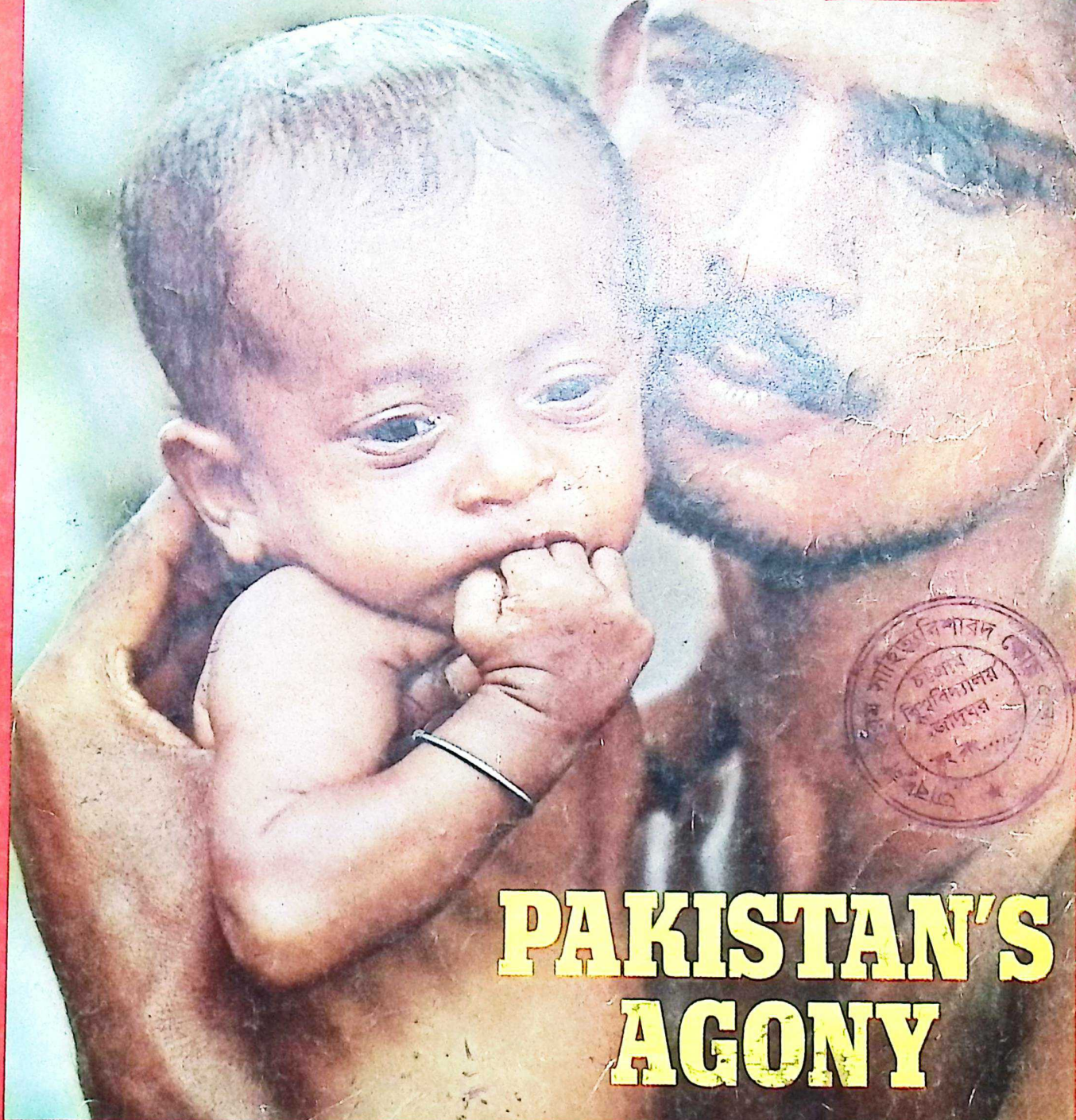


AUGUST 2, 1971

TIME



PAKISTAN'S AGONY

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A black and white photograph of a flock of birds, likely albatrosses, flying across a cloudy sky. The birds are silhouetted against the lighter sky, with their wings spread in various stages of flight. One bird is prominently featured in the upper center, with its wings fully extended. Other birds are scattered throughout the frame, some closer to the viewer and others further away, creating a sense of depth and movement.

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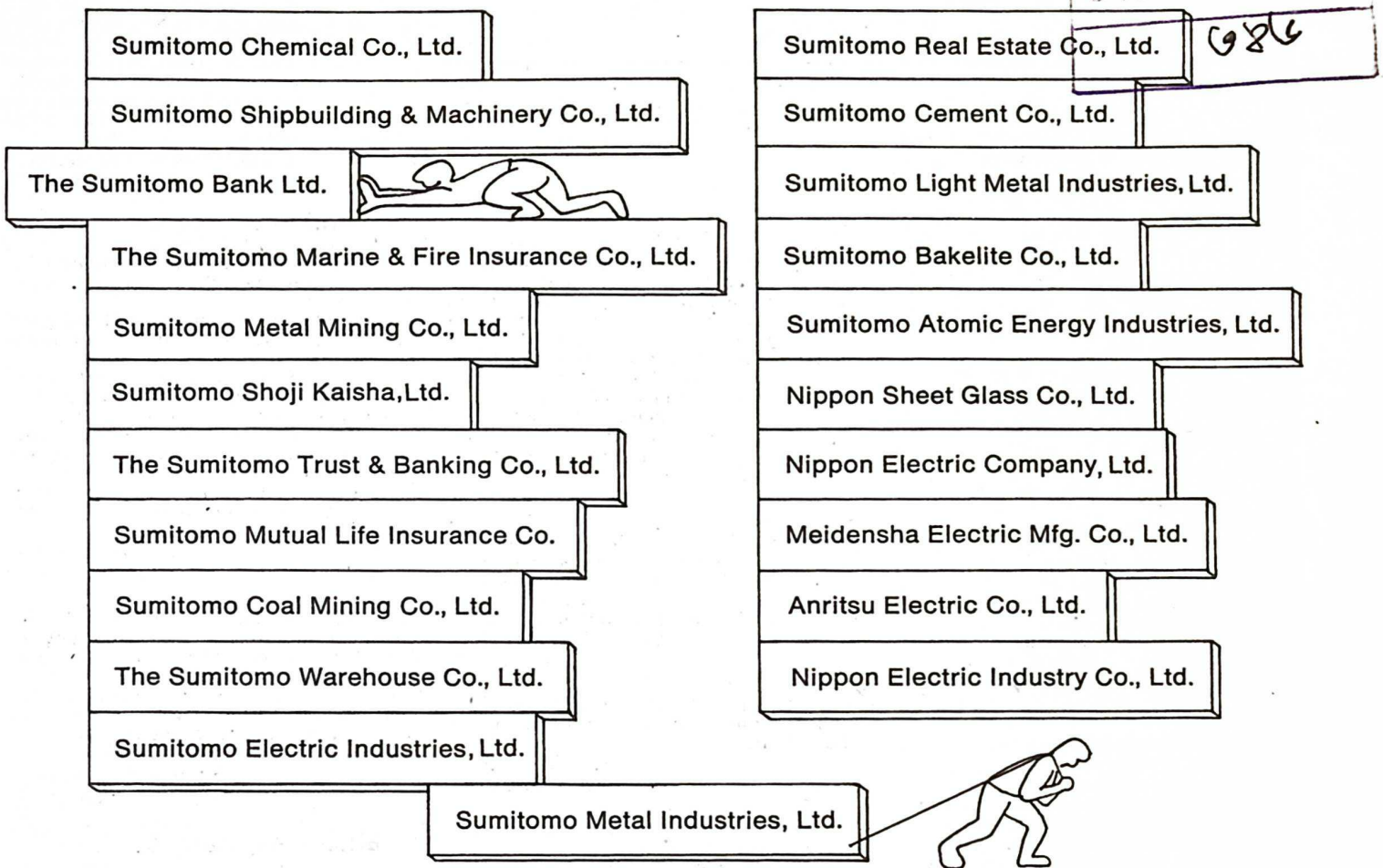
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LETTERS

Mustang Roundup

Sir: Your article on the plight of the wild horse in America [July 12] was an excellent commentary on a disgusting situation. Perhaps we could convert our abundant supply of stray dogs into dog food, thereby sparing the wild horses and alleviating a growing menace to our cities. Of course, the glamour of a dog roundup could hardly match riding the range in a flat-bed truck.

EDGAR P. KLEY
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir: The mustangs' plight may thankfully be offset by the nation's horse producers, who are currently maintaining a horse-population growth rate between 6% and 8% per year. Based on 7.6 million head, this rate makes the American equine population the fastest-growing segment of animal agriculture.

There are also indications that economics will finish this senseless slaughter. Consumers have enhanced the horse's value for pleasure instead of meat by being willing to pay for quality animals. The people wanting cheaper riding horses end up competing with the meat man.

ROBERT R. BASOW
Ralston Purina Co.
St. Louis

Sir: Your article, humane and well-illustrated as it was, missed the chief reason for saving our mustangs.

Because of overgrazing, our Government-owned lands are slowly but surely eroding into a region of badlands. Horned stock—sheep and cattle—are ruminants; seed passing through the alimentary canals of such animals becomes sterile. Reseeding by the usual means is not effective in our arid Western states.

The horse is the only animal that pays for its grazing by reseeding the area over which it grazes. Seed passing through the mustang's alimentary canal will sprout more quickly than otherwise is the case. Not only that, the humus forms a mulch that protects the sprouting seed until roots are sent deep enough into the soil for the new plant to live through the hot, dry period.

ALLEN FIFIELD
Fallon, Nev.

Sir: Don't you have a farm or ranch editor? Your Environment article on mustangs is about as realistic as an Italian western.

WAYNE S. ROGERS
San Salvador, El Salvador

Sir: Why is it that man must always try to oppress the free, tame the wild and humble the proud? There is one thing, however, he cannot take from the mustang—its beauty.

TERRY DAVITT
West Covina, Calif.

Cutting the Cord

Sir: I am tired of being Nader-ized [July 5]. Herewith I declare that the symbolic umbilical cord that Nader has forged between himself and me is now severed. I am an intelligent adult male who is capable of shopping for good products without the help of a breathing-down-the-neck Nader. One of the most enjoyable cars I ever owned was a Corvair. I don't eat foods that are full of sugar because

I don't like them. But I have started using everything Nader deplores as my own personal form of protest.

CHARLES W. HARBAUGH
Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)
Kent, Wash.

The Actual Godfather

Sir: I extend my deepest sympathy to Joe Colombo [July 12] not only for suffering at the hands of senseless violence, but also for failing to get the editors of newsmagazines to observe the "law of omerà," namely silencing their writers' biased attacks on the Italian-American community. Joe Colombo will long be remembered as a champion of freedom for millions of Italian Americans.

FRANK BATTAGLIA
Chicago

Sir: It is a shame that the legitimate grievances of many Italian Americans are so openly exploited by an actual "godfather" of Colombo's type. This, while he and others in organized crime continue to exploit and live off of all Americans.

DON A. STORMS III
Jacksonville

Sir: What's a Mafioso gangster like Joseph Sr. doing with a nice Italian name like Colombo?

A.L. JONES III
Northbrook, Ill.

Sir: You do not explain that the so-called Mafia could only exist either because the Italians have an above-average IQ or because the American authorities are very corruptible. Or for both reasons.

DOMENIC VADALA
Rising Sun, Md.

Hodgkin's Disease

Sir: "Fatal Links?" [June 28] contains two irresponsible ideas that may cause unwarranted anxiety and the interruption of normal lives of thousands of people.

To imply that people with Hodgkin's disease are 1) infectious and 2) incurable is to make them modern-day parallels to the lepers of yesterday. Any physician well experienced with this disease knows many patients who are alive, well and free of any evidence of it several years after treatment. Furthermore, if one considers the number of people who have been closely related to Hodgkin's patients for many years but do not have the disease, it is at least as impressive as the evidence presented in your article.

CHARLES C. ROGERS, M.D.
Associate Professor
Therapeutic Radiology and Oncology
Virginia Commonwealth University
Richmond

► New findings hint but do not prove that Hodgkin's disease may be infectious under special circumstances. Dr. Rogers is correct that treatments developed in recent years have proved highly successful in providing long-term, even permanent remissions.

Foreign Aid

Sir: Life in the U.S.A. should soon be perfect. The farmers of Turkey have agreed to abolish poppy production to save the American addicts [July 12]. Next we'll

get the Russians and Chinese to quit making arms for North Viet Nam to abolish the current war. Then maybe we can talk the Japanese out of making inexpensive, good-quality steel so that my husband's employer can stay competitive. The possibilities are endless.

(MRS.) ANN R. THOMPSON
Bethel Park, Pa.

Sir: Thank you for a very fair article on Turkish poppy v. Iowa corn.

Having hit upon the "guilty producer, innocent abuser" idea, the following thoughts are inevitable:

Close all factories producing hand guns, explosives, toxic chemicals to cut down crime rate.

Close all works producing arms, weapons, bombs and all other war material to stop human genocide round the world.

Cut down powers of American Government, since it is constantly buying with its money the souls of other governments, resulting in a political atmosphere unfit for basic freedoms and rights of the people round the globe.

TUNCER M. KUZAY
Minneapolis

Sir: With the use of drugs on the increase in the world, it is interesting to note that a country like Turkey, that produces 150 tons of poppies per year has never had an addiction problem of any consequence. Maybe they have a better method of controlling this situation than we do. Shouldn't someone ask how or why?

SHIRLEY MAXWELL
Houston

Extracts and Publishers

Sir: In your issue of June 28, you published an extract from the novel *August 1914* with the copyright © Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Solzhenitsyn has authorized me to protect and administer his author's rights in all countries, except the U.S.S.R.

I have given world translation and publication rights to Luchterhand Verlag, in Neuwied, West Germany. Therefore, the copyright should have read © Luchterhand Verlag.

DR. FRITZ HEEB
Zurich, Switzerland

The Parochial Question

Sir: Maybe the Supreme Court would reverse its decision on aid to parochial schools [July 12] if the parents of the 4,400,000 students in those schools would, come this September, simply enroll their children—all 4,400,000 of them—in their local public schools. A little dramatics can go a long way.

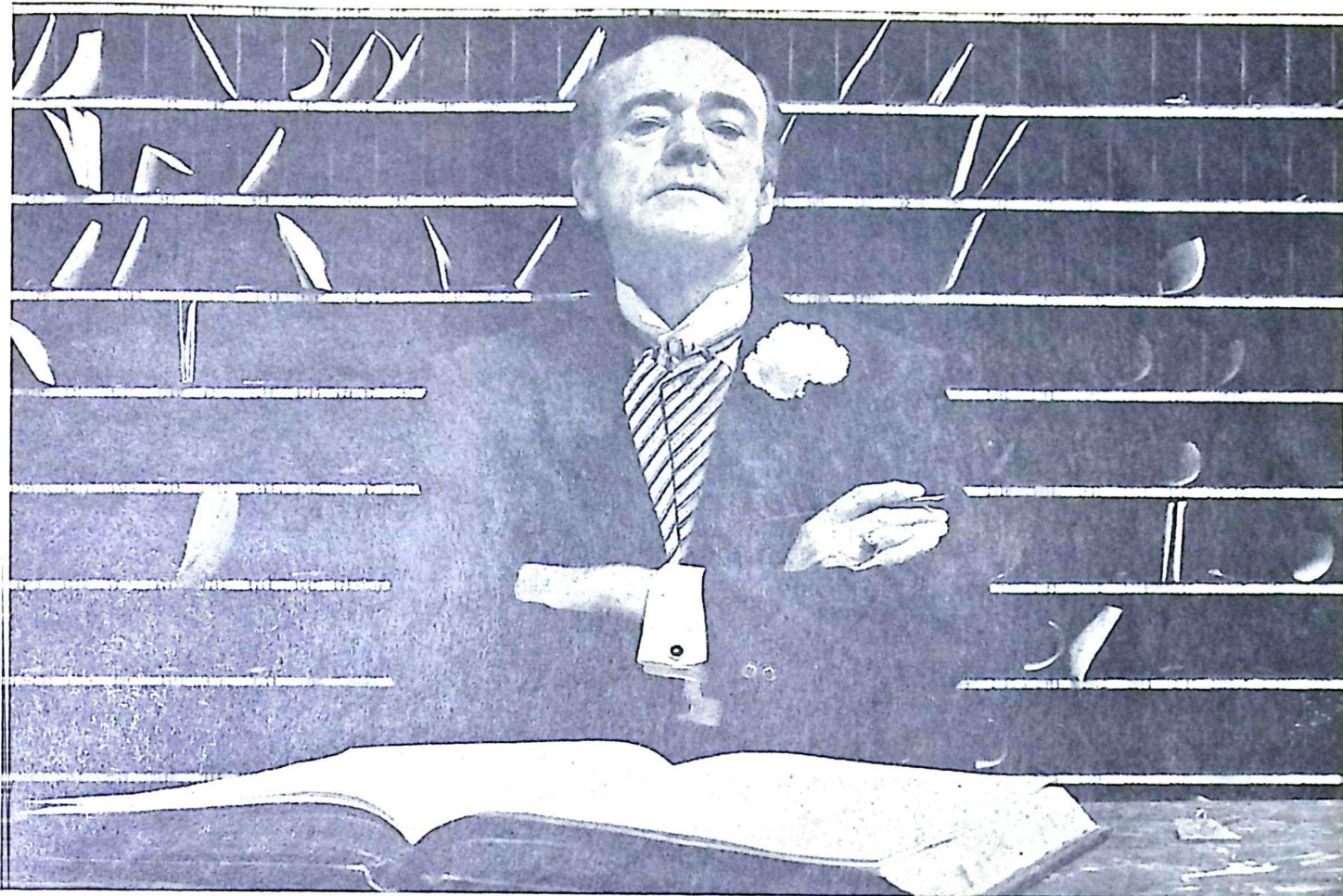
MICHAEL MCSWEENEY
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Sir: Without meaning to cast aspersions on the nun pictured in your story or on the teaching method she seems to be using, I do not think you give a true portrayal of Catholic education today.

Many teaching nuns by now have changed either to "regular" dress or to modified forms of their religious habit, and many Catholic schools have broken through traditional classroom methods to the newer forms of education.

SISTER MARY FENNEL
Norfolk

Sir: You note that the "most promising approach" to gain state aid for parochial schools is now the "voucher" plan. The



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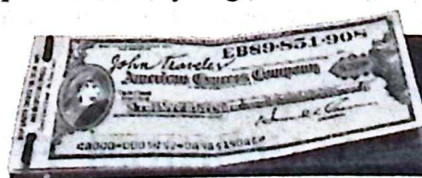
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Maryland law referred to has successfully been petitioned to referendum, and will not go into effect unless it is approved by the voters in the November 1972 general election. Most observers here expect the bill to be soundly defeated at the polls, as have similar propositions in other states.

Also, it is highly unlikely that any form of voucher system could pass the Walz-Lemon test. Such programs plainly involve a subsidy to the parochial schools.

MEYER EISENBERG
Potomac, Md.

Education and Ecology

Sir: The quote (joke) of the year: "We can afford to be selective," stated Governor Peterson after signing a law to prevent heavy industry along Delaware Bay [July 12]. A few days later, Peterson announced that the state of Delaware has a \$28.5 million deficit for the 1972 budget, which he plans to eliminate by raising taxes and cutting educational opportunities in the state.

What price ecology?

JANET MAULL LAWTON
Dover, Del.

Poetry Today

Sir: Hats off to A.T. Baker, who succinctly said in a three-page article what it took our Modern Poetry class 15 weeks to talk around [July 12]!

R.D. GIFFORD
Leominster, Mass.

Sir: Ezra Pound was only partly right. Poetry did need to escape from its iambic prison, but not break its neck in the attempt.

It is high time this pseudo poetry of *dissecta membra* was put in its place, as you have done in the fine peroration of the article's last two paragraphs.

LAWRENCE ESTAVAN
Redwood City, Calif.

Sir: I am appalled by the emptiness and shallowness of the verse you quoted. There is not a line of illumination or inspiration in any of it. Without rhyme or reason, void of moral and spiritual significance, it is utterly unworthy to be placed alongside the great poetry of the past.

VINCENT GODFREY BURNS
Poet Laureate of Maryland
Annapolis, Md.

Sir: "Flattened" verse? "Depressed" poetic quality? To the contrary, had Baker spent more time and thought on his survey, and been less of a smart aleck, he would have found well-rounded verse, perhaps even a new renaissance in the poetry of the past two decades. Greater quantity does not necessarily diminish quality, but merely makes it more difficult to discern, as Lowell intimated.

(MRS.) PATRICIA MARVIN
Newtonville, Mass.

Sir: Re your fine, perceptive article on the sorry state of poetry:

*A poetry lover,
I feel so bad today
(after reading the article)
that I want to write a letter.
I don't care; any letter, this letter.*

(MRS.) EILEEN D. OBSER
Cresskill, N.J.

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TIME, AUGUST 2, 1971

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce III

DAN COGGIN has spent most of the past seven years observing tur-
moil in Asia—grim but invaluable experience for his latest as-
signment, this week's cover story on Pakistan. A former Marine, Coggin
witnessed the Indonesian crisis of the mid-'60s, went next to South Viet
Nam and then served as New Delhi bureau chief. Assigned to the Beirut bu-
reau last fall, he continues to contribute his expertise on Pakistan. He
was one of the 35 newsmen expelled from Dacca on March 26, but in
April he trekked from India by oxcart, rowboat, motorcycle, bicycle and
bus to become the first American journalist to get back to the Eastern cap-
ital. He returned again for this week's story and, despite his having seen
much war in the past, found that "this one has special horrors."

The two other correspondents contributing to the cover story are also vet-
eran observers of Asian fighting. James Shepherd, an Indian national,
joined TIME's New Delhi bureau in 1958. His assignments have in-
cluded India's border clashes with China and the Indo-Paki-
stani war waged over Kashmir. Recently Shepherd toured the
refugee camps that line the Indo-
East Pakistani border. David
Greenway, whose most recent
beat was the United Nations, for-
merly served in the Saigon and
Bangkok bureaus. Last week he
visited the insurgent forces. "The
countryside," he says, "looks
quite like Viet Nam, and with
all the airpower, armor and ar-
tillery the rebels face, it must
have been like visiting the Viet
Cong in the early days of that
other war."

DAVID BURNETT



GREENWAY WITH REBEL TROOPS

Our essay this week deals with
imaginary numbers, those in-
triguing but often inadequately
supported figures that festoon our data-happy society. Like other pub-
lications, TIME sometimes finds it impossible to avoid using such num-
bers. They are accurate as far as anyone knows, but inevitably they
represent estimates rather than precise measurements. In the current
issue, the cover story quantifies East Pakistan's essentially unmeasurable
agony in several ways (more than 7,000,000 refugees fled to India, for ex-
ample). Elsewhere we note that U.S. crops are annually dusted with
"about 1 billion pounds of pesticide" (ENVIRONMENT), and that micro-
organisms once killed 100 million pounds of fish in Florida (THE U.S.),
confident that these figures represent at least reliable approxi-
mations. As a result of the Essay, continued watchfulness about imag-
inary figures will be pledged by nearly 200 TIME editors, writers,
reporter-researchers and correspondents. At least that is our estimate.

The Cover: Color photograph by David Burnett.

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U.S. 6

THE U.S.

AMERICAN NOTES To Touch the Rattle

It has become very nearly a commonplace to say that men have grown bored with moon shots. Somehow, the idea of Richard Nixon landing in Peking, 6,922 miles away from home, seems at the moment to stir more excitement than what is for some the repetitive prospect of three more astronauts slinging 239,000 miles off the planet. The sense of *déjà vu* is especially unjustified for Apollo 15, because the mission is the most perilous to date, with greater than usual concern for the safety of the explorers (see SCIENCE).

No one can dare to say at this point which voyage will ultimately prove more vital for the survival of mankind. Peace is a desperate need, but curiosity and adventure are profoundly encoded in the human brain. Peace is also a slow, perilous process of equilibrium, but deep space is a siren summoning the race to an unimaginable catalogue of unknowns. To reach the moon is only to touch the rattle dangling over the crib. The reach has lost its magic—or perhaps not yet really found it—because like infants, men scarcely can conceive of what lies beyond in space and time. Such perspectives, even in man's minuscule neighborhood of the galaxy, tend to reduce the affairs of earth's superpowers to cosmic unimportance.

Agnew's Complaint

Americans have sometimes cherished a blunt directness in their politicians. But that particular "give-'em-hell" charm, as Spiro Agnew has never discovered, demands, besides truculence, an implicit instinct for the underdog. It is the charm of the anti-bully.

Toward the end of his 32-day world tour, in which he isolated himself from ordinary citizens and from most of the sights and sounds of the countries he vis-

ited, the Vice President delivered himself of some gratuitous remarks about blacks. Having met with three African leaders—Ethiopia's Haile Selassie, the Congo's Joseph Mobutu and Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta—Agnew told U.S. newsmen traveling with him that those Africans were "dedicated, enlightened, dynamic and extremely apt for the task that faces them." Then he added: "The quality of this leadership is in distinct contrast with many of those in the United States who have arrogated unto themselves the position of black leaders, those who spend their time in querulous complaint and constant re- crimination against the rest of society."

Agnew overlooked the obvious fact that these African rulers after all run their own countries; they could hardly be expected to engage in "querulous complaint" about their own regimes. Maryland Democrat Parren Mitchell, a member of the black congressional caucus, wondered if Agnew was suggesting that black Americans should fight racism in the U.S. in the manner of Jomo Kenyatta, who was convicted of leading the bloody Mau Mau uprisings in Kenya before independence.

Borderline Dispute

Road maps say that the border of Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina is a crow-flies straight line along the 35th parallel from Scaly Mountain, N.C., to Guild, Tenn. But for more than a century a rather quaint controversy has cooked over whether an 1811 surveyor made a southward error—thrown off by a forest fire and Indian harassment—and gave Tennessee and North Carolina some 300 sq. mi. of mountainous woods that actually belong to Georgia.

Mountaineers along the borderline do not raise the issue often, since, according to Georgia Historian E. Merton Coulter, 81, "They pay taxes to one state one year

and another the next and no taxes at all some years." Now Georgia State Legislator Larry Thomason has earnestly set off with Geodetic Survey maps to claim Georgia's lost territories. Thomason has even planted a Georgia flag 500 yds. north of the accepted boundary. If Thomason's claim were to stick, the entire southern half of Chattanooga would sink into Georgia, and Tennessee's Senator William Brock would be out of a job, since his Lookout Mountain residence would be inside Georgia.

For its part, North Carolina has reacted with revolutionary aplomb. The legislature in Raleigh resolved that "immediate steps should be taken for the actual defense of North Carolina's borders with Georgia, including measures to mobilize the North Carolina highway patrol, North Carolina National Guard and, if necessary as a last resort, build fortifications on the present border."

Junior Lib (Contd.)

The junior division of women's liberation struck out a few weeks ago when 12-year-old Sharon Poole's little league baseball team in Haverhill, Mass., had to drop her from the roster because, despite her batting and fielding talents, she was the wrong gender (TIME, July 19).

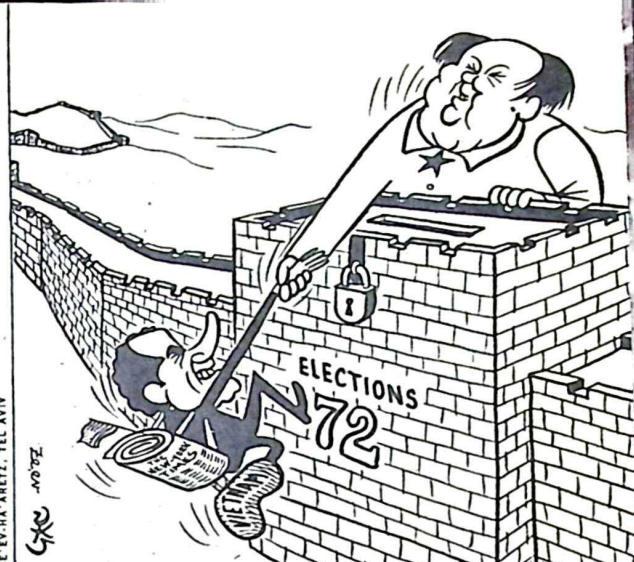
In the Chicago suburb of Bridgeview, the cause fared better. Officials waived the rules and 11-year-old Susan Farbin entered the Soap Box Derby traditionally open only to boys aged 11 to 15. She obtained the sponsorship of the National Organization for Women and emblazoned her bright pink racer with a Women's Lib emblem of sexual equality. In the derby finals, Susan may have unsettled some of the boys' dawning prejudices about women drivers by going faster than a greased (male chauvinist) pig and taking three trophies—for best racer construction, first in her age class and second in the overall finish.

SUSAN IN HER DERBY RACER



AGNEW & KENYATTA IN NAIROBI





Hazards Along the Road to Peking

is considerable—last year for the first time China provided more military aid to Hanoi than the Soviet Union, although Russia still supplies far more economic aid. Nevertheless, Hanoi is showing strong signs of independence, continuing to knock down the notion that it would meekly comply with any arrangements worked out by Peking and Washington. The North Vietnamese regret that they yielded to Chinese and Soviet pressure at the Geneva conference in 1954 and accepted a division of Viet Nam at the 17th parallel; they consider the conflict an internal matter and resent big-power solutions. In a warning to China as well as the U.S., the official Hanoi newspaper, *Nhan Dan*, said last week that “the time when big countries relied upon their strength to oppress small countries and force them to obey” is “definitely gone forever.” Moreover, Hanoi feels that its forces are on the verge of victory; *Nhan Dan* claims: “No matter how cunning Nixon may be, he cannot save the U.S. imperialists from total defeat in this unsubmissive and stalwart Vietnamese land.”

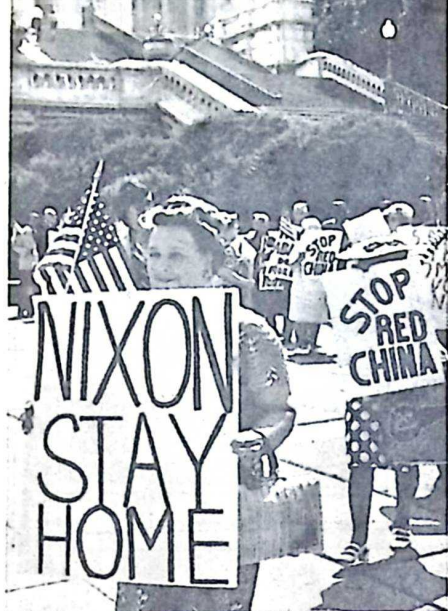
Hostage to Peking. In some ways, the impending Nixon trip reduces U.S. flexibility on the war and involves risks. If great enough, Nixon's desire for his China visit could make him a hostage to Peking. He might not, for example, be able credibly to threaten U.S. escalation in response to any Communist assault on U.S. troops without endangering his journey. So far the Administration has not replied to the seven-point proposal—including the promise to release American prisoners in exchange for a firm U.S. withdrawal date—put on the table in Paris; the Administration intends not to answer directly for the time being but to continue "to ask questions." Nixon's preoccupation with Peking and his failure to deal promptly with Hanoi's offer could prolong rather than shorten the

Such theories are still highly dubious. But even if these were Peking's intentions, could the Chinese persuade Hanoi to go along? Peking's influence

war. Yet it is also quite likely that only a big-power agreement could guarantee a durable solution of the complex conflicts that exist throughout Southeast Asia. Moreover, Nixon can hope to enjoy wide immunity from attacks by war critics as long as any kind of peace talks with Peking seem possible.

Diplomatic Minuet. Of even greater long-term significance is the impact of Sino-American relations on the Soviet Union. Washington acted to put the Peking trip into global perspective, emphasizing that the U.S. had not lost sight of the importance of its relations with the U.S.S.R. in preventing nuclear war. Yet a diplomatic minuet was required to get the point across. Moscow, apparently determined to express no alarm over the Washington-Peking rapprochement, did not seek a U.S. explanation—and Rogers was reluctant to summon the Soviet ambassador. But Anatoly Dobrynin's visit to the State Department on a routine matter gave U.S. officials a convenient opportunity to invite him to stop by Rogers' office. The two talked for 35 minutes. Rogers assured Dobrynin that Nixon meant the U.S.S.R. when he stated in announcing his trip that it was "not directed against any other nation" and that "any nation can be our friend without being any other nation's enemy."

The Soviet Union continued to react to the thaw between the U.S. and China in a muted fashion. Its press printed few articles; they criticized Peking for its "collusion with imperialism," and were less harsh to the U.S. Premier Aleksei Kosygin pointedly reminded Idaho



RIGHT-WING PROTEST AT CAPITOL
And a discarded presidential plaque.

Senator Frank Church, who was visiting Moscow, that the current U.S.-U.S.S.R. meetings in Helsinki on limiting strategic arms are "the most important talks going on in the world today"—a hint, perhaps, that the Soviets may respond to the Nixon trip by seeking their own accommodations with the West rather than turning more belligerent. There was private speculation in Washington that a SALT agreement might bring Nixon and Soviet leaders together for the signing and produce an American-Soviet summit even before Nixon goes to Peking.

But little help from Moscow is an-

ticipated in any U.S. efforts to seek an immediate big-power solution to the hostilities in Indochina. The Soviet Union seemed to be backing Hanoi against Peking in disparaging an international conference.

Fallout in Japan. Another area of intense Peking-summit fallout was Japan. Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, who has long staked his political reputation on his close ties with the U.S., lost face in not being consulted by Washington about the venture. "We too [can] keep secrets," he complained. Tokyo critics called for Sato's resignation and, defensively, he offered to go to Peking, too, in order to give Japan a say in any arrangement affecting the region. Nationalist sentiment for greater independence from the U.S. was fueled. Eying the new prominence of China, Japanese business firms withdrew from a scheduled trade conference with Taiwan, and five of six shipping companies said that they would discontinue regular runs to the island. All apparently want to be friends of China's if any new business opportunities open up.

