the finishing touches on their complicated plan to reshape the magazine into four specialized monthlies, they began the search for an executive editor who could not only understand the concept but execute it as well. Last week, they announced that Saturday Review had finally found its man: Ronald Kriss, a 37-



Tony Iuzzo—Pictorial Parade

Vanocur: Talent is not cheap

year-old senior editor at Time magazine.

"It was an intriguing and audacious idea," Kriss recalls thinking when Veronis and Charney approached him three weeks ago, "and it struck me as something that would work." In his new role, Kriss will oversee four essentially separate publications dealing with education, society, the arts and science, a function he describes, somewhat tentatively, as "sort of a managing editor of all four." As things now stand, following the abdication two weeks ago of longtime editor Norman Cousins, Kriss will rank second in the Saturday Review editorial hierarchy after Charney.

A soft-spoken Harvard graduate and a self-described "low-decibel liberal," Kriss began at Time in 1961 writing its Milestones and People columns. From there he transferred to its Foreign section, and finally, after editing "in virtually every area" of the magazine, he became foreign editor.

Charney and Veronis are delighted with Kriss's credentials. "Ron has the kind of editing and managerial experience that is germane and essential to what we're trying to do," Charney beamed. One of the few people who viewed Kriss's move with undisguised regret was Time managing editor Henry Anatole Grunwald, who lost another key man, Robert Shnayerson, to Harper's magazine last June.



Bernard Gotfryd—Newsweek

Ronald Kriss: Four-way split

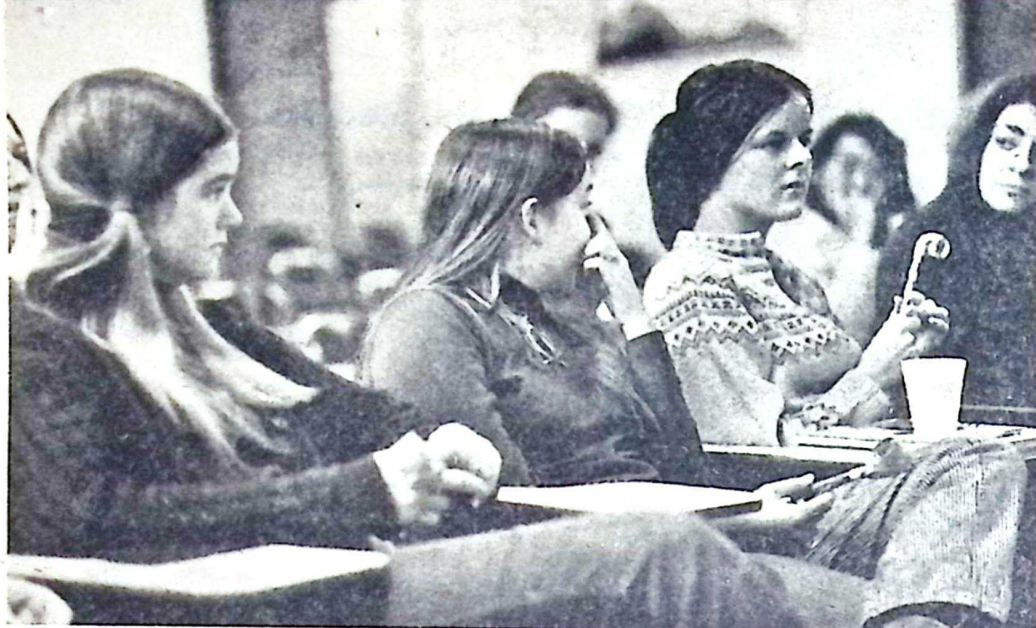
The Ms. Muddle

The New York Times raised a few eyebrows last week when in three separate stories it used the neutral designation Ms., rather than the traditional Miss or Mrs. Was the august Times knuckling under to the feminist dictum that a woman's marital status should not define her? Well, not quite. It turned out that the Times's use of Ms. in an article on Supreme Court sex-discrimination rulings had been a typographical error. As for the other appearances of Ms.—in a women's-page feature story and in a column by Tom Wicker—these were not based on a new general rule, but on the individual decision of each writer. "It just shows you how nonmonolithic we are," declared Times managing editor Abe Rosenthal. "We don't have any new policy on it. We're sticking with established procedure."

But at the Times as at many other publications, "established procedure" is another name for chaos. Many newspapers ignore the new form completely. New York magazine, a pacesetter in many other areas, uses Ms. sometimes, to suit the specific context; the magazine refers to one of its star writers, feminist Gloria Steinem, as Ms. Steinem, but for more tradition-minded women, it uses Miss or Mrs. "We feel that the Ms. concept is strained," explains managing editor Jack Nessel. "At this point, we're not adapting our style to suit this ideology." At the far end of the spectrum, Women's Wear Daily, the chic publication that tried to foist the midi skirt on reluctant readers last year, has climbed enthusiastically onto the Ms. bandwagon. Women's Wear has made Ms. the routine mode of address for all women, married or single, who appear in its pages.

Habit: Predictably, this blanket use of Ms. annoys many women. Some dislike it because they cannot kick the conventional habit of identifying themselves in terms of their marital condition. By contrast, many career women who have chosen to use their maiden names professionally don't feel they need Ms. at all. And Margot Hentoff, an author in her own right and the wife of critic Nat Hentoff, has pointed out an essential illogicality in Women's Wear's use of Ms. Recently, she wrote the paper deriding its new habit of identifying married women by affixing Ms. to their husband's names—for example, Ms. John Doe.

There are still other objections to Ms., including one that stems from its spoken form. Ms. is generally pronounced "Mizz," which to some sensitive ears sounds like a condescending imitation of the speech of another downtrodden group. "As a former resident of the South," says Joanne Edgar, an editor of "Ms.," the new women's magazine planned by Gloria Steinem, "the sound 'Mizz' evokes a painful aspect of the black struggle. But I've made my own adjustment. I have started simply saying the two letters, 'M.S.,' instead."



Women divinity students at Harvard: Is God a 'He'?

Aible Walton

Pronoun Envy

One of the earliest targets of the women's liberation movement was the dominant role of males in organized religion. Last week, in yet another tilt at the windmill, female students at the Harvard Divinity School took over theologian Harvey Cox's popular course on "Eschatology and Politics." And every time anyone in the room lapsed into what they regarded as male chauvinism—such as using the word "mankind" to describe the human race in general—the outraged women divinity students drowned out the offender with ear-piercing blasts from party-favor kazoots.

The idea was to dramatize the charge that women are second-class seminarians. The distaff theologians had a number of specific complaints, ranging from the scant full-time female representation on the faculty (a solitary nonteaching librarian) to some of the basic facts of religion itself. "The education here," complained Linda Barufaldi, 23, "is geared for males, with a view toward their working in a male-oriented church with a male-dominated theology, male symbols and a male God." But what annoyed the women most was the universal custom of referring to God as "He." Somewhat obscurely, Harvey Cox conceded that the women had revived the "basic theological question of whether God is more adequately thought of in personal or suprapersonal terms." Said Miss Barufaldi: "I know the use of the masculine pronoun is good grammar, but good grammar is what's hurting my feelings."

Cheek: The question of grammar for God and man at Harvard soon spread beyond the divinity school. Tongue in cheek, members of the linguistics faculty wrote a letter to the Harvard Crimson denying that language is sexist. "The fact that the masculine is the unmarked gender in English (or that the feminine is unmarked in the language of the Tunica Indians) is simply a feature of grammar," they said. "It is unlikely to

be an impediment to any change in the patterns of the sexual division of labor toward which our society may wish to evolve. There is," the scholars said, "really no cause for pronoun envy on the part of those seeking such changes."

The Vatican's Ostpolitik

For eight months now, the Vatican has been conducting a diplomatic offensive in the Soviet Union and the satellite nations of Eastern Europe. It was clear from the outset that the emissaries of Pope Paul VI were maneuvering to obtain closer ties between Rome and the 60 million Catholics who live in Soviet-bloc countries, but outsiders were not sure just how much the church was willing to give up in return. Recently an answer to that question has begun to emerge. It appears that the Vatican is willing to undercut the authority of local church officials to regain close supervision over church affairs in Eastern Europe's traditionally Catholic countries.

The first hint of such a stance came last September, when Hungarian primate Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty ended his fifteen-year, self-imposed incarceration in the U.S. Embassy in Budapest and settled into retirement in Austria (NEWSWEEK, Oct. 11). In order to avoid friction with the Hungarian Government, the Vatican seems to have prevailed upon Mindszenty to remain silent about events in his homeland.

