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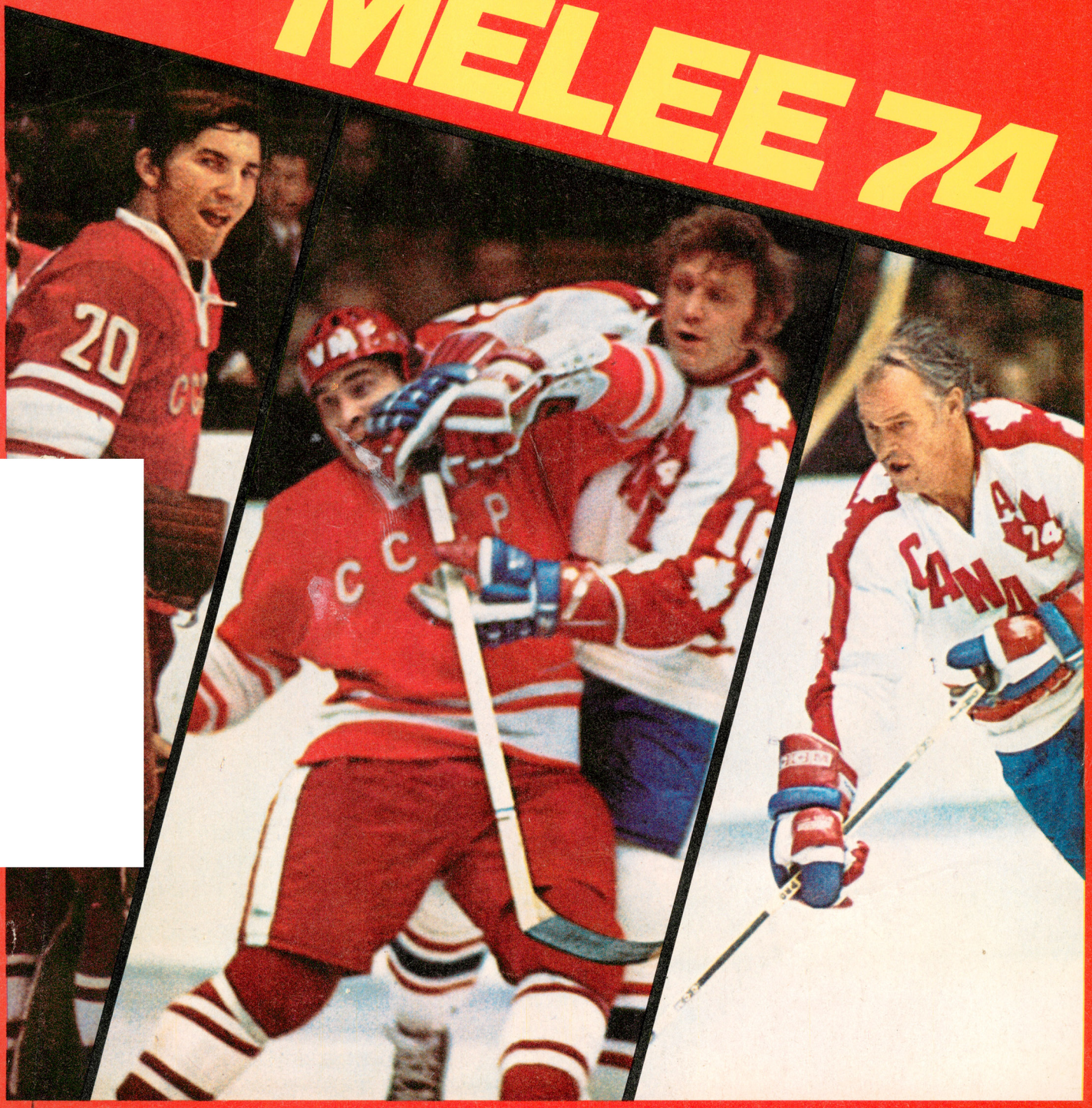

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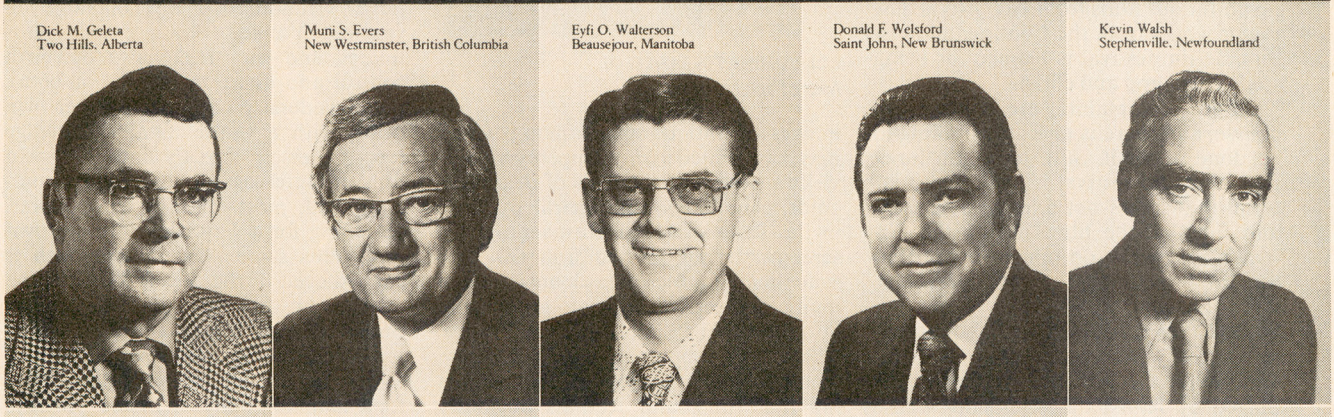

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Pictures at an Exhibition

The New York Film Festival, which opened its twelfth annual installment at Manhattan's Lincoln Center last week, could use a friendly, or at least a forbearing hand. Each year, a selection committee headed by Festival Director Richard Roud (who also functions as a critic for scholarly film magazines like *Sight and Sound)* picks a couple of dozen movies for showing, and promptly finds itself attacked on one of two fronts. When many of the chosen films are guaranteed swift commercial release, the festival is accused of being a kind of swank showcase, the plaything of movie distributors. At other times—this year's festival is an example—there are no ambitious films from Hollywood, few major works from the Continental masters. So the festival is blamed for being stodgy, esoteric and elitist.

Both complaints are correct, of course, and there is probably nothing to be done about it. Still, the main function of a film festival is to present material that might not otherwise be seen, and most of the films during the festival's first week do not have distributors in this country. For various reasons, it is not hard to see why.

STAVISKY, Alain Resnais's first feature in five years, is a sort of symbolic biography of the French swindler (nicely played by Jean-Paul Belmondo) whose exposure almost brought down the Third Republic in 1934. Resnais has had the movie photographed like a posh '30s illustration, a style made fashionable by films as varied as *The Conformist* and *Chinatown*. But Resnais undercuts all his



DUPEREY & BELMONDO IN *STAVISKY*
Glacial elegance.



CONDOMINAS IN *LANCELOT*
Moral speculation.

images of antique chic (among which may be counted Anny Duperey as Stavisky's wife) with symbols of death: orchids, cemeteries, the funeral pyramid in the Parc Monceau. Resnais and his screenwriter, Jorge Semprun *(Z),* present their Stavisky as a doom-haunted manic-depressive and try to groom him into a symbol for all of prewar France. There is a subplot involving Trotsky, who had sought asylum in France during that time, and Resnais obviously hoped to suggest that the swindler and the Communist here represent in effect the two political alternatives between which the country had to choose. This notion remains unwieldy as a device and unresolved as an idea. Resnais does not fracture his time structure nearly so much as in *Last Year at Marienbad* or *Muriel. Stavisky* achieves a kind of glacial elegance. If it is not among the director's very best, it is at least a welcome return to form.

LANCELOT OF THE LAKE is the work of Robert Bresson, a great and trying film maker. Just as one would expect from the creator of *Pickpocket* and *The Trial of Joan of Arc,* there are scenes and images here of a terrible, severe beauty: knights dying in battle or competing in joust, a mailed hand clutching the handle of a weapon, a horse's eye going wide in terror. These visions occur, however, not in an epic adventure, but as part of a moral speculation in miniature. Bresson's ascetic attentions converge on the fateful romance of Lancelot (Luc Simon) and Queen Guinevere (Laura Duke Condominas) and extend beyond it to the end of the courtly tradition, as did the original Arthurian legends. What is missing is passion, a quality essential to such a subject. Without it, for all its frosty beauty, *Lancelot of the Lake* looks like a museum diorama of the Middle Ages.

ROOTS is a catchall title that contains some of the best film in the festival. It is four short subjects, all under an hour in length, linked by a common concern: the director's attempt to delineate ethnic identity. William Greaves' *(The Fighters) From These Roots,* a montage of still photos of Harlem in the 1920s with a stentorian narration by Actor Brock Peters, is the most traditional of the group. It struggles to compress a decade of black history into 30 minutes, and still manages to repeat itself. Film Editor Mirra Banks' *Yudie* is a loving cameo of her Jewish aunt, observant and a little melancholy. *An Old-Fashioned Woman* offers a mellow and admiring portrait of Documentary Director Martha Coolidge's Grandmother, a redoubtable 86-year-old Yankee. She not only reminisces and airs her views on birth control and abortion (she is for both), but considers the approach of her own death with a gentle dignity. Coolidge inserts herself directly into her own film, as interrogator and fond grandchild and, most tellingly, as explorer, searching for a way back into her own past. This same personal approach is carried even further in the fourth of the quartet by Martin Scorsese's *(Mean Streets)* singular *Italianamerican,* which is a portrait of Scorsese's parents as well as a rough sketch for part of the director's autobiography. Scorsese portrays his parents not only through their own reminiscences about growing up and marrying on New York's Lower East Side but through their relationships with him and with each other, as they talk about a recent trip to Italy, argue or bicker or tease. Scorsese even defies that eternal cliché of Italian-American life by showing his mother cooking meatballs and tomato sauce. At film's end, in gleeful tribute, he includes the recipe in the credits. *Italianamerican* has a kind of impulsive immediacy and is rich in the sort of raucous humor that people can create only when they are not conscious of being overheard. ■ Jay Cocks

Corruption's Toys

LACOMBE, LUCIEN
Directed by LOUIS MALLE
Screenplay by LOUIS MALLE
and PATRICK MODIANO

Choosing sides in a political struggle, even in a world war, can be a matter of happenstance or convenience. The consequences may be grave, but the choice itself can be as casual and amoral as picking out a new suit of clothes. The core of this subtle, intelligent film is that a young man's life can be fixed and shadowed by a decision he hardly knows he has made.

Lacombe, Lucien—which played at



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CINEMA

the New York Film Festival last week to considerable acclaim—is set in provincial France during the summer and fall of 1944, when Germany's defeat began to seem certain. Lucien (Pierre Blaise), still in his teens, works in a hospital ward. The cries and murmurs of pain from the wounded cause him to turn toward the window, to the summer sunlight. He sees a bird in a nearby tree, singing, and with a certain glee, kills it with his slingshot. It is almost a reflexive action, without real significance to Lucien.

Lurking outside Gestapo headquarters one evening, watching the activity, Lucien is discovered, hustled inside and questioned. With the same lack of remorse or thought that he had given the bird, he informs on a local schoolmaster who is a Resistance leader. Now, Lucien finds, he is suddenly and eminently acceptable to the pro-German Vichy regime's police. One of the collaborating cops, in fact, is a childhood hero of Lucien's, a champion bicycle racer. If the German side is good enough for such an idol, then it is good enough for the boy.

New Toys. Lucien is beguiled by the style in which the police maintain themselves: an elegant château, sleek automobiles, good food and drink, compliant women. More than the luxury, though, he likes power. Lucien receives credentials and guns, but he never entirely dispels the impression of a child showing off new toys. A police pal takes him to his tailor to buy him his first suit. The tailor is a rich Jew from Paris, hiding out in an uneasy commercial alliance with his client in hopes of getting to Spain and freedom. The tailor has a daughter (Aurore Clement), who becomes Lucien's quarry. She is fascinated by him, intimidated by him. Finally she gives in to him out of a sense of inevitability and because there seems nowhere else to turn. Her name is France.

It is one of the few blatant moments in the film, which is otherwise scrupulously shaded and controlled. Most impressively, Director Louis Malle (*Phantom India*) does not soften or sentimentalize Lucien, neither judges nor justifies him. Malle's voice is hard and even, his attitude toward his young protagonist understanding, yet cautionary. In Lucien's story, Malle has found a perfect metaphor, direct without being strident, subtle and urgent at the same time. As with Lucien, the foundation for national tragedy is laid quietly,

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PIERRE BLAISE IN MALLE'S *LACOMBE*
No allowances for youth.

and is built upon with a terrible ease.

The rigor of Malle's portrait of the youth, in fact, makes the movie a little distant. Lucien is so incessantly wayward, he glories so thoroughly—albeit temporarily—in the corruption of authority, that he becomes the object of outrage, and much of the film's capacity for empathy is lost.

The moment of redemption and of greatest dignity is reserved for the tailor, a crusty old bourgeois who finally becomes sick of hiding and accepting the humiliation and, worse, the awkward help of Lucien. Wonderfully portrayed by Holger Lownadler, the tailor dresses in his best suit, strolls around the town, finally pays a social call on Lucien at police headquarters, where he is promptly arrested. He has salvaged, at least, whatever remains of his honor.

Malle is too tough-minded to grant Lucien similar privileges. Though he flees the Germans, there will be no escape for him. The events in which he cooperated so callowly return to savage him. Throughout, Malle has implied that occupied France was full of Luciens of every age. There were so many, we may assume, that no allowances could be made for youth, and no credit given for the possibility of change. ■ J.C.

The Ants Are Coming

PHASE IV
Directed by SAUL BASS
Screenplay by MAYO SIMON

The best thing about science-fiction films is their opportunity for wonder, their ability to draw out and contain the most extravagant imagery. Their most prominent failing is to slight ideas and use stories as picture books do. In Stanley Kubrick's great *2001: A Space Odyssey*, themes and images reinforced one



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another. In most other futuristic films —and *Phase IV* is one of these—the force of the ideas cannot compete with the power of individual images.

Phase IV is good, eerie entertainment, with interludes of such haunted visual intensity that it becomes, at its best, a nightmare incarnate. It can also sometimes go quite wobbly, with ripely absurd dialogue and the most primitive sort of human characterizations. The movie is about ants, and it is clear that everyone involved in the picture was a lot more taken with them than with the Tinkertoy people provided by the script.

The tale begins with one of those unexplained events in space so loved by, and necessary to, science-fiction writers. "The effect," as it comes to be called, looks like a freakish, sinister eclipse. It has no immediate impact on earth until Biologist Hubbs (Nigel Davenport) notices some strange behavior in the ant world. The ants start to do, as Mathematician Lesko (Michael Murphy) puts it, "things that ants don't do: meeting, communicating, making decisions."

Wiped Out. Out of these insect caucuses comes an agreement to destroy all creatures that prey on ants. If the mantis and the spider are to be wiped out, can man be far behind? With all due secrecy and dispatch, Hubbs and Lesko set up a remote experimental site to find out. Their research leads them to some spooky conclusions, and the strain of it all tells on Hubbs, who at one point agonizes aloud about the ants: "What do they want? What are their goals?"

The movie often scrambles beyond such hysterics, thanks to the skill of Director Saul Bass, a graphics designer and visual consultant here making his feature-film debut. Bass knows a good deal about how to isolate a single image, how to place it and build on it for maximum effectiveness. There are sequences in *Phase IV* that seem to have been lifted intact from a surrealist's fever dream: giant anthills looming like pylons against a gloomy sky; a dead man's hand, unclenched, revealing ants crawling out of holes they have chewed in the palm.

The movie works toward a vision of a chillingly absurd Apocalypse, then pulls back a little, not in implication but in illustration. Originally, *Phase IV* ended with a montage of hallucinatory images suggesting man's destiny after the ants have had their way. But the sequence was deleted by Bass because he thought it too abstract. It may be just as well: the movie is not substantial enough to support the kind of philosophical freight such a montage would imply. *Phase IV* works best as a weird thriller and as a showcase for Bass's talents, which transform a story that could have been entirely silly into a bit of necromancy that lingers like an omen. ■ J.C.

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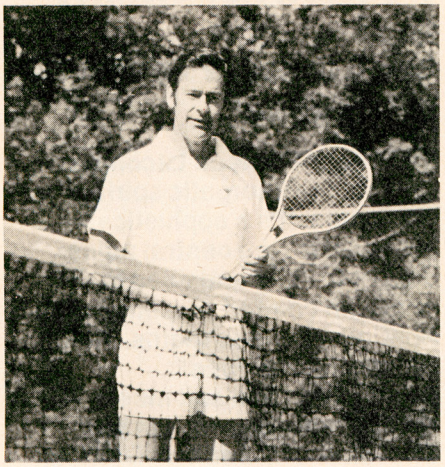

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The Sting of Fact

MACON COUNTY LINE
Directed by RICHARD COMPTON
Screenplay by MAX BAER
and RICHARD COMPTON

This is a beefy, low-budget thriller that provides a few surprises. The milieu is rural America in the 1950s, a place in recent history that has become crowded with avaricious time travelers since the success of *American Graffiti*. One of the protagonists (portrayed vigorously by Max Baer, who served as producer and helped with the scenario as well) is an atavistic sheriff, the sort of gun-toting good ol' boy who gives law enforcement down South a certain caveman cast. The sheriff represents just that sort of legalized mayhem that made *Walking Tall* such a big hit, and one might expect that *Macon County Line* would try to follow along in its predecessor's misshapen footprints, combining the nostalgia of *Graffiti* with the violence of *Walking Tall*.

It turns out that the *Graffiti*-style period winsomeness is just a diversionary ploy and that *County Line* summons up echoes of *Walking Tall* only to refute them. The movie is an antidote to hortatory vigilantism. It preaches, with heat and compulsive honesty if not precisely with originality, that the fruit of hate is terrible, indiscriminate violence.

The sheriff is a man who has no pity to waste on strangers or blacks. He is kind to his son, and he would be a good father if only kindness mattered. He brings his boy up in his own image, however, more than he knows. The harrowing conclusion of the movie is a bloody, scary sequence in which, as the local idiom goes, all the chickens come home to roost. The sheriff's wife is slaughtered by a couple of frightened sneak thieves, and father and son go out for revenge.

Baer is careful to give the criminals an odd kind of motivation. The one who does the actual killing is a psychopath who had been brutalized by cops. When he realizes that the woman is a policeman's wife, he goes crazy. The implication that violence breeds more violence is not novel, but welcome nonetheless in a time when audiences cheer and holler as Charles Bronson plays judge and jury with a pistol. The objects of the sheriff's frantic reprisals are three innocent drifters (Alan and Jesse Vint and Cheryl Walters) whom he had hassled one afternoon for lack of anything better to do. He remembers his suspicions and, without questioning, acts on them.

The movie, which is ragged but forceful, is said to be based on a true story. It sometimes seems much too pat in its converging ironies, but it is a credit to Baer and the deft action directing of Richard Compton that *County Line* at least assumes, in its strongest passages, the rueful sting of fact. ■ J.C.

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

For our cover story on Team Canada's series with the Soviets, TIME's Toronto Bureau Chief Robert Lewis joined the players in their Edmonton training camp and followed them through the last green light in Moscow. It was a familiar route for Quebec-born Lewis. Two years ago, his first day in the Toronto Bureau coincided with the opening of a training camp for the stars of Team Canada 72 and he reported our cover story on that memorable series. The second time around was no easier. "Sleeping in ten cities in four weeks on two continents," he says, "I have come away with respect for the endurance of professional hockey players—Soviets included."

Some of the lessons were learned directly from Gordie Howe and Bobby Hull. Says Lewis: "In Edmonton I had a sore back for two days after Howe put me through a light workout on one of the team's exercise machines. Later in Helsinki, when Howe plopped into a seat next to me on the team bus, I got a taste of what the action must be like in the corners as his impressive elbow hit my ribs." As for Hull, "He proved a delight as a subject, ever cooperative despite heavy demands placed on his time by fans—myself included, since I carried several requests from Canada for Hull's autograph."

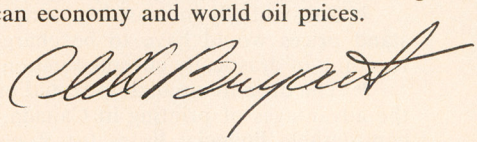


YAKUSHEV & LEWIS IN VANCOUVER

On the state of international hockey play, Lewis feels that "the time has come for some kind of institutionalized summit. There is nothing to match the spectacle of Hull *v.* Kharlamov, or Howe checking Mikhailov, or Cheevers and Tretiak kicking shots away from the net. But first the two pro leagues in North America should get together so that Canada can win the next series."

Additional reporting for the cover story came from Correspondents John Shaw in Moscow and John Blashill in Montreal. Shaw, who also watched the 1972 series, compares the Canadian fans arriving in Moscow to conventioneers "reassembling for the biennial Moscow meeting of the All-Canada International Hockey Fanatics Association." Blashill managed to interview a number of the Soviet stars as they passed through Montreal on the way home, even though they were more interested in checking what capitalist Canada had on its department store shelves. His knowledge of Spanish helped when he discovered that Valeri Kharlamov's mother was a Spaniard and had taught her son some of that language.

The cover story was written by Associate Editor Geoffrey James and researched by Anna Sosnowski and Betty Palik. The U.S. edition of TIME this week carries a cover addressing two subjects, the American economy and world oil prices.



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The Cover: *Design by Austin Metze. Photos by Terry Hancey-Prosport Productions Ltd.*

TO THE READERS OF TIME CANADA

The Federal Government is currently discussing the future of TIME and *Reader's Digest* in Canada. On Sept. 16, TIME submitted a statement to the Secretary of State of Canada, the Hon. J. H. Faulkner, at his request, outlining our current operations and analyzing the effect that a change in our legal status would have on those operations. A copy of the brief was also presented to the Prime Minister and to members of the Cabinet on the same day and is being delivered to all Members of Parliament. Because it has now become public knowledge, we would like to share with you the salient points of that brief.

The question before the Government is whether or not to revoke provisions of the Income Tax Act, specifically Section 19, which affects Canadian companies that advertise in TIME CANADA and *Reader's Digest*. The law allows these advertisers to deduct from their taxable income, as an ordinary business expense, the cost of their advertising in those two magazines, just as they can deduct the cost of their advertising on TV, radio, in newspapers and in other periodicals published in Canada.

The brief states that if Section 19 is revoked, advertising in TIME would become prohibitively expensive for Canadian advertisers, effectively doubling its cost and causing a severe loss in revenues to TIME CANADA. This loss of advertising revenues would cause significant changes in the way TIME is published in Canada:

- Without the Canadian advertising revenues which currently support our editorial operation here, the section of Canadian news would be dropped.
- Without a Canada section and without Canadian advertising revenues we would most reluctantly have to release the Canadian publishing and editorial staff from their present responsibilities in Canada.
- The $1,000,000 in corporate income taxes paid annually to the federal and provincial governments would no longer be forthcoming.
- Canadian advertising agencies would be denied the source of $1,000,000 per year in commissions.
- Revenues of $6,000,000 which TIME CANADA now provides to various Canadian suppliers would be lost to them.
- Substantially increased subscription and newsstand prices would have to be charged, inevitably resulting in drastically curtailed national circulation.
- The drop in circulation would bring to an end the advantages of printing in Canada, thus creating considerable financial losses for Ronalds-Federated Ltd. which prints TIME CANADA in Montreal and Vancouver.
- These circumstances would compel us to export to Canadian readers the U.S. edition of TIME, containing only that edition's editorial and advertising content.

Among the reasons advanced by those advocating a change in TIME's status is the assumption that the Canadian magazine industry would benefit. Publishing experience in Canada, the U.S. and elsewhere suggests otherwise. Advertising income lost to TIME CANADA would not automatically flow to other Canadian publishers. This question has been examined several times in the past, most recently in 1970 by the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media under the direction of Senator Keith Davey. The Special Senate Committee received testimony from Canadian magazine publishers, large and small. At the end of its deliberations it could not conclude that Canadian magazines would surely benefit if TIME and *Reader's Digest* were no longer able to publish in this country:

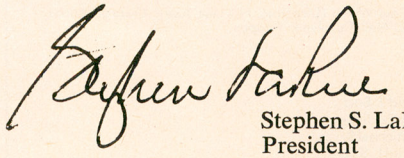
> "Removing the TIME and *Digest* exemptions, even if it did force these magazines to close up shop in Canada, would not necessarily represent a windfall for the remaining periodicals. Much of the revenue would undoubtedly be diverted to television and newspapers."

Since the publication of the committee's three-volume report, Canadian magazines, weekend supplements, and free home delivery publications as a whole have shown considerable growth and improved financial health. New magazines have come on the scene to serve readers and to compete effectively for the magazine advertising dollar. There are, in fact, more publications now for the advertiser to choose from than there were in 1969, the year prior to the Senate committee's report. It is a well known fact of business life that good competition among strong contenders is a healthy thing for any industry.

The Magazine Association of Canada, representing 14 different national and regional publications, reports that in the years 1969-1973, TIME CANADA's advertising revenues increased by 1.3%. During the same period, the association as a whole enjoyed an increase of 35%. Any difficulties encountered by one magazine in the group do not change that central fact.

Since 1943 when the Canada section was introduced, TIME magazine has become an integral part of the national scene. More than half a million Canadians purchase a copy each week, making TIME in Canada more popular on a per capita basis than in any other country. We are enormously proud of this fact.

The Canada editorial section has expanded its coverage over the years with the growth of the country and we would expect this expansion to continue in the future. We believe we have a contract with our readers to be a window on the world as well as a mirror to Canada. This has been and will remain our journalistic *raison d'être*. We would deeply regret being unable to continue that contract.



Stephen S. LaRue
President
TIME CANADA LTD.

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
October 14, 1974 Vol. 104 No. 16

PARLIAMENT

Across the River, and Down to Work

"One does not cross the Rubicon in order to go fishing," observed Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, as he opened debate in the 30th Parliament last week. Having won his majority—"the same old bunch, but a little more numerous this time," as he cracked in a Commons riposte—Trudeau took some care to spell out what he intended to do with it.

Like other P.M.s before him, Trudeau set his sights on a familiar Canadian Grail: a fully patriated constitution. "It is a standing reproach to us as Canadians, and particularly to those of us engaged in politics, that we have so totally failed in this kindergarten, fundamental structure of political independence. I believe it is time we got into Grade 1." Trudeau also announced a new office of federal-provincial relations, responsible to himself, and headed by R. Gordon Robertson, 57, Ottawa's top mandarin for the past eleven years.

There would be no letup, Trudeau promised, in the Government's drive for bilingualism, especially in Ottawa. Only 10% of senior executive positions in some departments of the federal civil service are filled by French-speaking Canadians, he noted; their numbers will be raised to 28%, the proportion of Francophones in Canada's population. "If we can't do that in the next four years, it will never be done, and separatism will have proven its point."

TV Debates. Trudeau was fairly brimming with ideas on how to speed up Parliament, though few are likely to be embraced by the Opposition. Besides the oft-repeated possibility of televising proceedings, the P.M. would institute electronic voting, limit debate on minor bills, and abolish the present rule that bills not passed in one session must begin at the first stage in the next. Trudeau would also require advance written notice of questions and wants to find a method allowing most of the Cabinet to be absent during question period.

On the more pressing matter of Canada's economic ills, Trudeau insisted at a press conference that the Government had made the "proper diagnosis." In the Throne Speech earlier in the week, the Government promised to avoid "deliberately" slackening the economy in fighting inflation. The Government would practice spending "restraint" and seek increased incentives for farmers, fishermen and other producers, and aid for those hardest hit by inflation. Trudeau said that he will also hold a series of private meetings with business, farm and labor groups over rising prices, but these would only serve to "discover the basis for a consensus."

New Nationalism. The Liberals also promise to be more active in promoting Canadian nationalism. The Throne Speech proposed laws requiring a majority of Canadians on all corporate boards of directors, an extension of the Foreign Investment Review Act to cover cultural enterprises, and active help in "promoting the sale of Canadian books and magazines." Parliament will also be asked to confirm *O Canada* as the official national anthem. But in foreign policy, said the P.M., brusquely denying a published interview with his own Foreign Policy Adviser Ivan Head, there would be "no really flashing new initiatives."

Opposition Leader Robert Stanfield offered his wry condolences to former Liberal ministers dumped by Trudeau in a Cabinet shuffle in August: "Speaking very personally, we do not all win." Stanfield reminded the Commons that Trudeau had claimed during the election campaign that the Government was "wrestling inflation to the ground"; instead, said Stanfield, "inflation really has a full nelson grip on the Government." New Democrat Ed Broadbent, making his maiden speech as head of the party caucus, rejected as "morally and intellectually wrong" the Liberal promise of spending restraint. He proposed stepped up aid to the needy, and added: "The Government must intervene not only in the investment, but also in the pricing decisions of large corporations."

If the beginning of the 30th Parliament seemed a familiar ritual inside the House, it was anything but that on the outside, where demonstrating Indians fought with Mounties in one of the uglier scenes in the history of Parliament Hill. For two weeks, a Native People's Caravan had trekked across the country from British Columbia to demonstrate for Indian property rights and better housing, schooling and health care. Joined by Maoists of the Communist Party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist), some 400 demonstrators charged toward the Commons on opening day, throwing rocks, bottles and spikes. They were met by 100 blue-helmeted men of the RCMP "tactical unit." The demonstrators were repulsed twice and finally retreated to a deserted building on Victoria Island in the Ottawa River, dubbed it the "North American Indian Embassy," and presented a list of demands which included their fares back to British Columbia.

INDIANS CLASH WITH THE RCMP RIOT SQUAD ON PARLIAMENT HILL



RUSSELL MANT—CP

"You've Got To Beat Them At Hockey"

It seemed—just for a second—as if hockey history was about to repeat itself. With the last minute of Game 7 between Team Canada and the Soviet Union winding down in Moscow's Luzhniki Arena, the Canadians had one last chance to avert defeat. From a corner to the right of the goal, Paul Henderson passed to Bobby Hull, who, with a flick of his wrist, sent the puck through Goalkeeper Vladislav Tretiak's pads. As the red goal light flashed, the Canadians jubilantly flung their arms high to celebrate the goal that seemed to win the game and give them a fighting chance to tie the series.

The celebration was, of course, short-lived. Referee Tom Brown, who had disallowed a Russian goal in Game 2 in Toronto, decided that this one was no good either. It had, he said, been scored after the end of the game. When Hull remonstrated with Brown, the referee replied: "I saw it all."

Quick Time. Perhaps, but there were some things that the game officials did not see. During the crucial third period, CBC Radio's Play-by-play Caller Bob Cole noticed that the big display clock in the arena did not always stop when the whistle blew. Just ninety seconds before the final buzzer, Goalie Gerry Cheevers complained that the Soviet timekeepers had let the clock skip ahead four seconds —a charge that was substantiated when the referee ordered that two seconds be added to the game. Brown's decision, coupled with the belief by many of the Canadian players that the Soviets had indeed shortened the final period, cast a shadow on a series already marred by poor officiating and equally poor sportsmanship. Said Hull to Robert Lewis after the game: "They don't have to cheat. They are a good enough hockey team without that."

Team officials were less temperate. His face flushed with rage, Team Canada Manager Bill Hunter bellowed that "we take the team home if we don't get the goal back." Countered Coach Boris Kulagin: "I heard the referee's whistle and all our players stopped playing to show their discipline . . . we are not filing any protest." Other Soviet reaction was summed up by a Russian fan: "Thank God it was a Canadian referee."

Brown's decision was, of course, irreversible—just as there had been no thought of overturning his decision to disallow the Soviet goal in Toronto. After Game 7, the only question was whether or not the Canadians would go out with style and dignity. Next day, they did manage that, in a gritty, hard-played—and ineptly refereed—eighth game, though they lost to the Soviets 3-2. The final result of the series: U.S.S.R. 4 games, Canada 1, ties 3.

The series marked the first international defeat for professional North American hockey—an event that did not, however, cause national mourning, since there was little of the raw public emotion that attended the 1972 clash. Despite the outcome, Team Canada had performed in a far more cohesive fashion than its 1972 predecessor. The most solid contribution came, as it did in 1972, from the seasoned players: from Gordie Howe, from the outstanding Gerry Cheevers and from such players as J. C. Tremblay, Captain Pat Stapleton and Ralph Backstrom. Although he scored only one goal—officially anyway—in Moscow, Bobby Hull established himself as a kind of superhero among the Soviets.

At least part of any hockey game is won or lost before either team skates onto the ice. When the 27 players of Team Canada stepped off their plane from Helsinki, it was unclear whether they were walking into a carefully prepared psychological maze or just sheer Soviet inefficiency. Russian officials had promised Canadian diplomats that the visiting team would be whisked through arrival formalities as swiftly as the Soviets had been in Montreal. Instead, the tired Canadians had to wait through two hours of customs and transportation foul-ups before they reached their hotel. As a result, a team that had already been softened by five days of relaxation and weak competition in Scandinavia arrived weary, angry and frustrated, and had to forgo its ice practice besides. Bobby Hull, for one, felt a sense of foreboding at the way events seemed to be turning out.

Ice War. The next day, in Game 5, his fears proved well-grounded. From the start, the competition in Moscow's Luzhniki Arena revived echoes of the cold war tactics of the 1972 series. The play that best summed up the atmosphere of the game took place in the third period, as Ralph Backstrom at center ice skated at full speed toward Kharlamov's back. Just when it seemed as if Kharlamov might end up outside the stadium, the Russian ducked and kicked Backstrom's skates from under him. Totally out of control, the normally unflappable Backstrom skated after Polish Referee Waldo Czapek, demanding a penalty on Kharlamov for tripping. The result: Backstrom was sent to the bench with a ten-minute misconduct penalty for his undeniably abusive language.

The final score—3-2 for the Soviets —was perhaps a fair enough result in a violent, but otherwise undistinguished, contest. Commented Team Canada's Physician Gerry Wilson: "The Soviets proved that they can dish out as much as they take. You've got to beat them at hockey."

Game 5 turned out to be no more



GORDIE HOWE WIELDING HIS STICK DURING GAME FIVE IN MOSCOW

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY TERRY HANCEY—PROSPORT PRODUCTIONS LTD.









GAME SIX IN MOSCOW: (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) POST-GAME LEY-KHARLAMOV SCUFFLE; PAUL SHMYR REMOVING THE PUCK FROM CANADIAN ZONE; FRANK MAHOVLICH DUMPED NEAR SOVIET GOAL; VASILIEV & MacGREGOR ROUGHING IT UP

than a prelude to what happened in Game 6, when any resemblance between what occurred on the ice and hockey seemed purely coincidental. Both sides used sticks, skates and bodies as offensive weapons rather than instruments of skill, and there were moments when the game degenerated into a series of long-smoldering personal feuds.

Much of the lawlessness can be blamed on Soviet Referee Victor Dombrowski, whose officiating moved out of the realm of the arbitrary into that of the despotic. Before he left Canada, Dombrowski declared that "the Canadians played rough, very rough, in all four games. That we do not accept." The trouble was, it was hard to tell what he would and would not accept.

The game began excitingly enough with the Soviets scoring two swift goals, before Réjean Houle and Gordie Howe tied the score for Canada. It was in the second period that the real problems began. With the score at 3-2 for the Russians, Dombrowski signaled a two-minute penalty against Valeri Vasiliev for an offense against Bruce MacGregor. Seconds later, MacGregor's stick flashed across Vasiliev's stomach, tearing his sweater and provoking the Soviet player into throwing punches. Instead of dispatching Vasiliev for the original offense plus a ten-minute penalty for fighting as laid down by international rules, the Soviet referee assessed only a five-minute penalty—and gave MacGregor the same sentence for good measure. "It turned the whole thing around," said MacGregor. Complained Paul Henderson: "I'd go home right now. That refereeing was just a complete joke."

By the time the game had ended 5-2 in favor of the Russians, Team Canada was in a state of near-mutiny. As the final buzzer sounded, the pugnacious Rick Ley decided to get even with the nearest Russian player, who just happened to be Kharlamov. "I let him

The Problem of Amateur Referees

"The best officiated game is when people leave and don't know who the referee was," says Scotty Morrison, referee-in-chief of the National Hockey League. For fans filing out of Luzhniki Arena in Moscow or flicking off their television sets in Vladivostok or Vancouver last week, there was no doubt who the referees were—or that the officials had played a major role in the outcome of the games. The problem was not only the apparent one-sided calls. The more serious problem was that the officials were simply not up to the demands of the game. At one point in Game 6, Soviet Player Aleksandr Gusev hurled his stick in Soviet Referee Victor Dombrowski's direction, an indication that the frustration was shared by players on both sides.

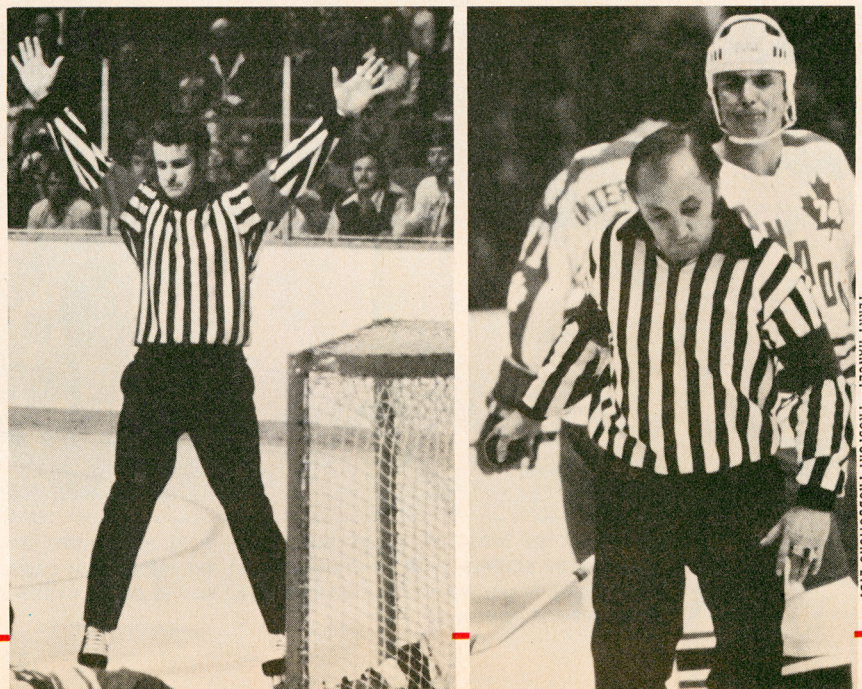
Trying to avoid the kind of fierce arguments that erupted over officiating in the 1972 series, Team Canada this summer invited the hockey federations of 13 countries to nominate their best officials for a two week training camp in Edmonton run by Referees-in-Chief Vern Buffey of the W.H.A. and Hugh McLean of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. After assessing the work of the officials at the training sessions and in the pre-summit exhibition games, McLean, members of Team Canada and Russian officials agreed to select Brown, Dombrowski, Josef Kompalla of West Germany and Waldo Czapek of Poland to handle the series. All had experience in advanced amateur leagues and performed reasonably well during the exhibition games. Brown, 34, who works as an IBM systems analyst, had been a part-time referee for the Ontario Hockey Association for twelve years; poised and confident during games, he nonetheless will be remembered for his two controversial judgment calls on goals. Czapek, 34, is also calm but he turned out to be a poor skater who had trouble keeping up with the fast play. McLean describes Kompalla, 34, as a solid official but characterizes Dombrowski, 44, as so tense during games that he can hardly move.

The training sessions could not give the officials the good judgment needed to handle competitive, pro-style hockey. Comments Morrison: "The European fellows aren't used to that kind of pressure. When they face it, they choke up." In a way, their task was complicated by an International Ice Hockey Federation rule that forces fighting players to be ejected from games. In the pro leagues, a good tussle —followed, of course, by both teams being assessed penalties—can provide an outlet for players who may be near the boiling point. Without such a venting, the angered Canadians and Soviets resorted to flashing sticks and skates at each other. When penalties are not called for such obvious infractions, spearing and kicking become an integral part of the contest.