Yet any choice between Peking and Taipei would not be an easy one for Japan, and Sato indicated he was not ready to abandon Chiang, especially on Taiwan's membership in the U.N. "How is it possible for us to reject a nation that for long has so faithfully adhered to the United Nations Charter?" Sato asked. "To honor our intentional commitments instead would be the way for us to live up to our reputation as a trustworthy member of the world."

While the U.S. overture could push

Tit for Tat: Two Prophecies



DRAWING BY JULIO FERNANDEZ

Mao Tse-tung and Richard Nixon have committed themselves to paper on the subject of how to conduct a relationship between old adversaries. Chairman Mao's writings are the bigger seller, but Nixon's Six Crises has its historical value. Two examples:

NIXON [1960, on Red China's admission to the U.N.]: In expressing my strong opposition, I pointed out that the issue wasn't whether Red China had one vote in the Assembly or even the veto power. What was really at stake was that admitting Red China to the United Nations would be a mockery of the provision of the charter which limits its membership to "peace-loving nations." And what was most disturbing was that it would give respectability to the Communist regime, which would immensely increase its power and prestige in Asia and probably irreparably weaken the non-Communist governments in that area.

MAO [1945, on negotiations with the Chinese Nationalists. Communist officials are being urged to read these words as an explanation of Peking's new attitude toward Washington]: There are no straight roads in the world. We must be prepared to follow twists and turns and not try to get things on the cheap. It must not be imagined that one fine morning all the reactionaries will go down on their knees of their own accord. How to give "tit-for-tat" depends upon the situation. Sometimes, not going to negotiations is tit-for-tat, and sometimes, going to negotiations is also tit-for-tat. We were right not to go before and also right to go this time.

Japan and China closer together, it might also have the adverse effect of reducing Tokyo's reliance on the U.S. nuclear umbrella and strengthening Japan's urges to have its own nuclear missiles—a development that would horrify Peking.

Problems at Home. The domestic political impact of Nixon's great adventure abroad was still far from clear. Certainly the Democrats were now on the defensive about the war issue; they faced the possibility that Nixon in 1972 will have the brightened aura of a world statesman and peacemaker. Potential Democratic candidates for the presidency could only applaud Nixon's coup. The quixotic candidacy of Republican Congressman Pete McCloskey, centered so completely upon the war, looked even more forlorn.

That thrust the Democrats back to the issues of the economy and other neglected domestic problems plus Nixon's personality. At a meeting of 14 Midwest Governors in Nebraska, Republicans expressed anxiety about Nixon's re-election chances. "It was a major coup," said Michigan's William G. Milliken about the planned trip to Peking. "But the state of the economy in 1972 will have as decided an effect on Mr. Nixon's ability to carry Michigan and the rest of the country." Michigan's unemployment rate is 9%; other Governors reported the continued concern of farmers over low income and inflation. Indeed, new figures showed the cost of living rose .6% last month—the sharpest increase in 15 months. Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns conceded that there had been "very little progress" in checking inflation.

Tricky Politician. Barry Goldwater guardedly endorsed Nixon's trip, but scattered voices on the far right decried Nixon's approach to Chinese Communists. Republican Congressman John Schmitz, who represents Nixon's home district in California, had been invited to cruise the Potomac aboard the presidential yacht *Sequoia*, but he announced that he was "breaking all relations with the White House" until the President "reverses this decision and apologizes for having made it." Another Californian, former Marine Captain George Brokate, publicly threw into a trash can a plaque of appreciation he had received from Nixon for donating \$13,000 to his successful presidential campaign. He denounced Nixon as "just another tricky weather vane opportunist politician."

Nixon can undoubtedly survive the anguish on the right. What matters most, both for Nixon's political fortunes and the best interests of the U.S., is the eventual outcome of the trip. Its success lies largely in the hands of a wily and America-wise Chinese leader, Chou En-lai, and Washington's warnings against expectations of spectacular results were surely justified. But on balance, the bold mission to Peking is more than anything else an occasion of hope and opportunity.

Why Nixon Is Relatively Good

Few Westerners are as familiar with China and its leaders as Author Edgar Snow (Red Star Over China). As a journalist, he has traveled in China since the 1930s and has had unequalled access to the thinking and policy shifts within the Chinese government, and his personal knowledge of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai dates from the rise of the Communist movement on the mainland. The first public indication of Mao's willingness to meet with President Nixon was contained in Snow's report in LIFE Magazine on his most recent visit to Peking last winter. In the current LIFE, Snow describes the shift in China's attitude toward the United States and outlines the characteristics of Chou En-lai—the leader who is likely to do the bulk of the negotiating with President Nixon during his planned visit next spring. Excerpts:

► Why were the Chinese responsive? Is it forgotten in Peking that Nixon built his early career on witch-hunting and climbed to the Senate and vice-presidency on the backs of "appeasers in the State Department" who sold China to Russia? The question about Nixon has been partly answered by Chairman Mao. He told me that Nixon, who represented the monopoly capitalists, should be welcomed simply because at present the problems between China and the U.S. would have to be solved with him. In the dialectical pattern of his thought, Mao has often said that good can come out of bad and that bad people can be made good—by experience and right teaching. Yes, he said to me, he preferred men like Nixon to social democrats and revisionists, those who professed to be one thing, but in power behaved quite otherwise.

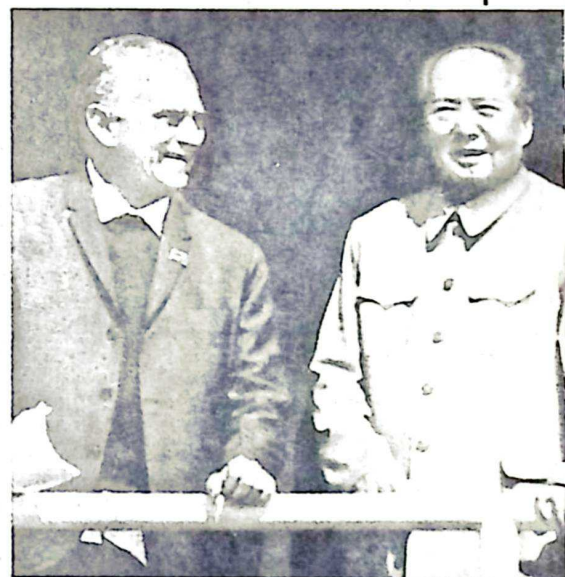
The Chinese believe that the lesson of Viet Nam and no mere change of Presidents is what made it possible for Mao in 1970 to speak differently about Nixon. "Experience" had made Nixon relatively "good." Yes, Nixon could just get on a plane and come. It would not matter whether the talks would be successful. If he were willing to come, the Chairman would be willing to talk to him and it would be all right.

► Though China's press may carry only a few lines [about the announcement of Nixon's visit], the whole subject today is undoubtedly being cautiously discussed and explained down to the commune level. Only one thing may have surprised the Chinese: Mr. Kissinger's success in keeping his visit secret. Experience with American diplomats during World War II had convinced Chinese leaders that Americans could not keep secrets.

► China's leaders respect Kissinger. They know him through their own intelligence and through his writing. Dis-

cussing him with an old friend and close comrade-in-politics of Premier Chou one evening in Peking, I was struck by his frank delight at the prospect of crossing verbal swords with such a worthy adversary. "Kissinger?" he said. "There is a man who knows the language of both worlds—his own and ours. With him, it should be possible to talk."

► Kissinger is said to have spent 20 of his 49 hours in Peking talking to Premier Chou. That is nothing extraordinary. One of several interview-conversations I had with him lasted from the dinner table one evening until six

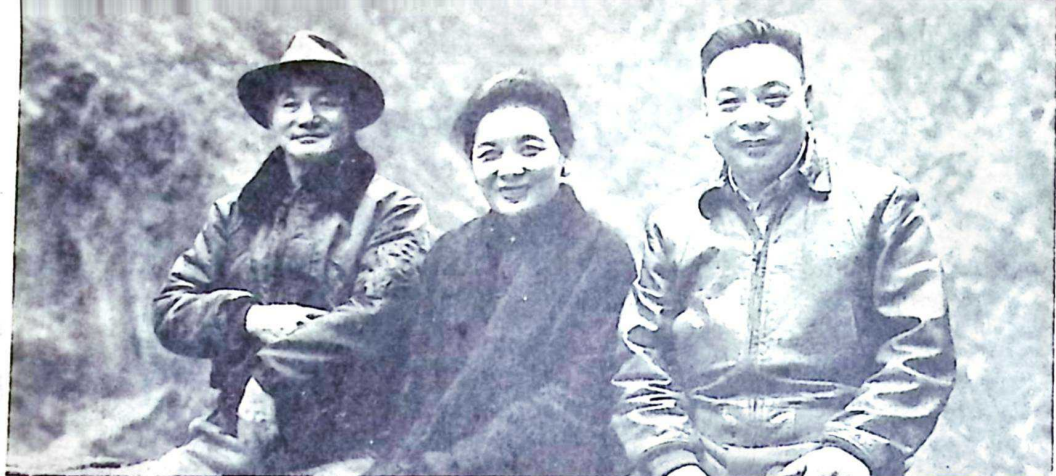


SNOW & MAO IN PEKING

the next morning. I was exhausted, he seemingly as fresh as ever. "I must let you get some sleep," I mumbled. He threw back his head and laughed. "I've already had my sleep. Now I'm going to work." His night's rest had been a cat nap before dinner.

► Chou's affable manner masks viscera of tough and supple alloys; he is a master of policy and implementation with an infinite capacity for detail. Chou quickly cuts to the heart of matters, drops the impractical, dissimulates when necessary and never gambles—without four aces. In talks I have had with China's two great men, it usually is Chou who meticulously answers the main questions and Mao who enlarges the broad and dialectical view. He is a builder, not a poet.

► Whatever the Chinese may think of Nixon's motives, he has earned their appreciation by the courtesy of coming to see them, thereby according prestige to Mao Tse-tung and *amour-propre* to the whole people. Vassal kings of the past brought tributes to Peking, but never before the head of the world's most powerful nation.



CHIANG, WIFE & SON CHIANG IN 1952
No illusions about position.

Meanwhile, in Taiwan . . .

Taiwan's first reaction to the President's decision to go to Peking was sharp and angry. The event, said Foreign Minister Chou Shu-kai, was "deplorable." Taiwan's Ambassador to the U.S. blasted Nixon's move. Outwardly, Chiang Kai-shek kept his dignified cool by spending some time at the Evergreen Hotel on Sun Moon Lake in central Taiwan, his favorite summer resort. But both Chiang and his son and heir, Chiang Ching-kuo, 61, who is stubborn and tough like his father, had no illusions about the erosion of the position on which they have built their lives. As Taipei's Ambassador to the U.N. complained candidly: "The U.S. has pulled the rug out from under our feet in the U.N. The damage to us is immeasurable." The proposed Nixon trip, he said, shows that "Communist intransigence pays off" and "hands a prestige victory to the Communists on a silver platter."

In contrast, the mood of the Chinese public on Taiwan has been remarkably contained and unruffled. Newspaper comment was relatively mild. The only protest gathering of any size was a polite half-hour demonstration at the American embassy by 30 college students. Many people, especially workers and farmers, either have not heard the news or show scant interest in it. While those who have heard it strongly oppose the Nixon move, and appear worried about future American intentions, there is little evidence yet of fever-pitch anger or anti-American feeling.

Surely Quit First. One reason may be that Nixon's news did not fall in a vacuum. The sensitive Nationalists have hung on each step that the President has made easing trade and travel with Peking. But his giant stride has called into question Taiwan's U.N. status, and touched off intensive political and diplomatic strategy sessions on the island.

The essence of the tacit new U.S. position is "dual representation," in which China would take the Security Council seat that Taiwan now holds as well as the Chinese seat in the General Assembly; Taiwan would also be seated

in the General Assembly. The question of Taiwan's relationship to China proper presumably would be left for future decision, but obviously the Nationalist regime's claim to be the government of China would no longer be recognized. But while Taiwan has indicated that it would remain in the U.N. if China were admitted to the General Assembly, the nub of the question is whether Taipei will be able to retain its permanent seat on the Security Council. Only the Taiwan government's delay in advising the U.S. precisely what it will do is keeping the U.S. from announcing its own decision on Taiwan's dilemma.

The real problem may be keeping Taiwan from being expelled entirely. Says the Indian Ambassador to the U.N., Samar Sen: "[The U.S.] Government can simply explain that it is a question of 12 million Chinese or 750 million." One possible U.S. strategy: to agree that Chinese admission is no longer an "important" question and can be settled by a simple majority vote, but to insist that Taiwan's expulsion would be "important," thus requiring a two-thirds vote in the General Assembly. If it became clear that the Nationalists were nevertheless about to be expelled, they would almost surely quit first.

No Combat Forces. Beyond the U.N. issue, Taiwan's principal concern is fear of withdrawal of U.S. military support. It has a modern and powerful armed force, and Secretary of State William Rogers has assured the Nationalists that the U.S. will stand by its commitments to defend the island against any mainland attack. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week voted to repeal a 1955 congressional resolution that had redundantly empowered the President to use all means to defend Taiwan against attack. The vote on the repeal in no way abrogated the U.S. defense treaty with Taiwan. But Taipei is worried about the symbolic implications of any pullout of American forces stationed on Taiwan.

Seventh Fleet patrols have been withdrawn from the Taiwan Strait, and there are almost no combat troops among the 8,900-man U.S. military force on the island. The overwhelming majority

of the uniformed Americans on the island are service and supply personnel providing back-up for troops in Viet Nam, and it is generally assumed that they will be withdrawn as the U.S. commitment in Southeast Asia winds down.

The largest outfit is the tactical airlift wing at Ching Chuan Kang, made up of about 4,500 men and four airlift squadrons with a total authorized capacity of 64 Hercules C-130 aircraft, used to transport troops, medical evacuees and heavy equipment. There are also about 1,300 men headquartered at Shu Lin Kou Air Station and a detachment of two F-4 Phantoms at Tainan. Nuclear weapons locations are, of course, among the most highly classified secrets, but it is almost certain that there are none on Taiwan.

The Nationalist leaders feel that all is not yet lost. Nixon's trip is still a long way off, and Washington insists that no deals have been made with Peking. In a personal letter to Chiang, Nixon reasserted that the U.S. is not going to abandon its longtime friend. That hope is not much to cling to, but it is all the Nationalist Chinese have.

The Old China Hands

Into the hearing room of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week strode two men who had passed more than a quarter-century in the flickering light and shade of nonrecognition. John Stewart Service and John Paton Davies Jr., both 65, once middle-echelon Foreign Service officers of the State Department, as long ago as 1944 correctly diagnosed the power and potential of Mao Tse-tung's Chinese Communist Party and urged that the U.S. make an early accommodation with it. Had this been done, they contend—and many observers agree—the U.S. might have been spared two wars—in Korea and Indochina. Drummed out of the service



SERVICE & DAVIES AT SENATE HEARING
Surviving the long road back.

at that time for their views, they now see the wheel of U.S. policy come ironically full circle under Nixon.

Both men were born in China to U.S. missionaries shortly before the 1911 revolution toppled the Manchu dynasty. Both were educated partly in China and spoke the language fluently. By 1944 they were young old China hands stationed in Chiang Kai-shek's wartime refugee capital, Chungking, as political officers on the staff of Lieut. General Joseph W. Stilwell, who was commander of U.S. forces in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II. The pair chafed at the frustrating restraints imposed on "Vinegar Joe" by the generalissimo and his Nationalist regime, which they believed was fatally weak, unpopular and corrupt.

Fuzzing the Issues. That was a difficult view for the U.S. to accept, for Chiang was a genuine hero, the man who had rallied his country against the Japanese invasion. Increasingly, however, his war effort bogged down, partly because of the challenge to his rule from Mao Tse-tung and the Communists. Chiang felt that he was inadequately supported by the U.S. A group of U.S. military and diplomatic observers arrived at Communist headquarters in Yen-an in July 1944. As the senior diplomat present, Service talked most with Mao and his top aides.

Service saw no point in fuzzing the issue by using euphemisms like "agrarian reformers" for Communists. Mao declared that his was genuine Communism. But he made a distinction that was to be lost on the West for more than two decades: his was a Chinese, "nationalist" Communism and no carbon copy of Moscow's. Mao hoped for U.S. military aid in the war against Japan. He insisted that after Japan's defeat, the U.S. and the China that he expected to influence or control must be close friends. Mao's Communists, Service decided, must be reckoned with. Davies later replaced Service in Yen-an and reached the same conclusion: "The Communists are in China to stay. And China's destiny is not Chiang's but theirs."

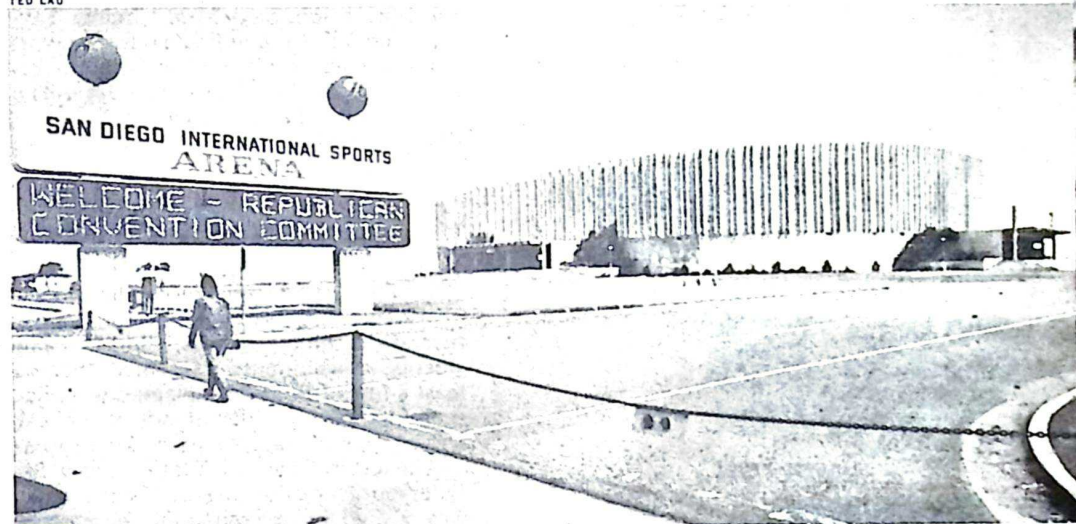
The two diplomats' views, relayed to Washington, clashed with America's deep pro-Chiang sympathies, and especially with the sentiments of Major General Patrick J. Hurley, U.S. ambassador to Chungking. Hurley accused the old China hands of undermining his authority, and had Service recalled. Davies was allowed to stay on longer. After V-J Day, Hurley resigned and, before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, accused Service and Davies among others of disloyalty to the U.S., though he never went so far as to accuse them of being Communists.

Steam Traps. For Service and Davies, the next years were a time of torment. Seven times in seven years, Davies was called before a State Department loyalty review board, then once before a Civil Service Commission board, and each time he was cleared.

But in August 1951, the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy pointed his accusing finger at Davies and at last succeeded in getting him condemned—not for disloyalty but for "disregard of proper forbearance and caution in making known his dissents" from existing policy. Davies refused to resign; Secretary of State John Foster Dulles fired him in 1954.

The case of Service was more complicated. He had given copies of some of his official memorandums to an editor of *Amerasia*, a pro-Communist sheet. But a federal grand jury voted 20-to-0 against indicting him. Then, after going through half a dozen loyalty inquiries, he emerged unscathed only to be axed by the Civil Service Commission Loyalty Review Board on the grounds of "reasonable doubt as to his loyalty." It took six years for Service to be partly rehabilitated; by a unan-

TED LAU



REPUBLICAN CONVENTION SITE IN SAN DIEGO
Giving them a circus.

imous decision, the Supreme Court overturned the loyalty board's action in 1957.

In the interval between dismissal and reinstatement, Service worked for an engineering firm in New York City and devised improvements in steam traps for radiators. After retiring, he went to the University of California for an M.A. in political science, then settled in at U.C.'s Center for Chinese Studies at Berkeley. Its press has just published his *Amerasia Papers: Some Problems in the History of U.S.-China Relations*, which fully records his early talks with Mao.

For Davies, the road back was longer. He had been stationed in Peru just before his dismissal. He returned to Lima and opened a furniture-making business. After eleven years, during which his family increased to seven, he returned to Washington. "I thought our children should grow up in this country," he says. His *Foreign and Other Affairs* was published in 1964.

The two old China hands' testimony at Senator William Fulbright's closed hearing last week contained no surprises. They endorsed President Nixon's plans to normalize relations with Peking. Da-

vies recalls that although there is no supporting text in State Department files, Mao and Chou En-lai appeared to make a bid early in 1945 to be invited to Washington.

Stupid Period. In interviews with TIME Correspondent Bonnie Angelo, both men contrasted their earlier appearances before congressional committees with the present occasion. Said Davies: "It's like the difference between being held up by assailants and being invited to dinner." Neither was vindictive. Pressed to relive the pains of excommunication, Davies said wearily: "That was a stupid period. That's the worst thing you can say. But I've always believed it's futile to think about the past when you can't do anything about it. Some in a similar situation did keep thinking about it and it ate them up. You have to learn to survive."

REPUBLICANS

The President Picks a Place

Richard Nixon looked over the list of cities bidding for his party's 1972 convention and did not like what he saw: Chicago, Miami Beach, Houston, Louisville, San Francisco. Said the President: "Let's get some more options. Let's get San Diego in there." Thus a city was suddenly on the list that initially did not care to be the site of a political convention—one that had fewer hotel rooms than other contenders, did not have adequate press space and refused to put together the cash guarantee the other cities had proffered. To the surprise of no one who knew the distance between San Diego and San Clemente (55 miles), San Diego last week was named host city for the 1972 Republican National Convention.

The Republican National Committee's choice was not made without opposition. Miami Beach, site of the 1968 Republican Convention and the 1972 Democratic Convention, dangled \$1.1 million before the Site Selection Committee and when spurned, mounted a floor



TAKING BLOOD SAMPLE FROM STRICKEN COLT

OLGA VASA



BLIGHTED CORN

USDA PHOTO



CLEANING UP AFTER THE RED TIDE
Like the stroke of Aaron's rod.

TONY LOPEZ—ST. PETERSBURG TIMES-ING.

fight against the committee's designation. The citizens of San Diego objected even more strenuously. The convention, which opens Aug. 21, comes at the height of the tourist season, and hotelmen are not enthusiastic over the prospect of canceling reservations to make room for the delegates. Taxpayers, who voted down nine bond proposals last June, see the cost of police protection and city services during the convention as an unnecessary revenue drain. Support for the convention was rallied by the San Diego Union—Administration Communications Director Herb Klein was once a Union editorial writer—but opposition was strong. Said one county official: "Everybody in San Diego wants the convention except the people." President Nixon's favor has even caused a rift within the local G.O.P. A Republican county committeewoman threatened to seek a court injunction against the convention. Says Mrs. Virginia Taylor, one of 15 candidates for mayor: "Our priorities are all backward. It reminds me of the old Roman days. The people don't have enough to eat, they don't have health care, they don't have a lot of things. So give them a circus."

NATURE

The New Plagues of Summer

In *Exodus*, Aaron smote the waters of Egypt with his rod and the waters turned to blood. Across the U.S. in steamy midsummer, it seemed that at least a few of Pharaoh's plagues were descending—a reminder, if not of biblical wrath, then of nature's perplexing force.

The Gulf Coast of Florida from St. Petersburg to the Marco Island area was visited by a "red tide," a massive bloom of microorganisms (*Gymnodinium brevis*). They stained the sea water rusty brown and killed thousands of fish, which then washed up on the beaches to rot. Workers cleaning the beaches around St. Petersburg could hardly keep up with the harvest of dead fish putrefying in the summer sun. It was the worst occurrence since an eleven-month siege in 1946-47 destroyed an estimated 100 million pounds of fish.

Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis, a mosquito-borne virus that originated in South America, swept up into Texas, and parts of Oklahoma, Louisiana and Arkansas, killing at least 1,500 horses, burros and mules and afflicting hundreds of humans with severe, flu-like symptoms. Ranchers call the disease "blind staggers," describing the head-down, stumbling gait of a stricken animal. A plague of gypsy moths defoliated numerous forests in the East (TIME, July 26). For the second consecutive year, the Southern corn-leaf blight was rotting crops in all of the Midwest's corn-producing states.

The blight (*Helminthosporium maydis*), though not yet so severe as last year's attack, has now spread on its wind-borne spores to 31 states. Flourishing in warm, wet weather, the pathogen reduc-

es the size of kernels, weakens the stalk and rots the ears. Because farmers have enough feed grain to last for nearly a year, however, the blight probably will not noticeably affect the price of such foods as meat, milk, cheese and poultry.

Shiga Deaths. There were other disorders of a sufficiently deadly potential to trouble U.S. scientists. Shigellosis, a bacillary dysentery that is a virulent and highly infectious intestinal disease, is epidemic in Central America, where it has attacked more than a thousand people in Guatemala alone. Some epidemiologists fear that it may be moving northward into the U.S. Three deaths, probably from "Shiga," have occurred among Indians in Arizona; the most recent victim was an elderly woman who died of it in Florida after a visit to Nicaragua. Shiga responds to antibiotics and chemotherapy—when those treatments are available.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture is watching for any outbreak of African swine fever, a disease deadlier than anthrax or hog cholera. Swine fever is said to be epidemic in Cuba and it is possible that an imported Cuban ham could carry the disease to Mexico, thence to the U.S. No known vaccine exists to combat it.

Taken together, these disorders are no doubt mild in comparison with polio, typhus and smallpox, which once ravaged entire communities. They are very nearly innocent in contrast to the more familiar and lethal cancer, heart disease, V.D. and automobile and other accidents. Perhaps it is not the destructiveness of the recent blights and diseases but their exoticism that arouses a chill of sheer human vulnerability.

INVESTIGATIONS

A New Look at Kent State

To fix guilt for the fatal shooting of four students at Kent State University in May 1970 appeared to be impossible amid the polemic and passion of the time. An Ohio grand jury attempting to assay culpability in the confused events placed blame on Kent State students and administrators and exonerated the National Guardsmen who fired into the crowd of demonstrators. But in making its report, the jury exceeded its authority under state law, and its findings were judged illegal by a federal court; they were ordered expunged from the public record, although 25 indictments against students and faculty members were allowed to stand. Federal officials and a presidential commission studied the shootings, but withheld a decision. Last week the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the United Methodist Church, the nation's second largest Protestant denomination, sought to reopen the case. The board, the activist arm of the relatively conservative church, issued a report suggesting that at least some of the Guardsmen on the Kent State campus had decided in advance to fire on the students and, on a prearranged signal,

opened a fusillade that left four young people dead and nine others injured.

The study, based on work by Peter Davies, a New York insurance broker who developed a private passion for the case, does not claim access to any new evidence of those tragic 13 seconds of firing on Blanket Hill. Citing federal investigations and a recent book by James Michener, *Kent State: What Happened and Why* (TIME, May 3), Davies argues deductively that the deaths resulted from a conspiracy by at least some of the Guardsmen. He suggests that discrepancies in Guardsmen's testimony and photographs of the shooting—including a picture of a huddle at the bottom of the hill before the soldiers whirled and fired on the crowd—are circumstantial evidence of such a conspiracy.

The report concludes with a plea for a high-level federal inquiry into the question of the National Guard's actions and motivations that day at Kent State. A Justice Department official, insisting that the study contained no new information, announced that the Government had not yet decided whether to call for a federal grand jury hearing into the charges. At week's end, the spokesman said, the matter was "under review at the highest authority."

SKYJACKING

Death at the Terminal

The man in the bright orange sports shirt was about to board TWA Flight 335 at New York's La Guardia Airport when something he was carrying tripped the airline's metal-detecting device. A TWA agent searched the man's hand luggage, asked him to open his coat and, finding nothing suspicious, allowed him to board the 727 jetliner bound for Chicago.

It did not get that far. Just after take-off, Stewardess Idie Concepcion, 21, noticed that the passenger was sweating profusely and acting nervous. She was about to report him to the pilot as a possible hijacker when the young man, Rich-

ard Allen Obergfell, 26, of New York City, grabbed her by the neck and, with an automatic pistol at her back, forced her toward the cockpit. He told the captain, Albert Hawes: "Take this plane to Milan, Italy."

It was the 15th skyjacking attempt on scheduled U.S. airlines this year.* Only this time the destination seemed reminiscent of the 1969 skyjacking in which Raphael Minichiello, a U.S. Marine, commandeered an airliner for a 17-hour odyssey to Rome. Minichiello was released from an Italian jail last spring after serving only 18 months of a 7½-year sentence for the crime.

Roman Holiday. Pilot Hawes convinced Obergfell that his craft could not reach Milan, so they arranged to return to La Guardia for one that was properly equipped. Obergfell seemed distracted, talking vaguely about personal problems. "If you knew," he told the stewardess, "if you knew." Later he asked Miss Concepcion if she wanted to go to Rome with him. "What can I say?" she asked, aware of the gun pointed at her head. "You haven't had a vacation yet, have you?" he asked. In fact, the stewardess had worked for TWA only two months and was on her fourth flight.

Back at La Guardia, Obergfell released the 55 passengers. He was told that only Kennedy Airport, nine miles away, could handle transatlantic planes. His gun at Miss Concepcion's back, Obergfell demanded a car to take him to Kennedy. But before it could arrive, he commandeered an airport maintenance truck and was driven, surrounded by an escort of police cars, to the international airport. Being towed out for him at a remote corner of a runway was a fully fueled Boeing 707. Its crew was to be headed by Captain Bill Wil-

* The 16th followed the next day, when a National Airlines DC-8 carrying 83 passengers and crew was skyjacked to Havana. A stewardess and one passenger were slightly wounded when the skyjacker's gun went off.



STEWARDESS CONCEPCION
Three fatal steps.

liams, who flew Minichiello to Rome.

Also waiting, behind a steel blast fence not far from the plane, were two FBI sharpshooters armed with .308 Norma Magnum rifles with telescopic sights. Their instructions: "If you get an opportunity for a clean shot, take it." Two other FBI agents approached Obergfell on the runway and tried to persuade him to give himself up. A priest offered to have the Catholic Church buy him a ticket to Italy. Obergfell grew tense, still clutching the girl and waiting for the 707 to taxi to where he stood. "Get that goddamned plane out here!" he shouted.

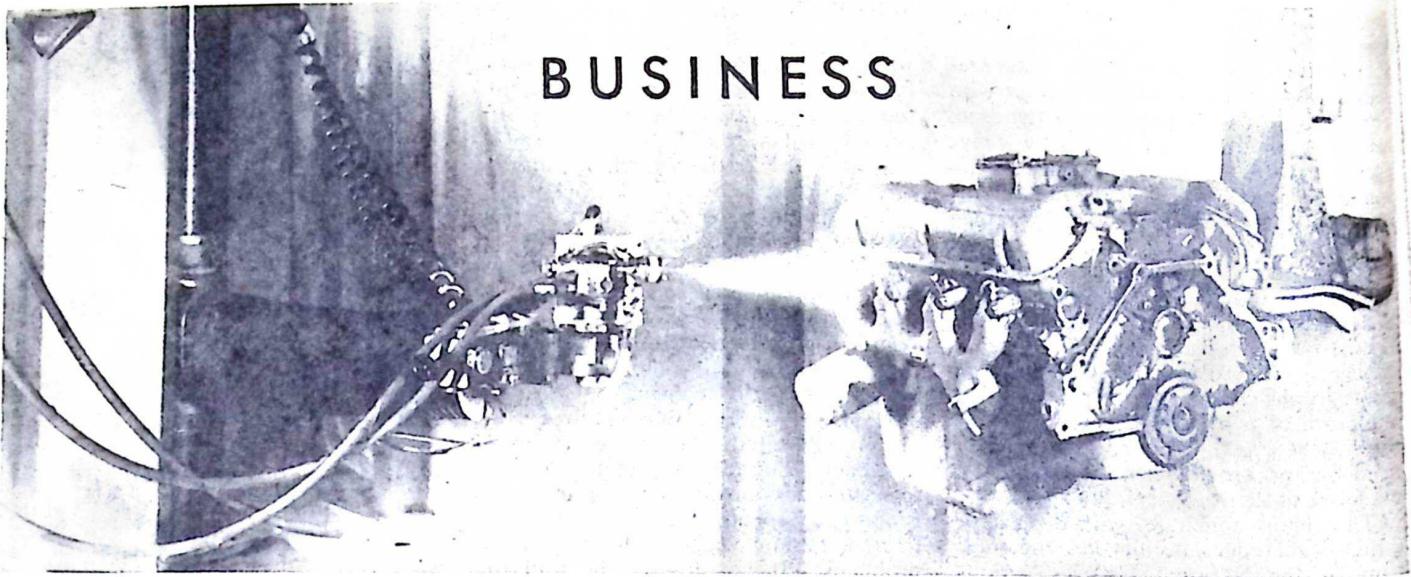
Calculated Risk. As the plane approached, Obergfell moved toward the boarding ladder that had already been placed on the runway. He was holding the stewardess so close that twice she stepped on his foot. "What are you trying to pull?" he demanded. Then, for a moment, he pulled three steps away from her. FBI Agent Kenneth Lovin, who had been tracking Obergfell in his hairline sight from about 75 yds. away, fired. The first bullet slammed into the skyjacker's right shoulder and came out the left. He dropped to the ground, scrabbling to reach his pistol, and Lovin put a second bullet through his stomach, killing him.

Obergfell was the first skyjacker to die attempting to commandeer an American plane. His motives remained murky; he was apparently unemployed, emotionally unstable, and may have had a girl friend in Italy that he hoped to marry. He was raised in New York City and was, according to his sister, "a plain, quiet guy whom life had kicked around a lot." Some wondered about the FBI's judgment in blasting him with a deer rifle. Had the agent missed, Obergfell might have shot the stewardess. John Malone, the assistant FBI director in New York, explained it simply as "a calculated risk."