The resolution of the Mindszenty affair could well lead to the restoration of full diplomatic relations between Hungary and the Vatican. But in Russia, the price of any progress is likely to be far higher than it was in Hungary. Even so, one milestone was passed last March, when Archbishop Agostino Casaroli, the papal "foreign minister," made the Vatican's first official visit to Moscow since 1926. Observers believe that the Vatican has asked the Kremlin for recognition of 21 diocesan bishops in the Soviet Union, for fewer restrictions on seminaries and

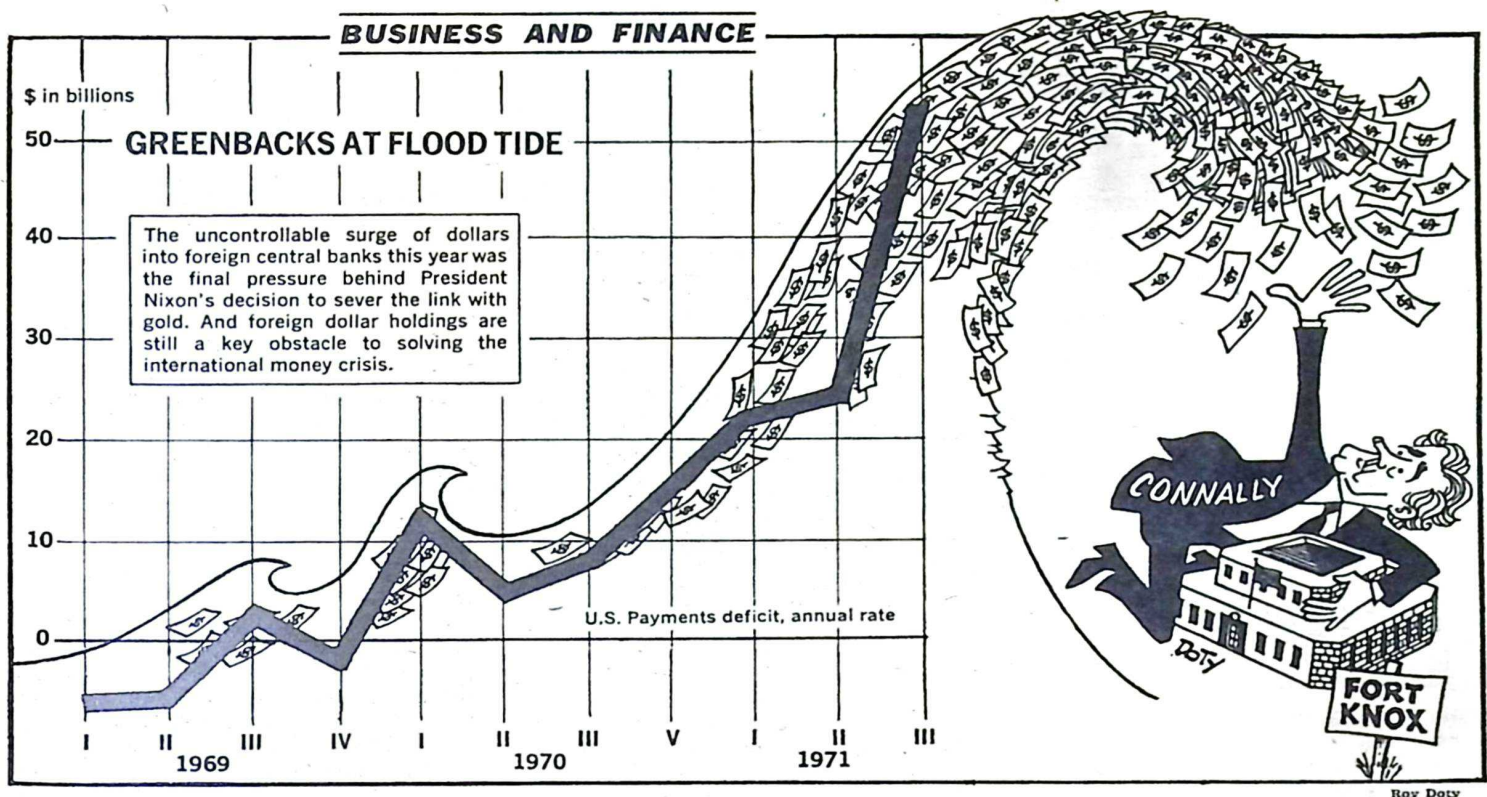
for permission to establish apostolic consulates in Lithuania and Estonia.

In return, the Vatican seems to be willing to sacrifice the allegiance of the 5 million Ukrainian Rite Catholics inside the Soviet Union. This would please the Soviet government, because, since its suppression in 1945, the underground Ukrainian Catholic church has helped to revive Ukrainian nationalism. At the same time, the Russian Orthodox patriarchate would like to absorb the Ukrainian Catholics and Rome's recent ecumenical gestures toward the patriarchate suggest that the Vatican is now willing to accept this transfer of allegiance.

Nationalistic Ukrainian Catholics, however, want the Pope to name a patriarch from among their own clergy. Their preferred candidate is the exiled Archbishop of Lwow, Josyf Cardinal Slipyj, who last month shrugged off a warning from the Vatican and held an unauthorized synod of Ukrainian Rite bishops in Rome. Sensing a diplomatic sellout by the Vatican, Slipyj dramatically reminded the recent world synod of bishops that Ukrainian Catholics have "sacrificed rivers of blood and mountains of bodies because of their loyalty to the Pope." But Pope Paul apparently was unimpressed, for two weeks ago he denied Slipyj's request for a separate patriarchate for Ukrainian Rite Catholics.

Shopping: The Vatican has made more headway in Poland than in Russia, despite the fact that the primate of Poland, Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, is an inconveniently staunch anti-Communist. Last March, Polish Prime Minister Pyotr Jaroszewicz startled the cardinal by bluntly asking him what the state should do to improve the lot of Poland's 30 million professing Catholics. Wyszynski reportedly answered with an optimistic shopping list, including construction of 1,000 new churches and exemption from military conscription for Catholic seminarians. The Warsaw government has no intention of granting all these requests, but last June it did begin to return to church control the 4,700 churches in the area of western Poland that belonged to Germany before World War II. As for the obstacle represented by Wyszynski, the Vatican and the Polish Government got around that problem by entering into direct negotiations.

So far, so good, but the Vatican's ultimate goal—full diplomatic relations with Warsaw—still lies over the horizon. For that, the government of party chief Edward Gierek wants a major *quid pro quo*: formal recognition by Rome of Poland's title to what were formerly German provinces. And the Vatican is reluctant to go that far until the treaty negotiated by Poland and West Germany last year is ratified. Thus, the future of the Vatican's Ostpolitik—in Poland as in the rest of Eastern Europe—still hinges on political rapprochement between the nations of East and West.



Monetary Peace by Christmas?

The world's financial powers have been strutting and fretting for months, vainly trying to resolve the monetary drama that began when President Nixon shattered the dollar's link with gold back in August. Amid growing fears of exchange controls, trade wars and world depression, some of the leading actors have rushed to seize every trading advantage they could—while the U.S., represented by Treasury Secretary John Connally, assured uneasy audiences around the world that it was prepared to go on indefinitely without a settlement. In the rising tension, uncertainties in the money markets began to affect world trade and capital flows, and businessmen all over the world clamored for protection from their governments if stability couldn't be quickly restored.

But suddenly last week a hope emerged that the nationalistic posturing might be over. President Nixon, who had started it all, signaled that the U.S. was finally interested in reaching at least a temporary agreement on currency values. Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker declared optimistically that "real progress" toward at least a temporary solution of the world's money problems could well come out of this week's meeting in Rome of the Group of Ten leading industrial nations. And in the same week the Europeans leaked a plan that would end the immediate currency crisis and aim toward an \$8 billion to \$10 billion improvement in the U.S. balance of payments within three years.

The European plan calls for an upward revaluation of the Japanese yen

of about 10 per cent, revaluation of the German mark by 5 per cent, and a dollar devaluation of 5 per cent. This would in fact give the U.S. a trading advantage of 15 per cent vis-à-vis the Japanese, 10 per cent against the Germans, and 5 per cent against the French, British and Italians, who would retain their existing exchange rates. A 3 per cent fluctuation on either side of the new parities would be permitted, with a somewhat smaller margin among the Common Market countries, in order to give the new line-up some flexibility. And for its part, the U.S. would have to raise the price of gold and remove the 10 per cent import surcharge and the "Buy American" clause of the 7 per cent investment tax credit.

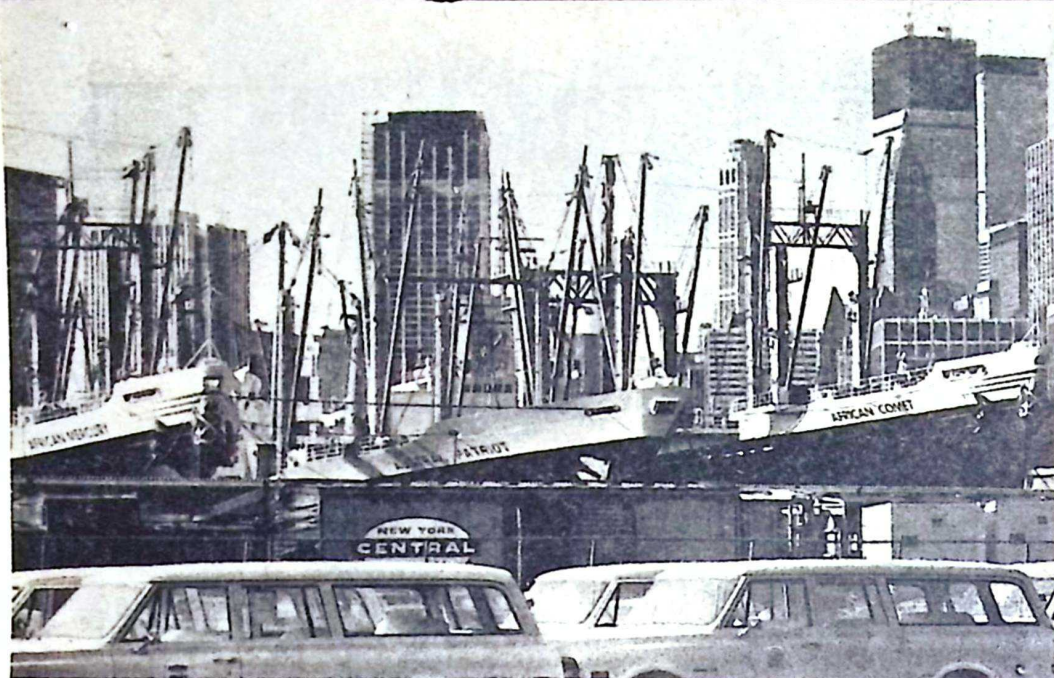
Hole Card: The Administration may not lay down its protectionist shield overnight, but it is now ready to swallow a dollar devaluation as its contribution to a general currency realignment. The Treasury is quietly considering a plan to raise the official price of gold by 5 per cent, starting as a "temporary" measure that can legally be done without Congressional consent. To be sure, Connally was still insisting last week that he would not "do anything that would tend to re-emphasize the importance of gold." But the hard-lining Texan hadn't wanted to play that card before he got to the bargaining table in Rome, and he was reportedly furious that other officials had let it be known that the U.S. position was in fact more flexible.