•

Given the nationalistic fervor on both sides, there was probably no way to avoid complaints about one-sided calls. In Toronto, for instance, Brown awarded a penalty shot to Canada. A couple of days later in Winnipeg, Dombrowski did the same for the Soviets. Coach Billy Harris later commented that he had expected the Soviet to "even up" the score. But referees from neutral countries are probably not the solution. When the Soviets suggested that either Kompalla or Czapek officiate in Game 6, Harris turned down the offer because "all neutral referees are European" and unaccustomed to the Canadian style of play—though Harris' decision also ensured that Brown would referee what was then seen as the crucial seventh game. Perhaps as one Canadian official suggests, some of the more promising European refs should be brought over to work in the N.H.L. or W.H.A. for a season. Certainly, it would be an edifying experience to have Victor Dombrowski presiding over one of the battles of Philadelphia's "Broad Street Bullies."

CANADIAN REFEREE TOM BROWN & SOVIET REFEREE VICTOR DOMBROWSKI



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RUSSIAN HOCKEY FANS WATCHING THE PLAY DURING GAME FIVE IN MOSCOW
"Kanadski hocki" is a national, not just a sporting affair.

have it," explained Ley. "I couldn't hurt the team at that point and I thought, maybe, it would give us a little bit of life for the next game." As the Russian fans jeered and whistled, the two men fell punching to the ice, with the bloody-faced Kharlamov emerging the worse for wear. Tass later called the fight a "disgusting scuffle," and Soviet Coach Boris Kulagin declared that "the Canadian hockey player who started the fight should be jailed for 15 days." Countered Harris: "Does the same law apply to Vasiliev in the second period?" But it was the diplomatic Hull who had the last word. The end of Game 6, he said, was "absolute crap. I don't care who is at fault. That does not belong in a hockey game."

At a practice session the next morning, Ley went over and offered an apology to Kharlamov. Said the Russian: "I understand. I also am a hockey player." The following day, under Tom Brown's somewhat calmer direction, both teams played clean, exhilarating hockey in a game spoiled only by the errant Soviet timekeeping.

For Canadians, the national rapture of 1972 could never be recaptured of course, but the series still held a fascination of its own. In Vancouver, the main exchanges of the B.C. Telephone Co. projected scores on screens for the operators. Eaton's, in downtown Winnipeg, set up four large TV sets on its eighth floor and installed signs in its front windows inviting passersby to watch. Several University of Manitoba professors counted the depleted ranks of their classes and decided to cancel them.

Moscow Fever. Across the U.S.S.R. from Minsk to Magadan more than 100 million Soviets tuned in to the games. Normally, reports TIME Moscow Correspondent John Shaw, "hockey fever does not blanket the nation as it does in Canada. The interest in the game is somewhat limited among the Moslem millions on the sunbaked steppes of Central Asia and among the wine-sipping southerners around the Black Sea. Still, *Kanadski hocki* is a national, not just a sporting affair. And for such an event, millions of Soviets who think that icing is something that goes on top of a cake join the certified fans."

In fact, hockey has for some years established its supremacy over soccer —in part because Soviet soccer teams have not shone lately in international competition. As a television spectacle, hockey is somewhat more riveting than the typical Russian fare. Said one Muscovite last week: "Hockey is an exceptional event. People plan their social activities around these games." Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko declined a diplomat's dinner invitation for fear of missing the action. One foreign resident's chauffeur ducked the offer of a $20 tip to drive a visitor to the airport because he might have missed the start of a game. During Game 5, a militiaman controlling traffic in downtown Moscow was seen surreptitiously following the commentary on his belt-clip walkie-talkie.

For the ordinary Muscovite, getting hold of a game ticket was a little like trying to wangle a seat on the Soviet Presidium. Tickets went up to $8, or twice the 1972 tab, while the scalpers' rate for the few seats available was $65. Players received only one ticket each, coaches two. Team Canada's steering committee, upset by poor seats spread throughout Luzhniki Arena, boycotted Game 6.

One person who fared better was Hockey Lawyer Alan Eagleson, returning to the scene of Team Canada 72's last-minute victory to find that the Soviets had apparently forgiven or forgotten his old Red-baiting antics. Eagleson was given a seat almost as choice as the VIP box that contained such notables as Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Defense Minister Andrei Grechko. Grechko's presence scotched rumors that he had been retired—though, as one local joked, "maybe he won't quit until after the series. That way he's sure of tickets."

As hockey has soared in popularity in the Soviet Union, individual players have enjoyed the prominence and perks of stars. Returning to Moscow with suitcases stuffed with fashionable wide-lapel jackets and platform shoes from Montreal, three Moscow Selects, Captain Boris Mikhailov, Aleksandr Yakushev and Aleksandr Maltsev gave TIME's Lewis their impressions of Team Canada and a glimpse of their personal lives.

"Like every kid," says Yakushev, "I took a wooden stick to the soccer field and imitated hockey playing." It wasn't too hard since the family flat looked out over a stadium in Moscow. Now 27, "Yak," as his Canadian opponents call him, wields a big stick in the manner that kindles images of Jean Beliveau. His value to the team was apparent in Coach Kulagin's decision to play him despite his painful knee injury. Yakushev insists that he has benefited from playing against the Canadians. The Soviets, he says, have learned the efficacy of solid body checking and "more about playing in the slot."

Moving gracefully across the ice in intricate, looping patterns, Maltsev embodies the Soviet style. Eight years ago, at age 17, Soviet scouts brought Maltsev from the Urals to Moscow. Unlike Yakushev, Maltsev sees no fundamental lessons being learned from the Canadians. "Basically," he says, "we have not changed our style. What we really picked up was learning to shoot rebounds. We also started playing a tougher game." He adds: "Bobby Hull has become my new idol. He's the ideal hockey player."

Science Fiction. Boris Mikhailov, says Gordie Howe, is the "spirit" of the Soviet team. Howe and teammates respect the captain for his ruggedness and unflagging determination. Mikhailov sees the same virtues in the Canadians: "What is good about them is that they play 60 minutes without relaxing. They do their utmost." The oldest man on the Soviet team—he turned 30 on the last day of the series—Mikhailov also has coaching ambitions. He and wife Valentina have a seven-year-old boy who wants to become a goal tender. Does the rangy forward dream of playing on the same team with him? "That's from science fiction," he says. What about Howe senior? "He's unique."

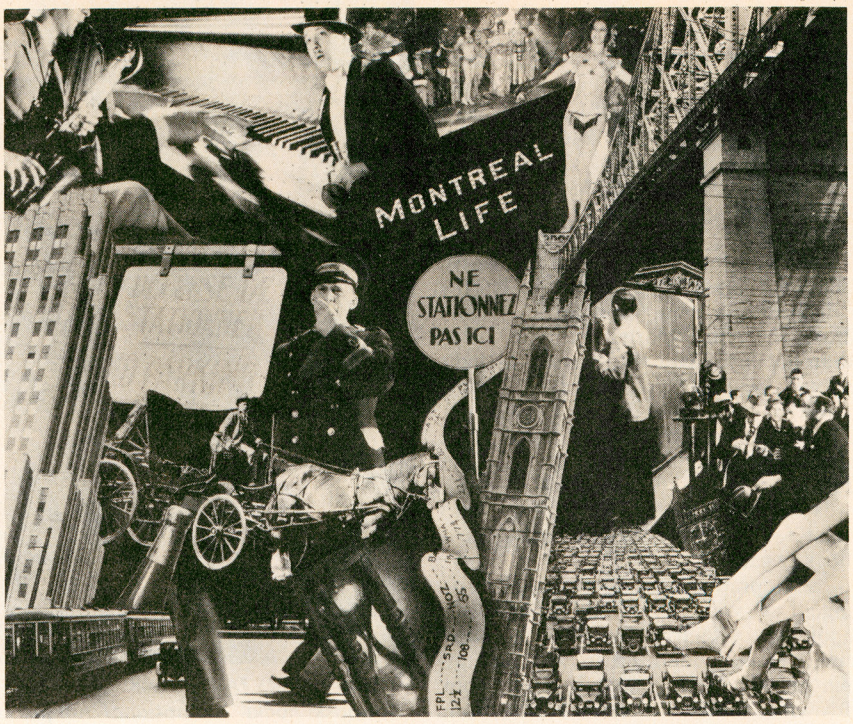
Writing in a Soviet youth magazine, Hockey Theoretician Anatoly Tarasov said that "the Canadians are not simply fighting for points in the series—they are defending their credo, the prestige

of their school of hockey. Which hockey will win—Canadian, ruthless and straightforward, or ours, combative, daring and bright?" That was a one-sided comparison, of course, but the outcome of the series proved the worth of a system based on highly developed team play. For their part the Canadian players showed, as Team Canada 72 had, that they can handle pressure better than the Soviets.

In Helsinki, Harris declared: "With their combinations having worked together three or four years, we are challenging their system with our great individual talents. If we lose the series, we will have to move more into a team-play concept." It seems unlikely, though, that Canadian pros will suddenly don helmets and adopt the tricky Soviet passing patterns. Hull, for one, sees little possibility of radical change toward the Soviet system. Says Hull: "We do not have enough good players to do that. Until you get a team that stays together like the Russians, it will not work."

Amateur Baron. Of course, Canada does not have to modify its style—unless it wants to compete seriously in international play. The writing seems to be on the wall—or rather on the players' backs: at the insistence of England's Bunny Ahearne, the baron of amateur hockey, Team Canada players had to carry the rubric INTERNATIONAL on their sweaters. There is no question that international hockey has a sense of tension and occasion lacking in most club play. Even Soviet fans admit as much; the Gorki Torpedoes *v.* Moscow Spartaks simply isn't the same as Canada *v.* Russia.

In Ottawa, Health Minister Marc Lalonde would like to see both leagues combine to produce an all-star team to meet the Soviets. Replies N.H.L. President Clarence Campbell: "Lalonde has fouled up the Canadian sports scene enough." For the senior league, Campbell says, 1972 was a "distressing experience"—because at home starless teams cost owners $800,000 in exhibition game gate receipts. Nonetheless, the N.H.L. seems to be contemplating a replay—which was probably why Lawyer Alan Eagleson was being treated last week in Moscow with a deference denied Team Canada officials. Eagleson is proposing an ambitious package: games between Canadian clubs and Soviet teams this season, a face-off between the Stanley Cup and Soviet league winners next May and, in January 1976, an international round robin including the U.S.S.R., Finland, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, and Canadian and American N.H.L. teams. Whatever the outcome of the talks, it is clear that international hockey is the game of the future. As usual the inimitable Bobby Hull said it succinctly: "Playing against the Russians is exciting. It puts a little more class into hockey."



A MONTAGE SCENE OF MONTREAL IN THE CANADIAN FILM "RHAPSODY IN TWO LANGUAGES"

BROADCASTING

Rhapsody Remembered

Canadian film history B.N.F.B.—Before the National Film Board—has been a case study in amnesia. That gap is filled this week by *Dreamland: A History of Canadian Movies* (CBC-TV, Wednesday, 8:30 p.m.), a dryly humorous look at Canadian films in the half century before the N.F.B. was created in 1939. With a good deal of wit and style, *Dreamland* punctures the view that Canada's contribution to early cinema was to act as a backdrop for Hollywood dog sled epics.

Like any other archaeological venture, *Dreamland* turns up a large amount of rubble and a few historical gems. Two Ottawa brothers, Andrew and George Holland, were the first persons ever to use Thomas Edison's Kinetoscope commercially. Their 1896 film, *The Kiss,* portrayed just that. It lasted half a minute, which was still long enough to draw standing-room crowds in Ottawa. The biggest backer of early Canadian movies was the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., which ordered up trashy little melodramas encouraging western immigration. Canada even had a fly-by-night movie mogul, Hull-born Ernest Shipman who produced half a dozen or so potboilers before he went broke. They include *Back to God's Country* (1919), which features Canada's first nude bathing scene and the exploits of "Wapi the Walros," a prototype Rin-Tin-Tin.

A number of prominent Canadians —including Former Prime Ministers Arthur Meighen and R. B. Bennett—backed Canada's 1928 attempt at a war epic, *Carry on, Sergeant,* and lost a bundle. *Dreamland*'s Producer Kirwan Cox, and Director Don Brittain, lay much of the blame for the failure of such films on Famous Players Canadian Corp., a branch plant operation founded by Hollywood Mogul Adolph Zukor, which had a strangle hold on the Canadian theater market. Famous Players was brought to trial under anti-combines legislation in 1932 but the charges were dismissed. Thereafter, feature-length Canadian film making came to life only after the U.S. film makers set up shop in Victoria to bypass British film quota restrictions prior to World War II. Still, there were a few other bright spots. Gordon Sparling, perhaps Canada's best film director of the day, managed to produce some startling cameo pieces that included *Rhapsody in Two Languages,* a pyrotechnical look at Montreal night life. But theater managers still preferred to set their rhapsodies in Chicago.

Dreamland's enchantment begins to wear off before the end, only because it contains too much information for simple entertainment. But Director Brittain's narration has the self-depreciating quality necessary to draw laughs from some awful footage illustrating, for example, Canada's introduction of "the tree as subject" of a feature film. As a contrast, he also includes excerpts from *The Viking,* a long-lost 1930 Newfoundland sealing epic produced by American Varick Frissell (TIME, Sept. 22, 1967). *The Viking* might bend Canadian content guidelines, but it is one of the finest movies of the period.

Cox and Brittain put *Dreamland* on the screen just in the nick of time. Accident and the decomposition of nitrate film have destroyed much of Canada's early footage, including the whole of *Evangeline,* the first Canadian feature film ever made. Out of 55 feature films produced before the establishment of the N.F.B., only five remain. That fact alone makes *Dreamland* worthwhile. ■ George Russell



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AMERICAN NOTES

Thoughts from the Third Grade

When President Ford called for ideas to conserve energy, the third-graders at the Sodt Elementary School in Monroe, Mich., decided to see if they could help. The students drew up some pledges and got the neatest penman in the class—Brock Horsley, 8—to print the list on an outsize, 2-ft. by 3-ft. sheet of paper. Then they mailed it off to the White House. There a delighted President Ford called in reporters and read out some of the suggestions:

"We will turn off all lights when we're not using them.

"We will ride our bikes . . . instead of having Dad take us in the car.

"We will keep the thermostat at 68.

"We will always close the door in cold weather.

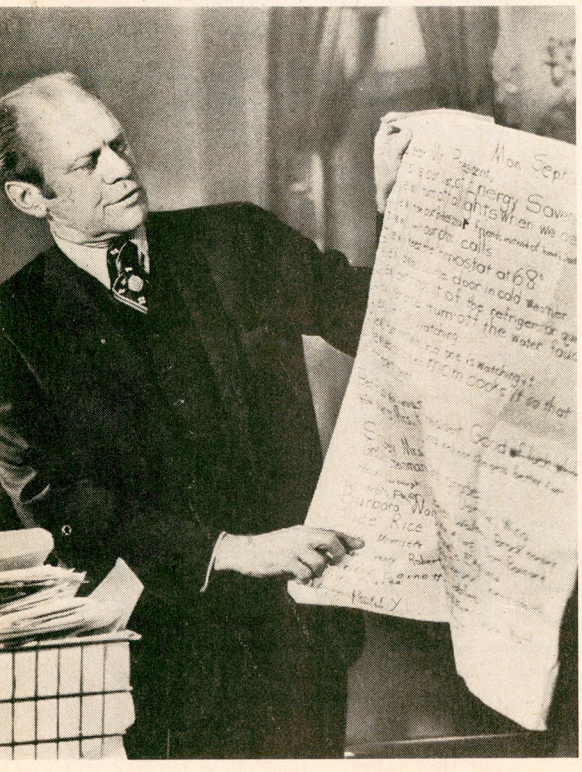
"We will get things out of the refrigerator quickly.

"We will limit our TV watching.

"We will eat dinner when Mom cooks it so that she will not have to reheat it."

If similar check lists were followed by all Americans, the energy crisis would surely be eased. The depressing fact about such suggestions—including the President's own, due this week—is that they have all been heard before. During last winter's fuel shortage, the country learned pretty clearly what had to be done. But as soon as Richard Nixon irresponsibly proclaimed the end of the crisis, Americans were only too ready to resume their heedless, wasteful ways. It remains to be seen whether Ford's leadership will be more successful. Certainly the crisis will not disappear for years—as every third-grader seems to know by now.

FORD WITH PUPILS' ENERGY-SAVING HINTS



UPI

Too Much Too Soon

State legislators have been known to show zealous interest in their own welfare, and members of California's legislature can feather their nests with the best of them. In 1965 and 1970, the lawmakers enacted bills giving any legislator from a reapportioned district who was defeated—or simply decided to quit—a full retirement pension. There were no age restrictions: boy wonder and withered sage alike would be eligible.

This year, when all California was reapportioned, 61 state senators and assemblymen became eligible for pension relief. If all 61 decided to retire or were defeated, California's taxpayers would have to pay about $5.7 million for the extra benefits. Retiring Assembly Speaker Bob Moretti, 38, stood to receive $8,742 a year from 1975 on, or $186,384 by the time he reached 60.

When irate letters and editorials greeted the handout, the legislature hastily went into a special session and voted to repeal the law. Angered by the sight of their own blood, the reluctant reformers decided to gore a few executive oxen. Among other things, they voted to slash retiring Republican Governor Ronald Reagan's pension from $32,800 to less than $20,000.

Long-Range Emergencies

In March 1933, President Franklin D. Roosevelt proclaimed a national emergency to cope with the Depression. Officially, at least, that state of emergency is still in effect. So is the emergency that Harry Truman declared in 1950 during the Korean War and those that Richard Nixon called in 1970 because of a postal strike and in 1971 to handle an international monetary crisis.

Now Congress is moving to tidy things up. Due for action this week is a bill that would 1) cancel past edicts and 2) give Congress the right to end any emergency during its first six months. After that period, the emergency would automatically be terminated, unless Congress approved an extension.

Paved with Gold

As a modest contribution toward the celebration of the nation's Bicentennial, the city of Philadelphia decided to restore to its original state the paving of a block-long passageway called Elfreth's Alley. Certainly no lane in the land seemed more deserving of such loving care. Philadelphians have been living on it since the turn of the 18th century, thus making Elfreth's, or so they claim, the oldest continuously inhabited residential street in the U.S.

To pave the alley with the "pebblestones" popular in the 1790s and to repair some plumbing, however, will cost $250,000. Applications for that sum were sent to Washington, which has a kitty for historical preservation.

Even so there was some grumbling at home about the cost. When someone quipped that it would be cheaper to pave the alley with money, the Philadelphia *Daily News* decided to enlist the services of Director Joel Bloom of the city's Franklin Institute to see what $250,000 would literally cover. Ignoring dollar bills ("inferior wearing quality," noted the *News*), Bloom figured that the street could be paved with dimes for $58,368 and quarters for $82,080. In fact, Bloom added, the city could cover the alley with separate layers of dimes and quarters and still have enough left over from the quarter million to fill in the chinks with gold.

ELFRETH'S ALLEY (CIRCA 1950)



ANDREAS FEININGER

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2. The blind date you dreaded, turns out to be a long-stemmed beauty called Rose.

3. Finding a $20 bill in a pair of pants you haven't worn since last summer.

4. Being told by your mother-in-law she's going on a world cruise — for 3 years.

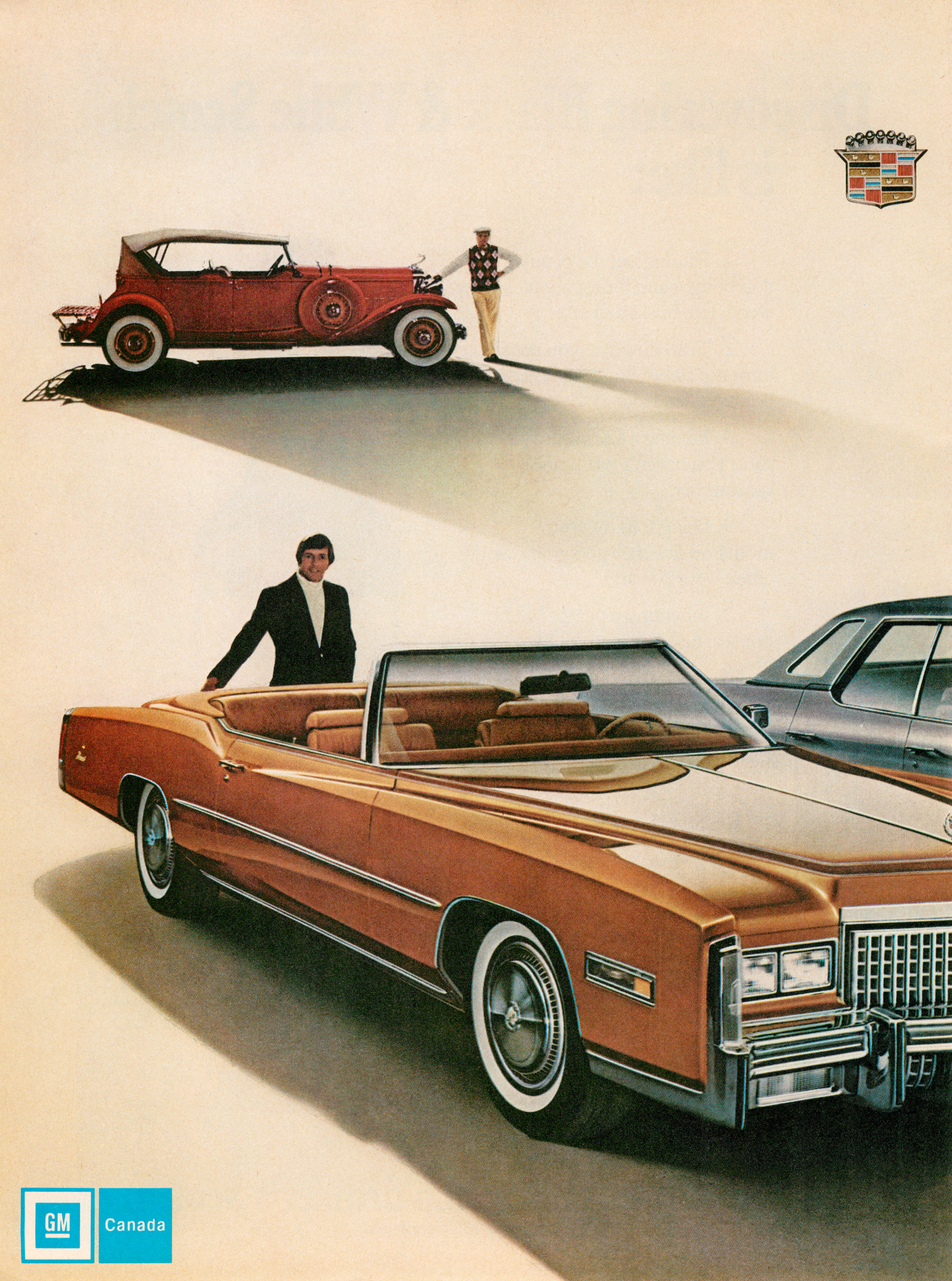
5. Inheriting a pair of N.H.L. box seat tickets paid up 'til 1992.

6. The gorgeous creature who just moved in across the hall loves Mozart and her favourite drink is Black & White too. Girl's got taste.



Black & White. The Scotch drinker's Scotch.

Enjoyed in over 168 countries.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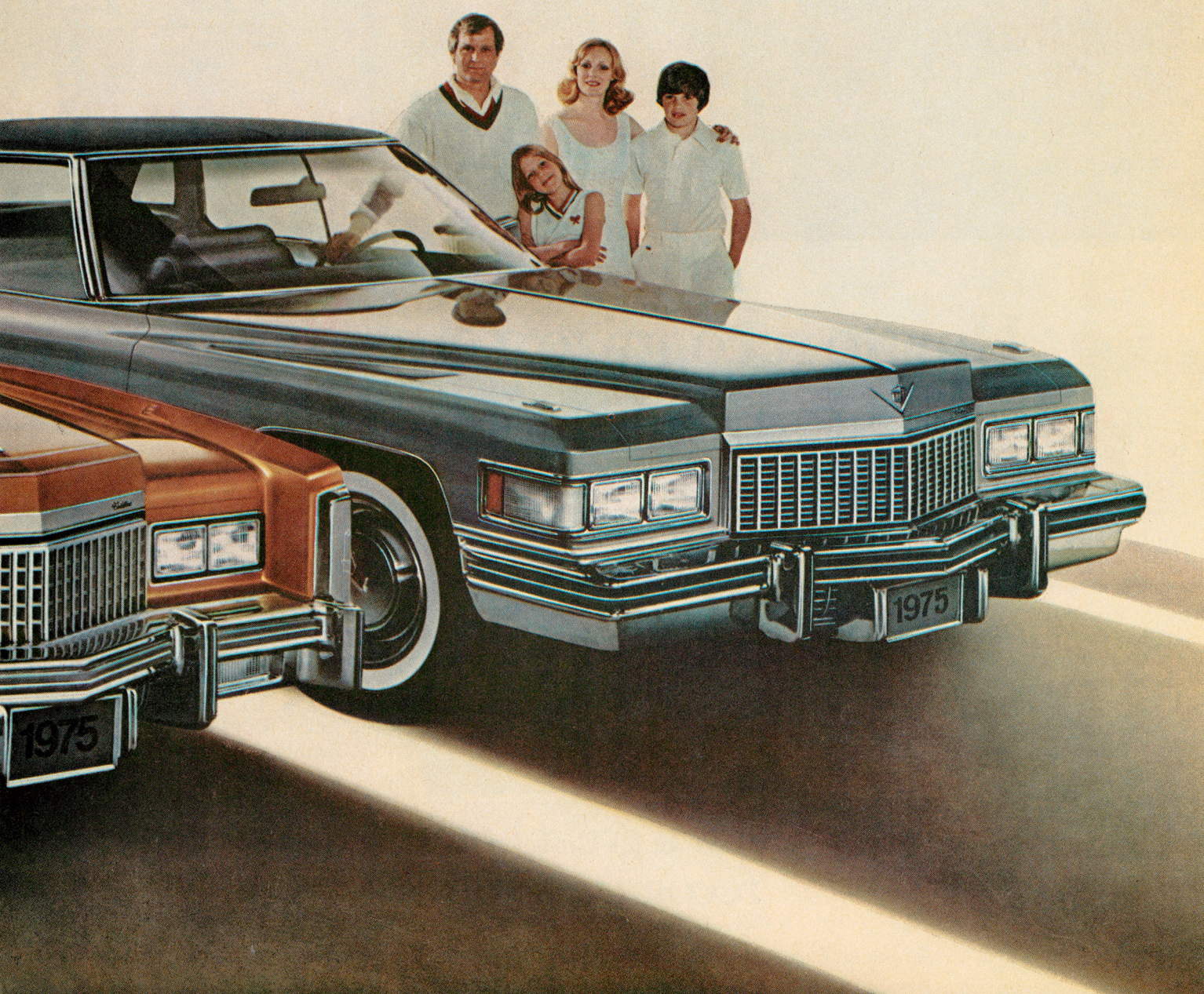



The Empress Hotel of Victoria—with an ambiance that sets it apart.

How to recognize a great hotel

The truly great hotel has a certain ambiance, a distinctive character, that makes it unique. The ivy-covered Empress of Victoria is no exception. Its setting, its charm, its discreetly efficient service set it apart from all others.

Recent renovations at The Empress have not changed its character. The Conservatory is still an oasis of green. No one would dare to alter the hand-carved ceilings of the Dining Room and the Library Bar. And, as usual, high tea is served each afternoon in the lobby.

It is a stately, elegant, and dignified establishment. But The Empress also has its swinging side: the refurbished Bengal Room, a pub called The Beaver and the Paint Cellar discotheque are popular with Victorians and visitors alike.



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HENRY GROSSMAN
VISALLI—PHOTOREPORTERS



CONNECTICUT'S ELLA GRASSO (LEFT) & ARKANSAS' DALE BUMPERS CAMPAIGNING

THE CAMPAIGN

Landslide in the Making

When the two old friends squeeze in a round of golf these days, as they used to do when they were together in the House, Congressman Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, leader of the Democratic majority, occasionally brings up a subject that can do little to help the game, or the morale, of President Gerald Ford. The Democrats, O'Neill is telling Ford, are going to win big, very big, in November.

All the evidence tends to support him. The main issue is double-digit inflation. Says one Midwestern G.O.P. leader: "There is no one alive who knows the answer to our economic problems, but the blame falls on Republican shoulders because we're in."

While Watergate has faded as an issue, the scandal is still hurting the G.O.P. badly. A score or more of attractive Republicans decided long ago to sit out this election. One notable example: Illinois' able Congressman John B. Anderson, 52, who last spring abandoned any thought of challenging Democratic Senator Adlai E. Stevenson III. In addition, Watergate tied a square knot in the purse strings of big G.O.P. donors. The Ohio party is nearly broke, and contributions to the Illinois party are off by 90%. Says Michigan's G.O.P. Chairman William McLaughlin: "A lot of people believe that you're a crook if you give and a crook if you take."

Veto-Proof. The opinion polls offer the G.O.P. no comfort. A Roper survey delivered last month revealed that only 21% of U.S. voters considered themselves Republicans (*v.* 48% Democrats and 26% independents). The Gallup poll, meanwhile, shows that the percentage of Americans who consider themselves Republicans has dropped from 28% in 1972 to 23%. Another Gallup survey out this week discloses that voters plan to back Democratic congressional candidates over Republicans by a margin of 54% to 35%.

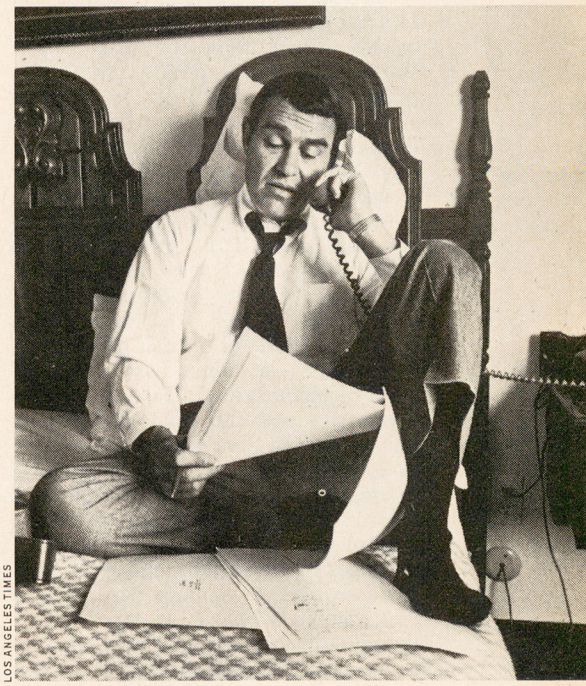
If these feelings are transformed into votes on Nov. 5, the Democrats estimate that they could win as many as 50 new seats in the House, changing the current Democratic margin of 248-187 to something approaching 300-135. This would give the Democrats their largest majority in the House since the Depression year of 1936, when they pulled 56.1% of the vote and took 333 seats.

In the Senate, only 14 of the 42 Republican seats are up for election, and the Democrats have serious hopes of winning only three or four of these. But since the Democrats may well hold all 20 of their seats that are being contested, they could end up with a margin of around 62-38 in the Senate (it is now 58-42). There is even an outside chance that the election could produce a "veto-proof Congress," with the Democrats controlling two-thirds of both the House and the Senate.

In the 35 gubernatorial contests, the Democrats could add half a dozen statehouses to their 32. "Even if we don't make a net gain," says Robert J. Keefe, political director of the Democratic National Committee, "the worst we might do is trade 'em Alaska and Oklahoma for California and New York. Hell, I'll make that trade any day!"

In the past few months, the Republicans' chances have resembled an erratic fever chart. After Richard Nixon's resignation, the party hoped to lose no more than 20 House seats. Then came the pardon. Says a G.O.P. Congressman from New Jersey: "I think Republicans in each congressional district picked up 20,000 votes when Nixon resigned, and lost 10,000 when Ford pardoned him."

In an effort to win back some votes, the President not only will be out barnstorming in the next month, but has also offered to write a letter of endorsement for every G.O.P. Senator and Congressman up for election. Invited to suggest what should go into his letter, one bitter Republican snapped: "That he's sorry he pardoned Nixon, that he just doesn't know how he could have made that blunder."



LOS ANGELES TIMES

CALIFORNIA'S FLOURNOY TALKING TACTICS
Bad news on the golf course.

Mostly Ashes. The Republicans are holding their own only in the South, which never did sour on Nixon. Perhaps the freshest political face in the region belongs to Tennessee's Lamar Alexander, 34. Energetic and coolly intelligent, Alexander is given a good chance of becoming Governor by defeating three-term Democratic Congressman Ray Blanton. But the Democrats are not without promising candidates of their own—most notably Arkansas' Governor Dale Bumpers, 49, who is expected to win a Senate seat handily after having beaten the redoubtable Senator William Fulbright in the primary.

Elsewhere round the country, it is

mostly ashes for the G.O.P. In the Northeastern and mid-Atlantic states, the Democrats hope to pick up as many as 16 congressional seats. Connecticut's Democratic Congresswoman Ella Grasso, 55, is favored to become the first woman in the nation's history to be elected Governor on her own by defeating Republican Robert Steele, himself an attractive young Congressman.

The Democrats are hopeful that their biggest victory in the region will come in New York's gubernatorial contest. Congressman Hugh Carey, 55, an old-fashioned liberal given mod appeal by some adroit television ads, is running far ahead of Malcolm Wilson, 60, the earnest but lackluster incumbent who moved up from Lieutenant Governor when Nelson Rockefeller resigned last December. A poll published last month by *Newsday,* a Long Island newspaper, showed Carey leading Wilson by the surprising margin of 52% to 27%. Carey's strong showing has improved the once dismal prospects of his ticketmate: former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, an ultra-liberal Texas transplant who is challenging liberal G.O.P. Senator Jacob Javits, 70, long (perhaps too long) New York's biggest vote-getter.

In the Midwest, traditional stronghold of the G.O.P., the Republicans could lose up to 22 of their 69 congressional seats—as many as six in the bastions of Nebraska and Iowa. In the 13 Western states, the Democrats should pick up at least five and perhaps as many as eleven congressional seats. The most interesting Senate fight is in Colorado, where Democrat Gary Hart, 36, George McGovern's presidential campaign manager in 1972, is trying to link conservative G.O.P. Senator Peter Dominick, 59, to some of the tainted milk money collected for President Nixon's re-election.

Voter Apathy. The biggest prize on the West Coast is the Governor's mansion in Sacramento, Calif. The Democrats hope to capture it with a candidate whose family used to live there: Edmund G. ("Jerry") Brown, 36, the son of ex-Governor (1959-66) Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown. Now California's secretary of state, Brown has frequently put Houston Flournoy, 45, the state's able controller, on the defensive.

As they look to November, professionals in both parties, but especially the Republicans, are worried that voter apathy will cut into their totals in unpredictable ways. There is a sense of disillusionment over Watergate and helplessness over inflation. During a radio talk show in Maine, someone called in recently to ask: "Why do we need a Governor at all? What can any of these men do for us?" Other callers immediately seized upon the same idea. With Watergate in the near past and the prospect of inflation stretching into the distant future, more than a few politicians are having trouble convincing voters that anybody can make a difference.



DAVID KENNERLY

THE FORDS VIEWING "BEST WISHES" PETITION FROM 100 U.S. SENATORS

THE WHITE HOUSE

Ford on the Offensive

Amid growing criticism that he was drifting and avoiding hard decisions, President Ford took the offensive on several political fronts last week.

He made extensive, energetic preparations for his economic message to the nation this week (*see pages 31-34*, THE ECONOMY). He beat back an attempt by the Senate to undercut his foreign policy. He made a startling offer to go before Congress to explain why he had pardoned Richard Nixon. He met with 22 of the nation's mayors and pledged to sign an $11.8 billion mass-transit bill. He reorganized his fumbling White House staff. Though he was obviously distracted by his wife's bout with cancer and visited her every day at the hospital, he also dined with congressional friends, threw a party for retiring members of Congress and was host at a white-tie-and-medals reception for the Washington diplomatic corps. It was a brisk display of a Chief Executive in action and, despite all his troubles, enjoying it.

The Senate revolt was directed not so much against Ford as against his predecessor and at what many regard as the clandestine tactics of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. Still angered by the disclosure of the CIA's intervention in Chilean politics, Senators saw a chance to strike back when a resolution authorizing a temporary continuation of foreign aid came to the floor last week. A majority voted an amendment banning military aid to Chile. Then, by a much larger margin, the Senate voted to cut off military assistance to Turkey on the ground that U.S. weaponry had been used in the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. Finally, the Senate voted to stop shipments of fertilizer to South Viet Nam.

Ford was especially alarmed that the U.S. would lose leverage in the Cyprus crisis if aid to Turkey was halted. He sent staffers to Capitol Hill where they persuaded House-Senate conferees to eliminate the objectionable amendments from the resolution. Now the Senate must decide whether to accept the revised measure.

Confronted with a list of questions from Congress about the Nixon pardon, Ford could have supplied written replies or none at all. Instead, in the interest of an open presidency and in the hope of putting the issue to rest, he volunteered to testify before a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee this week.* The probe will be televised. Said the delighted Democratic subcommittee chairman, William Hungate: "It is consistent with the frankness and openness he displayed as a Congressman."

Unique Occasion. Even some critics of the "imperial presidency" worry that Ford may be weakening his office by testifying before Congress. But he feels that he is giving nothing away since he is going voluntarily. As Ford explains it, since a presidential pardon of a former President is such a unique occasion, it deserves a unique explanation.

Ford moved to solve his staff problems by instructing all of his aides, who tend to take up too much of his time on less than crucial matters, to report to Donald Rumsfeld, 42, his newly named "coordinator of White House operations." For someone of Ford's democrat-

*Though the record is somewhat murky, Ford will apparently be the first President to testify on a formal basis before a congressional committee. Abraham Lincoln made a few trips to Capitol Hill to confer informally about his war policies.

ic disposition, it was a tough order to give, but it had to be done. Observers feared that he was spread too thin, and had not yet made a successful transition from the leisurely politicking of Capitol Hill to the continual decision-making grind of the White House.

Open and personable, Rumsfeld has the task of giving the President the protection he needs without sealing him off. A Ford ally when he served in Congress from Illinois, Rumsfeld was even considered for the vice presidency before Nelson Rockefeller was chosen. Though Rumsfeld held some high-ranking posts in the Nixon Administration—director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, director of the Cost of Living Council, Ambassador to NATO—he was not tarnished by Watergate. Once when H.R. Haldeman, Nixon's chief of staff, tried to shift him to a smaller office, he resisted: "Listen, I didn't resign a first-class seat in Congress to take a second-class office in the White House." Now he has Haldeman's office, though without the title and imperial trappings.

Rumsfeld's arrival coincided with the long-overdue departure of some hard-core Nixon holdovers, who were finally eased out last week. Among the resignations announced: Father John McLaughlin, a Jesuit priest who had offended his own order by so tenaciously defending Nixon's morals; Richard Moore, a presidential counsel who is reportedly to be added to the list of unindicted co-conspirators in the Watergate cover-up trial; Bruce Herschensohn, an assistant who was in charge of coordinating public support for Nixon.

Good Humor. Bolstering Ford throughout his busy week was his wife Betty's encouraging recovery. Because cancer cells were found in two of the 30 lymph nodes removed in the operation, she will have to undergo further treatment to prevent the spread of the disease. But she appeared to be in good humor. She was surrounded with cards, letters and bouquets from well-wishers. Particularly heartening were hundreds of messages from women who had undergone the same operation. One notable correspondent: Alice Roosevelt Longworth, 90, who had two mastectomies years ago.

Despite the First Lady's progress, her illness inevitably stirred speculation about her husband's plans for 1976. "He is greatly influenced by his family," says a presidential adviser who believes that Ford would bow out if his wife was not well. The leading contender for the G.O.P. nomination would then be Vice President-designate Nelson Rockefeller, a dismaying prospect for Democrats, who think he would be the toughest man to beat. Rocky is already filling in for the President at speaking engagements in Utah and California. But Ford will soon join him on the hustings. This week he is scheduled to begin a series of trips through 18 states in behalf of Republican candidates.

WATERGATE

The Trial Begins, Minus Its Star

They were once inseparable, the guardians of the Oval Office in Richard Nixon's law-and-order Administration. Now they sat on the uncomfortable side of the law as defendants in a Washington federal courtroom, separated by a vacant chair—and a frosty silence. For 45 awkward, painful minutes, during a courtroom lull in the jury selection process, John Ehrlichman, baggy-eyed and subdued, bent purposefully over a yellow legal pad. The normally dour H.R. Haldeman, his crew cut turned sleekly long, glanced tentatively at his onetime friend, but got no encouragement. Before stepping out to smoke his pipe, a pale, drawn, considerably older-looking John Mitchell, 61, had sat aloof. Once the nation's chief law enforcer as Attorney General, he now faced criminal charges for the second time.