FBI AGENT TAKING AIM AT SKYJACKER



BUSINESS



INDUSTRIAL ROBOT PAINT-SPRAYING AUTO ENGINE

Productivity: Seeking That Old Magic

THE high rate of U.S. productivity has long been regarded as an American elixir, more responsible than anything else for the nation's envied standard of living and its ability to compete strongly in world markets. Rich investments in technology and worker training have made the value of output per man-hour in the U.S. the world's highest. Historically, that value has risen at a rate of about 3% a year. In the past four years, however, the annual increase has averaged only 1.7%, substantially less than that of Japan and major West European nations. Since wages have risen much faster, the cost of manufactured goods has climbed—adding to inflation. With the U.S. productivity performance since 1966 the worst it has been in the post-World War II era, businessmen are beginning to have new doubts about whether the nation's old economic magic is still working.

At least part of the lag is the natural result of recession, and productivity usually spurts when the economy bounces back. Indeed, along with the economy, productivity has been recovering this year. It rose at an annual rate of 6.8% in the first quarter; second-quarter gains are expected to be lower but still healthy. Even so, many economists and some of President Nixon's advisers believe that productivity should be rising faster during an economic recovery period. "The recent-year figures are only partly cyclical," says Leon Greenberg, staff director of a presidential commission appointed to study the question. "If the low average is permanent, then we have a serious problem."

In their continuing search for means to spur new growth, commission members have isolated some of the factors that hold down the nation's output per man-hour:

LOW MOTIVATION. Many Americans, especially the young, no longer place a premium on material rewards. Thus, despite high wages, there has been a gradual loss of employee enterprise in some factories and offices, along with an increase in shoddy workmanship and malingering. At General Motors, where the absenteeism rate runs a high 5.5%, Labor Relations Director George B. Morris says that the company would not have much trouble paying Detroit's steep wage rates "if only our workers would show up." Many Americans undoubtedly still want to work, but they ex-

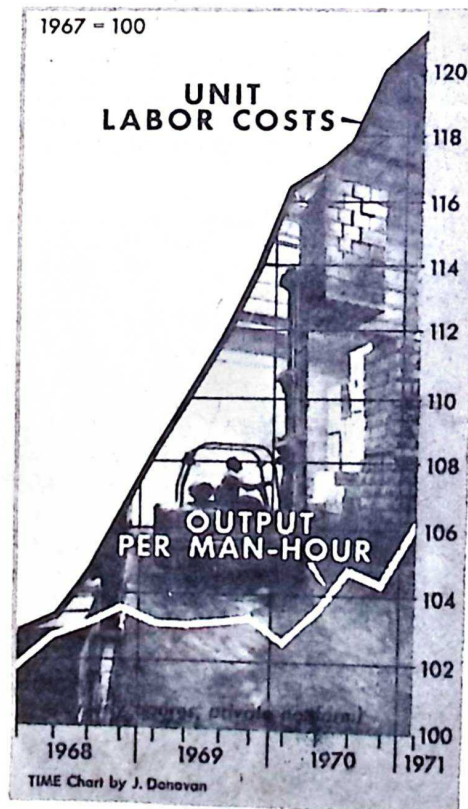
pect more psychological rewards and less drudgery than earlier generations were willing to accept.

OBSOLETE WORK RULES. Countless labor-union featherbedding practices pad the payrolls and push productivity down in construction, printing and municipal services. The primary issue in last week's strike against some railroads by the United Transportation Union was a half-century-old work rule forcing them to pay a day's wages to any worker after he has traveled 100 miles in a train. Though high-speed equipment has long made it possible to cover several times that distance in an eight-hour workday, the union is determined to keep its pay scale tied fairly close to that 100-mile base. (The union made a deal late last week with one railway, the Chicago and North Western, to modify the 100-mile rule in some circumstances—in return for a 42% wage hike over the next 3½ years.)

INEFFICIENT INDUSTRIES. Even during the best of times, labor-intensive industries like the textile, shoe and watch manufacturers usually have low productivity. If left to survive on their own, many companies in those industries could not compete against foreign producers. For political reasons, however, a number of low-productivity industries are kept afloat by tariffs and import quotas.

CAPITAL LAG. Once the world's most modern industrial nation, the U.S. has lost that distinction—at least in such industries as steel and shipbuilding—to countries that had to rebuild almost totally after World War II. Moreover, the rate of increase in U.S. industry's investment in research and development is at least being matched by competitors, especially Japan.

DRIVE AGAINST POLLUTION. The job of removing pollutants from automobile emissions, for example, is bound to lower carmakers' productivity simply be-



cause more workers are needed to install new equipment on each car. Yet that is hardly a reason for not cleaning up the air. Social commitments to environmental protection, product safety and even workers' leisure have qualified the concept of productivity far beyond its original definition—which was based on pure efficiency. The fact that the U.S. has decided that some "inefficiencies" are necessary only makes the job of getting rid of the unnecessary ones that much more important.

How can the U.S. become more productive? The most obvious way would be to eliminate most federal subsidies, so-called "fair trade" laws, union featherbedding practices and other protective devices that tend to impede efficiency. But these are long-term solutions at best, and they face high and hard political hurdles. More immediately, U.S. management should be experimenting far more daringly with ways to change basic methods of work in order to heighten employee enthusiasm. Among the more promising new experiments: the four-day work week and West Germany's staggered working hours, which give employees some choice about the times when they begin and finish work each day.

Manpower Training. To its credit, the Nixon Administration is trying many ways to boost productivity. Budget Chief George Shultz has called for the use of "productivity bargaining" in labor negotiations, tying wage boosts more closely to increased gains in output per man-hour. Since management will almost surely have to give labor a fat pay package in the current steel negotiations (see following story), the White House hopes that the companies will at least be able to win some reforms of work rules to stimulate productivity. President Nixon is also considering direct Government aid, in the form of subsidies or tax credits, to increase business research and development.

Business could become more productive if Congress restored the 7% investment tax credit that led to a boom in capital spending during the 1960s. New tax credits would make it easier for companies to buy such highly automated gear as "robot" machines that perform heavy or dirty jobs that few people want. Most important, Congress and private business would do well to spend much more on manpower training programs, particularly for the nation's blacks. M.I.T. Economist Lester C. Thurow calculates that if all the nation's blacks could get jobs that they are now capable of holding, their productiveness would lift the gross national product by 1%. And if blacks were trained up to the whites' average level of skills, the G.N.P. would rise by another 3%. By Thurow's reckoning, all that would cost the nation \$80 billion in manpower training programs over the next several years. But it would increase the G.N.P. by at least \$40 billion a year—which amounts to a most productive 50% return on investment in the first year alone.

LABOR

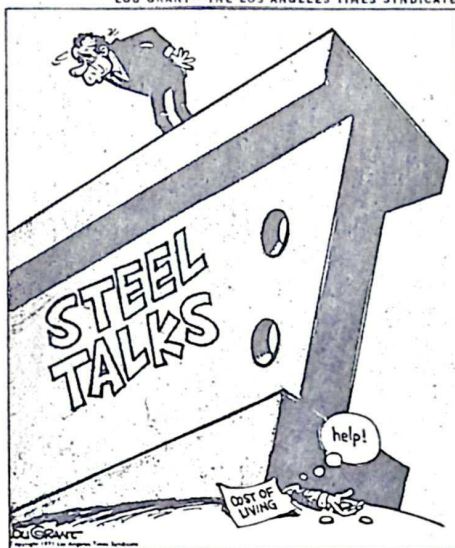
The Price of Peace

The phrase "catch-up increases" is being heard more and more these days in labor negotiations. Inflation has eaten away at the dollar so relentlessly that workers are demanding retroactive cost of living increases just to keep even with rising prices. Last week high settlements in the telephone and copper industries and in the postal service continued the trend. And there is little doubt that the philosophy of catching up is playing a major role in the steel talks that are now under way to replace the industry's current labor contract, which will expire this Saturday.

Last week's agreements:

► The telephone contract, between the Bell System and the Communications

LOU GRANT—THE LOS ANGELES TIMES SYNDICATE



"I thought I heard voices."

Workers of America, gives Bell's 400,000 workers an average of 31% in wage and benefit increases over the next three years. In the first year of the contract alone, there will be a 16% jump.

► The postal settlement—the first to be negotiated since the nation's postal system became an independent agency on July 1—gives 750,000 workers 20% in increases over the next two years. Cost to the postal service: \$1 billion.

► The copper settlement, between Magma Copper Co. and negotiators for a coalition of two dozen unions, gives 3,000 Magma workers a 31% increase over the next three years. At week's end some 32,000 workers, represented by the United Steelworkers of America (U.S.W.), were still on strike against other copper companies, but both sides were expected to accept the Magma package.

Last Catch? Each of the settlements provides not only an average annual increase of 10% or more but also additional hikes tied to increases in the cost of living. Such figures were hardly a surprise to negotiators at the steel talks. Steel management has recognized

that the U.S.W. will hardly agree to anything less than the 31% wage and benefit hikes that it won in the aluminum and can contracts negotiated earlier this year. A tougher question is how much of the increase will be "front loaded" in the first year and how much will be spread over the life of the contract. Officials of the Government, steel management and the union believe that there will be either no strike or merely a short walkout that would scarcely hurt the economy, since steel users have built up a 60-day stockpile.

The steel deal will be the last major union contract negotiated this year, and Treasury Secretary John Connally said last week that he expects it to be the last of the catch-ups. His reason: cost of living escalator clauses have been written into almost every big labor contract negotiated since 1969; and wages in the future will automatically go up along with inflation. As soon as steel settles, organized labor may make a broad-based push for a firm incomes policy to hold down the wage-price spiral. Such an effort is already building. George Meany, chief of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., has recently spoken out in support of direct controls. His goal: to safeguard the purchasing power of the dollars that his workers have won at the bargaining table.

BRITAIN

A Lesson for the U.S.?

Much like the U.S., Britain is struggling with what the English call "stagflation": a stagnant economy accompanied by unacceptable rates of unemployment and inflation. Prime Minister Heath's Conservative government had hoped that the economy would recover without major government intervention. Last week, with the slump continuing, the Tories abruptly and courageously switched policies.

To stir demand, the government cut taxes on many consumer goods by an average of 18%, or an estimated \$564 million a year, and removed all consumer credit controls. It also raised tax credits for capital spending to boost productivity and cut the 3.4% jobless rate.

Most significant, the government offered its expansionary program in exchange for a promise from industrial leaders to hold price increases voluntarily to 5% for the next year, v. the present rate of 10%. Members of the Confederation of British Industry are making their pledges in writing, while chiefs of major nationally owned businesses have also agreed to go along. The Conservatives hope that the package will soften labor's wage demands. The Trades Union Congress hailed the stimulating aspects of the move, but union chiefs guardedly agreed to "respond" on wage restraints only if the upward sweep of prices is indeed checked.

The British response could contain a lesson for the U.S. The Nixon Ad-

ministration's main argument against a more expansionary program is that it might spur inflation. Yet if the Administration could offer a policy of economic stimulation, businessmen and parts of organized labor might well accept voluntary price and wage restraints. Then the fear of climbing prices would diminish. The benefits of such a move are clear. Last week, the Bureau of Labor Statistics reported that living costs in June climbed .5% on a seasonably adjusted basis—the second sharpest rise this year.

PERSONALITIES

The Stans Style

"We ought to be doing all we can to protect the American economic system, pointing out deficiencies and helping to build," says Maurice Stans, the hard-working and highly dedicated Secretary of Commerce. "I feel very strongly about it—I happen to be a beneficiary of that system."

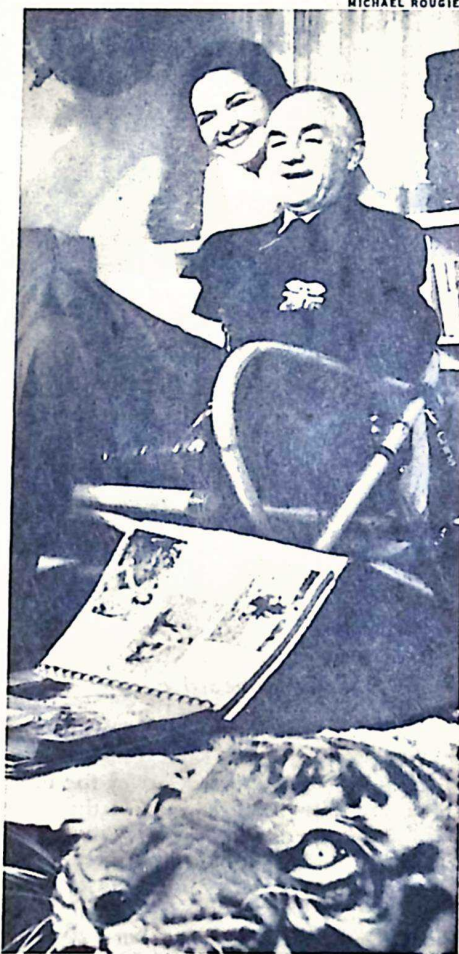
As a onetime night school student who became a millionaire accountant, Stans has good reason for vigorously defending The System. But there is a growing doubt among corporate leaders that personable "Maury" Stans is prepared to recognize its deficiencies. And that is an equally important part of his job, especially at a time when many businessmen know that they must respond to rising public criticism. In his 2½ years as the Nixon Administration's top spokesman for business, Stans has earned a reputation as an unyielding conservative on almost every issue, including several on which the President favors change.

"Wait a Minute." Stans torpedoed a Cabinet task-force report urging an end to the import quotas that keep U.S. oil prices higher than necessary. Against the recommendation of John Mitchell's Justice Department, he also managed to water down the Administration's consumer-protection bill, making it much harder than originally planned for large groups of aggrieved customers to collect damages through class-action suits. Such suits, Stans told *TIME* Correspondent Mark Sullivan, could result in "intolerable harassment of business." Instead, Stans advised "experimenting with local consumer courts" and the continued use of the Better Business Bureau. The Commerce Secretary prevailed over the Transportation Department's plan to back no-fault automobile insurance. He also fought against the drafting of stringent standards for product safety, but he is almost certain to lose that battle when Congress passes a final bill.

Since taking office, Stans has made a huge number of speeches, mostly to audiences of small businessmen and conservatives with whom he feels most comfortable. Two weeks ago, he addressed members of the National Petroleum Council and fired off his latest gripes in a speech titled "Wait a Min-

ute." Among other things, he wants the nation to "wait a minute" before banning the use of DDT, forcing detergent manufacturers to remove phosphates from their products, making offshore drilling "too difficult," or closing down industries guilty of polluting if they support entire communities. He opposes tough enforcement of federal air-pollution standards, which he says were set "without regard to the economic costs."

Stans believes that his opposition to so many Administration and congressional reform measures is a part of his job: to be the businessman's hard-lobbying, cheerleading advocate in Washington. But he is not without some



STANS & WIFE WITH TROPHIES
Cheerleader for business.

plans for reform of his own. In the Commerce Department, Stans started an ombudsman scheme that provides businessmen with an office where they can take complaints about the Government, and he supported the campaign against further U.S. hunting of endangered whale species. (But he recently upheld the "harvesting" of Alaskan seals by means of clubbing.)

Traditional Values. At 63, Stans seems too certain of traditional values to consider any basic change. The son of a Shakopee, Minn., house painter, he joined Chicago's Alexander Grant & Co. accounting firm as an office boy

at age 20, became a partner after ten years and helped turn the organization into the nation's tenth largest accounting firm. During the late Eisenhower years he was director of the Bureau of the Budget, overseeing Washington's last set of balanced books in fiscal 1960. Then he became an investment banker until signing on as Nixon's chief fund raiser in 1968; he raised \$34 million. Stans' main concession to contemporary concerns has been to give up his favorite hobby—big-game hunting—for the duration; his wife Kathleen has also forsworn her collection of leopard and cheetah coats.

The Commerce Department reached its point of greatest influence during the Hoover presidency, when Secretary Robert Lamont actively helped make U.S. economic and foreign trade policy. Since then, those functions have been largely transferred to the State Department and the Council of Economic Advisers. Under Stans' stewardship, at least part of the department's remaining business constituency has drifted away. Black businessmen, who received promises of major aid during Nixon's campaign, distrust Stans' blunt conservatism; at the N.A.A.C.P. convention last month, he was roundly jeered. Big businessmen who want to get something done in Washington bypass Stans even more frequently than they did his predecessors and deal instead with White House aides, who have more clout. Many corporate leaders, who have generally grown more liberal in recent years, feel it is unfortunate that President Nixon does not have a Commerce Secretary more in step with the needs of the time—and with their own desires.

THE ECONOMY

The Great Profits Deflation

When the stock market took a depressing plunge last year, investors found out that advance estimates of rapid earnings growth were often the hallmark of imaginative stock promotion and simple overoptimism. Many an earnings report turned out to be disappointing indeed. The scandals that followed such discoveries are still rocking the accounting profession and the world of corporate finance. Now the Commerce Department's Office of Business Economics has revealed that profits have been even weaker than originally announced.

Last May, on the basis of public reports by companies and some tax returns, the OBE estimated that corporate gross profits in 1970 were \$81.3 billion. In July, on the basis of more up-to-date tax filings, the bureau sharply cut that estimate to \$75.4 billion. The OBE also lowered its original estimate of 1969 profits from \$93.7 billion to \$84.2 billion. The latest revisions showed that profits were no higher in 1969 than they had been in 1966.

Why the discrepancies? Otto Eckstein, who is head of Data Resources Inc. and a member of *TIME*'s Board of Econ-

ists, argues that the most likely reason is that "average accounting practice may have deteriorated dramatically." He believes it is quite possible "that all the profit 'increases' between 1966 and 1969 are due to loose accounting, not to any improvement in real earnings. The stock market rose by over 30% during that period and then lost all its gain during the decline of 1969-70. Had earnings been as flat as they are now reported to have been, the stock market boom and bust would have been milder, and the economic boom would not have become so overheated."

In any event, U.S. business clearly needs to tighten its accounting methods and the Government needs to improve its statistical measures of profits. One reason: the formulation of an equitable tax base and sensible economic policy depends heavily upon reliable earnings figures.

AUTOS

Up from Edsel

A few years ago, jokes about the star-crossed Edsel were a part of almost every comedian's patter. For employees at Ford's Lincoln-Mercury Division, which produced the car, it only hurt when audiences laughed. Bedeviled by bad timing and uneven management, the whole division had become a career junkyard for faltering executives and a rugged boot camp for beginners. Beyond Edsel, Lincoln-Mercury's models offered little individuality. They were nothing but larger, costlier Fords. Sales fell so low that many Lincoln-Mercury dealers were forced to depend on used-car sales.

Today, Lincoln-Mercury is Detroit's comeback champion. It is the fastest-growing division in the auto industry, posting new sales records month after month. For the year as a whole, L-M sales are up 24%, and its share of the market has climbed from 3.8% to 4.3%.

Henry Ford slammed the brakes on the downhill ride in 1965 by ordering a complete overhaul of Lincoln-Mercury models. In the past five years, product development costs have risen 70%, and the investment has paid off with some of the most stylish lines in the business. The sporty Cougar, introduced

in 1967, attracted young drivers to Lincoln-Mercury showrooms for the first time in a decade; today the Cougar outsells Pontiac's Firebird. The elegant Continental Mark III, brought out in 1968, has picked up 19% of the luxury-car market, which was once the all but exclusive preserve of Cadillac. The most rapidly rising model is the \$2,400 German-built Capri, a sports compact that Lincoln-Mercury began importing last year. Estimated 1971 sales: 50,000 cars.

Shirtsleeves Boss. In 1968, Lincoln-Mercury's management was given fresh strength with the appointment of Marketing Specialist Matthew McLaughlin as division chief. Among other things, he supervised new styling changes before moving to a higher job. The present general manager, Ben Bidwell, 43, took the post 16 months ago and has proved to be an equally forceful executive. A dark, quick-smiling man who started as a Ford salesman in Boston in 1953, Bidwell usually works in shirtsleeves, tie at half mast. He played baseball at the Babson Institute of Business Administration, still looks like an athlete and talks in the competitive manner of a coach. Sometimes he sounds perilously similar to Pat O'Brien asking the team to win one for the Gipper. "I like competition," he says. "Free enterprise is competition in goddam near its purest form. I hate to lose—but I'm a gracious winner."

One of Bidwell's biggest victories has been to lift the spirit of his dealers. A Lincoln-Mercury dealer who sells one Mark III can now earn about as much money as a Ford dealer makes on twelve Pintos. Not surprisingly, though the number of U.S. auto dealerships is diminishing, Lincoln-Mercury's organization is growing. Bidwell himself signed up 47 new dealers in the past year or so. Says he: "You can't bull the public about cars. All the pizzazz in the world can't hide an ineffective dealer organization or a poor product." Bidwell obviously thinks he has the right products. "Little cars and luxury cars are selling well," he notes, "and we happen to be one of the few divisions that have both." Lincoln-Mercury, it seems, has finally exorcised the ghost of the Edsel.

LINCOLN-MERCURY'S BIDWELL WITH SOME 1971 MODELS



WORKERS SORTING CUT-UP CHECKS
An \$840,000 jigsaw puzzle.

BANKING

Going to Pieces in Boise

Each morning in Boise, Idaho, as many as 50 temporary employees of the First Security Bank enter a suite of six rooms and seat themselves at tables topped with small piles of thin strips of paper. They delicately sift and poke through the piles, plucking out individual strips and pasting them on pieces of cardboard. Nobody turns on the air conditioners; the breeze might scatter the strips. The workers labor intently for six hours daily through the heat and tedium, picking and pasting like finalists in a jigsaw puzzle Olympics.

Three weeks ago, the bank's janitor accidentally put a box of 8,000 checks worth about \$840,000 on a table reserved for trash. The operator of the paper shredder, which disposes of confidential material, dutifully dumped the contents into his machine. Next morning, after a frenzied search, Supervisor Madeline Roper found the shredded checks in a garbage can outside the bank. "I wanted to cry," she says. Most of the checks had been cashed at the bank and were awaiting shipment to a clearinghouse. Their loss posed the possibility of a bookkeeping nightmare because most of them were still unrecorded. The bankers could not be sure who paid what to whom.

The only way out of the mess, decided Bank President Ralph Comstock Jr., was to reconstruct each check, shred by quarter-inch shred. So the workers began their chore, segregating the slices by color, length, width, signatures and amounts, then matching and pasting the checks together one by painstaking one. More than 2,000 checks worth about \$300,000 have been reassembled. To speed things up the bank is now planning to spread the work into two shifts. Even so, it will be weeks before the job is finally completed.



WORKER AMONG BULGING RICE WAREHOUSES



BANGKOK STREET BEGGAR

THAILAND

Paradise Lost

Once upon a time, even after the idyllic years of Anna and the King, Thailand was a faraway paradise called Siam. Its marketplaces floated on canals, and its rice fields stretched to the horizon. When someone felt troubled, his friends were likely to tell him, "*Mai pen rai*," which means, "Well, never mind."

Then came the war in Viet Nam. Thailand's pastoral peacefulness vanished as seven airfields for warplanes were built, and hotels for G.I.s on leave were thrown together. Since 1950, the U.S. has funneled some \$3 billion into the economy—mostly during the war years. On top of that came some \$260 million in other foreign capital, largely from multinational corporations. Office buildings went up everywhere. Most of Bangkok's famed canals, or *klongs*, were filled in, paved and made into roads.

Yankees Go Home. Now, however, Thailand's economic climate is turning out to be misty and clouded. The economy is troubled by dropping prices and softening demand for some of its main export items, including tin and rubber. Rice exports, the mainstay of the economy, have been especially poor, largely because Asia's "green revolution" has made rice producers out of countries that formerly were importers. Thailand, under the spell of *Mai pen rai* and the war boom, failed to diversify its economy. In consequence, the country has

a bulging rice stockpile and growing trade deficit.

The number of G.I.s arriving in Bangkok for R.-and-R. furloughs has fallen by nearly half since early 1970. Desperately searching for any business at all, many of the city's R.-and-R. hotels have shifted from daily to hourly rates. At some, curtained-off parking stalls hide the license plates of their embarrassed clientele. U.S. aid and foreign investment in Thailand have declined markedly. In Bangkok's center, a ten-story office building completed more than a year ago has only four tenants, all on the tenth floor. Many internationally owned hotels, including the new Sheraton and the Dusit Thani, show 20% to 40% occupancy rates.

Few Thais seem genuinely concerned about their plight. Neon signs still blaze brightly, and the crowds seem as frenetic as during the days of the boom. But the signs of economic decay are all about. Here and there, a bar or restaurant closes and does not reopen. "We must change our attitude of complacency and extravagance," says Renoo Suvarnsit, secretary general of the National Economic Development Board.

Needless Delay. Still, the attitude of *Mai pen rai* persists, and it is not confined to businessmen. In June, Conoco Oil sank a test well in the Gulf of Siam to see if reports of oil sources there were accurate. A discovery could help revive the Thai economy, but the government's cumbersome bureaucracy barely seems interested. It has delayed interminably in setting regulations for offshore drilling, and other oil companies are unwilling to commit capital without them. As a result, portable oil rigs, which were destined earlier for Thai offshore exploration, have now been moved to other potential boom spots, notably Indonesia and Malaysia.

In the past, when Thailand's role in the war guaranteed a steady inflow of money, bureaucratic lethargy was tolerable. Even corruption did not prove too great a drain. No longer. Having opted for a modern economy, Thailand needs a new sense of purpose before anything like the good old days will return.

MARKET WEEK

On a volume of 60,845,070 shares, the New York Stock Exchange Composite closed at 54.82, down .15 for the week ending July 23. The Dow Jones 30 stock industrial average was 887.78, down .73; Standard & Poor's 500 stock index was 98.94, down .17. Among significant N.Y.S.E. stocks:

Stock	High	Low	Close	Net Change
Allied Chem.	33 3/4	32 1/4	32 1/4	- 3/4
Alcoa	57 1/2	53 1/2	53 1/2	- 4 1/2
Am Brands	44 1/2	42 1/2	44 1/2	+ 1
Am Can.	35 1/2	33 1/2	35 1/2	+ 1 1/2
Am Motors	7 1/4	6 1/2	6 1/2	- 1/4
A T & T	45 1/2	44 1/2	44 1/2	- 1/4
A & P	26 1/2	26 1/2	26 1/2	+ 1/4
Anaconda	19	18 1/4	18 1/4	+ 3/4
Avon Pd.	106 1/2	95	99 1/4	- 6 1/2
Beth Steel	22 3/4	22	22 3/4	+ 1/4
Boeing	18	17 1/2	17 1/2	- 1/2
Burl Ind.	39 1/4	38 1/2	39 1/4	+ 1/4
Caterp Trac.	49 1/2	47 1/2	49 1/2	+ 1/2
Chrysler	29 1/2	25 1/2	27 1/2	+ 1 1/2
Coca-Cola	103 3/4	101 1/4	103 1/4	+ 2 1/2
Commonw Ed.	37 1/2	37	37 1/2	- 1/2
Control Data	56 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2	+ 1/2
Corn Gl Wks.	255 1/2	252 1/2	252 1/2	- 3 1/4
Dow Chem.	99 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	- 1/4
DuPont	143 1/2	140 3/4	143 1/2	+ 1 1/2
E Kodak	77 1/4	75 1/4	77 1/4	+ 1/2
El Paso Nat Gas.	18 1/2	18 1/2	18 1/2	- 1/4
Fed Dept Strs.	45 1/2	43 1/4	44 1/4	- 1
Ford Mot.	65 1/4	62 1/2	64 1/4	+ 1 1/4
Gen Dynam.	27 1/2	27	27 1/2	+ 1/4
Gen Elec.	58	54 1/4	55 1/4	- 1/4
Gen Foods	38 1/2	37 1/2	38	- 1/2
Gen Motors	79 1/2	77 1/2	79 1/2	+ 1 1/2
Gen Tel & El.	33 1/4	32 1/2	32 1/4	- 1/4
Georgia Pac.	51 1/2	49 1/4	51 1/2	+ 1 1/2
Goodyear	32 1/2	31 1/4	32 1/2	- 1/4
Grace Co.	31	28 1/2	29	- 1 1/4
Greyhound	25	23 1/2	23 1/2	- 1/4
Gulf Oil	32 1/2	32	32 1/2	None
IBM	301 1/2	293	298	+ 3 1/2
Int Harv.	27 1/2	26 1/2	26 1/2	- 1/4
Int Nickel	34	33 1/2	33 1/2	- 1/4
Int Paper	35	33 1/4	33 1/4	- 1 1/2
ITT	67 1/2	66 1/2	66 1/2	- 1/4
Johns Manv.	39 1/2	38 1/4	39 1/4	+ 1/2
Kraftco	42 1/2	42	42	- 1/2
Kresge	90 1/2	88 1/4	89 1/4	+ 1/4
Kroger	37 1/4	33 1/2	34 1/4	- 1 1/4
LTV	16 1/2	15 1/2	15 1/2	+ 1/2
Litton	30 1/2	27 1/4	28	- 2 1/2
Lockheed	12 1/2	11	12 1/2	+ 1/4
Merck	32 1/2	31 1/4	31 1/4	- 1/4
McDonn Doug.	105 1/4	102 1/4	104 1/4	+ 2
3M	119	117	118 1/2	+ 1 1/2
Mobil Oil	56 1/2	54 1/4	55	- 1
Occidental Pet.	18 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	- 1/4
Owens Ill.	57 1/2	54	57 1/2	+ 3
Pac Gas & El.	32 1/2	31 1/2	32 1/2	None
Pan Am	13 1/4	11 1/4	12 1/2	- 1/2
Penn Cen	5 1/4	4 1/2	5 1/2	+ 1/4
Penney	64 1/2	62	63	- 1 1/2
Polaroid	109 1/4	102 1/4	106 1/4	+ 3 1/4
P & G	70 1/2	69	70 1/2	+ 1/4
Ralston Purina	33 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2	+ 1 1/4
RCA	35 1/2	33 1/4	33 1/4	- 1
Reynolds Ind.	65 1/4	61 1/4	65 1/4	+ 2 1/4
Safeway	37 1/2	36 1/4	37 1/2	+ 1
Sears Roe	88 1/2	87 1/4	87 1/2	- 1/2
Shell Oil	48 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2	- 1 1/4
Sou Cal Ed.	34 1/4	33 1/4	34 1/4	None
Std Oil (Cal.)	57 1/4	56 1/4	57 1/4	+ 1/4
Std Oil (NJ)	79 1/2	77 1/2	79 1/2	+ 1 1/4
Swift	45	42 1/4	43 1/4	- 1/4
Tenneco	28 1/2	27 1/2	28 1/2	+ 1/4
Texaco	36	34 1/4	36	+ 1
Textron	29 1/2	28 1/4	28 1/2	None
Time Inc.	52	49 1/2	51 1/4	+ 1 1/4
TWA	26 1/2	24 1/2	25 1/2	- 1 1/2
UAL Inc.	35 1/2	32 1/4	33 1/4	- 3
Un Carbide	48 1/2	47 1/4	47 1/4	None
Ud Aircraft	36	34 1/2	34 1/2	- 1
US Plywood Champ.	31 1/2	28 1/4	31 1/4	+ 2 1/4
US Steel	31 1/4	30 1/4	31 1/4	+ 1/2
Westinghouse El.	91 1/4	88 1/4	88 1/4	- 3 1/4
Woolworth	49 1/4	47 1/2	48 1/4	- 1 1/4
Xerox	116 1/4	112 1/2	116 1/4	+ 1 1/2

PEOPLE

"Satchmo, will you get to Heaven?/I doubt it," said Soviet Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko in a poetic tribute to the late Louis Armstrong. "But if you do,/Do as you did in the past./And play./Cheer up the state of the angels." The outspoken Yevtushenko has bothered Russia's bosses for years, blessing and blaming with small regard to the Communist Party line. And he has not changed. In one part of his *Armstrong's Trumpet* he says, "A poet and a great jazzman are equal brothers in what they give the world." Soviet leaders, who frown upon both jazz and angels, have made no comment at all.

It sounded like a new form of Chinese torture: having an appendectomy under local anaesthetic, then getting pierced with needles. While on a tour through Communist China, New York Times Columnist and Vice President James Reston, 61, was flattened with appendicitis. He permitted local surgeons to operate, then with journalistic bravado let them try to relieve the pain by acupuncture—an ancient method of rerouting the forces of yin and yang by sticking needles into parts of an ailing anatomy, but not necessarily near the site of the operation. At week's end, Reston was reported to be recovering nicely.

"He has to be the ultimate skywatch pilot," says his boss. "He lends more credibility to skywatching than anyone you could imagine." Francis Gary Powers, who garnered embarrassing fame in 1960 by getting caught spying on Russia in a U-2 airplane, is still spying—this time on traffic conditions on Los Angeles' freeways. Filling in for a vacationing traffic reporter, Powers says that the biggest change he can spot from his single-engine Cessna is that in the early '60s "when I flew at high altitudes, I could see from the Gulf of California to the Monterey Peninsula on a clear day. Now at 3,000 ft., with all the smog we have, sometimes I'm lucky to see three miles."



FRANCIS GARY POWERS
A spy in the sky.



JULIA CHILD
A cook at the Pops.

It was a dyspepsia-provoking thought. Julia Child, giantess of French cooking, appearing with the Boston Pops Orchestra? Admittedly, she looks like a Wagnerian soprano, but could she sing? As it turned out, she didn't even try. The orchestra played and Julia beamed, mugged and moved her chaotic voice through the narrator's role in *Tubby the Tuba*. The Boston audience loved it and gluttonously demanded an encore. Reverting to her métier by wheeling out a cartful of bottles, the obliging Julia rapidly concocted a cocktail and served it to Conductor Arthur Fiedler precisely on time with the orchestra's final tonic chord.

Out of the past shimmered the memory of delicate high notes and feminine charm. Soprano Lily Pons, who once warbled Fs above high C, was back in the news. The famed opera singer of the '30s and '40s was honored by the French government with the badge of Commander of the National Order of Merit for her "services to France," including her patriotic work during World War II. One enduring memory: petite Pons singing *La Marseillaise* to tear-drenched thousands in Rockefeller Center the day Paris was liberated in August 1944.

