SIXTY CENTS DECEMBER 23, 1974

TIME®

The Economy: FORECAST FOR 1975

The American Pet

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A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding ✣ that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified ✣ that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them ✣ that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses ✣ that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us ✣ that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

DEMAREST & FRIEND

BALL & LESLIE

THEMO IN PET SHOP

The young beagle on our cover is the seventh animal to achieve that distinction without being accompanied by its owner. The earlier covers sported race horses and canine celebrities. This week's dog is a relative nobody who symbolizes America's exploding pet population, the subject of our cover story. For those involved, the story has been a labor of love. For, like millions of Americans, many TIME staffers own creatures ranging from dogs and cats to exotic breeds of tropical fish and reptiles.

Senior Writer Michael Demarest, author of the cover story, developed an affinity for animals on his father's farm in Essex, England, and has since owned a Dalmatian, a fox terrier, three bassets, one Great Pyrenees and a pride of kittens. Modern Living Reporter-Researcher Audrey Ball shares an unlikely menagerie with her daughter Tracy, 8: their tabby, Leslie, five delicious goldfish and two tantalizing white mice. Other pet owners include Managing Editor Henry Grunwald, whose wire-haired terrier Bravo resembles Asta in the Thin Man movies of the '30s; Assistant Managing Editor Richard Seamon, who is putting his nine-week-old Labrador through basic training; and Zookeeper-Essayist Stefan Kanfer, who rooms with two mice, five turtles and two cats somewhere in Tarrytown, N.Y. Reporter-Researcher Mary Themo, while getting together the pictures of pets that accompany the story, took time off to shop for a Christmas pet for her daughter Tracy, 7.

Among the more outlandish guests in TIME homes are a toad, Pierrot, kept by Deputy Chief of Correspondents Benjamin Cate's children, two raccoons belonging to Senior Editor Marshall Loeb's daughter, Margaret, and Picture Editor John Durniak's boa constrictor, Charlie. Legends about TIME pets breed like rabbits. Show Business Secretary Esther Nichols' parakeet, Rosebud, is said to have been rescued from an attempted suicide after diving from a fifth-floor window overlooking Madison Avenue, while Copy Desk Assistant Judith Paul's late Chihuahua-terrier crossbreed, Cookie, was known to hunt bees, crack walnuts and eat corn on the cob.

Not all TIME staffers own or even like pets. Many settle for fondling telephones, and some get bored at the mere mention of puppies or kittens. Others, like Business Writer James Grant, just grow wistful. "I used to have pets," Grant explains mistily, "but they all got married."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: *Photograph by Eddie Adams.*

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Q. What 1974 luxury car was $4975 last December and is still available at $4975 this December?

It's been quite a year for price increases. Most cars went up several hundred dollars. But the Audi 100LS is still the same price this December as it was last December. And it's still available.

The Audi is a full-sized luxury car, extraordinarily comfortable. Its seats were orthopedically designed to help prevent fatigue; it has the legroom and headroom of some cars twice the price; it's the only luxury car that combines front-wheel drive, torsion crank rear axle, front disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering. And it's German engineered to last. And to get about 24 miles to the gallon.*

It may go up in January. But this month you can get it for $4975.† Unquestionably.

†Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. West Coast slightly higher. Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, additional.
*Mileage based on German Industry Standard DIN-70030.

The answer is Audi

Sexual Retribution

TURKISH DELIGHT
Directed by PAUL VERHOEVEN
Screenplay by GERARD SOETEMAN

The title of this baleful escapade refers to a thick, sticky, sugar-coated candy which the heroine gorges as she lies dying of a brain tumor while her husband watches. Both of them are always up to blithe little turns like that. During the course of their hopped-up marriage, he (Rutger Hauer) and she (Monique van de Ven) spend a good deal of their time giving the proles an eyeful. She likes riding on the back of his bike, affording a more than generous view of her bikini underwear, or wearing dresses with the kind of breakaway neckline generally favored by nursing mothers. He enjoys poking his mother-in-law in her prosthetic breast, or subjecting his wife to strenuous bouts of copulation.

All this is made to look giddy and free and challengingly rebellious. This Dutch export is decked out with many of the same attitudes—they might collectively be called punk psychotic—that animated the recent French film *Going Places* (TIME, June 10). Both movies share the same craving for shock value, the same dim idea that freedom and aggressive irresponsibility are the same. *Going Places,* however, remained anxiously airy throughout. In *Turkish Delight,* Director Paul Verhoeven and Writer Gerard Soeteman try to yank the rug right out from under the middle of the film, suddenly portraying everything that had seemed gay as a fierce and desperate stall against fate.

Broken Wing. Their device is the revelation that the wife has a brain tumor. If the movie was forced in its coarseness at the beginning, the sentimentality with which it concludes is simply rancid. The wife begins to flirt with other men, and the husband delivers his rebuke by vomiting all over her. When she leaves him, he adopts a seagull with a broken wing, nursing it back to health. This serves to demonstrate that there is a gentle nature lurking beneath all that calculated vulgarity. In any event, they are reunited. He allows her to stuff herself with candy the way he fed fish to the seagull, and in the end he watches her die horribly, her head shaven, her eyes bulging with fear.

The respectful notices that this film received after its initial U.S. opening in Los Angeles are puzzling enough, but it has nowhere been noted that *Turkish Delight* represents a particularly vicious fantasy of sexual retribution. The wife cuts out on the husband—because he likes to copulate too much, she tells him later—and leads a miserable life, moving from one lover to another, looking freakier and acting freakier. The tumor, presumably, is the final punishment for her infidelity and desertion, and allows her wronged husband the priceless opportunity to be magnanimous, to forgive and to cherish. Her death gives him poignant pause, but it is never forcefully indicated that it must have been much rougher on her. ■ Jay Cocks

Late, Late Edition

THE FRONT PAGE
Directed by BILLY WILDER
Screenplay by BILLY WILDER
and I.A.L. DIAMOND

When Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur wrote their hotfooted newspaper comedy nearly half a century ago, they started a kind of show-business dynasty. Besides stage revivals, there was a television series in 1949, and now a third

MATTHAU & LEMMON IN *FRONT PAGE*
Chasing ghosts.

movie version of *The Front Page* is out. The first film was produced in 1930, almost as soon as Hollywood found its tongue. It starred Pat O'Brien as Hildy Johnson, dervish of the deadline and past master of the fictitious fact, and Adolphe Menjou as his congenially meanspirited editor, Walter Burns. Ten years later Howard Hawks changed the title to *His Girl Friday,* casting Cary Grant as Burns and Rosalind Russell as a female Johnson. Hawks made the pair not only friendly antagonists but former mates. When Burns tries to break up Johnson's romance in this version, he is attempting to win back a wife as well as keep a valued reporter. The result was a classic, one of the funniest and fastest farces ever put on the screen.

The new *Front Page* restores Johnson's masculinity, which is only the
of its many mistakes. This produc
seems to end *Front Page's* proud
Perhaps it is not fair to compare it
so excellent a film as *Girl Friday.* B
is fair to say that this movie coul
matched against almost anything
sibly except *Airport 1975* and *Ea*
quake) and still look bad.

Billy Wilder and I.A.L. Diam
(who have collaborated on *Some*
It Hot and *The Apartment*) give a fri
ly nod to Hecht's ghost by having H
speak of the time "Ben Hecht was
ing for Hollywood." But neither H
nor MacArthur could be expecte
countenance what has been done to
original. Dialogue that should cra
like a telegraph has been slowed to
listless deliberation of a traffic cop
ing out a ticket. Jack Lemmon mak
curiously enervated Hildy, and Wa
Matthau's Burns is a shambling c
too similar to his *Odd Couple* cha
terization for comfort.