Devaluation, after all, costs the U.S. nothing in hard economic terms, and the American business and financial commu-

nity had been pressuring the Administration for weeks to make the gesture as a way to end the monetary stalemate. Many businessmen have been increasingly frightened that international uncertainty could lead to a trade war, and their fears clearly played a large part in the President's decision to go for a settlement. Unless business confidence is quickly restored, the entire phase-two scheme for domestic economic expansion could be jeopardized. Moreover, the President was warned last week by national-security adviser Henry Kissinger and by top State Department officials that traditional alliances were being strained by the continuing crisis.

In the end, prolonging the crisis simply would not work to the U.S.'s economic advantage. Since Aug. 15 an estimated \$3.5 billion has flowed overseas, mostly to Japan, and such capital outflows were primarily responsible for the breath-taking \$12.1 billion balance-of-payments deficit the U.S. racked up in the third quarter of this year (chart). These dollars, added to the vast hoards already in foreign reserve holdings, only complicate the longer-range problem of how to phase out the dollar as a reserve currency in the coming negotiations for full-scale monetary reform. "Time is not on our side," monetary expert C. Fred Bergsten of the Brookings Institution told NEWSWEEK's Rich Thomas last week, "and if that advice has gotten through to the President, then I think there is hope for a settlement very soon."

But a number of roadblocks still lie ahead. As its price for a dollar devalua-



Robert H. McElroy—Newsweek

Idle ships docked in New York: For Mr. Nixon, yet another rift with labor

tion, the U.S. will insist that the Europeans agree to make a number of trade adjustments—concessions they may not be willing to make. And beyond that, the U.S. is determined to obtain a precise European commitment for a sweeping new round of trade negotiations, including a timetable of meetings, before it will even discuss new exchange rates. But the Europeans, and particularly the French, want to postpone any trade talks until the enlargement of the Common Market has been completed in early 1973. A French official snapped: "Nixon and Connally seem to have the impression that the problem between Europe and the U.S. is trade. It is not. The EEC has a \$2.4 billion deficit with America, and we don't owe you any favors."

It remains to be seen just how much each side is prepared to yield. If all goes well, the Rome gathering could produce a fairly firm outline of a currency settlement that could be refined during summit talks later in December between West German Chancellor Willy Brandt and French President Georges Pompidou, and between Pompidou and President Nixon. At the least, the high-stakes bluffing is coming to an end, and the real bargaining is beginning. And at best, the world could have peace on the international monetary front for Christmas.

THE ECONOMY:

How Big the Big Bump?

It had become almost axiomatic that the success of President Nixon's program of wage and price controls would turn on the decisions of the tripartite Pay Board. If the board didn't take a tough line on big union wage increases, the theory went, the Price Commission would soon find itself trying to bail out an ocean of price increases with a comparative teaspoon of enforcement powers.

All along, however, the Administra-

tion's scenario for phase two of the new Nixonomics had included an act that was little advertised and even less understood: a "big bump," during which unions that had supposedly failed to benefit from recent big pay boosts would be permitted extra-large increases to catch up with their luckier colleagues (Newsweek, Nov. 22). Sadly enough, the Pay Board's first major ruling came on just such a case—and when the nation's soft-coal miners won approval for a first-year wage boost more than three times the official guideline of 5.5 per cent, the board plunged into an instant credibility gap. Treasury Secretary John Connally himself expressed "disappointment" last week, adding: "I certainly hope it is not a precedent, nor do I view it as one."

With the Pay Board under a growing cloud and speculation mounting as to its future, the seven-member Price Commission seemed to be holding the bag. But there were signs that the commission was warming to its task. It issued a thinly veiled warning to the soft-coal companies when it disclosed that a "consensus" of its members felt that businesses granting wage increases should "not necessarily be allowed" to pass on their higher costs to customers automatically.

But as the commission began to examine and approve many of the 128 price requests in hand last week, the results were hardly conclusive. Bethlehem Steel, for instance, got approval for a 7.6 per cent increase on tin-mill products. The average of applications from manufacturers was running at 3.3 per cent, by one count, well above the 2.5 per cent guideline, and it still remained to be seen whether the commission would follow the big-bump theory or begin to crack down. Its biggest test to date will come this week when it is expected to rule on coal-company hikes ranging from 5.4 per cent to 9.4 per cent.

For its part, the Pay Board adjourned early in the week, still unclear as to

which, if any, wage settlement it might challenge to re-establish its credibility. It could be whatever settlement ends the East and Gulf Coast dock strike—provided the International Longshoremen's Association can ever reach agreement with the shippers. Mr. Nixon reluctantly moved to invoke the Taft-Hartley Act and send the striking longshoremen back to their jobs for 80 days. It was clearly a bitter disappointment for the Administration. The Taft-Hartley injunction already in force against West Coast longshoremen will expire on Christmas Day; if both disputes remain unsettled much longer, the White House may find itself asking Congress for emergency legislation. For big labor, already organizing its forces to defeat Mr. Nixon next year, this would be the last straw.

But in any case, there were few straws left between labor and the White House. As if the President's bitter confrontation in Miami Beach with George Meany the previous week weren't bad enough, the rhetorical war between the Administration and the AFL-CIO boss seemed to escalate even further. "In my humble opinion," Connally told a crowded news conference, "the actions of Mr. Meany reflected an arrogance and a boorishness and a discourtesy that ill becomes a leader of the American labor movement."

Meany acknowledged that one of his remarks—a call for "act two" after the President spoke—had probably been a "cardinal sin." But the tough federation leader also argued that Mr. Nixon had used the occasion to make political hay. "I have the impression the President did not come here to make a speech," he told 1,000 cheering delegates to the labor convention. "He came here to contrive a situation under which he could claim that he had been unfairly treated."

Toll: Whoever won the war—one survey found that a majority of Americans felt Meany had overstepped propriety—the battle obviously took its toll of the 77-year-old labor leader. Late last week, he was hospitalized with severe chest pains—but not before he hand-delivered a letter to Federal Judge George Boldt, informing the Pay Board chairman that he would not begin to collect his personal 28 per cent wage boost (to \$90,000 a year) until the board had ruled on it. It was a tactic designed to force the board to set some precedent on executive salaries.

Precedents of almost any sort would be welcomed by businessmen, who remained baffled as to just what they could and couldn't do about wages and prices. But if the program were to regain credibility, it was clear the Pay Board would soon have to show its muscle—and one high Administration source promised that it would do just that "before the end of the year." Meanwhile, Mr. Nixon's men could only repeat that any funeral ceremonies for phase two were premature. "The success of the operations of the Pay Board and Price Commission should not be judged on the basis of any one de-

cision," Connally told newsmen. "I plead with you, really, and through you to the American people, that they will not make presumptive judgments on the basis of one or two decisions."

High Gear

A key plank in President Nixon's new economic policy was his plan to help the nation's unemployed by lending a hand to the U.S. auto industry. Since the industry is said to account for as many as one out of every six U.S. jobs, directly or indirectly, the theory was that if the automakers' sales soared, so would the country's employment rolls. Accordingly, Mr. Nixon asked Congress to repeal the auto excise tax, and he himself improved the industry's competitive stance by slapping a surtax on imports and effectively devaluing the dollar.

So far, the scheme seems to be working admirably—for the automakers. Sales have been booming, setting records in September, October and the first part of November. And even if they get approval for a 3 per cent general increase in prices to help offset increasing labor costs, the manufacturers are convinced that volume will continue to spurt. After all, the 7 per cent auto excise tax is slated to be rolled back retroactively to Aug. 15, so most car prices still will be lower than they were a year ago.

In fact, rising volume and the price rise could add up to such a bonanza that a leading Wall Street auto analyst, David Healy of Burnham & Co., only half-jokingly calls the new Nixonomics "the auto industry relief act." Healy sees 1972 car sales at a record 11.3 million, and predicts a significant improvement in produc-

tivity, since union men are working harder for fear of layoffs.

Nixonomics have not been an entirely unmixed blessing, since the automakers had hoped to raise prices nearly three months ago. At Ford Motor Co. alone, says president Lee Iacocca, "the whole freeze period cost \$130 million before taxes." But Iacocca readily concedes that the program has been a boon, and adds: "I'm optimistic as hell. Forget all the economic jargon. Taxes are going down. That's got to be good news, because taxes are usually going up, right? So there's that plus. Inflation's being cut in half." In addition, he said, the share of the auto market going to imported cars has dropped—and even though the East Coast dock strike is partially responsible for that, "It's better than at any time in the past three years."

For all the optimism, the reasoning behind the President's generosity toward the industry has yet to be proved. Unemployment among the automakers and their suppliers continues high. However, jobs seem sure to follow if sales continue to jump. And no one in Detroit dares to think that they won't. As John Beltz, general manager of General Motors' Oldsmobile division, said: "Business is better than it's ever been. I don't see it letting up—the impetus is there."

U.S. INVESTMENT:

Retreat of the REIT

In the dark days of 1969 and 1970, when most stocks and bonds seemed to be diving through the floor, the one investment that seemed both safe and profitable was real estate. And to open



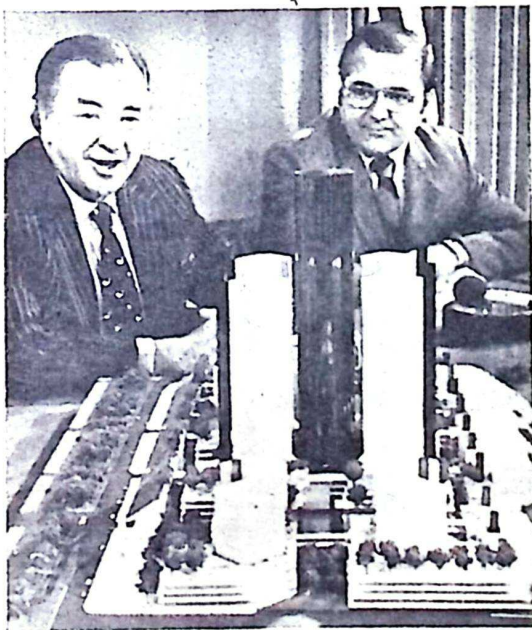
Ford's Iacocca: 'Optimistic as hell'

up the field to small investors, canny brokers began underwriting real-estate investment trusts (REIT's)—mutual funds that use their money to buy or lend on property and construction. Traded in the open market, REIT shares theoretically rise or fall with the value of their holdings. Since they qualify for Federal tax exemption if they pay out 90 per cent of their income to shareholders, REIT's pay handsome dividends ranging from 6 to 10 per cent. Even better, they are exempt from the phase-two ruling that limits dividend increases to 4 per cent next year.