How far should a makeup expert go in pleasing his clients? Only as far as a reporter's pencil, if the latest utterances of famed Beautifier George Masters count as proof. Interviewed by the Washington Post, Masters called Actress Liza Minnelli "a disaster—too bad because

she's nice, but ugly." Jacqueline Kennedy "has eyes so far apart that one of them is on the other side of the room." Lee Radziwill "is a nice lady but she listens to Truman Capote and she has spots all over her face." As for Lynda Bird Johnson: "She killed me when she walked in and asked if she needed makeup. I said, 'Are you kidding—with that face?'" Marilyn Monroe "had mannish tendencies." Nancy Reagan is "the worst con woman I know," while Joanne Woodward "has a flat nose, and Raquel Welch is silicone from the knees up." Concluded Masters: "I transform a pig into a ravine beauty every day."

A group of 22 Americans from the Midwest climbed aboard the ship *Pocahontas* and headed for Palestine. On the way, there was a mutiny on board, an engineer committed suicide and the passengers arrived in Tel Aviv on the heels of an Arab riot. That was 50 years ago. By now the tribulations have taken on a nostalgic aura for Israel's Premier Golda Meir and the seven other former passengers who sat down with her to reminisce about old times. Recalled the 73-year-old stateswoman: "Someone said as soon as we got off the boat that now the Americans had arrived, things would get better. Little did they know we didn't even have enough money to rent apartments."

There was a newspaper strike on, and the only printed opening-night review was terrible, said veteran Broadway Producer Harold Prince, "but I had never been more certain of the show's ultimate success." Now *Fiddler on the Roof* has proved Prince correct by racking up more than 2,845 performances to pass the mark set by *Hello, Dolly!* and become the longest-running musical in Broadway history. After the record-setting performance, balloons were dropped on the audience, New York's Mayor Lindsay kissed the original Fiddler, Zero Mostel, a birthday cake (artificial) was cut and a party held at the theater. Said the jubilant Prince: "I think we can run another year."



MOSTEL & LINDSAY
A fete for the Fiddler.

OF IMAGINARY NUMBERS

IN the cloudland of higher mathematics, there is a whole area of study called "imaginary numbers." What is an imaginary number? It is a multiple of the square root of minus one. What is the good of knowing that? Imaginary numbers, according to mathematicians, are useful in figuring out such problems as the flow of air or water past a curved surface like an airplane wing.

In ordinary life, imaginary numbers of a somewhat different kind seem to have become even more useful. From solemn public officials and eager corporations, from newspapers, television (and even, some dare say, from newsmagazines) comes a googol of seemingly definitive and unarguable statistics. They tell us, with an exactitude that appears magical, the number of heroin addicts in New York and the population of the world. By simulating reality, they assure us that facts are facts, and that life can be understood, put in order, perhaps even mastered.

If this sounds fanciful, consider a few specimens from one issue of the *New York Times* last week:

BANGKOK: In 1965, only 17% of the people in northeastern Thailand were within a day's journey of a main road. Today the figure is 87%.

NEW YORK: The St. Patrick's Day parade cost the city \$85,559.61, whereas Puerto Rico Day cost only \$74,169.44.

ATLANTA: There are 1.4 million illiterates in the U.S.

KABUL: Caravans traveling between Afghanistan and Pakistan "commonly carry up to 1,200 pounds of opium at a time."

In assuredly reporting these statistics, the *Times*—like all other journalistic enterprises—is carrying on a tradition founded by Archimedes. He set himself the task of computing the number of grains of sand that could be encompassed within the area of the known universe. After a great deal of figuring, accompanied by many diagrams, he produced an answer that satisfied him. (It mattered not that his data on the universe were wrong.)

The tradition flourishes today at many levels. It has been computed, for example, that the offspring of 450 moths can eat the weight of a diesel locomotive in one year. And that the average housewife washes 2.5 million kitchen utensils during her lifetime, the equivalent of a stack of dishes 70 times as high as the Empire State Building. And that 9.2 billion strokes of a cat's back would generate enough electricity to light a 75-watt bulb for exactly one minute.

These statistics may well be true, and so may most of the *Times's* figures—but obviously some are truer than others. A census of illiterates in an advanced, well-documented country carries considerably more conviction than a report from the remote corners of Thailand. Nobody is really sure exactly how many people there are in Thailand, after all, much less the distance that one of them can travel in a day, so the margin for error is presumably considerably larger than a precise figure like 17% implies. What makes such numbers imaginary is that most of them are basically collections of someone's estimates of the unknowable. We can assert with some confidence that there are, say, four birds on a branch. As the numbers get larger, we still believe in them, but with less reason.

In almost any area of life today, the best—certainly the most honest—answer to a request for figures would be: Nobody knows. But that makes us feel that somebody has failed at his job; there must be a right answer, therefore a right answer is composed. Last week the Federal Government's Center for Disease Control announced that a certain drug company may have infected 5,000 hospital patients with contaminated intravenous solutions, contributing to the deaths of 500 people. When asked how this figure had been determined, a Government spokesman said that one estimate of 2,000 was "unrealistic" and another estimate of 8,000 was "unfair." So the authorities split the difference.

Imaginary numbers sound true—that is their function, after all—and so they may serve the cause of truth. But they can serve the purpose of falsehood just as well. At the highest levels of gov-

ernment, imaginary numbers can delude even the shrewdest leaders with "quantifications" of reality. For years, the Pentagon demanded imaginary numbers from combat troops in Viet Nam: body counts, kill ratios, and even computations of the number of obscure villages that were free from Viet Cong control (to a certain percentage). With the figures produced, the computers could declare with statistical certainty that the war was being won. "a coincidence," asks Arthur M. Ross, former U.S. Commissioner of Labor Statistics, "that the most elaborately measured war in American history is also the least successful?"

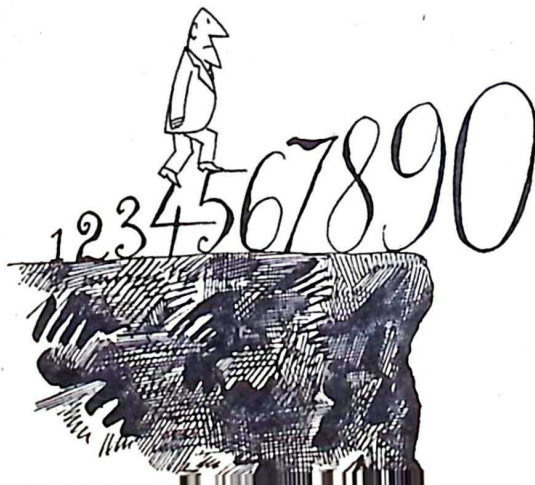
It is not that the figures are falsified, but that we create the figures we want to believe. If the numbers game involves fear and prejudices, imaginary numbers reinforce the prejudices and heighten the fear. Since many heroin addicts in New York commit crimes to buy drugs, to cite one example, it has often been stated that the addicts steal \$2 billion to \$5 billion worth of goods per year. Max Singer, president of the Hudson Institute, decided to inquire how the figure came to be computed. It turned out, as he reported in *The Public Interest*, that someone had multiplied an estimated 100,000 addicts by an estimated average habit of \$30 per day to determine a collective need of \$1.1 billion a year. And since a thief generally sells stolen property to a fence for about one-quarter of its value, for times \$1.1 billion produces a theoretical total of \$4.4 billion. Singer found, however, that the value of all the stolen goods in New York does not amount to nearly that much, and that the drug addicts probably take property worth about one-tenth of the popularly accepted figure. Conversely, then, there must not be 100,000 drug addicts in New York after all (Singer guesses 70,000 at most), but only in our nightmares.

If every statistic were regarded with similar skepticism, might well be found that many of our most widely accepted figures are also, at least in part, imaginary numbers. The national rate of unemployment, for example, is now stated to be 5.6% but that figure is based entirely on people who officially reported themselves out of work. Idle students, housewives who cannot find outside jobs, unsuccessful artisans—such people are not counted.

Statistics on crime are equally uncertain, since they mainly reflect police diligence in rounding up minor offenders and reporting all arrests. Then there are those "police estimates" that name a figure for the unknowable number of prostitutes in Los Angeles or the uncountable crowds outside the White House. If present figures are imprecise, beware of all projections that foretell the future, particularly those that talk of the increasing youthfulness of the "average American." Actually, because both birth and death rates have declined, the "average American" is getting older.

Is nothing, then, to be believed? Yes—the evidence of the senses and the observations of the mind, but not too many of the imaginary numbers that try to provide proof. How many is "not too many"? The computer is working on that.

—Otto Friedrich



F. DEHRENDT—MET PARDOLO



"Forward against Israel!"

Mideast: Unstable As Water

IN the wake of last week's events in the Sudan, an Amsterdam cartoonist summed up the situation in the turbulent Arab world with a ring of rulers, each bent on doing in the next man. Reacting to the same event, a Beirut newspaper carried a cartoon showing a baffled Leonid Brezhnev trying vainly to fit the word "Arabs" into a crossword puzzle. The Soviet Communist Party leader has a good deal of company in his perplexity, particularly after the last few weeks. In addition to the coup and countercoup in Khartoum, there have been these astonishing spectacles lately:

- ▶ Palestinian guerrillas fleeing to Israel to escape King Hussein's marauding soldiers.
- ▶ Reports of an unsuccessful coup attempt in Iraq, with 45 army officers arrested.
- ▶ An attempted coup at the summer palace of Morocco's King Hassan II, carried out by cadets who thought they were rescuing their monarch.
- ▶ An attempt by some of Egypt's foremost figures to overthrow President Anwar Sadat.
- ▶ The intemperate antics of Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi (see box, following page).

With such goings on, it was small wonder that the demonstrators who poured into Beirut's streets to applaud General Jaafar Numeiry's return to power in

the Sudan were so befuddled that they chanted slogans condemning a bizarre assortment of bedfellows: Israel, Jordan's Hussein, the U.S. and the Communists. "In the face of Israel we are all Arabs," Sadat told a meeting of Egypt's Arab Socialist Union last week, but he added: "Unfortunately, disunity still prevails amongst us."

Word and Revelation. To be sure, despite all the coup attempts, the status quo has hardly changed throughout the area. Still, a familiar sense of roiling unease pervades the Arab world. In *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, a sad and disillusioned T.E. Lawrence accused the Arabs of being "as unstable as water," incapable of ever pulling together to create a great state. More recently another British writer, James Morris, mused in the quarterly *Horizon*: "It may be that the Arabs will never constitute a single nation—that their true strength will remain metaphysical, spiritual, the Word and the Revelation. Or it may be that they have leapfrogged, so to speak, a historical stage and are ahead of the world in their fragmentation." With all "their ambiguities, paradoxes and evasions, their uncertain identity, their jumbled patriotism," added Morris, "they look readier than most people for the 21st century."

But the 20th is still onstage, and the Arabs seem most unready to cope with its final three decades. In the past that un-

readiness has been spectacularly exposed in their disastrous confrontations with the Israelis. Next week marks a full year since U.S. Secretary of State William Rogers arranged a cease-fire between Israel and Egypt. There has been no resumption of the bloody war of attrition between the two sides, but neither has there been any appreciable progress toward a genuine peace. Israeli hesitancy—and outright intransigence—are at least partly to blame, but so is Arab unreliability. After recent events, it is difficult to quarrel with the Israeli Foreign Ministry official who said last week: "Considering the transitory nature of Arab governments these days, Israel must be extremely careful what kind of deals it makes, and with whom."

Revolving-Door Coup

The Sudan in midsummer is an oven of a land where temperatures soar to 120° day after day and tempers tend to get even hotter. Since he took power 26 months ago, Major General Jaafar Numeiry, 41, leader of the ruling Revolutionary Command Council, has faced eight attempted coups, most of them during the summer months. Last week members of the army elite that governs this equatorial nation of 15 million staged the most confusing hot-weather spectacular since it won independence from Britain 15 years ago. In the space of a few days, rebellious officers toppled the government, imprisoned Numeiry, were toppled themselves and, as happened in Morocco only a week earlier, were summarily executed.

The initial revolt was bloodless, but the countercoup was a running battle that littered the streets of Khartoum with dead and crowded its hospitals with wounded. Though the fighting was confined to the capital and to Omdurman across the Nile, the repercussions rippled far beyond the Sudan. The Soviets quickly supported the dissidents and were noticeably distressed by Numeiry's countercoup. Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi, the hotspur of the Arab world, barged into the internal problems of another nation for the second time in two weeks. He was more effective than he had been in Morocco, however. By forcing down a British jet and kidnaping two rebel leaders, he took much of the spunk out of the anti-Numeiry forces.

Mohammed and Marx. In Khartoum, the principal leader of the coup was Major Hashem al Atta, 35. Atta and two other Communist sympathizers had been booted off the ruling seven-officer Revolutionary Command Council by Numeiry last November, ostensibly for leaking state secrets. Atta, supported by the presidential guard and an armored division, skillfully directed the takeover of Numeiry's headquarters and Omdurman radio, which proclaimed that "democratic Sudan has been established." Atta named Lieut. Colonel Babakr al Nour, 37, to be president of a revolutionary



LIBYA'S GADDAFI



SUDAN'S NUMEIRY

Alive, well and in complete control.

council, and himself vice president.

The rebels, he said, wanted lower living costs, freedom for Communists and trade unionists, and autonomy for the non-Moslem rebels of southern Sudan, who have been in revolt ever since independence (TIME, March 1). Atta was reinforced not only by elements of the Sudan's 26,000-man army but also by the nation's Communist Party. With 6,000 active members and the support of 200,000 trade unionists, it is the biggest and most vigorous in the Arab world, largely by virtue of its skill at getting Marx and Mohammed to coexist (verses from the Koran are chanted in unison at party meetings). Though he is a leftist, Numeiry is an intense foe of the local Communists—partly because they oppose his plan to link the Sudan in a federation with Libya, Egypt and Syria, and partly because he is convinced that they want to undermine him. Communist Leader Abdel Khalek Mahgoub wisely kept out of sight last week as sympathetic army officers mounted their

coup. But there were reports that he masqueraded the coup from the Bulgarian embassy in Khartoum.

Abdel Khalek's brother, Major Mohammed Mahgoub Osman, however, was quite visible. Along with Nour and Major Farouk Osman Hamadallah, he was in London when the coup was staged. Alerted that it had succeeded, the three officers and their aides boarded a BOAC VC10 bound for Khartoum, Nairobi and Dar es Salaam. Khartoum airport was closed, but Atta announced that he would open it for the VC10.

One for the Road. The plane was moving into Libyan airspace and monitoring Malta air control when the trouble came. Captain Roy Bowyer heard Benghazi break in and order: "You must land at Benina Airport or we shall shoot you down." Some passengers said they saw a fighter buzzing the plane. With 109 passengers aboard, Bowyer was not inclined to take any chances. Nour agreed to give himself up. According to London *Daily Telegraph* Cor-

respondent Brian Silk, a fellow passenger, Hamadallah summoned the first class steward and said: "Libya is a dangerous country under Gaddafi. We'd better have another whisky while we can."

When the plane landed in predawn darkness at Benina, it was met by two security men and a soldier. After a ten minute conversation with his welcoming committee, Nour told the pilot that he was getting off. Asked Bowyer: "Are you leaving of your own free will?" "No," answered Nour. "We are being forced." He disappeared along with Major Hamadallah (for unknown reasons, Mahgoub was not removed from the plane).

Shades of Indonesia. Soon thereafter, troops loyal to Numeiry moved out of barracks, and rifle and cannon fire roared through Khartoum and Omdurman. The battle was short but intense; Numeiry later announced that as the counter-coup began, 30 of his officers and men were captured and slaughtered by rebel soldiers. One U.S. Marine was wounded at the American-interests section of the Dutch embassy—the old American embassy before the Sudan severed relations following the 1967 Middle East war. From an embassy window, a U.S. diplomat saw the bodies of some 15 civilians sprawled near the presidential palace. Before Atta's forces lost the radio station, they broadcast a final message: "Hold on to revolutionary gains by the skin of your teeth." Then the radio fell silent. When it returned to the air, the first message was: "Numeiry is alive and well." Three hours later, a weeping Numeiry appeared on TV and radio. Into the streets of Khartoum for a celebration poured many of the people who earlier the same day had taken to the same streets in a similar demonstration for the rebels.

Numeiry moved swiftly once he had regained power. He telephoned Gaddafi to thank him for his help, and announced that "I am in complete control." He sent a similar message to

Libya: The *Enfant Terrible*

YOU know," Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser mused during an Arab meeting in Cairo shortly before his death last year, "I rather like Gaddafi. He reminds me of myself when I was that age." Not even the young Nasser, however, was a hell raiser to compare with Muammar Gaddafi, who at 28 is leader of the revolutionary council that rules oil-rich Libya. Born in a nomad's tent, schooled in the army, thrust to power in a coup that overthrew Libya's aging King Idris two years ago, Gaddafi stands unchallenged as the *enfant terrible* of Arab nationalism.

Arabs applauded after the Libyan coup when Gaddafi expelled 25,000 Italian *coloni*, ousted U.S. and British military forces, converted the Catholic Ca-

thedral of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to the Mosque of Gamal Abdel Nasser (with Gaddafi's picture plastered on the crucifix), nationalized foreign banks, and squeezed higher royalties out of 36 foreign oil companies.

More and more, Gaddafi has tended to ignore the plight of impoverished Libyans. His dual preoccupations are the destruction of Israel and, through lavish outlays of his country's oil money, making himself Nasser's successor as the leader of Pan-Arabism. He pays a \$55 million annual subsidy to Egypt and, before Hussein cracked down on the fedayeen, he gave funds to Jordan as well, for the fight against Israel. Last fall, after General Hafez Assad seized pow-

er in Syria, Gaddafi insolently flew into Damascus to look him over. Apparently Gaddafi approved; he left Assad a \$10 million check.

Both Nasser and Algeria's Houari Boumedienne have had the unsettling experience of learning that a plane with Gaddafi aboard was buzzing their capitals without their having the faintest notion of why he had come. During Morocco's recent abortive coup, he offered King Hassan's enemies military aid before he even knew what was happening or who the rebels were. Then came last week's capture of a BOAC jet and the kidnapping of two of its Sudanese passengers. Gaddafi is young, dedicated, naive and, some say, irrational as well. He certainly is as impetuous in his personal life as in state affairs. Smitten by two Libyan girls, Devout Moslem Gaddafi married them both.

Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, who was probably considerably relieved that he would not have a Communist-oriented regime on his southern flank.

Then Numeiry set about the business of revenge. "Arrest every Communist," he told the Sudanese. "The Communists are traitors." Whether that order would lead to an Indonesian-style slaughter was uncertain; in any case, the government was taking care of its special enemies. Numeiry established four tribunals for speedy justice. Atta and three other rebel officers were shot the next morning; other executions followed. Nour and Hamadallah, who were delivered to Numeiry by Gaddafi's aides, may also die. Like Jordan's King Hussein (see following story), the Sudanese leader was using strong measures to consolidate his power. Like Hussein, he may be setting in motion forces that could prove difficult to control.

Guerrillas on the Run

As dawn broke along a 35-mile stretch of the Jordan River and its tributary the Yarmuk last week, Israeli soldiers gaped in disbelief. In ones and twos or even in whole squads, scores of bedraggled Arabs broke from the concealment of reed beds on the Jordanian banks and splashed across the 30-yard-wide, green-flecked rivers with white undershirts tied to their rifles in a sign of surrender. Many also held up green I.D. cards certifying them as fedayeen, the Palestinian "men of sacrifice" who are sworn to destroy Israel.

By week's end, 96 tired, hungry guerrillas had given themselves up to Israeli patrols. Blindfolded and carted off in buses, one of which had a VISIT ISRAEL poster on its side, the fedayeen were confined in Nablus. Their status was uncertain, since they had committed no hostile acts in Israel. Still, they were the fortunate few. Back in Jordan, tough Bedouin legionnaires were killing or capturing nearly 2,500 of their comrades as King Hussein sought to end, once and for all, the fedayeen threat to his throne. One guerrilla who made it to the Israeli side said angrily: "Better to die by Israeli hands than to be killed by an Arab brother."

Othman's Shirt. To history-minded Arabs, the shirt-waving guerrillas recalled a major battle in Islamic history. Thirteen centuries ago, a Damascus governor named Mu'awiya, vowing to avenge the murder of the Caliph Othman, carried Othman's bloody shirt as a battle flag. Actually, Mu'awiya hoped to make himself Caliph. Ever since, Arabs have described self-aggrandizement in the guise of vengeance as "waving the shirt of Othman." As Hussein's neighbors leaped to the guerrillas' defense last week with words—but little else—that is what they seemed to be doing. Iraq expelled the Jordanian ambassador and demanded Jordan's ouster from the Arab League. Egypt's Anwar Sadat in effect called Hussein a liar,

while a spokesman in Cairo said that the events were "a black mark on the forehead of the Jordanian government." No government, however, did anything tangible to help the guerrillas.

Hussein has already withstood considerably more than mere words. Last September, when the guerrillas were openly defying Hussein, the King's army ran them out of Amman in a fierce battle. Ever since, he and Jordanian Premier Wasfi Tal have been planning a final showdown with the guerrillas, holed up at bases near Ajlun and Jerash in the hills of northwest Jordan.

Hussein felt compelled to act because the guerrillas continued to pose a greater threat to him than to Israel. Equipped with new M-16 rifles, tanks, armored personnel carriers and F-104 Starfighters from the U.S., the King

over the Damascus government last November in a coup, last week sealed off the border with Jordan, thereby preventing guerrillas in Syria from reinforcing their beleaguered comrades.

Going Underground. The battle was brief but brutal. All together about 200 fedayeen were killed, and 200 more evaded the dragnet. But 2,300 were taken prisoner by the Jordanians and hauled to the town of Mafrak for screening. Of these, 1,550 were disarmed and allowed to return to their homes in Jordan, Syria, Iraq and other Arab countries. They were judged to be "good" guerrillas, mostly members of Yasser Arafat's Al-Fatah, who would not fight the King again. The 750 who remained under arrest, explained Wasfi Tal, were "bad" commandos who belonged to George Habash's Popular Front for the Libera-

DAVID RUBINGER



BLINDFOLDED FEDAYEEN EN ROUTE TO ISRAELI INTERROGATION
Better than being killed by an Arab brother.

was well prepared for an all-out war against what Premier Tal described as guerrilla "terror, brutality and sabotage." The government ordered the fedayeen to move to a stretch of flat, waterless desert toward the Iraqi border. The fedayeen stayed put—as the government expected—and the army moved in.

Barred from the battlefield, correspondents were told by laughing officers, under blue skies, that what sounded like the booming of artillery was really thunder. "Soon it will rain," grinned one of the officers, squinting in the blazing sunshine.

The outcome was never in doubt, particularly after neighboring Syria avoided involvement. During last September's fighting, Syria nearly precipitated a wider war by sending an armored column over the border to aid the guerrillas. But when unopposed Jordanian planes attacked the tanks, the man who then commanded the Syrian air force, General Hafez Assad, indicated to Amman that he was not interested in helping the fedayeen and was keeping his Russian-built jets grounded. Assad, who took

tion of Palestine (P.F.L.P.) or similarly militant groups that urge the violent overthrow of nonradical governments.

Only a year ago, the guerrillas were a formidable factor in the Middle East. Now, said the Israeli daily *Hatzofeh*, "the crushing defeat of the terrorists in Jordan spells their absolute end as a factor in the region." Others were not so sure. Hussein's victory virtually destroyed the guerrillas' base of operations in Jordan. Yet the routing of the fedayeen could ultimately make the King more vulnerable.

Hussein was able to crush the guerrillas because he finally stopped worrying about criticism from fellow Arab rulers. But even though Jordan has been cleared, there are still 20,000 commandos in Syria as well as 2,500 operating in Lebanon. Many fedayeen, embittered by lack of support from Arab governments, are likely to adopt the Habash route by going underground now and launching a campaign of assassination and terror. If that happens, no Arab monarch or moderate ruler can feel secure.

Pakistan: The Ravaging of Golden Bengal

OVER the rivers and down the highways and along countless jungle paths, the population of East Pakistan continues to hemorrhage into India: an endless unorganized flow of refugees with a few tin kettles, cardboard boxes and ragged clothes piled on their heads, carrying their sick children and their old. They pad along barefooted, with the mud sucking at their heels in the wet parts. They are silent, except for a child whimpering now and then, but their faces tell the story. Many are sick and covered with sores. Others have cholera, and when they die by the roadside there is no one to bury them. The Hindus, when they can, put a hot coal in the mouths of their dead or singe the body in lieu of cremation. The dogs, the vultures and the crows do the

sleep in; others stay with villagers or sleep out in the fields and under the trees. Most are shepherded into refugee camps where they are given ration cards for food and housed in makeshift sheds of bamboo covered with thatched or plastic roofing. Though no one is actually starving in the camps, food is in short supply, particularly powdered milk and baby food.

No More Tears

Life has been made even more miserable for the refugees by the monsoon rains, that have turned many camps into muddy lagoons. Reports Dr. Mathis Bromberger, a German physician working at a camp outside Calcutta: "There were thousands of people standing out in the open here all night in

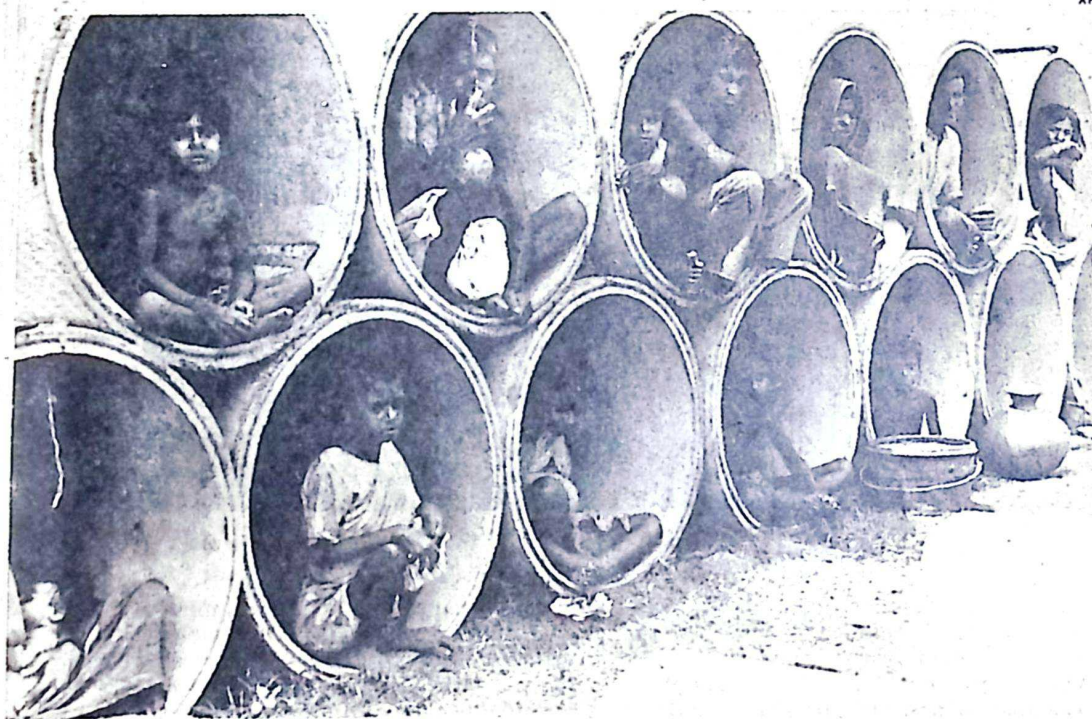
ugees. Says one doctor: "The people are not even crying any more."

Perhaps because what they flee from is even worse. Each has his own horror story of rape, murder or other atrocity committed by the Pakistani army in its effort to crush the Bengali independence movement. One couple tells how soldiers took their two grown sons outside the house, bayoneted them in the stomach and refused to allow anyone to go near the bleeding boys, who died hours later. Another woman says that when the soldiers came to her door, she hid her children in her bed; but seeing them beneath the blanket, the soldiers opened fire, killing two and wounding another. According to one report from the Press Trust of India (P.T.I.), 50 refugees recently fled into a jute field near the Indian border when they heard a Pakistani army patrol approaching. "Suddenly a six-month-old child in its mother's lap started crying," said the P.T.I. report. "Failing to make the child silent and apprehending that the refugees might be attacked, the woman throttled the infant to death."

Cordon of Fire

The evidence of the bloodbath is all over East Pakistan. Whole sections of cities lie in ruins from shelling and aerial attacks. In Khalishpur, the northern suburb of Khulna, naked children and haggard women scavenge the rubble where their homes and shops once stood. Stretches of Chittagong's Hizari Lane and Maulana Sowkat Ali Road have been wiped out. The central bazaar in Jessore is reduced to twisted masses of corrugated tin and shattered walls. Kushitia, a city of 40,000, now looks, as a World Bank team reported, "like the morning after a nuclear attack." In Dacca, where soldiers set sections of the Old City ablaze with flamethrowers and then machine-gunned thousands as they tried to escape the cordon of fire, nearly 25 blocks have been bulldozed clear, leaving open areas set incongruously amid jam-packed slums. For the benefit of foreign visitors, the army has patched up many shell holes in the walls of Dacca University, where hundreds of students were killed. But many signs remain. The tank-blasted Rajabagh Police Barracks, where nearly 1,000 surrounded Bengali cops fought to the last, is still in ruins.

Millions of acres have been abandoned. Much of the vital jute export crop, due for harvest now, lies rotting in the fields; little of that already harvested is able to reach the mills. Only a small part of this year's tea crop is salvageable. More than 300,000 tons of



REFUGEES SEEKING SHELTER IN DRAINAGE PIPES AT CALCUTTA AIRPORT
What they flee from is even worse.

rest. As the refugees pass the rotting corpses, some put pieces of cloth over their noses.

The column pushing into India never ends, day or night. It has been four months since civil war broke out between East and West Pakistan, and the refugees still pour in. No one can count them precisely, but Indian officials, by projecting camp registrations, calculate that they come at the rate of 50,000 a day. Last week the estimated total passed the 7,500,000 mark. Should widespread famine hit East Pakistan, as now seems likely, India fears that the number may double before the exodus ends.

Hundreds of thousands of these are still wandering about the countryside without food and shelter. Near the border, some have taken over schools to

the rain. Women with babies in their arms. They could not lie down because the water came up to their knees in places. There was not enough shelter, and in the morning there were always many sick and dying of pneumonia. We could not get our serious cholera cases to the hospital. And there was no one to take away the dead. They just lay around on the ground or in the water." High-pressure syringes have speeded vaccination and reduced the cholera threat, but camp health officials have already counted about 5,000 dead, and an estimated 35,000 have been stricken by the convulsive vomiting and diarrhea that accompany the disease. Now officials fear that pneumonia, diphtheria and tuberculosis will also begin to exact a toll among the weakened ref-

At a refugee camp outside Calcutta, an East Pakistani woman waits with her emaciated child for medical help.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID BURNETT



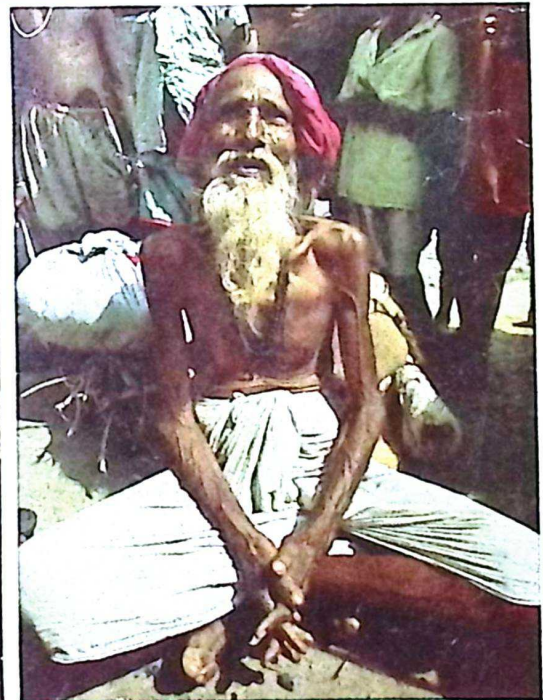
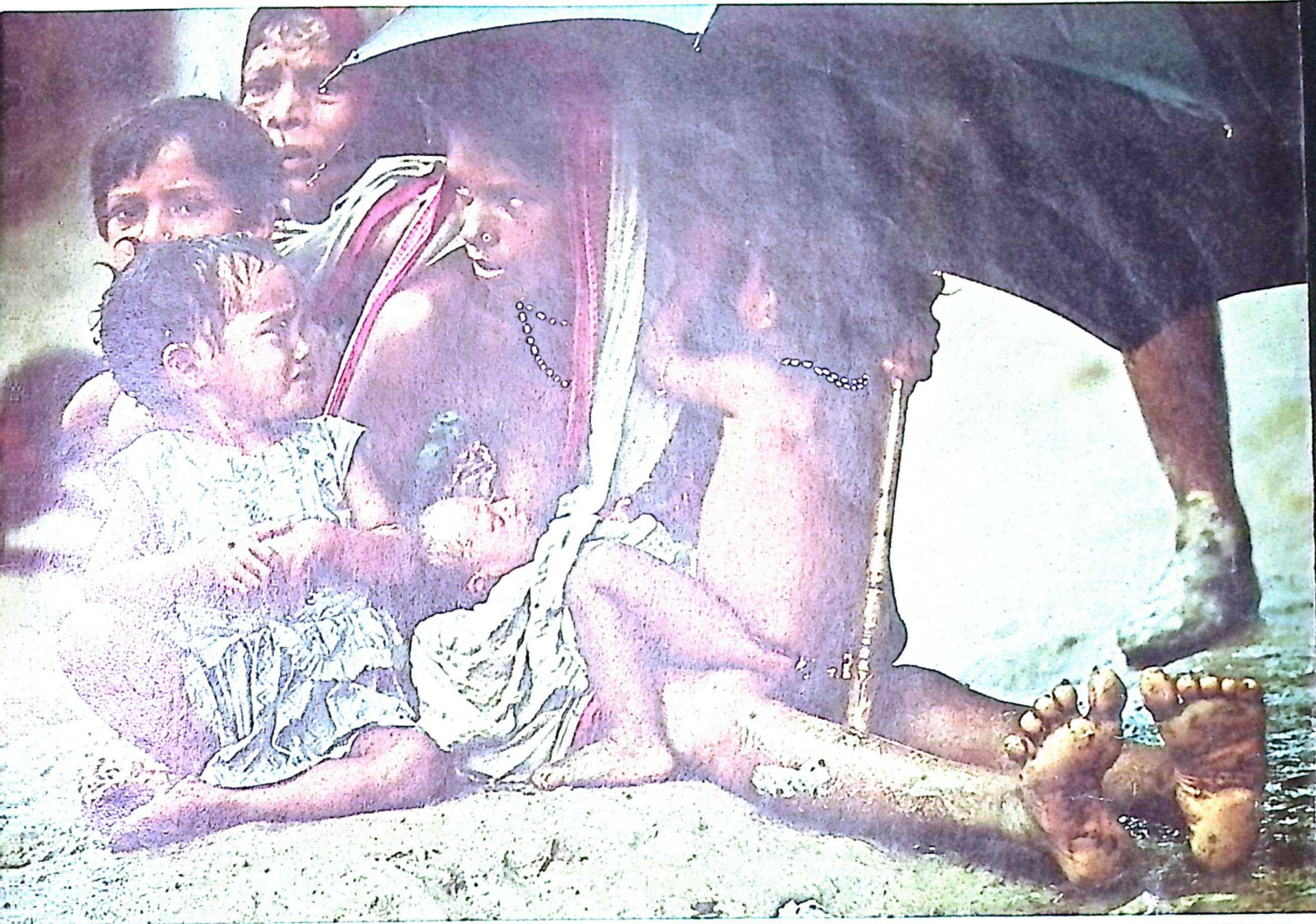
Refugees follow a mud path on the Indian side of the border.