Fearful Crime. The Wilder-
mond adaptation consists mostly of
quent, unfortunate embellishm
Wilder and Diamond conjure up, fo
stance, an Oriental cathouse tha
never seen but frequently talked ab
generally with such references as "I
could use a little of that sweet and
right now." They also create a sequ
in which Burns visits Hildy's fia
(played with popeyed persistence by
san Sarandon) and passes himself o
Johnson's probation officer. This k
off a scene of lengthy anxiety about
dy's fearful (but imaginary) cr
which turns out to be flashing.

It may be during that early scen
it may be shortly after, when Hildy
out a bit of Wilder-Diamond dial
and Carol Burnett goes into a stri
impersonation of a cut-rate hooker,
the movie curdles. But the thought
curs very early on that the latest
Front Page is an odd place to find
Wilder. The sap and the snap are g
This is a movie conceived with indi
ence and made with disinterest, li
piece of occupational therapy.

Generation of Vipers

MIXED COMPANY
Directed by MELVILLE SHAVELSON
Screenplay by MELVILLE SHAVELSON
and MORT LACHMAN

This movie begins with a sure si
trouble to follow: a montage of
showing cute kids, each representin
ethnic minority, all of them pretty
smiling and irritatingly adorable.
ing established this trough at the
outset, Writer-Director Melville Sha
son is free to proceed downward.

Shavelson, whose credits inc
The Pigeon That Took Rome and
War Between Men and Women, s
himself a master of a formula that
to be standard fare on TV sitcoms
emasculated American male who

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ters and protests while remaining the tool of his pert, soft-spoken but granite-willed wife. Here he is played by Joseph Bologna, she by the adept but woefully misused Barbara Harris. Hubby coaches a hapless professional basketball team, the Phoenix Suns. He makes a good enough living, however. His suburban home is roomy, well-appointed, and chock-full of kids—three when the movie begins and three more by the fadeout. Since *Mixed Company* covers only about six months and is not science fiction, we may reasonably conclude that it is a film about adoption.

More precisely, it is a film about how Mom overcomes Dad's loud protests and brings assorted orphans into the house. She does this by weeping, by putting the frost on, by cajoling, or by any combination of these techniques. *Mixed Company* is a good case for the founding of

HARRIS & BOLOGNA IN *COMPANY*
Dad as dunce.

men's lib. Not only is Dad generally a nitwit; he is not even a virile one. A recent case of the mumps has put him out of the reproductive action, and he is impotent even in his job. His work and his home life are the same; he keeps yelling and losing. He protests when he is victimized by the team star, and yelps when he comes home from a road trip to find that his wife has ordered up yet another kid from the adoption service. In all of this, he is made to look thoroughly unreasonable. Things weren't even this bad with Stu Erwin in *Trouble with Father*.

As if these flaws were not enough, the movie has the style and texture of an Army training film. When Dad, first learning of his infertility, asks Mom (in front of the doctor) to reassure him that he has indeed made every valiant effort, she responds with a pert, "Oh, yes, dear. You worked your tail off." This may be a small movie, but it is definitely worth hating. ■ J.C.

Should we step up the search for energy? Or slow it down?

Congress is getting ready to vote on bills that could result in cutting as much as $16 billion out of the search and development of U.S. oil and gas supplies over the next five years – supplies vitally needed by the American consumer.

These bills would eliminate percentage depletion and would impose heavier taxes on oil operations. If approved, these measures would force a sharp cut in the search for new oil and gas supplies in the United States. That, of course, is not what Congress has in mind, but that would be the inevitable result.

The proposed legislation is punitive – punitive in the sense that its end result would be to punish, not just the oil companies, but the consumer as well. It is intended to wipe out what many legislators –

and private citizens – feel are excess or "windfall" profits of the petroleum industry.

The fact is that recent studies by the United States Treasury Department have found that petroleum industry profits have *not* been excessive. Whether you agree with this judgment or not, the more important point is that a large part of these profits has been going right back into the ground – recycled into exploration and drilling programs. They are vital to the development of new energy supplies.

Let's look at the example of just one oil company:

In 1973, Texaco's earnings were $1.3 billion after taxes. Yet we invested $1.6 billion in searching for new oil and gas and other capital expenditures. In 1974, our worldwide investments are forecast to be more than $2.3 billion – more than $1.1 billion in the development of oil and gas supplies in the United States alone. This year we are drilling 1,600 oil and gas wells in the United States. That's a whopping 47 percent increase over 1973.

It is the recycling of our improved earnings that has allowed us to increase our drilling for the petroleum supplies you need. The petroleum industry has responded vigorously to the national energy crisis. It has stepped up its investments in searching for more oil and gas. And this has meant extremely heavy outlays of money. Part of these huge sums can be borrowed, but the remainder must be generated from profits.

The tax bills now before Congress would cut heavily into the funds needed in the search for energy. The House Ways and Means Committee staff has estimated the proposed tax legislation would cost the industry $16 billion over the next five years. That's $16 billion that would not be available for finding and developing our own energy supplies.

Especially at a time when the nation needs to be less dependent on foreign imports, the proposed legislation can only have the opposite effect.

Our country needs to develop more – not less – of its energy resources. Fortunately, the United States has these resources, and it has the capability to develop them. But if the money needed to do the exploration, drilling, and development is cut off, the job can't be done.

TEXACO

Maurice F. Granville

Maurice F. Granville
Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer
Texaco Inc.

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
Dec. 23, 1974 Vol. 104, No. 26

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Delayed Reaction

As Henry Kissinger is wont to remind his critics, arms limitation agreements are usually difficult and time-consuming to work out. An extreme case in point occurred last week when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee recommended that the Senate ratify an international treaty banning chemical and bacteriological warfare.

As usual, the exact terms of the agreement had posed a difficult problem. The Ford Administration finally worked out a compromise under which it supported the general ban but reserved the right to use tear gas and herbicides in special circumstances.

The arms-control treaty, which has already been signed by 100 nations, stemmed from the worldwide horror at the use of poison gas during World War I. The year the international accord was first debated by the U.S. Senate? Nineteen twenty-six.

Frustrated Clemency

President Gerald Ford's offer, made Sept. 16, to allow the Viet Nam War evaders and deserters to work their way back into American society has produced discouraging results. Of the 126,500 persons who are eligible in one way or another to take part in the program, barely 3,200 have come forward.

In the deserter category, the Defense Department estimates that some 12,500 could participate in the plan. A total of 2,283 have chosen to do so and received the mandated "undesirable" discharges. Each of these men could win a "clemency" discharge by working up to 24 months in community service programs. But so far, only 1,679 have thought the upgrading was worth the effort, and of these, only 304 have managed to land appropriate jobs.

The deadline for taking advantage of Ford's offer is Jan. 31, 1975. As matters now stand, his compromise solution to the problem of granting amnesty seems bound to end with the same sense of sour failure that marked so much of the long war in Viet Nam.

Willard Battle Hymn

In two separate incarnations, half a century apart, the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C., played rich roles in the nation's history. Before his first inauguration, Abraham Lincoln brought his family to stay at the original Willard, which opened in 1847 within two blocks of the White House. Julia Ward Howe wrote *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* at the hotel. President Ulysses S. Grant had a special chair in the lobby, where he used to sit and smoke for hours while scandal crackled around his administration.