With such advantages, REIT's have been among the hottest shares on Wall Street. Some \$1.6 billion poured into new real-estate trusts last year, and \$1.4 billion more will have been raised by Jan. 1. In all, some 120 REIT's now have assets totaling more than \$6 billion, and such prestigious giants as the Chase Manhattan Bank and Connecticut General Life Insurance Co. have jumped on the bandwagon by forming their own trusts. Since mid-1969, while the Dow Jones industrial average has lost more than 150 points, many real-estate trusts have doubled in market value.

Debacle: But the honeymoon has ended in the past two weeks. On Nov. 18, REIT's were the ten biggest losers on the Big Board, and when the dust had settled last week, some shares had dropped by as much as 30 per cent. The debacle was triggered by a speech by Durand A. Holladay, the secretary and trustee of Continental Mortgage Investors, the largest REIT in the country. Holladay disclosed that his company was facing its first earnings decline, and he warned that the whole REIT field might soon be headed for a slowdown. As he described it, part of the problem was declining interest rates and lower loan income, but he seemed even more wor-

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE



Ford, Mayor Gribbs: A new Detroit?

To many people, Ford is another name for Detroit—and Henry Ford II reinforced that notion last week with a dramatic plan to revitalize the decaying city's downtown riverfront. Ford unveiled a model of a \$500 million complex of office towers, stores, apartments and a huge new hotel, all to be built over the next decade. Ford Motor Co. will act as organizer of the project, but most of the funds are to come from investments by other businesses. In the past, the Ford family has been attacked for not coming to Detroit's rescue with big contributions and corporate expansion projects. After the new plan, however, Mayor Roman Gribbs predicted: "Henry Ford II will become synonymous with the rebirth of Detroit."

Foreign Exchange

Country	\$ 1.00 is Worth*	Official Rate
Australia	0.86	0.89 dollar
Brunei	2.96	3.06 dollar
Burma	13.50	4.76 kyat
Cambodia	253.00	139.72 riels
Canada	1.00	— dollar
Ceylon	13.50	9.20 rupees
Fiji	0.93	0.87 dollar
France	5.41	5.50 francs
Germany (West)	3.30	— marks
Hongkong	5.81	6.06 dollars
India	11.60	7.50 rupees
Indonesia	412.00	415.00 rupiah
Israel	4.20	4.20 shekel
Japan	328.00	— yen
Kenya	9.18	7.14 shilling
Korea (South)	405.00	370.00 won
Laos	605.00	600.00 kip
Lebanon	3.16	3.15 pound
Macao	5.83	6.06 patacas
Malaysia	2.96	3.06 dollars
Nepal	14.75	10.10 rupees
Netherlands	3.30	— guilders
New Caledonia	100.00	101.00 francs
New Zealand	0.91	0.89 dollars
Pakistan	10.55	4.76 rupees
Philippines	6.80	— peso
Singapore	2.96	3.06 dollars
South Africa	0.76	0.71 rand
Switzerland	3.92	4.08 francs
Tahiti	102.00	101.00 francs
Taiwan	44.50	40.00 NTS
Tanzania	19.00	7.14 shilling
Thailand	20.70	20.80 baht
Uganda	11.00	7.14 shilling
Vietnam (South)	415.00	400.00 piastres

	Pound is Worth*	Official Rate
Egypt (U.A.R.)	1.35	2.30
Great Britain	2.50	2.40
Ireland	2.50	2.40

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

INTERNATIONAL MARKETPLACE

GENESCO AND ITOH PLAN A U.S. VENTURE

The Japanese and U.S. textile industries may be bitter rivals, but two of their leading firms are about to sew up a cooperative venture. C. Itoh & Co. of Osaka, a huge trading firm with extensive textile interests, and Genesco, Inc., the United States' largest producer and retailer of wearing apparel, are negotiating to establish a jointly owned textile company that would construct, first of all, a manufacturing plant in Southeast Asia and later, possibly, jointly owned plants in the United States. The project will give Itoh a continuing channel to the restricted U.S. market and will allow Genesco to buy Itoh textiles without paying the higher prices resulting from the effective revaluation of the yen. An Itoh partnership will also increase Genesco's prospects for growth in Eastern Europe, where Japan has a better trading position. The U.S. apparel firm, with \$1.4 billion in annual sales, already manufactures about \$100 million worth of its products yearly in Europe. Itoh, a conglomerate, sells about \$8 billion worth of goods annually—half in textiles.

NIXDORF ADDS CENTRONICS PRINTERS

Nixdorf Computer AG., the *wunderkind* of West Germany's computer business, and Centronics Data Computer Corp. of Hudson, N.H., have negotiated a deal under which Nixdorf will incorporate high-speed printers from the New Hampshire firm into its series 820 and 880 computers. Nixdorf, founded less than twenty years ago with about \$7,500 capital provided by the Rheinisch-Westfälisches Elektrizitätswerk AG. in Essen, has been so successful in developing small- and medium-sized computers that half of all the computers of this size in West Germany come from the Paderborn firm. With \$75 million in sales in 1970 and a projected annual growth rate of 40 per cent for this year and next, Nixdorf is the only European computer firm that exports to both Japan and the United States. (Nixdorf signed a cooperative agreement with Kanematsu-Gosho, Ltd., of Kobe, earlier this year.) Under its agreement with Centronics, Nixdorf has agreed to purchase up to \$5 million in high-speed printers through December of 1972. The two firms will also cooperate on new engineering and marketing ventures.

CANADAIR BUYS INTO DASSAULT JET

France's Avions Marcel Dassault, which built its success on all-French aircraft like the Mirage fighter, is broadening foreign participation in the civilian jet Mercure project. Dassault will retain control of the short-haul Mercure, but the firm has accorded Canada's Canadair a 5.2 per cent interest; this comes on top of the more than 33 per cent interest already held by Italy's Fiat and Saca, Spain's Casa and Belgium's Sabca. The 155-passenger plane, expected to go into service in 1974, will have a 1,000-mile range, and Dassault hopes it will compete with rail transportation in the U.S. The plane can fly profitably with only 32 passengers and is designed for flights as short as 125 miles. The French Government is already backing the Mercure with \$153 million and is expected to approve the Canadian accord. For its part, the aircraft company has promised the government to invest \$53 million in new factories at Poitiers, Martignas, Lille-Seclin and Istres to produce the Mercure.

BUILT IN ZAÏRE, BY GM

Following the lead of such other U.S. investors as Goodyear and the Inter-Continental Hotel chain (NEWSWEEK, Nov. 22), General Motors Corp. is going into business in the Republic of Zaïre. A fortnight ago, GM announced plans to build an automobile and truck factory in Kinshasa, the capital of Zaïre—which was formerly known as the Democratic Republic of the Congo. To gain permission from the African republic for construction of the \$8.6 million assembly plant, General Motors promised to employ a significant number of Zaïre nationals in administrative positions. The plant, which will begin production in early 1974, will have an annual capacity of 8,000 vehicles.

HOECHST OPENS A NIGERIAN PLANT

With the largest domestic market in Africa—64 million people—the Nigerian textile industry is thriving. Riding the boom, Farbwerke Hoechst AG., of Frankfurt, West Germany, the world's third-largest chemical company, has opened a synthetic-resin dispersions plant in Ikeja, Nigeria, to produce the chemicals that make the brightly colored fabrics colorfast. The \$800,000 facility will produce some 5.25 million pounds per year of vinyl-acetate emulsions and washproof textile-finishing agents. Hoechst has had a sales company in Lagos, the capital of Nigeria, since 1963.

7.18%

7.18% on demand deposits with immediate withdrawal available. And even higher rates on fixed term deposits.

- ✓ With the safety of a solid experienced bank in a stable, tax-free country.
- ✓ We offer completely confidential accounts with no reports to any government, accounts in any currency, and full banking services.

Send the coupon for details.

BRITISH AMERICAN BANK, LTD., DPT NP9
BRITISH AMERICAN BANK BUILDING
P.M.B. N7770, NASSAU, BAHAMAS

- ☐ Please send full details.
☐ Please open account. Amount enclosed

Name

Address

City Country

British-American Bank
LIMITED

Tazwell W. Pearson, President

ried about the growing ranks of his competitors. "There are just too many trusts being created in too short a time," he told *NEWSWEEK's* Jane Friedman, "and more money is flowing into short-term construction loans than can be absorbed."

Not surprisingly, the industry reacted bitterly. "He's trying to kill off the new trusts," fumed one real-estate expert, and another charged that Holladay was "damning an entire industry to justify his own firm's incompetence." Many argued that his statements applied only to the short-term trusts, not to those investing in equity or long-term mortgages. According to Jack Sonnenblick, president of the National Association of Real Estate Investment Funds, "the great majority of trusts are experiencing earnings growth and are projecting increased earnings for 1972." Sonnenblick pointed out that declining interest rates might actually improve profit margins for most trusts, because the cost of borrowed money tends to decline faster than income from mortgage investments.

Even the most bullish observers agree, however, that Holladay has at least temporarily deflated the balloon. A number of companies that were planning to form new trusts have already postponed their plans in light of the hostile investor mood. And Kenneth Campbell, editor of the *Realty Trust Review*, believes that the new caution may be a good thing for the industry in the long run. "The public needs to know that problems exist," he argues, "and that the trusts will have a tough time matching the fantastic 15 per cent annual growth rate of the past." For the moment, as Holladay put it last week, "the industry has a bad case of indigestion."