Children scramble for powdered milk at an Indian camp.



In a camp flooded by monsoon rains, a man carries an aged woman to shelter.

A Pakistani mother and her four small children wait for food and shelter.



The woman is 85 years old, and so is the man; he walked 100 miles to Calcutta in three days.

Exhausted refugee reaches Madhupur India with child.



imported grain sits in the clogged ports of Chittagong and Chalna. Food markets are still operating in Dacca and other cities, but rice prices have risen 20% in four months.

Fear and deep sullen hatred are everywhere evident among Bengalis. Few will talk to reporters in public, but letters telling of atrocities and destroyed villages are stuck in journalists' mailboxes at Dacca's Hotel Intercontinental. In the privacy of his home one night, a senior Bengali bureaucrat declared: "This will be a bitter, protracted struggle, maybe worse than Viet Nam. But we will win in the end."

Estimates of the death toll in the army crackdown range from 200,000 all the way up to a million. The lower figure is more widely accepted, but the number may never be known. For one thing, countless corpses have been dumped in rivers, wells and mass graves. For another, statistics from East Pakistan are even more unreliable than statistics from most other places (see TIME Essay). That is inevitable in a place where, before the refugee exodus began, 78 million people, 80% of them illiterate, were packed into an area no larger than Florida.

Harsh Reprisals

The Hindus, who account for three-fourths of the refugees and a majority of the dead, have borne the brunt of the Moslem military's hatred. Even now, Moslem soldiers in East Pakistan will snatch away a man's *lungi* (sarong) to see if he is circumcised, obligatory for Moslems; if he is not, it usually means death. Others are simply rounded up and shot. Commented one high U.S. official last week: "It is the most incredible, calculated thing since the days of the Nazis in Poland."

In recent weeks, resistance has steadily mounted. The army response has been a pattern of harsh reprisals for guerrilla hit-and-run forays, sabotage and assassination of collaborators. But the Mukti Bahini, the Bengali liberation forces, have blasted hundreds of bridges and culverts, paralyzing road and rail traffic. The main thrust of the guerrilla movement is coming from across the Indian border, where the Bangla Desh (Bengal Nation) provisional government has undertaken a massive recruitment and training program. Pakistani President Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan last week charged that there were 24 such camps within India, and Indians no longer even bother to deny the fact that locals and some border units are giving assistance to the rebels.

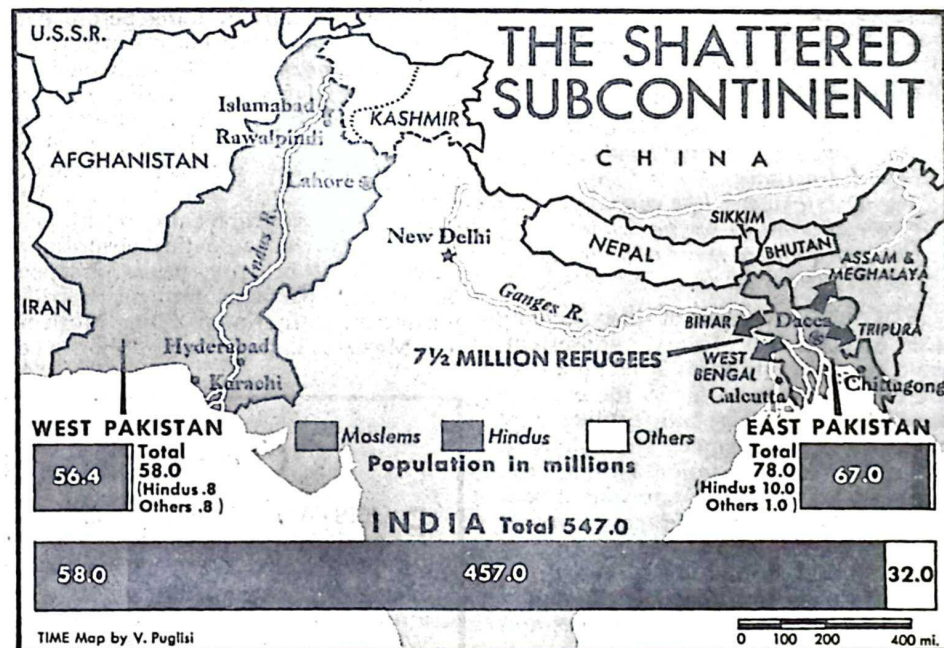
Half of the Mukti Bahini's reported 50,000 fighters come from the East Bengal Regiment, the paramilitary East Bengal Rifles, and the Bengali police, who defected in the early days of the fight-

ing. Young recruits, many of them students, are being trained to blend in with the peasants, who feed them, and serve as lookouts, scouts and hit-and-run saboteurs. Twice the guerrillas have knocked out power in Dacca, and they have kept the Dacca-Chittagong railway line severed for weeks. Wherever possible they raise the green, red and gold Bangla Desh flag. They claim to have killed 25,000 Pakistani troops, though the figure may well be closer to 2,500 plus 10,000 wounded (according to a reliable Western estimate). Resistance fighters already control the countryside at night and much of it in the daytime.

Only time and the test of fire will show whether or not the Mukti Bahini's leaders can forge them into a disciplined guerrilla force. The present

favorite—and sometimes innocent—targets. Suspected sympathizers have been hacked to death in their beds or even beheaded by guerrillas as a warning to other villagers. More ominous is the growing confrontation along the porous 1,300-mile border, where many of the Pakistani army's 70,000 troops are trying to seal off raids by rebels based in India. With Indian *jawans* facing them on the other side, a stray shot could start a new Indo-Pakistani war—and one on a much more devastating scale than their 17-day clash over Kashmir in 1965.

Embroidered in a developing if still disorganized guerrilla war, Pakistan faces ever bleaker prospects as the conflict spreads. By now, in fact, chances of ever recovering voluntary national unity seem nil. But to Yahya Khan and



commander in chief is a retired colonel named A.G. Osmani, a member of the East Pakistani Awami League. But many feel that before the conflict is over, the present moderate leadership will give way to more radical men. So far the conflict is nonideological. But that could change. "If the democracies do not put pressure on the Pakistanis to resolve this question in the near future," says a Bangla Desh official, "I fear for the consequences. If the fight for liberation is prolonged too long, the democratic elements will be eliminated and the Communists will prevail. Up till now the Communists do not have a strong position. But if we fail to deliver the goods to our people, they will sweep us away."

By no means have all the reprisals been the work of the army. Bengalis also massacred some 500 suspected collaborators, such as members of the right-wing religious Jammāt-e-Islami and other minor parties. The Biharis, non-Bengali Moslems who fled from India to Pakistan after partition in 1947, were

the other tough West Pakistani generals who rule the world's fifth largest nation, an East-West parting is out of the question. For the sake of Pakistan's unity, Yahya declared last month, "no sacrifice is too great." The unity he envisions, however, might well leave East Pakistan a cringing colony. In an effort to stamp out Bengali culture, even street names are being changed. Shankari Bazar Road in Dacca is now called Tikka Khan Road after the hard-as-nails commander who now rules East Pakistan under martial law.

Honeyed Smile

The proud Bengalis are unlikely to give in. A warm and friendly but volatile people whose twin passions are politics and poetry, they have nurtured a gentle and distinctive culture of their own. Conversation—*adda*—is the favorite pastime, and it is carried on endlessly under the banyan trees in the villages or in the coffeehouses of Dacca.

Typically, Bangla Desh chose as its national anthem not a revolutionary song

At Montigaunj near the Indian border, an open-air temple becomes sleeping quarters for Pakistani refugees.



BANGLA DESH GUERRILLAS
"We will win in the end."

but a poem by the Nobel-prizewinning Bengali Poet Rabindranath Tagore, "Golden Bengal":

... come Spring, O mother mine!
Your mango groves are heady
with fragrance,
The air intoxicates like wine.
Come autumn, O mother mine!
I see the honeyed smile of your
harvest-laden fields.

It is indeed a land of unexpectedly lush and verdant beauty, whose emerald rice and jute fields stretching over the Ganges Delta as far as the eye can see belie the savage misfortunes that have befallen its people. The soil is so rich it sprouts vegetation at the drop of a seed, yet that has not prevented Bengal from becoming a festering wound of poverty. Nature can be as brutal as it is bountiful, lashing the land with vicious cyclones and flooding it annually with the spillover from the Ganges and the Brahmaputra rivers.

Improbable Wedding

Even in less troubled times, Pakistanis were prone to observe that the only bonds between the diverse and distant wings of their Moslem nation were the Islamic faith and Pakistan International Airlines. Sharing neither borders nor cultures, separated by 1,100 miles of Indian territory (see map), Pakistan is an improbable wedding of the Middle East and Southeast Asia. The tall, light-skinned Punjabis, Pathans, Baluchis and Sindhis of West Pakistan are descendants of the Aryans who swept into the subcontinent in the second millennium B.C. East Pakistan's slight, dark Bengalis are more closely related to the Dravidian people they subjugated. The Westerners, who eat wheat and meat, speak Urdu, which is written in Arabic but is a synthesis of Persian and Hindi. The Easterners eat rice and fish, and speak Bengali, a singsong language of Indo-Aryan origin.

The East also has a much larger Hindu minority than the West: 10 million out of a population of 78 million, com-

pared with 800,000 Hindus out of a population of 58 million in the West. In British India days, the western reaches of what is now West Pakistan formed the frontier of the empire, and the British trained the energetic Punjabis and Pathans as soldiers. They scorn the *lungi*, a Southeast Asian-style sarong worn by the Bengalis. "In the East," a West Pakistani saying has it, "the men wear the skirts and the women the pants. In the West, things are as they should be."

Twenty Families

The West Pakistanis were also determined to "wear the pants" as far as running the country was concerned. Once, the Bengalis were proud to belong to Pakistan (an Urdu word meaning "land of the pure"). Like the Moslems from the West, they had been resentful of the dominance of the more numerous Hindus in India before partition. In 1940, Pakistan's founding father, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, called for a separate Islamic state. India hoped to prevent the split, but in self-determination elections in 1947, five predominantly Moslem provinces, including East Bengal, voted to break away. The result was a geographical curiosity and, as it sadly proved, a political absurdity.

Instead of bringing peace, independence and partition brought horrible massacres, with Hindus killing Moslems and Moslems killing Hindus. Shortly be-

fore his assassination in 1948, Mahatma Gandhi undertook what proved to be his last fast to halt the bloodshed. "All the quarrels of the Hindus and the Mohammedans," he said, "have arisen from each wanting to force the other to his view."

From the beginning, the East got the short end of the bargain in Pakistan. Though it has only one-sixth of the country's total land area, the East contains well over half the population (about 136 million), and in early years contributed as much as 70% of the foreign-exchange earnings. But West Pakistan regularly devours three-quarters of all foreign aid and 60% of export earnings. With the Punjabi-Pathan power elite in control for two decades, East Pakistan has been left a deprived agricultural backwater. Before the civil war, Bengalis held only 15% of government jobs and accounted for only 5% of the 275,000-man army. Twenty multimillionaire families, nearly all from the West, still control a shockingly disproportionate amount of the country's wealth (by an official study, two-thirds of the nation's industry and four-fifths of its banking and insurance assets). Per capita income is miserably low throughout Pakistan, but in the West (\$48) it is more than half again that in the East (\$30).

To cap this long line of grievances came the devastating cyclone that roared in off the Bay of Bengal last November, claiming some 500,000 lives. The cal-

Good Soldier Yahya Khan

PAKISTAN'S General Agha Mohammed Yahya Khan had been settled in President's House in Rawalpindi for a full year before he finally agreed to hold a press conference for foreign newsmen. When he entered the packed drawing room where the first conference was held 14 months ago, he immediately let loose a few choice expletives about the hot TV lights. A trembling technician quickly switched them off. Then Yahya started in on the journalists. "Don't play politics with me," he snapped in his characteristically gruff bass, "because I'll play politics with you."

Yahya, 54, runs his country pretty much the same way—with impatience, ill-disguised contempt for bungling civilians, and a cultivated air of resentment about having let himself get involved in the whole messy business in the first place. When Ayub Khan yielded the presidency to him two years ago, Yahya switched from khaki to dark business suits, which he still wears with obvious discomfort. As if to emphasize his longing for the barracks, he occasionally carries a swagger stick and misses no chance to play the simple, straight-talking soldier.

ON THE SLOW FLOW OF CYCLONE AID TO EAST PAKISTAN LAST WINTER: "My government is not made up of angels."

ON PAKISTAN'S FISCAL PROBLEMS: "I inherited a bad economy and I'm going to pass it on."

ON HIS MISSION: "I'll be damned if I see Pakistan divided."

ON HIS MANDATE: "The people did not bring me to power. I came myself."

Few Pakistanis knew anything about Yahya Khan when he was vaulted into the presidency two years ago. The stocky, bushy-browed Pathan had been army chief of staff since 1966. Half a dozen



PHOTOREPORTER

cousness of West toward East was never more shockingly apparent. Yahya waited 13 days before visiting the disaster scene, which some observers described as "a second Hiroshima." The Pakistani navy never bothered to search for victims. Aid distribution was lethargic where it existed at all; tons of grain remained stockpiled in warehouses while Pakistani army helicopters sat on their pads in the West.

Supreme Sacrifice

Three weeks later, Pakistan held its first national elections since becoming a nation 23 years before; the object was to choose a constitutional assembly that would draft a new charter for the nation, and then would continue to sit as a national assembly. The East Pakistanis thronged the polls and gave an overwhelming endorsement to Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman, 51, the fiery head of the party known as the Awami League and a longtime spokesman for Eastern autonomy (he spent nearly ten years in jail for urging that Bengalis be given greater control of their destiny). Mujib's Awami (People's) League captured 167 out of the 169 seats allotted the East in the 313-member national assembly, giving it a clear majority. The victory meant that Mujib, as the leader of the majority party, would be Prime Minister of all Pakistan.

It was something that Yahya had sim-



REFUGEES WAIT TO BE PROCESSED AT CALCUTTA CAMP

Blank faces tell the story.

ply not anticipated. He and his fellow generals expected that Mujib would capture no more than 60% of the East Pakistani seats, and that smaller parties in the East would form a coalition with West Pakistani parties, leaving the real power in Islamabad. Mujib feared some sort of doublecross: "If the polls are frustrated," he declared in a statement that proved horribly prophetic, "the people of East Pakistan will owe it to the million who have died in the cyclone to make the supreme sacrifice of another million

lives, if need be, so that we can live as a free people."

With the constitutional assembly scheduled to convene in March, Yahya began a covert troop buildup, flying soldiers dressed in civilian clothes to the East at night. Then he postponed the assembly, explaining that it could not meet until he could determine precisely how much power and autonomy Mujib wanted for the East. Mujib had not espoused full independence, but a loosened semblance of national unity under which

high-ranking generals were deeply disturbed about the avuncular Ayub Khan's willingness to permit a return of parliamentary democracy, despite his own comment that politicians behaved like five cats tied by their tails." When a weary Ayub stepped aside in March 1969 in the wake of strikes and student riots that focused on wages, educational reform and a host of other issues, the generals eagerly imposed martial law. In his first speech as President, Yahya delighted his military sponsors by declaring that the country was at "the edge of an abyss." What really bothered the generals was that the country might be on the verge of a return to genuine civilian rule, posing grave dangers to the army's power and perks.

Yahya raised the minimum industrial wage by 30%, to \$26 a month, brought in several civilian ministers when soldiers proved unfit for the jobs; and sought to reduce official venality. He had no intention of allowing a sudden return to full civilian rule, yet he did not seem to hanker for power—despite the Pakistani saying that "a general galloping upon a stallion is slow to dismount." Eventually, he decided to press ahead not only with an election but a new constitution, even though, as he later said, "some of my countrymen don't like the idea. They say, 'What the hell's going on? This will lead to chaos.'"

Yahya, however, had misread the political tempers. When East Pakistan's charismatic Sheik Mujibur Rahman won his stunning majority in the December election, the hard-liners began telling Yahya, "I told you so." Six leading generals—including General Abdul Hamid Khan, an old chum of Yahya's who is the current army chief of staff, and Tikka ("Red Hot") Khan, the cold-blooded commander in East Pakistan—helped persuade Yahya to deal harshly with the East's "treachery."

Yahya (pronounced Ya-hee-uh) Khan claims direct descent from warrior nobles who fought in the elite armies of Nadir Shah, the Persian adventurer who conquered Delhi in the 18th century. With his pukka sahib manner, Yahya seems strictly Sandhurst, though he learned his trade not in England but at the British-run Indian Military Academy at Dehra Dun. During World War II, he fought in the British Indian army in North Africa and Italy. After partition, like most of the subcontinent's best soldiers, he opted to become a Pakistani (India, the saying goes, got all the bureaucrats). He was an Ayub protégé from the start, and his star rose swiftly.

Following Moslem practice, Yahya keeps his family—a wife, Fakhra, and two married children—well out of the public eye. His only known interest, outside of the military, is birds—all va-

rieties. He keeps Australian parrots around President's House, and, in a specially built pool, a number of cranes and swans. He remains fussy as ever about his wavy expanse of thick, white-streaked black hair ("My strength lies in it—like Samson's").

Westerners who know him well describe Yahya as a reasonable man but stubborn, proud and discipline-minded. He began a drive on corruption last year by summoning senior civil servants and telling them that they were all "a bunch of thieves." The bureaucracy ground to a halt in protest, and Yahya soon gave up the effort. But he shows no sign of yielding with the Bengalis, whom he reportedly calls *macchar*—Urdu for mosquitoes.

"Yahya is not a brutal man," says an American acquaintance. "He is a good soldier. But he has been blinded by his intense nationalism, and his belief that the honor and security of his country have been betrayed." There is a case for Yahya's Lincolnesque attempt to hold the Pakistani house together; there is none for his methods. He might have succeeded had he tried to accommodate the East's justifiable demands for greater autonomy. But his tough crackdown virtually guarantees that the country's two halves, which have precious little in common, will never be successfully reunited.

each wing would control its own taxation, trade and foreign aid. To Yahya and the generals, that was unacceptable. On March 25, Yahya broke off the meetings he had been holding and flew back to Islamabad. Five hours later, soldiers using howitzers, tanks and rockets launched troop attacks in half a dozen sections of Dacca. The war was on. Swiftly, Yahya outlawed the Awami League and ordered the armed forces "to do their duty." Scores of Awami politicians were seized, including Mujib, who now awaits trial in remote Sahiwal, 125 miles southwest of Islamabad, on charges of treason; the trial, expected to begin in August, could lead to the death penalty.

Out of Touch

In the months since open conflict erupted, nothing has softened Yahya's stand. In fact, in the face of talk about protracted guerrilla fighting, mounting dangers of war with India, and an already enormous cost in human suffering,

the West Pakistani army." A middle-level World Bank official leaked the study, and last week McNamara sent Yahya an apology; in his letter he reportedly said that he found the report "biased and provocative." Yet one Bank official insisted that though it was later revised and modified somewhat, its thrust remained the same. "We just had to put it on a less passionate basis," he said. "But it did not reduce its impact."

U.S. policy has been murky, to say the least. The Nixon Administration continues to oppose a complete cutoff of U.S. aid to Pakistan. The White House has asked Congress for \$118 million in economic assistance for Pakistan for fiscal 1971-72, which it says will be held in abeyance. Despite intense pressure from within his official family, as well as from Congress, Nixon argues that a total cutoff might drive Pakistan closer to China, which has been one of its principal suppliers of military aid since 1965, and also destroy whatever leverage the U.S. has

the U.S. in economic assistance. In addition, the U.S. equipped and maintained the Pakistani armed forces until 1965. Then, because of the Pakistani-Indian war, arms sales were dropped. Last October the Administration resumed military aid on a "one-time basis." After the East Pakistan conflict erupted, it was announced that arm shipments would be suspended; but when three ships were discovered to be carrying U.S. military equipment to Pakistan anyway, the State Department explained that it intended only to honor licenses already issued. Over the years, it is estimated that close to \$1 billion has been provided for military assistance alone.

The U.S. may well have to do some rethinking of its Pakistan policy. In a recent interview with *TIME*, former French Culture Minister André Malraux warned that before long, "you in the United States will have a big new problem in Asia: Bengal. It will be like Viet Nam, except that there are 78 million Bengalese [in Pakistan]. The Bengalese are nationalists, not Maoists. But the present serene attitude of the U.S. will have to change."

Condoning Genocide

India is particularly incensed over the present U.S. policy, and Prime Minister Indira Gandhi strongly protested to Henry Kissinger about U.S. military shipments when he visited New Delhi this month. The supply of arms by any country to Pakistan, Foreign Minister Swaran Singh charged last week, "amounts to condonation of genocide." Mrs. Gandhi is faced both with mounting pressure for military action, and an awesome cost that could set her own economy back years. India is feeding the refugees for a mere 1.10 rupees (15¢) per person per day, but even that amounts to more than \$1,000,000 a day. The first six months alone, Indian officials say, will cost \$400 million. Contributions pledged by other countries (the U.S. leads with \$73 million) equal barely one-third of that—and much of that money has not yet actually been paid.

Still, it would hardly be cheaper to launch a war and get it over with, as some high-level Indians openly suggest. Hours after Indian troops marched into East Pakistan, Pakistani tanks and troops could be expected to roll over India's western borders. Moreover, fighting could spread over the entire subcontinent. For all of India's commitment "to Bangla Desh democracy and those who are fighting for their rights," in the words of Mrs. Gandhi, New Delhi is not at all interested in taking on the burden of East Bengal's economic problems. The only answer, as New Delhi sees it, is a political solution that would enable refugees to return to their homes.

The impetus for that could conceivably come from West Pakistanis. It is still far from certain that they are really determined to go the distance in a prolonged war. Thus far, the war has been officially misrepresented to the people



WEARY CHILD AT INDIAN CAMP NEAR CALCUTTA
Another million lives, if need be.

the general has only stiffened. Should India step up its aid to the guerrillas, he warned last week, "I shall declare a general war—and let the world take note of it." Should the countries that have been funneling \$450 million a year in economic aid into Pakistan put on too much pressure, he also warned, he will do without it.

He has already lost some. After touring East Pakistan last month, a special World Bank mission recommended to its eleven-nation consortium that further aid be withheld pending a "political accommodation." World Bank President Robert McNamara classified the report on the grounds that it might worsen an already difficult diplomatic situation. The report spoke bluntly of widespread fear of the Pakistani army and devastation on a scale reminiscent of World War II. It described Kushtia, which was 90% destroyed, as "the My Lai of

the situation. In the light of Henry Kissinger's trip to China, however, it now seems clear that there may have been another motive for the Administration's soft-pedaling. Pakistan, of course, was Kissinger's secret bridge to China.

Nonetheless, criticism has been mounting, particularly in the Senate, with its abundance of Democratic presidential aspirants. Senator Edward M. Kennedy charged that the World Bank report, together with a State Department survey predicting a famine of appalling proportions, "made a mockery of the Administration's policy." Two weeks ago, the House Foreign Affairs Committee recommended cutting off both military and economic aid to Pakistan. The bill still must clear the House and the Senate, but its chances of passage are considered good.

Since 1952, when massive aid began, Pakistan has received \$4.3 billion from

off the West as a mere "operation" against "miscreants." Tight censorship allows no foreign publications containing stories about the conflict to enter the country. Even so, as more and more soldiers return home badly maimed, and as young officers are brought back in coffins (enlisted men are buried in the East), opposition could mount. The pinch is already being felt economically, and there have been massive layoffs in industries unable to obtain raw materials for lack of foreign exchange.

Immense Suffering

Meanwhile, the food supply in East Pakistan dwindles, and there is no prospect that enough will be harvested or imported to avert mass starvation. August is normally a big harvest month, but untold acres went unplanted in April, when the fighting was at its height. Already, peasants along the rainswept roads show the gaunt faces, vacant stares, pencil limbs and distended stomachs of malnutrition. Millions of Bengalis have begun roaming the countryside in quest of food. In some hard-hit locales, people have been seen eating roots and dogs. The threat of starvation will drive many more into India. Unless a relief program of heroic proportions is quickly launched, countless millions may die in the next few months. Yahya's regime is not about to sponsor such an effort. His latest federal budget, adopted last week, allocates \$6 out of every \$10 to the West, not the East; in fact, the level of funds for Bengal is the lowest in five years. The U.S., still fretful about driving Yahya deeper into Peking's embrace, seems unlikely to provide the impetus for such a program.

Tagore once wrote:

*Man's body is so small,
His strength of suffering
so immense.*

But in golden Bengal how much strength can man summon before the small body is crushed?

FRANCOIS SULLY



SOUTH VIET NAM

The Diem Document

With South Viet Nam's presidential election coming up in October, it would seem that the potential candidates have plenty of immediate issues to argue about. But currently the hottest issue in the campaign is an episode from the past: the coup that ended with the murder of President Ngo Dinh Diem and his brother Ngo Dinh Nhu back in 1963.

The issue was raised by the man who led the Diem coup: Duong Van ("Big") Minh, a former general and one of the chief rivals of President Nguyen Van Thieu, who last week formally declared his candidacy. Two weeks ago, Minh told some reporters that Thieu was at least partially responsible for the killing of the brothers. As Minh told it, Thieu, then a colonel in command of the South Vietnamese 5th Division, was to surround Saigon's cream-colored Gia Long Palace and "protect the life of President Diem" by taking him into custody. But Thieu got to the palace too late, Minh said, and the Ngos had already slipped away. Their bodies turned up the following day, bound and bullet-riddled, inside a South Vietnamese army personnel carrier.

Last week it was Thieu's turn. In a Saigon press conference, he called Big Minh "a coward and a liar" and blamed him for the murders, quoting him as saying at the time of the coup that "the easiest way is to assassinate Diem."

Doomed Brothers. Why the debate? Minh might have been trying to minimize the damage he stands to suffer when the text of a long-secret 1964 post-mortem on the coup hits the newsstands in Saigon. The document, whose authenticity has not been verified by any of the principals involved, is a transcript of a tape of an alleged informal two-day "trial" of the coup leaders held in March 1964 by Nguyen Khanh, the stumpy general who overthrew the Minh junta three months after the Diem coup because

he feared it was going "neutralist."

This week the Vietnamese daily *Hoa Binh* plans to publish the first of 30 installments of the transcript, purchased from a South Vietnamese lieutenant colonel who saw a chance to profit by the example of the Pentagon papers. Though Minh has long cast himself as a man untainted by involvement with the U.S. in general and with the blood of the Ngos in particular, the Diem document supports a fact well established in the Pentagon papers: that Americans had been in contact with Minh's group before the coup. It also implies that Minh knew that the brothers were doomed. According to the transcript, Minh told Khanh "even though we knew it was inhuman to kill Diem and Nhu, we had to kill them both. Should the coup have failed, what would have happened to us?"

Other tidbits from the transcript:

► Questioned about \$6,000 in U.S. currency that had allegedly been found in the palace when it was captured, Big Minh said it had been spent, but he could not recall how, why or by whom. Nor could anyone recall what had happened to twelve kilos of gold, worth \$15,000, supposedly taken from a third Ngo brother, Ngo Dinh Can, after the coup.

► General Do Cao Tri, the flamboyant III Corps commander who died in a helicopter smash-up last February, accused then General (and former Senator) Tran Van Don of being "round"—a Vietnamese term of contempt for someone who will roll in any direction.

► Toward the end of the trial a newly promoted general named Nguyen Cao Ky said indignantly: "As I listen to all of the charges against [some of the lower-ranking] generals—dirty, sleeping with the wives of the soldiers, corrupt, disloyal, dishonest—I think we should get rid of them." The performance reflects so favorably on Ky, who is also a candidate for the presidency, that some cynics have suggested he might have had a hand in leaking the documents.

HARRY REDL



BIG MINH & KHANH RIDING THROUGH SAIGON (1964)

DIEM (BELOW) & BROTHER NHU SHORTLY BEFORE 1963 COUP



CARICATURIST'S VIEW OF WILSON*
An unconvincing turnabout.

BRITAIN

Flip (Flop) Wilson

Four years ago, then-Prime Minister Harold Wilson conjured a stirring vision for his countrymen. "Out of the destruction of two world wars," he said, Europe was about "to create a new unity," with Britain a major participant in that grand venture. Despite those ringing words, suspicion began to grow about the depth of Wilson's commitment to joining the six-member European Economic Community. By March 1970, with an election imminent and the polls showing heavy anti-Market sentiment, Wilson seemed so uncertain about it that Tory Leader Edward Heath, who was to replace him as Prime Minister three months later, asked archly: "Is he or is he not going to rat?"

The answer came last week. In a long speech to Commons, Wilson declared that the terms agreed upon by Heath's Tory negotiators in Luxembourg in June for Britain's entry into the Common Market were unacceptable.

Open Contradiction. For his opponents it was one flip-flop too many. Like other observers, acidulous London *Times* Columnist Bernard Levin stood agape at "the spectacle of the Leader of the Opposition denouncing his own Government's application to join the EEC, and rejecting as totally unacceptable the terms which a year ago he would have been proclaiming a triumph for its skill, patience and determination."

That feeling was shared by pro-Market elements on both sides of the House. Despite Wilson's claim that Labor would have rejected the latest terms, one ex-Minister after another openly con-

tradicted him. Former Foreign Minister Lord George-Brown and George Thompson, Wilson's onetime EEC negotiator, both said that the terms arrived at in Luxembourg were as good as anything that Labor could have hoped for. Roy Jenkins, deputy leader of the party, stated the case even more embarrassingly for Wilson when he told his constituents: "We set a course in government and should stick to it. There never was a time when honesty and consistency were more desirable in politics."

Jenkins' stance stopped just short of open revolt—wisely, since the former Chancellor of the Exchequer commands the loyalty of only a minority of Labor's 288 M.P.s. But it did exacerbate the already ugly mood of a party that periodically tears itself apart and then agonizingly tries to put the pieces together again. Visibly angered, Wilson declared that he would not tolerate a "party within a party" giving aid and comfort to the Tories. If Labor did not pull itself together quickly, he said, "I intend as leader to take a grip on it."

But Wilson has yet to offer his colleagues—or, for that matter, British voters—a convincing reason for his turnabout. One of his chief objections to the Luxembourg agreement is that New Zealand's dairy products were not given a fair break. That view is not shared by the New Zealand government.

Poisoned Water. Not that Wilson occupies an easy position. Caught between the party's anti-Market majority and its vocal pro-Marketeters, he cannot hope to please everyone. As Harold Lever, an ardently pro-Market M.P., put it: "Poor Harold Wilson! If he drank the water, it was poisoned. If he didn't drink, he'd die of thirst!"

The prospect seems to have unnerved Wilson. Normally a sure-footed parliamentary maneuverer, he stumbled badly last week in the House. At one point the Tories' chief Market negotiator, Geoffrey Rippon, quoted a letter from Lord Campbell, chairman of the Commonwealth sugar exporters, as saying that the sugar deal made in Brussels was "satisfactory." Wilson leaped to his feet. Lord Campbell had told him only that morning, said Wilson, that "if Rippon quotes that letter, he is not entitled to do it because Rippon knows the real facts." Coldly, Rippon immediately replied: "I utterly, totally and completely repudiate what you have said. I got his express permission." Next day, Wilson had to go through the humiliation of a retraction. The message from Lord Campbell had been garbled, he said.

The only plausible view of Wilson's switch is that it was done to preserve party unity by appeasing the strong anti-Market sentiment of Labor's left-wing and union elements. He may also be hoping to exploit popular misgivings over the move into Europe. Although polls show that more Britons are against entry than for it (41% v. 35%), the pro-Market faction is steadily growing.

In the short run, Wilson may achieve

his objectives. But in the longer term his wriggling over Britain's most important undertaking in decades should come back to haunt him. He is a man who has always had a problem with credibility—a drawback that is not likely to be diminished this week when his strikingly self-serving political memoirs are published. Given the success of the Tory government's latest reflationary mini-budget (see BUSINESS) and a relatively painless entry into Europe, Wilson might be remembered only as the man who sacrificed a central principle for short-term gain—in marked contrast to the political consistency of Jenkins.

In that event, says Columnist Levin with relish, Wilson will end up "with egg on both sides of his face, and reaping the reward that comes in good time to those who, insufficiently supplied with principles to act upon, act upon expediency and get it wrong."

LIBERIA

A Patriarch Yields the Reins

His full name was William Vacanara Shadrach Tubman, but to 1.5 million Liberians he was simply "Old Daddy." A President for 27 years of the Ohio-sized West African rubber republic, he was the oldest, established, permanent, doting elected patriarch on the continent. Indeed, so popular was Old Daddy with his subjects that the only thing that could oust him from office was death. The ouster came last week, when the 75-year-old President succumbed to complications following a prostate-gland operation in a London hospital.