The second Willard, built on the same site in 1901, was just as successful. Washington's society strolled through its "Peacock Alley"—the 85-ft. lobby corridor of green and bronze with cream-colored columns. When Alice Roosevelt, Teddy's saucy daughter, wanted to smoke in the dining room, the waiters obligingly shielded her table with screens.

But the Willard more recently fell on hard times and was an empty hulk last week when a court ruled that the structure could be converted into an office building. The decision roused the Willard's persistent advocates to try once again to find a way to save the landmark, of which Poet Carl Sandburg observed that in the 1860s "Willard's Hotel could more justly be called the center of Washington and the nation than either the Capitol or the White House, or the State Department."

LOBBY OF THE WILLARD (1968)

HAYNIE—COURIER-JOURNAL

"Come in! Come in, my you
friend . . . Where've you be
keeping yoursel

THE CONGRESS

Drawing Up

Nelson Rockefeller's men had guessed that 15 votes might be cast in the Senate against his nomination for Vice President. Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott had predicted "a baker's dozen." But only about half those votes materialized last week when, after scarcely three hours of superficial debate, the Senate voted 90 to 7 to back him. The House was expected to vote a similarly lopsided endorsement this week, thereby giving the U.S. its third Vice President in little more than a year.

The confirmation vote was the last major act of the remarkable 93rd Congress, which adjourns this week. It will be remembered chiefly not for landmark legislation but for dealing with the greatest constitutional crisis in U.S. history and for taking steps to restore the Legislative Branch as more nearly coequal to the Executive in power and public respect. Such an outcome seemed wildly improbable when the 93rd took office on Jan. 3, 1973, for then even some of its members questioned whether the seemingly docile body could ever rouse itself and shake off domination by the increasingly powerful White House. But the excesses and crimes of the Nixon Administration prodded the Congressmen into aggressively reclaiming some of their powers. In the end, they helped force the resignations of Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew and ultimately voted to replace Agnew with Gerald Ford and Ford with Nelson Rockefeller.

Close Scrutiny. Rockefeller underwent three months of close scrutiny and sometimes acrimonious questioning of his fitness for the job. The exhaustive hearings sharply contrasted with the Senate's final speedy and overwhelming vote in his favor. Many Senators who voted for him had some reservations. Even one of his strongest supporters, Re-

"You ARE ready to charge into battle, aren't you?"

Balance Sheet on the 93rd

publican Senator Marlow Cook of Kentucky, acknowledged that in Rockefeller's appearances before the Senate and House committees, "there were certainly some areas in which he did not reflect credit on himself." But most Senators concluded that Rockefeller had adequately answered their questions. Moreover, there was a widespread feeling in Congress that if Rockefeller was rejected, Ford's next nominee might not be nearly so well qualified.

The seven who voted against Rockefeller included three Republican conservatives (Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Jesse Helms of North Carolina and William L. Scott of Virginia) and four Democratic liberals (James Abourezk of South Dakota, Birch Bayh of Indiana, Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio and Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin). Their opposition centered chiefly on Rockefeller's wealth and his use of it. Goldwater had never really forgiven Rockefeller for failing to support him for President in 1964 but still endorsed the nomination originally. Explaining his change of mind, Goldwater said: "It is now apparent to me that Mr. Rockefeller did in effect use his own personal money to accomplish the purchase of political power." Senator Nelson concluded that the Rockefeller fortune "permeates" and "infiltrates" the U.S. political and economic system and warned: "Gigantism in all its manifestations threatens freedom in all its forms."

Two days later, a minority of the House Judiciary Committee expressed similar reservations; yet, by 26 to 12, the committee recommended that the House confirm Rockefeller. Liberal Democrat Charles Rangel of New York predicted: "Rockefeller can and will provide strength, imagination and purpose that is lacking in our leadership."

The votes on the nomination took place amid a frenzy of final activity as Congressmen rushed to end their lame-duck session and go home for Christmas. Among other things, Congress last week voted to provide public service jobs for the unemployed, to authorize $2.6 billion for foreign aid, to make Nixon's Watergate tapes and documents public property, and to increase penalties for antitrust violations. The lame-duck session had previously approved $800 million for aid to urban mass transit.

Respectable Record. Even allowing for the members' preoccupation with Nixon and Watergate for much of its tenure, the 93rd Congress amassed a respectable record and left behind durable achievements. They include:

▸ A war-powers law that prohibits a President from committing U.S. troops overseas for more than 60 days without the approval of Congress. Earlier, the House and Senate had voted to cut off funds for U.S. bombing of Cambodia and, in a more arguable intrusion in foreign policy, to suspend U.S. military and economic aid to Turkey because of that NATO ally's invasion of Cyprus. Pressure from vocal Greek Americans and irritation with the Turks for resuming poppy growing (a major source of illegal heroin flowing into the U.S.) led to the action, even though Ford warned Congress that the aid suspension would hinder U.S. efforts to resolve the Cyprus dispute.

▸ A system for financing presidential campaigns that provides up to $20 million in public funds for major candidates. Last week, however, Conservative Senator James Buckley and Liberal Democrat Eugene McCarthy, the former Minnesota Senator, announced that they would challenge the law's constitutionality in the courts because it discriminates against third parties.

▸ A joint congressional budget committee that gives the House and Senate better control over the budget and enables them to produce more responsible alternatives to the President's spending proposals. Congress also prohibited a President from refusing to spend funds that have been appropriated.

▸ Minimum standards for private pension funds, including an insurance system to guarantee 30 million workers that they will not lose their pensions because of bad management of assets.

▸ A four-year extension of federal aid to public elementary and secondary schools of more than $25 billion.

In addition, Congress authorized $2.3 billion to find new sources of energy, extended minimum-wage coverage to an estimated 10 million workers and gave citizens of the District of Columbia the right to elect local officials. In a break with bad precedent, the House and Senate enacted most appropriations legislation before Labor Day.

For all the activity, the 93rd Congress ducked or postponed several crucial problems. Most important, it failed to deal effectively with inflation and recession. Democratic members roundly faulted Ford's economic program as inadequate, yet enacted no alternative. The President recommended spending cuts totaling $4.6 billion; Congress enacted none of them. Ford urged a one-year 5% income tax surcharge; Congress postponed until next year consideration of all major changes in income tax laws, including a bill that would end the oil-depletion allowance, raise taxes on oil-company profits and reduce the taxes paid by the average U.S. wage earner.

Similarly, Congress postponed acting on no-fault auto insurance, a consumer-protection agency, a national health-insurance program and measures to deal comprehensively with energy conservation. These matters will head the agenda when the 94th Congress —more Democratic, more liberal and expected to be more reform-minded —takes office next month

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Education of Gerald Ford

A log crackled in the fireplace of the White House Red Room as butlers served drinks from silver trays to President Gerald Ford, a handful of aides and his four guests: Historian Daniel Boorstin, Harvard Government Professor James Q. Wilson, Woodrow Wilson Fellow Martin Diamond and Chicago Lawyer John Robson. The group moved to a first floor dining room for a meal of roast beef, mixed vegetables and fruit salad. The scene was more reminiscent of the White House of Thomas Jefferson, who had company at his dinner table nearly every night for leisurely conversation, than that of Richard Nixon, who guarded his privacy and preferred to hear from outsiders by memo.