EXECUTIVES:

Exit Jim Roche

When James M. Roche took office as president of General Motors Corp. back in 1965, the auto industry was going about its business with little or no outside interference, and sales were never better. But in the six eventful years since then, the industry in general and Jim Roche in particular (he was named GM chairman in 1967), have had to adjust to a new way of life. First came Ralph Nader, with his charges that GM's Corvair was a deathtrap on wheels—a campaign that led ultimately to today's auto-safety standards. Then the environmentalists started ganging up on the industry, claiming that auto exhaust was literally suffocating the cities. There was pressure from blacks for more jobs, and the trickle of imported cars turned into a flood that last year claimed 15 per cent of the domestic market.

Roche's most severe test—one that proved his mettle as a man—came in March of 1966, when he admitted to a Senate subcommittee that, unbeknownst to him, a subordinate had hired a private detective to shadow Nader. "I deplore

the kind of harassment to which Mr. Nader has apparently been subjected," Roche said forthrightly. "I am just as shocked and outraged by some of the incidents which Mr. Nader reported as members of this subcommittee. To the extent that General Motors bears responsibility, I want to apologize here and now to the members of this subcommittee and Mr. Nader."

Pressure: On New Year's Eve Roche, who will be 65 on Dec. 16, will step down from his \$800,000-a-year job as chief of the world's largest industrial firm—probably to be succeeded by vice chairman Richard C. Gerstenberg. Will retirement from his pressure-packed post be a great relief? "No," he told *NEWSWEEK's* James C. Jones in an interview last week. "I won't be relieved. But I don't regret it, because it's part of our normal system of operation, and I'm in complete agreement with our retirement policies." And



GM's Roche: 'I can sleep at night'

despite its occasional pains, he admits to no regrets over his term at GM's helm. "I can sleep at night, regardless of the pressure," he said. "That's the important thing, and I've been able to do that."

Looking ahead, Roche believes that the future of General Motors will be shaped mainly by what happens in the economy as a whole—and he thinks that, to meet competition from abroad, there will have to be a closer cooperation between government, labor and business to weld a Japanese-style corporate America. But he harbors no qualms about the future of his main product, the private automobile. "It's quite evident that we're going to have to have an expansion in mass-transit facilities," Roche concedes. "But mass transit can't provide a rail or a bus to everybody's home. I see nothing on the horizon that will serve the need for personal mobility as well as the automobile."

JAPAN:

The Price of Success

Coca-Cola first arrived in Japan back in 1945, along with Gen. Douglas MacArthur and the U.S. Army of Occupation. General MacArthur and the occupying army, of course, are long gone, but Coke has since come on like gangbusters. Starting in 1960, Coca-Cola and its smaller U.S. competitor, Pepsi-Cola, have conducted sophisticated countrywide advertising and marketing campaigns. The result: more than 500 Japanese soft-drink bottlers, most of them small, have been driven out of business, and last year Coke and Pepsi grabbed a whopping 52 per cent of the soft drink market in Japan.

Last month Coke and Pepsi paid a peculiarly Oriental price for their success. They agreed to pay Japanese bottlers a total of \$700,000 so that the native industry can modernize and compete with the American giants.

The agreement ends a decade of haggling between the Japanese and the Americans. When Coke began its major sales effort back in 1960, a company official recalls, "there was a gentleman's agreement that we wouldn't disturb the local industry too much." However, the agreement was quickly shelved. Among other devices, the Japanese Soft Drink Bottlers Association contends, Coke has dominated Japan's market by arranging exclusive sales franchises—routine in the U.S., but held unfair in Japan.

Foul: In addition, "If a bowling alley has 30 lanes, Coke would pay about 300,000 yen [\$830] to the owner to keep out other soft drinks," says Tadahisa Ogawa, executive director of the association. "It wasn't right to pay that 'key money' to monopolize the markets. Competition has to be fair, and it cannot be fair while Coke and Pepsi are spending so much money." For their part, Coke and Pepsi claim that they have done nothing more than create a demand for cola and exploit a market that did not previously exist.

In the past two years, the Japanese bottlers have tried all sorts of tactics in an effort to even the odds. Leaflets have appeared at train stations, warning that Coke contained chemicals that would melt teeth and deform unborn children. The company has been investigated by the police department, the Agriculture Ministry, the Health and Welfare Ministry and the Fair Trade Commission. There was even violence in Nara, where thugs crashed the gates of the Coca-Cola bottling plant and punctured tires on delivery trucks.

Presumably the \$700,000 payoff by Coke and Pepsi, arranged by the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry, which supervises the soft-drink industry, will end all that. However, there are still questions. The Japanese bottlers have not yet disclosed how they will divvy up the money—and the possibility remains

that even after modernization, Coke and Pepsi will continue to dominate the soft-drink market. Could that mean Coke and Pepsi will be dunned again? Answers chief bottler Ogawa, enigmatically: "We can't guarantee anything."

WALL STREET: Waiting for Perot

To hear him tell it, Henry Ross Perot was troubled by the way Wall Street's money moguls managed their firms—especially the manner in which they handled the enormous volume of paper that passes through a brokerage house's back office each day. What's more, he felt his own Electronic Data Systems Corp., a specialist in computer-facilities management, could do something about the problem. So it was with a two-pronged mission in mind that the diminutive Texan with a military crewcut became involved with financially troubled F.I. duPont, Glore Forgan & Co.

First Perot signed a \$10 million contract, in July 1970, to run the firm's back office. Then he saved it from financial ruin with an awesome \$55 million in cash and loans—and changed the name to duPont Glore Forgan, Inc. The idea, Perot once emphasized, was to provide "a capital structure that looks like a battleship." But, despite successful efforts by a Perot-installed management, the legacy of the old partnership—massive discrepancies between securities on record and those actually on hand—has plagued duPont all year long. And by last week, it seemed likely that the battleship would need additional repairs.

All told, Perot found discrepancies totaling \$86 million when he moved into the sinking firm. Many of these accounts have been cleared up or paid off, but the firm has been forced to ask the New York Stock Exchange to exempt \$24 million from its capital requirements until next April 30. So far, only \$5 million have been cleared, and unless duPont can further pare these charges before the dispensation expires, Perot will probably have to make up the difference.

Cash: Perot has no qualms about that. "There's no question that we have the [additional] resources to protect the firm," he told *NEWSWEEK* last week. "I'm talking about cash—\$55 million to \$58 million, after taxes. That gives us staying power. I won't sell another share of EDS to put money into duPont. I don't have to."

And for all its trappings of a rescue operation, Perot's investment seems to look better all the time. In effect, he has bought Wall Street's third largest brokerage house. The firm will at least break even this year, and Morton H. Meyerson, duPont president and Perot's representative on Wall Street, is still streamlining operations. Over the past six months, he has trimmed fixed costs by \$1 million and increased income per trade by 20 per cent.

All of which helps Perot accept, with admirable equanimity, the drastic fluctu-

ations in his own fortunes (his EDS stock, valued at more than \$1 billion just last year, has fallen to about \$300 million). And as a new boy on the Street, he is not inclined to be picky about all the millions that seemed to have vanished. Time was when Wall Street's nabobs quoted a jingle: "He who takes what isn't his'n/ Must put it back, or go to prison." But last week, Perot said he had no plans to press criminal charges against anyone.

GOVERNMENT:

McCracken Bows Out

None of President Nixon's principal economic advisers had been more faithful to the President's original economic game plan than Paul McCracken, the soft-spoken chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. But last spring, after winter's economic boomlet petered out, the pragmatic McCracken changed his

three years and an economist inclined toward the Chicago school of monetarism.

Stein, 55, is also something of a wit—a trait that he occasionally regrets. Last spring, for instance, he needled Solomon Fabricant, senior economist at the National Bureau of Economic Research, while Fabricant was wrestling with the question of whether to give the recent economic downturn the official recession label. Word had leaked out that he was considering the term, "growth recession." In a speech, Stein told of meeting Fabricant walking a dog that he called a horse. When Stein protested that it was too small, he said, Fabricant replied: "I know; that's why I call it a growth horse." Fabricant was reportedly so outraged at the gibe that he pounded 5 miles of Manhattan's pavement, went back to his office and defiantly decreed a "growth recession." Stein is now convinced that if he had kept his mouth shut, the Republicans wouldn't have



Wally McNamee—Newsweek

McCracken (left), Stein: Changing the economic guard

mind and began urging the President to take action to control inflation and stimulate the economy.

Mr. Nixon, of course, did exactly that in mid-August. But by that time, McCracken had fallen victim to some of the White House's political hatchet men, who had been impatient with his refusal to bend the economic truth. Privately, they circulated rumors that he was through, disloyal and, besides, he wasn't really all that great an economist. Publicly, McCracken was replaced by Treasury Secretary John Connally as Mr. Nixon's chief economic spokesman.

It was no surprise, then, that McCracken last summer told the University of Michigan business school to put his old courses back in the fall catalogue. Under pressure from the President, he agreed to stay on to help in shaping a new economic policy. But last week McCracken bowed out, to be replaced by Herbert Stein, a CEA member for nearly

been stuck with any official recession at all. "Wit and humor," he says ruefully, "can get you into an awful lot of trouble in government."

In bidding adieu to McCracken, Mr. Nixon praised his service during "the most difficult period since the Council of Economic Advisers was formed 25 years ago." Stein called his period of association with McCracken "one of the happiest of my life" and said, "The country owes him a great debt for his advice." But perhaps more to the point was a tribute from a former CEA colleague who had seen McCracken pay the penalty for being honest: "Paul felt that the President had not had an economic policy worthy of the name for months. He was convinced that sooner or later the President would require one, and he was willing to stay to help put a good program together. Those animals in the White House just don't understand what makes a man like McCracken tick."

PAUL A. SAMUELSON

ON

NEW-LEFT ECONOMICS



Maugham was right. To know your own country, you must know other countries. And if Mohammed will not go to the mountain, the mountain can come to Mohammed. Through the eyes of the visitor to America, we see ourselves with new light.