To Westerners, Tubman was a faintly improbable figure in a top hat and cutaway, a stickler for formality who lived in a \$6 million, neon-lit palace. To his people, he was a father figure, accessible



"OLD DADDY" TUBMAN IN TRIBAL ROBE
Seeking omniscience.

* Gordon Govier's sculpture is entitled Scilly Harold, a reference to Wilson's Scilly (pronounced silly) Isles summer home.

and gregarious, always ready to hoof a lively quadrille, Liberia's national dance. He sought to present an air of omniscience, insisting on approving all government expenditures of more than \$200 and even extending his jurisdiction down to settling his staff's marital problems.

Despite the comic-opera façade, however, Tubman made some substantial contributions to Africa's oldest independent black state. His rule was characterized by both stability and a modicum of physical progress. By means of education and arm-twisting, Tubman did all he could to wipe out the differences between native tribesmen and the elitist Americo-Liberians (descendants of Liberia's freed-slave founders).

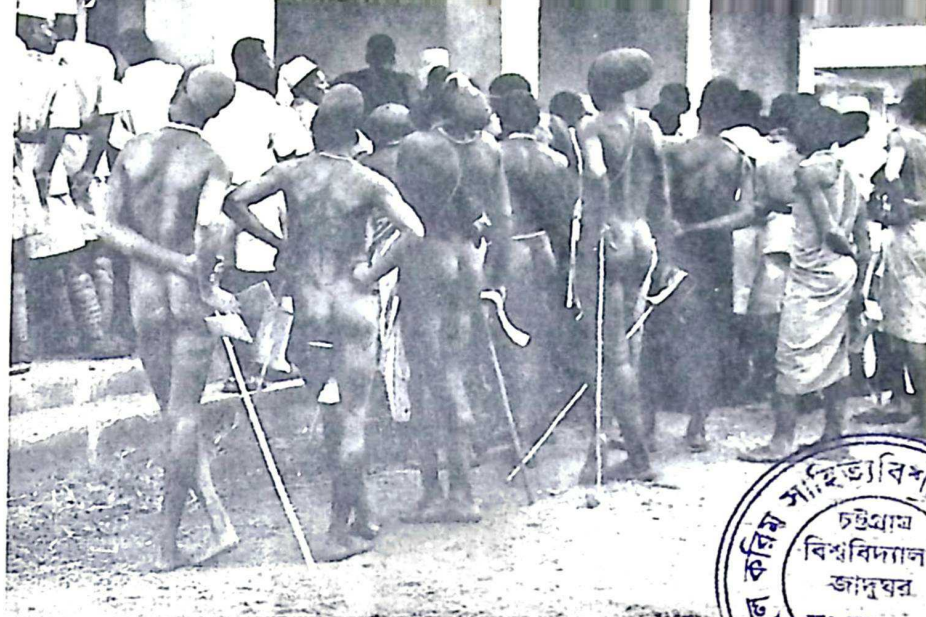
During his administration, he increased the budget from \$1,000,000 to more than \$65.2 million, and began a road and rail system. But these achievements came at the price of doing away with a free press, stifling all official opposition and maintaining a docile, corrupt civil service. Under his rule, Liberia's economy remained largely the preserve of the Firestone Co. As events following his death showed, the country is firmly adhering to the rule of law—at least for the moment. Under the U.S.-style constitution, the leadership was peaceably handed over to Vice President William R. Tolbert, 58, a man who has the same political views as his mentor, but who can never hope to emulate Old Daddy's style. Tolbert's mandate will run until elections are held in January. Then he may have to compete with, among other rivals, a 38-year-old Harvard graduate with the potent name of William Vacanarat Shadrach Tubman Jr.

UGANDA

Naked Repression

Of Uganda's dozen or so major tribes, none is poorer or more primitive than the Karamojong. Living on a 4,000-sq.-mi. stretch of sandy scrubland in the remote northeast, the 280,000 tribesmen know few tools other than their steel-bladed spears, live on little more than a mixture of curdled blood and milk, and have no wealth other than their thirsty herds. But much to the Karamojongs' distress, all that really seems to disturb the reform-minded regime in far-off Kampala is the fact that they have no clothes.

Karamojong women may sport a beaded apron or cowhide mini-breechcloth, but the men will suffer nothing more than metal bangles or an eagle's feather in the hair, earrings and a few copper neckbands. Concerned that such casual garb would make Uganda appear backward, the country's ebullient President, General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin, decreed that the tribesmen should don shirts, trousers and shoes. The order struck the Karamojongs as an act of naked repression. Village chiefs who tried to read Amin's declaration ("Nakedness is neither in your interest nor in the interests of the republic") were



KARAMOJONG TRIBESMEN IN THE STREETS OF MOROTO
Clinging to that backward look.

shouted down by mobs of starkers tribesmen. Those who actually put on clothes had them torn off their backs by uncompromising sans-culottes and were forced to eat the shreds. Troops had to quell a riot that broke out near Moroto, the dusty district capital, when the edict was proclaimed.

Amin, who seized power from Apolo Milton Obote in a coup last January, personally toured the region to talk up trousers. Some tribesmen heeded his pleas, but a cholera epidemic broke out a few days later, confirming an old tribal suspicion that clothes only hide disease. So far, the only Karamojongs Big Daddy has succeeded in dressing up are the 120 tribesmen who were tried and convicted of rioting at Moroto. They have been sentenced to six months in jail—in prison garb.



"BIG DADDY" AMIN IN SWIM TRUNKS
Talking up trousers.



CHILE

Setback for a Native Son

Ever since he won last September's presidential election with just 36.3% of the vote in a three-way race, Salvador Allende Gossens has been anxious to widen his slim popular margin. Last April his Popular Unity coalition of Socialists, Communists and Radicals collected an impressive 50.8% of the vote in nationwide municipal elections, and he seemed well on the way. But last week, in a by-election in one of the largest of Chile's 29 congressional districts, Chile's Marxist President suffered an embarrassing setback.

The congressional by-election involved Allende's home province of Valparaíso in central Chile. In last fall's presidential balloting, Allende himself ran a close second in the normally conservative Christian Democratic area. This time, he had reason to hope that his coalition's candidate would win big. In a bid for local favor, Allende had transferred his official residence from Santiago to Valparaíso's city hall during the Chilean summer. When an earthquake hit the district last month, government aid arrived with unwonted haste—and so did Allende to inspect the damage.

Last Chance. To no avail. The voters turned down the young (30) Popular Unity candidate, and handed the Valparaíso seat to middle-roading Dr. Oscar Marín, 62, a physician. Marín campaigned on the line that "this may be the last chance for the people to say to Dr. Allende that we want social changes, but with personal freedom and without Marxist sectarianism." Marín's margin—4,637 votes in a total of 278,263—showed the power of the Chilean women's vote, which tends to be conservative. As one of Allende's coalition partners, Radical Party Leader Carlos Morales, rather infelicitously put it: "We have to discuss how we can penetrate more into the feminine sector."

Dangerous Assault on the Sea of Rains

It is the most forbidding region man has ever attempted to visit on the moon. To the northeast lies a towering, 15,000-ft. peak called Mount Hadley. Another mountain, Hadley Delta, only slightly less majestic at 12,000 ft., looms directly to the south. To the west is a winding, mile-wide, 1,200-ft.-deep canyon. Yet two U.S. astronauts are scheduled to land in the midst of that treacherous terrain at 6:15 p.m. E.D.T., Friday, July 30. Their landing will mark the beginning of man's fourth and most daring lunar assault.

Apollo 15's commander, Dave Scott, and his fellow moon walker, Jim Irwin, are confident that the landing will be well worth the risks. So are NASA's scientists. Located at the southeastern edge of the Sea of Rains, the perilous highland landing site is farther north of the lunar equator than any area yet trod by man. It offers a scientifically tantalizing sampling of four major types of lunar features: a *mare* (or lunar sea of once molten lava), an alpine range

called the Apennines, a deep, snaking rille or gorge and a variety of puzzling smaller mounds and craters. Scientists hope to recover fragments of the moon's original crust. The landscape could supply scientists with new clues to the origin of the moon and to the birth of the solar system itself.

Last week, as final preparations were made for the dangerous journey, hundreds of thousands of tourists thronged the Cape Kennedy area. The great crowds were reminiscent of those that watched the lift-off of the first moon-landing expedition just over two years ago. Isolated in their crew area, Scott, Irwin and Command-Module Pilot Al Worden practiced maneuvers on Apollo flight simulators, underwent extensive medical examinations, took spins in a terrestrial version of their moon rover and reviewed the myriad details of their lengthy flight plans in the final hours of the countdown. Even the Russians helped. In response to NASA's inquiries, Soviet space officials assured the U.S.

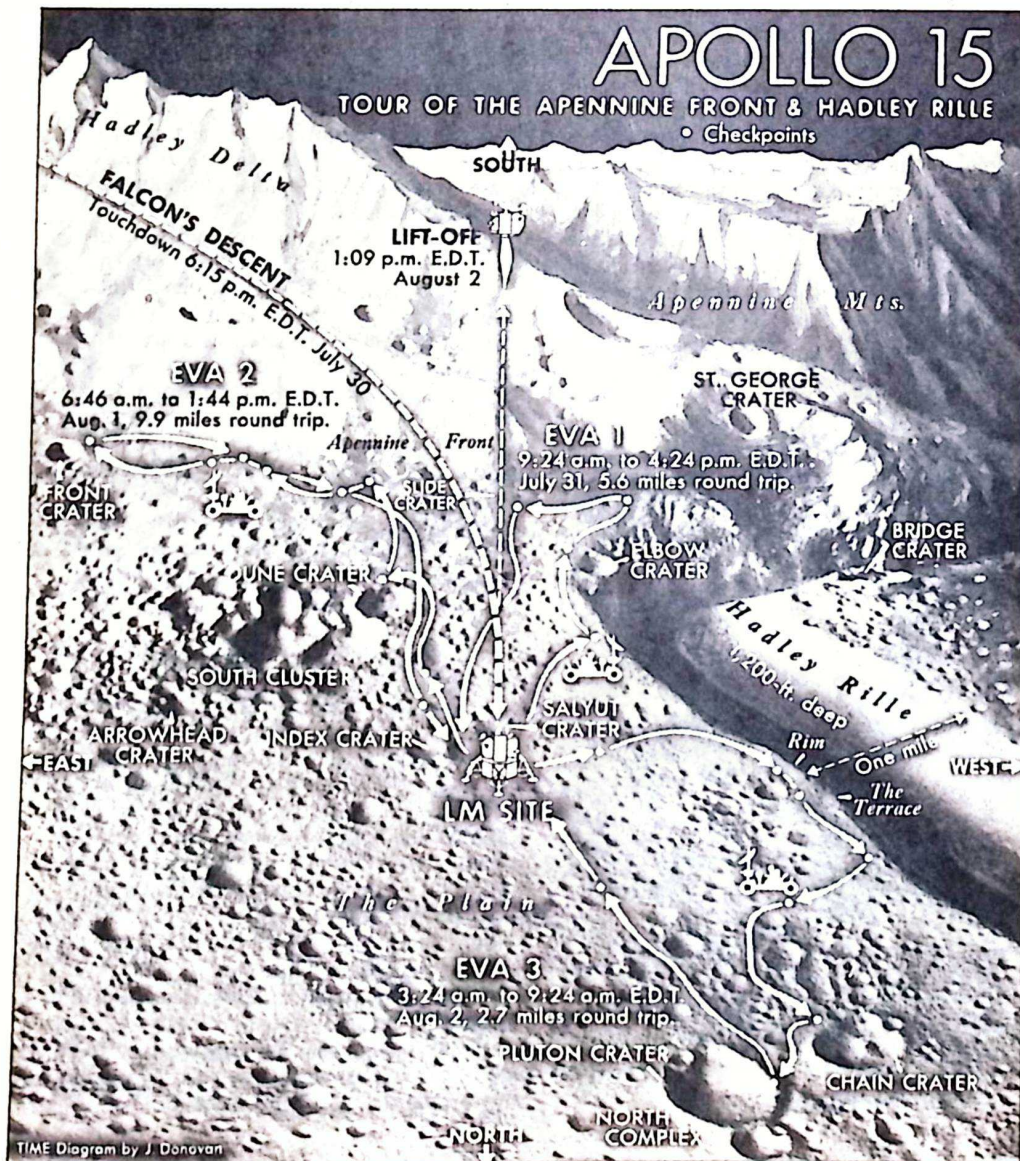
that the recent deaths of three cosmonauts aboard Soyuz 11 were not the result of any new problems that might imperil the Apollo 15 astronaut.

Awesome Panorama. If all goes well the plan calls for a moon landing after a steep, 25° descent. As the astronaut swoop into the mountainous Hadley-Apennine region, the sharp slant of their approach path will give them an excellent view of the designated touchdown area which is just west of a lunar feature called Index Crater. After that, Apollo activities for the next 67 hrs. are precisely scheduled. The plan:

Ninety minutes after landing, Scott will swing open the overhead hatch of the lunar lander *Falcon* (named for the mascot of the Air Force Academy), poke his head out like a tank commander on patrol and give Mission Control a long, detailed description of the awesome panorama. Next morning, at 9:24 E.D.T., Scott will again prepare to emerge from the lunar module; this time he will crawl out of the side hatch and climb down *Falcon's* ladder. In the process, he will open an exterior equipment shelf, activating a color-TV camera to let the world follow his progress. When Irwin joins him a few minutes later, the astronauts will unload their collapsible two-seater lunar rover from its compartment in the side of the lunar module. That delicate operation will also be televised back to earth. If the \$12.7 million moon Jeep works during an initial trial run of a few feet, the astronauts will be ready to take their first spin across the dusty lunar soil.

As they drive slowly off to the southwest, they will be tightly belted in their seats in order to keep them from flying out of the car in the weak lunar gravity should the vehicle hit a bump. After about 1½ miles, they will halt briefly at the edge of Hadley Rille for the first of many checks of the rover's navigational gear. But their real scientific work will begin during three subsequent rock-collecting stops: at the east rim of 1,200-ft.-wide Elbow Crater, on the sloped side of even larger St. George Crater, which lies part way up the Apennine front at the base of Hadley Delta, and at a smaller feature called Slide Crater (because the steepness of the slope is believed to have caused rock slides in the area). During each stop a color camera mounted on the rover and controlled from the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston will televise their activities.

Fruit Bars. If not totally exhausted, the astronauts will end the first seven-hour EVA (Extra-Vehicular Activity) by setting up their Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package in a flat area at least 300 ft. from *Falcon*. One new experiment is designed to measure the heat flow from the moon's interior, a possible tip-off to its composition. But before Scott can insert delicate heat sensors into the lunar soil, he must first bore two 10-ft.-deep holes about 30 ft. apart with an electric drill. That could



A High-Flying Crew for Apollo

THE astronauts of Apollo 15, all Air Force officers, have distinguished themselves by their tireless efforts to sharpen their scientific skills. They are widely proclaimed to be the most scientifically knowledgeable crew to travel to the moon.

COLONEL DAVID R. SCOTT, 39, Apollo 15's handsome commander, is the only member of the crew to have ventured into space before. In 1966, teamed with Neil Armstrong, he coolly helped land the Gemini 8 spacecraft after it began tumbling wildly in earth orbit. Three years later, Scott was aboard Apollo 9 for another orbital mission. The son of a retired Air Force general, Scott was born in San Antonio, Texas, attended the University of Michigan for a year, then switched to West Point, where he graduated fifth in his class (1954), and later took his master's degree in aeronautics and astronautics at M.I.T. Even more than most astronauts, he is an outspoken patriot. When colors were being suggested for Apollo 15's emblem, Scott asked, "What's wrong with red, white and blue?" Those were the colors se-



SCOTT, WORDEN & IRWIN

lected. Scott is married and the father of a boy and a girl.

MAJOR ALFRED M. WORDEN, 39, the command-module pilot, is the crew's freest spirit. He likes good food and drink, plays his baby grand piano for visitors to his bachelor flat (everything from Beethoven to bop) and sleeps in a bed topped with a canopy of aluminum reflectors. "It gets me up in the morning," Worden explains. "I can't stand looking at all those ugly faces." Born in Jackson, Mich., Worden graduated from West Point in 1955, switched to the Air Force and later took a master's degree in astronautical and aeronautical engineering and instrumentation at the University of Michigan. His social life is active, ranging from pretty Houston secretaries to New York TV starlets. Worden was quietly divorced from his

wife in 1968, but is still on friendly terms with her and remains close to their two daughters.

LIEUT. COLONEL JAMES B. IRWIN, 41, the lunar-module pilot, was almost barred from space. Severely injured in a 1961 plane crash (two broken legs, a fractured jaw and a concussion that temporarily wiped out part of his memory), Irwin was twice rejected by NASA before he was finally selected in 1966. Born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Irwin graduated from the Naval Academy in 1951, accepted a commission in the Air Force and quickly developed a taste for flying. Relatively short (5 ft. 8 in.) and introspective, he runs and plays tennis to keep in shape but seems to like few things better than staying at home with his wife, a former photographer's model, and their four children, Joy, Jill, James and Jan.

well be a tedious chore. If Scott and Irwin need an extra jolt of energy, however, they will be able to nibble on energy-producing fruit bars strategically placed inside their helmets. Drinking water or fruit juice will also be available in the helmets through a tube attached to a special container.

Next morning, Sunday, Aug. 1, the astronauts will take their second lunar ride. Heading almost due south past a small crater named Salyut (in honor of the Soviet space station), they will make their way along a tangle of small craters called the South Cluster. At about 4½ miles from the lunar module, they should reach Front Crater, the farthest of their rock-collecting stops.

The final excursion is scheduled to begin Monday at 3:24 a.m. E.D.T., with

a tour along Hadley Rille, one of the many canyon-like features on the moon that have long puzzled scientists. Most experts now dismiss the idea that rilles were carved out by water, like the Rio Grande Gorge near Taos, N. Mex., which they resemble; instead, the canyons may be the result of lava flows. To help settle the argument, the astronauts plan to drive part way down the slope, which begins at a relatively gentle incline of about 10°. As the going gets rougher for the rover, they may leave it behind and walk the rest of the way into the rille. Later, the astronauts will drive to North Complex, a collection of craters and hummocks that may be an indication of relatively recent volcanic activity on the moon.

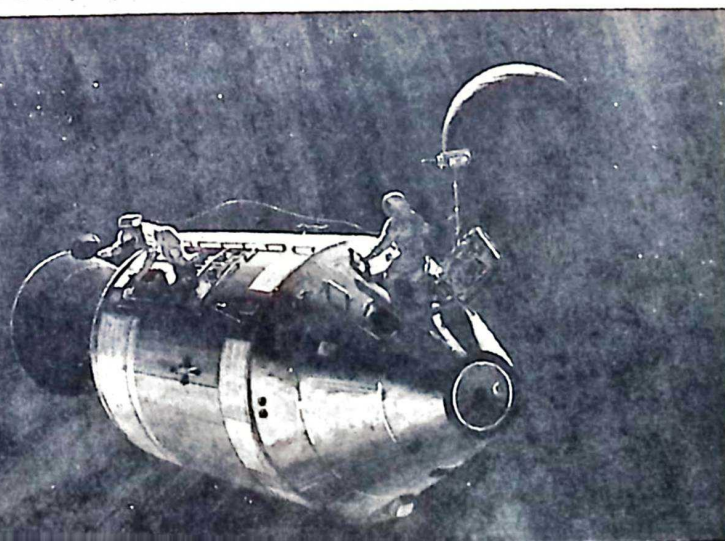
When they get back to the landing

site, Scott will park the rover 300 ft. from *Falcon* and 3½ hrs. later, at 1:09 p.m., the car's camera should give the world its first live view of a spacecraft blasting off from the moon. By 3:04 p.m., Scott and Irwin should dock with the command module *Endeavour* (named for the ship used by 18th century English Navigator and Explorer James Cook). That will also reunite them with Worden, who will have conducted more scientific experiments than any other command-module pilot during his three days alone in lunar orbit.

Space Walk. Before the *Endeavour* changes course for home, the astronauts are scheduled to launch a small (78.5-lb.) satellite into lunar orbit. It is equipped to radio back scientific information about the moon's surface and environment for more than a year. Then, after they begin the long journey back to earth, Worden is scheduled to take man's first "walk" in deep space. With a TV camera trained on him, he will climb outside the ship while it is about 200,000 miles from earth and retrieve film cassettes from cameras in an open equipment bay of the service module.

Two days later, on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 7, *Endeavour* is scheduled to splash down in the Pacific, 328 miles north of Hawaii. For the astronauts, it should be an especially warm homecoming. Since no moon bugs or other dangerous sources of contamination have been brought back to earth on previous flights, NASA will not require the men of Apollo 15 to undergo the usual 21-day post-flight quarantine.

SKETCH OF WORDEN (LEFT) TAKING "WALK" IN DEEP SPACE WITH IRWIN HELPING





NAGY & FRACCI IN "ROMEO"

Living by the Star System

Poor Romeo. He and his Juliet seem doomed to be endlessly reincarnated across the stages of the world. From Broadway to Hollywood, from La Scala to the Met, from the Bolshoi to Manhattan's New York State Theater, there is scarcely an evening when somewhere or other the young lovers are not locked in one another's arms. One of the most affecting renditions of their adaptable story is the dance created by Antony Tudor in 1943 for the American Ballet Theater (then known as just plain Ballet Theater). Last week, after several years out of the repertory, it was revived and remounted by Tudor for the ABT summer season at Lincoln Center.

His *Romeo* differs from the more familiar versions presented by the Stuttgart, Bolshoi, Royal Danish Ballet and England's Royal Ballet. Theirs are full-length, three-act pieces that use the musically bejeweled Prokofiev score. Tudor's 50-minute ballet is based on several welly romantic pieces by English Composer Frederick Delius. Where Prokofiev pants, Delius sighs; where the Russian stomps, the Briton floats. Tudor, a pioneer in bringing psychological realism to ballet, matches the soft, antique mood of the score. The gemlike production looks like a Botticelli painting in motion.

Tudor's mime-laden choreography is ably danced by the ABT soloists. The Juliet of the première was Italy's Carla Fracci, whose gentle, girlish way of evoking youthful passion is complemented by the stiff, manly Romeo of Ivan Nagy. If their individual dancing styles do not always mesh, Tudor nonetheless is still able to make disunity work for, not against, the production.

Disunity remains the major problem

DANCE



MARGOT FONTEYN IN "POÈME DE L'EXTASE"

of the ABT, the nation's oldest ballet troupe. Its star performers are second to none. Trouble is, there are almost as many styles as dancers, and more often than not, productions have a slightly under-rehearsed look. Its secondary leads, and particularly the corps, vary from good to "good grief." When Natalia Makarova—the dazzling Russian defector who formerly starred with Leningrad's Kirov Ballet—floats to her forest glade in *Swan Lake*, the ragged corps resembles a Long Island duck farm rather than anything 19th century Choreographer Marius Petipa had in mind. Equally disheveled is a new ABT production this season of a Kirov specialty, *Paquita*; at times, the arm placement of the corps looks like a demonstration of semaphore signals.

Study in Sadism. Still, ABT has the widest repertoire of any company around, ranging from admirable productions of such classics as *Swan Lake* and *Coppélia*, to *The River*, a bluesy work by Modern Dancer Alvin Ailey. The company diligently polishes up a few new ballets each season. In addition to *Paquita* and Tudor's restaging of *Romeo*, the current novelties include Ulf Gadd's choreography of *The Miraculous Mandarin*, Béla Bartók's horrific musical study in sadism, and an airy piece called *Mendelssohn Symphony* by a promising dancer-choreographer, Dennis Nahat.

Besides variety, ABT offers star performances: Makarova, Fracci, Cynthia Gregory and Mimi Paul are classic stylists of the first rank. The company also has fiery, assertive Lupe Serrano and tall, angular Sallie Wilson, two extraordinary dancing actresses, plus a perky future star in young Zhandra Rodriguez. Guest Artist Erik Bruhn, particularly when partnering Fracci or Makarova,

is still a paragon of courtliness and nobility. Bruce Marks, combining stateliness with passion in José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane*, excels in sheer dramatic power, while Ted Kivitt can produce with seemingly incredible ease, the kind of skyward leaps and turns that electrify audiences.

American Ballet Theater lives by the old-fashioned star system—not, on the whole, a bad way to live. Clearly, the company might benefit by having a resident choreographer who could give more stylistic unity, and by having a stern ballet master to instill discipline into a group that sometimes looks as if it were making things up as it goes along.

■ Robert T. Jones

Passion with a Put-On

Dame Margot Fonteyn is indisputably a *prima ballerina assoluta*. The Stuttgart Ballet now ranks among Europe's best dance companies. Its director and chief choreographer, John Cranko, is possibly the reigning master of story ballet. Put them all together and what do you get? What you get, sad to say, is a campy, overripe, overdecorated disaster called *Poème de l'Extase*, which was given its American première last week at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Mature Genius. Based on two sensuous scores by Scriabin, *Poème* was created for Fonteyn by Cranko, an admirer of hers since their days together at Britain's Royal Ballet. There is something basically appealing about a tribute from one artist to another, and the principal role would seem to be tailor-made for the mature genius of Dame Margot, now 52. She plays a turn-of-the-century operatic diva who meets and dazzles a younger man (Egon Madsen) at a cocktail party. Then, in a swirling dream sequence, she recalls the four great loves of her past. Realizing that amour is now beyond her, she sends the youth away and stands alone onstage with her memories as the curtain falls.

This conventional theme might serve for a Tennessee Williams playlet. It might even be turned into a decent ballet, but not as Cranko has tarted it up. *Poème* inconsistently wobbles between crude parody—guests at the party flounce offstage in a way that was clearly meant to be amusing—and lush sentimentality. The four lithe male dancers who play the diva's lovers are coyly dressed in skintight body stockings and continually swirl enormous Art Nouveau capes about themselves like pretend matadors at a gay beach.

Dame Margot still conveys expressive wonders with her exquisite arms, but she clearly is out of step with the acrobatic Cranko style, and her miming of anguish and passion looks rather like a put-on. *Poème*, in short, is less a tribute to her glamour than an unintentionally cruel exploitation of her age and fading skills.

■ John T. Elson

BEHAVIOR

Neurosis: Just a Bad Habit?

Making love in a Volkswagen can be an impossible feat, as a University of Pennsylvania student discovered not long ago. His failure led to a year of impotence that ended only recently when Temple University Psychiatrist Joseph Wolpe cured him in two sessions. Wolpe's treatment: a controversial method called behavior therapy.

The difference between behavior therapy and traditional Freudian psychoanalysis stems from the way each defines *neurosis*. To psychoanalysts, neurosis is the result of unconscious conflicts that influence behavior in complex, mysterious ways. But to behavior therapists, the unconscious does not matter; neurosis to them is a collection of bad habits that were learned much the way Pavlov's dogs learned to salivate at the sound of a bell. Believing that what has been learned can be unlearned, the behaviorists apply conditioning procedures developed in animal laboratories to break old habits and build new ones. Unlike psychoanalysis, which may go on for years, behavior therapy is often completed in fewer than 30 sessions—and it claims success in 85% of its cases.

Desensitization. The new method has no more than 100 practitioners, though the number is growing, and its advocates include such prominent psychologists as Harvard's B.F. Skinner and the University of London's H.J. Eysenck. Last month, as the principal developer of behavior therapy in the U.S., Joseph Wolpe conducted a training institute at Temple for 30 American, Canadian and Mexican therapists who wanted to learn his techniques.

Chief among these techniques is "systematic desensitization," the process a mother uses when she accustoms a baby to the ocean by dipping in one foot first, then a leg, then the infant's whole body. In that case, the delightful feel of the water gets the better of fright. Similarly in behavior therapy, Wolpe uses gradual methods of confronting neurotic behavior to overcome anxiety. The Pennsylvania student, for example, was told that his failure had conditioned him to fear sex, and he was advised to find an understanding girl who would be patient with him until he had conquered his fear by degrees. Approaching her sexually on successive days, he stopped each time he began to feel uneasy; soon the connection between sex and anxiety was broken, and the link between intercourse and pleasure restored. For Wolpe and his colleagues, sexual problems are generally the easiest to cure, because sexual desire is stronger than fear.

When trouble arises not from relationships with people but from such fears as claustrophobia, Wolpe urges his patients to learn to relax. First, how-

ever, the patient is reassured: "You are not mentally ill, and there is no danger of your going insane." Then he is questioned about the situations that trigger his anxiety, and the triggers are ranked according to intensity. After the sufferer has been taught to relax completely—through muscular exercises—he is asked to imagine the least frightening trigger: in a person who fears death, it may be the sight of an ambulance. If he becomes frightened, he is told to let go physically, so that relaxation can in effect replace fear. If he remains unafraid, he is asked to think of the next trigger—driving past a cemetery, for example—until at last he can finally confront the idea of what terrifies him most: perhaps a corpse in a coffin.

Related techniques involve what behaviorists call reinforcement and aversion therapy (TIME, March 7, 1969; and July 11, 1969). Basically, the methods depend on the old carrot-and-stick approach, which rewards desired habits and punishes unwanted ones. Male homosexuals, for example, may be given electric shocks when they look at pictures of nude men and granted relief from the shocks when they view female figures (see cut). "What we are doing," explains Reinforcement Therapist Ogden Lindsley of the University of Kansas, "is very similar to what progressive businesses do. We constantly monitor performance. But instead of improving sales, we try to improve behavior." Such a pragmatic approach is seen as one of the major advantages of behavior therapy by its supporters. Instead of searching for the elusive causes of neurosis, as in psychoanalysis, behavior therapy deals solely with neu-

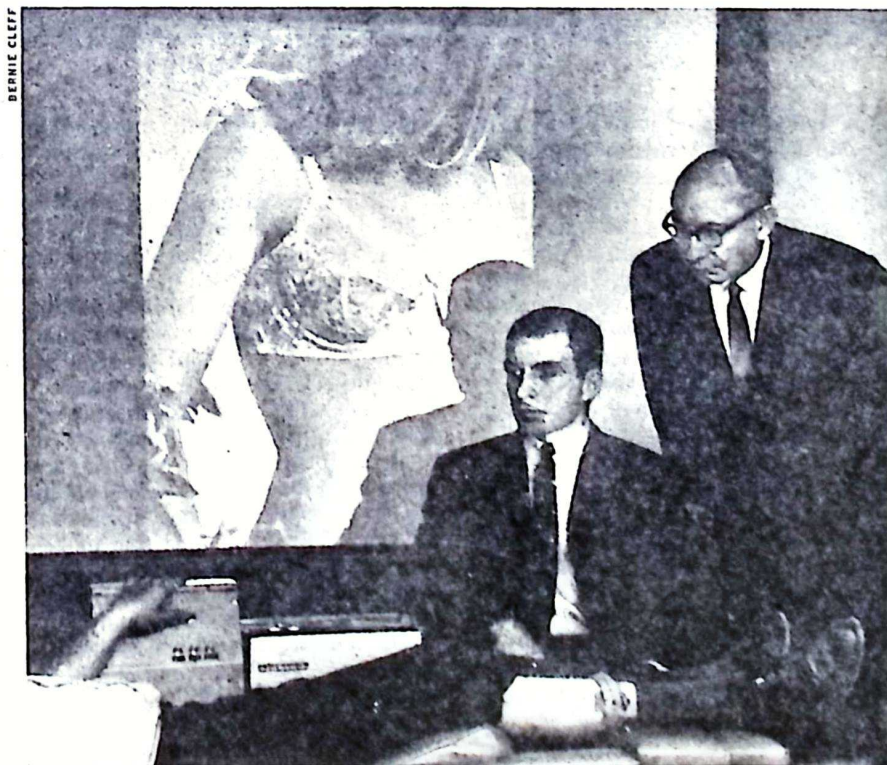
rotic symptoms and tries only to correct disturbed behavior.

The use of physical punishment to eliminate symptoms is distasteful to some scientists, including Boston College Psychologist Joseph Cautela, who has found more subtle approaches. Recently Cautela has successfully treated obese patients by training them to imagine that they are vomiting; the idea of nausea was enough to curb their appetites. He has also taught patients to overcome intense fear of flying with a step-by-step fantasy in which the patient "travels" to an airport, rewards himself with the thought of something he likes, such as meeting a friend, then "boards" a plane, thinks of his reward again, and finally manages to take off in imagination—and eventually in reality.

Man's Freedom. To its critics, behavior therapy is shallow because it lacks a unifying theory to explain the human personality. Behaviorists are quick to reply that what counts is behavior therapy's effectiveness.

Much harder to dismiss are allegations that behavior therapy threatens man's freedom by manipulating patients like so many laboratory animals. San Francisco's Allen Wheelis, who is both psychoanalyst and thoughtful novelist, believes that a human being who submits to behavior manipulation "is treating himself as object and to some extent, therefore, becomes an object." In a similar vein, Los Angeles Analyst Judd Marmor recently wrote that the new method comes "uncomfortably close to the dangerous area of thought and behavior control." Not so, says Behaviorist Alan Goldstein of Temple University. "People come to us to have their behavior changed. It is not our choice. We don't tell them how they ought to behave."