Ford, looking tired but relaxed and reflective, gently steered the conversation to the problems of presidential leadership in an era of pessimism. The scholars picked up the cue. Boorstin told the President that skepticism about political leaders is inherent and healthy in democracy. Diamond noted that the challenge of leadership is to balance skepticism with trust. Wilson observed that the malaise in America had increased since the 1950s particularly because many people felt that the quality of life had not kept pace with technological advance. Ford suggested that perhaps the pendulum had swung too far toward a national "self-destructive impulse" that threatened institutions and savaged public officials.

At 10:30 p.m. the group, including Counsellors Robert Hartmann and John O. Marsh and Press Secretary Ron Nessen, finally moved back to the Red Room for brandy, cigars and more conversation. For Ford, the evening was a relaxing opportunity to reflect on the broader historical and philosophical contexts of his decisions and, in a way, a remedial crash course in presidential perspectives.

The tutor who is styling the education of Gerald Ford is his newly appointed special consultant, Robert A. Goldwin, 52, former dean of St. John's College in Annapolis, Md., who was an aide to White House Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld when he was Ambassador to NATO. Goldwin is convinced that because Government is made up of specialists, "it is very hard to see the connections. What we hope for in these sessions is people who are trained to think and see things in terms of their broadest implications."

Goldwin plans a series of seven or eight conversations annually between the President and people outside Government who have diverse views, experience and background. The concept is much in keeping with the open-door policy that Ford established for his presidency and that has been criticized by some as too time-consuming. But Ford's recognition of the need to widen the horizons that bounded his 25 years in Congress—and his willingness to listen to other sides—is commendable.

More Efficient. In a similar vein, Ford met last week with Nelson Rockefeller and members of his National Commission of Critical Choices in New York City. The President, who is an ex officio member of the commission, heard personal opinions on a variety of subjects. John Foster, a vice president of energy research and development for TRW, Inc., an electronics firm, suggested that the Government hire a private contractor to manage the nation's energy program, just as TRW orchestrated the ICBM project. Physicist Edward Teller urged that the Government press the conservation of energy by demanding that homes be better insulated and automobiles made more efficient. Former World Bank President George D. Woods proposed that the oil-rich Middle East countries use their new wealth to build desalination plants for poverty-stricken nations. Ford also met last week with representatives of the Trilateral Commission, including David Rockefeller and other leading citizens of the U.S., Europe and Japan.

A Trade-Off. At week's end Ford flew off to another round of summitry, his third trip abroad and 18th meeting with a head of government in four months. His destination this time was the West Indian island of Martinique, where he met with French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Prominent on the agenda for the three-day meeting were the Middle East, energy problems and monetary reform—all topics on which the U.S. and France have some sharply differing views. Giscard, for example, has been proposing that oil-consuming nations, underdeveloped consumers, and producers meet in a trilateral energy conference where he would press producers to accept guarantees of their investments in Western economies in return for lowered fuel prices. The U.S. has argued that unless consumers organize first, such a conference would work only to the advantage of producers; but there was a chance that Ford would agree to it in exchange for a French promise to approve, if not directly participate in, the U.S.-proposed International Energy Agency of 16 industrial nations.

R. CARDO THOMAS

AROUND THE TABLE AT THE WHITE HOUSE DINNER: FORD, DIAMOND, MARSH, ROBSON, NESSEN, BOORSTIN

A remedial crash course in presidential perspectives.

ELLIOT RICHARDSON

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESIDENT LEVI

A Refreshing Possibility

Although it was not yet a certainty, the first Cabinet appointment of the Ford Administration seemed to be on the horizon. It not only looked like a refreshingly high-quality choice but may well mark the beginning of a Ford drive to replace Nixon appointees with his own people. The University of Chicago's witty and independent-minded president, Edward Levi, 63, will probably be named Attorney General. If he accepts the appointment and is approved by Congress, Levi will replace Richard Nixon's unconventional appointee, William Saxbe, who resigned last week and was nominated ambassador to India. A Levi appointment would undoubtedly be challenged by Congressmen who feel that he would be too liberal in the highest U.S. law-enforcement post.

Levi neatly combines academic and practical qualifications for the job. Born in Chicago, he has spent nearly his entire scholastic life within the university, from its laboratory kindergarten through his B.S., initial law degree (he earned his doctorate at Yale), and up to the presidency. He has taught law there almost continuously since 1936, headed the law school for twelve years, and rose to the presidency in 1968. But he also served for five years (1940-45) as special assistant to the Attorney General under President Franklin Roosevelt.

Protest Ignored. Levi's views have never been doctrinaire. Asked recently if he was registered in any party, he copped a plea: "I can't remember." When radical students staged a 16-day sit-in at Chicago's administration building in 1969, Levi, as president, both refused to negotiate and declined to call police to oust them. He ignored them, and the protest collapsed. Levi's respect for law has been clear. "Universities are not the major controllers of value in our society," he has said. "Law itself, for better or worse, is perhaps the chief educational force. For most people obey necessity rather than argument, and punishment rather than the sense of what is noble."

If that view suggests a more vigorous Justice Department under Levi, his Chicago colleagues foresee a more immediate result. "He would restore a sense of professionalism and dignity and quiet to the Department of Justice," predicts Law Professor Gerhard Casper.

While the Justice Department may be about to benefit from improved leadership, the diplomatic service may suffer. There is nothing in the background of Saxbe, a maverick Republican Senator from Ohio, to suggest any diplomatic skills or much expertise in foreign affairs, except that he is an India buff, has visited the country five times in as many years, and was reportedly the Indians' own choice for the post.

• • •

A far less controversial diplomatic appointment was also reported last week, again involving a former Attorney General. Elliot L. Richardson, 54, who won widespread admiration for his resignation from the Justice Department when he declined to carry out President Nixon's instructions to fire Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox, has been selected ambassador to Great Britain, to replace Philadelphia Publisher Walter H. Annenberg. The choice effectively removes Richardson as a possible challenger to President Ford for the 1976 Republican nomination, a move that he was reluctant to make in any case since he declares that he has few policy disagreements with Ford. Richardson also seems to have laid to rest speculation that he might run against Massachusetts Senator Edward Kennedy in 1976. Experienced in domestic affairs, he now plans to gain more solid credentials in international relations by remaining ambassador to the Court of St. James's at least through the end of Ford's current term.

POLITICS

Carter: Entering the Lists

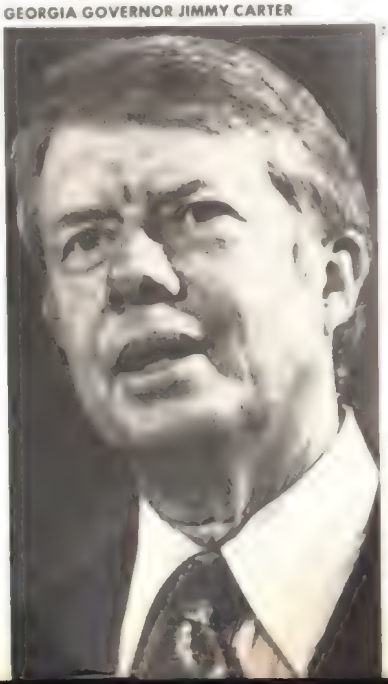
Georgia's Governor Jimmy Carter last week became the second Democrat, following Arizona Representative Morris Udall, to announce his candidacy for the presidency in 1976. A blue-eyed big-time peanut farmer noted for his folksy charm, Carter, 50, bears a slight physical resemblance to John F. Kennedy. He was one of the major formulators of party strategy this year as chairman of the Democrats' National Campaign Committee. One of the chief political figures to show concern about erasing the remaining gap between black and white in the modern South, Carter as Governor has become a symbol of the moderate shift in Southern politics.