Our most recent de Tocqueville is Assar Lindbeck, a Stockholm professor who had the good luck to visit Columbia and other American universities when the New Left was formulating its ideology. Lindbeck is himself a rarity, a professor of economics generally sympathetic to the social-democratic movement, a man young enough to burn with un-Swedish neutrality in opposition to our Vietnam war but just old enough to remember the flirtations with Hitler's doctrines of the super race to which some of his countrymen succumbed in the days of the successful blitzkrieg.

I have been reading his new book, just published in paperback by Harper & Row, "The Political Economy of the New Left: An Outsider's View." In a shorter version, it has already made a stir in its Swedish, Danish and Finnish versions, and I was glad after reading it to write a foreword. My prediction there was that it would draw blood from both the radical right and the radical left. That prediction is beginning to come true. The book's greatest interest, though, will be to the more numerous readers who fall in between.

HO HUM?

But, we keep telling ourselves, the campus is quiet these days, now that Kent State is past, and the troops are coming home from Indochina. Once we bribe poor whites and blacks to serve in a volunteer Army and release our college boys to hold down the well-paying jobs that create so much value-added for our GNP, all this New Left nonsense will wither away.

How naïve can you be? If straw votes on college campuses could elect the next President of the United States, without doubt one candidate would win in a landslide. And it wouldn't be Nixon. Or Muskie. Or McCarthy. Or McGovern. Or Bill Buckley. Or Kennedy. It would undoubtedly be Ralph Nader. And John Kenneth Galbraith would be, not his Agnew, but his John Adams or André Malraux.

Only an idiot of the right could think of Nader as a revolutionary.

Galbraith is neither of the old left nor the new: he is as innocent as Keynes was of any knowledge of Marx, Kautsky, Luxemburg, Hilferding, Sorel, Gramsci, and not much more guilty in his knowledge of Veblen, Tawney and Burnham.

A closed society like Czarist Russia was vulnerable to change only from the extremes—from a Lenin. Change comes to our open society from just off center.

Most of the world never changes its consciousness, merely proceeds in the way of its fathers and grandfathers. With rare exceptions, those Dartmouth men who wear a Nader button today will be wearing a David Rockefeller button—not a Reagan button!—at the five-year reunion.

All the more important then are the 5 or 10 per cent of the population who do change their consciousness of the world; and who, as opinion pacesetters, help to form the new Establishment ideology. As Lindbeck has discerned, what the New Left believes in caricature—that both bureaucracy and the market are anathema and must be replaced by . . . by the kibbutz and commune—most young people take for granted in a watered-down version.

LOST CAMELOT

To those who had lost faith in rugged individualism, Franklin Roosevelt restored the vision of the mixed economy in which periodic voting at the ballot box would rectify the evils and inefficiencies that resulted from dollar voting by consumers in the stores and by the employers in the labor mart. Since the death of John F. Kennedy, simple faith in New Dealism has ebbed away among the young.

Lindbeck throws light on this. He points out that if you cannot believe in the legitimacy of consumers' sovereignty (consumers being allegedly brainwashed by advertisers), you can likewise not believe in the legitimacy of voters' sovereignty (voters being allegedly brainwashed by the military-industrial complex and the patriotism establishment). The result is, to coin a word, *alienation*.

To use Lenin's scathing phrase, is this merely an infantile disorder that, like acne, will wither away with age? Among intellectuals in Britain, Japan, France and Italy, it has not. Lindbeck's readers will ask, "Why should the U.S. be different in this respect?"

Worldwide Stocks

Most Active Issues Traded Nov. 22-26

1971		Close	
High	Low	Nov. 19	Nov. 26
TOKYO			
134	50 Japan Line	Yen 110	134
133	77 Isuzu Motor	Yen 128	129
395	230 Heiwa Real Est.	Yen 347	370
140	54 Nippon Yakin	Yen 82	90
920	355 Daiwa House	Yen 519	538
125	64 Nichiro Fisch.	Yen 120	112
213	86 Tokyo Elec. Exp.	Yen 184	186
820	365 Eidai	Yen 444	501
SYDNEY			
15.9	9.24 Broken Hill Prop.	A\$ 9.44	9.4
4.5	2.4 MIM Holdings	A\$ 2.4	2.45
5.3	2.05 Western Mining	A\$ 2.05	2.26
6.4	4 Col. Sugar Ref.	A\$ 4.1	4.2
11.5	5.1 Peko Wallend	A\$ 5.4	5.5
.43	.03 Western Compass	A\$.34	.18
3.22	1.58 Myers	A\$ 3.22	1.58
2.58	.84 McDowells	A\$ 2.08	2.58
HONG KONG			
290	159 HK & Shghai. Bk.	H\$ 228	228
46.5	18.6 HK Land	H\$ 36	34.5
85	29.8 HK & Kwl. Wharf	H\$ 64.5	59
51	23.2 HK Electric	H\$ 35.5	34
73	34.25 China Light	H\$ 57.5	40.25
106	60.5 Dairy Farm	H\$ 86.5	84
62	24.8 HK Telephone	H\$ 43	40.75
33.5	15.5 Wheelock	H\$ 18.4	18.6
SINGAPORE			
3.72	.65 Haw Par Bros. Int.	S\$ 3.56	3.68
2.97	1.38 FE Livingston	S\$ 2.39	2.31
2.61	1.12 Un. Motor Works	S\$ 2.39	2.49
1.1	.61 Power & Telecom.	S\$.95½	.92½
2.2	.83 Pan Elec. Ind.	S\$ 2.11	2.13
1.49	.74 Public Bank	S\$ 1.22	1.18
1.7	.84 Gamn. SEA Bhd.	S\$ 1.65	1.68
.89	.51 Singapore Tract.	S\$.85½	.78
NEW YORK			
22½	10½ Occident. Pet.	\$ 12½	11½
53½	41½ Am. Tel. Tel.	\$ 42½	41½
59½	27 Skyline	\$ 47	46½
101½	43½ Natomas	\$ 48½	51½
42½	19½ Kennecott	\$ 21½	20½
82½	67 Std. Oil N.J.	\$ 69½	68½
39½	29½ Texaco	\$ 30½	30½
27½	20½ Beth. Steel	\$ 24½	25
ZURICH			
3680	2570 Nestle Port.	Fr 2850	2190
2930	2180 Ciba-Geigy Port.	Fr 2350	2360
2740	2030 Ciba-Geigy Bon.	Fr 2200	2250
3675	2955 Ste. Bque. Suisse	Fr 3510	3580
4200	3740 Un. Bques. Suisses	Fr 3965	3940
1600	890 Brown, Boveri 'A'	Fr 1000	1010
3145	1660 Alusuisse Port.	Fr 1685	1800
450	318 Holderbank Port.	Fr 330	335
FRANKFURT			
285	216 Dresdner Bank	DM 240.9	249.5
173	112 Badische-Anilin	DM 113.5	116.3
232	179 Siemens	DM 189	190
359	274.6 Deutsche Bank	DM 289	304
269	194 Commerzbank	DM 198.5	206.5
322	237 Hamborner Bergh.	DM 251.5	277
159	112.1 Bayer	DM 115	120
199	121 Hoechst Farben	DM 126.5	128.3
LONDON			
335	230 ICI	p 283	262
178	116 Trust Hses. Forte	p 143	159
136	107 Courtaulds	p 126	124½
391	265 Brit.-Am. Tobacco	p 307½	300½
624½	403 Brit. Petroleum	p 562	540½
477	297½ Burmah Oil	p 372	367½
258	165 De Beers Deft.	p 199½	203½
270	173 Rio Tinto-Zinc	p 180½	177½
PARIS			
176.9	152.8 Rente 3½% 52-58	Fr 164.8	166.8
254	152 Fr. Petroles	Fr 197	220.1
243	101.5 Le Nickel	Fr 112.2	121.8
243.5	155 Rhone-Poulenc	Fr 165	167.1
1410	1051 Michelin 'B'	Fr 1150	1216
1998	1425 L' Oreal	Fr 1599	1602
680	457 Aquitaine	Fr 567	582
419.5	326.1 Air Liquide	Fr 373	379.5
BRUSSELS			
4425	2907 Petrofina	Fr 3550	3720
1955	1162 Un. Miniere	Fr 1320	1384
2745	2390 EBES	Fr 2395	2450
1705	980 Cockerill-Ougree	Fr 1038	1022
1750	544 Cometra	Fr 990	1042
2030	1815 Intercom	Fr 1910	1935
2630	2275 B. de Bruxelles	Fr 2500	2500
5900	4915 Electobel	Fr 5830	5860

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



WALL STREET

DRIP-DRIP AND A BOUNCE

BY CLEM MORGELLO

THE WEEK'S ACTION—NOV. 22-26

	Close	Point Change
Dow Jones Industrials	816.59	+5.92
NYSE Composite	50.67	+2.20
Amex	23.63	-.15
Volume		
NYSE 50,944,110	Amex 13,679,890	

A strong rally on the last day of trading last week arrested the confidence-chilling market slump for the time being. But heartening as it is, a one-day rally doesn't constitute a trend, and a basic question continues to bother investors:

Why did the market stage a strong rally when President Nixon announced his new economic policy in mid-August and then embark on a prolonged slide after he sketched the broad outlines of phase two early in October?

It boils down to this: at first, investors emphasized the prospects of continued economic recovery, and now they're emphasizing the problems of controls and of earnings.

Back in August, there was growing concern because both the recovery and the fight against inflation weren't making as much progress as expected, and many people wondered whether conditions were getting out of hand. The simple fact that the President abandoned his hands-off policy and took an activist stance was a tonic for the market. In addition, Mr. Nixon's fiscal program was designed to stimulate business further while controls were designed to prevent galloping inflation. In that environment, says Monte Gordon of Bache & Co., "the emphasis was on recovery. Controls were only a temporary annoyance."