THERAPIST WOLPE (RIGHT) TREATING HOMOSEXUAL PATIENT



BERNIE CLEFF

Computerized Steamroller

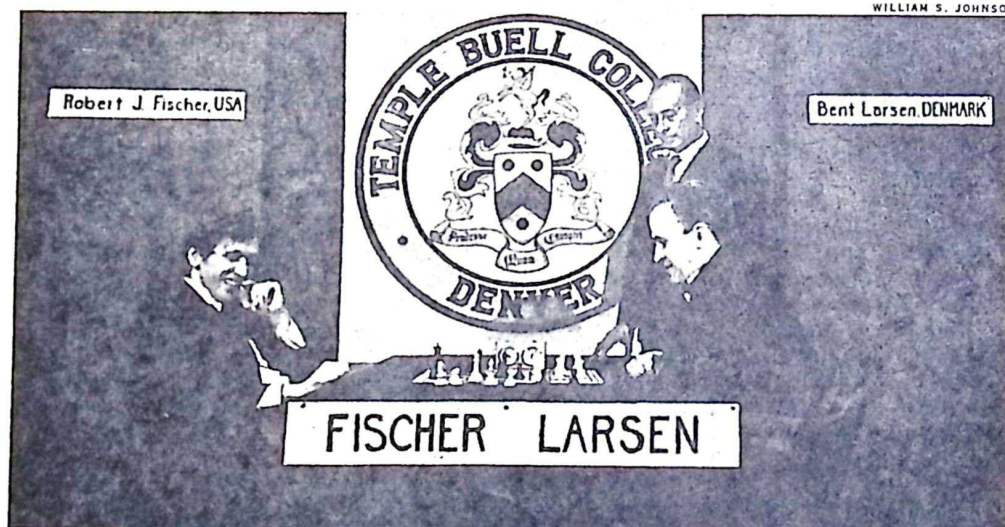
According to the World Chess Federation, the champion chess player is Russia's Boris Spassky. Not so, says Bobby Fischer of the U.S. Two months ago he declared, "I'm tired of being the unofficial champion," and he took on Soviet Grand Master Mark Taimanov in the first of three elimination matches to determine the challenger for Spassky's title. Fischer won by the startling score of 6-0—the first time in chess history that one grand master had shut out another without a single drawn game. Last week in Denver, Fischer attacked Denmark's brilliant Bent Larsen like a computerized steamroller and won again, 6-0. Analyzing Fischer's back-to-back victories, the equivalent of pitching two straight no-hitters in baseball, Chess Master Anthony Saidy said, "He is the most rounded chess genius of all time."

Fischer may also be the most unpredictable. He was just a pubescent

ted my revenge if I ever come back." When he did come back to tournament play he seemed a new and more determined competitor. "I should have been world champion ten years ago," he said. "I now feel a sense of mission to win the championship."

In his matches against Larsen last week, Fischer disdained his daring assaults of old and played the more profound game of the classical strategist. Instead of rushing into aggressive but precarious attacks, he concentrated on the development of position while waiting for an opening. But when it came, he attacked with the unrelenting ferocity of the boy wonder who once said, "I like to see 'em squirm." With a 5-0 lead and needing only the $\frac{1}{2}$ point awarded for a draw to win, any other chess master would have played for a tie. Not Bobby. After losing the crucial center position to Larsen in the final game, he fell into a tight defensive formation, which his opponent was never able to penetrate. Two

WILLIAM S. JOHNSON



CHAMPIONSHIP CONTENDERS RELAXING AFTER A MATCH
Like pitching two straight no-hitters.

prodigy of 14 when, turned out in T shirt, dungarees and sneakers, he won the first of eight U.S. chess championships. Ever since, Bobby has been known as the Brooklyn bad boy. He walked out of tournaments. He complained about the lighting, the scheduling, the spectators, the air conditioning, the living conditions, the purses. He refused to compete in the last two world championships, charging that the powerful Russian players had "cheated" by playing for draws against one another and for wins against Western grand masters.

Sense of Mission. In 1968, when officials at the Chess Olympiad refused his demands for better playing conditions, Fischer stomped out and withdrew from international competition "for a period of introspection." Moving to California, he holed up with his massive collection of chess books and "plot-

pawns down after 40 moves, Larsen took a long look at his position and resigned.

If Fischer's game is more controlled these days, so too is his temper. In Denver he did not walk out when he found the lighting less than perfect. Instead, he worked with a lighting consultant and had the fluorescent tubes changed six times until he found the ideal glare-free glow. Though many chess professionals still object to Fischer's irascible ways, they now grudgingly admit that his primary concern has always been the good of the game. His charges of Russian cheating, for example, did result in rule changes that make collusion more difficult.

Now 28, Fischer is determined to break the Russians' monopoly on the world championship, which they have held since 1948. No American has ever won the title; indeed, in the past quarter-

century (the championship is held every three years) no Western player has even advanced to the finals. To gain his show down with Spassky, Fischer must first meet the winner of a semifinal match now being played in Moscow between Tigran Petrosian and Victor Korchnoi.

Spassky, for one, is reportedly convinced that Fischer will be his challenger. Fischer is convinced of even more. Asked who is the world's greatest player, he unhesitatingly answers, "It's nice to be modest, but it would be stupid if I did not tell the truth. It is Fischer."

Sugar Bear, Formerly Gentle Ben

Everyone in baseball knows the main reason why the Pittsburgh Pirates are leading the National League's Eastern Division. Leftfielder Wilner Dornel Stargell is leading everyone in baseball in home runs and runs batted in. But why, exactly, is the lefthanded slugger hitting so well this season? Some say it's because the rightfield power alley in Pittsburgh's new Three Rivers Stadium is 23 ft. shorter than it was in Forbes Field, the Pirates' old home. Others explain that Willie is using a new bludgeon of a bat that is four ounces heavier and two inches longer than his old model. Stargell, 30, has a simpler theory: "It could just be me coming into my own."

It is also true that the Pirates are coming into their own as a team. Their pitching is clicking—particularly Righthanders Dock Ellis and Steve Blass, who have accounted for 25 wins against only seven losses this season. Pirate hitting is positively awesome; no fewer than five starters—Stargell, Roberto Clemente, Manny Sanguillen, Dave Cash and Richie Hebner—are batting over .300. As a result, the Pirates are leading the league in games won (64), runs scored (502), hits (981), home runs (104), runs batted in (473) and hitting (.282). For all their joint heroics, though, the Bucs ascribe their strong showing this season to the team's natural leader. "If Stargell hits," explains Dave Cash, "we win. It's as simple as that."

Streak Hitter. This April Willie hit .347 and clouted eleven homers to set a new record for the first month of the season. He also capped the month of June against the Philadelphia Phillies with his 28th homer to set yet another record for the first three months of the season. Now, with 32 home runs and 89 runs batted in, he is well on his way to his best season ever. Even so, Willie refuses to be overly confident—and for good reason.

Since he joined the Pirates nine years ago, he has always hit what he likes to call "long taters"—a 512-ft. shot over the bleachers in the Los Angeles Dodger Stadium, a 542-ft. blast over the right-centerfield wall in Forbes Field. Trouble is, Willie has never been able to sustain his slugging over an entire sea-

Iron Chancellor

NBC has been trying to pick up the pieces of its nightly network newscast ever since Chet Huntley retired to Montana a year ago. What he and David Brinkley provided was a happy accident, a memorable blend of sonorous seriousness and acid wit. In their early ratings and in their personal chemistry, they were a hard act to follow. So hard, in fact, that last week NBC abandoned the plural approach to the evening news. For the first time in 15 years, it will go with a single anchor man. In mid-August, veteran Newsman John Chancellor gets the job.

He will replace an interim troika composed of himself, Brinkley and Frank McGee. NBC News President Reuven Frank insists that the change has nothing to do with ratings. (Since 1968, two years before Huntley left, CBS has had a small but respectable lead in the evening-news audience. The standings have not changed appreciably with the Chancellor-Brinkley-McGee format.)

Satchel for a Solo. By Frank's account, Hugh Downs, host of the *Today* show, was indirectly the catalyst for the news shake-up. Downs wanted a break to relax, write and lecture. "We would have kept going under the old format for another year," says Frank, but Downs was adamant about quitting. "I coaxed Frank McGee," Frank admits. McGee takes over *Today* in October. Brinkley, meanwhile, will assume the job of "commentator" for NBC News. Next month *David Brinkley's Journal* will be seen as a separate segment of most of the nightly newscasts, NBC's riposte to Eric Sevareid at CBS and Howard K. Smith at ABC. Brinkley will also do four one-hour specials a year.

Thoughtful and urbane, John Chancellor, 44, has a satchel of credentials for his new solo job. He broke into journalism in his home town, Chicago, as a copy boy for the *Sun-Times*. He was sacked during an economy drive in 1950 and took a temporary job with NBC as a news writer. He was soon signed on full time and found himself out on the streets covering fires and chasing criminals. When *Monitor* was started on NBC radio, Chancellor was among the first newsmen assigned to that novel and imaginative operation. Driving a mobile unit rigged to look like a police car, complete with a flashing red light and a siren, Chancellor stayed tuned to the police radio band and often beat the cops to the scene of the crime.

Among his notable achievements was his coverage of the Arkansas school integration fight in 1957, when the National Guard was ordered in to counteract Governor Orval Faubus' refusal to mix the classrooms. He impressed other newsmen with his solid judgment, laying it on the line about Faubus without being offensive. It was also an as-

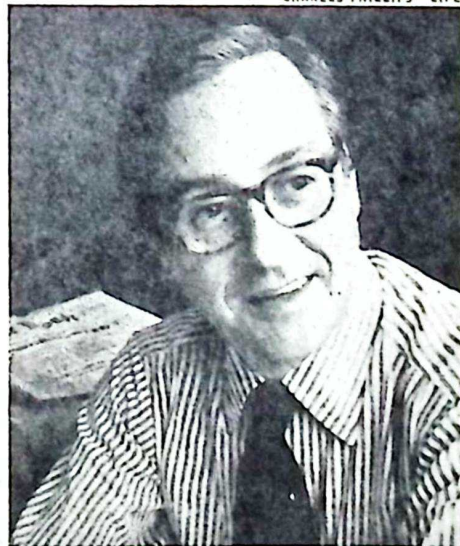
signment that caught the eye of NBC network bosses in New York.

Chancellor won a reputation among his NBC colleagues as an "iron man" for talking 90 minutes nonstop on camera in November 1960 while he and the rest of the national press waited for John Kennedy to arrive at the Hyannis armory to make the presidential-election victory statement. During the 1964 Republican Convention, he was hustled bodily off the floor by a sergeant at arms attempting to clear the aisles. "It's awfully hard to remain dignified at a time like this," Chancellor ad-libbed. As he faded from the screen, he solemnly intoned: "This is John Chancellor, somewhere in custody."

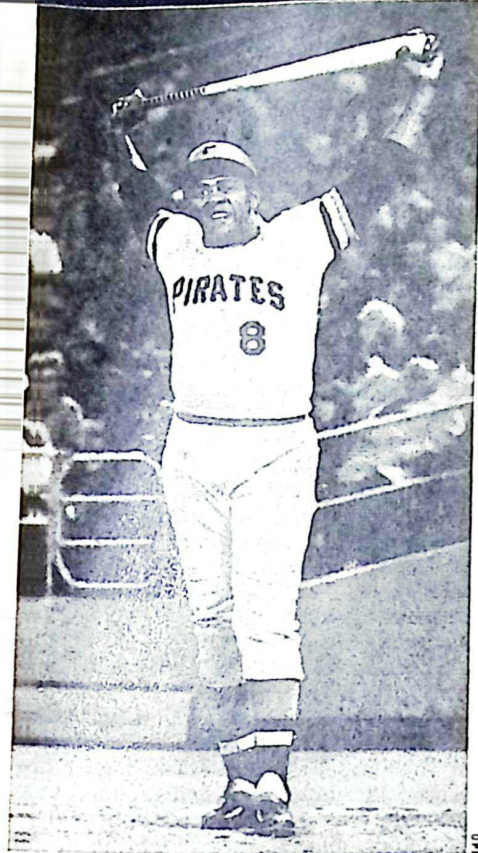
Who's Being Skewered? In 20 years at NBC, Chancellor has emceed the *Today* show, covered five presidential campaigns and headed bureaus in Vienna, London, Moscow, Brussels and Berlin. He took a brief break from NBC from 1965 to 1967 to head the *Voice of America*. Despite his penchant for politics and hard news, Chancellor's interests also range to literature and music. Out of a job back in his early Chicago days, he decided he had not read enough. He took to his apartment for eight months, subsisting mainly on baked potatoes, to catch up on books. When he was notified of the *Today* show assignment in 1961, he took the call at the Opera House in Vienna where he was watching a performance of *The Magic Flute*.

Of his new assignment, Chancellor says: "The show is neater and easier to handle if one guy does the news, another guy gives you something memorable to take away." Plainly he is not averse to having Brinkley keep up regular appearances. "When David lets go, he really lets go," Chancellor thinks. "We hope people will be sitting out there wondering who's being skewered tonight." Undoubtedly, they will be.

CHARLES PHILLIPS—LIFE



NBC's JOHN CHANCELLOR
Flashing red light and a siren.



STARGELL LIMBERING UP
Free chicken for every long tater.

son. Periodically slowed by bad knees, both of which have been operated on for bone chips, he is one of the league's most notorious streak hitters. Five years ago, for example, he set some kind of lhot-cold record by collecting nine straight hits on one occasion—and striking out seven times in a row on another. "When I'm hitting," he says, "it doesn't matter who's pitching. When I'm not, my four-year-old son can get me out."

Four-Mile Hikes. Stargell's new eminence as the league's most dangerous power hitter has caused other Pirates to stop calling their amiable 6-ft. 24-in. cleanup batter "Gentle Ben." Now, in mock reference to the tiny TV-cartoon cereal pitchman, he is known as "Sugar Bear." Fact is, during past winter hibernations, Stargell would balloon up to 245 lbs. and then have to spend spring training "exercising instead of batting." This winter he combined a strict diet with four-mile hikes through the Penn Hills section of Pittsburgh, where he lives. As a result, he is down to a hard 215 lbs., compared with 235 lbs. at this time last season.

Apart from winning the pennant and driving in runs, the only other thing Willie has to concern himself with these days is that familiar symbol of the affluent athlete: an off-the-diamond business. Before the season, his fried chicken takeout restaurant in Pittsburgh's predominantly black Hill District announced that they would give away free chicken every time Willie hit a home run. As one happy fan explains: "The thinner Sugar Bear gets, the fatter I get."

A Half-Baedeker For China Tourists

Journeys by presidential assistants and reporters notwithstanding, it will still be some time before sweating, camera-clutching hordes of American tourists start shuttling across the Hong Kong border to begin the already standard Canton-Shanghai-Peking run. But the prospects for future tours are mind-bending: "Swim the Yangtze in Chairman Mao's wake," for example; or perhaps "Join the Harvest at the Sino-Albanian Friendship Commune." For the present, however, the few Americans allowed into China in the sneakered steps of the U.S. table tennis team have accumulated sufficient experiences to allow construction of a half-Baedeker.

Imperialist Relic. Hotels in China's Big Three tourist cities are something less than Hiltonish. Peking's Hsin Chiao (New Sojourn) Hotel has scantily furnished but adequately comfortable rooms, most with bath, for the equivalent of \$5 a day, while Shanghai's Hoping (Peace) Hotel charges roughly the same. Its rooms and general ambience are much pleasanter, to some Westerners at least, perhaps because the Hoping is a relic of imperialist days. A.P. Tokyo Correspondent John Roderick, who knew the Hoping as the Palace in 1948, found during his visit last April that it was "aging beautifully."

Canton's Tung Fang (East Wind) Hotel, however, stands in unhappy contrast. *Wall Street Journal* Reporter Robert Keatley found it "dark and dingy . . . perhaps China's worst," and *Times* man Tillman Durdin recalls "the foul, surly service we got in Canton, perhaps because the hotel was overtaxed then by trade-fair visitors."

Chinese hotels are not air conditioned, despite sweltering summers, and the Americans found that room service was

undependable. The crude domestic soap and toilet paper was best avoided. Room telephones in the Tung Fang, Roderick discovered, could be made to work once the dialing code was divined (dial 666 for the front desk)—but he had to go downstairs to learn the instructions.

All But the Quack. Restaurants were good, and food prices downright cheap, even in the best ones. Western dishes were scarce. "We ate Western food only at breakfast," reports *Newsday* Publisher William Attwood. "It was pretty bad." Roderick found his Chinese meals equaling or surpassing the best of Tokyo's fine Chinese restaurants. "Everything was just delicious," he recalls, "particularly a Peking duck dinner of six or seven courses at only \$2.50 per person." Henry Kissinger also enjoyed a Peking duck banquet during his visit last month. "We ate everything but the quack," reported a Kissinger aide. So good was the food that Kissinger reportedly gained five pounds during his two-day stay.

Once meals are completed, the average evening on the town tends to turn into an early snooze. Chinese opera and ballet are available, but themes are heavily propagandized. Atop the Tung Fang is a club boasting a small orchestra. The tunes run to Peking hit-parade items or swingy outdated Western numbers. The wall décor consists mostly of choice quotations from the Chairman—in Chinese, of course. Bar girls and prostitutes, once a feature of nightclubs in China, are no longer in evidence.

At the Hsin Chiao bar, habitués advise visitors to stick to the excellent domestic beer. Chinese champagne (\$2 a bottle) is cloyingly sweet, and the fiery mao-tai, a vodka-like spirit distilled from millet that is a favorite formal banquet tipple, reams out the unwary Western esophagus like a Roto-Rooter.

Wherever the tourist wanders in Chi-

na, one of the China Travel Service ubiquitous guides will be at his side. For most Westerners, help from the guides is essential: few Chinese speak English. The guides so far encountered by Statesiders have proved amiable and helpful, and their English is workable. In general, guides stick with a travel in only one area. Once launched on the flight from Canton to Peking (\$3 one way), or the 254-hr. Canton-Shanghai express, the traveler is on his own until scooped up at his destination by another guide.

Inscrutable Joys. Both trains and planes are kept wondrously neat, on-board food is excellent, the supply of hot tea is endless, and ticket prices are reasonable. Loudspeakers, however, relentlessly blare selections from the Mao glorifying "The East Is Red" or the equally ear-splitting "Sailing the Sea Depends on the Helmsman." (Three guesses as to who the helmsman happens to be.)

Aside from the one-upmanship value of a trip to China, the joys of China travel are largely inscrutable. There are few of the usual tourist attractions that draw the average American globetrotter. Museums, closed in the confusion of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, in many cases have yet to reopen, though Imperial Peking's excellent Palace Museum can be visited if special permission is obtained.

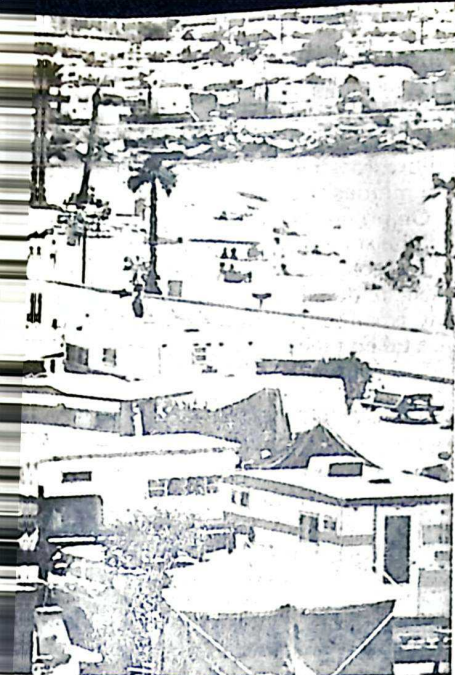
Indomitable travelers will find positive virtues, however. Tipping, for instance, is strictly forbidden. Shopping may on occasion be rewarding: a few authentic antiques can be turned up and some handicraft items are excellent. Personal honesty is impressively high: travelers find it almost impossible to throw even an exhausted toothbrush away without having a dutiful chambermaid pursue them to return it. Some personal relations, in fact, offer genuine pleasures. "Courtesy and politeness," says Roderick, "will get you treated well almost everywhere in China today."

SHANGHAI FEAST FOR U.S. PING PONG TEAM



ATOP THE GREAT WALL





CAMPLAND TRAILERS, TENTS & BEACH



CLEANUP AREA

The Asphalt Forest

It is late at night, and the drowsy little group of explorers hurries through the darkness. Their rations are low and the drinking water gone. It has been a long and arduous journey; now the rewards are at hand. The nuclear family is about to start a week of nuclear camping. The camp includes: a swimming pool, a laundromat, a supermarket, a billboard academy, a miniature golf course, and fence-to-fence asphalt and plastic grass.

This is camping? It is indeed, a Southern California transmutation of the American pioneer spirit. For years, camp grounds across the U.S. have been growing increasingly effete, but some sort of new mark is set by Campland, just off the heavily traveled San Diego Freeway. Essentially, Campland is a 42-acre parking lot that can accommodate 800 assorted trailers, mobile homes and just plain tents. For a fee that ranges from \$4 to \$6, depending on the size of lot, a family can pretend it is camping out while still enjoying the delights of suburbia. Television addicts can plug in their sets, Jacuzzi fans can return to the swirl, and if Mom forgot her hot pants back in San Berdoo, she can replace them at Campland's own boutique.

No Wild Animals. There is no lack of activities. A favorite pastime is climbing the 88-ft. observation tower to admire the view. To the east is a splendid vista of the traffic-jammed freeway, exhaust smoke billowing into the air, while across the bay is Sea World, an aquarium aswarm with tourists and backdropped by San Diego's busy Lindbergh International Field. Inside the camp's palisades, the pace is equally lively. Cars roll endlessly along the asphalt alleys while children splash in the tepid water of the bay.

The simpler joys of the wilderness are not quite as accessible. Only a few saplings struggle for survival among the

exhaust fumes. Wild animals are nowhere around; the nearest deer are at the local zoo ten miles away and even pets are banned in some parts of the lot. Many campers prefer to eat at the local beaneries, but a few still cook on their own fires with supplies from a local supermarket. "They're really roughing it today," says Supermarket Clerk Vic Gerouche as he bags Styrofoam cups, Tortilla Chips, Rice-A-Roni and four hunks of bubble gum for a camping family.

No Grass. Conveniences like these, however, are regarded by many inmates as a fair exchange for the shortage of real flora and fauna. "I like being able to run over and pick up a loaf of bread," says Mrs. Marcia Reese, waiting in the laundromat for a load of nappies to dry. "We enjoyed the quiet last week in the woods, but until my kids are out of diapers, this is more fun." For older kids, Campland is a mixed bag. Young Jeff Andreoli complains that he cannot play baseball or football: "There's no grass here." Karen Folts, 13, thinks the pool parlor is right on: "I like this place because there's a bunch of cool guys around. When my parents go camping in the wilderness, I stay home. It's boring."

Campland is no bore to Owner Yale Willis, an oilman who is growing increasingly wealthy on his investment. "It's almost unbelievable that people come here in such numbers," he says. "Perhaps it's because people raising families can't afford hotels. We are really one of the greatest baby-sitting organizations in the country." Ever since Campland opened two years ago, says Willis, its steaming asphalt expanse has been chockablock full. Now, with its success assured, he plans to branch out to Mexico, where a network of 22 Camplands is scheduled to rise over the next several years. After that, it can be only a matter of time before someone decides to pave over Colorado.

THE PRESS

Buckley's Prank

TOP SECRET blared the red cover slash on last week's issue of William F. Buckley's right-wing *National Review*. Below, in bold black letters: THE SECRET PAPERS THEY DIDN'T PUBLISH. Inside, spread over 14 pages, were memorandums "not published by the New York Times and the Washington Post, leaked to *National Review*." The memos were signed by, among others, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk.

They recommended draconian measures. One memo suggested a "demonstration drop" of a "nuclear device" over North Viet Nam, to be followed by "the use of nuclear bombs and devices where militarily suitable," if Hanoi did not respond and make peace. Another called for "employing atomic weapons whenever advantageous."

Scanting a sequel to the Pentagon papers, wire services, newspapers and networks gave the memos wide publicity. *Voice of America* broadcast them round the world, and they received prominent play in the daily news summary prepared for President Nixon. The New York Times was more cautious, but quoted Rusk to the effect that, although he could not remember exactly, it was "entirely possible" that he had written a memo attributed to him. In Washington, officials started searching old files for the documents.

With Ellsberg. Editor Buckley managed to be out of town when the story broke, leaving word that he was "hiding out where Daniel Ellsberg is." But he quickly returned to New York City with a smirk and a prepared statement that the *National Review's* papers had been "composed *ex nihilo*" (out of nothing). In short, it was all a hoax, which had "sprung full-blown in my mind like Venus from the Cypriot seas."

What was the point of it all? Buckley explained that he had meant to show that "forged documents would be widely accepted as genuine, provided their content was inherently plausible." Indeed, some of them contained excerpts from the real Pentagon papers as published in the *Times*. He admitted that he had "proceeded in something of an ethical vacuum," adding, "The New York Times has instructed us that it is permissible to traffic in stolen documents, but they have not yet instructed us on whether it is permissible to traffic in forged documents."

None of these remarks furnished any sensible explanation of what Buckley was trying to prove. The *National Review*, with a 111,425 circulation and chronically losing money, has long been useful as a generally urbane and articulate exponent of conservative views. But its reputation will hardly be enhanced by last week's strange exercise, which in the end looked like little more than an elaborate schoolboy prank.

The Times v. Its Law Firm

Lord, Day & Lord has been corporate counsel to the New York Times for 23 years. Thus it was surprising that when the Times fought the Pentagon papers case up to the Supreme Court, the venerable Wall Street firm played no part. The reason, as TIME learned last week: Lord, Day & Lord felt strongly that the Times should not publish the classified material, and the attorneys ultimately refused to take the case.

When Times executives last spring were debating whether to run the series, Lord, Day & Lord Partner Louis Loeb repeatedly advised that publication would be improper and might be illegal. The Times's vice president and general counsel, Attorney James Goodale, disagreed. When the Times went ahead, the law firm said that it would not be able to represent the paper in any resulting litigation because of a conflict of interest. "Lord, Day & Lord backed out on us," said Goodale. "We had to get another law firm at the last minute."

Privileged Relationship. The "conflict of interest" arose from the fact that one of the firm's partners, Herbert Brownell, has long been associated with Richard Nixon, John Mitchell and William Rogers. As Attorney General in the Eisenhower Administration, Brownell also supervised the drafting of the current classification regulations. Beyond the conflict-of-interest problem, members of the law firm felt, as Loeb confirmed last week, that they had to consider the question of whether to inform the Government of the Times's intention to publish the Pentagon papers.

Communication between a lawyer and his client is, of course, privileged; any public recounting of such a private confidence by a lawyer can be grounds for disbarment. But in most jurisdictions the privilege does not apply when a client seeks his attorney's advice apparently for the purpose of breaking the law.

Lord, Day & Lord may well have felt that the Times was about to break the laws relating to classified documents, and may also have been concerned about a possible threat to national security. In the end the firm decided not to inform the Government. The legal question has yet to be resolved; it is still unclear whether the Times actually violated any law (TIME, July 26).

As a result of the falling out, however, the newspaper will no longer give Lord, Day & Lord litigation assignments. Instead, these will be handled by another New York firm, Cahill, Gordon, Sonnett, Reindel & Ohl, which, with the help of Constitutional Law Professor Alexander Bickel of Yale, successfully represented the Times in the Pentagon papers case.

Of Cats and Skinny-Dipping

While Governor of Illinois, Adlai Stevenson once vetoed a bill to penalize the owners of errant cats. "It is in the nature of cats to do a certain amount of unescorted roaming," Stevenson explained. "The State of Illinois and its local governing bodies already have enough to do without trying to control feline delinquency." In a similar vein, Patrick Leahy, state's attorney in Chittenden County, Vt., has responded to police who requested official guidance in coping with an increase of nude swimming. Highlights of Leahy's opinion:

I have been reminded that in the past the plethora of paper from this office has included such legal landmarks as my position on the use of sparklers on the Fourth of July and the validity of upside-down license plates. With such powerful precedents in mind, I researched the [nude swimming] issue. I began by reviewing the old Norman Rockwell paintings showing such activities taking place allegedly in Vermont. (Along this line, I was unable to confirm or refute the persistent rumor that Calvin Coolidge had also engaged in such activity within the borders of this state.) I have also discussed—after grants of immunity—experiences of this nature enjoyed by some of Vermont's prosecutors, judges, law-enforcement officers and sailboat operators. I have even reviewed past histories with some of my contemporaries.

It appears that most Vermonters I've talked to have engaged in such scandalous activity at some time in their life. Times, however, do change. Today such things are apparently allowable in most movies, in the *National Geographic* magazine but by no means in the pristine streams and rivers of Vermont.

Therefore, to guide any law-enforcement officer lacking in other criminal

"NO SWIMMING" BY NORMAN ROCKWELL (1921)



matters to investigate, I offer the following:

In public areas and semipublic areas, failure to stay clothed should result in a summons to court.

On private land out of view of the public, the state has no legitimate interest.

In secluded areas sometimes publicly used, if no member of the public present is offended, no disorderly conduct has taken place.

One Judge, One Prisoner

Like most of the other 25 judges who spent a day as mock convicts in Nevada State Prison last summer, Plummer Shearin of the Circuit Court for Montgomery County, Md., came away shaken by the experience. But he saw a way to help at least one of the real prisoners. During seminars with "consultants," he had met and been impressed by Thomas Eisentrager, 48, a lifer. Checking further, Shearin found that Eisentrager was also highly regarded by both prison officials and fellow convicts for his thoughtful views on penology and probation, his reliability in prison jobs and his efforts at self-rehabilitation. Trouble was, he had been sent to prison for the murder of his girl friend in 1958. It was his fourth major conviction; his life sentence normally would have meant no hope of parole.

Key Element. The apparent finality did not daunt Shearin. He offered to take custody of Eisentrager and lined up a job for him as a probation counselor in Gaithersburg, Md. Last month he returned to Nevada to plead Eisentrager's case before the parole board. Though it had unanimously turned down the convict's parole bid once before, the board this time voted 4 to 2 for his release. One of the dissenters, Justice John Mowbray, who had sentenced Eisentrager originally, asked, "Why is this man being treated any differently than any lifer? Others in his same position will think that release is a matter of chance meeting." But the majority was apparently persuaded that the convicted murderer's rehabilitative effort—not chance alone—was the key element.

Eisentrager, who began work last week, wants to be assigned to a special program providing intensive supervision for probationers, including some who have not done time in jail. He hopes to keep "kids from getting in their first prison situation. All I want now is to feel I am doing something positive. I can look back at the whole mess of garbage in the past and have to strain to find anything positive. To become a real person, you must have a moral standard, which I never had until now."

ruth Amid Steel Elephants

Nearly eleven years ago, a 27-year-old sculptor named Mark di Suvero had his first show in New York. His curly constructions of steel pipe, chains and massive timbers had an exhilarating effect on younger New York artists; honanmas rose from critics. "Here," exclaimed Sidney Geist in *Arts* magazine, "was a body of work so ambitious and intelligent, so raw and clean, so noble and accessible, that it must permanently litter our standards of artistic effort."

Hyperbole? Perhaps, but for some it did just that: Di Suvero became an inspirational figure to a circle of young artists who admired not only the vigor of his work, but also his tenacious will to power. His background was both exotic and practical. Son of an Italian gunboat captain and steel salesman in China, he was born in Shanghai in 1933 and came to the U.S. when he was eight. Significantly for the sculpture he was later to make, he even worked as a boat-builder on the West Coast. An elevator accident crushed his spine and nearly killed him in 1960, but though doctors insisted that he would be crippled for life, Di Suvero was back to rigging sculptures within a few years. Besides his will power, the young artists also admired his early, committed opposition to the Viet Nam War. Thus in 1966 he designed and helped construct the Artists' Tower of Protest in Los Angeles. Granted the quality of his work and the warmth of its first reception, one might have guessed that his career through the 1960s would become that of a cultural superstar.

It did not. Mark di Suvero is perhaps the least visible major talent in American sculpture: a tough, idealistic, exuberantly gifted man whose work may well contain more lessons about epic scale than any other living American's. But his achievement has until lately been strangely muffled. He has never written a public statement about art. His work is hard to find; museums until now have given it only the sketchiest support. Nowhere in New York can one find a large sculpture by Di Suvero on public view. But next spring, Holland's Stedelijk Museum and the Duisburg Museum in Germany will jointly sponsor a show of four or five of his enormous steel constructions. The Whitney Museum plans an overdue retrospective for the fall of 1972.

Herculean Appleseed. Any Di Suvero show is a nightmare of logistics, thanks to the size of his work. The I-beams of his 1967 construction now on loan to Minneapolis, *Are Years What?* (For Marianne Moore), have a spread of 50 ft. and a rise of 40—the height of a four-story building. When the Pasadena Museum temporarily allowed Di Suvero to rig a 35-ft. steel sculpture on its grounds, the only site it could

spare was a corner of the parking lot; apparently the trustees feared it would chew up their lawns. The installation bills included a whopping \$3,500 from the city engineer for checking the structural strength of cables and welds, in case the strung, teetering monster proved a menace to public safety. (It did not.)

Thus Di Suvero, struggling to produce sculptures that no museum or gallery can readily house, has become a kind of herculean Johnny Appleseed, scattering work wherever he can find space or means to put it: two, for instance, are now in a field outside Chicago. His sculpture presents a real cul-



WORKING ON LOS ANGELES PEACE TOWER (1966)
Lessons about epic scale.

tural paradox: it is created from scrounged materials with little or no financial backing, and at the same time it is unsalably monumental.

It must be made where it will sit, the way a building is made. The idea of making blueprints and farming out the work to factories (adopted by some of Di Suvero's contemporaries, among them Donald Judd) would do violence to the spirit of his sculpture. Delegated work can be done with sculpture whose look can be predicted—symmetrical or elementary or inert forms. With Di Suvero, everything hinges on the fine intuitive balance and adjustment of the heavy girders, the turnbuckles and cables. His style is as intimate as watercolor, despite its scale. What counts is the tuning of parts. It is "relational" sculpture, and it pits itself against the tendency among American artists to do away with such European ideas as composition and balance. To watch the big V of red beams swinging on its cable

from the apex of *Are Years What?* is to be reminded that truth lies in the nuance, even among elephants and whales.

A geometrically balanced structure will come to look utterly dull unless one is made to see that it is a special case, not normal—a bright moment snatched from a world of inarticulate things and relationships. To do that, an artist's order may well need to demonstrate chaos lurking in back.

Moral Edge. This is the special value of Di Suvero's work. It is also the justification for its immense scale. Steel is a tough substance and, below a certain range of size, a sculptor can make any configuration with it that he wants. The hard task for any constructor is to push the size of the sculpture to the point

where engineering becomes an issue and the steel might fail—and then to find the one form that works both aesthetically and structurally. Di Suvero proceeds by trial and error, bracing and rigging the parts until they work. Few modern sculptors have submitted their creations to such rigorous tests of their reality. Either the 30-ft. braces stand up or they collapse. They inhabit a narrow and exhilarating area of risk and give the same pleasure that rises from a daring work of engineering. His devotion to "rightness" gives his work a curiously moral edge. It is existential sculpture, the way that Norman Mailer's best novels and reportage are existential writing: no fat, no décor.