Sunshine Law. As a budget-slashing, reform-minded Governor, he consolidated some 300 state agencies into a more manageable 22, creating a mammoth department of human resources that handles everything from food-stamp certification and mental health to vocational rehabilitation and disability insurance. He intends to bring such cost-cutting measures to the Federal Government if he reaches the White House in 1977. As Georgia's Governor, he oversaw the passage of a "sunshine law," which permits more public access to legislative committees and executive agencies, another reform he hopes to bring to Washington.

In his first race for public office, in 1962, a re-count won Carter a seat in the state senate. After two terms there, he entered the state Democratic gubernatorial primary. Despite an impressive showing by Carter, the winner was Lester Maddox, and Carter returned to supervising his family's 2,500-acre peanut farm.

But in four years he also made 1,800

GEORGIA GOVERNOR JIMMY CARTER



speeches throughout the state. He captured the Georgia governorship on his second try, in 1970. He won election by appealing to the down-home, antibusiness inclinations of his rural constituents and to the antibusing sentiments that they share with Georgia's urban working-class whites. Only 7% of the state's blacks voted for him in the primary, but 61% supported him in the general election. He set the tone for his governorship in his inaugural speech to Georgians: "I say to you quite frankly that the time for racial discrimination is over."

Courtly Charm. Carter faces an uphill fight for the White House, since he lacks both foreign-policy experience and an active political base (his tenure as Governor ends next month). Although he has cultivated a reformer's image by declining campaign contributions larger than $1,000 and has dutifully stumped for fellow Democrats in 32 states this year as campaign committee chairman, Carter will have hard work to make his name recognized by more voters and to build support for himself in Democratic organizations outside Georgia. "I intend to campaign with the same political techniques I used in the 1970 Governor's race," says Carter, "a minimum of expenditures and a maximum of contact with voters." He plans on 250 days of campaigning next year, during which he will rely on a savvy brand of political toughness underneath his populist, courtly charm. When a Washington reporter asked him last week if, considering the odds against him, he was not really running for Vice President, Carter replied evenly: "I'm not interested in the vice presidency, but I am very interested in the selection process. I intend to be the one making the selection."

Daley: One More Time

It has not been the best of Richard J. Daley's 19 years as mayor of Chicago. In May, Daley, 72, suffered a stroke that required an operation and more than three months' convalescence. Then three Pooh-Bahs of the Daley machine —including Hizzoner's right-hand man, Alderman Thomas Keane—were convicted in federal court of charges ranging from mail fraud to income tax evasion, bringing to a total of ten the number of powerful machine men who have been convicted. In a recent series of articles, the Chicago *Tribune*, in conjunction with the Better Government Association, documented shocking waste in the city government. With mayoralty elections due next spring, all this caused some Daley foes, and even a few admirers, to nurture the thought that Daley at last might be prepared to step down.

But the mayor put an end to such speculation last week when he announced that he would seek an unprecedented sixth four-year term. Though his well-known, raspy voice was subdued and his bulky frame some 25 lbs. lighter after his illness, his aides insist that Daley has regained a large measure of his old vigor, and relishes his job as much as ever. His peacemaking role at the Democrats' Kansas City convention two weeks ago reinforced that image.

To win this time, Daley may have to overcome as many as four opponents in the Democratic primary in February —the first major opposition he has faced from within his own party since his first run for mayor in 1955. The strongest challenge comes from Alderman William Singer, 33, who led the delegation that was seated instead of Daley's at the 1972 Democratic Convention. Singer, brash and scrappy, has charged Daley with wholesale neglect of the city's deteriorating school system, and plans to visit all of the city's 584 public schools personally before the primary.

CHICAGO'S MAYOR DALEY
Pride in a battle-scarred institution.

But Richard Daley, virtues and flaws, is an institution: even Chicago voters who disagree with the man often take a perverse pride in their battle-scarred mayor. So it is widely assumed that Daley will triumph in the primary as well as in the general election in April, where, so far, no substantial Republican opposition has been found for him. Though no scandal has touched Daley personally, questions have been raised in the press about the propriety of his secret ownership with his wife of a real estate holding company that made purchases of vacant lots in a city auction. He has freely acknowledged influencing the placement of millions of dollars worth of city insurance with an agency that employed one of his sons. Neither issue is expected to have much impact on the voters. Daley's prospects seem excellent for remaining the longest-running big-city mayor in the U.S.

WATERGATE

Getting Out What Truth?

Persistently, almost rhythmically, the prosecutor repeated the question. Soon, everyone in the courtroom, including the pained witness, could anticipate it. For some, the impulse to join in the refrain was difficult to resist. In his deceptively soft Tennessee drawl, Chief Prosecutor James Neal would ask: "Now, you wanted to get the truth out, Mr. Ehrlichman?" That has been Defendant John Ehrlichman's claim in the Watergate conspiracy trial. But with searing effect, Neal shredded that defense by repeatedly showing how much Ehrlichman had known about the cover-up and how little he had disclosed to investigators.

It had long seemed obvious that it would have been suicidal for such articulate and once influential men as the five defendants to fail to testify in their own defense. Yet Ehrlichman discovered last week, as had the hapless John Mitchell and H.R. Haldeman before him, that exposure to the prosecution's cross-examination was equally hazardous. Unlike Mitchell, who stubbornly denied his own participation in the cover-up, and Haldeman, who could not seem to recall that there ever was such a conspiracy, Ehrlichman's strategy, in effect, was to contend that he had been "deceived" by former President Nixon into taking part, and had no criminal intent of his own.

Ehrlichman survived his ordeal in slightly better shape than had either Mitchell or Haldeman, mainly because he did not try to evade the implications of Nixon's taped words. He conceded that Nixon had wanted him to prepare a report on Watergate that was "less than the truth," and had asked him to take on other "improper" tasks. As for tapes that also incriminated Ehrlichman, he had ingenuous explanations. When he said "uh hum" or "yeah, yeah" to Nixon on the tapes, for example, he was "fending" Nixon off about cover-up acts, not expressing agreement. Moreover, he claimed that he had held exonerating conversations with Nixon that were not recorded, such as while they "walked to the barbershop."