GROWING DOUBTS

But now the belief is growing that controls will be around longer than expected—"certainly a year, maybe two," says Gordon. More important, investors and market analysts alike wonder whether the economy will grow as much as expected, in particular, whether profits will make their predicted gains next year. In fact, a few brokers are revising downward their earlier, more optimistic earnings predictions.

Wall Street and investors are also expressing increasing concern over the international economic situation—the floating exchange rates, the U.S.'s 10 per cent import surcharge and the fears of a trade war. "This is the major problem of the market," says Sam Nakagama of Kidder, Peabody. "The market is sending a message to [Treasury Secretary John] Connally. It's staging a peace demonstration. It wants peace in the international monetary situation."

All this serves to underline the transitional nature of the current environment—in international matters (the overture to Communist China), in monetary affairs (floating exchange rates) and in the relationship between government and busi-

ness (the controls program). Transitional periods are by nature uncertain, and the market runs from uncertainty.

Such uncertainties as these might easily cause a market rout, but they haven't—not yet, at least. The Dow Jones industrial average has declined 14 per cent from its 1971 high of 950.82 reached in April (chart). That's a big drop but still doesn't qualify as a major bear market. The 1969-70 bust amounted to 36 per cent and the 1966 bear market to 25 per cent, for example. The declines this year in the more comprehensive market averages such as the New York Stock Exchange composite and the Standard & Poor's industrials were a bit smaller than in the Dow—around 12 per cent.

MODERATE LOSSES

Thus far, the Dow has lost half the 320 points it gained after sinking to the bear-market low of 631 in May 1970, while the NYSE and S&P indexes have lost 35 per cent of their previous gains. These are not at all unusual in an ongoing bull market, where what technicians refer to as "intermediate" declines normally erase one-third to one-half of the previous rally.

The decline has been of the "drip-drip" variety—a persistent eroding of prices rather than swooping drops caused by massive dumping of stocks. Volume remains low, and until last week—when some brokers started sending out margin calls—there was no talk of forced liquidations of stock. Rather than being

due to heavy selling, the decline is the result of a lack of buying—a "drying up of bids," in Wall Street patois. There is very little evidence of the kind of bargain hunting the Street customarily sees when stocks have taken a big fall.

The decline has been pervasive, sparing no one. But a few groups have held up relatively well. These are basically in the consumer-goods and services area, such as retailing stocks. Until they took a bad pounding a couple of weeks ago, the real-estate investment trusts also outperformed the market.

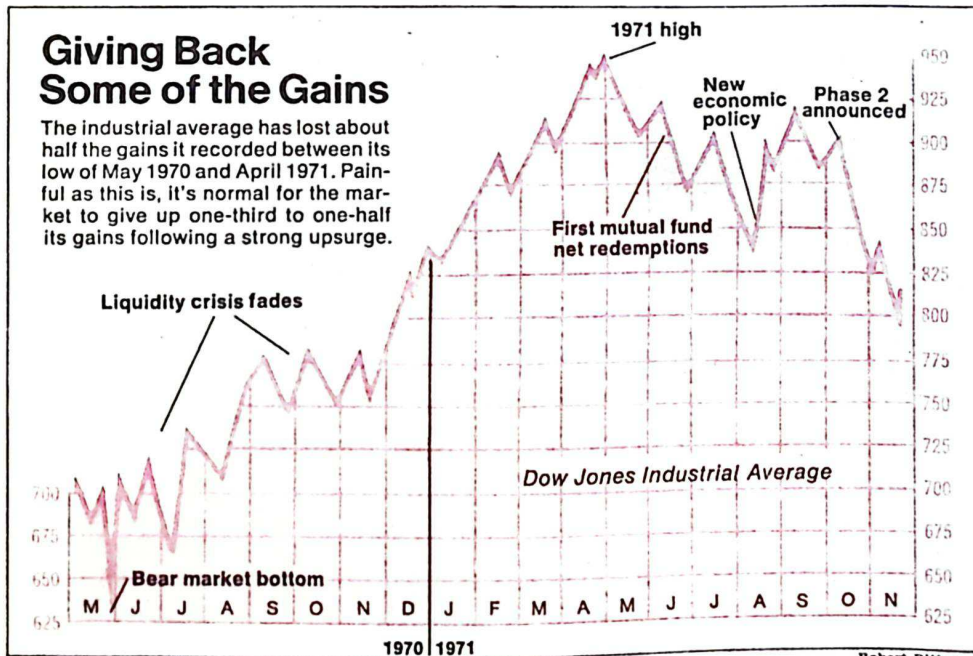
Where will it all end?

The Dow Jones industrials fell below 800 briefly last week, but while that has some psychological significance, it is not considered an important benchmark. The 780-790 zone does loom as important, however, and if the Dow falls past that area, the next support level to watch is 750-760. But, says John Schulz of Abraham & Co., "with the psychological situation we've got, there's no point in trying to anticipate where the market might turn. If you pick a number and you're right, the odds are it'll only be a coincidence."

Whatever the level is, at some point the market will make a temporary bottom and mount a rally. The nature of that rally—its strength and breadth and the trading volume—will provide more evidence as to the basic trend of the market. Thus, the post-Thanksgiving Day rally last week could turn out to be of great importance.

Giving Back Some of the Gains

The industrial average has lost about half the gains it recorded between its low of May 1970 and April 1971. Painful as this is, it's normal for the market to give up one-third to one-half its gains following a strong upsurge.



Robert Ritter

Ready for an Earthquake?

As at least two highly reputable scientists have it figured out, the level of strain building up in California's San Andreas Fault will soon equal or exceed the level that existed back in 1906 when the most famous earthquake in U.S. history devastated San Francisco. Dr. George Larson, a geophysicist, and Christopher Scholz, a seismologist, arrived at this ominous prediction by performing a little simple arithmetic. Starting with the fact that since 1906 the two tectonic plates on either side of the San Andreas Fault have been sliding past each other at a rate of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches per year, the two scientists, both of whom work at New York's Lamont-Doherty Geophysical Observatory, calculated that it would take a little more than 66 years for strain in the fault to develop to the point where it would lead to as much slippage (about 13 feet) as occurred during the 1906 quake. "If 66 years is the length of time required to build up that much tension in the fault," Larson suggests, "then maybe we're getting ready for another major earthquake in California during the next year."

Larson emphasizes the "maybe" in his prediction and is the first to admit that his calculations do not take into account all the factors that make the West Coast so seismically active. Nevertheless, his warning does raise an interesting question: just how prepared are the State of California and the U.S. Government for a possible major earthquake in the near future?

The answer appears to be that both the state and Federal governments are moving somewhat like the San Andreas Fault itself—locked and immobile in some areas, creeping slowly in others. The White House's Office of Emergency Preparedness, for example, recently issued contracts totaling almost \$400,000 to the State of California and the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) for studies of what a major quake would entail.

Catastrophe: "We have given NOAA a range of earthquake magnitudes and possible epicenters in California," says George Grace, assistant OEP director for disaster programs, "and we want them to tell us the probable effects on roads, hospitals, fire-fighting systems and the like. Then we can call in all of the concerned agencies and tell them to make specific plans to deal with this kind of catastrophe. We would say something like: 'Okay, HUD [Department of Housing and Urban Development], figure that you're going to have so many homeless people suddenly on your hands. Where do we put them? Do we fly them out of the state? Do we set up a whole new city, complete with modular housing, mobile homes and tents? Or can we rely



The Cognac with a world appeal.

Who is she? What language does she speak? Her appeal spans all continents. Her message is silent but unmistakable. She prefers Bisquit Fine Champagne VSOP. Classic French Cognac. Smooth and mature. In each bottle are a century and a half of experience. Call for Bisquit Fine Champagne VSOP. You'll be speaking a language the rest of the world understands.

Cognac

Bisquit
Fine Champagne VSOP

on military posts and other government installations for temporary housing? And to the military, we would say: 'HUD is going to need airlift support. We need this many cargo aircraft, this many helicopters.' And we'd do the same with the Public Health Service and other agencies." But, unfortunately, none of these agencies can begin to prepare such contingency plans until it has seen the NOAA master study—and that won't be completed till next spring at the earliest.

Quake preparations on the municipal level are equally tenuous. San Francisco, for example, has a year-old Disaster Corps that is trying to prepare residents of that city for the worst, if and when it comes. Plans have been drawn up for the police, fire and public-works departments, says corps director Edward Joyce. Contracts have been signed with private firms to bulldoze rubble and clear

be stocking up on flashlights, battery-operated radios, blankets, food and water—all essential items for dealing with the aftermath of a violent tremor of the earth's crust. "By definition," said one earthquake specialist last week, "a disaster is when things are all screwed up. And at least by that definition, we already have a disaster in California."

Lead Balloon

For the past several years, environmentalists and businessmen have argued heatedly with each other over the precise hazard to public health posed by the lead compounds contained in anti-knock gasolines, paints and industrial wastes. Last September, when the National Academy of Sciences released the findings of a special panel which had spent almost a year investigating the

NAS panel would force the gasoline and lead industries to get the additive out of automotive fuels well before the 1975-1976 deadline for exhaust controls. "The academy's report," said one disappointed EPA official, "has not concerned itself with some of the very practical regulatory problems facing us."

What bothers critics of the report within the scientific community is that the panel also seemed to ignore some pertinent findings. Such critics point to the report's handling of the so-called "Seven Cities" study, a joint government-industry attempt to ascertain the levels of lead both in the air and in human bloodstreams in seven major American cities.* Many scientists complained that the academy panel seemed to treat lightly the project's finding—that concentrations of lead in the air of these cities are increasing sharply while at the same time it emphasized another part of the Seven Cities study which asserted that no direct link between lead in the air and traces of the metal in human blood has been established. "The panel's report is almost unbelievably selective—and therefore biased," charged Dr. John Goldsmith, chief of the epidemiology section of the California Department of Health.