Far Apart. Certain to become one of the most celebrated trials in U.S. history, the Watergate conspiracy case poignantly dramatized how far this once triumphant trio had fallen—and how far apart they have grown. As Nixon's former chief of staff, Haldeman had a great deal to do with Ehrlichman's emergence as the Administration's domestic-policy boss. Now Ehrlichman's lawyers were expected to claim that Haldeman had worked deviously with Nixon to mislead their client about some of the 45 overt acts cited by the prosecution as part of a conspiracy to "commit offenses against the United States" and to obstruct justice. Mitchell, who never really trusted the palace pair, had learned from the Watergate transcripts that they had plotted with Nixon to make him the scapegoat in the 1972 wiretap-burglary of Democratic National Committee headquarters.

The other two defendants seemed almost incidental. Robert Mardian, a top Mitchell aide at both the Justice Department and on Nixon's 1972 re-election committee, warmly shook hands with his former boss. Kenneth W. Parkinson, who had been merely an attorney for the Nixon committee, sat apart from the others on a front-row bench, almost as a spectator. Federal Judge John J. Sirica had separated the case of a sixth defendant, Gordon Strachan, because of legal complications caused by previous grants of immunity to him.

As Ehrlichman entered the courthouse on the first day, he was spat upon by a bearded, heavy-set man who identified himself as a Yippie. Inside the courtroom, everything was orderly as Sirica asked possible jurors, largely black and female, questions proposed by the

NIXON LEAVING HOSPITAL WITH FAMILY



UPI

EHRLICHMAN LEAVING COURT



JEFF TAYLOR

HALDEMAN HAILING CAB AFTER SESSION



AP

defense and prosecution attorneys. By week's end Sirica had given preliminary approval to only twelve possible jurors; he would need at least 45 if the opposing attorneys exercise all of the peremptory challenges he has allowed. Many prospective jurors have been dismissed because they would suffer unduly if sequestered from family or business duties for the full length of the trial, which could go on past Christmas.

Although not physically present, the former President, for whom all of the defendants had worked, was and will remain a central figure in the trial. His lawyers presented motions to quash two subpoenas issued for his testimony at the trial—one from Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski, the other from Ehrlichman. Sirica sealed the papers supporting the motions until after the jury has been sequestered. Nixon's health was cited as the major reason for his unwillingness to appear; national security was listed as another reason.

Mentally Sharp. Nixon meanwhile was released from Long Beach Memorial Hospital Medical Center after a twelve-day stay. Dr. John Lungren, his personal physician and a longtime friend, reported that the blood clot in Nixon's left leg was gone and the clot in his lung was no longer detectable. Exhaustive tests showed no signs of the cancerous condition that sometimes triggers such clots in phlebitis cases.

Lungren insisted that Nixon was "mentally sharp but physically extremely fatigued" and must not travel for as long as three months or even give a deposition for two or three weeks. He said that Nixon must be closely supervised while recuperating. The anti-coagulant pills he will take could cause hemorrhaging if Nixon had any accident, Lungren said. If Nixon were to sit, ride or stand for prolonged periods, this could cause "stagnation or sludging of the blood" in his left leg. Lungren said he was worried about turbulence in air travel. If the lawyers at the Watergate trial "have communication with the good Lord and can tell Nixon that he's going to have a perfect flight, then he can go," said Lungren. The possibility of travel by rail was not discussed. Lungren conceded that many people suspect that his advice to Nixon is more politically than medically motivated. "There are a lot of doubting Thomases—the country is full of them," said Lungren, "but this is my honest conception of what I think could happen to him during his recovery period."

Indeed, some experts in pulmonary disease said that on the available information they could not understand why the ex-President need be restricted from air travel for as long as three months or be excluded from testifying. After all, trial witnesses have often appeared in court in wheelchairs. What also puzzled other doctors was the cause and seriousness of Nixon's "fatigue." Lungren's explanation: "He's had 27 years without a vacation, 5½ years in the toughest job in the world, and he's had recurrences of phlebitis since June."

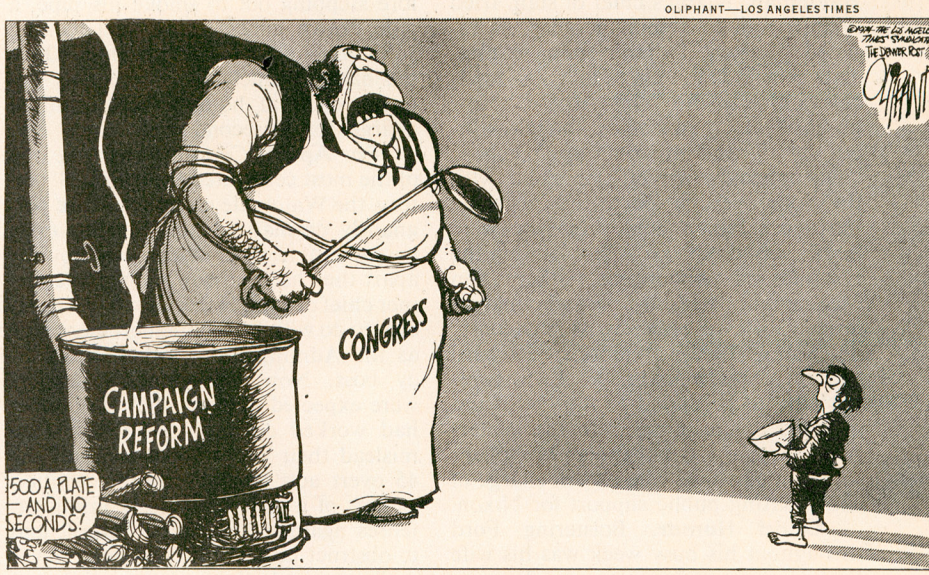
Before he left the hospital, Nixon's mood clearly was irritable. When he emerged from a room in a wheelchair and spotted Photographer Kent Henderson of the Long Beach *Independent Press-Telegram,* he snarled an undeleted expletive: "You goddamn son of a bitch." The startled photographer neglected to squeeze off a shot.

Nixon's mood could not have been helped by news that the Senate overwhelmingly (56 to 7) passed a bill to cancel his agreement with President Ford that would have allowed the former President to retain control over his Watergate White House tapes and papers. The bill, expected to gain House approval and to be signed by Ford, keeps the material under custody of the General Services Administration in Washington. It will be available to official Watergate investigators.

Nor could Nixon have been pleased by the fact that the House had chopped his transition funds from the $850,000 requested by President Ford to $200,000.* Taking particular aim at a $25,000 item for Nixon's travel expenses, California Democrat George Danielson asked: "Where's he going? He's already gone."

*The $200,000 does not include the $220,000 in salaries of federal employees assigned to work with Nixon since he left office or some $415,000, which, according to a Senate subcommittee, has already been spent on his support in the same period. By contrast, Lyndon Johnson, the only other President to benefit from the same laws, was given only $370,276 spread over 18 months.

OLIPHANT—LOS ANGELES TIMES



"More?? You want more?!"

POLITICS

A Reform in Campaign Spending

The disaster of Watergate will yet benefit the U.S. if some lessons are learned, some long-range changes brought about. This week Congress almost certainly will approve a momentous reform that grew directly out of Watergate: the public financing of presidential campaigns.

The currying—or outright buying—of future governmental favors by private interests through campaign contributions to both parties has long been one of the most degrading features of U.S. political life. In Nixon's 1972 reelection campaign, it reached new depths. Last week the Greyhound Corp. became the 16th corporation to plead guilty to making illegal contributions.

The obvious cure for such real and apparent abuses is to consider the election of a President a public responsibility to be financed from public funds. That is the major provision in a campaign-spending reform bill agreed upon last week by House-Senate conferees after months of backstage wrangling in both chambers. The bill does not apply the same funding principles, however, to elections for Senators and Congressmen.

Under the compromise, the public funding of presidential campaigns would work this way:

MAJOR PARTY CANDIDATES. A major party is defined as one whose candidate drew at least 25% of the vote in the previous presidential election. For the general election, if a sufficient pool of tax money has been built up, each such party's candidate would be allotted $20 million in public funds to finance a campaign. The money would come from the income tax check-off system now in effect, by which each taxpayer can earmark $1 of the tax he is paying for this purpose. The check-off fund is expected to total at least $64 million by 1976. Beyond the $20 million spending ceiling,

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Luxury, impeccable styling, rugged construction and road holding capabilities have rightly gained for the Peugeot gasoline powered 504 Grand Luxe a world-wide reputation for excellence. With its impressive safety and economy factors, the 504GL adds up to a truly remarkable car.

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PEUGEOT FEATURES

The only significant difference between the 504GL and the 504GL *Diesel* is in the motor. The 504GL has a 4-cylinder, 2-litre gasoline engine with overhead valves and two single-barrel Solex carburettors. The 504GL *Diesel* is powered by the 4-cylinder XD 90 diesel engine. Every 504GL Peugeot, be it gasoline or diesel, offers you the following distinctive features:



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COMFORT
1. Fully reclinable bucket seats up front.
2. Contoured rear seat with central retractable armrest.*
3. Three separate fresh air ventilation systems.
4. Sunroof*, tinted windows, rear window defroster.

ROAD-ABILITY
5. 4-wheel independent suspension.*
6. Non-fading, power-assisted disc brakes on all 4 wheels.*
7. Corner-compensating anti-sway bars front *and* rear.
8. Road responsive rack-and-pinion steering.
9. High-speed Michelin radial tires.*
10. Quartz-iodine headlamps.

DURABILITY
11. All-steel monocoque construction.
12. Front and rear high impact-resistant bumpers.
13. Electrophoresis bonded paint treatment.
14. "Canada" anti-corrosion treatment.

FUEL ECONOMY
The 504GL: 22 to 28 mpg.
The 504GL *Diesel*: 28 to 40 mpg.

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THE COMPETITIVE SPIRIT

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the state and national committees of a candidate's party can support his campaign at a rate of 2¢ per vote—roughly $2.9 million.

Presidential primary campaigns would be financed by a mixture of public and private funding, but with a spending limit of $10 million per candidate. To become eligible for any public funds at all, a candidate would first have to raise $5,000 in each of at least 20 states, in gifts not exceeding $250. For each $5,000 such a candidate raised privately, the Government would provide a matching $5,000, up to $4.5 million. In addition, the nominating conventions of major parties would be supported from the check-off fund with $2 million each—roughly what the two parties spent in 1972.

FRINGE CANDIDATES. A presidential candidate from a party not defined as major would be entitled to public funds under a formula linked to the percentage of the public vote his party received in the most recent presidential election. (The American Independent Party, which ran John G. Schmitz for President in 1972, polled 1,099,482 votes, only less than 5% of the total, and thus would not qualify.)

The big battle in the conference committee was over applying the public funding idea to senatorial and congressional races. House members, who have to run for office every other year, were particularly loath to provide ready funds for opponents seeking to unseat them. Some critics of the House bill, which provided public financing only for presidential campaigns, tagged it the Incumbents' Protection Act.

The conferees did agree, however, to place upper limits on both private donations and candidate expenditures in Senate and House campaigns. Candidates for the Senate could spend $100,000 in primary elections or 8¢ per voter in their state, whichever amount is greater; they could spend $150,000 in general elections or 12¢ per voter. In New York, for example, the 12¢ would allow about $1.5 million (in his successful 1970 campaign, New York Senator James Buckley spent $1.1 million in the general election). The same limitations would apply to House candidates in the six states that have only one Congressman (Alaska, Delaware, Nevada, North Dakota, Vermont and Wyoming). For House races in other states, candidates could spend no more than $70,000 in their primary- and general-election campaigns.

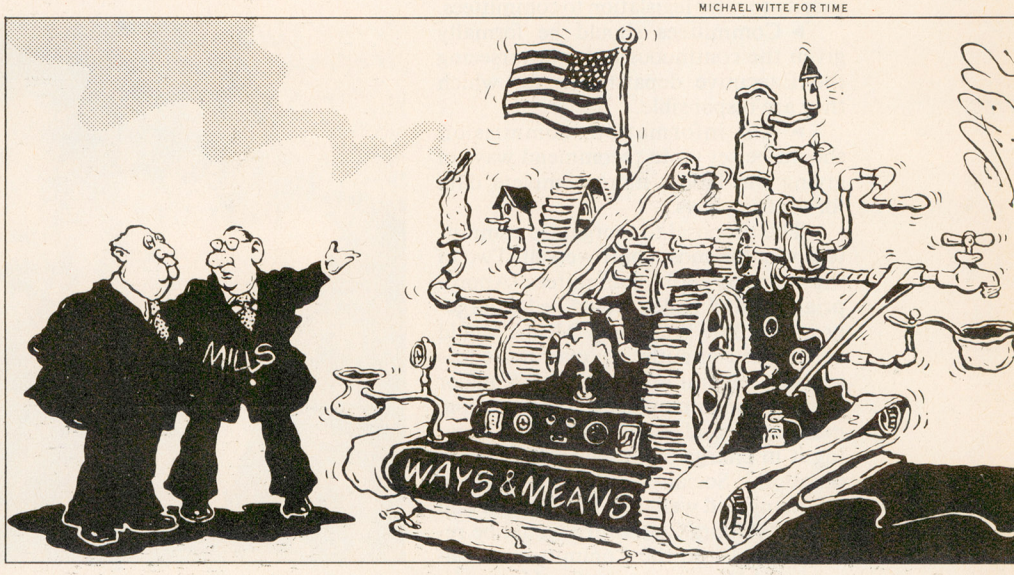
No single individual could give more than $25,000 in one election year, no matter how many candidates for federal office shared in his gifts. He could give only $1,000 to a single candidate in each election (primary, runoff and general) or a total of $3,000. Organizations such as the National Education Association could give only $5,000 to a candidate in each such election, or a total of $15,000.

The Senate conferees prevailed in insisting that a relatively independent commission with enforcement powers be created to ensure that the new laws are observed. It would consist of six voting members, two each nominated by the House, the Senate and the President. All nominees to the commission would have to be confirmed by a majority vote of both the House and Senate. The commission could bring civil but not criminal action against offenders; the legislators had no wish to make it easier to jail a Senator or Representative.

By the time the compromise was reached, the pressures for reform had grown so great that many past foes of public financing revealed that they would vote for the measure. Alabama's Democratic Senator James Allen, who had filibustered against the original Senate bill, indicated he would not repeat that tactic. Ohio Democrat Wayne Hays, who had bottled up the reform in committee for months, is now expected to support the compromise.

The only remaining question was whether President Ford, long an outspoken critic of public financing, would sign the bill. It is expected that he too, despite personal misgivings, will decide that some reform is essential. Said John Gardner, chairman of the citizens' lobby Common Cause: "We got more than we had expected—other than in the area of public financing of congressional elections." Gardner and other observers predict that by 1978, public funding of House and Senate races will also be a fact.

MICHAEL WITTE FOR TIME



"Unwieldy? You call that unwieldy?"

THE CONGRESS

The Struggle to Reform the House

For all of their complaints about the shift of power from Capitol Hill to the White House, most Congressmen realize that the nature of Congress itself, which sometimes resembles a collection of medieval fiefdoms, is largely to blame. Major legislation is frequently blocked by intramural squabbling between competing committees of the House, and some Congressmen hold too many important committee assignments to be effective in any of them. Far more than the Constitution intended, the President initiates—and the Congress, hampered by its unwieldy machinery, merely reacts.

Last year, in an effort to modernize its structure and procedures for the first time since 1946, the House of Representatives created a select committee headed by Missouri's tough-minded Democrat Richard Bolling to produce ideas for reform. Last week, as the House began debate on the Bolling committee's proposals, it was clear that everyone favored reform—for everyone else—and that many Congressmen were sorry they had even mentioned the word. Many members, said Michigan Democrat John Dingell, felt like the little boy who had shot a skunk: "After you've shot it, you're not quite sure what to do with it."

With a budget of $1.5 million, a staff of 14, and a membership of ten evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans, the Bolling committee labored for more than a year. It listened patiently to committee chairmen, academics, businessmen and labor leaders. It analyzed the 22 standing committees of the House and the 125 subcommittees.

The Bolling group concluded that: some committees have too little to do and others too much (simply because of its overload, for example, Ways and Means is often unable to consider measures that should have top priority); some important fields, like energy or the

environment, are split between two or more committees; the House itself has no firm leadership, and the Speaker little real power; though the House is responsible for continuous overseeing of the Executive Branch, it has made little effort to do this job; though committees have expanded their staffs, the House still has no good way of obtaining information independent of the Executive.

In a 90-page package, the reformers offered these solutions:

▶ An area of concern—the environment, for example—should be handled by only one committee, and duplication should be avoided.

▶ No member should serve on more than one major committee.

▶ The powers of the Speaker should be expanded by strengthening his authority to refer legislation to committees.

▶ Committees should be formally given the continuous task of overseeing the Executive departments for which they are responsible.

▶ An information commission should be set up to recommend ways of giving the House more complete data for drafting laws.

The proposal to reorganize committees was the most controversial. Two of the most powerful committees, Appropriations and Rules, would be left largely alone. But Ways and Means would be stripped of authority over trade legislation, general revenue sharing, major areas of unemployment compensation, manpower and health care (still leaving it in charge of, among other things, taxation, Social Security, Medicare financing and welfare). The Interior and Insular Affairs Committee would be reconstituted into the Committee on Energy and Environment, absorbing jurisdiction in these areas from several other committees and giving up control of Indian affairs, grazing lands and U.S. overseas territories.

The Education and Labor Committee would be split in two. A new Labor Committee would take over nontax aspects of unemployment compensation from Ways and Means and legislation dealing with civil service and postal workers. A new Education Committee would pick up responsibility for the elderly, the arts and humanities and a vast array of federal educational programs. The Foreign Affairs Committee, which has never held real power, would be enormously strengthened by gaining trade jurisdiction from Ways and Means, as well as special responsibilities for tariffs and customs and foreign intelligence. The Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee would almost disappear, while the Post Office and Civil Service Committee and the Internal Security Committee, once the Un-American Activities Committee and the springboard for Richard Nixon's career, would be abolished altogether.

The committee chairmen realized quickly who stood to lose and who to gain from the package. Potential losers were naturally the most vociferous. "I'll fight to the death," proclaimed Missouri's Leonor Sullivan, the new chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee. Arkansas' Wilbur Mills, who as chairman of Ways and Means is considered the single most powerful man in the House, kept silent publicly for the moment, but was expected to speak up—loudly—before the voting. From the outside, the AFL-CIO objected to the breakup of the Education and Labor Committee, fearing that a Labor Committee would focus too narrowly, like some kind of arbitrator, on management-labor disputes. A coalition of environmental groups opposed the marriage of energy and environment in one committee, fearing that their cause would receive short shrift in a group dominated by energy producers.

The dividing line in the reform argument was never liberal *v.* conservative. Republicans tended to favor the reformers. Indeed, one of the Bolling planks would guarantee the minority control over one-third of a committee's staff (as opposed to one-quarter now on most committees) so that it would have the resources to offer alternatives to the majority's legislative initiatives. Mostly, the Republicans sat back and gleefully watched Democrats fighting Democrats.

Last May the House Democratic Caucus created another committee to study the Bolling committee's recommendations. That committee, headed by Washington's Julia Butler Hansen, watered down or scrapped most of Bolling's plans in its own 86-page proposal. Afraid that reform would be lost altogether if the House opted for the Hansen sugar pills, Nebraska's David Martin, the ranking Republican on the Bolling committee, came up with a 92-page compromise package, halfway between Bolling and Hansen.

When all three massive, highly technical packages hit the House floor last week after four months of hearings, the result was perhaps the most confusing debate in recent memory. "All over the building the members were lobbying each other last week, trying to cut deals and swaps," reported TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil. "The confusion was genuine. None of the leaders knew what was what—neither the formal leaders of the House nor the leaders of the various factions involved in the debate."

For all the confusion, there was little doubt that a majority of both parties would not mind a bit if the whole issue just went away. But the trouble was that at least some voters were watching, and in the wake of the Watergate-inspired outcry for reform, it would hardly do to resist a vastly important reform.

ED ANDRIESKI



WILLIAM DORN (LEFT) WITH CHARLES RAVENEL AFTER BEING NOMINATED

SOUTH CAROLINA

Quarterback Sneak

Charles ("Pug") Ravenel had set himself an ambitious timetable. He wanted to be reasonably rich by 30, Governor of South Carolina by 36, President of the U.S. by 44. He had achieved his first ambition, and to everyone's surprise, he seemed on the verge of accomplishing the second. In South Carolina's primary last July, he outpolled six other candidates, then went on to trounce favored Congressman William Jennings Bryan Dorn in the runoff. He was expected to have no trouble defeating Republican State Senator James Edwards, 47, a Charleston dentist with a right-wing following, in the November election. But in his zeal to succeed, Ravenel failed to read—or heed—the fine print in the state constitution.

One section of that 75-page document states that no one shall be Governor who has not lived in the state for five years preceding the election. But Ravenel had been away for 15 years—at Harvard, where he became one of the

nation's most celebrated quarterbacks, at Harvard Business School, and on Wall Street as an investment banker. He finally returned home in 1972. He was not even aware of the residency requirement until his wife Mollie came across it in a pamphlet put out by the League of Women Voters.

Unlikely Litigants. Not too worried about the provision, Ravenel arranged for the filing of a friendly suit contesting his candidacy. Last April a state circuit court ruled that he was eligible because he had always intended to return to South Carolina. Initially, no one bothered to appeal the decision, probably because Ravenel was not expected to win the primary. But when he did, his opponents began to consider the letter of the law. A suit to overturn Ravenel's candidacy was brought by two unlikely litigants, Ben Dekle, a right-wing disc jockey, and Milton Dukes, a restaurant owner who perpetually runs for office and never wins. Last month the South Carolina Supreme Court ruled 5 to 0 that Ravenel could not run.

Not since Ravenel smashed his nose by running into a telephone pole during a baseball game—earning him the nickname Pug—had he received such a blow. Continuing to campaign as if the court had not spoken, Ravenel urged Governor John West to call a special session of the legislature to pass a constitutional amendment reducing the residency requirement.

The legislators, irritated by Pug's unrelenting attacks on them, were not buying. When a three-judge federal panel in Columbia upheld the lower court, Ravenel's lone hope was a forlorn one—an appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court, which has ruled in favor of a similar residency requirement in New Hampshire. Last week the hastily reconvened Democratic state convention named Dorn, a conservative who has served 26 years in the House of Representatives, to replace Ravenel. The untidy shuffling of candidates, with the appearance of a quarterback sneak against Ravenel, has given the G.O.P. its first chance to capture the statehouse since 1874.

ADVENTURE

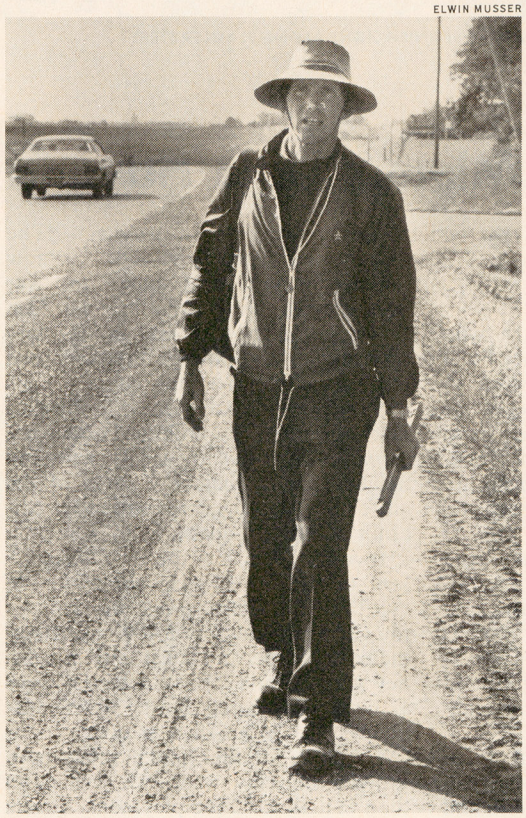
Anti-Hero's Welcome

As a chill autumn wind whipped across northern Iowa last week, a gaunt, solitary figure hiked steadily through the cornfields, waving to speeding semitrailers, swatting at snarling dogs with his walking stick, singing and talking to himself. The man was David Kunst, 35, who left his home town of Waseca, Minn., 4½ years ago with an unusual objective: to walk round the world (with the help of airplanes, of course, to carry him across the oceans). Though no match for the rawboned Kunst, who was averaging 40 miles a day, TIME Correspondent Richard Woodbury puffed along for a while as the walker came into the homestretch. Woodbury's report:

"Boring country," sniffed the blunt-spoken Kunst as he trudged north on State Highway 169 a bare 100 miles from Waseca. "Been through it before." He was mowing his way through the final week of his 13-country, 15,000-mile odyssey.

Until 1970 David Kunst was known as a good provider for his wife Jan and three small children; he headed a county survey crew and at night worked as a projectionist at the local theater. But he was also a restless young man who loved drag racing and hated the complacency he found around him. "A few years ago something snapped," he said.

ELWIN MUSSER



KUNST TRUDGING THROUGH NORTHERN IOWA
Something snapped.

"I made up my mind that I would do something that would be a little different. I was tired of Waseca, tired of my job and a lot of little people who didn't want to think. So I just walked out of town." And walked and walked—right through 21 pairs of shoes.

When he set out with his brother John and a mule donated by the Waseca Chamber of Commerce, some of the townspeople dismissed the caravan as "two asses and a mule." Kunst's wife recalled: "I kept expecting him to call from La Crosse and say 'Come over and pick us up.' "

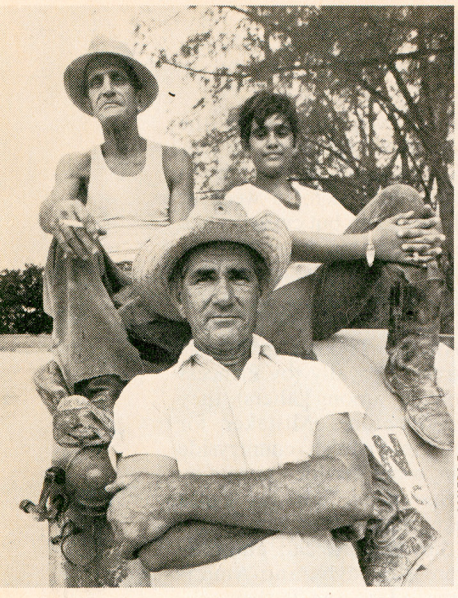
The first night the Kunsts made it 14 miles to Owatonna, then collapsed with sore feet in a city park. But gradually they toughened up and, equally important, became adept at hustling meals and lodging; they were presented with everything from cough drops by the Smith Brothers to two cases of C-rations by an Air Force colonel in Ankara. In Manhattan, they stayed for a week as guests of a Holiday Inn but caused some consternation when they brought their mule right into the lobby. The mule was promptly led off to be tethered, but he relieved himself before he got out the door.

Bandit Attack. Though the Kunsts were often greeted royally (by Princess Grace of Monaco, among others), they also had misadventures. Mistaken for smugglers in the Spanish countryside one night, they were prodded awake by guards with Sten guns. The mayor of a French village chased them out of his house when they came to call, and they were stoned by anti-Americans in Iran and Turkey.

The tragedy of the journey occurred when the brothers reached Afghanistan two years ago. Walking near Kabul, the pair were attacked by bandits who had read in a local newspaper that they were collecting money for UNICEF along the way. Actually, they had been collecting only pledges (now totaling $10,000, Kunst claims), not cash, and had only a few dollars. John Kunst, then 25, was shot dead; David, with a bullet hole in one lung, flew home to Waseca to recuperate for three months. When he returned to Afghanistan to resume the journey, his companion was his other brother Peter, now 29. Refused permission to cross China, the Kunsts trudged to Calcutta, then detoured to Australia.

The people of Waseca (pop. 6,700) had been preparing to hail David as a conquering hero. But when Kunst reached Nebraska last month, he began denouncing them to newsmen for their "hypocrisy, pettiness, self-righteousness and narrow-mindedness." The townsfolk have also been offended by his announcements that he often enjoyed female companionship along the way and has no intention of resuming his marriage or living in Waseca again. "I'm a social deviate, a radical, even a little crazy," he said recently. "I don't fit into anybody's pattern and I never will."

At week's end the mayor, the local Congressman and Senator Hubert Humphrey, who donated $250 to the trip, all stayed away from the welcome-home ceremonies. Nonetheless, more than 5,000 Wasecans were on hand as Kunst, clutching his blue rucksack, strode up to his starting point, the Waseca Cinema on State Street. There he swigged champagne, toasted the U.S. as "the best damn country I've ever been in," and ended his improbable odyssey.



SHERMAN—CAMERA 5

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS



ENGLISH & SPANISH SIGNS ALONG FLAGLER STREET



ROMERO—NEW YORK TIMES

WINDOW DISPLAY IN RELIGIOUS STORE

AMERICAN SCENE

La Saguesera: Miami's Little Havana

I know how men in exile feed on dreams of hope.
—Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*

Among the 650,000 Cubans who have immigrated to the U.S. since Fidel Castro came to power in Havana 15 years ago, the dream for many years was of a post-Castro return to the island homeland. The Cuban exiles still bristle at any sign of a coming rapprochement between the two countries, and were angry about last week's visit to Cuba by U.S. Senators Jacob Javits and Claiborne Pell (*see* THE WORLD). *Miami Extra,* a Florida-based Cuban newspaper, scorned the Senators as "tourists of socialism" and ran a cartoon showing the two emerging, battered and bloodied, from a meeting with a club-carrying Castro.

Transplanted Intact. But more and more, the Cuban exiles—particularly the 400,000 who live in Miami and surrounding Dade County—are coming to terms with the fact that the U.S. has become their permanent home. "The Cuba most of us would like to return to no longer exists," observes one Cuban-American wistfully. "How can the real Cuba be *there,* when there is a much more pleasant Cuba *here*?" Many Cubans in the Miami area regularly tune in TV station WQBA, which broadcasts filmed images of the Morro Castle and Havana's National Hotel every midnight before sign-off. But more significantly, the Cuban exiles are becoming U.S. citizens at the rate of 1,000 per month. And of these, 80% are registering to vote.

"When we arrived 15 years ago, we were refugees and wanted to stay as such," says Manolo Reboso (no kin to Richard Nixon's good friend Bebe Rebozo). "We were thinking of returning to Cuba immediately." Reboso fought at the Bay of Pigs and later returned to Miami to work as an architect. "The Cuban community," he says, "is now looking for a political voice," and Reboso is proof that it is finding one. Last November he won a seat on the city commission and was promptly named to a one-year term as vice mayor.

Today approximately one-third of Dade County's 1.4 million people are Cubans. They live in widely scattered neighborhoods, including some of the city's finest, but they are centered in Miami's southwest quadrant in a section known as Little Havana or *La Saguesera* (a Spanish-English corruption of "southwest"). Throughout the county, the Cubans own some 8,000 businesses, including banks and construction firms, newspapers and shoe factories. Five Dade County banks have Cuban presidents. Nearly one-quarter of the county's Cuban families make more than $15,000 annually, and 40% earn more than $10,000. Unemployment hovers between 1% and 2%, while Dade's overall level is 5%.

Such relative affluence is in large part the result of the exiles' hard work and ingenuity. But it also reflects the fact that a large percentage of the immigrants arrived with considerable professional and managerial skills. "Castro wanted to get rid of everyone who had run the country," explains Roberto Fabricio, a Cuban reporter for the Miami *Herald.* "Everyone who ran Cuba before *la revolución* is now in Miami."

If Cuba's middle class was transplanted largely intact to Miami, so were the island's language and culture. Today the city has four radio stations and a television station that broadcast in Spanish, as well as a score of Spanish-language newspapers and magazines. Well-to-do Cubans gather daily at the Big Five Club (initiation fee per family: $2,000), a country club made up of members of five of pre-Castro Havana's most prestigious clubs. Downtown at the American Club, members of the Cuban-American business establishment meet for lunch and a friendly game of *cubilete* (dice). A once famous Havana restaurant, Centro Vasco, has been resurrected on Miami's Southwest Eighth Street; its walls are adorned with jai alai baskets and its tables laden with steaming arroz con pollo and chilled sangría. The streets of *La Saguesera* bustle with fruit and vegetable stands, stores displaying religious artifacts, and cafés that serve jet-black Cuban coffee; at dusk the air is filled with the nostalgic beat of Latin music and the aroma of *sofrita,* the distinctive Cuban seasoning. Even the craft of Cuban cigar making is flourishing in Florida; the leaves come from Nicaragua but are grown from Cuban seeds.

Two Sets of Values. At least 50,000 of Dade County's Cuban-Americans were born in the U.S., and are proving remarkably adept at absorbing American culture. Teen-agers in *La Saguesera* may delight in the *café con leche* and *mediasnoches* (Cuban sandwiches) of the garish, mirrored Versailles coffeehouse, but they are equally at home in more *anglo* surroundings; *fútbol* (soccer) is popular, but so are *béisbol* and *fútbol americano.* "Being a Cuban-American is having two sets of values," explains Raimundo Sacre, 16, who was brought to the U.S. at the age of three. "At school we live the American life; at home we try to live as Cubans."

The contest between two Cuban-American candidates for the Republican nomination to a congressional seat last week provided an apt reflection of the prevailing spirit of *La Saguesera's* people. Miguel Carricarte charged that his rival, Evelio Estrella, could not speak English very well; Estrella charged in turn that Carricarte's Spanish was pretty feeble. Carricarte won easily. He is not expected to defeat veteran Democratic Congressman Claude Pepper in November's general election, but by 1976 or 1978, as increasing numbers of *Sagueseranos* become eligible to vote, it may be a different story.

INFLATION

Ford's Plan: (Mostly) Modest Proposals

Coming down from the heady abstractions of the summit, President Ford last week rolled up his sleeves to confront the gritty economic and political realities of devastating inflation, lengthening recession and a looming international crisis over oil prices. With congressional elections less than a month away and pressure building for action, the Administration has been working feverishly to meet its self-imposed deadline to produce an effective and politically acceptable program by this week. The President planned to address Congress on nationwide television on Tuesday afternoon to announce his program and appeal for bipartisan support.

Though he and his advisers were tinkering with the package right up to the last minute, these were among the key proposals that the President was thought ready to make:

▶ A 5% income tax surcharge on individuals with higher earnings and on corporations.

▶ Bigger investment tax credits for business to encourage production.

▶ Tax relief for the nation's low-income families.

▶ An expanded public-service employment program.

▶ Federal financial aid for the mortgage market.

▶ A voluntary fuel conservation program.

▶ A proposal to cut the budget by about $5 billion.

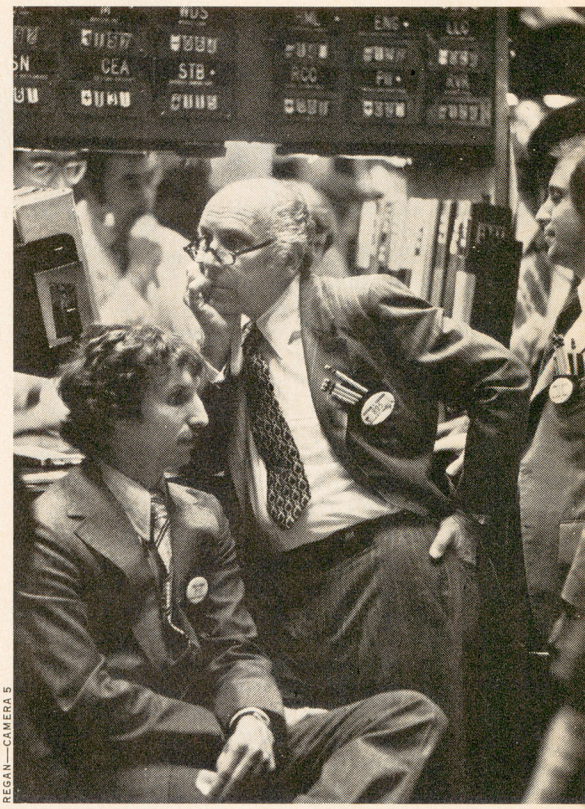
In preparing that blueprint, all week long the White House's economic team, headed by Treasury Secretary William Simon and Presidential Adviser L. William Seidman, sifted piles of option papers streaming in from a dozen departments and agencies. They also studied loose-leaf notebooks fat with suggestions that came out of the recent round of minisummits. All the way through, the President himself was deeply involved.

The often frenetic process revealed some open disagreements between the President's political and economic advisers. Most notably, a number of economic aides sensibly favored an additional tax of 10¢ to 30¢ on each gallon of gasoline on the grounds that it would not only offset revenue losses caused by granting some tax relief to the poor, but above all, would also depress demand and lessen the nation's dependence upon overpriced, inflation-fueling foreign oil. But in the end, the President was swayed by the arguments of his political advisers. They warned that such a proposal would be poison at the ballot box and have practically no chance of being enacted by the Democratic Congress.

The overriding mood of the White House was one of urgency—with good reason. So far, the Administration has relied heavily on the tight-fisted money policy of the Federal Reserve Board to temper prices. That policy has lifted interest rates to towering levels and thus attracted massive amounts of money out of the mortgage market, put an enormous strain on banks and credit, and generally slowed production—without even denting inflation. Growing doubt among investors about the Administration's ability to control the economy has sent the stock market into a frightening slump. The Dow Jones industrial average has plunged almost 200 points in the eight weeks since Ford took office, closing last week at a twelve-year low of 585. The Labor Department announced that the unemployment rate for September jumped from 5.4% to 5.8%. More than 5 million Americans are out of work, and that is certain to set off alarms in Congress.

Against that background, the President spent the weekend putting the final touches on his program. At that point the package contained:

1) A request that Congress approve a 5% income tax surcharge on personal earnings above a certain amount—possibly $15,000 for families and $7,500 for single people—to help pay for federal



REGAN—CAMERA 5

UNDEREMPLOYED ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

INSPECTING FROST DAMAGE IN WISCONSIN



UPI



TED THAI

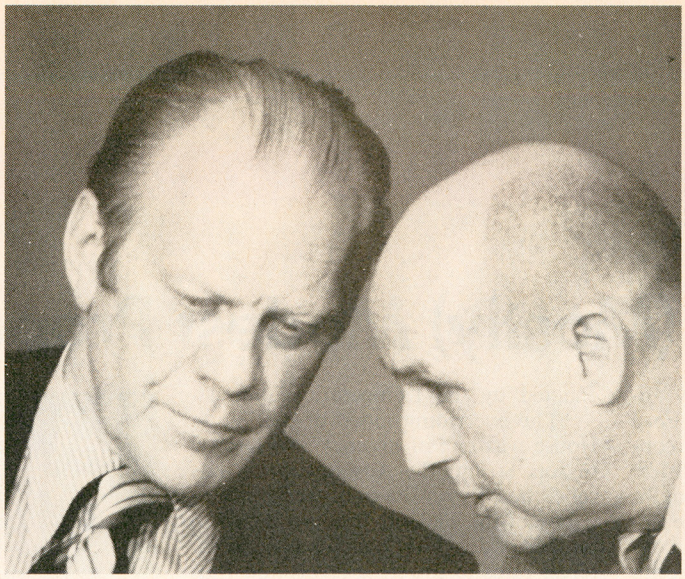
WAITING IN NEW YORK EMPLOYMENT OFFICE

It will be a long, hard fight.



STREEKY—CAMERA 5

ADVISER GREENSPAN



DIRCK HALSTEAD

THE PRESIDENT & SEIDMAN DISCUSSING ECONOMIC POLICY OPTIONS



BILL PIERCE

TREASURY SECRETARY SIMON

emergency relief measures for the poor. The surcharge would raise about $2.5 billion in revenues.

2) A 5% tax surcharge levied on corporate profits. But to encourage businessmen to expand capacity, increase production, and sharpen efficiency, Congress would also be asked to raise the investment tax credit on equipment bought by most firms from its present 7% to 10%, and for cash-strapped power utilities the rate would go from 4% to 10%. The corporate surcharge should yield about $2.4 billion in revenue, though almost all of that would go into the increased investment allowance. One argument for such surcharges is that unlike a gasoline tax, they would not raise retail prices. Even so, asking for any kind of tax boost so close to an election is a calculated risk.

3) A proposal that Congress pass some kind of tax relief for low-income workers, possibly by raising the so-called low income allowance. That measure, which took effect in 1972, is aimed at eliminating taxes altogether for people below the poverty line. Now, a family of four can earn $4,300 and still pay no taxes. Under the proposed plan, the same family could earn $5,000 without being taxed. This would cost the Government about $1.5 billion.