Very Painful. Ehrlichman's story did not stand up under Neal's grilling, although Ehrlichman may have elicited some sympathy from the jury earlier in an emotional recitation of his final days in the Nixon Administration. On questioning by his lawyer, William Frates, Ehrlichman recalled being summoned to Camp David on the afternoon of April

God's gift is Each New Day

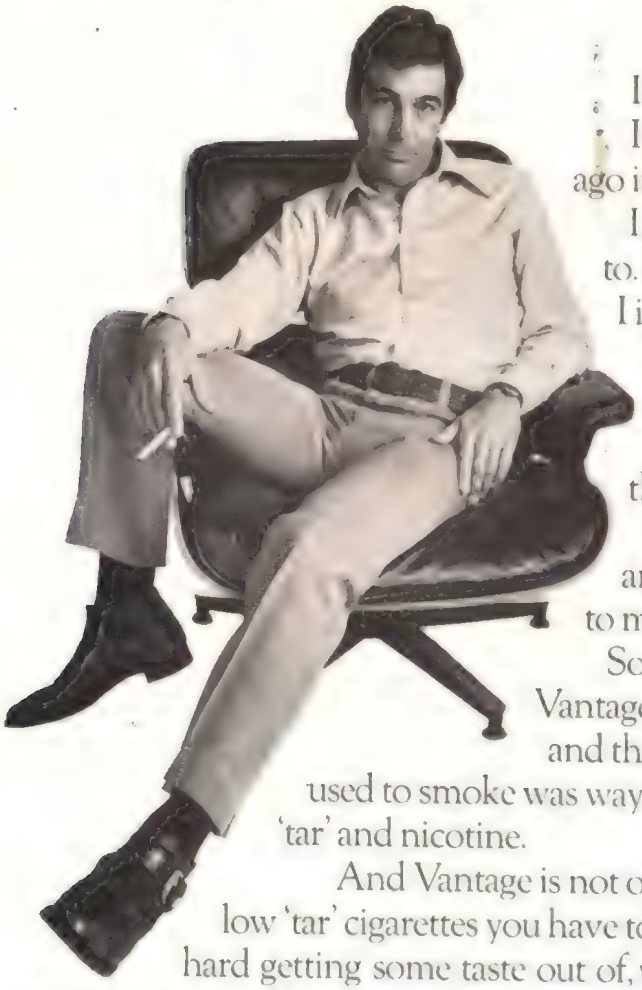
AS THE WISE MEN followed a star in the East to the birth of the Christ Child, so does mankind turn to the dawn of a new day, and see in it the birth of a new opportunity. An opportunity to mend our errors of yesterday, and to seek a new way that people may live in peace, with each having compassion and love for the other. That opportunity is God's daily gift to each of us. It remains that we prove ourselves worthy of it.

For the Christmas Season that honors His birth, we have taught children of the world to value the tinseled gifts that play upon their emotions. Should we not also teach them to fill their hearts with prayers for the gifts that could bring joy to the world, food for the hungry, freedom for the oppressed, and hope for the downtrodden. Is that not the true challenge that God offers in each new dawn he gives to the world?

CONRAD N. HILTON

BARRON HILTON

What I'm doing about smoking.



I'm smoking Vantage.

I took up smoking more than 15 years ago in the Marine Corps.

I started smoking then because I wanted to. I smoke now because I want to. And I intend to keep on smoking as long as I want to.

But that doesn't make me bury my head in the sand and ignore the stuff in the papers about smoking.

My attitude is, OK, if high 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes are a concern to me, I'd better do something about it.

So I did. I started to smoke Vantage. Vantage gives me the flavor of my old brand, and that takes some doing, because what I used to smoke was way up there in 'tar' and nicotine.

And Vantage is not one of those low 'tar' cigarettes you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you end up not wanting to smoke it.

So what it really comes down to for me is smoking Vantage or my old cigarettes, because I enjoy smoking and don't want to give it up.

And if you feel the way I do, you'll enjoy smoking Vantage too.

James Shannon
New York, New York

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine.
Menthol: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

29, 1973. There, on a cabin porch, Nixon told him he must resign. Ehrlichman said Nixon found this chore "very painful" and even "broke down at one point and cried." Nixon offered him money for legal fees and "anything else he could do for me." All Ehrlichman wanted, he testified, was for Nixon some day "to explain to our children" why he had to resign.

At that point, the husky Ehrlichman's voice choked. He began to weep. "Excuse me," he said, sipping water from a cup. "Would you like a little recess?" gently asked Federal Judge John J. Sirica. Ehrlichman tried to continue, but Sirica raised both hands to stop him and ordered a 15-minute break. Confused, Ehrlichman walked toward the judge's exit until directed by Frates to a side door. Ehrlichman's wife Jeanne sat stoically in a second-row seat, her eyes not meeting her husband's. None of their five children were present.

Trigger Mind. Back on the stand the next day, Ehrlichman was composed as Neal fired questions, but his answers were often evasive or damaging. He grudgingly admitted that he had known as early as July 1972 that cash was being dropped for the Watergate burglars in phone booths—although he had testified only the day before that he had only discovered this from Senate Watergate testimony. As the you-wanted-to-get-the-truth-out litany proceeded, Ehrlichman had to admit he had not even told Nixon of his early awareness of the cash payments, had not told the FBI that Burglar G. Gordon Liddy had sought then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst's help on June 17, 1972, in getting Burglar James McCord out of jail, or told FBI agents that he suspected the Nixon re-election committee might have been involved in the bugging.

Sirica interrupted to ask: "Wouldn't this have been a good opportunity to get the facts out—during the FBI interview?" Ehrlichman lamely contended that he assumed the Department of Justice already knew more than he did. Asked Neal sarcastically: "Why didn't you take a chance and tell them anyway?" As Neal pounced on the contradictions in Ehrlichman's testimony, two of the normally impassive jurors smiled, apparently in appreciation of Neal's pinpointed attack. At one point, Sirica cautioned: "Mr. Neal, slow down. Your mind is working like a trigger."

Ehrlichman also denied that he had ever told confessed Conspirator John Dean to "deep-six" a briefcase containing some electronic gear found in Burglar E. Howard Hunt's White House safe. But he could not explain why he did not even tell the Watergate grand jury that this equipment had been found. Instead, according to Neal, Ehrlichman had answered "I don't recall" to 125 questions before the grand jury.

Again came Neal's mocking question: "Now, you wanted to get the truth out, Mr. Ehrlichman?"

AVIATION

A Need to Get "Tough as Hell"

Statistically, a passenger on a scheduled airline flight in the U.S. has a 99.999992% chance of landing safe and sound. Indeed, Lloyd's of London calculates that a person is 24 times more likely to be killed in a car than in an airliner. Nevertheless, 461 people have died in eight U.S. air crashes so far this year, the worst record of fatalities since 1960. All too often the cause has been a simple mechanical fault or, more disturbing yet, an elementary error committed by a flight crew. As a result, questions are being raised with increasing frequency and urgency about the performance of the Government's bureau charged with the primary responsibility of protecting the flying public: the Federal Aviation Administration.

FIREMEN HOSING DOWN DC-9 THAT CRASHED NEAR CHARLOTTE, N.C., IN SEPTEMBER
Horrifying incidents resulting from sloppy flying in recent years.

The man on the spot at the FAA is Administrator Alexander P. Butterfield, 48, a former Air Force colonel and F-111 pilot who joined President Richard Nixon's staff as an aide in 1969. In July 1973, Butterfield gave Watergate an entirely new dimension by disclosing the existence of the presidential tapes to members of Senator Sam Ervin's committee and the world. By that time, Butterfield had been head of the FAA for four months, a job he got as a reward for his efficient service in the White House (he was never brushed by Watergate), and was already struggling with the organizational problems that are partially to blame for the agency's lagging response to the need to exercise closer control over flight safety.

When it was set up in 1958, the FAA was an independent office with the power to act on its own. But in 1967 the agency was incorporated into the newly created Department of Transportation, which is geared more toward the problems of trains and automobiles than of airplanes. Butterfield has had trouble getting approval of a reorganization plan for his sizable operation—55,000 people and a budget of $1.5 billion—and he has even had problems filling key jobs. "I'm still frustrated over the inability to put the people I want where I want them," Butterfield told TIME Correspondent Jerry Hannifin. "We're very institutionalized, and we need clear and fresh thinking. The cliques are fantastic. So much could be done, but you need a free hand. I thought as an agency head you'd have clout. But you don't, and that was surprising to me."