Di Suvero once declared that his work must be able "to defend itself against an unarmed man." That is a peculiar-sounding remark, evoking an image of the sculpture as punching bag. But it is of a piece with the aims and the actual look of his constructions. They are to be swung on, climbed, played with. "Mark can set kids going the way nobody else I've heard of can," says his dealer, Richard Bellamy. "His loft is always full of them."

In a sense, Di Suvero's work is a testament to the often-quoted idea that play is the highest form of human activity: for players, especially kids, are no great respecters of form, and will quickly wreck anything weak or soft or redundant. The worst thing that could happen to Mark di Suvero's optimistic and rigorous sculpture might well be engulfment by museums. It is not meant to occupy a sacred exhibition space, fenced by a rail—real or psychic. It belongs in the parks and streets, in a world of wear and tear and, above all, use—the way a Mack truck belongs on the highway.

■ Robert Hughes

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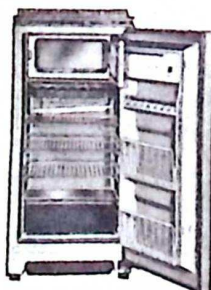
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ENVIRONMENT

Nader on Food

When Abraham Lincoln established the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1862, he hoped it would be "the people's department." But has it turned out that way? Ralph Nader thinks not. In a 491-page report by one of his indefatigable groups of "Raiders," Nader charges that the department favors big "agribusiness" and fails to protect otherwise defenseless Americans from bad meat, contaminated poultry and toxic pesticides.

On the average, each American eats 116 lbs. of beef and 50 lbs. of poultry every year; Nader charges that all too often it is contaminated or diseased. In addition farm crops from citrus to cereals are annually dusted with about 1 billion pounds of pesticides. Such massive spraying, says Nader, is cause to fear for the environment and human health.

Horror Stories. Nader's group concedes that federal inspectors do a good job in checking 75% of the meat processed in the U.S. But state inspection standards, which legally should be certified by the Agriculture Department, are in a jurisdictional limbo. In most states, according to the report, nearly unmonitored inspectors tend to be subject both to intimidation (one poultry inspector was pushed into a plucking machine) and to bribes (money, girls, or all the meat they can eat). As a result, the report charges, they routinely approve "4-D" animals—dead, dying, diseased or disabled—for processing. In Massachusetts, a state-inspected processor was permitted to salvage cancerous tumors cut from sick cattle and sell them as "brains" or "sweetbreads" to Boston supermarkets. What makes such horror stories worth chronicling, the Raiders say, is the Agriculture Department's plans to turn its inspection duties over to state agencies.

Even worse are the problems posed by hidden contaminants in meat. Stuffed with chemicals that make them fatten fast, animals end their lives in over-packed feed lots. Four chickens, for example, are jammed into a 12-in. by 18-in. cage. Since overcrowding promotes stress and enhances the spread of disease, the lot operators pour tranquilizers and antibiotics into feed troughs.

The problem is that residues of many invisible chemicals remain in the meat, endangering the final consumer, man. Some, like nitrite and nitrate preservatives, can be poisonous under certain conditions. Others, like the artificial hormone diethylstilbestrol, are suspected of causing cancer when consumed in large doses (see MEDICINE). To safeguard the public, the report urges that all meat inspection be removed from the Agriculture Department and put under a tough new public-health agency.

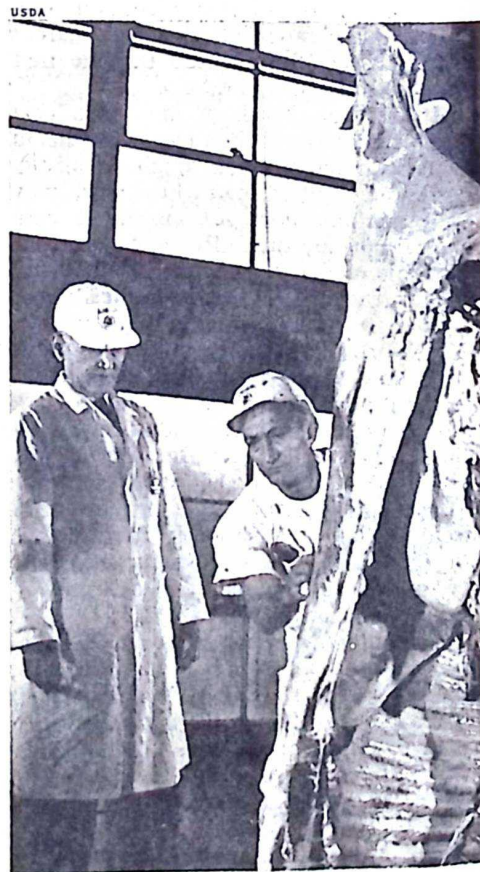
"The American consumer has never been better protected," the Agriculture Department retorted last week. In addition,

Agriculture spokesmen say, Nader's study "purposely deals in certain specific problem areas which are not typical of either of the conditions that exist in the department or the food industry."

Pesticide Treadmill. The Raiders' report also discusses pesticide abuse, a subject now mainly under the control of the Environmental Protection Agency. They believe that pesticide makers urge more poisons on farmers than they need. Since 1960, in fact, pesticide sales have tripled, causing environmental problems and more chemical residues in foodstuffs. By overspraying crops, farmers wipe out beneficial insects. The bad bugs often develop immunities to the chemicals, forcing farmers to use stronger and more costly poisons. The process is, the report says, "a pesticide treadmill."

The danger is in the pressure to manufacture and sell chemicals with greater and greater toxicity. Parathion, Thimet, Paraquat, TEPP and Temik have killed not only bugs but on occasion people as well. In total, an estimated 75,000 acute pesticide poisonings occur each year. But the resistant bugs seem to win in the end. As a result, pest problems have increased in recent years, a development that the report blames on pesticide makers—not on the farmers who use them.

The Raiders point to better options that are advocated by most entomologists and generally accepted by pesticide manufacturers as well. Judicious



FEDERAL MEAT INSPECTORS AT WORK
Chemicals in the carcass.

aying at the proper time would cut
of pesticides by an estimated 60%.
w biological controls—insect sex
ess, natural predators and viruses
would reduce it even further. The
dy also recommends reform of the
illy delayed procedure of taking chem-
l poisons off the market.
Like all of Nader's reports, this one
carefully researched but tendentious.
ll, if it is too oblivious of short-term
momic realities and hopes for too
sch in uniting rural and urban in-
ests in a "new populism," its in-
titions are hard to fault.

Week's Watch

The obvious solution to the noise
problem plaguing city and suburban res-
ents is to muffle the noisemakers. Los
ngeles officials, however, are doing
st the opposite: they are removing
e people from the noise. After a se-
ss of angry antinoise demonstrations
st summer by citizens who live in
ree middle- and upper-middle-class
ighborhoods near Los Angeles Inter-
national Airport, the city decided the
est bet would be to buy up the homes
nd dispose of them. The cost of get-
ng rid of 1,936 dwellings, some with
wimming pools, will be \$300 million,
making this suburban removal project
me of the most costly in U.S. history.

Maine's Environmental Improvement
Commission, an agency charged with ap-
proving all big developments in the state,
last week turned down a proposal for a
\$150 million oil refinery in Searsport,
a small town at the head of Penobscot
Bay. After five months of deliberations,
the commission concluded that: the re-
finery would lack the financial and tech-
nical ability to meet state air- and water-
pollution control standards, the advent
of supertankers would mean potential
oil spillage, and the new refinery would
not "fit harmoniously into the natural en-
vironment" of the ruggedly beautiful
bay area.

President Nixon last December seized
on the 1899 Refuse Act as a way to reg-
ulate the discharge of industrial wastes
into U.S. waters. The act stipulates that
persons and corporations shall not dump
wastes into navigable waterways without
first obtaining permits. To get permits,
they would have to comply with stiff
guidelines on dumping which were to be
set down by the Environmental Protec-
tion Agency. Last week the EPA threw in
the sponge; there will be no national
guidelines. Instead, said a terse EPA mem-
orandum, regional officials will set their
own standards.

Why the change? With as many as
300,000 applications, processing would
be impossible to accomplish in any rea-
sonable time. At the core of the problem
was the fact that the guidelines for efflu-
ent controls bombed out: it was impos-
sible to come up with a standard which
would fit every waterway involved.

Change at the AEC

After ten years as Chairman of the
Atomic Energy Commission, Dr. Glenn
T. Seaborg, 59, resigned last week to
return to the University of California
at Berkeley. A professor of nuclear
chemistry, Seaborg can look back on
his long tenure at the AEC with
mixed feelings. Under his stewardship,
the agency actively promoted peaceful
uses of atomic power and oversaw
the modernization of the nation's grow-
ing nuclear defense force. On the
other hand, the AEC has recently
come under increasingly sharp criticism
by scientists and conservationists who
mainly fear the environmental effects
of continuing nuclear experiments and
proliferating power plants.

Nominated by President Nixon to re-
place Seaborg is James R. Schlesinger,
42, an assistant director of the White



SCHLESINGER SEABORG

Shift in mission?

House Office of Management and Bud-
get. In that job, he gained a repu-
tation for being a brilliant analyst and
an efficient administrator. Before joining
the Nixon Administration in 1969,
Schlesinger taught economics at the
University of Virginia and then joined
the Rand Corp., where he was a di-
rector of strategic studies. As part of
his job, he conducted a study on nu-
clear proliferation. The exchange of a
distinguished scientist (Seaborg won a
Nobel Prize in 1951 for work in chem-
istry) for a full-time manager is prob-
ably a harbinger of a shift in the
AEC's mission.

Reinforcing such conjecture is the
President's choice last week of William
O. Doub, 39, chairman of the Mary-
land Public Service Commission, to
fill another vacancy on the five-man
AEC. If approved by Congress, the
two nominees, along with the earlier ap-
pointment of Clarence E. Larson, will
make Nixon appointees the majority
on the commission. Equally significant,
it will be dominated by commissioners*
who have devoted their lives mainly
to administration rather than research
—precisely the type of people to rem-
edy what is widely known as the
nation's "energy crisis."

* Besides Larson, previously president of
Union Carbide's nuclear division, the pres-
ent AEC members are James T. Ramey, law-
yer, and Wilfred E. Johnson, former manager
of the Hanford Atomic Works.

MILESTONES

Born. To Abbie Hoffman, 34, self-
styled revolutionary, and Anita Hoff-
man, 29, fellow anarchist: first child, a
son; in Manhattan. Name: america.

Died. Van Heflin, 60, performer in
more than 50 films and on the Broad-
way stage; of a heart attack; in Los An-
geles. The rough-hewn actor with the
jutting jaw and the gravelly voice scored
his first big Broadway success in *The
Philadelphia Story* (1939). From his
1942 Oscar-winning performance as the
drunken newspaper reporter in *Johnny
Eager* to his portrayal of the longshore-
man in Arthur Miller's *A View From
the Bridge* (1955), to his role as the
mad bomber in last year's *Airport*, Hef-
lin managed to avoid the typecasting
that plagues many actors.

Died. William Tubman, 75, ruler of
Liberia since 1944 (see THE WORLD).

Died. Gerald P. Nye, 78, Republican
Senator from North Dakota for 19
years and one of the nation's foremost
isolationists; in Washington, D.C. A cru-
sading country editor and partisan of
1924 Progressive Party Presidential Can-
didate Robert La Follette, Nye was ap-
pointed to fill a Senate vacancy in
1925. He arrived on Capitol Hill sport-
ing bulbous yellow shoes and an "oaken-
bucket haircut," but soon dispelled the
notion that he was a bumpkin: he used
his seat on the Public Lands Committee
to expose the Teapot Dome oil-lease
scandal. A steadfast foe of America's
entry into World War II, he popularized
the phrase "merchants of death" to de-
scribe munitions makers, later was one
of the drafters of the 1936 Neutrality
Act barring U.S. aid to belligerents.

Died. Lord Astor of Haver, 85, pa-
triarch of the Astor family's British
branch, and between 1922 and 1959
publisher of the London *Times*; of heart
disease; in Cannes, France. A great-
great-grandson of the American fur trad-
er who founded the family fortune,
John Jacob Astor V began his 23-year
career in the House of Commons in
1922, the same year he bought control
of the *Times*. Elevated to the peerage
in 1956, he eventually left Britain to es-
cape heavy death duties.

Died. Harry W. Morrison, 86, co-
founder and former chairman of one of
the world's largest construction compa-
nies, Morrison-Knudsen Co., Inc., of a
stroke; in Boise, Idaho. Though he was
only 27, hard-hustling Morrison talked
himself into a partnership with 50-year-
old Contractor Morris Knudsen in 1912.
Their starting capital of \$600 in cash was
pyramided into a global \$500 million-a-
year building concern. Among Morri-
son's construction triumphs: Hoover
Dam and portions of the St. Lawrence
Seaway.

Straight Shooters

Dusty and Sweets pass a good part of the weekend in the Studio City Motel shooting dope. At one point, lying on the grass in one of those vacant Los Angeles parks, Dusty says that if they just had ten pounds of dope their problems would be solved. "Sure," says Sweets. "We could sleep forever." Larry and Pam, still not past high school, live together. They spend most of their time getting loaded. Larry scores off Dusty. He helps Pam shoot under the tongue for the first time.

Kit Ryder calls himself "a 20th century faggot" and cruises the Strip, hustling for bread. Nancy Wheeler sits on a mattress and talks about the time she was shooting so heavily that two friends got off on her leavings. City Life keeps himself moving by pushing stuff he gets from a big-time dealer in a silver Mercedes. He is also an informer.

Frenetic Feel. A dope fiend named Tip knocks over the dealer in the Mercedes. Dusty and Sweets get busted because of information provided by City Life. Larry dies of an overdose. The Solid Gold Weekend, three days of rock radio that has underscored the action, is nearly over.

That's roughly the jagged, frenetic feel of *Dusty and Sweets McGee*, a kaleidoscopic semidocumentary about the L.A. subculture. Writer-Director Floyd Mutrux has made a good small film about a large and imposing subject. *Dusty and Sweets McGee* is not even so much a movie about dope as it is about a lifestyle; it is a lamentation for part of a generation crazily enamored of slow narcotic suicide.

Mutrux and Cinematographer William Fraker capture the feeling: the neon and chromium, the chili-dog stands, the freeways, the drive-in stereo stores and the supermarkets. Nearly all of the characters are played by junkies, not actors. They relive their lives for a camera that observes compassionately as each fix brings them that much closer to self-destruction. Mutrux views his characters as victims, if rather romantic ones. That attitude lends his film a distinct but unsatisfactory ambiguity.

This movie shares one problem with another new film about dope called *The Panic in Needle Park*. Both Mutrux and Jerry Schatzberg, who directed *Needle Park*, are too much absorbed by the mechanics of addiction. They include lengthy and excessive footage of

dope, needles, veins and various techniques of shooting. Mutrux and Schatzberg understand well enough the conditions of hard doping, but they do not adequately suggest the causes.

Needle Park is a more conventional work, concentrating on a love affair between a pusher named Bobby (Al Pacino) and a girl called Helen (Kitty Winn), who has come to New York from Indiana, had a bad love affair and a painful abortion. She picks up a habit from Bobby and becomes a prostitute to raise dope money for both of them. They hole up with other junkies in the threadbare hotel rooms around



DOPERS IN "DUSTY AND SWEETS MCGEE"
Too little motive, too much romance.

Manhattan's "Needle Park"—junkie vernacular for the area around Broadway and 72nd Street. Finally, Helen is reduced to turning Bobby over to the cops. But when he is sprung from jail, she is there waiting for him.

The film is based on a LIFE series by James Mills. Its fictional framework does not mesh well with its documentary approach. The screenplay, by Novelist Joan Didion and her husband, Journalist John Gregory Dunne, is disappointing; it never explains enough about the main characters. When a resolutely middle-class girl from Indiana winds up in New York turning tricks for smack, there should be more behind it than the mere suggestion of a repressive family situation. Of Bobby we know still less.

Schatzberg is an adequate if academic craftsman, but he has spent so much time fussing over the proper visual atmosphere that *Needle Park* comes out looking more deliberately grubby than spontaneously realistic. Plainly, however,

he took a good deal of trouble with his performers. Al Pacino, a New York stage actor making his movie debut, is good, although he has yet to scale down his stage mannerisms to the closer dimensions of films. Kitty Winn performs with meticulous naturalism, and there is a gallery of strong secondary performances, including a nice cameo by Alan Vint as a tough, low-key narc. But even such sensitive, finely observed acting cannot provide the depth of insight or sympathy that *The Panic in Needle Park* so badly needs.

—Jay Cock

A Lode of Pap

There is a measurement in physics called absolute zero. It is a point 459 Fahrenheit degrees below zero at which all molecular activity ceases. Nothing moves. Everyone has sat through films that deserved an AZ rating. It is disappointing that Peter Fonda of *Easy Rider* fame should have produced one. *The Hired Hand* is pointless, virtually plotless, all but motionless and a lode of pap.

The intent was to make a "realistic" western in which a little sporadic violence would uncoil naturally, like a rattler surprised during a desert snooze. The time is about 1880 and the place is a sleazy little ghost town in New Mexico country. Three drifters—Collings (Fonda), Harris (Warren Oates) and Dan (Robert Pratt)—drift into it. Dan is gunned down by a mean, sneaky killer named McVey (Severn Darden). Collings and Harris push on to the farm of the wife Collings had deserted six years before. The wife, Hannah (Verna Bloom), takes on the pair as hired hands.

Unpregnant Pauses. What Hannah and Collings felt or feel about each other is never made remotely clear, but a reconciliation is brought about partly through their little daughter. Harris leaves, only to be trapped and tortured by McVey. When one of Harris' fingers is tossed before Collings like a medieval gage, he gallops off to save his drifter pal and meet his doom.

Whether this story line could have been saved is questionable. Padding it out with Marlboro-country scenery is no great help. The horses graze and people gaze—at the sky, at each other, at nothing.

The dialogue is vapidly laconic, with plenty of unpregnant pauses, and Fonda delivers it that way. He possesses the bruised canine look of his father with its perpetual hint of being overloyal and underloved. Oates is good at suggesting a beat-up, used-up man who has not turned bitter. The untainted honesty of Verna Bloom's performance gives it the effect of beauty. She has an authentic frontier woman's face, planed by the seasons and by loneliness. At one point, she says, "I'm all aching and sore from these last six years." After only 90 minutes spent at *The Hired Hand*, we know what she means.

—T.E. Kalem

Knee-High to Ezra Pound

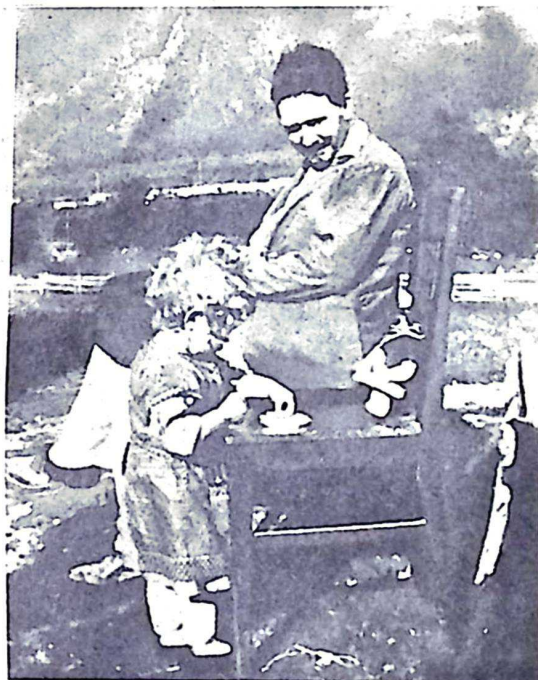
DISCRETIONS by Mary de Rachewiltz. 312 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$8.95.

The hand of Ezra Pound, more strongly than any other, shaped the dominant style of 20th century poetry in English. Born in 1885 in an Idaho mining town, he flourished from 1907 in London and Paris as the friend of Joyce and D.H. Lawrence, the discoverer of Frost, the teacher of Eliot (who dedicated *The Waste Land* to him) and even of Yeats. But sometime in the 1930s something went tragically askew. The man Eliot called "the greatest poet alive" lapsed into an aging crank, teasing out witty monetary theories, making fascist noises about "international Jewry" as "the true enemy," tuffing junk and glories into a multilingual magpie epic called *The Cantos*. During World War I he made pro-Axis broadcasts from Rome. Accused of treason and brought back to the U.S., he escaped trial when he was certified insane, but for the next twelve years was shut up in a madhouse. Now 85, he passes his time in Venice and Rapallo, arm old bone singing in the sun.

How to understand such a life? Pound has been little help to his often obtuse biographers. The best hope has been that friends and family would talk, a hope partially realized in this discreet but perceptive memoir by his illegitimate daughter, who is a poet in her own right and who has translated *The Cantos* into Italian. Though she makes no more sense than anyone else of that vast and buzzing head, she found in the little happenings of family life a language that helps explain his crusty heart. Looking up from knee height, she saw an Ezra Pound nobody else has seen: a busy, bossy, funny, touchy, loving and at times absurdly conventional American daddy.

Entity with a Grudge. The author's mother was the mistress of Pound's middle and later years, a gifted violinist named Olga Rudge. Since little Mary was a by-blow and an inconvenience—Olga, Pound and Mrs. Pound all moved in the same European artistic circles—she was boarded from birth with a farm family in the Italian Tyrol. Mary's first memory of her *Tattile*, as her foster parents called Pound, is of a pair of shiny shoes she was not allowed to touch. On another visit, alarmed at her farm-girl fingernails and unbrushed teeth, *Tattile* bought her a toothbrush and personally gave her a manicure. *Mamile* was more distant, "an incomprehensible entity with a grudge . . . as though I were permanently doing her wrong."

On periodic visits to *Tattile* and *Mamile* in Venice, Mary watched Pound making poetry: "His silence was suspense, a joyous sense of expectation, until he broke into a kind of chant that sometimes went on for hours." Pound was often severe with Mary. When she was still quite small, he drafted an elaborate table of "Laws for Maria." Item: "If she suffers, it is her own fault for not understanding the universe." But on the whole, he was a really nice if distant dad. He bought the child a small flock of sheep, and became her silent partner in a tiny bee-raising business; many of these episodes, mentioned obscurely in *The Cantos*, are



POUND & MARY (1927)
A language for the crusty heart.

here explained in full. In Venice he walked her all over town and fed her gooey Italian goodies. And one night, after taking Mary and *Mamile* to a Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movie, he got so excited that all the way home he tap-danced like a damn fool on the cobblestones of Venice.

The happy days were soon gone. At eleven, Mary left her gentle Tyrolean guardians to live with Pound in Rapallo. As World War II approached, he became more and more infatuated with Mussolini. In 1939, alarmed by Franklin Roosevelt's opposition to the Axis powers, he went to Washington to "talk some sense into the President." Roosevelt refused to see him. When the U.S. entered the war, Pound delivered a series of rambling and vaguely anti-American diatribes on Radio Roma. According to Mary, he did not really intend to betray his country but to persuade it with right reason. He saw himself as a Confucian scholar-statesman, and plastered the

town of Rapallo with moralistic slogans: HONESTY IS THE TREASURE OF STATES. His daughter sees him as a lone wolf howling in a world gone mad.

Losing Grip. But was Pound's howling entirely sane? Mary deals with that matter as cryptically as possible. "He was . . . losing grip. His tongue was tricking him into . . . violent expressions." But her description of what happened to Pound when the war ended is detailed and grim. He was arrested by two small-time crooks who had learned that there was a 500,000-lira reward for his capture. Handcuffed to an accused murderer, he was taken by Jeep to a military jail near Pisa. There, at the age of 60, he was kept like an animal in an outdoor cage, exposed to all weathers, for more than six months. He was sent to St. Elizabeths Hospital, an insane asylum in Washington, D.C. During his ordeal, Pound fought off madness and suicide by writing some of his greatest verse.

Of her own life—now married and the mother of two, she lives in a castle in the Italian Tyrol—Mary writes gracefully but modestly. Pound is the major figure in her book, and she willingly plays Cordelia to his Lear. Perhaps at times she adds too soft a shading to the fierce old face—who could begrudge him that? Who would not be glad to hear that he and Olga are still together in old age, "taking care of each other"? Who could not envy him the vision he rescued out of horror:

*Has't'ou seen the rose in the steel
dust
(or swansdown ever?)
so light is the urging, so ordered
the dark petals of iron
we who have passed over Lethe.*
■ Brad Darrach

Beach Balls

ON INSTRUCTIONS OF MY GOVERNMENT by Pierre Salinger. 408 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.

FAKING IT, or THE WRONG HUNGARIAN by Gerald Green. 411 pages. Trident. \$7.95.

For summertime entertainment, the popular novel retains certain distinct advantages over even the most portable television set. The book is easy to operate and almost never needs repair. It functions at all altitudes and particularly well at sea level, where sand, salt air and suntan lotions have no adverse effects on its performance. These two suitable-for-summer novels are brisk, undemanding and unoffensive, except possibly to cautious Washington bureaucrats, Chinese Communists, members of the Italian-American Civil Rights League or Hungarians overly sensitive to the revolving-door joke (they go in behind you, but come out in front).

In *On Instructions of My Government*, Pierre Salinger, John Kennedy's press secretary, shows himself to be a

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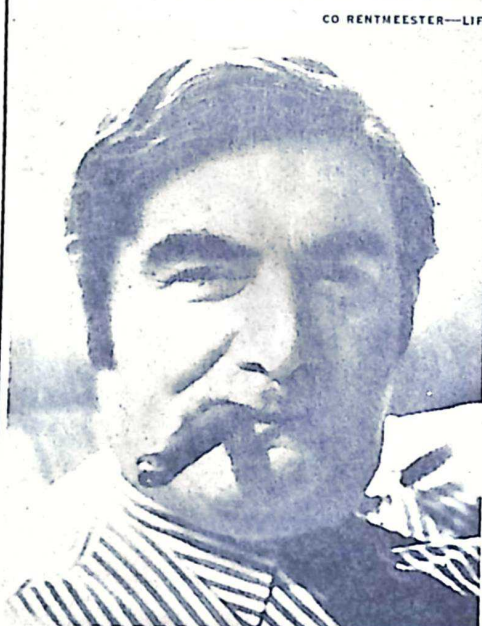
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pretty good Sunday novelist in handling predictable, Drury-style missile-crisis fiction. His troubled protagonist is Sam Hood, U.S. Ambassador to Santa Clara, an Andean republic lying in some spectral dimension between Peru and Bolivia (at the bottom of Lake Titicaca, perhaps). Hood is a seasoned though disillusioned diplomat from J.F.K.'s Alliance for Progress days who disagrees with his new President's policies but must obey orders. When Santa Clara rebels secure a mountaintop where their Chinese supporters intend to plant missiles aimed at the U.S., Hood is off on the last joust of his career.

Nuclear Egg Rolls. Yes, there is a showdown on the high seas when the U.S. Navy intercepts Chinese whaling ships in which the missiles have been concealed like nuclear egg rolls. Salinger throws in a Mafia scheme to turn Santa Clara into a tourist trap, complete with *capos* still in their *Godfather*



PIERRE SALINGER
Nuclear egg rolls.

costumes. There is an implausible love story and even a touch of self-caricature. At his worst, Salinger is merely perfunctory, as if laboring under the realization that his "topical" novel is already eight years behind before it starts. At best, he uses his own Washington experience with guarded competence.

The extremely competent Gerald Green is anything but cautious in *Faking It*, or *The Wrong Hungarian*, a romp paprikash that spoofs the big league literary life with endless verve and infectious silliness. Its hero-narrator, Ben Bloodworth, author of sentimental Jewish novels not unlike the high-grade schmalz Green himself rendered in *The Last Angry Man*, crashes an international literary conference in Paris. Bloodworth, of course, is snubbed by the heavyweights, who are presented by Green as obvious caricatures of real writers, most notably the Mailer-like wild man named Arno Flackman and a cloudy Sontag named Lila Metrick.

There is more glee than fury in the caricatures, and Green grinds his rubber axes in the midst of a Marx Brothers plot that parodies the standard spy novel. Unintentionally, Bloodworth gets mixed up with a pair of Hungarian scientists who perpetrate an elaborate mind-control hoax so that one of them can defect to join his old mistress. Bloodworth has a good time of it (readers will too), particularly during a brief moment of status when the literati look up to him as a CIA Scarlet Pimpernel.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

How It Was

THE NAME ABOVE THE TITLE by Frank Capra. 513 pages. Macmillan. \$12.50.

The formula seldom changed. At the end of every typical Frank Capra movie—*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, say, or *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*—the hero, a generally shy but sturdy innocent, vanquished the villain, got the girl and reaffirmed once again the notion that all you really need in order to win out is spunk and some levelheaded determination.

It was a surefire fairy tale, the sort of thing that Depression audiences ached to believe, and one of Capra's many talents was that he could make it all seem so tantalizingly true. As a film maker, Capra was an impassioned propagandist for the virtues of simple sentiment. As an autobiographer, he is somewhat more realistic.

Capra's early life does sound like one of his scenarios. An immigrant Sicilian, one of seven kids, he has to take almost as many jobs as courses to get himself through school. His first movie work, directing a one-reel rendition of a Kipling poem, is a chance opportunity.

Vivid Cameos. Little more than a dozen years later, he is an Academy Award winner and one of the few directors whose name appears above the title of a movie on the credits. "All the honors and glory a film director could hope for were mine at the age of forty," Capra writes in his rough-hewn prose. "I even made the cover of TIME."*

This section of the book is good, gossip reading. There are vivid cameos of Mack Sennett trying to spy on his writers; of Harry Langdon, the baby-faced vaudevillian, suddenly famous and going to pieces; and of Harry Cohn, the libidinous vulgarian who ran Columbia Pictures. It is the latter part of the book, when Capra returns to Hollywood from Army Signal Corps duty during World War II, that makes *The Name Above the Title* such a poignant reminiscence.

Abruptly out of touch and out of time, Capra quickly became hobbled by the industrial intricacies of postwar Hollywood. Attempting to retain artistic control over his films, he forms his own movie company, which fails. He goes from making innocuous Bing Cros-

* Aug. 8, 1938.



FRANK CAPRA DIRECTING (1929)
An elusive, unhappy fadeout.

musicals to television science films
an ineffectual remake of his own
udy for a Day. After a few more luck-
ss attempts to produce other movies,
settles into uneasy retirement.

As in Charlie Chaplin's autobiogra-
hy, ego so often intrudes in *The Name*
above the Title that history is some-
times obliterated. Still, no other book
has given quite so vivid a picture of
the way Hollywood farms out its once in-
fallible film makers. Capra, now 74,
has not made a movie in over a dec-
ade. The kind of happy ending he per-
fected on screen, the whimsical triumph
at the final fadeout, eludes him in life.

■ Jay Cocks

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Exorcist, Blatty (1 last week)
2. The Other, Tryon (3)
3. On Instructions of My Government, Salinger (8)
4. QB VII, Uris (2)
5. The Drifters, Michener (6)
6. The Shadow of the Lynx, Holt (5)
7. The New Centurions, Wambaugh (7)
8. The Passions of the Mind, Stone (4)
9. The Bell Jar, Plath (10)
10. Penmarric, Howatch (9)

NONFICTION

1. Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (3)
2. The Sensuous Man, "M" (2)
3. The Female Eunuch, Greer (1)
4. Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, Royko (5)
5. America, Inc., Mintz and Cohen (7)
6. The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages, Morison (6)
7. W.C. Fields & Me, Monti (8)
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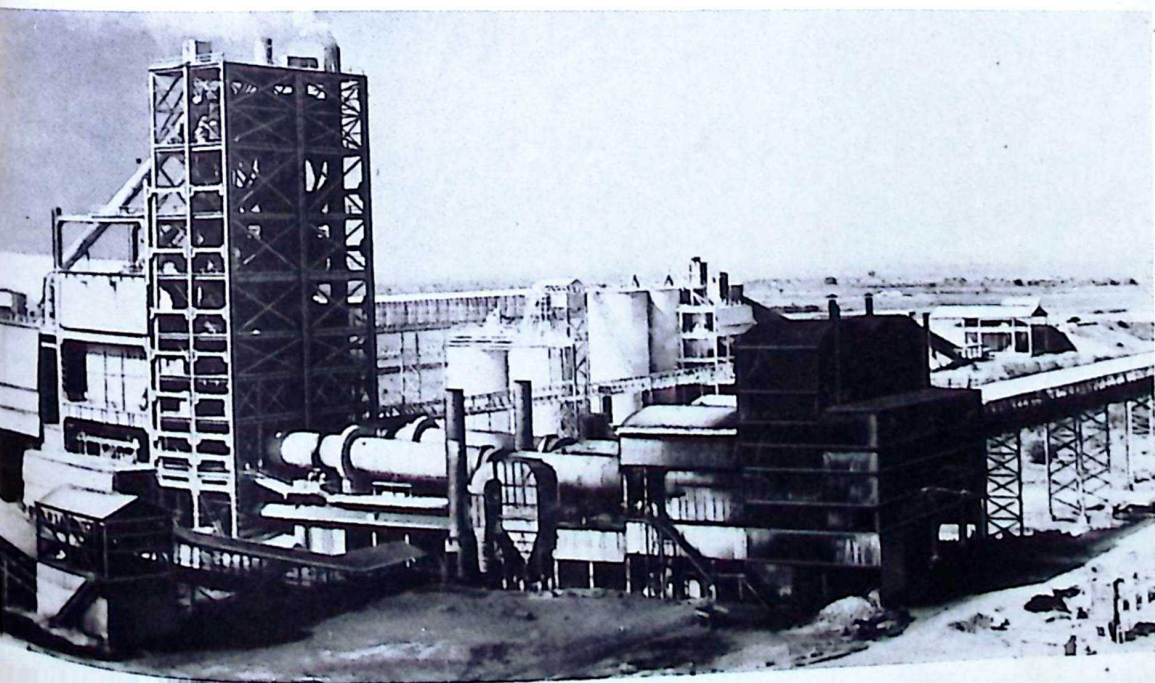
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