4) A recommendation that Congress give more money to states and cities for hiring the unemployed for such public-service jobs as police officers, sanitation workers, zookeepers, librarians and teachers' aides. The program would be triggered when unemployment hit a certain point—probably 6%—and stayed at or above that level for three months. Wages for such jobs would range around $6,000 annually. The cost and scope of the program would depend upon how high unemployment goes.

5) A presidential directive aimed at channeling more money into the cash-parched mortgage market. The plan would probably enable lenders to grant mortgages to home buyers at below-market rates, then sell the loan to the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corp. and collect a fee for their services. In a similar plan last spring, the FHLMC got $3 billion to buy up mortgages carrying an interest rate of 8¾%.

6) A rather mild fuel conservation program that will rely on voluntary frugality.

7) Proposals for reducing the current budget of $305 billion by between $5 billion and $6 billion, largely by paring some defense and public-works spending. Inflation will make this difficult. Last week the Pentagon reported that the original cost estimates on 42 major weapons systems under development, notably the B-1 bomber and the Trident submarine-missile system, have increased by a walloping $37 billion, and by $16 billion in the past three months alone. To fight inflation, budget cutting and tight money will probably remain the two keys of Administration policy.

Who Is Hurting and Who Is Not

The woes of inflation and stagnation have touched nearly every American, but while some people are only slightly bruised, others feel as if they have gone ten rounds with George Foreman and are down for the count.

The depression in the housing industry has had a double effect. Many people who want to buy a house now find that it is either beyond their means or they cannot find a mortgage for it. The median price of new houses in the U.S. has jumped to some $35,500, and mortgage rates now hover near 10%. Construction workers, from carpenters to lumberjacks, find that jobs are becoming scarcer every day. The situation is acute in what was one of the fastest-growing counties in the nation during the late 1960s and early 1970s. In New York's exurban Suffolk County, 40% of construction workers are out of a job.

Some states and some cities, like some people, are hurting more than others. Michigan has been particularly hurt by the auto slowdown; in Flint, a big builder of Buicks and Chevrolets, the unemployment rate is more than 14%. Delaware, California and New Jersey have also been clobbered, with the inner cities hit worst of all. "In the spring it took 15 minutes to get your unemployment check and get out," says Charles Johnston, an out-of-work carpenter in Trenton. "Now it takes from an hour to an hour and a half." The South still has a lower unemployment rate than most other regions, but lately its economic barometers have been falling faster than the national average. One reason: the South still "imports" much capital from the North—and the capital is scarce and staying close to home.

Everywhere, jobs are harder and harder to come by. "When something opens up, we all descend like locusts on the company that's hiring," says Bostonian Judy Knight, who lost her job as a staff producer with Atlantic Records last December. "The company ends up getting the pick of the best." When 100 jobs opened recently for firemen in Los Angeles, 1,000 applicants showed up.

■

The worst off, as always, are the poor and the blacks in ghettos. Unemployment among blacks—as usual much higher than among whites—is 9.8%, compared with 9.2% in 1973. Prices of the foods that the poor depend on have risen far faster than the consumer index as a whole in the past year. Rice is up 90%, sugar 132%, bread 27% and milk 20%. The aged on fixed incomes are often devastated. "I walk into the supermarket, pick up a few oranges and lemons—and then count my money to see if I have enough," says Leah Binder, a 72-year-old Los Angeles widow.

The fall in the stock market has hit brokers with all the force of the potato famine, while many middle managers,

There is not the slightest indication that the President will heed the demands of some Democratic critics and call for wage-price controls.

In all, the package is not very remarkable, though Administration officials insist that they plan to remain flexible and swiftly make changes when they are needed. During the months ahead Ford and his advisers may well find that despite their ideological objections they will have to move to selective wage-price controls. As the program stands, it is not likely to do much to immediately deter inflation.

The tax surcharge does have virtues. If it stands, a conservative Republican President will be asking Congress to increase the progressiveness of the income tax system for the express purpose of aiding the poor. Because lower-income people tend to spend a larger proportion of their income than higher earners do, the tax changes should encourage consumer spending. Thus the surcharge should not hasten or deepen a recession.

Promising Measure. The tax changes, while helpful, are so relatively modest that they can hardly be expected to substantially help low-income people. The public-service jobs program is not likely to solve the problems of a large proportion of unemployed workers. Some state, city and town administrations will probably try to use the money to subsidize the wages of people whom they would have hired anyhow. As for the calls for voluntary fuel conservation, they are likely to draw big yawns in the absence of any mandatory moves.

A most promising measure is the increase in the investment tax credit for new equipment. Capital investment in the U.S. has been slipping behind the rest of the industrialized world for several years. Dwindling production capacity has been a major contributor to the nation's inflationary shortages of semifinished industrial goods, including steel, copper and paper.

Not surprisingly, the program reflects more of the thinking of the President's political operatives than of his economic aides, who are deeply concerned about inflation. White House political advisers are primarily worried about the danger of recession, and they pressed for stimulative measures to head it off and help the people who would be most hurt. Arguing for this were Donald Rumsfeld, new staff coordinator, and Robert Hartmann, Presidential Counsellor. They were joined by Economist Paul McCracken, who as Nixon's first chairman of the CEA, helped formulate the original "game plan" strategy of combatting inflation with budget and monetary restraints; that policy slowed the economy but did not do enough to brake prices.

Within the Administration, the major policy dispute focused on whether to call for a new gasoline tax, instead of an income tax surcharge, to make up revenue lost in the relief moves. The gas tax has been promoted by Simon and Federal Energy Administration Chief John Sawhill. An added tax of 10¢ per gal. could have raised about $10 billion a year, and much of this money would have been returned to low-income people through income tax rebates, which they would have collected after submitting their tax forms next year.

Some of Washington's most powerful lobbies—representing farm groups, truckers, oil companies, automakers and auto dealers—strongly opposed a gasoline tax. So did such Democratic Senators as Washington's Henry Jackson, Maine's Edmund Muskie and Minnesota's Walter Mondale. They insisted that with rebates it would take a long time to get the money back to the poor, who in the meantime would be the chief victims of a gas tax boost. Also, they noted that a higher levy on gasoline would immediately add to the consumer price index, though in the long run the increase in Government revenues would serve to dampen inflation.

Prospects for Passage. Congress's reaction to the total Administration package remains uncertain. Tax relief for the poor and an expanded public-jobs program may well zip through both Houses, but it is unlikely that the lawmakers will take up the distasteful business of a tax surcharge until next year. Critics in and out of Congress will continue to push for some kind of Government intervention to hold down wages and prices and for an expansion of the money supply beyond the 5% to 6% annual rate now targeted by the Federal Reserve.

Some businessmen, economists and politicians worry that unless the Administration moves more swiftly and forcefully, the economy will slip into a deep recession. Economist Walter Heller, CEA chairman under President Kennedy, asserts that if the present tight-money policy is continued, the jobless rate will scoot up toward 7% by mid-1975. Says Heller: "Never in the five previous postwar recessions have we waited so long to stimulate the economy. The slump is

AP



JOBLESS CONSTRUCTION WORKERS PROTESTING IN NEW JERSEY

in the 40-plus age bracket and the $25,000-to-$40,000 income bracket, are among the first to be squeezed out when their companies are in trouble. A younger man, their bosses believe, can do much the same work for half the pay.

A few industries, occupations and areas are managing to keep ahead, even profit from the adversities. Oil producers and manufacturers of oil-producing equipment are enjoying boom times, benefiting from the intense search for domestic natural gas and petroleum. Wyoming, which has big pockets of resources from oil to soda ash, also has more jobs than available workers. Pittsburgh is another island of prosperity, with steel and aluminum mills straining at top capacity. Because so many workers belong to unions that have inflation escalator clauses in their contracts, Pittsburghers are keeping up with the cost of living. Wages have risen an estimated 13% over the past year, about double the national average.

People seem to want to forget their troubles with entertainment, and Hollywood, which also thrived during the Depression, has rarely had it so good. Movie receipts are up nearly 28% this year, with only about 8% coming from higher ticket prices. Coin dealers are benefiting from people who are putting their money into gold, including coronas from the Austro-Hungarian empire or Mexican 50-peso pieces. Pawnbrokers are gaining from once affluent people who have lost their jobs and are trying to get anything that they can out of jewelry or expensive cameras or appliances. "They'll tell you they've had a terrible illness in the family or an unexpected debt," says Jerry Mandel of Jerry's Pawn Shop in Atlanta.

Most Americans have not yet made the trip to the pawnbroker, but most of them can now identify with those who have. One of the casualties of 1974 has been public confidence, and few Americans feel certain that they will be living as well tomorrow as they are today.



RALPH MORSE

PRICES FOR KITCHEN STAPLES
They will go much higher.

already in the cards, and what is needed now is action so that it doesn't feed on itself."

The success or failure of the program will hinge largely on how effectively and harmoniously it is administered by Ford's new 13-man Economic Policy Board. The half-dozen key members are all self-professed economic conservatives, who strongly favor balanced budgets and distrust Government intervention or controls. Problems may lie ahead because several of the members have had little experience in public life or with broad, complex economic theory.

Simon, for example, is a former Wall Street bond trader and a tireless, tough administrator, but he is neither a politician nor an economist. Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, is a superb economic technician, but has had no deep experience in public life, and his bluntly stated conservative views have made him a favorite target of liberals. Budget Director Roy Ash, who left his job as president of Litton Industries to join the Nixon Administration, is expected to return to private life in a few months. Arthur Burns, chairman of the independent Federal Reserve, is wise in the ways of Washington and will of course have an important say in policy.

Sagging Forecasts. Already there is mild jockeying for power between Board Chairman Simon and Executive Director Seidman. For the moment, Seidman, Ford's old friend and adviser from Grand Rapids, is closest to the President's ear, and there is not much that Simon can do about it. Seidman is a novice in high-powered Washington politics and has limited experience in economics. He is an urbane millionaire lawyer and accountant (Seidman & Seidman) and is regarded as a first-rate executive. He seems well suited for his job of coordinating the board's policies and managing its day-to-day activities. Says one Administration admirer: "Seidman is moving on a very fast learning curve."

Meanwhile, the exquisitely complex challenges confronting Washington's new economic team grow more ominous. Month by month recently, the economy has sagged more than the Government or private forecasters have expected. Some economists are openly mulling over possibilities that even a short while ago were unthinkable. For example, just before Greenspan took office last month, his consulting firm, Townsend-Greenspan, warned clients that "although we do not expect a breakdown in the financial system near term, it cannot be ruled out as a possibility at some point in the future."

The most potent inflationary forces are outside the direct control of Government. The soaring costs of fuel and food account for about half of the present inflation. But oil prices are dictated by the OPEC cartel, and food prices have been sent skyward by capricious weather. A combination of heavy spring rain, summer drought and early fall frost has already reduced crops of corn, wheat and soybeans, boosting the cost of everything from bread to salad oil, and feed for cattle and hogs. In August alone, the wholesale price of farm and food products rocketed 7.6%, and some Government economists believe that retail food prices could go on rising at close to 15% throughout much of 1975.

The White House is trying to avoid a massive flow of American farm goods out of the country. It will require that grain exporters get Government approval for all big sales to foreigners. Last week Ford intervened to halt the sale of $500 million of grain to the Soviet Union, even though the dealers—Manhattan's Continental Grain Co. and Memphis' Cook Industries—had already signed the contracts.

Living costs are now lunging ahead at a compound annual rate of 16.8%, and even the most optimistic forecasters do not expect them to come down much below 8% until mid-1975. The price surge has cut factory workers' real income by 4.1% below a year ago and has flattened consumer spending.

Prices are certain to go even higher. The wholesale index in August soared 3.9%, to a harrowing annual rate of 46.8%. Says Economist Otto Eckstein of Harvard: "If the wholesale index does not do dramatically better by, say November or December, then the outlook is pretty grim." One hopeful sign: after several years of going straight up, prices are dropping on many raw industrial commodities, including cowhide, copper, rubber, wastepaper, cotton, lumber and steel scrap. They are declining largely because of reduced demand.

Capital spending remains relatively strong in such industries as oil, chemicals and public utilities, but much of the money is going to pay for increased costs of machinery rather than expanded capacity. Indeed, inflation has flared so high so rapidly that some machinery producers are demanding more for their equipment than they had contracted to sell it for, even though they are risking lawsuits. Many contracts do not count for much any more.

First Step. All the grim news has sent the stock market into a precipitous decline. Stocks of some big corporations are selling for two or three times earnings per share, *v.* ratios of 15 to 1 or 20 to 1 several years ago. So far this year, the paper value of the roughly 1,500 stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has dropped $250 billion. Lately, there has been a dangerous flurry of margin calls. Investors must put up more cash or brokers will sell some of their securities, usually at distress prices, to bring the account up to prescribed credit limits. Because margin calls force the dumping of so many stocks, prices go down even farther, and the bear market indeed feeds on itself.

Wall Street, like the U.S. itself, is suffering most from uncertainty about the future, a fearful sense of drift that, for all its efforts, the new Administration has so far failed to arrest. Now that could well change, though slowly. The President's new program represents a first step on what will be a long and punishing journey back to prosperity. The key question is whether President Ford can rally the nation to make the many sacrifices, large and small, that are absolutely necessary for winning the critical war against inflation.

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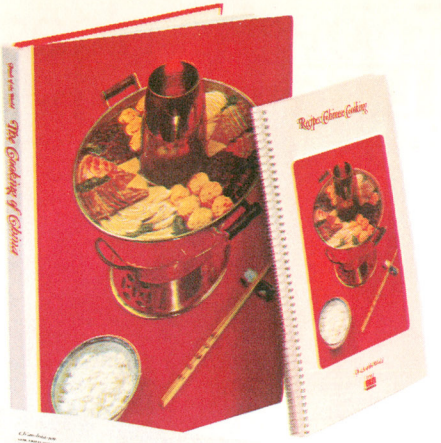



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Eating with Chopsticks, Western Style—One of the Many Different Ways to Use These Handy Tools

Holding one chopstick ⅓ of the way from its narrow (or round) end, cushion it in the curve of flesh between the thumb and forefinger and let it rest on the end of the little finger (1). Close the thumb over the chopstick to steady it; hold the second chopstick firmly between thumb and forefinger (2). Allow your middle finger to give the second chopstick support so that it is perfectly free to move, forming an angle with the first chopstick (3). Keep the tips even with one another at all times (4). The expert hand in these pictures is consultant Grace Chu's; she has found this technique an easy one for non-Chinese to master.

Hold chopsticks about an inch apart, at an angle to the food (5), and grasp pieces with the tips (6). Rice can be "shoveled" into your mouth from a lifted bowl. There is no one-and-only way to hold chopsticks, so shift this grip if necessary for comfort.

Eating with Chopsticks. Illustrated above is the basic technique for using chopsticks. Simply adjust the basic grip to one that is easy and comfortable for you.



BAMBOO SHOOT TREES
With a sharp paring knife, trim shoots into triangular wedges. Make 4 or 5 V-shaped grooves lengthwise on two sides of the triangle. Slice into ¼-inch-thick "tree-shaped" pieces.

SCALLION BRUSHES
Trim root; cut off top, leaving 3 inches of fem stalk. Hold stalk firmly; make four crossing cuts 1 inch deep into one end. Repeat at other end. Place in ice water.

TOMATO ROSES
Peel a ripe, firm tomato to make a continuous strip of skin. Coil the strip, and in the palm of one hand spread the "petals" to form a rose shape with the other hand.

CARROT FLOWERS
Clean and peel the skin off a thick carrot. Cut V-shaped grooves lengthwise, spaced equally all around the carrot. Slice into ¼-inch-thick pinwheels

RADISH FLOWERS
Peel and groove an oval radish; trim one end into a cone. Using cone surface as guide, make very thin pairings. Overlap ends of slice into flower cups. Refrigerate in ice water.

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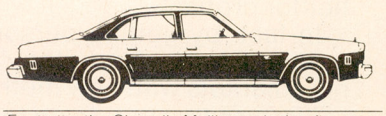

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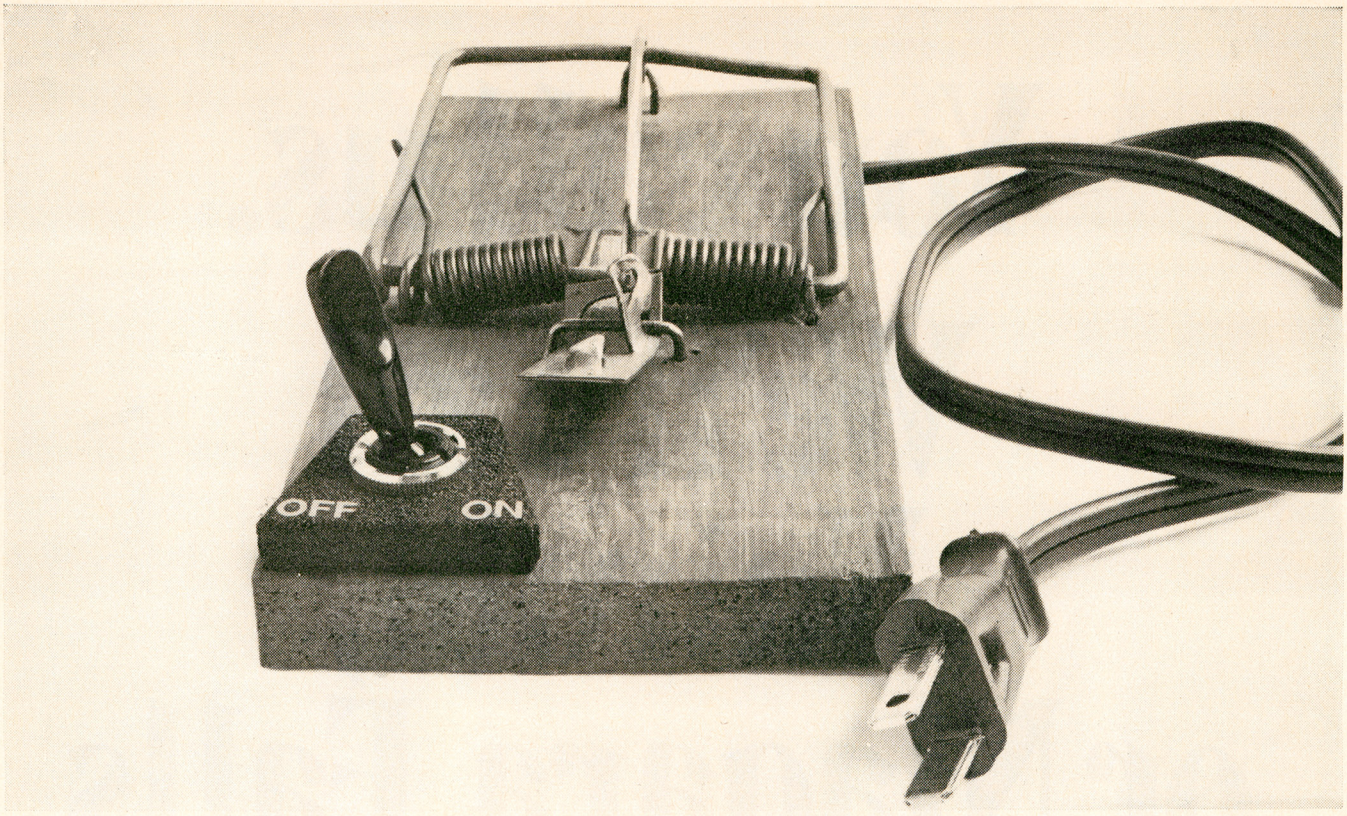

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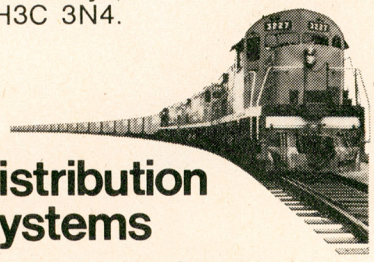

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Trying to Cope with the Looming Crisis

At a classically chic diplomatic dinner in a stately residence on Washington's Embassy Row one night last week, the conversation flowed as easily as the vintage French wine. The guests, all elegantly dressed, were a sprinkling of the capital's elite: the envoys and finance ministers of half a dozen nations, American and British financiers and top White House Aides Robert Hartmann and Philip Buchen. The host, the modern equivalent of a Levantine legate, was Ardeshir Zahedi, Iran's Ambassador to the U.S. There was pearl-sized gray caviar from the Caspian, of course. But the most remarked-upon item was the menu itself: it was lavishly printed on oversize imitation American dollar bills, British £5 notes, Swedish crowns and twelve other currencies. And dessert might have symbolized the grand new wealth of an oil power: a chocolate mousse topped by a miniature money tree, festooned with artificial gold coins.

Choking the System. The ambience of that ambassadorial dinner contrasted severely with the somber mood that pervades Washington and much of the non-Communist world. The root problem is the enormous cost of imported oil, now more than $11 per bbl.,* a fourfold inflation in only one year. The increase has enabled the oil exporting countries to earn an almost inconceivable amount of foreign currency: about $100 billion this year. Unless prices weaken, next year's total will swell to $108 billion. By the end of this decade, the 13 nations of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) could have a surplus of gold, dollars, pounds, marks, francs and other foreign currencies amounting to $650 billion; by contrast, the U.S.'s reserves are now $15 billion.

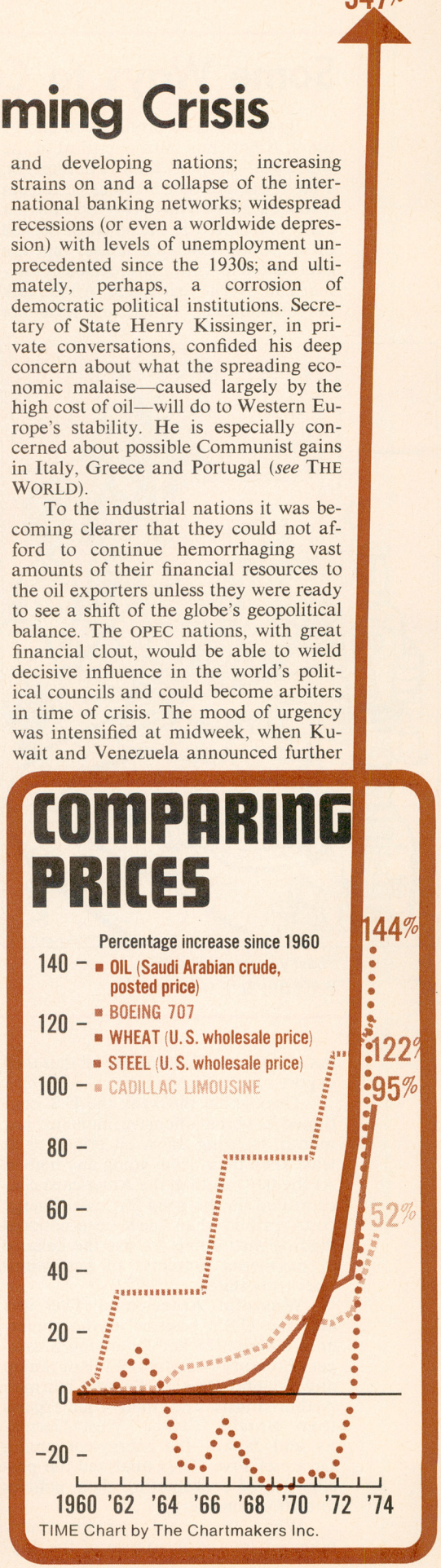
Already the OPEC countries have been the recipients of by far the greatest international transfer of capital in history. Because many nations are becoming poorer while the oil exporters become richer—and much of the oil money is neither spent nor placed in long term deposits or investments—the huge transfer of wealth threatens to choke the international monetary system and strangle world trade.

Mining Oilfields. In chancelleries and countinghouses nearly everywhere, officials fear economic crisis leading to political instability. The evidence of this gloom was clear and plentiful last week. The price of shares on the stock exchanges continued to plunge—not only on Wall Street but also in London, Paris and other major cities. In Washington, a pall of pessimism hung over the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. Representatives of more than 120 nations listened attentively to cataclysmic predictions that they would have dismissed immediately a year or two ago. The atmosphere was such that sober, responsible people from Beirut to New York were ready to believe that it was no longer impossible that one or more Western powers might in some dire future contemplate military intervention in the Persian Gulf to secure control of petroleum reserves. There were even unconfirmed stories in the Middle East that Kuwait had mined its oilfields and tightened security around its pumps and pipelines.

There was a deepening perception of the potential impact of continued high oil prices: accelerating inflation that indiscriminately threatens both industrial and developing nations; increasing strains on and a collapse of the international banking networks; widespread recessions (or even a worldwide depression) with levels of unemployment unprecedented since the 1930s; and ultimately, perhaps, a corrosion of democratic political institutions. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, in private conversations, confided his deep concern about what the spreading economic malaise—caused largely by the high cost of oil—will do to Western Europe's stability. He is especially concerned about possible Communist gains in Italy, Greece and Portugal (*see* THE WORLD).

To the industrial nations it was becoming clearer that they could not afford to continue hemorrhaging vast amounts of their financial resources to the oil exporters unless they were ready to see a shift of the globe's geopolitical balance. The OPEC nations, with great financial clout, would be able to wield decisive influence in the world's political councils and could become arbiters in time of crisis. The mood of urgency was intensified at midweek, when Kuwait and Venezuela announced further

*This is the so-called "posted price," a figure set by oil exporting countries upon which taxes and royalties are based. The effective selling price, however, ranges from $9.40 in Saudi Arabia and $9.70 in Iran to $14.43 in Venezuela and $14.65 in Libya.



LUXURY AUTOMOBILES LINED UP IN ABU DHABI OFFICIAL PARKING AREA



DEPARDON—GAMMA

Some Ways to Cut the Waste

By far the most profligate of energy users, Americans burn one-third of the world's oil—or more than 16 million bbl. a day. Much of that precious petroleum is wasted, guzzled up in two-ton cars that carry one person to the office, or burned up in poorly insulated houses that are overheated in winter, overcooled in summer and overlit year round. All the talk notwithstanding, Americans have not yet begun to conserve. As soon as last winter's oil embargo started leaking and the gasoline lines began shrinking, people quickly stepped on the gas and turned up the thermostat. Sooner rather than later, however, Americans will have to learn to live with less. The U.S. now imports 6.2 million bbl. of oil a day. The Federal Energy Administration reckons that the total could be reduced by a number of measures that would conserve oil without basically changing American life. For example:



"Last year you said you were going to cut down."

HEATING. If users of fuel oil were allocated only enough to heat homes to 68°, and reductions of several degrees were made in plants and office buildings, the saving would be 250,000 to 300,000 bbl. a day. If users of natural gas and electricity were penalized with progressively stiffer rates for usage over 90% of their last winter's consumption, that would free more energy supplies, and another 200,000 to 400,000 bbl. of oil could be saved.

LIGHTING. Cutting the lighting levels in nonresidential buildings to no more than is needed could save as much as 700,000 bbl. a day. For example, removing one lamp from three-bulb fluorescent fixtures has already reduced energy use significantly in many federal buildings.

INSULATION. The FEA figures that a 25% tax credit for such purchases as storm windows and doors, and insulation for unfinished attics could lead to a reduction of 50,000 to 100,000 bbl. a day.

INDUSTRIAL POWER. Because the potential for savings varies from plant to plant, there could be no hard guideline, but federal experts estimate that industry could reduce consumption by a minimum of 15%, saving as much as 300,000 bbl. a day. Example: exhaust heat from gas-fired turbines could be used instead of oil to process sulfur. Using coal instead of oil in power generators and factory boilers could save a further 500,000 bbl.

DRIVING. A 10¢ per gal. gasoline surtax could save as much as 450,000 bbl. of oil a day. A 30¢ charge could conserve 750,000 bbl. a day. The FEA bases these estimates on recent experiences of how much gasoline demand went down as prices went up.

Thus, taking just these measures, the U.S. within a year could cut more than 2 million bbl. from daily usage. Given the political will, the nation could make even more enormous savings in ensuing years. The ripest area for cutbacks is in transportation, which uses 60% of all oil consumed by the U.S. The FEA has worked out a comprehensive program of a 30¢ per gal. gasoline surtax, mandatory fuel efficiency standards for new cars, high excise taxes on low-efficiency autos, and additional spending and operating subsidies for mass transit. Anticipated extra savings: 1.7 million bbl. a day by 1980, rising to 2.3 million bbl. by 1985.

In addition, the U.S. could make great energy gains in its homes, offices and factories. An all-out program of tax credits for installing insulation, a 50% tax credit on investments in solar heating and cooling systems, and stern but sensible standards for limiting lighting and raising overall energy efficiency —all this could save another 775,000 bbl. a day by 1980 and 1.7 million bbl. by 1985. When this figure is added to the mass-transit potential savings, the U.S. could thus save as much as 6 million bbl. daily from the projected consumption of 19 to 20 million a decade hence.

tax increases of 3.5% on the oil that they export.

Throughout the week the U.S. continued its verbal offensive, launched last month, to bring down oil prices, or at least keep them from going any higher. At the IMF meeting, the Americans concentrated on the need for lower energy costs rather than new international lending institutions to ease the balance of payments problems of petroleum-importing states.

Wasteful Americans. This was also the U.S.'s position at the conference on Sept. 28 and 29 among Kissinger, Treasury Secretary William Simon and Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns and their counterparts from Britain, France, West Germany and Japan—the energy-consuming Group of Five. They analyzed the possibilities of coordinating their policies and efforts on energy.

What they said remains unannounced (at the insistence of the Japanese and the Europeans, who all fear antagonizing OPEC), but it is known that there was no talk of military confrontation. Instead, the U.S. proposed that major industrial nations reduce oil imports by enforcing strict energy conservation measures. Kissinger and Simon urged that each nation cut back by the same percentage. The British and German officials disagreed, arguing that since the U.S. buys only about one-third of its oil abroad, compared with about 80% for Europe, America should cut its imports by about twice the percentage the others do. This would impose an equal burden on the economies of all the big oil users. Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey, after returning to London, added that Americans should be made to tighten their belts more than others because they "waste" so much energy. The U.S. so far has balked at the British and German arguments, probably because the American officials fear what a cutback would do to an already weakened economy. Congress would also raise a furor over really strict conservation measures.

Though this particular summit ended without agreement, the fact that the five had met (and that France had agreed to participate) was encouraging. The meeting might create a momentum leading to a kind of "energy NATO" that would give the U.S. a chance to try its strategy for bringing down oil prices. If the citizens of the oil-importing countries can be persuaded to adopt conservation measures, and if a formula for limiting exports is accepted, then—the Americans optimistically reason—the oil exporters would start to quarrel over how to share the shrinking market. This could eventually weaken and perhaps break up the oil cartel, permitting prices to respond to the demands of an uncontrolled marketplace.

U.S. officials believe that the time for concerted action against OPEC may be approaching, in part because there

is currently a surplus of 1.5 million bbl. of oil per day—or 2.7% of the total used —on the world market. Reasons: the fourfold increase in the price of oil has already led to a drop in consumption and the world's slowing economies use less energy than before. Even though several OPEC members reduced their output in a countermove, oil storage tanks in the consuming nations are nearly filled to capacity. Moreover, unlike the situation during last winter's embargo, the oil importers will soon be able to coordinate their response to the cartel's moves. Next month the U.S., Canada, Japan and all the Common Market nations except France will form the International Energy Agency (IEA), headquartered in Paris. This new group, whose members use 80% of the world's petroleum, plans to deal directly with OPEC and the oil companies and will allocate petroleum among its members during an emergency. Cooperation would be tested if OPEC slapped on an embargo during any future confrontation. To prevent capitulation to the cartel, IEA's members would be asked to share energy resources.

Hot Sales. Of course, any strategy for bringing down oil prices will require the consuming nations to impose energy-conserving measures. While there was much talk of this during the Arab embargo, many conservation efforts quickly faded when the oil started flowing again. But recently some further progress has been made. Last month French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing set a ceiling of about $10 billion on what his country would pay for imported oil next year. Because that will amount to a 10% reduction in the volume of petroleum imports (at current prices), France will have to introduce stringent conservation. Gasoline rationing coupons have been printed, and a 68°F. maximum for heating homes has been set. Stores report hot sales of bathrobes, sweaters, nightcaps, slippers and heavy blankets.

France's incipient conservation measures were praised by officials in the U.S., which itself could do much more to save energy *(see box page 38)*. The U.S. is planning to move on another front to reduce its dependence on imported oil. Last week the Interior Department revealed it is prepared to lease 10 million acres on the continental shelf off Alaska and in the Atlantic to private oil companies for development.

How High? The Shah of Iran has also lauded conservation programs, though they are partly aimed at pushing down oil consumption. On a visit to India last week, the Shah stressed that "we should save oil as much as possible, and every one of us should do that." The Shah was less agreeable on the subject of the oil consumers' implied threat of a confrontation with OPEC. Earlier in the week, while in New Zealand, he snapped: "The big consuming nations could only lose in any confrontation with

An Iranian Answers Back

One of the most visible and vocal advocates of keeping oil prices high is Jamshid Amuzegar, Iran's shrewd and dapper Interior Minister. Amuzegar was chief negotiator for the producer countries in the 1971 settlement that first humbled Western oil companies by forcing costly price and tax boosts. Since then, he has become the Shah's right-hand oil expert. In an interview in Teheran last week with TIME *Correspondents Karsten Prager and William Stewart, Amuzegar talked forcefully on a range of topics.*

OIL PRICES. If we had not taken the price action, the world would have continued to misuse and plunder oil, and 50 years from now there would have been a catastrophe. I fully agree that higher oil prices have slowed down the growth rate in the industrialized countries. But in my opinion this is in the best interests of the world. For instance, per capita income in the U.S. now is about $5,000. In Iran, before the oil price increase, it was $350 to $400. If we both have a 6% annual rate of growth, it would mean a $300 increase per capita in America and $24 in Iran. The gap widens. Would that not upset peace and stability?

INFLATION. In 1973, before the oil price increases, the average inflation rate reported by the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development [OECD] was 12%; it is now about 14%. We admit that higher oil prices account for about ½% to 2%, depending on the country. One should not put all the blame on oil. What better scapegoat is there than OPEC and oil?

BALANCE OF PAYMENTS. The estimate for Iranian oil revenues this year is about $21 billion; by year's end we will have spent $16 billion on our five-year development plan, leaving total reserves of $5.9 billion in foreign exchange. If you add up all the reserves of OPEC members at the end of 1974, you may come to $45 billion to $50 billion. By comparison, one single country, Germany, stands there with enormous reserves [$33.4 billion at the end of August, according to the West German Bundesbank]. Yet they say that it is the oil producers who are going to end up with huge reserves of dollars and other hard currency.

ON FOREIGN AID. Our total commitment this year in various forms comes to more than $2.6 billion, which is about 10% of our G.N.P. At no time did the industrialized countries, even at the height of their prosperity, ever give more than an average of .4%.

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY SOURCES. A U.S. Senator told me that the oil price increase had helped West Virginia to start coal operations again, reopen the mines and reinstate thousands of jobs. He said, "Don't ever lower oil prices below those of alternative sources of energy." I want to know, are you Americans always going to think of Exxon and Texaco? What about West Virginia?

ON ECONOMIC SANCTIONS. I don't think we are vulnerable to them. Our requirements can be bought elsewhere. The French, for example, would be tickled to death if the U.S. embargoed weapons sales to us.

CONSERVATION. Oil is a noble product better used for purposes other than energy. We can produce some 70,000 petrochemical products—something we cannot do with nuclear, solar or geothermal energy. Let us believe in interdependence. We all live on one planet that has only 50 years of oil reserves

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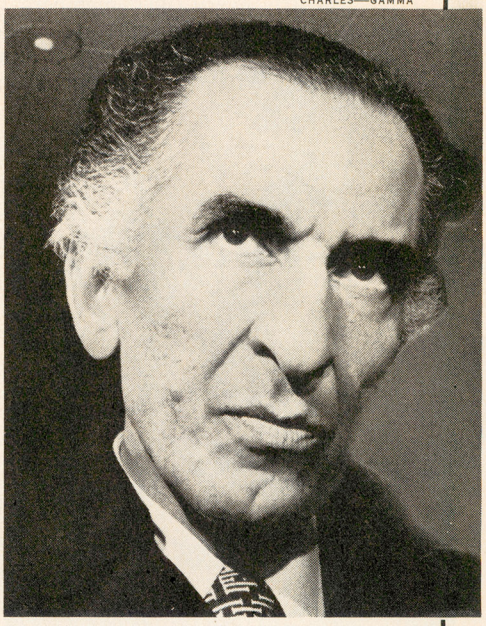

INTERIOR MINISTER AMUZEGAR

but 400 years of coal and unlimited solar, tidal and geothermal energy. Iran's interests would be much better served if we left some extra oil underground.

SOLUTIONS. The way to avoid disruption is for frank dialogue between OECD countries and the producers. As the Shah said last year, we are ready to sit down, and if we are proved to be wrong, we will stand corrected. The first of our principles is that the price of oil should be equivalent to the cost of alternative sources of energy. Second, whatever the oil price, it should change with the rate of inflation in the industrialized countries in order to protect our purchasing power. Beyond that, there will be no geometric rise. We are even willing to tie the oil price to an index of 20 or 30 other commodities. We want to work with you. We are the last people to want to see the economies of the West go to pot.

the oil-producing nations. I would not recommend it to consumers!"

No one in the OPEC countries seemed intimidated by the U.S.'s policy of tough talking (TIME, Oct. 7). After Venezuelan President Carlos Andres Perez rebutted American criticism of OPEC's pricing, he became unquestionably the most popular man in his country, applauded by the Communist Party and the Chamber of Commerce as well as all groups in between.

In the Middle East, newspapers derisively labeled the U.S. policy as a "Zionist-sponsored campaign." Beirut's left-leaning *Al Shaab* rejected America's stern talk as "blackmail" and ridiculed the arguments that steep oil prices were fueling the world economic crisis. The Middle East's governments, said the paper, are responsible only for the welfare of their own citizens and "not for improving living conditions in America, Europe or Japan."

Nearly every OPEC member—with the exception of Saudi Arabia—rejects the notion that the price of oil is now too high. "What do they mean by high?"



asks Iran's Minister of the Interior, Jamshid Amuzegar, incredulously. He reasons that the price is about equal to what it would cost to obtain an alternative form of energy, such as gas produced from coal *(see box page 39)*. Thus he and the Shah insist that $9.70 per bbl. is a fair price.

Much of what the consumer today pays for oil is inflated, stress the OPEC members, by the "obscene profits" of the international oil companies and by the enormous taxes on oil imposed by the industrial countries. (Taxes account for about 71% of the price of gasoline in Paris and about 25% in Chicago.) The Shah maintains that the oil possessors had to raise their prices to halt the erosion of their purchasing power caused by the soaring costs of the commodities and manufactured goods they were importing. He says: "The oil-consuming nations are selling their wheat, their sugar, their vegetable oil and so on at the price they seek. We have nothing to say about those prices. They say 'Take it or leave it!' and we have to take it."

These arguments simply do not hold up. U.S. economists calculate that because of its ripple effect in the economy, high oil prices have contributed, not two percentage points to America's current inflation as the oil producers say, but considerably more than four percentage points—roughly one-quarter the general price rise. The higher price of oil has added, for example, to the cost of clothes because of the need for oil in producing synthetic fibers and for shipping the finished product.

American Limousines. The oil possessors are also on weak ground when they argue that they are now receiving a fair price for their resources. As TIME Economic Correspondent John Berry reports: "Such an argument implies that prices should have a 'moral' component, the nature of which is determined by the sellers. Thus they seem to be rejecting the play of free market forces in determining prices. In such a market, the price of a product is closely related to the cost of producing the last unit of supply that is demanded by a buyer. No one anywhere in the world is pumping oil that costs $10 a bbl. to 'produce.' The cost of bringing up a barrel ranges from 10¢ in Saudi Arabia to 60¢ in Venezuela to $3 or so in the U.S. OPEC's defenders seem to have the notion that somehow market forces have never properly recognized the value of oil, that its price always should have been higher. This tosses rational economic analysis out the window."

It is probably also incorrect for OPEC to compare —or link—the price of the oil that they export with the goods they import. Many of the products that OPEC nations buy are either agricultural goods, whose prices are set by a highly volatile market based on supply and demand, or sophisticated manufactured goods, in which the price represents raw material costs, labor, machinery and R. and D.—and then is kept as low as possible by the pressure of international competition. Even when the U.S. attempted, unsuccessfully, to limit its agricultural output, the purpose was to prevent market prices of food from falling below farmers' cost of production in order to keep the farmer in business—an argument that hardly applies to OPEC. Since 1960, when the cartel was founded, the wheat that OPEC nations import, the planes they buy for their airlines, the steel they use for their industries and the American limousines that some sheiks enjoy, have increased in price much less than oil *(see chart page 37)*.