The most serious charge against Butterfield is that the FAA has been slow to respond to the recommendations of the National Transportation Safety Board, an independent agency that has the responsibility in the federal hierarchy of promoting safety in all modes of transportation. The NTSB has also taken over the job of investigating aircraft accidents from the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Taped Voice. By law, the NTSB cannot order the FAA to take action, but it can prod hard. On Oct. 8, NTSB Chairman John H. Reed sent Butterfield an official letter about the "unprofessional conduct" demonstrated by a few U.S. flight crews. To document his concern, Reed cited a number of horrifying incidents resulting from sloppy flying in recent years—a DC-9 striking the wa-

ter and then bouncing safely into the air while nearing Martha's Vineyard; airliners running into trees, cottages and a sea wall while approaching airports; a DC-9 hitting the runway so hard in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., that it broke in two.

On Sept. 27, 1973, in another case mentioned by Reed, the pilot of a Texas International Convair got lost at night over Arkansas when he failed to rely on his instruments. "Man, I wish I knew where we were so we'd have some idea of the general terrain around this place," the copilot complained. Finally, he figured out where they were and said, "The minimum en-route altitude here is 44 hun ..." his taped voice was cut off as the plane crashed into a mountain at 2,000 ft., killing all eleven aboard.

Reed also noted the crash on Sept.

FAA ADMINISTRATOR ALEXANDER BUTTERFIELD
A need for clear, fresh thinking.

11, 1974 at Charlotte, N.C., when a pilot and his crew flew a DC-9 into the ground during a landing approach, killing 69 people. Instead of calling out the decreasing altitude readings as required by FAA regulations, the cockpit-recorded tape revealed a terrifyingly casual conversation during the most dangerous phase of the flight. The pilots discussed racial integration, Nixon's pardon, Japanese cars and the threat of the Arabs buying up everything in sight.

"I'd say that 99% of the pilots are absolutely disciplined and conscientious guys," says one professional safety investigator. "But that 1% have been killing people and themselves." Acutely conscious of their images, pilots often object strongly to any suggestion of pilot error, and they are particularly sensitive to the public release of tapes that starkly reveal cockpit mistakes. Their complaints are heard. The Airline Pilots Association (ALPA) is one of the wealthiest and toughest lobbying unions in the U.S.

Long before Reed wrote his letter, Butterfield had been promising to enforce FAA flight rules for crew members more strictly ("We're going to pull some licenses," he said last summer), and to tighten up pilot training.

Check Pilots. Last April, after a series of four Pan Am accidents overseas, the FAA began an intensive investigation of the airline's pilot proficiency and training. With the full cooperation of the company, FAA pilots are riding in the cockpit on regular runs. In addition, FAA "check pilots" are busy, virtually round the clock, monitoring the performance of the flight crews on other airlines. The FAA is also talking with the companies and ALPA to work out ways of improving pilot training.

Butterfield has yet to act on an NTSB recommendation stemming from the Pan Am crash in Pago Pago on Jan. 31, 1974 that killed 97 people. The board discovered that the pilot had just returned to duty fortnight earlier, after a layoff of nearly 4½ months. Although he had passed the required requalifying test, he had not made an instrument landing for months when he flew his Pan Am 707 into the sea off the island. The NTSB urged the FAA to make more rigorous the tests that a pilot must pass after having been away from flying for a lengthy period of time. Under the current procedure, which is being reviewed by Butterfield, a pilot need only make three landings and takeoffs to be requalified to fly a particular aircraft.

Airline companies and airplane manufacturers are as concerned about safety as anyone, not only for humanitarian reasons, but for simple business ones. On the other hand, they are at times understandably reluctant to adopt expensive changes in procedure and equipment until their utility has been demonstrated and their performance thoroughly tested. That sometimes leaves a gray area where honest and well-meaning experts may differ, and the FAA has been accused of a tendency to differ too much or too long on the side of the airlines and manufacturers to the detriment of safety. "I don't think we've done this purposely," Butterfield says frankly, "but we have favored management. We've given too much. We've got to be reasonable, but not to the point of not living up to our important obligations to the public."

In rebuttal, an airline industry spokesman replies: "We don't have the FAA in the palm of our hands, not by a long shot. From where we sit, the FAA hasn't listened too well to what we say. No matter what people might imagine about an FAA-industry relationship, they must realize that we would be insane to compromise safety to save money."

One example of lagging action by the FAA was its failure to insist that McDonnell Douglas improve at once the fastening of the outside door on the cargo compartment of the jumbo DC-10 after one had blown out in flight. Instead, the FAA reached a "gentleman's agreement" with the company allowing it to modify the door on its own, instead of under FAA supervision, and on its own schedule. Somehow a DC-10 slipped through the process unmodified and was bought by the Turkish Air Lines. On March 3, 1974, a door blew off as the unmodified aircraft approached Paris, causing a severe decompression that forced the plane out of control. The crash killed 346 people, the largest single plane toll in aviation history. Only then did the FAA issue an order requiring the flight crew of every DC-10 to inspect the luggage door before taking off.

Pull Up. The crash of a TWA Boeing 727 outside Washington, D.C., on Dec. 1, killing 92, again put the FAA in a bad light. The plane might have been saved if it had carried a ground proximity warning system, which the NTSB and the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce had long been urging the FAA to make mandatory on all U.S. airliners. But the FAA had gone along with the airline industry, which had resisted the innovation for years on the grounds that it was both unnecessary and expensive.

Last week Butterfield announced plans to order all airlines to have in use by Dec. 1, 1975 a ground warning system that was already being bought by Pan Am. The $10,000 device, made by the Sunstrand Corp., tells a pilot that he is getting dangerously close to land by flashing a red light, sounding a whooping alarm and playing a recording that cries: "Pull up! Pull up!"

In addition, Butterfield last week took steps to require the airlines to adopt in 1975 a device that sounds an audible warning when the leading-edge flaps on a Boeing 747 do not deploy fully—the apparent cause of a Lufthansa accident in Nairobi, Kenya, on Nov. 21 that killed 59 people. Again, Butterfield is open to criticism for not having acted sooner. There had been enough cases of flaps not extending on 747s well before Nairobi to cause British Airways to install such a warning device in 1972, even though none of the failures had at that point caused a crash.

A conscientious and energetic man, Butterfield is respected by his peers on the NTSB and by the pilots themselves for his attempts to crank some new life into the sluggish and unwieldly bureaucracy he inherited. "If we can get tough, tough as hell," he says, "and not favor any segment of the aviation community, we are going to gain the respect we deserve." On that point, Butterfield clearly has the firm support of a constituency of nearly half a million Americans —the number that fasten their seat belts daily in U.S. airliners.

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First, we took average used car values of one- and two-year-old Chevrolet models as of last December (that would be '73 and '72 models).

Next, we took average used car values of one- and two-year-old Chevrolet models today ('74 and '73 models, comparably equipped).

These averages are based on all three geographic zones as published in the December 2, 1974, *Automotive Market Report*.

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CAPRICE ESTATE WAGON 2-Seat, Air Conditioning, Automatic Transmission, Power Steering and Brakes	+$491	+$227
IMPALA CUSTOM COUPE Air Conditioning, Automatic Transmission, Power Steering and Brakes	+$526	+$319
MONTE CARLO COUPE Air Conditioning, Automatic Transmission, Power Steering and Brakes	+$250	+$210
CAMARO SPORT COUPE V8 Automatic Transmission, Power Steering	+$491	+$368

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And here's how we arrived at the maintenance savings figure.