Denials: Some critics of the panel were also troubled by the fact that its members included Dr. Gordon J. Stopps, a researcher for many years with the E.I. du Pont de Nemours Co., one of the two principal manufacturers of lead products in the U.S. No one questioned Stopps's integrity or competence, but as one scientist who has fought Stopps on this issue put it: "I think it's unrealistic to expect a man to throw off years of research and thinking along certain lines and approach a problem like this with a completely open mind." For their part, Stopps and spokesmen for the academy both vigorously deny that he either influenced the other six members of the panel or attempted to color the final report in any way. Moreover, academy officials stress that the report underwent a series of independent, critical reviews before being made public.

Nevertheless, the issue does seem to raise grave questions about the adequacy of the National Academy of Science's policies in determining the membership of such research panels. The NAS insists that the best people are sought for these groups, regardless of their affiliation, and that it is made clear to prospective panelists that they are expected to serve as scientists, not as representatives of their companies, universities or governmental agencies. But that strikes some scientists as naïve. "If there is one thing wrong with the way that the Federal government and industry jointly work on public-health research matters," said one scientist, "it is the expectation that there will be no undue influence exerted by the industries that will be affected by that research."

*Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Los Alamos, Cincinnati, New York City, Chicago and Houston.



Culver Pictures

San Francisco, 1906: Despite the chances for a replay, business as usual

streets in the event of another catastrophic quake. And taking a lesson from the 1906 disaster, the city has made provision to draw water from San Francisco Bay to combat fires. (There also are 150 reinforced storage cisterns located throughout the city.) Should the freeway overpasses and approaches to the Golden Gate and Bay Bridges collapse, blocking road access to the city, still-intact sections of freeways would be cleared of cars to convert these into landing strips for emergency airplanes.

But, for all that, reports NEWSWEEK correspondent Bill Cook, the average citizen of San Francisco still seems to cling to the belief that the major earthquake that many scientists say is inevitable will never happen. Most homeowners still don't know where the gas shut-off valve is in their home, or even how to turn it off, and few own first-aid kits. Nor do many Californians seem to

matter, the issue seemed resolved. While conceding that lead paint did injure small children who nibbled on flakes from peeling tenement walls, the panel concluded that the concentrations of lead in America's air did not pose an immediate menace to the general public.

That verdict, however, has gone over like the proverbial lead balloon with many scientists and government officials. Perhaps the most dismayed response to the NAS report has come from the Environmental Protection Agency, the Federal antipollution watchdog for which the study was conducted—and which is now preparing to issue a tough national standard for permissible levels of lead in the air.

It has been estimated that 90 per cent of the lead in America's air comes from the auto emissions produced by heavily leaded gasolines. Thus, EPA officials were hoping that a tough stance by the

You should see the things we do with sea shells.



We call it capiz. The encyclopedia says: — a round edible mollusk measuring 4 inches in diameter, half an inch thick, inhabiting brackish water, usually in river inlets by the sea. But we didn't leave it at that. We took the shells out of the blue, blue sea around the beautiful Visayan islands, brushed them clean, dried them in the sun and made them into window panes, wind bells, ashtrays, salad sets, flowers, cigarette boxes, waste baskets, vases, earrings, necklaces, placemats, table tops, drink coasters, soap dishes, chandeliers, soup ladles, and the greatest variety of lampshades under the sun. And we'll probably think of something else before we're through. Capiz shellcraft is just one of the many fascinating cottage industry products you can buy at Nayong Pilipino, our fabulous new transit park right next door to the airport. That is if you don't have time to fly south with PAL to collect your own.

You'll find the best shopping value in Asia at our Nayong Pilipino and the things we do with sea shells is just a tiny part of it. We hope some of our capiz ends up in your home. That's the way we feel about visitors to this country of ours and we try to show it from the moment you step aboard a PAL jet whether it's to fly home with us or around the Far East, to Australia, Europe or the U. S. We can take you there and give the bonus of the Philippines on every trip.

FLY WITH US-TO WHERE WE LIVE

 **Philippine Airlines**

Lights . . . Action . . . Tape

One dark night six years ago, a force of security guards escorted a large motor van to the M-G-M lot in Culver City. There they unloaded some equipment and stationed themselves around it to stand guard all night. Their vigilance was understandable. Only days before, members of several film craft unions had threatened to sabotage the cargo if it was ever brought onto a major movie lot. For the equipment was a television camera and a videotaping machine, which engineers were planning to use in a heretical experiment designed to show that a movie scene shot on videotape could be effectively transferred onto film for showing in big-screen movie houses.

Six years—and no sabotage—later, the "videotape revolution" has arrived in Hollywood. Just released are the first two color features shot entirely in videotape—"200 Motels," a psychedelic collage directed by rock star Frank Zappa, and a science-fiction thriller, "The Resurrection of Zachary Wheeler"—both of which were made by a new process owned by Vidtronics, a division of Technicolor Corp. Regardless of how well these particular movies do, more tape-into-film productions are sure to follow—an inevitability that even the unions now accept.

Effects: The potential payoff of using videotape to make movies has long been known. At the very least, it was claimed, moviemakers could save a lot of time and money on the set by using TV monitors for instant replays of scenes just shot by regular movie cameras—a practice pioneered by comedian-director Jerry Lewis. By shooting the scenes directly on videotape, directors could achieve even greater savings. Faster shooting times, quicker editing, easier input of special optical effects, reduced stock costs (raw videotape is far less expensive than raw film)—all these would be possible through the use of the multi-camera, push-button techniques of television. It was claimed that the videotape revolution would solve Hollywood's unemployment problem by inducing American moviemakers to save money at home, rather than try to do so in making "runaway" productions overseas. Some enthusiasts have cited esthetic boons. "Tape gives that 'really happening' look," says one director.

For all its putative advantages, however, Hollywood was slow to accept the new technology because of one stumbling block—the difficulty of transferring the tape to film so that its quality was acceptable on large movie screens. By the mid-1960s, the technology for black-and-white transfer was reasonably advanced (Richard Burton's "Hamlet" and a cheapie bio of Jean Harlow were both produced on videotape), but acceptable color transfer proved more difficult.

Then, in 1965, a Hollywood engineer named Joseph Bluth scored a breakthrough by electronically separating the color into its primary elements and enhancing each color to achieve definition and fidelity. A year later, Technicolor Corp. set Bluth up as president of Vidtronics, and color tape-to-film transfer became a business. Since then, other companies have rushed into the field. One new outfit, Image Transform, claims that editors will now be able to intercut videotaped film with original film, thanks to a just-developed, still-secret process. And CBS Laboratories is developing a laser-beam recorder designed to reduce the graininess of videotaped film.

Still, many old Hollywood hands remain skeptical. The videotape method



Shooting with videotape: Revolution

may be excellent for shooting interiors in the carefully controlled atmosphere of a TV studio, they say, but it comes nowhere near the capabilities of the hand-held Arriflex camera commonly used for action shooting outdoors. "We can't jump out of an airplane with our camera," one videotape proponent told *Newsweek's* Martin Kasindorf. And the advent of the new technology may well rattle some powerful egos in the business. In a videotape production, that once autonomous figure, the cinematographer, will have to work hand-in-glove with a "video man," who can solve problems of color, brightness and contrast merely by pushing buttons.

Will videotape replace the use of original film altogether? "I believe we'll find coexistence," says Wilton R. Holm, director of research for the Motion Picture Association. "But," he adds, "the motion-picture industry is not in the film business. It's in the communication-entertain-

ment business. Moviemakers must realize this, or they'll be like the buggy manufacturers who couldn't change to the people-moving business when the horseless carriage came along."

Duck Pins

GOING HOME is a dreary film that wastes commendable performances by Robert Mitchum and Brenda Vaccaro. Mitchum plays what must be the screen's first professional bowler, a character named Harry Graham, who presumably had more success with 7-10 splits than with his marriage. One drunken night he slashes his wife's throat right before the horrified eyes of his 6-year-old son. Why? asks the son (Jan-Michael Vincent) when Harry shows up thirteen years later on parole. "I just got drunk and killed her," says Harry, who finds a job as a mechanic in a trailer park and happiness in the arms of Brenda Vaccaro as Jenny, a fetching divorcee who lives in a camper she won in a Crisco contest.

Vengeance, Freudian patricide or plain envy roil son Jimmy's mind: He can't bug his dad enough by reporting him to the police or scrawling an indictment in bathroom graffiti, so he finally rapes Jenny on the day she is to become his stepmother.

Miss Vaccaro, with her sex-kitten's velvety purr, survives the banality of her role and Herbert Leonard's flaccid direction and manages to create a splendidly amusing, tough-tender character. Mitchum looks weary and exhausted—he seems to know he has as much chance in this movie as a man trying to bowl duck pins with a dried pea.

M-G-M president James Aubrey removed a scene in which Vincent seduced a housewife (Sylvia Miles) in the presence of his pet gerbils. This scene was cut so the movie could get a GP rating. Perverse imaginations can speculate about how the gerbils offended.

—ARTHUR COOPER

Walking Through Athens

Roberto Rossellini's concern has always been the shape, smell and texture of reality. With Vittorio De Sica, he fathered the postwar neo-realism movement, and his passionately brutal "Open City" and "Paisan" have become classics of the genre. Reality remains Rossellini's message—but cinema is no longer his medium. These days he prefers television. "Film is in crisis," he told an interviewer recently. "In movies, everyone tries to solve things through style. They should solve through ideas."

What Rossellini is pursuing is basic objective reality—how things really were before history encrusted them with layers of appearance, viewpoint or proselytizing. His method is to immerse himself in a subject until he becomes an authority, then present it in semi-documentary form. Using this method he has made



A
B
pretty
An
give the
The w
wide variety
If you're
time from t
you.
Because
resistant. A
A woman's
We even ha
Seiko wa



ROTHMANS OF PALL MALL
WORLD FAMOUS SINCE 1890

Best tobacco money can buy

There must be a reason why Rothmans is the world's largest selling—most wanted—King Size Virginia. It's simply this: Rothmans extra length, finer filter and the best tobacco money can buy give you true King Size flavour. Rothmans King Size really satisfies.

WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING—MOST WANTED—KING SIZE VIRGINIA