The OPEC nations cannot argue that the price of oil is set by production costs. They do not actually "produce" petroleum; they merely—by a quirk of geography—possess it. Foreign technologists found and developed the oil, and foreign risk capital built most of the rigs, pumps, refineries, pipelines and harbors. Only the existence of the OPEC cartel, with its ability to impose prices by fiat, keeps up the cost of oil.

Although some OPEC members argue that their policy aims at narrowing the gap between rich and poor countries, it is precisely the very poor who are suffering most from the quadrupled world price of oil. Called the "Fourth World" by World Bank President Robert McNamara, they comprise nearly one billion people in some 40 underdeveloped nations in Africa, Asia and Latin America. For them, today's price of energy and key petroleum-based products—fertilizer, chemicals and drugs —has meant a further reduction in an already pitifully low living standard.

No nation has suffered as much as India. This year it will spend about $1.3 billion (approximately two-thirds of its foreign currency earnings) to import oil, compared with $265 million last year. There is little money left to import the fertilizer and chemicals needed for India's agriculture, or to buy the 5,000,000 tons of grains needed to feed its 580 million people after this year's poor harvest, which was due in part to the fertilizer shortage. Fearful of antagonizing the rich oil exporters, representatives of underdeveloped nations have not spoken out against the cartel. Yet during last week's U.N. General Assembly meeting, some Africans began to break the silence. Tanzania's Foreign Minister John Malecela warned: "To many of the developing countries, the current high oil prices amount to economic near-strangulation."

Petrodollar Overhang. The impact of oil prices on the Fourth World was a major concern at last week's meeting of the IMF and World Bank. The delegates regarded the plight of the poor nations as part of a much larger problem called "recycling the petrodollar overhang." That means the orderly lending of surplus billions by the OPEC nations to those countries desperately in need of money to finance oil imports and development projects.

The recycling problem is primarily due to the Arab members of the oil cartel. With the exception of Algeria, their relatively small and nonindustrialized populations have only a limited ability to utilize all their oil money. On the other hand, most of the non-Arab OPEC states, notably Iran, Venezuela, Nigeria and Indonesia, have large populations and ambitious development programs. Thus they spend most of their oil earnings on imported goods and services, sending funds back to many of the states

that bought their oil. Iran this year has bought a 25% share of the steel-producing branch of Germany's famed Krupp and $3.5 billion of armaments from the U.S. Last week Iran's state-owned Bank Melli agreed to lend Long Island's ailing Grumman Aircraft Corp. $75 million for four years at interest rates of 11% or more.

This normal circulation of funds in the international monetary system has worked fairly smoothly so far for the nations that can sell manufactured goods or basic commodities (although most are suffering from balance of payments deficits). But the less developed nations, which have almost nothing to sell, are left out of the cycle of flowing funds. Once they pay an OPEC nation for oil, they seldom see their money return. Moreover, the Arab OPEC members understandably prefer to deposit their surplus funds in stable American and European banks rather than banks of the Fourth World.

At the IMF and World Bank meeting, several schemes were suggested to create funds, or "facilities," financed in large part by the oil-possessing nations. These funds, in effect, would serve as bank accounts from which oil importers could borrow the money to buy the oil that they need from OPEC. IMF Managing Director H. Johannes Witteveen of The Netherlands proposed creating such an account which would probably be capitalized at from $5 to $10 billion in loans from OPEC. This has been nicknamed "Witteveen Mark II," to distinguish it from "Witteveen Mark I," a similar fund established earlier this year with $3.4 billion. That fund will be completely exhausted by year's end, having lent its money to 18 nations. The new account will be able to lend money to ad-

The OPEC Cartel: Price by Ukase

When they first gathered 14 years ago in Baghdad, almost no one noticed. Few even saw the reports in Iraqi newspapers that representatives from Venezuela, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Kuwait and Iraq had decided "to create an organization for regular consultation and for the coordination of oil policies." Yet from this modest and seemingly innocent beginning, the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries has become the toughest and most powerful cartel in history. OPEC has grown to 13 members,* and its ukase sets the export price for oil, thus exercising an unprecedented influence on the economies of almost all countries. Its recent success has inspired the countries that produce copper, tin and other basic materials to talk about forming their own price-pushing cartels.

■

OPEC has its headquarters in Vienna from where its secretariat monitors the worldwide energy situation. The secretary-general is a onetime minister in Algeria's National Liberation Front, Abderrahman Khene, 44. He says that times have changed since the days when the oil exporters were so unsophisticated and divided that they had little choice but to accept what the oil companies told them. "There is a new generation in the oil countries," insists Khene. "They know about world commerce, understand world affairs."

At periodic conferences of the cartel's oil ministers, the real power is wielded by five members of this new generation. The two most important are a pair of rivals: Saudi Arabia's Harvard-educated Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani, 44, who publicly argues for slightly lower prices, and Iran's Cornell-educated Jamshid Amuzegar, 50, who argues for even higher prices. The other three are Kuwait's Abdel Rahman Atiqi, 44, Algeria's Belaid Abdessalam, 43, and Iraq's Saadun Hammadi, 44. Last year Hammadi excused himself for arriving late at an OPEC conference: "Sorry, I had to nationalize part of the Basrah Oil Company first."

Though the ministers often cut wide swaths in the nightclubs of the various world capitals in which they meet, the full-time secretariat bureaucrats seldom mix with Vienna's society. Its officers seem to shun publicity, realizing that their cause evokes little popular sympathy outside the oil-producing countries.

OPEC, however, need not worry about public opinion —nor about any opinion. It does not even negotiate directly with the oil companies. Prices are set at the ministers' conferences and then flatly announced. The only opportunity that the companies have to "negotiate" comes later, when their executives meet with officials of the individual oil-possessing nations. If a company refuses to pay the price demanded, the OPEC member could plug the supply of oil.

The cartel's solidarity is remarkable in view of its members' differences. The Arab countries see oil as a political weapon to use against Israel; the non-Arab states see oil strictly as a commercial commodity. Within the Arab bloc, the radical states (Algeria, Libya and Iraq) often have political battles with the feudal monarchies (Abu Dhabi, Kuwait, Qatar and Saudi Arabia). Iran and Iraq are on the verge of hostilities because of border disputes.

What has united these countries has been their determination to gain control of the petroleum reserves on their territory. They took the first step after seven international oil companies in 1959 unilaterally reduced by about 10% the price paid to the oil-possessing nations. A second step was not taken until 1970. Then the revolutionary Colonel Muammar Gaddafi grabbed control of Libya, confronted the oil companies and dramatically raised prices and taxes. This emboldened OPEC's other members. They began to forge a unified policy and price, making significant gains: insisting on ever-increasing royalties from the companies and a growing degree of ownership of the oil reserves. Its power also increased because the world's growing oil demand changed a buyers' market into a sellers' market. During last year's Middle East crisis, OPEC achieved its greatest success when Arab members imposed an embargo, demonstrating how dependent the world had become on the cartel's oil.

AZIZ RASHKI



MINISTERS ATIQI & YAMANI AT CARTEL MEETING

Some observers believe that OPEC has succeeded because the oil companies and the governments of the oil-consuming nations have lacked the courage to oppose the cartel; any concession to OPEC merely encouraged further demands. The Shah of Iran seems to agree. "If the oil-producing countries suffer even the slightest defeat," he said in 1971, "it would be the death knell for OPEC." If a united front of oil consumers can be created, the cartel could suffer that initial defeat. This could hasten the day when OPEC shares the fate of history's other cartels—disunity as each of its members seeks to secure its own favored deal with customers.

*Algeria, Ecuador, Gabon, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Libya, Nigeria, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates and Venezuela.

vanced nations that cannot meet their oil bills, as well as to the Fourth World.

The U.S., however, was unenthusiastic about Witteveen's proposals. Treasury Secretary Simon opposes new recycling schemes, regarding them as stopgap measures. They can do no more than delay the day when the oil importers face the reality that they can no longer afford to pay the cartel's price. After all, the money that OPEC channels into a recycling facility is not donated; it is lent and must be repaid—with interest. Eventually the indebtedness of the oil importers will be so enormous that even industrial nations will start defaulting —perhaps as early as next year.

Nations would then be tempted to take unilateral action to get the funds they need to pay OPEC. Through subsidies and dumping, nations would drive all-out to increase their exports; meanwhile, through stiffer tariffs and quotas, they would wall out imports. Such a mercantilist policy could lead to a tragic rerun of the 1930s, when most of the industrial nations were intensively trying to "beggar their neighbor." The result was a disastrous contraction of world trade and paralysis of the international monetary system. Thus the answer to the crisis created by high oil prices, conclude Simon and Kissinger, is not a recycling mechanism but a concerted effort to bring those prices down.

Unusual Gesture. While the oil possessors are entitled to enjoy and perhaps even flaunt their wealth, they may be well advised to contemplate more carefully the long-range consequences of their action. The Saudis have apparently done just that. Before last month's OPEC ministerial meeting, King Faisal, in a most unusual gesture, sent the Shah of Iran a personal letter urging him to join Saudi Arabia in pushing for lower oil prices. The Shah refused. The Saudi monarch, say officials close to him, wrote the letter because he is worried that the impact of high oil prices on both the industrial and underdeveloped world will improve the relative position of the Soviet Union and China, since they are largely self-sufficient in oil. Moreover, in the Saudi view, economic disruption would strengthen leftist radicalism around the world. Faisal's letter stressed that "a worldwide depression would hurt oil producers as well as consumers." So far, despite their professed fears, the Saudis have refused to act alone and sell their enormous supply of oil at a price below the OPEC level.

Of course the oil-deficient but otherwise potent industrial nations would never permit themselves to become impoverished. They would first act boldly through energy sharing and saving and political and economic boycotts to stem the drain of money and transfer of power to OPEC. If the major oil consumers form some common front, they may be able to meet with OPEC and negotiate a reduction in prices. The limited first steps that the oil importers have taken in the past few weeks may lead to that concerted action. In the meantime OPEC's members might want to recall the story of King Midas, whose obsession with gold became a curse that almost caused his starvation.

TED THAI



GM EXECUTIVES OSCAR LUNDIN, THOMAS MURPHY, RICHARD GERSTENBERG, EDWARD COLE, ELLIOTT ESTES & RICHARD TERRELL

AUTOS

Four for the Road at GM

When Thomas Aquinas Murphy graduated from high school in Cicero, Ill., his family was so strapped that he spent most of three frigid years working in ice-making plants before going on to the University of Illinois. Last week, after 36 years at General Motors (all but four in finance), Murphy, 58, took the final step in from the cold; the serious, spectacled accountant was named chairman and chief executive of General Motors, the most prestigious corporate post in the world. "Murph" will take office Dec. 1, a week after his predecessor, Richard C. Gerstenberg, who earned $923,000 in salary and bonus last year, reaches GM's mandatory retirement age of 65.

Murphy's old job as vice chairman has been split between the cherubic financial vice president Oscar A. Lundin, 63, who will serve as chairman in Murphy's absence, and a soft-spoken "generalist," Richard L. Terrell, 55, who rose from messenger through a wide variety of jobs at GM to head the car, truck, body and assembly divisions. Terrell had been considered a candidate for president and chief operating officer, but that post went to a friendly rival, Elliott M. ("Pete") Estes, who replaces retiring president Edward N. Cole, an innovative engineer. Estes, 58, a jovial, mustachioed product engineer and auto-racing enthusiast, joined GM as a teenager in 1934. As president, he will oversee GM's $3.6 billion foreign operations, while continuing to manage North American auto production.

Land Cruisers. The four-man team takes over as GM struggles to recover from its worst slump since the 1958 recession. In this year's first half, unit sales slid 26%, and profits dived 74%. Last winter's gasoline shortage and the public's quick shift to smaller cars jolted GM more severely than other automakers. Traditionally committed to large luxury-studded land cruisers, the firm was forced to lay off more than 160,000 workers while retooling to produce small cars. At financial analysts' meetings this summer, top GM executives soberly predicted that sales and profits would not climb back to last year's record levels until 1977.

GM watchers foresee no radical departures by the new management from an emphasis on full-size, annually changed cars. Even as gas lines snaked half a mile last winter, the firm's analysts predicted that small car sales would drop back below 50% of the U.S. market; indeed, they now account for 47% of all cars sold in the U.S. But GM is nonetheless active in the small-car market. This fall's lineup sports four new subcompacts (Chevrolet Monza, Buick Skyhawk, Pontiac Astre and Oldsmobile Starfire).

To lift sales and profits, Murphy's team has two strategies. First, brake the soaring costs of production (estimated to be rising at $50 a car each month) by building more components in-house and striving to increase productivity. Second, increase fuel economy by trimming hundreds of pounds from the average 4,500-lb. weight of GM's full-size cars by 1978; that would doubtless increase sales of those models. Murphy also expects that material costs will ease fairly soon as demand cools in the world economy.

"Prices should begin coming down," says Murphy, "and when they do, they may do so in a rush." Any such rush could rekindle the old love affair between consumers and GM's full-size dreamboats.

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The Dataroute

Aristo tries to succeed with a simple plan: a Global Party

"Aristo International designs and develops location-based, pay-per-play, [illegible] games and [illegible]ducts."

[illegible]s that [illegible]sic fun has been lost as of late in the arcade industry. According to Dave Albert, vice president of Aristo:

"Aristo is about bringing people together. Too many [illegible] into

several products coming. Besides upcoming football and hockey games, there is a tabletop version of "Pong," with up to eight players (called TeamNet, picture below). They also plan to launch Playnet for music and TouchNet which through ISDN lines will [illegible]ing the net to bar loca[illegible]ed for more!

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Ag[illegible] feel of the car is not 100 percent, but these companies are nowhere near as established as Sega and Namco in the driving field. Perhaps this is a trend starting; the big guys lead the way and others will follow (ahem, Street Fighter).



Cobra
Performance:
1 to 5 million polygon/sec
50 to 250 million pixels/sec
Resolution:
640 x 400 to 1,280 x 1,024 pixels
144 Bits/pixel frame buffer
256 level alpha blending
Shading:
Subpixel sampling antialiasing
Flat shading
Gouraud shading
Lighting:
Linear fog
Exponential Fog

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Board [illegible] support 1 million polygon[illegible] where the Cobra is just being learned to program on and it reaches more than 1 million—first try!



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DEJEAN—SYGMA

LISBON DEMONSTRATORS CELEBRATING PORTUGAL'S SHIFT TO THE LEFT AFTER RESIGNATION OF PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT SPÍNOLA

EUROPE

And Quietly the Med Flows Red

Winston Churchill once referred to southern Europe as "the soft underbelly" of the continent. Three decades later, his anatomical description has fresh currency and a new political meaning. Scarcely six months ago, the corners of the southern tier—Portugal and Greece—were firmly controlled by militantly anti-Communist dictatorships. Not only have the dictators disappeared, but long-repressed Communist parties are eagerly grasping for a share of political power. In the center of the tier, meanwhile, yet another impotent center-left government fell in Italy last week, raising fears in some quarters that Communists might be allowed into the governing majority. In short, there was a clear although still distant danger that Communists might come to power across Europe's Mediterranean littoral. Items:

▶ In Greece, Premier Constantine Caramanlis invited Communists into the political arena. He legalized the party, which had been proscribed since the 1944-49 civil war. His move allows Communists to field candidates for 300 parliamentary seats in next month's general election. To improve their chance, pro- and anti-Moscow factions within the party buried their differences temporarily last week in a "union of the left." It may gain at least 25% of the vote.

▶ In Portugal *(see following story)*, President António de Spínola resigned with a dramatic warning against the left. Right-wingers in Spínola's post-fascist government were quickly purged by the pro-left officers of the ruling junta.

▶ In Italy, as the 36th government since the collapse of Fascism ended with Premier Mariano Rumor's resignation, efforts to form a 37th hesitantly began. Cementing a new center-left coalition in economically battered Italy will not be easy. The next Christian Democratic Premier might be tempted to take the first step toward the so-called "historic compromise" and grant the Communists a consultative policy role. With 1.6 million members and 175 of 629 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, they already are the second strongest party after the Christian Democrats, and even outside the government, Communist influence increases with each crisis.

▶ In Spain, where opposition parties are banned by the regime, Communists have quietly begun to plan for the day when Generalissimo Francisco Franco dies and Western Europe's oldest dictatorship is replaced by more representative government. The Communists in Spain are probably the most disciplined and dedicated force on the political left. They have operated secretly inside the country and more openly outside.

In Greece, Portugal and Italy, the Communists these days are well behaved; there are no threats of revolution, no promises of immediate radical change. By avoiding Moscow bear hugs and pledging to abide by democratic processes, they entice voters who have lived through totalitarian regimes. At the same time, Communists along the southern tier are capitalizing on anti-Americanism—particularly in Greece, where Washington is currently despised for its Turkish tilt over Cyprus. The danger to the U.S. and the Western alliance in button-down Communism is that it could eventually lead to a weakening of NATO or the elimination of U.S. military bases that underpin the defenses of Western Europe.

Portugal's Spínola is not the only politician frightened by a Communist momentum that was strong enough to take 9 million of 30 million votes in Italy's last general election and may well claim the allegiance of half a million Greeks (out of an electorate of only 6 million). Elsewhere in Western Europe, there is trepidation about the possibility of a domino effect. France, for instance, has a Communist Party just as bourgeois in image as Italy's and almost as large and entrenched. Under certain circumstances—a deepening of the economic crisis, for example—the Communist influence and appeal might spread from the underbelly to the rest of Europe in disturbing ways.

PORTUGAL

The Fall of a Hero-General

Portugal's fragile revolutionary government was still intact last week following ten days of political tensions that threatened to bring the country to the brink of civil war. Nonetheless, it had lost its first hero and a good deal of its innocence. General António de Spínola, 64, the hero-general of the Portuguese revolution, split with the young leftist officers who engineered the April coup and resigned as provisional President. In an emotional farewell address on television, Spínola criticized many of the government's policies and warned that they would result in economic chaos, anarchy and "new forms of slavery." He was immediately replaced by General Francisco da Costa Gomes, 60, an old friend and the second-ranking member of the ruling junta.

Spínola's resignation was the climax of a long-simmering struggle between the young officers of the Armed Forces Movement, the rebel group that toppled the Caetano regime, and the conservative general they had chosen as the figurehead leader of their revolution. Tension grew after Spínola made a bid last July for immediate elections, which he would almost certainly have won, thereby acquiring vastly enlarged powers. The officers rebuffed him, fearing that he was attempting to take over the revolution for himself. Lately, Spínola had begun making appeals to the "silent majority" to "awaken and defend itself actively against extremist totalitarianism."

PICTORIAL PARADE



GENERAL SPÍNOLA
A silent majority.

The appeal appeared to be a veiled warning against Portugal's well-organized Communist Party.

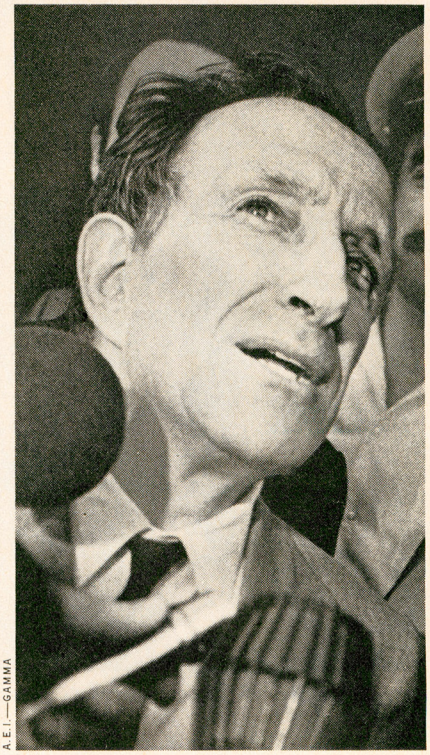
Someone obviously got the message. Three weeks ago, well-financed political organizers, billing themselves as members of the "silent majority," began drawing up plans for a huge pro-Spínola rally in front of the presidential palace in Lisbon. Huge posters showing a man saying *"Maioria Silenciosa"* (Silent Majority) began appearing on Lisbon walls. Buses were hired and free train tickets were given away to bring people into Lisbon from the countryside. Leftists soon launched a poster counteroffensive, tearing down the silent-majority signs or embellishing them with fangs and swastikas.

As the threat of violence between leftists and right-wingers mounted, friendly Western diplomats, as well as members of the government, warned Spínola that the rally was a cover for a countercoup led by extreme right-wing forces loyal to the old regime. The plot, according to the government, called for the assassination of both Spínola and Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves. The purported aim was to create chaos if not civil war, thus enabling the extreme right wing to seize power.

Too Gloomy. Not until the day of the demonstration did Spínola finally call it off. By then, military units and leftist vigilantes had put up roadblocks around the city, searching cars for arms. Some 250 people, many of them prominent figures in the old regime, were arrested. When leftists on the ruling junta ordered Spínola to oust three conservative generals who were believed to be sympathetic to the rightist scheme, he balked—and then resigned.

Major Vitor Alves, a Minister Without Portfolio in the Gonçalves Cabinet, told TIME's Robert Kroon last week that other members of the government had never had any quarrel with Spínola about the revolution's fundamental aim of restoring civil liberties and holding democratic elections. "The trouble was," Alves said, "that Spínola had a different analysis of how to go about this process. He was too pessimistic, too gloomy, too rigid."

There are clear and substantive differences between the democratic-leftist politics of Premier Gonçalves and Spínola's more conservative stance. Spínola worried that the junta's policy of allowing all political parties to organize freely would permit the Communists to acquire too much power before the election. He also opposed granting outright independence to the African territories, favoring instead a referendum that would let them unite with Portugal if they chose. In recent weeks, he announced that he was taking the settlement of oil-rich Angola into his own hands, and had set up meetings with the white business community while ignoring representatives of the territory's black liberation movements.



A.E.I.—GAMMA

PREMIER GONÇALVES
A strengthened hand.

Foreign observers believe that the new team of Costa Gomes and Gonçalves will be a workable one. A career officer, Costa Gomes earned his stars in the African theater where, like Spínola, he came to oppose Portugal's colonial wars. When Spínola brought out his controversial book criticizing Portuguese colonial policy last February, Costa Gomes, who was then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Caetano regime, supported his deputy; both were ousted from their posts. His following in the military is said to be as large and as loyal as that of Spínola's; he is also considered a better politician than his predecessor. The real winner in last week's shake-up is undeniably Gonçalves, 53, a quick-tempered, idealistic former army engineer who is widely regarded as the principal architect of the April 25th revolution. Says one longtime political observer in Lisbon: "Gonçalves has about him a little bit of the style of the evangelist missionary who is committed to saving people's souls whether they want it or not."

As for Spínola, his own future in politics may not be over yet. Despite his resignation, he still commands a large following. If he decided to run for office, he could become a strong contender in next March's elections. Although he said nothing about that last week, there are many who are doubtful that the last words have yet been heard from the monocled general.

BRITAIN

Heading Toward Lollipop Land

As Britain headed into the homestretch of the second electoral campaign this year, the mood of the country and the sharply contrasting styles of its two major parties could not have been more clearly drawn. Offered a choice of Laborite Harold Wilson's balm or Tory Ted Heath's gloom, the voters seemed to be opting for the former.

At week's end, the polls showed Labor leading the Conservatives by margins ranging from 7½% to 9%. Of course the pollsters could be wrong, as they were in the last two elections. Even so, both the Tories and the Liberals, who have been warning of dire economic disruptions, had begun to get the message: British voters are not interested in any more bad news. One Liberal leader remarked acidly last week, "If the people want to drift off again into lollipop land, then we have some real problems."

The British economic crisis has not gone away, but Britons unmistakably have grown weary of crisis talk. Despite prophecies of disaster round the corner, they have continued to find jobs, and pay packets by and large have kept up with prices. The present economic climate, with inflation approaching 20%, is more serious than anything the country has faced since the 1930s. But it still seems to be something better understood by economists and merchant bankers than by the man in the street. As Jimmy Buchanan, a Scottish shipyard worker observes: "Aye, you can read about it, but you can't feel it much, can you?"

British election campaigns are mercifully short, and this one lasted no more than the minimum three weeks. Even so, one Liberal Party worker admitted that "there is a real problem that we could alienate voters by overcanvassing the way we did last time." Clement Freud, the talk-show wit and Liberal M.P., forgivingly told a small audience in his rural constituency: "I know there are many other attractions in Tydd St. Giles." Summed up *Guardian* Columnist Adam Raphael: "The election shows disturbing signs of going to sleep."

If there was a lollipop syndrome, its chief beneficiary last week appeared to be Harold Wilson, who would like to gain his fourth victory as Labor Party leader and thus become the winningest Prime Minister of this century. Slimmer, tanned and far more confident than during his lackluster February campaign, Wilson, 58, this time carefully husbanded his energy; he seldom made more than one or two appearances a night, and then only to packed gatherings of the party faithful.

Tory Plot. His set piece was a mixture of soothing assurances that no one need fear the future under Labor, and mocking, biblically salted sarcasm directed at the Conservatives. If things were not going to get substantially better overnight, he would say, neither were they going to grow much worse. Talk of economic crisis was mostly a Tory plot. Said he before a suburban audience last week: "What the people want, what every family needs, is a bit of peace and quiet so that they can plan for the future on a basis of real security for the whole family." Repeatedly, he drew the loudest cheers when he told his audience that prosperity would return to Britain on the incoming tides of North Sea oil, which Energy Minister Eric Varley has appraised at $250 billion.

By contrast, Ted Heath's campaign was both somber and low-keyed. The Tory election strategy was designed to present Heath as a relaxed, confident candidate, instead of the uptight finger wagger who brought on the debacle of the three-day work week in a losing confrontation with the unions last winter. Initially, Heath was maintaining such an excessively low profile that Wilson sarcastically declared that he would ask for a court order to force the Tories to produce their candidate.

Heath's campaign was bedeviled by poor planning and tactical errors. In one grueling 15-hour day last week in Scotland, where the Tories trailed behind both Labor and the Nationalists, his two-bus procession went through the countryside from Glasgow to Edinburgh and back as silently, gloomily and unnoticed as some sort of lost caravan. When Heath did stop to address depressingly small crowds, his hecklers came close to outnumbering his supporters. In the small market town of Haddington, for instance, Nationalists drowned out his message by playing "It's Scotland's Oil" over the loudspeakers. Inexplicably, his only campaign stops in Edinburgh were at a 23-patient home for deaf-mutes and a Catholic home for the aged.

Heath last week virtually admitted that the Tories had little chance of ruling the country by themselves and promised to bring members of the other parties into his Cabinet should he win. His best bet would be a coalition with the Liberals, but even that appeared problematical, since there was no evidence that Jeremy Thorpe's vigorous but small third party could measurably increase the 14 seats it won last time.

At week's end London bookmakers were offering heavy odds (1-3) in favor of a Labor victory, but many experts continued to hedge their bets. For one thing, a large number of voters (25% in one poll) declared themselves undecided. For another, there was a fear that Wilson's soothing campaign may have so successfully tranquilized the public that they might not even bother to vote. That could seriously hurt Labor. In other quarters, though, the betting was that Britons would indeed turn out en masse on Oct. 10—if only to make sure that they do not have to go through another such uninspiring election campaign again soon.



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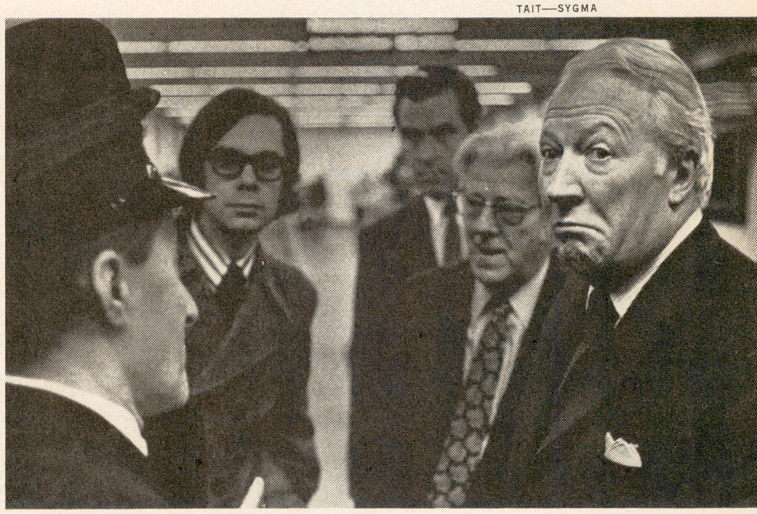


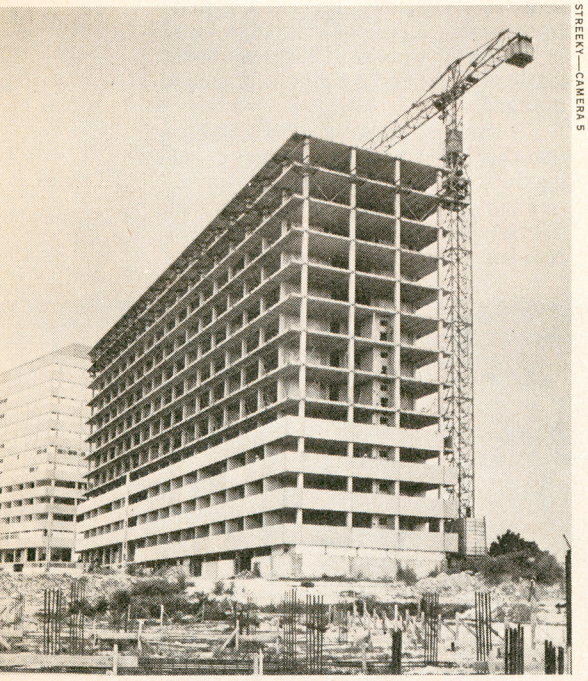
TAIT—SYGMA

LABOR'S HAROLD WILSON (ABOVE) AT PARTY HEADQUARTERS & CONSERVATIVE EDWARD HEATH (RIGHT) CAMPAIGNING IN BIRMINGHAM

CUBA

A Curious Style of Socialism

The well-publicized three-day visit to Cuba by Senators Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and Jacob Javits of New York was not only a diplomatic icebreaker; it had at least one notable side effect as well. The Senators were accompanied by 29 U.S. newsmen, who were allowed a rare firsthand look at life under Cuban socialism. Among them was TIME's *diplomatic editor, Jerrold L. Schecter, who toured the island on his own after the Senators flew home and last week filed this report from Havana:*



STREEKY—CAMERA 5

ABOVE: NEW APARTMENTS IN ALAMAR. BELOW: EMPTY STREETS IN HAVANA



After 15 years of revolution, Fidel Castro's Cuba has developed self-confidence and independence despite its heavy debt (at least $4 billion) to the Soviet Union. Living conditions are difficult but improving. In Havana today there is more talk of exporting sugar, lobster tails and shrimp to Europe than about exporting revolution.

Fidel, as Cubans call him, still sets the standards. He holds tightly to the reins of power, although he relies heavily on Deputy Premier Carlos Rafael Rodriguez for advice on economics and foreign policy. His personal popularity remains high because he mixes easily with his people and moves about the countryside to supervise new projects under development. Castro now seems confident enough to experiment with local elections—Matanzas Province chose a new people's assembly last June—and he has promised that the first Cuban Communist Party Congress will be held next year.

Blood Donations. There is less romanticism now and more realism. The guerrilla mentality is passing; at a recent mass rally, Castro was the only Cuban leader who wore a uniform; the others were dressed in business suits and ties. The Committee for the Defense of the Revolution, whose original function was to control the population through vigilante and community spying activities, has broadened its work. Inoculations for children, blood donations, used-bottle collections and clean streets are now the primary tasks of C.D.R. block committees.

Cuban socialism is a curious mixture of voluntarism and paternalism. Farmers are asked to give up their land for fully furnished apartments with TV sets and refrigerators, the most highly prized consumer goods in Cuba. "Historic wages," meaning old salaries of up to 600 pesos a month ($720), are still paid to certain professionals, although the majority of the people earn between 127 and 300 pesos a month.

Since 1970's economic near-disaster, when Castro exhorted Cubans to produce 10 million tons of sugar and failed, agriculture has been diversified. New roads course through the green country as rice fields, fruit groves and cattle farms are developed. This year the soaring price of sugar will give Cuba an estimated $2 billion bonus—if the crop is as large as last year's 6 million tons.

Ambitious Projects. The biggest gains noticeable in Cuba are in the countryside, where new four-story concrete housing blocks are replacing traditional palm-thatched hovels called *bohios*. One of the most ambitious housing projects is in Alamar, ten minutes by bus from Havana along the coast. Since 1971 apartments for 15,000 workers and their families have been built at Alamar along with schools, workshops, day nurseries, clinics and supermarkets. By 1982, more than 150,000 people will live in the two- and three-bedroom apartments. Construction is done by "microbrigades," a Cuban innovation in which workers leave their regular jobs for a year or more to work on housing construction into which they can then move.

Typical of the workers living at Alamar is Israel Castro, 42 (no relation to Fidel), a shoe-factory worker. He pays 6% of his $154.20 monthly wages for a three-bedroom apartment for himself, his wife and two children. Before the revolution, the Castros lived in one room in a Havana slum. Their present apartment, he says, is "a palace compared to that." At the Alamar supermarket last week, Mrs. Castro and other women lined up to buy loaves of unrationed bread at 17¢ per lb., as well as rationed eggs (15 per person per month), rice (6 lbs. monthly), salt, lard, beans, oil and tomato sauce. Children receive a free meal at school, as do workers at their factories.

Change is less dramatic in Havana. Paint peels from old Spanish architecture and water shortages are chronic. Cuban socialism is still based on the equality of scarcity. Stores display only bare essentials in clothing and household goods. The clothing ration allows two dress shirts a year to each man. A 23-inch black-and-white Russian TV costs $750 to $900, a refrigerator $720. Workers' committees decide who can buy TVs and refrigerators.

Prostitution has been virtually eliminated, along with gambling, drugs, the lottery and the unemployment that once affected 33% of the labor force. But sex still flourishes under socialism. There are long lines of young couples waiting

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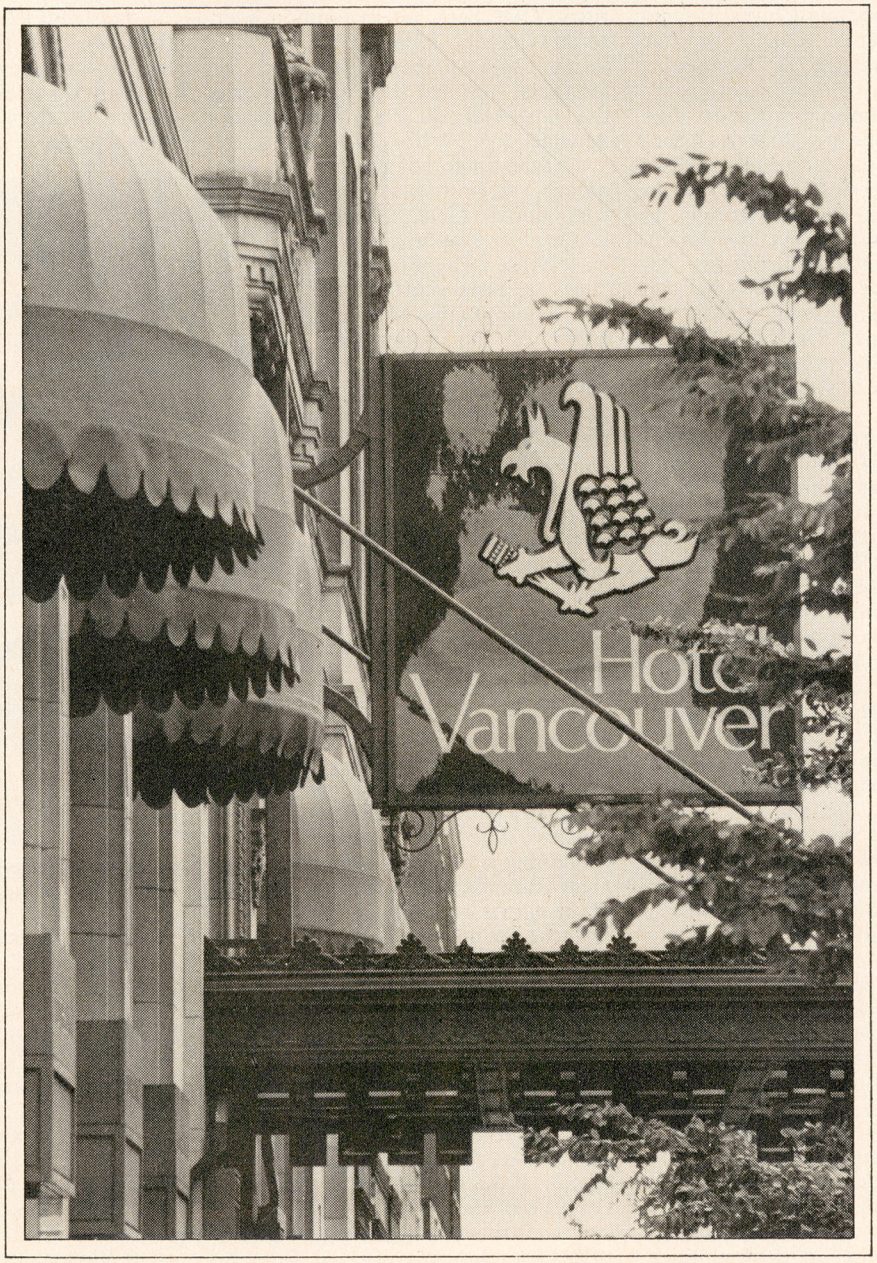

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impatiently to rent rooms ($2.88 for three hours) in inns, or *posadas*. Havana's restaurants are a pale shadow of the city's profligate past. The once elegant Paris Restaurant on Cathedral Square, now called El Patio, has waiters in formal dress; but the filet, at $7.20, arrives as hamburger. One of Ernest Hemingway's old hangouts, La Bodeguita del Medio, still has his comment scribbled on the wall: *"Mi mojito en La Bodeguita, mi daiquirí en La Floridita"* (roughly, "I like the Bodeguita's *mojitos** and the daiquiris at the Floridita," referring to another of his favorite bars in Havana). Alongside is a message, now poignant, scrawled there by another patron who later became Chile's ill-fated Socialist President: "Long live free Cuba! Chile is waiting! Dr. S. Allende, June 28, 1961."

Lifting the Embargo. Castro, during the visit by the two American Senators, vigorously flayed President Ford's "deplorable imperialistic policies" in an hour-long speech devoted mainly to anti-Americanism. But in conversation, Cubans are careful to distinguish between U.S. policy and "the American people." They seem friendly toward the people, but former President Nixon's name is routinely printed in Cuba's newspapers with a swastika replacing the *x*.

The economic embargo of Cuba imposed by President Kennedy in 1962 and adopted two years later by most members of the Organization of American States has apparently slowed but not crippled Cuban development. Castro promises that "the isolation of the Cuban people is slowly withering away and the economic blockade of our country cannot last much longer." He hopes to buy oil from Venezuela; that would make Cuba less dependent on the Soviet Union and its aid, which comes in at the rate of $1.5 million a day (including 95% of Cuba's petroleum). Castro has also eased up on his old demand that the U.S. surrender its naval base at Guantánamo. The emphasis now is on formally lifting the hemisphere embargo, an event Cubans look forward to when the OAS meets next month in Quito.

The question of reparations for nationalized American property (estimated to have been worth $2 billion) must still be broached with the U.S. There is also the matter of repatriating American inmates of Cuban jails—nine political prisoners and 40 skyjackers or drug smugglers. The Cubans hope to deal with such problems step by step. Despite socialist slogans, they retain a sense of closeness to the U.S. But 15 years of isolation has firmed up their ideology and deepened belief in their abilities. Now when Fidel tells them that "Cuba is an irreversible reality on this continent," his listeners are confident that he is correct.

*Recipe for a Bodeguita *mojito:* one spoonful of sugar, half an ounce of lemon juice, jigger of white rum, mint leaves, soda and ice.

ARGENTINA

The Enemies List

The reign of terror that has plagued Argentina since the death of President Juan Perón on July 1 continued unabated last week. Political violence claimed its 100th victim in three months when Army Captain Miguel Paiva was gunned down last Wednesday as he waited at a bus stop near his home in Buenos Aires. His murder brought to eight the number of military killed or wounded since a left-wing terrorist group vowed last month to assassinate sixteen officers to avenge the deaths of sixteen guerrillas (TIME, Sept. 30). In addition, a terrorist's bomb killed Chile's exiled former army commander, General Carlos Prats, who had been a supporter of the late Marxist President Salvador Allende.

At the funeral of another officer, Argentina's army commander, Lieut. General Leandro Anaya, promised to wage battle with the terrorists "until we have achieved the total extermination of the enemies of the fatherland." While threatening to wipe out the guerrillas, Anaya was careful to stress that the army will do so in support of President Isabel Perón's constitutional government and not by overthrowing it.

Five Down. General Anaya's impassioned denunciation was primarily aimed at left-wing subversives. But in fact, most of last week's killings were carried out by a hitherto obscure right-wing group, the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance. The A.A.A. recently surfaced as a major terrorist force. Three weeks ago, a letter was sent to Buenos Aires newspapers containing a list of 17 prominent Argentines. Beside five of the names were tiny crosses; those five had already been executed. The remaining twelve, including former President Héctor Cámpora, ex-Deputy Leonardo Bettanin and former Education Minister Jorge Taiana, were A.A.A. targets. "Now five are down, and the leftists will keep falling no matter where they are," said the clumsily worded communiqué. Among those since slain by the A.A.A. was Silvio Frondizi, brother of former President Arturo Frondizi. A lawyer well known for serving as defense counsel to several alleged left-wing guerrillas, Frondizi was dragged from his home by the hair and shot in the back —"the way traitors are shot," his executioners explained. His son-in-law was also killed as he attempted to stop the brutal kidnaping.

Since the first communiqué, the A.A.A. has reportedly expanded its enemies' list to include a former Roman Catholic bishop, an army general, a union leader, several politicians, lawyers, entertainers, university professors and journalists. The threats have already caused a mini-diaspora. University Rectors Rodolfo Puiggrós and Raúl Laguzzi have taken asylum in Mexico. Folk Singer Horacio Guarany fled to Venezuela last week. Actress Nacha Guevara left for Peru as did Comedian Norman Briski. Although it has not been directly linked to the A.A.A., the murder of General Prats has put Argentina's large community of political exiles on notice that the country is no longer a safe refuge.

President Isabel Perón responded to the latest outburst of violence by rushing a stiff new antisubversion law through Congress. The measure provides mandatory jail sentences for those who attempt to alter unconstitutionally "the political, economic and social life of the country." It also restricts press coverage of terrorism, banning publication of news that might seem to advertise or justify subversive activity. Uncertain of the implications of the new law, one Buenos Aires newspaper reported the murder of Captain Paiva by simply running his picture over a cryptic caption noting that he "ceased to exist all of a sudden this morning at 7:20."

Despite the chaos, Mrs. Perón remained firmly in control of her government. Concludes TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch: "In another country, in the Argentina of another era, there would have been a coup by now. That there has not been one is an extraordinary demonstration of the desire of most Argentines to establish a tradition of constitutional rule in this country."



UPI

BODY OF GENERAL PRATS AFTER BOMB BLASTED HIS CAR
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PALESTINIANS

Untimely Rift in the Ranks

Scarcely five months ago, following Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's triumphant shuttle spectacular between Israel, Egypt and Syria, chances for a Middle East peace looked unbelievably bright. This week, as Kissinger undertakes another flying tour to Cairo, Damascus, Amman and Jerusalem, hopes for a settlement have been dangerously tarnished. One reason is that no one seems to know how to solve the problem of the displaced Palestinians—including the Palestinians themselves.

Alarmed by a resumption of terrorist raids over the Israeli border, Premier Yitzhak Rabin last week summoned a Cabinet meeting to review counterterror precautions. At the same time, the Palestine Liberation Organization, the political umbrella of the guerrilla movement, acknowledged a serious split in its ranks. The Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, the second largest group in the P.L.O. after Fatah, withdrew from the P.L.O. executive council after bitterly attacking the moderate leadership of Yasser Arafat *(see box)*. Another fedayeen group, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine —General Command, has also threatened to leave. The P.L.O. central council, which functions as a kind of parliamentary committee, was alarmed enough to convene an emergency meeting in Damascus last week; it formed a committee to try to persuade P.F.L.P. Leader George Habash to reconsider.

At the root of the dispute is an ideological conflict that has flared up in the past and been papered over for the sake of unity. The militant Marxist P.F.L.P. opposes not only Israel but also such "reactionary" Arab monarchs as Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's King Faisal. Although Faisal has generously subsidized Arafat's Fatah guerrillas, the King has never given a riyal to Habash. Beyond that, the P.F.L.P. still clings to the goal of creating a secular Palestine to replace Israel in which Jews, Christians and Moslems would live together. Fatah and the less extreme fedayeen would settle—temporarily, at least—for Palestinian control of the occupied West Bank and Gaza. The alternative, they argue, is that the territories might be turned over to Jordanian occupation.

Arafat has approved Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's decision to nego-

Arafat: We Are Not on a Picnic

Yasser Arafat, 44, still wears the green fatigues, desert boots and bullet-studded pistol belt of an underground fighter. But the founder of al-Fatah and leader of the Palestine Liberation Organization is now more politician and diplomat than guerrilla commander. He travels almost constantly around the Arab world, shoring up support for his movement. Arafat's zeal for the Palestinians' cause is undiminished, reported TIME *Correspondent Karsten Prager after an interview with the P.L.O. chairman in Beirut, but it has become tempered with pragmatism. Excerpts:*

MIDDLE-EAST PEACE. Until now, all of the parties who consider themselves involved in finding new equations for a solution have still not touched on the essence of the problem: the Palestinian people's fate. These equations will never solve the problem as long as they continue to ignore the Palestinians. That is why military operations are still taking place on different levels between the military junta in Israel and the forces of the Palestinian revolution.

ISRAEL. We have heard some voices there after the [October] war that speak of the Palestinian people for the first time—something to be noted in comparison with [former Premier] Golda Meir's words after 1967 that there was no such entity as Palestinian people. But they also say that the Palestinians should find their future under the flag of King Hussein, as if they could determine our fate for us.

I cannot forget what [former Defense Minister] Moshe Dayan said before he resigned—that dangerous, barbaric statement that there was nothing left for Palestinians except death. We have to add what [Yitzhak] Rabin said when he became Prime Minister: that there was "no room for Palestinians among us."* Recent decisions of the Israeli Cabinet proved beyond any doubt that the designs and the mentality have not changed a bit. They still ignore the major problem.



LABIB RIHAN

THE P.L.O. LEADER IN COMBAT DRESS

PALESTINIAN IDENTITY. It is the Palestinian miracle. The problem for us has never been borders or regime or land, but a holy homeland. Moslem and Christian pilgrims come from far away to see the land to which they are spiritually attached. We are the descendants of Christ, and we assume that we must be much more attached to this country than the pilgrims.

PALESTINIAN DISAGREEMENTS. We have had our differences in the Palestinian political field. But you must remember that we are not on a picnic. We are in the midst of a revolution, struggling against vicious enemies: imperialism, Zionism, defeatism. Consequently, we can expect differences to arise.

U.S. POLICY. American officials speak about the Palestinians, but they do not really speak with them. No one has approached us. We are getting killed —our children, our women, our old people—by American arms, American planes, American bombs, American napalm. I wonder how the innocent American taxpayer feels about the tragedy for which he is paying.

A PALESTINIAN STATE. If the Arabs can afford to give loans and invest in the U.S., the richest country in the world, let us expect them to help their Palestinian brothers economically.

In the first years of the national authority in Palestine, we will hold elections so that our people can vote for the system of life they want. The P.L.O. will run the country before the elections, and the P.L.O. will run it after the elections, because the P.L.O. is the people.

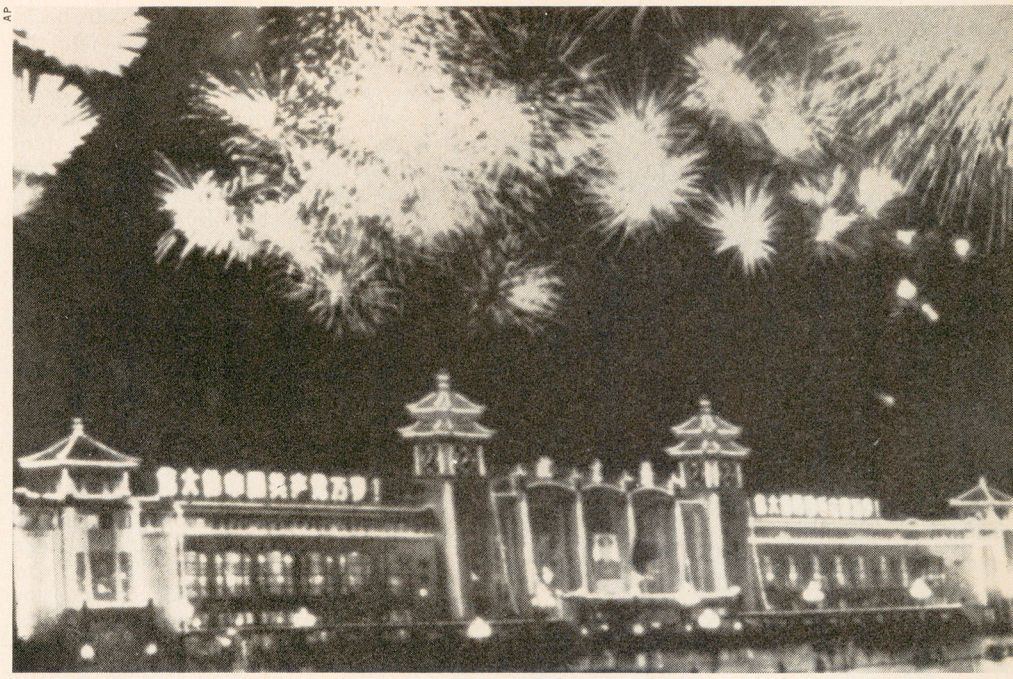
RECONCILIATION WITH JORDAN. We have set our conditions for reconciliation [chiefly, renewal of operations from Jordan, stopped four years ago when Hussein's army expelled the fedayeen in bloody fighting]; and if King Hussein accepts them, we refuse to be pinned to complexes about the massacre of 1970. The policy of the revolution is pragmatic. After all, the Algerians are now dealing with the French, although 1.5 million Algerian martyrs lost their lives [in the war against France].

*Dayan actually was referring only to armed Palestinian infiltration into Israel. Rabin's objection is to a Palestinian state between Israel and Jordan.

tiate with Kissinger. For this, he has been accused by the P.F.L.P. of surrendering to the U.S. and even of trying to negotiate secretly with Kissinger's aides. Denying such "unfounded accusations," Arafat told the Beirut newspaper *an-Nahar:* "When Kissinger tried to meet me secretly in Egypt through Sadat, I refused." Washington denies that any such overture took place.

The organizational dispute broke into the open at an inopportune time for the P.L.O. Only last month Sadat and other Arab leaders agreed that the P.L.O., rather than Hussein, should be sole spokesman for Palestinians on the West Bank (which was annexed by Hussein's grandfather King Abdullah in 1950 and held by Jordan until Israel seized it during the Six-Day War).

After a debate, the U.N. General Assembly, which up to now has dealt with the Palestinians as political refugees, will almost certainly approve a resolution confirming their right to nationhood. Many U.N. observers expect Arafat to come to New York City for the discussions, but his claims to speak for all the Palestinian people could be rendered suspect by the severe rift in the P.L.O.'s ranks.



AP

FIREWORKS EXPLODING OVER PEKING DURING ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS

CHINA

Togetherness in Peking

The mood at the 25th anniversary of the People's Republic was almost unpolitical, by Peking's standards. Unlike past celebrations of Chairman Mao Tse-tung's triumph, which were usually dominated by purposive displays of military muscle, this year's holiday had an air of festive gaiety.

In Peking's splendidly decorated parks, acrobats, singers and dancers performed for the crowds. There were spectacular fireworks, the ever-popular lion dance, and elaborate fairground games. At one game, youngsters could take part in simulated shoot-downs of enemy aircraft; at another, engineering students could test their skills at a mock-up oil-drilling station. If they correctly manipulated the levers and buttons, a dark liquid gushed into the air.

Conspicuously present at the celebration were some of China's new national heroes. Among them: a militiaman from Sinkiang who helped capture a Soviet helicopter that strayed—or intruded—across the Chinese border last March. China's insouciant mood in fact contrasted markedly with the tone of Soviet pronouncements; just before Peking's silver anniversary, the Moscow press had let fly the ultimate in ideological insults, for the first time terming Peking's policy "anti-Communist." The Chinese scarcely seemed to pay attention. Their purpose was to establish an everything-as-normal mood.

The main propaganda theme of the anniversary was the need for unity—understandable in light of the uncertainties facing China. Chairman Mao did not show up for any of the proceedings, feeding speculation that the 81-year-old leader was too frail to withstand the strains of a public appearance.

That did not come as a surprise, but the failure of Premier Chou En-lai to appear on Oct. 1 did. The night before, Chou had presided triumphantly at a banquet in Peking's Great Hall of the People. While 1,500 Chinese VIPs and 4,500 foreign guests thunderously applauded, Chou had drunk a toast to unity "on behalf of Great Leader Chairman Mao, of the Party's Central Committee and of the Chinese government." After his 45-minute appearance, Chou, 76, apparently returned to a Peking hospital to continue treatment for what most analysts believe is a serious heart ailment.

Display of Unity. Chou's effort to get off his sickbed for the showpiece banquet was the high point of an impressive display of togetherness in Peking. Most of the 21-member Politburo also showed up at the affair. It marked the first time that they have been seen together since the current Politburo was formed 13 months ago. Equally important, some 60 officials whose names had not been mentioned in public since the great purges of the Cultural Revolution took their place alongside such radical firebrands as Madame Mao and her close associate in the Politburo, Yao Wen-yuan.

It was a major step in Premier Chou's efforts to create a stable party hierarchy for the future. But his fading health endangers his carefully engineered display of unity. Many experts last week were predicting a quick return to political infighting and jockeying for position, once the bloom of the 25th anniversary has faded.

KENYA

The Ruby Rip-Off

Kenya is a land of fabulously unspoiled game preserves, stable government and excellent trade opportunities. Taking advantage of those opportunities, as foreign businessmen have ruefully discovered, sometimes involves entering a twilight world of official corruption. Corporation executives doing business in Kenya are often asked by high government officials for "contributions" to various charities, though some doubt that the money ends up in the coffers of such worthy recipients as hospitals or orphanages. Early this year, James Skane, the American managing director of Esso Standard in Kenya, was declared a "prohibited immigrant" and summarily expelled from the country after he aggressively tried to collect some $70,000 in unpaid fuel bills. Unfortunately for Skane, it turned out that the money was owed by a series of farms reportedly owned under different names by Kenya's lionized President Jomo Kenyatta.

The latest story about scandal in Nairobi involves two American geologists, who claim that they have been euchred out of their ownership of what may be the world's richest ruby mine by some well-connected Kenyans. It all started about a year ago, when John M. Saul, 37, and his partner Elliot ("Tim") Miller discovered in Kenya's Tsavo West National Park a deposit of rubies that was later estimated to be worth at least $5 million. Saul and Miller got a fully legal permit to develop their find. Figuring local participation would ease their way, they shrewdly offered 51% of the deal to a group of high-ranking



CAMERAPIX

KENYATTA & MAMA NGINA
Questions about ownership.

Kenyans, including Vice President Daniel Arap Moi.

Unfortunately for the two Americans, others got wind of the rich discovery. One of them was Beth Mugo, Kenyatta's niece and unofficial lady in waiting to his vivacious wife, Mama Ngina; another was a wealthy Greek resident of Kenya, George Criticos, a friend of the President's and Mama Ngina's partner in running the Kenya Trade Development Corp. Saul and Miller charge that Beth Mugo and Criticos encouraged other leading Kenyans, including Mama Ngina, to demand a bigger share of the take. The two Americans agreed to let the Kenyans' share go up to 72%. Still not satisfied, the Kenyans evidently decided to push the ruby discoverers out of the deal altogether.

Private Pockets. Last June Saul was abruptly declared a "prohibited immigrant" and given 2½ hours to leave the country. At first Miller went into hiding to keep the same thing from happening to him; after a month underground he left the country for London. After Saul's expulsion, Kenyatta, in an apparent reference to the ruby mine, publicly declared that no foreigner should be allowed to exploit Kenya's resources for his own private benefit. That is, no doubt, a valid general principle. But in this case it seems that the wealth of the mine is intended for private pockets, not the public welfare. With the Americans out of the way, the mysterious Criticos began mining rubies at Tsavo, continuing even after a Kenyan court had temporarily enjoined him from doing so. There have been allegations that the claims book at the Kenyan Ministry of Natural Resources, in which the two Americans had originally registered their find, has disappeared. In its place, supposedly, is a new claims book listing Criticos' claim to the Tsavo mine.

U.S. Ambassador Anthony D. Marshall has protested the highhanded treatment of the two Americans. Meanwhile, Saul and Miller are suing in Kenyan courts for recovery of their ruby mine. Few, however, believe that the case will be decided in the Americans' favor. Kenya is sticking to its claim that Saul was expelled because of gem-stone and ivory smuggling.

So far, no stories about the big ruby rip-off have appeared in Kenya's press, and the government apparently wants to keep it that way. Without directly mentioning the ruby affair, the Foreign Ministry warned at week's end that it "will not tolerate any section of the press, whether local or overseas, which tends to discredit the image of Kenya abroad." Kenya is a one-party state, and President Kenyatta has already been declared re-elected to another five-year term for lack of opposition. Still, in the parliamentary elections next week, publicity about high-level hanky-panky over the ruby mine could tarnish the government's reputation in the eyes of Kenya's 12 million people.

SOVIET UNION

The Russian Woodstock

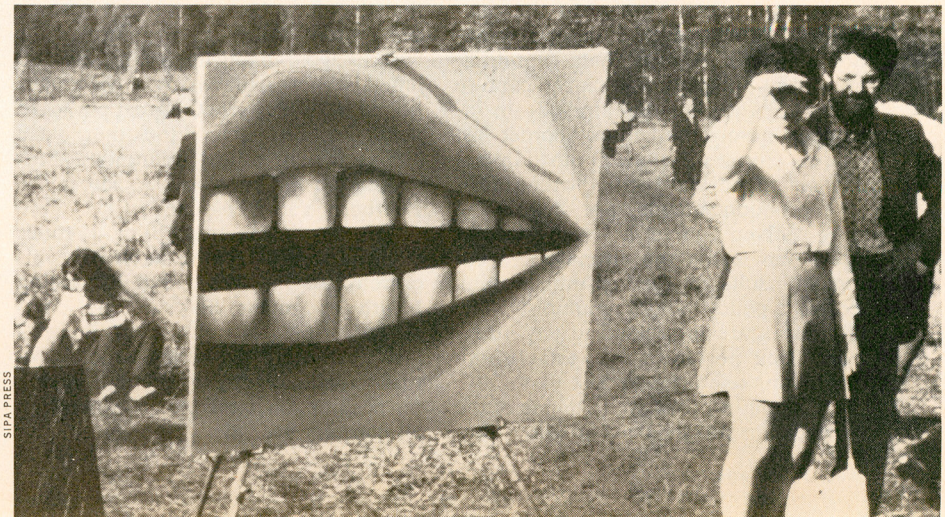
"You see, miracles do happen in the Soviet Union," said a bearded, beaming Moscow painter. "We have had four hours of freedom here this afternoon," exulted another artist. Their cause for jubilation was the officially sanctioned "Second Fall Outdoor Art Show" at Moscow's Izmailovo Park last week. Two weeks earlier, the first (and unauthorized) outdoor show had abruptly ended when bulldozers, dump trucks and water wagons literally drove the artists underground by churning their works into the mud (TIME, Sept. 30).

Bad international publicity following the destruction of the first art exhibit apparently had an effect. Scores of KGB agents stood quietly by while more than 10,000 spectators inspected some 150 paintings done in a variety of contemporary styles, including abstract, surrealist, impressionist and pop. All of these have been expressly forbidden to Soviet artists, who are supposed to hew to the woodenly representational standards of socialist realism.

Startled Stares. As might be expected, the quality of the art was less an issue than the unique opportunity to show it. Some canvases were quite obviously done by laissez-faire Sunday amateurs, while others displayed a disciplined professionalism. A borsch equivalent of Andy Warhol's Campbell's soup can drew the kind of startled stares that pop art has been receiving in the West for more than a decade. Although organizers had promised that there would be no overtly anti-Soviet or religious art, there was one surrealist still life boldly titled *Homage to Pasternak,* and another artist caused an ideological stir by exhibiting a psychedelic portrait of Jesus. After taking a stroll through the exhibit, Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko remarked: "I see some good pictures, some bad ones and some mediocre ones, but the most important fact is that they are here in the first place."

Only time will tell whether "the Russian Woodstock" (as one French diplomat called it) signals the beginning of an end to Soviet insistence on cultural conformity. Said one exhibitor: "We are skeptics by experience. Perhaps this will be the start of a great tradition, or perhaps there will just be more repression." In any case, the success of the show has already had its impact on other Soviet artists. A group of iconoclastic Moscow poets are talking about asking permission to hold a public outdoor reading of their proscribed verse.

POP PAINTING AT THE OUTDOOR ART SHOW IN MOSCOW'S IZMAILOVO PARK



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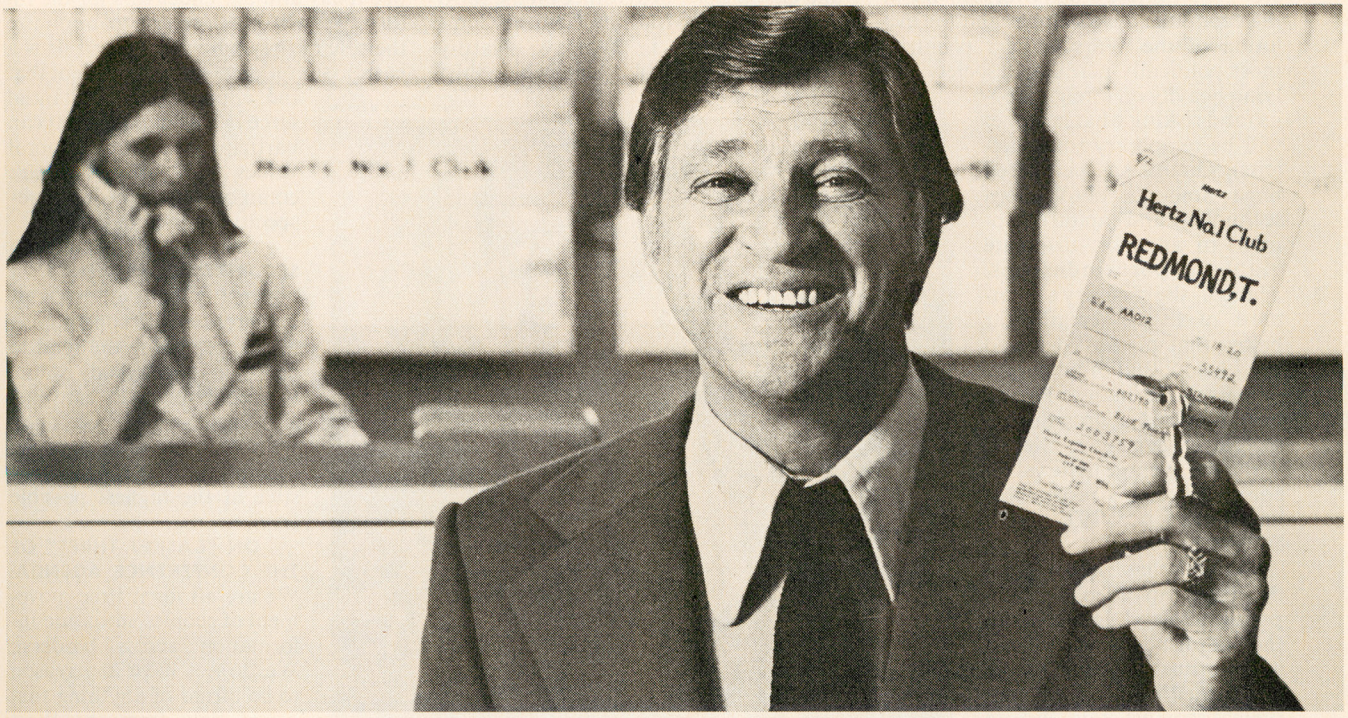

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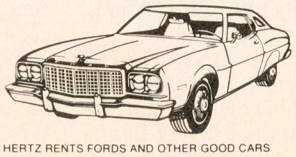
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POLAND

Gierek: Building from Scratch

Poland's Communist Party Chief Edward Gierek arrives in Washington this week for an eight-day state visit, bringing with him a reputation as one of the East bloc's shrewdest leaders. Since 1970, when dock workers' strikes over high food prices brought him to the head of the ruling Polish United Workers' Party, Gierek has overseen booming economic development and the evolution of the Warsaw Pact countries' most politically permissive society. Relying heavily on foreign credits (and risking what he hopes will be temporary trade deficits), Gierek has purchased huge amounts of Western technology and capital equipment in an effort to create viable export industries. Though the country's standard of living remains far below that of the West and even below that of neighboring East Germany, Poland has sustained a growth rate of 12% a year under Gierek, while the average national income has risen a respectable one-third since 1970, from $825 to $1,100.

Gierek has shown great flexibility in ideology and politics. Poland, in fact, since the Stalinist days when it was a dispirited Soviet satellite, has turned into a rather untypical socialist state. Private farm ownership is tolerated, ordinary citizens are comparatively free to travel abroad, and churches are packed on Sundays—all made acceptable to the Soviet Union by internal stability and a close adherence to Moscow in foreign policy.

Unlike his predecessors, Gierek has tried to avoid an open battle with the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, to which more than 90% of all Poles belong. Western books and periodicals are readily available on Warsaw's newsstands, while even such capitalist cultural phenomena as the Rolling Stones and avant-garde theater groups have been invited to Poland, where they drew capacity crowds.

Gierek is unique among Communist leaders: he lived for many years in the West, and he comes from a genuinely proletarian background. The son of a mine worker who died when Gierek was four, he worked in French and Belgian coal mines from the age of 13 until his early 30s. He returned to Poland after World War II, where he quickly became active in the party. In 1957 he was named first secretary of the party in Silesia, where he gained a reputation for protecting the interests of miners and other industrial laborers. When worker unrest threatened to wreck Communist rule in 1970, Gierek, who clearly spoke a common language with workers, was a logical choice to succeed Wladyslaw Gomulka and save the tottering party.

Last week Gierek met with TIME Correspondents William Rademaekers and Gisela Bolte in his office on the third floor of the labyrinthine Central Committee building in Warsaw. Nattily dressed in a steel blue suit, white shirt and matching tie, Gierek seemed relaxed and sure of himself as he discussed the problems of Poland and the world. His views:

INTERPRESS WARSAW



GIEREK WORKING AS A VOLUNTEER SUNDAY ROAD BUILDER
A proletarian in background, flexible in politics.

ON POLAND'S FUTURE: One should perceive Poland's present and future in the context of efforts we have made in the past 30 years. This effort was tremendous. More than 6 million Poles were killed in World War II; 40% of our property lay in ruins. Also it should be remembered that during the war Poland lost most of its intelligentsia. These past years have really been difficult ones, a period of belt tightening and building, building, building from scratch. The only country that came to our assistance with concrete, tangible help was the Soviet Union, and I am not saying this as a Communist, but as a Polish patriot. Now Poland ranks tenth in the world in terms of industrial output. But at the same time our country has a lot of shortcomings and some neglect in its infrastructure. We are now working to overcome these difficulties.

ON CHURCH-STATE RELATIONS: One can be a good Catholic, like most Poles, and be an active participant in the construction of a socialist society at the same time—as most Poles are. We have never considered the church a challenge to the Polish Communist Party or our system, and in fact the church has never tried to endanger the system or the party. We, on our part, have never tried to endanger the church. In both our practice today and our endeavors for the future, we will not attempt to minimize the role of the church in Poland. It is a basic assumption of our government that the church is a substantial force in this nation [that] can participate in keeping moral values and virtues that are common to all people irrespective of their faith.

ON EUROPE'S PROPOSED SECURITY CONFERENCE: I personally believe that this conference will constitute a major step along the road to détente. If everybody wants this conference to convene, and I believe everybody does, we should all work on ways to convene it as soon as possible at the highest possible level.

ON "BASKET THREE" OF THE CONFERENCE AGENDA: We are all for it [free movement of peoples, ideas and information across borders]. We do not have any reason to be afraid of anything that would flow from the West here except perhaps for some things that we think are wrong, things of a moral nature, such as drugs, etc. For example, what would happen if several thousand streakers decided to come to Warsaw and run naked here? That would be an insult to our morality. I am not sure that the Catholic faithful here in Poland, of whom there are a great number, would not beat these people up.

ON MEETING POLISH AMERICANS: In principle I do not assume that I will hold any such meetings while in the U.S.; this is a state visit. Naturally, if Americans of Polish extraction would like to meet with me, then the pleasure is all mine. I will surely encourage them to visit Poland as often as possible, to come and see what has changed in this country. In other words, while being good Americans, to have some sentiment for the country of their forefathers.

ON RELATIONS WITH THE U.S.: We have our opinion fixed about Americans. We know the way they are. We respect them. We know your industriousness, your supreme efficiency and organizational skills. In this respect, one can make some comparisons between you and the ancient Romans.

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Wins and Losses at Ford's Summit

To the Editors:

Most of the speakers at the recent economic summit seemed to be at the wrong meeting. Rather than participating in a war against inflation, they sounded like conscientious objectors seeking a pardon from the battle against the nation's No. 1 domestic enemy. The various groups seemed more concerned about protecting themselves against the effects of inflation. Those few who did recognize the need for belt tightening generally advocated tightening the other fellow's belt.

Yet the summit will make a difference. It showed that inflation, though the nation's primary economic concern, is not the only one. Policy is going to have to be broader than merely banging the drum for the "oldtime religion" of monetary and fiscal restraint. Though the battle against inflation will not be abandoned, economic policy will likely be taking on added dimensions, notably those dealing with unemployment, supply bottlenecks and the problems of the poor.

Murray L. Weidenbaum
Professor of Economics
Washington University
St. Louis



The writer was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for economic policy during the Nixon Administration.

■

The summit, at this moment, must be reckoned a success in one major dimension: it exposed President Ford to a much wider range of views on the functioning of our economy than he was likely to get from his official advisers. Thus it represents a welcome opening of the White House after five years of a President who shunned outside views.

The summit also served to indicate to the public the complexity of the current inflation and the lack of agreement on feasible solutions, even among experts. These are important pluses. Beyond that, much depends on how President Ford weighs the often conflicting advice and melds it into a program. He may have missed a major opportunity in pre-summit meetings to enlist the cooperation of organized labor and big business in moderating wage settlements in exchange for Government agreement to reduce taxes. The major task before us is to prevent the commodity price inflation of the past two years from getting built into wages. If that happens, we will have inflation for a long time. To avoid it we need guidelines on wages, plus some tax support to low- and middle-income families to make the guidelines acceptable. I hope the President got this message.

Richard Cooper
Professor of International Economics
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

■

Does no one else find the statement strange that the one thing we cannot use to bring inflation under control is controls? Thank God the fire department does not use such logic.

J.G. Sweeny
Atlanta

■

You say that there are jokes about Philosopher Ayn Rand's becoming the Ford Administration's behind-the-scenes adviser now that her friend Alan Greenspan is chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. If previous administrations had taken Miss Rand's advice to stop interfering in the capitalist system, the U.S. wouldn't be in its present economic mess.

Woolsey Teller
Indianapolis

■

The why and wherefore of Alan Greenspan's sympathy for Wall Street brokers became perfectly clear when I read of his fascination with Ayn Rand and her Objectivism. Certainly it is understandable that his concern would lie with those self-made captains of finance rather than with those of us unable to accumulate anything of our own.

Imagine the elderly, the disabled, the poor, declaring with Rand's protagonist, John Galt "... that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for [me]." Suffering on low, fixed incomes, they can't even live for themselves. If Rand and Greenspan had their way, no one else would do for them either. Well, let 'em eat dog food.

Howard Gurmankin
Philadelphia

The Kennedy Decision

The announcement by Senator Edward Kennedy that he will not seek the presidency in 1976 is the best news we have had in a long time, particularly when we need something to cheer us up. I am sure the average American will not cry in anguish at the decision; at the same time I hope that the Senator will stick to his statement. Possibly it should be notarized.

John A. Levering
Moab, Utah

■

Senator Kennedy had a tragic accident that will never be erased from his mind. After five years the hatemongers still keep it alive. With due process of law, the drowning was ruled an accidental death. Let us try to treat the case as we would if the person involved were not named Kennedy. The presidency would be graced by a man of Senator Kennedy's stature. Let's try to remember the words of a President who in saying goodbye to his White House staff cautioned against hatred.

Mrs. Charles F. Dinan
Pittsburgh

CIA v. the Golden Rule

God bless the CIA. You can't fool with the golden rule in a crowd that don't play fair.

John W. Rice
Tomah, Wis.

■

America needs strong, religious patriots like Mr. Colby defending democracy and freedom throughout the world. As for covert operations, reality dictates that we must sometimes interfere with the internal affairs of other sovereign nations for their own good. After all, "they" certainly do it. An eye for an eye.

Frank Meissner
Cape Elizabeth, Me.

■

There is this quaint notion that in a democracy the people are sovereign. When it comes to the need for dirty tricks, the people behave very much like other bosses. They say to their hirelings, "Go ahead, but don't tell me about it." In the case of the CIA in Chile, Mr. Ford came out of the closet and told us about it, and we are all embarrassed.

Our embarrassment is compounded by his insulting our intelligence by saying the U.S. was only interested in preserving democratic dissent in Chile. Washington has been notably restrained in its passion for democratic dissent in South Korea and South Viet Nam, not to mention the present police state in Chile. By covering up the unconscionable with the implausible, Messrs. Ford and Kissinger have again pulled us toward the mire of political mendacity from which we had only recently thought ourselves freed.

The large question is whether the U.S. can be both an imperial power and a democracy. Imperial-minded men are afflicted with a lust for secrecy that feeds their overweening pride in power. If the CIA sticks to intelligence gathering and gives up its covert operations, both the



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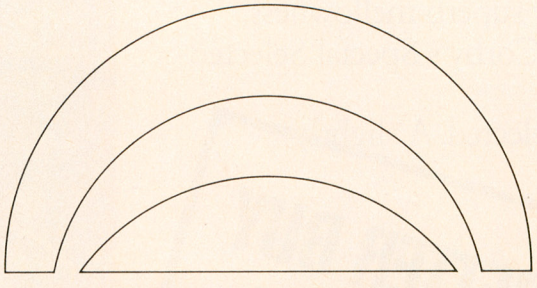

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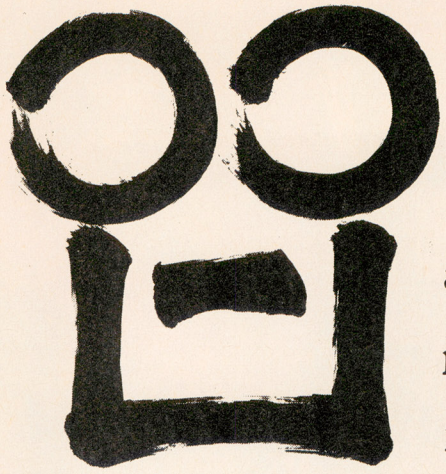

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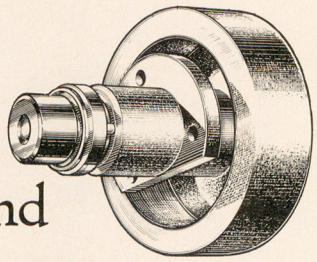

plays it back. If it does this satisfactorily, that's it.

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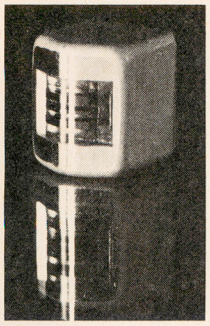
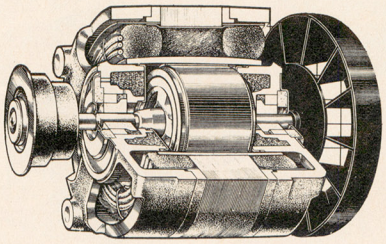


quality. Maybe more than is absolutely necessary. Such as a GX head made of glass and single crystal ferrite



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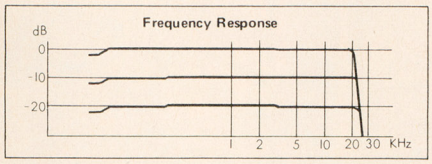

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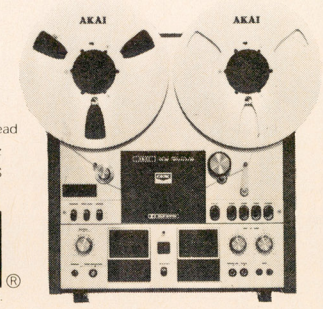



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need and the appetite for secrecy might well be curbed. This proposal cuts to the political left as well as to the right. It means that the CIA should not simply switch sides and bat the good guys (read liberal or revolutionary) for a change. We should, as a matter of principle, put an end to our deadly Tinker Toy games of setting up and knocking down other people's governments.

(The Rev.) Richard John Neuhaus
Church of St. John the Evangelist
Co-Founder, Clergy and
Laity Concerned
New York City

Lifting Mexico's Veil

The idyllic "island of stability and increasing prosperity in Latin America" you describe in your story on Mexico is indeed "no more." Perhaps it never was anything but a façade, a plutocrat's paradise based on a purely quantitative development for development's sake that postponed the demands for political, economic and social justice.

During the past four years, President Luis Echeverría, with words and deeds, has gone far in repairing the mistakes of our successive administrations since World War II. The "luckless" Echeverría of your article has extended the basic infrastructure—roads, schools, hospitals, irrigation—to more isolated regions than any previous President. He has decentralized industry, multiplied new agro-industrial enterprises in the countryside and given the Indian communities full possession of their lands and forests, plus the means to make them productive. He has been the first President to grapple with the problems of the population explosion and ecology and has extended unprecedented rights to women in our macho society. He has brought a new generation of top-rate, liberal young professionals into government. And he has achieved the highest degree of official honesty and fiscal efficiency in our history.

But above all—and I say this as a writer—Echeverría has restored the freedom of the press and promoted a national dialogue. I am thankful that the dark veil of fear and silence has been lifted from the face of my country.

Carlos Fuentes
McLean, Va.

The writer is a prominent Mexican author, best known for his novel The Death of Artemio Cruz.

Zaïre v. Medicine Hat

While a nation may be able to force some people to kill their fellow men, it can never force anyone to have love and concern for them. Love and concern for others are the only valid reason for being in the Peace Corps or VISTA. A "junket" to gain national indulgence is a miserable reason. I'm out in the bush here in Zaïre, living among the Basuly Mpasu (the people who eat grasshoppers). Believe me, anyone here for the wrong reason is better off in Medicine Hat.

David F. Birchman
Moma, Zaïre

■

No doubt many "war resisters" would make fine Peace Corps or VISTA workers, but these are volunteer services, not rehabilitation centers where one must serve to prove he is a good American citizen. I have always made a strong point when I tell local people that I am a volunteer, and that nobody forced me to come here. This meets surprise every time, because it is something unheard of over here.

I believe that the Peace Corps will lose the spirit and enthusiasm that only volunteers can give it, if the proposed plan becomes reality.

Brigitte Holden
Sungei Patani, Malaysia

Freedom to Leave

Re the difficulties Russian Jews meet when they attempt to leave the Soviet Union: a similar situation exists in Israel. My fiancé, a South African citizen, came to Israel two years ago as a new immigrant, and has since decided against living here. However, he has been refused permission to leave by the Israeli army from which permission to leave must be obtained. After countless letters and personal visits through channels for two months, he has received no help, and many answers of "No!"

The citizens of this country are forever concerned about Jews' attempting to leave Russia, while nurturing the same situation in their own country.

Maria Woltjen
Kibbutz Bet Nir, Israel

Fertility Rites

In India, a barren woman is generally regarded as a scourge and goes through any number of fertility rites. There have even been extreme cases where desperate women have been induced to sacrifice a neighborhood child in order to propitiate the fertility goddess. The nonfertility rites and dances performed by New York youngsters would strike us as comically inane.

Z.P.G. should help in alleviating the pressure on food and other necessities in the chronically famine-stricken countries of the world. But none of them seem to be motivated enough to achieve it. Paradoxically, it is the U.S., the superproducer among nations, looked upon by the underdeveloped world as a cornucopia of food and other commodities, that has had the urge to be the first to cross the threshold of Z.P.G.

John R. Samy
Bombay

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RELIGION

Feeney Forgiven

Of the handful of priests expelled from the Roman Catholic Church in modern times for doctrinal error, none was more celebrated than Boston Jesuit Leonard Feeney. Technically, the Vatican excommunicated him in 1953 for refusing to meet with the Pope, but his beliefs caused his earlier 1949 suspension by Archbishop Richard Cushing. Feeney's undoing was his hard-line reading of the formula, first proposed by Church Fathers Origen and Cyprian in the 3rd century, that "outside the church there is no salvation."

Before the Second Vatican Council, that meant salvation was limited to Roman Catholics, but even the anti-liberal Pope Pius IX offered hope to "invincibly ignorant" outsiders. Feeney offered damnation. Feeney retained a following at the nearby Catholic intellectual center he continued to operate after his oust-

JAMES F. COYNE



FEENEY PREACHING IN BOSTON (1952)
Offering damnation to outsiders.

er from Boston College. In 1958 he moved to Harvard, Mass., setting up a farm commune with his followers, the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

In the years since Feeney's excommunication, Catholicism has grown remarkably tolerant of far-left theologies, so it is perhaps only fair that it should seek a truce with its right-wing extremists. Now word has come from Bishop Bernard Flanagan of Worcester, whose diocese includes the Slaves' farm, that the excommunication of the aging, ailing Feeney was removed secretly in 1972 without a requirement that he recant. The Vatican's doctrinal office acted, with at least *pro forma* approval by the Pope, after a plea from Cushing's successor, Cardinal Humberto Medeiros.

As for Feeney's followers, Flanagan visited the Slaves' farm last March to conduct a Mass during which 29 of them read vows that returned them to the faith. Though 27 true-believer Slaves refused reconciliation, Celebrated Rebel Feeney, now 77, is no longer "outside the church," and his case is closed.

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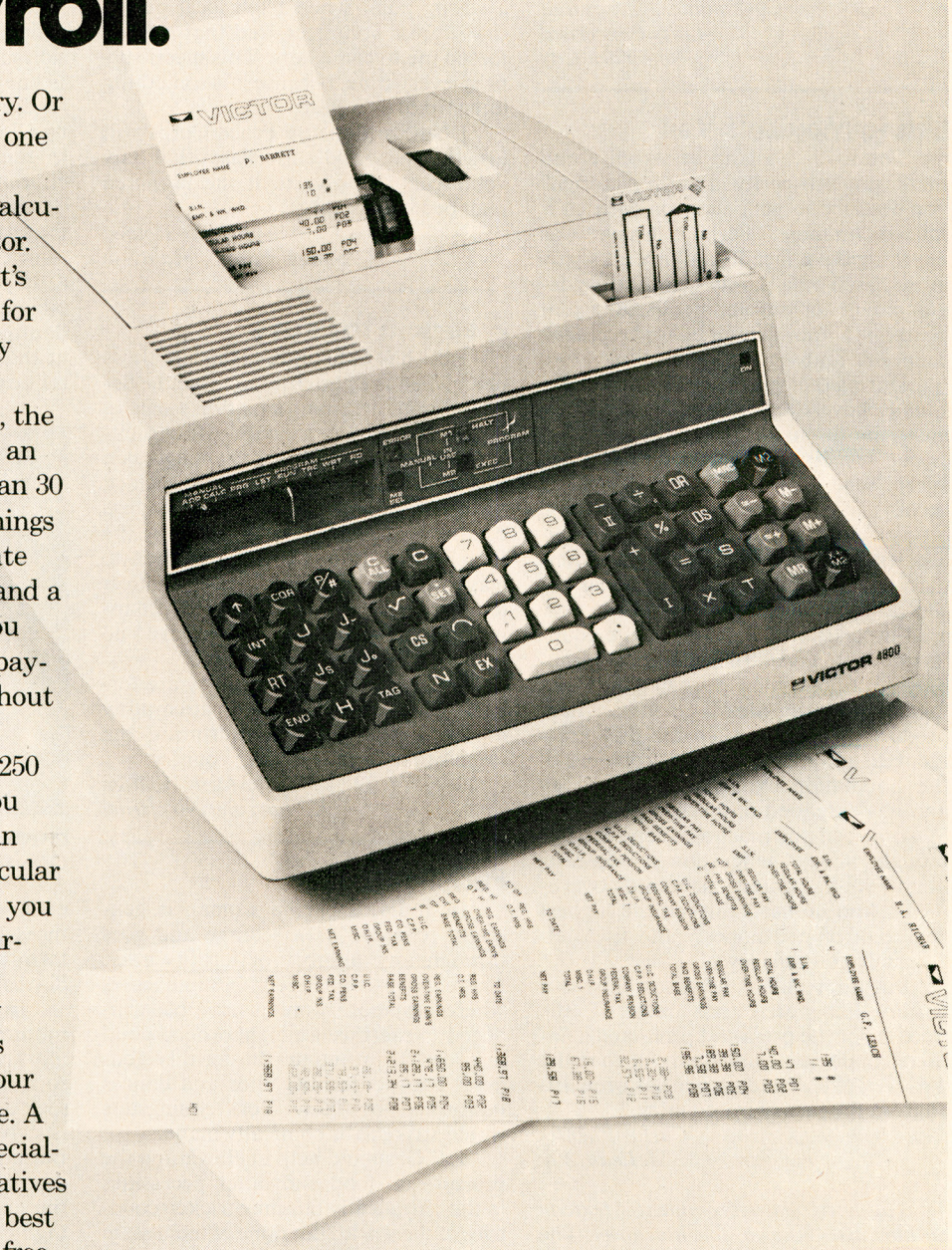

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The world's most celebrated literary award, the Nobel Prize, has gone to eccentric choices often enough to stir grumblings about favoritism, political influence, and dismay at a tendency to seek geographical distribution instead of international renown. This year the selection was a case of sweets to the Swedes. The 1974 winners: Swedish Poet **Harry Martinson,** 70, and Swedish Novelist **Eyvind Johnson,** 74. Martinson's best-known work, *Aniara,* published in English in 1956, is a narrative poem about a space voyage. Johnson's chef-d'oeuvre, a semi-autobiographical series called *The Novel About Olaf,* published in the mid-30s, was never completely translated into English. The two writers' fame is hardly international, and the choice promptly gave rise to complaints. One charge seemed at least plausible. **Alexander Solzhenitsyn** is expected at the December ceremonies in Stockholm to pick up his 1970 prize and the Swedish Academy did not want his presence to upstage another international figure like Graham Greene or Vladimir Nabokov, for instance.

■

Sixty used to be considered what Keats called the season of "mellow fruitfulness." But Mr. Keep Fit, **Jack La Lanne,** whose name adorns 85 muscle salons across the U.S., declared: "Proper living can ward off the aging process." So with messages of encouragement from President Ford, 61, and California's Governor Reagan, 63, Jack celebrated his 60th birthday by swimming 1½ miles across San Francisco Bay from Alcatraz to Fisherman's Wharf—handcuffed, his feet chained together, and towing a rowboat filled with 1,000 lbs. of sand. After 80 minutes of diving through the bay like a clumsy dolphin, Jack landed at the Wharf, blue with cold. Rushed to a nearby sauna for defrosting, he emerged to the cheers of fans and promptly fell to the ground, only to do ten brisk push-ups. Then, his teeth still chattering, he proclaimed: "Anything is possible with the human body."

■

Tennis Champs **Jimmy Connors,** 22, and **Chris Evert,** 19, may have played their last love match. Last week the fiancées were in different parts of the U.S., he in California, she in Texas, and their much celebrated wedding-to-be was postponed. Chris's father said: "They might get married in December or next year or a year from now." But the romance seems to have shaken Chrissie's game. After winning 56 straight matches, she has been beaten two times running by Australian Star Evonne Goolagong and rumors persist that Jimmy's mother, **Gloria Connors,** a former amateur star herself, is possessive, and does not give the young couple enough time together. Well, mixed doubles is never having to say you're sorry.

■

Rome is not known for a shortage of scantily clad prostitutes. Most of the girls are all remarkably handsome, but one slinky, dark-eyed *ragazzaccia* in garters and black hose was a real *bambola* (doll). It was **Sophia Loren,** just turned 40, who had strayed away from the camera crew for her new movie *Gun Moll,* in which she plays a former whore. Neorealism proved too much for one passing truck driver. He leaned out of his truck crying *"Che bona!"* and made Sophia an offer. Rebuffed, he sadly muttered: *"Peccato!* That one was stacked just like Sophia Loren."

■

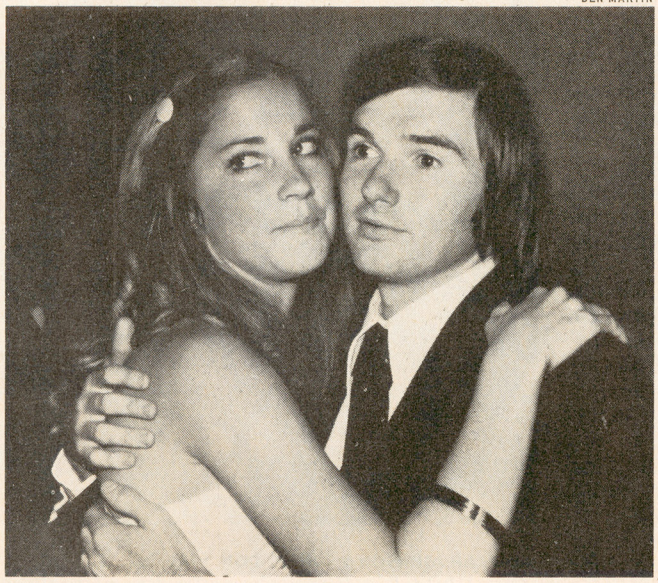
To begin with, the 30,000 fans who jammed the stadium in the Brazilian port city of Santos were lethargic. Then, as the players came on the field, they started chanting, "**Pelé** is our king!" over and over again. Pelé, of course, is Edson Arantes do Nascimento, 33, who is quite simply the most famous athlete on earth, and he was playing his last professional game. Now he wants to devote himself to his family and business interests. Pelé dominated international soccer for nearly two decades, leading Brazil to an unrivaled record—three World Cup championships. In the process he banked an estimated fortune of $10 million, and became the first player ever to score more than 1,000 goals, a feat marveled at from Moscow to Manchester. In 1961, when President Jânio Quadros feared that he might be lured abroad, Pelé was made a national asset. Last week he was still No. 10 with the Santos, the team he had joined in 1956 as a scrawny 15-year-old from Bauru in the São Paulo highlands. Twenty minutes into play, Pelé stripped off his jersey and, holding it aloft like a banner, circled the field to the cheers and tears of the crowd. "Thank you, my people," he said as he jogged through the exit, weeping unashamedly.



ITALFOTO

SOPHIA STALKING THE STREETS

BEN MARTIN



CHRIS EVERT & JIMMY CONNORS DANCING IN HAPPIER DAYS

MANCHETE



KING PELÉ SHOWERING IN HIS PRIME

L.B.J. Unraveled

Psychohistory is the attempt to fuse the insights of psychology and psychoanalysis with those of history, and the big league of the burgeoning academic movement is the annual Wellfleet seminar on Cape Cod. At this year's closed meeting, such luminaries as Kenneth Keniston and Robert Jay Lifton were there. So was Erik Erikson *(Young Man Luther, Gandhi's Truth),* the founding spirit of the movement and the group. But the center of attention this year was Doris Kearns, probably the first aspiring psychohistorian to be prodded into print by her subject.

Kearns, 31, an associate professor of government at Harvard, is a former protégée of Lyndon Johnson. Unlike some psychohistorians who have roused skepticism with their long-distance analyses, she knew her subject at firsthand, and well. Her Wellfleet report on her book in progress on L.B.J., hailed as brilliant by several in attendance, grew out of the extraordinary role she played in Johnson's last years.

You Harvards. When Kearns met the then President in 1967, she was a promising young academic, a White House Fellow, and an antiwar activist who had just co-authored a *New Republic* article calling for Johnson to be driven from public life. Yet L.B.J. took a shine to her, personally assigned her to White House duties, and gradually confided in her. As the relationship grew, he pressed small gifts on her, including one electric toothbrush after another —twelve in all.

Washington sprouted with talk that L.B.J. and Kearns were lovers; but Kearns told the Wellfleet group Johnson's needs were psychic—and historical. The President poured out stories of his inner life, urging Kearns to write them, apparently in the belief she was his last best hope of reaching "you Harvards" who would write the histories.

Near the end, the broken ex-President told her of dreams, fantasies, childhood pains, and in a moment of revelation, said she reminded him strongly of his mother. "In talking with me," Kearns reports, "he said he had come to imagine he was also talking with her, unraveling the story of his life."

On the basis of these chats, Kearns postulates that L.B.J. was torn between his mother and father—with considerable anger and resentment toward both. Johnson's mother was a genteel woman who read Milton and Shakespeare to the young L.B.J. and forced him to take ballet and violin lessons. She saw her husband, a lusty small-time farmer, trader and politician, as a limited, vulgar man, and turned her affection to the young Lyndon in what Kearns calls "an emotional overfeeding that led him to grow up thinking the whole world should accommodate itself to him." But when Lyndon was 15, according to Kearns, Rebekah Johnson turned off the affection, often ignoring her son for weeks, and indicated that love would have to be bought through achievement. Kearns argues that L.B.J.'s often obsessive contempt for books, ideas, liberals and gentility all bore the heavy mark of his ambivalent feeling about his mother.

Kearns says Johnson's decision to enter politics was a conscious attempt to reconcile the demands of both parents: he could be a doer for his father and "talk big ideas" for his mother. Politics, in the Kearns view, became not only the search for power and the channel for conflicts but a way to earn love according to his mother's rules. "His entire self-esteem," she says, "rested on being admired." L.B.J. talked incessantly with Kearns of wanting to be loved. Putting his last hopes in history, he told her, "If the American people don't love me, their descendants will." Nevertheless, Kearns comments, "one of the things he deserves credit for is that his craving for love got connected to doing things for people."

Code of the West. Kearns contends that Johnson's boyhood fear of being a sissy and backing down (which she sees expressed in his Viet Nam policy) reflected the code of the Old West, which shaped his mind, and also various tests for manliness imposed by his father. Johnson talked of his youthful reluctance to shoot animals and how, when hectored by his father, he finally shot a rabbit between the eyes, dropped the carcass at his father's feet, then went to the bathroom and threw up. Later, Kearns points out, L.B.J. would mercilessly badger such visitors to the ranch as John Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey to go out hunting.

According to Kearns, L.B.J.'s obsession with Bobby Kennedy was even deeper than popularly believed. Johnson told her he feared that if he cut his losses in Viet Nam, Kennedy would outflank him on the right, arguing that Johnson had abandoned President Kennedy's commitment to South Viet Nam. Kearns suggests that Johnson may have had a special horror of Bobby as a man who met the same conflicting parental demands (be a thinker, be a doer) in a way he never could.

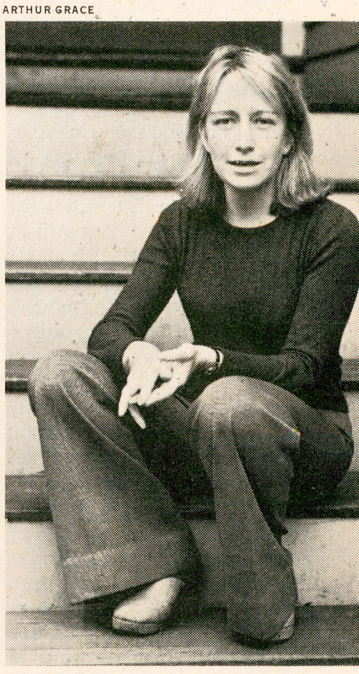
To Kearns, Johnson's fateful guns-and-butter decision of 1965 stemmed in part from his long-dead father (don't back down in Viet Nam) and mother (love of the people must be bought through the Great Society program), plus his own inability to accept limits.

As Johnson neared death, Kearns reports, bitterness and psychic pain led him deep into fantasy and to the edge of paranoia. He fantasized himself as the paralyzed Woodrow Wilson, dreamed his recurring dream of himself as a brave cowboy cut down by a stampede, and began to insist that Walter Lippmann and Theodore White were Communists and the TV networks were Communist-controlled. According to Kearns, he died still wondering why his country had denied him its love. All he wanted, he told her, was "just a little thanks. Just a little appreciation."

ARTHUR GRACE



REBEKAH JOHNSON & SON LYNDON, 1941



PSYCHOHISTORIAN DORIS KEARNS

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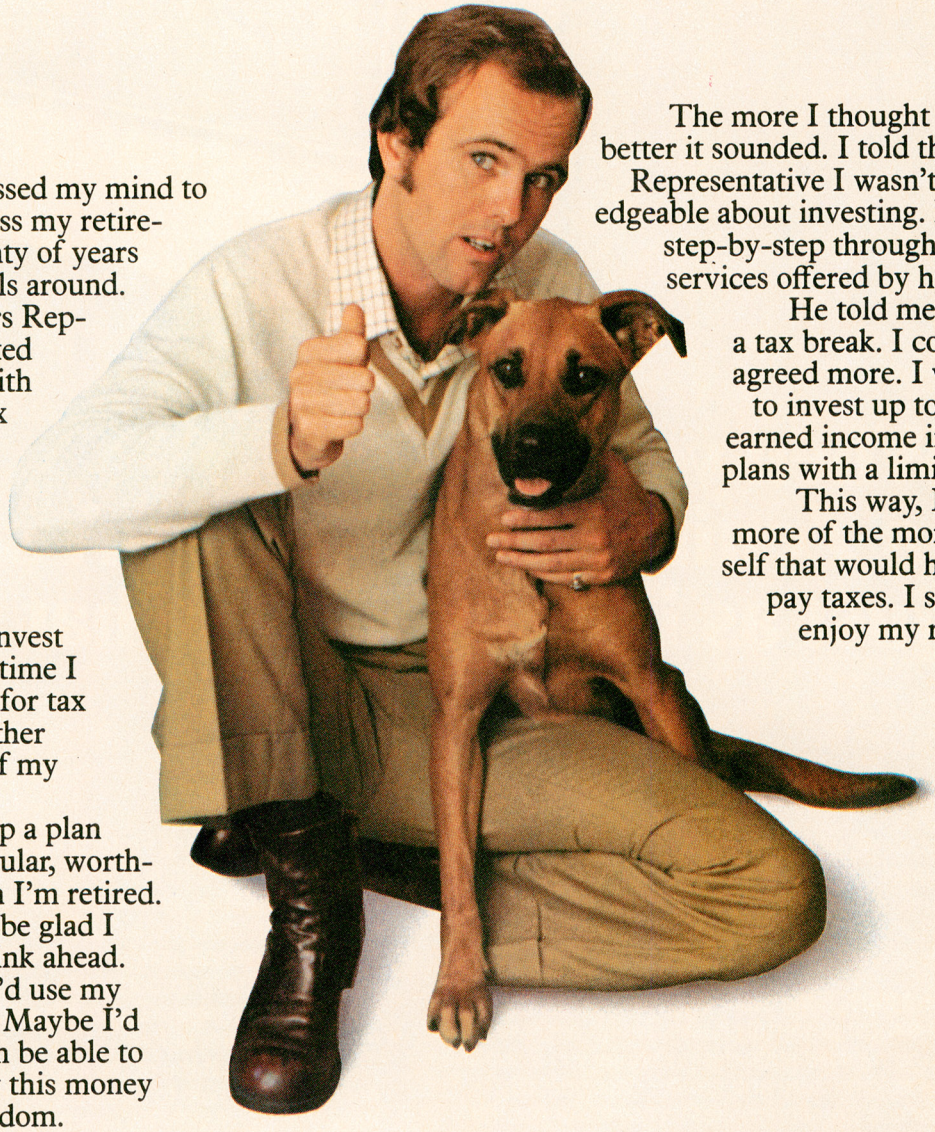

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Carnegie Goes Electronic

It can be argued that New York's Carnegie Hall has the finest acoustics in the U.S. It was built in 1891, well before sound became a modern science, and to this day no one really knows why an orchestra, pianist or singer sounds so well performing there. Given the problem so many new auditoriums have with their acoustics, the managers of Carnegie Hall guard their trust as though it were the Holy Grail.

Recently, Carnegie officials had to face an agonizing acoustical problem: the hall needed a new pipe organ. The old instrument, installed in 1929 but never totally satisfactory, had been removed in the mid-'60s. But to install a new console and set of pipes would have meant tearing out the stage walls and changing their shape. To Carnegie's executive director, Julius Bloom, that would have been as risky as prying apart a Stradivarius violin. What to do?

What Carnegie did was go electronic. Last week at a gala recital presented by Concert Organist Virgil Fox, the hall showed off its newest feature—a behemoth that can growl, sing, tinkle, purr and blast in a way unmatched by any other organ. A one-of-a-kind creation built by the Rodgers Organ Co. of Hillsboro, Ore., the new instrument is the most up-to-date and expensive electronic organ in the world. Carrying a price tag of $200,000, it took 23 months to design, construct and install. The finished product fairly bulges with audio-oscillators, sine-wave generators, filters, printed circuits and multiplex cables, plus enough knobs and controls to furnish the cockpit of a Boeing 747.

Guts and Power. The Rodgers sound comes from 192 speakers in 29 cabinets, four of which are 30-in. woofers (for the deep pedal tones) located high in the flies above the stage. The output of the five manuals (keyboards) comes from 18 cabinets strung invisibly within the proscenium arch behind acoustic gauze. In essence the new organ is a giant electronic sound synthesizer. Yet Fox's performances last week —despite his wearisome look-at-me antics and often histrionic interpretations of Bach, Franck, Dupré and Vierne —demonstrated that Carnegie has a superb instrument capable of Baroque festivity, Romantic mystery and 20th century guts and power. Its complex, contrapuntal layers of sound are clearer, more sharply defined than would have been possible with a conventional pipe organ. Pipe organs rarely sound as well in a concert hall as they do in the cavernous reaches of the churches and cathedrals for which they were originally intended.

Was Carnegie's new Rodgers really worth all that time and money? Emphatically yes. Fox's recital was merely the first of an inaugural series this season featuring such other eminent organists as Pierre Cochereau, Fernando Germani and Claire Coci. More important, perhaps, the new organ will permit performances of a sizable repertory of neglected works for orchestra and organ—notably the Saint-Saëns *"Organ" Symphony,* the Poulenc *Organ Concerto,* and the concertos of Handel and Haydn.

Carnegie's new organ will do that in a way not obvious to the average listener. Different orchestras often have different pitches. The standard middle A, to which most orchestras tune, is 440 cycles per second. But the Vienna Philharmonic, for example, tunes to 445 for a brighter sound, while the New York Philharmonic prefers 441. Since the pitch of an ordinary organ—pipe or electronic—is immensely difficult to change, touring orchestras never bring along "organ" works. But Carnegie's new Rodgers can be tuned from 435 to 445, or anywhere in between, with the turn of a single knob. Says Rodgers Co.'s tonal director, Allan Van Zoeren: "In this case, one pitch is worth a lot more than 1,000 words."

Sills Takes to the Tube

Not since the days of Rosa Ponselle a half-century ago has the U.S. had as beloved and popular a native operatic soprano as Brooklyn-born Beverly Sills. The Sills phenomenon stems mainly from her unmatched musical and theatrical skills. But it helps that what she has, she flaunts—tirelessly. This season is typical. Sills will give recitals in such cities as Syracuse, Boulder, and Birmingham, Ala. She will also appear as soloist with orchestras in Miami Beach, Houston, and Evansville, Ind., sing *Lucia di Lammermoor* with opera companies in Milwaukee and Omaha, star at the San Francisco Opera and visit Los Angeles with her home company, the New York City Opera.

Although it seems impossible, it could be that there are some opera lovers somewhere who have never had the chance to observe Sills at work. If so, they will want to be at their TV sets next week when Sills stars in a two-hour presentation, in English and color, of Donizetti's 1840 comic opera *Daughter of the Regiment* (PBS, Monday, Oct. 14). Taped last summer during an actual performance at the Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts outside Washington, D.C., *Daughter* marks Sills' first appearance on TV in a complete opera. It is also a highly amusing adornment of Sills' lengthy repertory of damned dames and loony ladies. It further affirms her reputation as a singing actress without peer in all of opera today —be it deep tragedy, high comedy or that vast operatic ground in between.

The Daughter of the Regiment stands somewhere in that middle ground. In the Wolf Trap production, which has a splendid supporting cast (notably Tenor William McDonald, Bass Spiro Malas, Mezzo Muriel Costa-Greenspun) and is crisply conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson, Sills plays Maria, a lowly orphan girl who has been adopted and reared by a regiment of Napoleon's soldiers in the Austrian Tyrol. The love of her life, Tonio, a young peasant who wears short pants and sings a high C at any sign of affection, joins the troop to be near her—alas, just as Marie's mother, a marquise, shows up, claims her and takes her away to teach her how to curtsy instead of salute. At the end, the lovers are reunited and everyone joins in a rejoicing chorus: "Hurrah for France."



MALAS & SILLS IN PBS'S *DAUGHTER*
Just another loony lady.

Daughter lacks the stature of Donizetti's comic masterpieces *Don Pasquale* and *L'Elisir d'Amore,* but it does provide Sills with countless opportunities for lambent *fioriture,* whistling-high E-flats, and howling farce. Her windup salute, which starts somewhere near her right thigh and then circles deliciously upward, has to be seen to be believed. So does the way she gives her dancing master a knee in the chin, or wraps him around her neck while learning to do the quadrille.

Sills' exuberant performance comes across even on the tube. "I'd say that *Daughter of the Regiment* is like one long episode of Lucille Ball," she laughs. Odds are that a lot of TV viewers will soon come to love Beverly at least as much as Lucy. ■ William Bender

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Viewpoints: Morning Star

Toward the end of her last appearance on **Not for Women Only,** TV's syndicated morning kaffeeklatsch, Guest Moderator Julie Nixon Eisenhower invited the audience to question her panel on the problems public figures have in pursuing their private lives. "Julie, this is for you," gushed a middle-aged woman. "I'm sure the population of this great and wonderful country of ours considers you a bright and shining star. Please give us today some of your experience and know-how." The ex-President's younger daughter blushed, then finessed the question: "I could spend ten hours after the show telling you about my experiences. But for now, thank you for the compliment."

With a combination of charm, poise and agility that must have made her father proud—if not downright envious—Julie Eisenhower filled in for vacationing Moderator Barbara Walters on a whole week of *Not for Women Only* shows.* Julie, an assistant managing editor (at 26) on the *Saturday Evening Post,* was Barbara's personal choice for the stand-in job, and she clearly enjoyed it.

Oh No. Julie did not care for Barbara's suggestion for a theme, "The First Years of Marriage," so she came up with her own idea: a series of shows on "Public People, Private Lives," with suitably public-private panelists. Among the nine guests who helped tape the five half-hour programs one day in mid-September: Dollie Cole, a colleague of Julie's from the *Post* and the wife of GM's former president, Edward Cole; Congressman Barry Goldwater Jr.; Publicist Letitia Baldrige; Journalist Nick Thimmesch; and Ruth Stafford Peale, wife of Pastor Norman Vincent Peale.

Seated behind Walters' mike on the

*The pre-taped shows were telecast only in New York and Washington last week; they will appear in other areas in the future.

JULIE EISENHOWER WITH PANELISTS BALDRIGE AND



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Women set in Manhattan, Julie kept her shows alive with humor—much of it unintended. Her disarming introduction of Dollie Cole ("You're a corporate wife, and you also have to clean your own bathroom") began discussion of the perils of publicity. Dollie bemoaned the fact that her husband's $270,000-a-year GM salary led everyone to believe "that you live very high off the hog—of course, the income tax removes a lot of that hog." When Julie turned the subject to fame and insecurity, Ruth Peale confessed that the Peale children felt so overwhelmed by their father's celebrity that one day they announced that "they didn't want to go to church any more." That brought a gasp from Julie ("Oh no, I can't believe it") and from Dollie Cole. Said she: "It's like [my children] saying they'd like to drive a Ford."

A Riot. Julie was her own best interviewee on the psychological struggles of living in a fishbowl. She spoke acidly of never being able to slip out of the White House with a tennis racket without bumping into aides, Congressmen, reporters or gawking tourists. Said Julie: "It's really a riot when you've got to try to put on a clean shirt to go out and take a walk because 10,000 people are at the White House gate."

Although the show's guest list and audience were stacked with Julie fans, her TV debut was impressive. She was bright and direct; her ingénue manner mellowed with each show into a more unassuming candor and increasing aplomb. Walters' verdict: "A very professional job on a difficult show."

But Walters herself once again proved inimitable. One morning last week on the live *Today* show, which preceded *Not for Women Only* in Washington and New York, Barbara led a discussion on breast cancer. At the end, she allowed a surgeon to take her hands and show her on camera how to examine her breasts—fully clothed, of course. Barbara was giving Julie a tough act to follow. ■ Gina Mallet

THIMMESCH ON *NOT FOR WOMEN ONLY*



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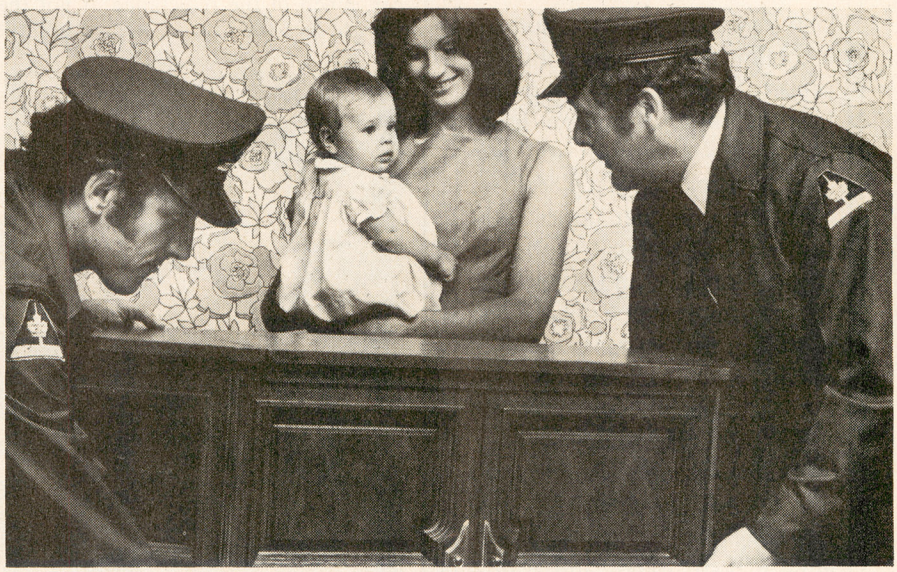

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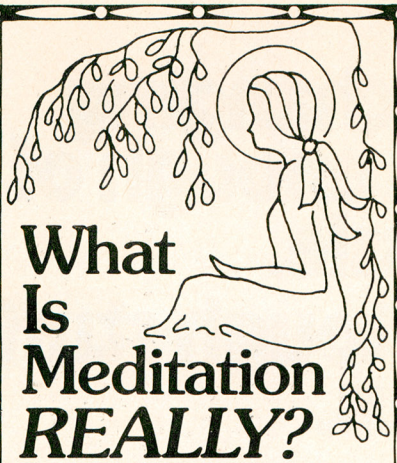

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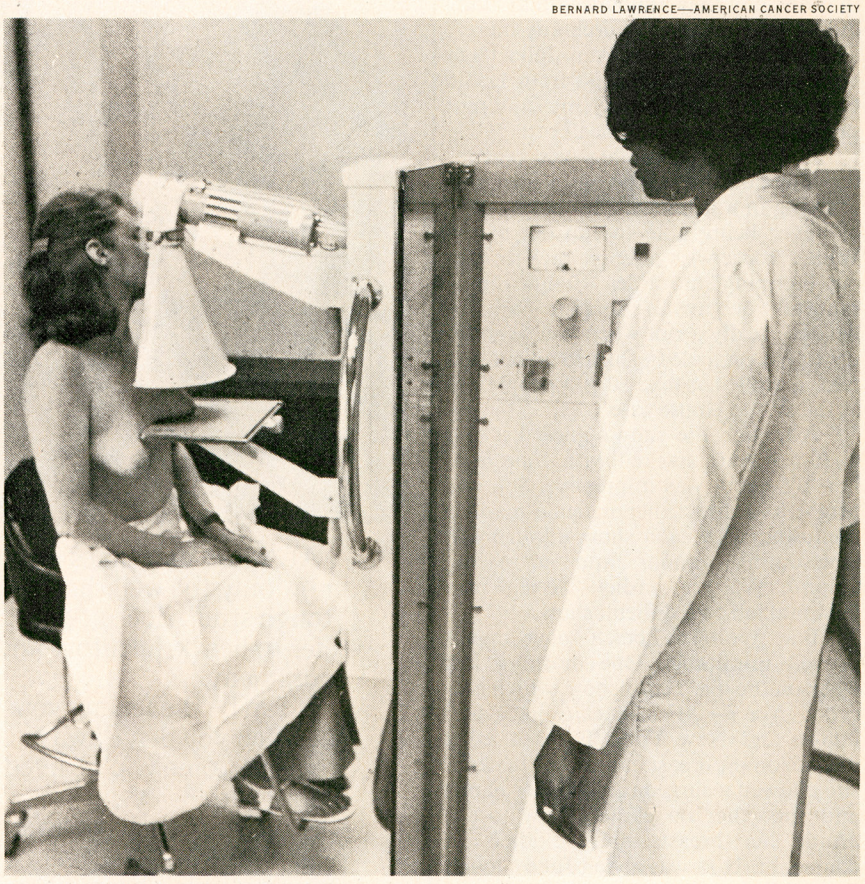
Coping with Cancer

Heart disease may be more common, arthritis more crippling, but no disease is more feared by women than breast cancer. Until fairly recently, women so dreaded it that they avoided discussing it, even among themselves; some, fearing the mutilative surgery required to control cancer, avoided examinations that could detect the disease. But last week, in the wake of First Lady Betty Ford's operation for breast cancer, much of the reluctance, if not the fear, to face the disease seemed to have faded. Television Commentator Barbara Walters educated—and startled—her viewers by demonstrating a breast examination (fully clothed) on the *Today* show (*see* TELEVISION). Doctors' offices, hospitals and clinics found themselves inundated with requests for examinations. Telephone operators at the American Cancer Society in Manhattan lost count of the requests for information that poured into their switchboard.

This open attitude is one of the greatest advances made in the past 20 years in the fight against breast cancer. The disease will afflict some 90,000 American women and kill another 30,000 this year. But recent studies reinforce the doctors' insistence that early diagnosis can reduce both its fatality rate and the trauma of its treatment. The experience of survivors proves that most of those who develop the disease can learn to live with its aftereffects.

Despite the widespread occurrence of breast cancer, however, its treatment remains in dispute. A study released last week by the National Cancer Institute has added to the longstanding debate over the best surgical technique to combat breast cancer. The common procedure, and the one performed on Mrs. Ford, is radical mastectomy, a disfiguring and sometimes partially disabling operation that involves removal of the breast, the underlying pectoral muscle and the lymphatic tissue under the arm. But a study conducted among 1,700 women at 34 institutions suggests that the operation, which can produce lifelong pain, weakness and periodic swelling in the affected arm, may be unnecessary in some cases. Doctors divided women whose cancers had not yet been found by clinical examination to have infiltrated the lymph nodes into three groups and gave one radical mastectomies, another total mastectomies (removal of the entire breast but no other tissue) coupled with radiation, and the third total mastectomies but no other treatment. A two-year follow-up re-

BERNARD LAWRENCE—AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY



WOMAN UNDERGOING BREAST EXAMINATION BY MAMMOGRAPHY
Early diagnosis is essential to reduce fatality.

vealed no differences in the rates of recurrence among the three groups. Whether a ten-year follow-up will show similar results remains to be seen; doctors have found that a clinical diagnosis of no lymph-node involvement is subsequently proved wrong in 38% of all cases.

Another study, meanwhile, indicated that even axillary tumors—those that have spread to the lymph nodes—may be better controlled or prevented following surgery by treatment with a drug called L-phenylalanine mustard. Conducted at 37 hospitals, the study showed that L-PAM reduced the rate of recurrence among women who had already undergone surgery for breast cancer. Its effect on premenopausal women was particularly dramatic. Of 37 such women who received no drug treatment after surgery, eleven had recurrences of cancer; of 30 treated with oral doses of L-PAM, only one had a recurrence.

Most doctors are likely to welcome the NCI's findings on L-PAM and make wider use of the drug. But, until ways other than surgery are developed to determine whether cancers have spread to the lymph nodes, few are likely to abandon radical mastectomy for the simpler operation. Though such screening procedures as mammography and thermography can spot cancer in the breasts early, the American Cancer Society reports that 95% of all breast tumors are discovered by the women themselves. Of these, 60% have spread to the lymph nodes before detection.

In most cases there is little hope that amputation can be avoided. But some of its trauma can be reduced. The reason is an organization called Reach to Recovery. Founded in New York in 1953 by Terese Lasser and now operating in all 50 states, Reach is an exercise in self-help that uses women who have undergone mastectomies to counsel women who have just had the operation. Their approach is nothing if not direct. Volunteers visit patients three to five days after the operation, about the time that the worst post-surgical depression begins to set in. A few even point to well-shaped bosoms and ask jauntily, "O.K., kid, which one is real?" Most patients are unable to tell.

More Understanding. Once this gambit has broken the ice, the volunteers get down to business, telling patients about their own experience, assuring them that their femininity is undiminished, and offering practical advice on where to buy bras and breast prostheses. "I think that we help patients because we understand the feeling that something has been taken away —the sense of loss," explains Mrs. Renee Levine, 45, coordinator of the Reach to Recovery program in Brooklyn. "We can also help them to understand that breasts do not make a woman."

All women feel mutilated by a mastectomy. "It was the worst thing that could possibly happen," explained a 51-year-old California woman who had the surgery seven years ago. "I felt shattered for my husband, ashamed, degraded." A few find that their husbands or lovers feel deprived by their loss; some try to spare them from confronting their conditions by dressing and undressing in closets or bathrooms. But most women find their sex lives relatively unimpaired, and more than a few believe that their mates become even more understanding after the operation than before. "Most men are more tender and loving than ever," says Mrs. Hilda Aks, 56, of Washington. "Mine certainly has been."

Indeed, with a little help from their friends and families, the majority of women lose little time getting back into the swing of things after their operations. Mrs. Aks swims and plays golf. Mrs. Margaret Banks, 54, also of Washington, is even more active than she was before her surgery. She sings in her church choir and works with the Girl Scouts in addition to serving as a Reach volunteer. Many patients, in fact, become so sold on Reach to Recovery's message that they end up carrying it to others. Their evangelical spirit is understandable. Losing a breast to cancer is tragic, but not nearly so tragic as trying to ignore the disease and thereby losing a life to it.



MAULDIN—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



"I hear 'amnesty' is no longer a dirty word back in the U.S."

Choices on Amnesty

When Gerald Ford announced his conditional amnesty program last month, draft evaders and deserters seemed to have only two choices: either submit to the Government's terms and face up to 24 months of "alternative service," or remain on the lam—fugitives at home or exiles abroad. In fact, there is also the option of fighting in the courts to win complete freedom. Last week the American Civil Liberties Union announced that it would help that fight by supplying full and free legal services to any evader or deserter.

Waived Rights. Henry Schwarzschild, director of the A.C.L.U.'s Project on Amnesty, argues: "The clemency program is punitive. It is not only devoid of any sense of mitigation and clemency, but it is also packed with procedural infirmities, which we will definitely challenge." The A.C.L.U. is particularly concerned about the fact that a man volunteering to enter the amnesty program must agree to waive many Fifth and Sixth Amendment rights (protection against self-incrimination and double jeopardy, as well as the guarantees of due process and a speedy trial). He must also promise not to use the statute of limitations as a defense if he is prosecuted for failing to live up to the amnesty conditions. Government officials claim the waivers are necessary to preserve a case against an amnesty applicant if he later drops out of the program.

In some cases, deserters and evaders could conceivably clear their names if their draft boards were guilty of practices that have been thrown out or modified in a number of recent court rulings. Among them:

▶ In 1970, the Supreme Court held that the beliefs of a conscientious objector need not be based on religion, as draft boards had required. One appeals court then ruled that any man who could show that he did not bother seeking C.O. status because of the religion rule may raise the claim retroactively.

▶ The courts have said that draft boards had to give specific, cogent reasons for rejecting deferment applications. They were also required to consider formally claims of physical disability. Many boards did not do so, and men who can prove it can offer that as a legal defense.

▶ The Supreme Court in 1969 ruled that it was "blatantly lawless" for draft boards to declare a man "delinquent"(and move him to the top of the list) for failure to comply with a Selective Service regulation. Men treated in that manner may also have a case.

The legal situation obviously varies from man to man, and because of the distinctions between evaders and deserters, the latter may find it more difficult to get off in court. But the Army appears eager to process and be rid of deserters; moreover, if the freshly discharged deserter skips out of alternative service, the Army cannot do anything unless it is able to prove that he intended to do so when he applied for amnesty. As for evaders, even a few Justice Department lawyers have been heard to admit that many would be better off going to court rather than taking the amnesty route. David Addlestone, who directs the A.C.L.U. military rights project, says that if each evader "had an experienced attorney, the Government would ultimately get—at the most—a 25% conviction rate."

To help provide as many lawyers as possible, the A.C.L.U. has established special offices in Washington, D.C., New York City and near Camp Atterbury, Ind., where deserters are being processed. But even without the new A.C.L.U. campaign, relatively few men have been signing up for amnesty. Of the estimated 50,000 evaders and deserters eligible, only 26 draft dodgers not already convicted have turned themselves in to U.S. Attorney's offices around the country. The military has processed 900 deserters at Atterbury, but 460 of them were already incarcerated.

Thousands of men are apparently waiting to see the outcome of test cases before making a move. Their problem is the calendar: the Government has set Jan. 31 as the deadline for amnesty. Those who wait beyond that date—and those who choose to follow the A.C.L.U.'s court route—still face the threat of a jail sentence.

Easing Crime's Pain

Speaking from her wheelchair, Pat Hemenway, 46, quietly described to Washington State legislators what had happened to her. While she was walking near the University of Washington campus one day in 1972, two young muggers accosted her. For no apparent reason, one suddenly shot her in the neck, grabbed her purse and left her bleeding—and permanently paralyzed. Obviously moved by her story, the lawmakers voted to pass a new kind of law that would provide state funds to ease the plight of Mrs. Hemenway and hundreds of others like her.

Before she could receive any payments, Mrs. Hemenway died of pneumonia, which had been complicated by her paralysis. Her husband will receive at least $19,000 to cover her hospital bills and other costs, but her larger legacy is Washington's law, which went into effect this summer and will aid victims of violent crime. Since California began the trend in 1965, 12 more states have enacted similar statutes, and Congress is now considering a federal crime-victims' compensation bill.

The idea dates back to the ancient Babylonian Code of Hammurabi that provided public recompense for citizens who had been robbed. That practice did not flourish in the Anglo-Saxon system as governments came to adopt the view

PAT HEMENWAY AFTER BEING SHOT



PHIL H. WEBBER

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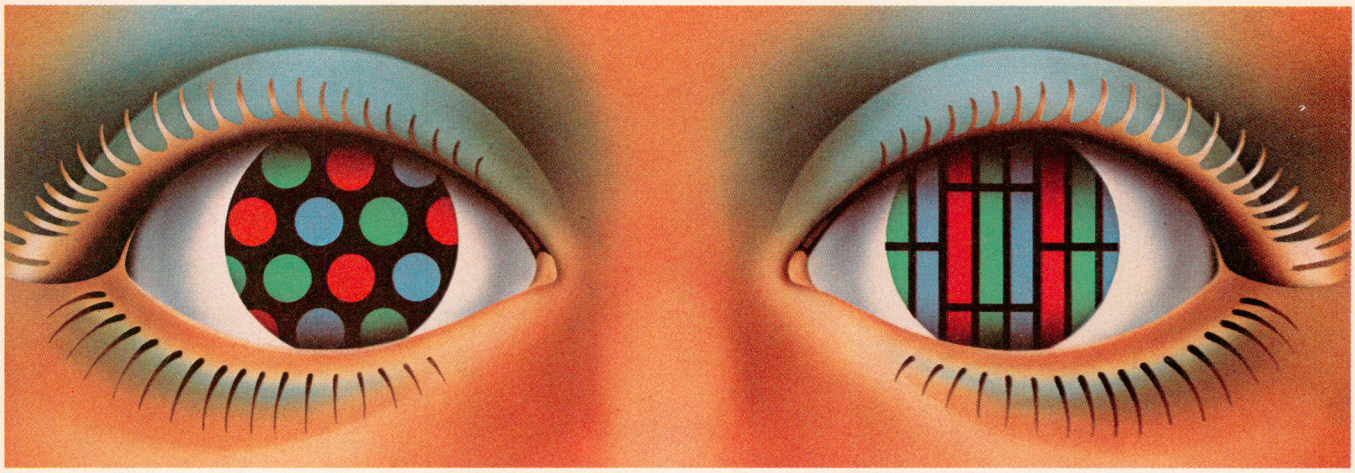

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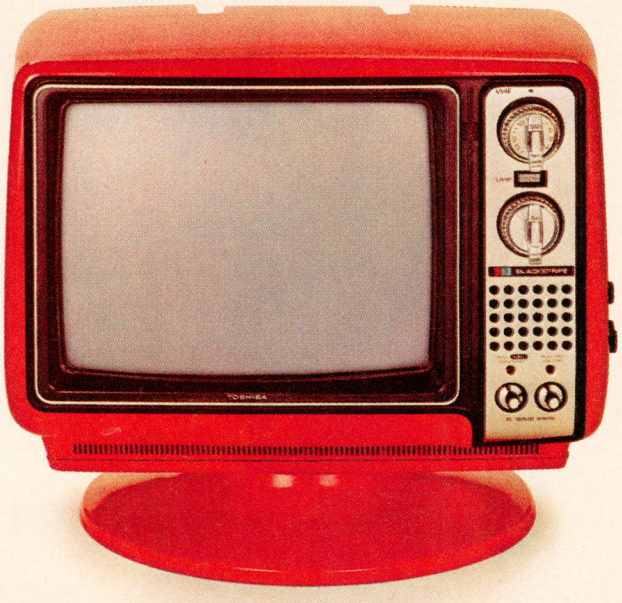

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Photo by Fred Schiffer. Asahi Pentax ES II.

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that crime is an offense against society; efforts to control it concentrated on punishing the criminal. Now that approach has begun to change. Says Saul Wexler, who handles compensation cases for the Illinois attorney general's office: "The innocent victim often suffers more than the assailant who is sent to prison."

Typically the new laws provide only for medical costs and income loss resulting from an injury. Almost any crime-related injury is included. When a gun-toting bank robber in California ordered everyone to "Move!" Customer Linnia Victorine slipped on a carpet and badly sprained her neck; she was awarded $5,000. Payments have ranged from a few dollars to $350,000 for a series of operations on a four-year-old New York boy; acid had been thrown in the child's face by a deranged neighbor.

Low Turnout. Not covered are pain and suffering or the value of items stolen. Nor will claims be honored unless the victim is "innocent"—that is, in no way the cause of the assailant's action. Assaults by family members or lovers are generally excluded, as are injuries in the usual barroom brawl. Other sorts of provocation or involvement by a victim can also lead to disqualification. The New York review board recently turned down a man who had been stabbed by the pimp of a prostitute he was visiting.

Any payment from a victim's own insurance is deducted first. Many states also have a maximum benefit; in California that figure just rose from $5,000 to $23,000. Various other limitations —New York even requires that need be proved—may have held down the number of those applying for grants. In the past seven years, for example, California has had only about 5,000 claims. Officials believe that the main reason for the low turnout is that relatively few people know about the benefits. As a result, California, Illinois and Washington are getting police to distribute forms and information to victims.

That practice could have an important side effect—helping to catch and prosecute violent criminals. "The act was designed to assist those persons most suspicious of the law-enforcement process," says Chicago's Wexler. "It may be worth a thousand Officer Friendlies." Indeed, compensation in some states depends on the victims' complete cooperation with police and prosecutors. Thus the growing use of compensation laws will provide financial incentives to offset the reluctance of victims to become complainants and witnesses in the long, frustrating judicial process.

The Unfriendly Skies

Was it a bird? Was it a plane? Residents of Birmingham, Ala., who observed a strange object buzzing some 160 ft. above an open field recently knew only that it was not Superman. Actually, the small oddball aircraft winging at 60 m.p.h. was Jefferson County's new

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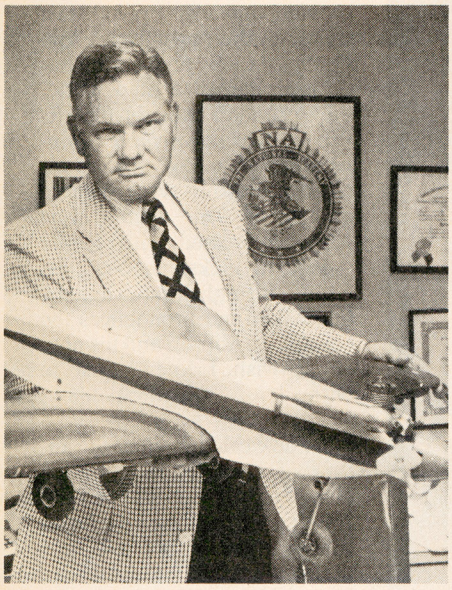
Of course, nobody can say exactly what will happen in your future. But whatever does, it's nice to know you and your future family will be ready for it.

Metropolitan Life
Where the future is now

law-enforcement weapon out for a test flight. Designed and built out of balsa wood and plastic by sheriff's deputies (who are also model-airplane buffs), the new gadget patrolling the skies was a pilotless plane remotely controlled from the ground. The 8-lb. airborne arsenal can carry up to 2 lbs. of smoke bombs and tear-gas canisters—to say nothing of grenades and other explosives—strapped to its underbelly.

The craft's prime target will be snipers in high places. In fact, Sheriff Mel Bailey, 50, first considered building a remotely piloted vehicle (RPV as he dubs it) after a lone rifleman terrorized New Orleans last year from the roof of a motel. As Bailey explains it: "Criminals often seek a high vantage point. We have ground equipment to return fire, but so often you have to stay distant, which only extends the problem over a long period of time." With the RPV, Bailey plans

JIM WARE

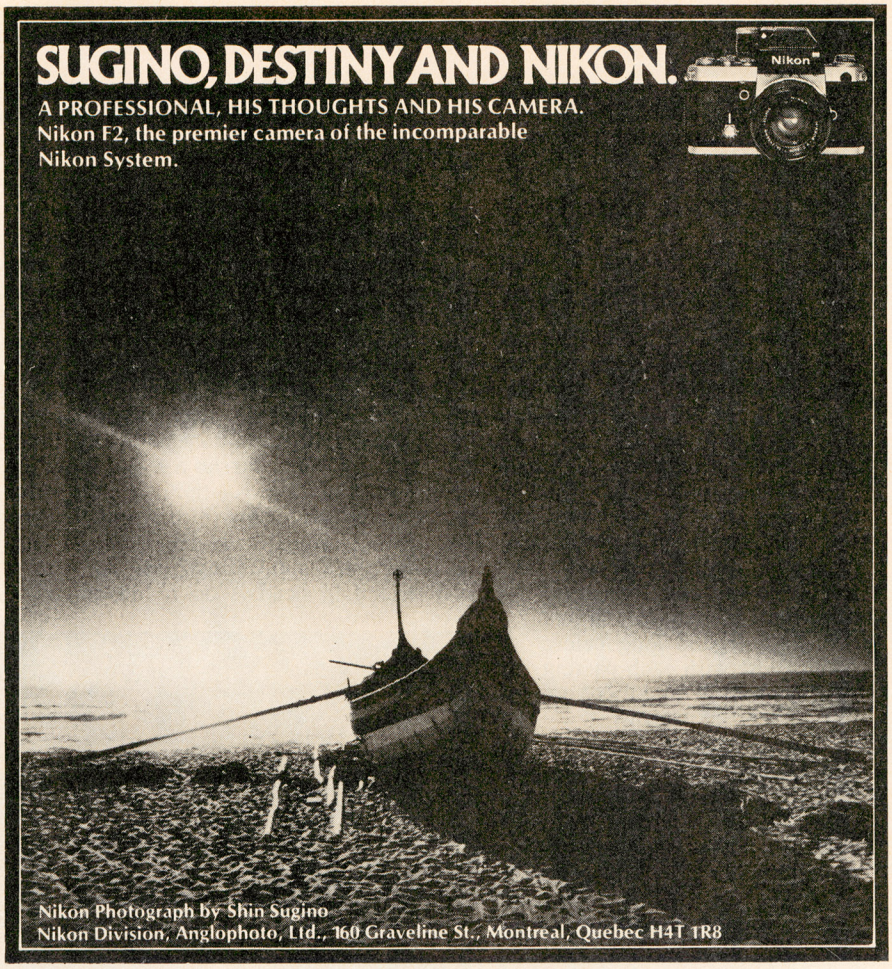


SHERIFF BAILEY & MODEL PLANE
An explosive police air force.

to strike fast: drop a smoke bomb via remote control, blind the sniper, then send men in to grab him.

Though remote-control planes have long been used by the military, the Jefferson County sheriff's office is the first law-enforcement agency to develop a similar device. Some local residents complain that a craft laden with explosives and controlled by inexperienced lawmen could easily become a menace. Moreover, if Bailey also uses the plane to photograph crime and accident sites, the RPV could turn into an airborne invader of a citizen's privacy.

For now, it seems that Birmingham may have a respite from the winged Orwellian threat. During one flight demonstration, a grenade attached to the bomber's underside detonated prematurely and wiped out Bailey's one-craft air force. Undaunted, the designers are now at work on an improved model. If successful, they dream of a fleet of RPVs prowling overhead long before 1984.





Boring from Within

SOMETHING HAPPENED
by JOSEPH HELLER
569 pages. Random House. $10.95.

What can a writer do for an encore who has already been compared—by a critic as restrained as Robert Brustein—to the Marx Brothers, Kingsley Amis, S.J. Perelman and Al Capp? For 13 years, ever since *Catch-22* became an unparalleled publishing phenomenon and a cult book all over the world, that has been Joseph Heller's problem. His new novel, only his second, was given its present title as early as 1963. As a fabled work-in-progress, it had become a legend long before publication; with each passing year its promise (and therefore its risk) seemed to grow.

Slow Motion. To announce that *Something Happened* is a terrific letdown is only to make the obvious comment on publicized great expectations. But how exactly does it fail? To try to answer that question is to get into certain kinds of bankruptcy that have to do not only with American lives but also with the novels that struggle to record them.

Something Happened, for instance, cannot really be read apart from *Catch-22*. It represents the second installment, so to speak, of Heller's *War and Peace*. Over ten years ago Heller explained: "The hero is the antithesis of Yossarian—20 years later." Of his Syrian-American bombardier in *Catch-22* he had written: "It was a vile and muddy war, and Yossarian could have lived without it—lived forever, perhaps." Of his WASP business executive, Bob Slocum, in *Something Happened,* Heller might have written: It was a vile and muddy peace, and Slocum was dying of it—dying in slow motion.

With 100 little winks, grimaces and ha-has, Slocum describes (and mercilessly redescribes) himself and his life in a flat pattern of total recall. He is a reasonably handsome man in his 40s—wavy hair that is thinning, a paunch that is growing. In the office he is "cordial and considerate to just about *everybody*." He has "this wretched habit" of acquiring the characteristics of the last person he has been talking to—a stutter, a tic, even a limp.

In his private life, if it can be called that, Slocum is a petty tyrant presiding over the standard domain: first a New York apartment, then a Connecticut house; a plumpish but svelte wife who drinks; a contentious 15-year-old daughter; a couple of younger sons, one brain-damaged; and a constantly changing succession of maids. On the whole, he feels more at home in the office: "I don't think I've ever had a good time on a vacation. (I'm not sure I've ever had a good time anywhere.)"

Sex, like gray suits and regimental ties, is approved by the company. In his wallet Slocum carries a coded list of the names of 23 girls—the interchangeable inhabitants of his third world. Joylessly he fornicates. He finds "close relationships suffocating." He warns: "A friend in need is no friend of mine."

THOMAS VICTOR



SECOND NOVELIST JOSEPH HELLER
After a vile and muddy war, a vile and muddy peace.

"Something did happen to me somewhere that robbed me of confidence and courage," Slocum concludes from the depths of his boredom and anxiety. Endlessly he rummages through his childhood sexual initiations for clues. But it is not what has happened, but what has not happened to Slocum that constitutes his main problem—and Heller's. Can anything be more difficult than constructing a novel about a weightless figure with no pull of gravity morally or emotionally—a cipher whose chief sensation is of "standing still"? For brief, affecting moments Slocum feels love for his bright, affectionate nine-year-old son. But Heller clumsily resolves the relationship by making Slocum responsible for the boy's death. Improbably, he smothers him with a hug. Rather than being shocked, or moved, the reader is embarrassed by this climax, so abrupt, so calculated, in its symbolism. The son's death simply seems scripted in desperation to wrench the novel out of its passive mood, to interrupt at any cost the compulsive drone of self-pity—to break at last Slocum's death grip not only on his son, but also on the reader and on Heller himself.

"There are really so few things that *can* happen to people in this lifetime of ours, so few alternatives, so little any of us *can* become." Does Slocum's confession of impotence speak, too, for Heller's predicament as a writer with a dead-end novel on his hands?

A little naively, perhaps, readers still look to novels to provide models, or at least styles, for their own lives. From *Catch-22* they received the antic message: In a mad world, the sane man runs for his life. What does *Something Happened* have to say? A tired retread of the anti-hero—a dated update of *The Organization Man* as crossed with Kafka—Slocum kicks his doubtless hand-cut English shoes against his casket and pronounces the epitaph on himself and his novel: "I wish I knew what to wish." ■ Melvin Maddocks

■ ■ ■

The world imagines the author of *Catch-22* as a breezy chap, rolling in dollars and rubbing up against the beautiful people. Or possibly as a manic innocent like Yossarian. Joseph Heller did in fact try celebrity for a while, years ago. It soon grew both tiring and tiresome. On the other hand, he is no Yossarian. Says Heller: "We are home seven nights a week sometimes, twelve months of the year. People don't invite us places." Heller grew up in Brooklyn but home now is variously a big Manhattan apartment and a small summer house in Amagansett, L.I., both acquired with some of an estimated $500,000 that *Catch-22* brought in. Royalties also allowed Heller and Shirley, his handsome redheaded wife of 29 years, to educate their two children, Erica, 22, and Teddy, 18, at private schools. But the money's most crucial use was in letting Heller write *Something Happened* at his own pace.

"I am slow," Heller says seriously. "Even in a letter, if I want someone to think I'm literate, it will take me two or three days to write as many drafts." In the past 13 years—a quarter of his lifetime to date—he has shaped his whole working existence to that slowness. Hel-

James W. Burns has a style all his own.



The Velvet Glove, Winnipeg Inn.

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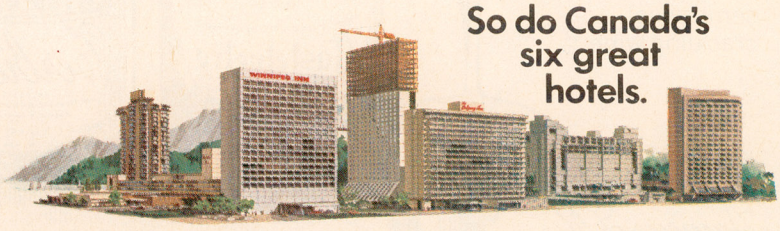

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titled *The Private Life of the Rabbit* by R.M. Lockley.

It is hardly a case of plagiarism. Adams liberally sprinkles references to Lockley's book in his bestseller, and his introduction to *Private Life's* first American edition is pure hero worship. Yet the disciple never really followed the work, which scorns sentimentality and shuns anthropomorphism. Lockley was apparently born with a seventh sense —of wonder—and has expended most of it on rabbits, which he has studied in every imaginable sort of enclosure, even including a real burrow with specially installed infra-red lighting and glass sides. Thus observed, the symbols of timidity are revealed as citizens in a complex social structure, full of dominant and submissive roles, populated with

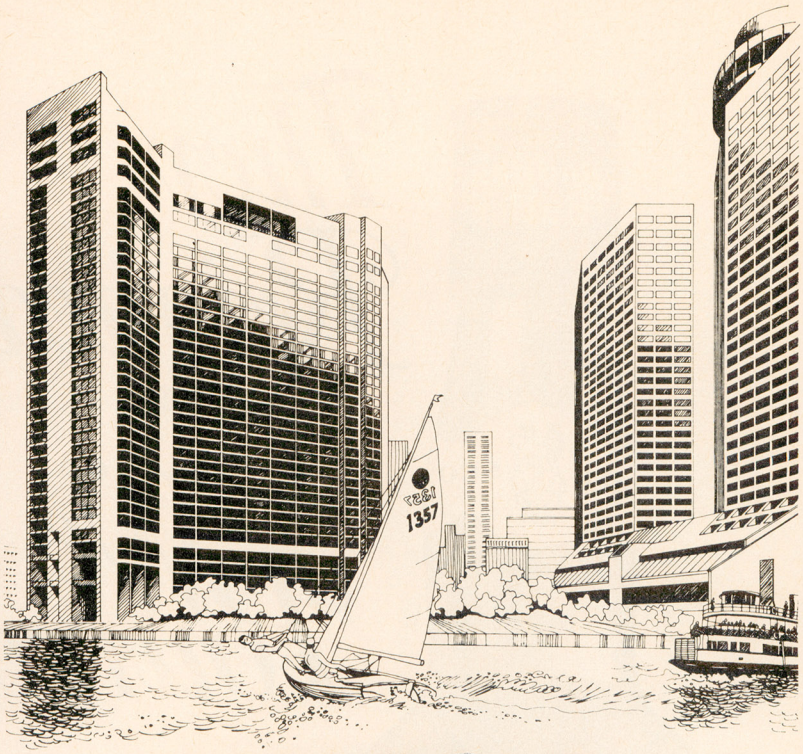
DAVID MOHRHARDT



THE SUBJECT AT LUNCH
Kings, queens and knaves.

kings, queens and knaves. The butt of ceaseless fertility jokes turns out to be the master—or rather mistress—of birth control; when overcrowded or undernourished, the rabbit "resorbs" its embryos *in utero.* Adams' industrious Hazel, Fiver and Bigwig are pelt-deep fictions; in the real world, male rabbits are lallygagging drones. The does, contrary to those powder puffs in *Watership Down,* dig the burrows, run the homes and defend their young with Amazonian ferocity against such formidable enemies as the ferret, stoat and weasel.

Still, Adams' creatures are not entirely without foundation. The rabbit possesses uniquely repellent characteristics, among them the habit of consuming its own fecal pellets. But it also behaves in a manner that casts doubt upon the singularity of Homo sapiens. Young mated rabbits, for example, begin in a modest burrow but as their social standing in the community rises, they seek better quarters. Bucks are serially mo-



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nogamous—with sporadic liaisons, possible when an attractive surplus doe hops into view. The couple's offspring are welcome to stay in the burrow after adolescence—provided that they remain docile and accept subordinate status. "Rabbits are so human," begins Lockley in an echo of Beatrix Potter. Then he brings his audience up short with a question behaviorists have yet to answer: "Or is it the other way round—humans are so rabbit?" ■ Stefan Kanfer

So Well Remembered

ANYA
by SUSAN FROMBERG SCHAEFFER
489 pages. Collier-Macmillan. $8.95.

The overwhelming impression left by this rich and brooding novel of wartime Poland is of an actual life agonizingly remembered, not of events and characters cut and fitted to the pattern of a story. Although the obliteration of Polish Jews is the horrifying central fact of the book, the central mystery is that of memory and the flow of time. If Anya Savikin, the heroine, had lived in a peaceful age, her memories in middle years would not have been so filled with blood and broken buildings. But her slow sifting of them would probably stir the same feelings of bewilderment and loss.

There seems to be little connection between Anya Savikin, a brilliant, laughing young medical student who lived in Vilno, Poland, in the late thirties, and Anya Meyers, a sour 52-year-old housewife glumly sitting out a marriage in New York in 1973. Each day-to-day progression in three decades has made perfect sense, but at some unnoticed point the time traveler has passed through a looking glass and become unrecognizable to her past selves.

Looking backward, Anya is determined to make sense of time's frightening discontinuity. To establish a solid starting point, she rebuilds almost brick by brick the Savikin family's opulent apartment in Vilno. Here is her room, gaudy with color; here is the austere chamber of Sister Vera, who thinks only of her piano; here is Zoshia, the youngest maid, skating about with a brush on each foot, polishing the parquetry.

Gentle father. Her father is a warm gentle businessman who spends all of his time reading. Her mother says, "Boris, are you going to read in this kitchen? We will have Lermontov in the sauerkraut . . . Mamma glowered. Sauerkraut was no joking matter. This was the creation of the world going on here. There was no time to lose; she might forget a continent; she might leave out a sea. Such seriousness!" In the basement, barrels, vats and bins were filled with enough food for three winters, and then the poor of the neighborhood were invited to come in and take what they wanted.

Time sweeps past this domestic fortress. Anya marries and bears a daugh-

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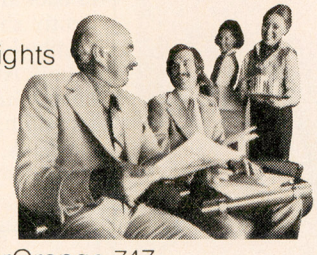

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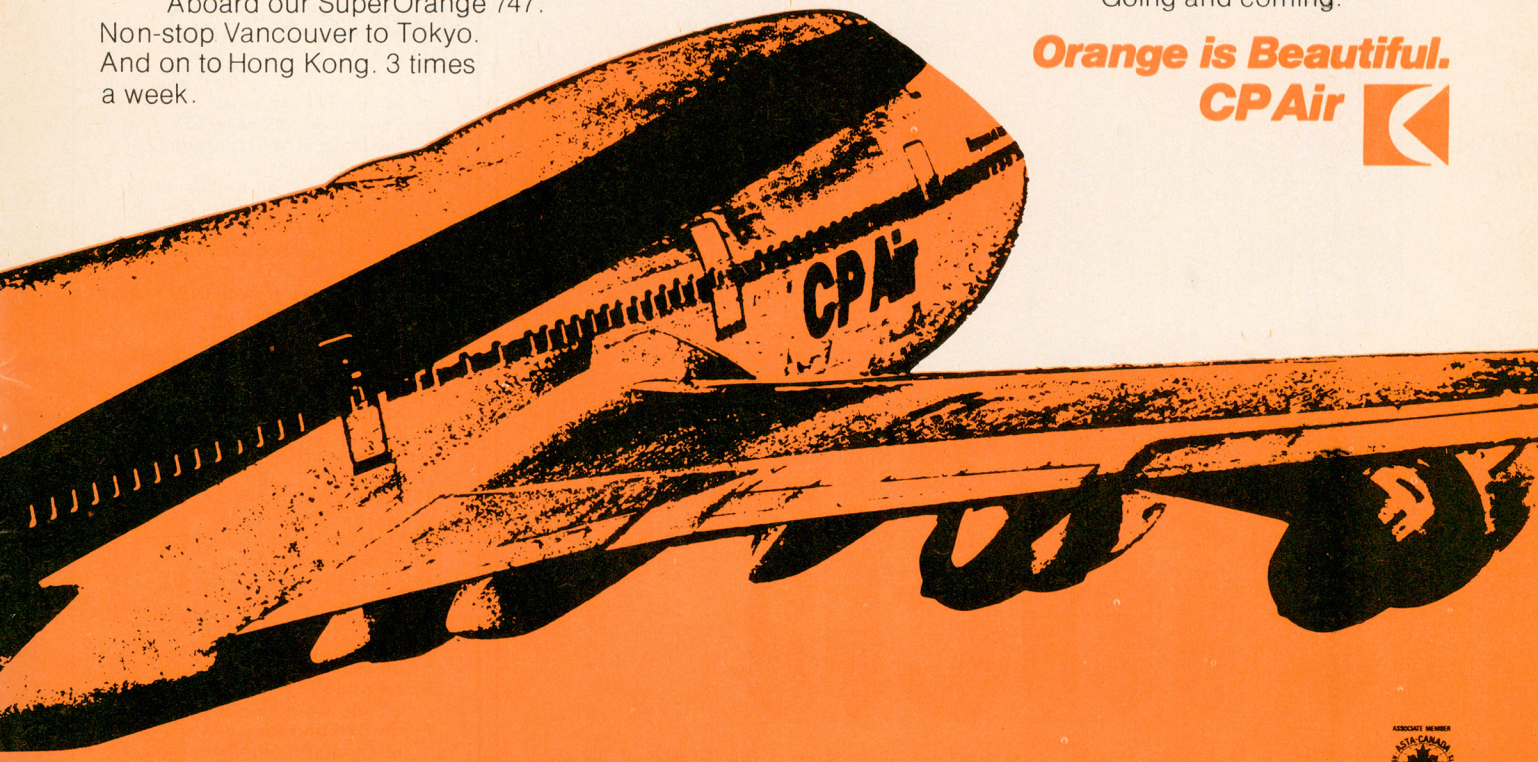

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ter named Ninka. Then comes the war. Solidity is undermined, cracked, carried away. Anya and her husband are fenced within a newly decreed ghetto in Vilno. Her father is killed by the Germans, her husband is arrested and disappears. But her mother hides in a large oven and escapes the periodic searches by which the old and the sick are weeded out.

Rumors circulate: children are to be liquidated next. Anya manages to spirit Ninka out of the ghetto and place her with a Christian family. Then it is the entire ghetto that is to be emptied of people. Vilno's Jews are herded from their pen and divided into two groups, one for extermination, the other made up of people strong enough to work.

The author's account of Anya's war years is detailed and obsessive, a daily rediscovery of the same devouring pain. Anya survives because she is strong, because she is attractive, because of her medical skill, and finally again and again, for no logical reason. At the war's end she finds her daughter Ninka. After a time she emigrates to the U.S., remarries, works, eats, flows with the years. Her daughter wants to marry a Gentile. Anya weeps and takes to her bed. The girl marries anyway and moves away. Anya is diminished, but by what? Present time loses its hold. She searches back through her life for solidity. Patiently she begins with pen and paper to rebuild the great warm apartment in Vilno. Author Schaeffer, whose 1973 novel *Falling* won praise, has achieved something remarkable; time's flow circles back, and Anya's bricks, for a while, stand firm. ■ John Skow

Best Sellers (U.S.)

FICTION

1—Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, *le Carré (1 last week)*
2—Centennial, *Michener (3)*
3—The Dogs of War, *Forsyth (2)*
4—Jaws, *Benchley (6)*
5—House of a Thousand Lanterns, *Holt (4)*
6—Watership Down, *Adams (5)*
7—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, *Meyer (7)*
8—Cashelmara, *Howatch (9)*
9—The War Between the Tates, *Lurie (8)*
10—The Silver Bears, *Erdman (10)*

NONFICTION

1—All the President's Men, *Bernstein & Woodward (1)*
2—The Memory Book, *Lorayne & Lucas (2)*
3—The Woman He Loved, *Martin (3)*
4—You Can Profit from a Monetary Crisis, *Browne (4)*
5—Alive: The Story of the Andes Survivors, *Read (5)*
6—More Joy, *Comfort (6)*
7—The Gulag Archipelago, *Solzhenitsyn (7)*
8—A Bridge Too Far, *Ryan (10)*
9—Cavett, *Cavett & Porterfield*
10—The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence, *Marchetti & Marks*

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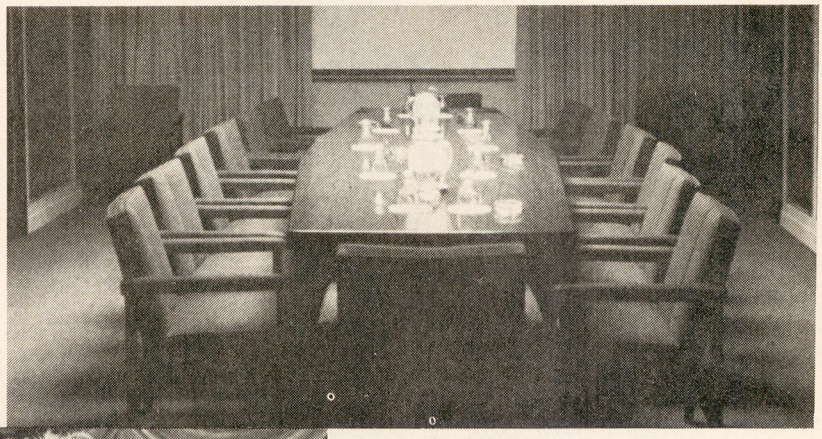

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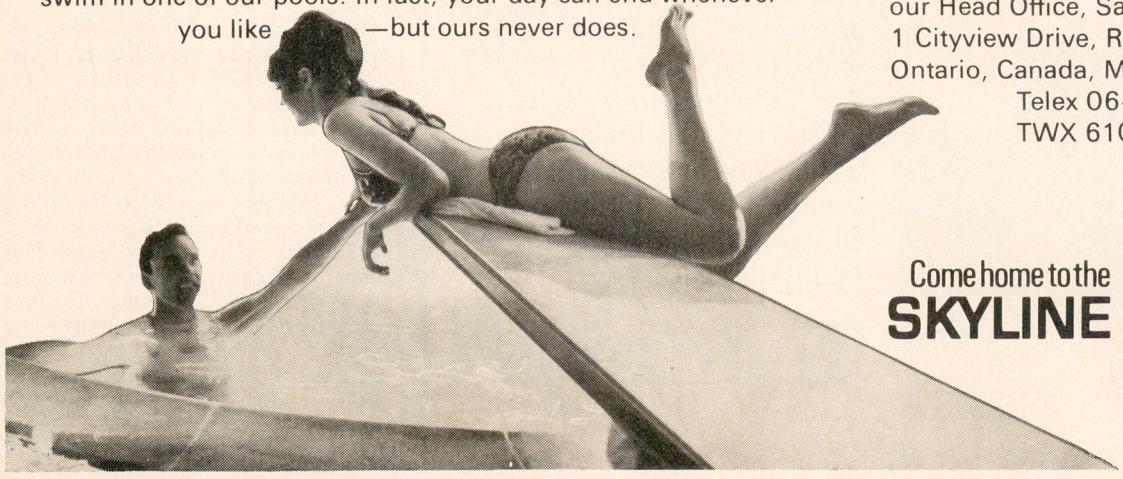

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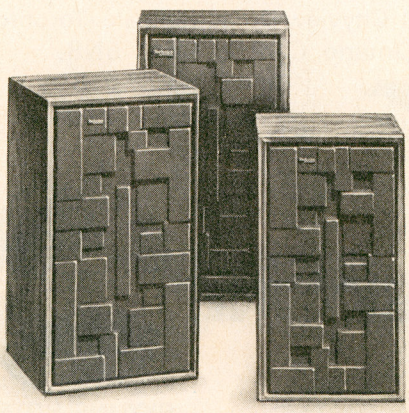

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MILESTONES

Died. Anne Sexton, 45, suburban housewife who turned to poetry during a nervous breakdown 18 years ago and proceeded to write seven books of searingly personal verse, including the Pulitzer-prizewinning *Live or Die* (1966); apparently by her own hand (carbon-monoxide inhalation); in Weston, Mass. Clearly intrigued in her poems by the thought of her own death, Sexton survived a number of suicide attempts. After the 1963 suicide of Fellow Poet Sylvia Plath, Sexton recalled discussions the two had had in the late 1950s: "We talked about death with burned-up intensity, both of us drawing to it like moths to a light bulb. Sucking on it."

■

Died. Colonel Hans Handler, 63, commander since 1965 of Vienna's 400-year-old Spanish Riding School, home of the white Lipizzaner stallions; of a stroke while putting his horse Siglavy Beja through its paces in the riding hall of Vienna's Imperial Castle.

■

Died. Billie Goodson Pierce, 67, percussive, nimble-fingered jazz pianist and blues singer who once served briefly as Bessie Smith's accompanist and blossomed in the 1960s as co-leader, with her blind, horn-playing husband DeDe Pierce, of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, elderly but exuberant purveyors of classic New Orleans sound; of kidney and liver disease; in New Orleans.

■

Died. Spyridon Marinatos, 73, redoubtable dean of Greek archaeologists, who in 1967 unearthed the remains of an ancient city of 20,000 buried beneath volcanic ash on the Aegean island of Thera; of a skull fracture suffered in a fall at the Thera dig site. A center of ancient Minoan culture, Thera was practically wiped out overnight in a massive eruption about 1500 B.C., leading Marinatos to surmise, though less strenuously than some of his colleagues, that its destruction was the basis for Plato's account of the lost island of Atlantis.

■

Died. Schneor Zalman Shazar, 84, spirited, scholarly President of Israel from 1963 to 1973; in Jerusalem. A Zionist and socialist during his youth in Russia, Shazar emigrated in 1924 to Palestine, where he edited the labor movement newspaper *Davar*. Poet, historian and compelling orator, he helped write Israel's declaration of independence in 1948 and served as the new state's first Education Minister before assuming —as a "man without enemies," in Premier David Ben-Gurion's phrase—the primarily ceremonial presidency. More traditional a Jew than many Zionist leaders, Shazar regularly played host to fellow Bible researchers at his official residence and was an active devotee of the joyous Hasidic movement.

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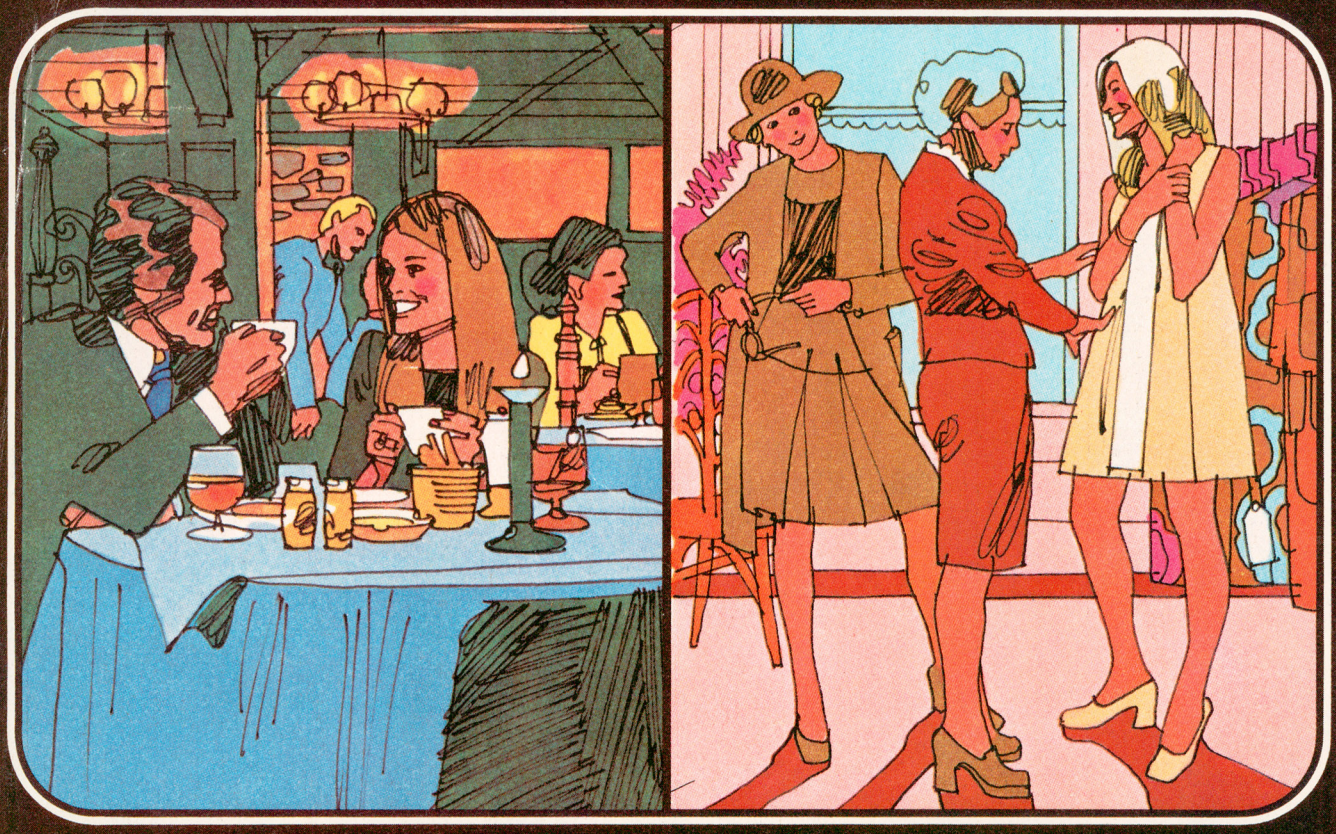

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