While parts and labor costs will vary throughout the country, we've used current list prices for parts and a figure of $11 an hour for labor, and found that a '75 Chevrolet V8 could save you as much as $348 in parts, lubricants and labor (if you follow the Owner's Manual for recommended service). That's comparing our '74 model using leaded fuel and our '75 model using unleaded fuel, over a 50,000-mile period, or about four years' average use.

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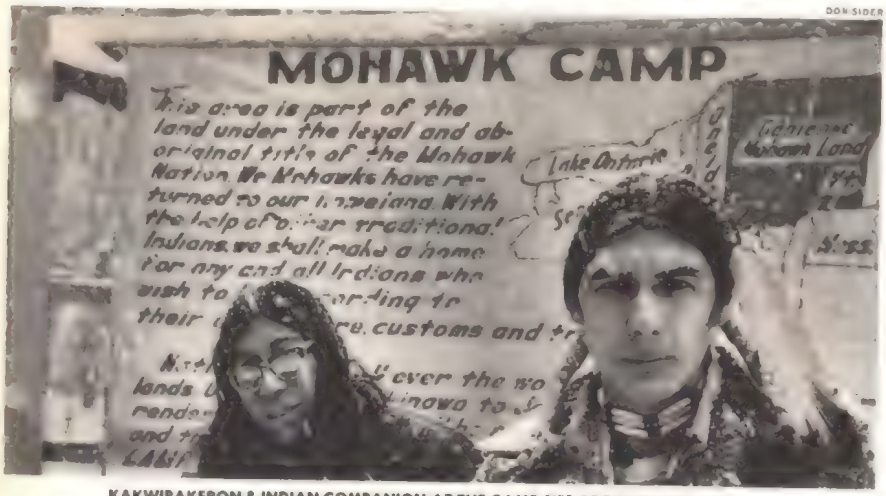
CHEVROLET MAKES SENSE FOR AMERICA

Chevrolet

Trouble in the Land of the Flint

Residents of the wooded resort country round Big Moose, N.Y. (population about 150), awoke one morning last May to find they had some new neighbors. In the predawn hours, a band of Indians had taken over a 612-acre former girls' camp, now a forest preserve in New York's Adirondack State Park. They claimed the camp land and, thinking big, some 9 million additional acres in New York and Vermont, as Ganienkeh*—the Land of the Flint, an independent Indian nation. Since then, to the frustration of state authorities and the growing anxiety of Big Moose's white settlers, the Indians have refused to budge. The squat-in is fast approaching a legal crunch, and* TIME *Correspondent Don Sider recently visited the Indian camp. His report:*



KAKWIRAKERON & INDIAN COMPANION AT THE CAMP SITE OF THE SIX NATIONS
Warriors who are lawyers demanding a return of ancestral lands.

The land is much as it must have been in colonial times, when the Six Nations Iroquois Confederacy held most of northeastern New York and portions of Vermont, Ontario and Quebec. The trees still whisper in the chill wind, and the delicate tracks of deer fleck the snow. Yet the primeval peace is regularly broken now by the roar of a silver Porsche gunning out of the camp gate onto Big Moose Road, heading for the Food Town market or the Laundromat two miles away. These are 20th century Indians, fired by the militancy that prompted the occupations of Alcatraz in 1969 and Wounded Knee in 1973. They ride in cars toward their encounters with the white man. Their warriors are lawyers, who fight with manifestoes and 200-year-old treaties. But their aim is to return to the old ways. To do that, they demand their ancestral lands.

For a while, New York State did nothing about the invaders, hoping that the problem—and the Indians—would simply go away. Only in September did the state go into federal court seeking to evict the Indians, basing its case on the fact that the Mohawks had been pro-British belligerents during the Revolutionary War and had later signed away their lands. The Indians reject that claim. "The Mohawk land was lost by fraud, and its possession by New York State and the State of Vermont constitute[s] illegal usurpation," charges the *Ganienkeh Manifesto.*

Through the summer, the white community waited with waning confidence for state or federal officials to act. Meanwhile, the Indians planted corn, beans, potatoes and tomatoes and moved in a dozen head of cattle, as well as rabbits, pigs, chickens, ducks and geese. They felled trees to block the snowmobile trails that cross the camp and erected a tall tepee near the old camp gate. They barred all non-Indian visitors, courteously but firmly escorting out occasional vacationers who strayed onto the site. Their numbers were, and are, a mystery. By some estimates, they are as few as 30; by others, 90 or more, including women and children.

On Oct. 28, the friction turned ugly. Twice that early evening, Steven Drake, 22, and his brother drove by. On the first pass, they war-whooped and were answered, they said, by gunfire. On the second pass, Steven was hit in the left shoulder. Three hours later, Tourists Roger and Jean Madigan and their two children drove by. Daughter Aprile, 9, was hit by a ricocheting bullet. Both Drake and the girl were placed under medical care, and a bullet fragment remains lodged below Aprile's heart. Police counted five bullet holes and two shotgun hits on the Drake car and eight bullet holes and one possible shotgun hit on the Madigan car. The Indians claim that they shot in self-defense, saying that they had taken fire from both cars. The Drakes and the Madigans deny that they even had had weapons with them.

Police efforts to investigate the shootings have been stymied. The Indians contend that the matter must be handled by direct talks between the leaders of the Six Nations and the U.S. Government, that local authorities have no jurisdiction. They say that the treaty of 1794 between the U.S. and the Six Nations provides for such federal involvement. District Attorney Henry D. Blumberg retorts: "I don't think anybody can shoot anyone in Herkimer County with impunity." He obtained a search warrant authorizing state police to enter the camp and confiscate all shotguns and rifles in order to perform ballistics tests on them. But when he discovered that the state planned to use 300 troopers to carry out the warrant, Blumberg, fearing a full-scale outbreak of violence, retrieved the warrant and quietly allowed it to expire last week.

Both sides have written to President Ford. The White House reply cited federal acts of 1948 and 1950 assigning jurisdiction for all civil and criminal matters involving Indians on reservations to the state courts. That has failed to move the Indians, who point out that the camp is not a reservation and more dubiously argue that it is their sovereign territory. The Federal Government has thus far continued to decline to intervene. However, as Norman E. Ross Jr., assistant director of the Domestic Council, explained U.S. policy, "that doesn't say the treaty [of 1794] is null and void. The laws [of 1948 and 1950] don't supersede it, they augment it. Federal action is not precluded."

Great Law. The Indians say that their dream is to withdraw from the white man's civilization, to learn again to exist without cars and automatic washers, to live in harmony with the land as their forefathers did. "We're talking about public land," says Kakwirakeron, an Indian spokesman. "We have no intention of taking private land. We can't evict these [white] people. Our Great Law says we can't. We are a religious people, a law-abiding people."

The Indians intend to go into federal court this week to reply to the New York eviction suit and are expected to file a motion to dismiss, arguing that the issue should be decided in "an international forum or by diplomatic negotiations between the U.S. and the Six Nations." The office of New York Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz would then file an answer, and a hearing date would be set. "We will resist anyone who tries to remove us from our lands again," vows Kakwirakeron. "They will be met by whatever force is necessary. We will be here when they leave." There, as the snows begin to deepen, the impasse for the moment uneasily rests.

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THE OUTLOOK

A Deeper Slump Before the Upturn

As the U.S. economy continued its harrowing slide last week, President Ford went before the Business Council to explain his attitude toward the deepening recession. It was a curiously downplayed effort; the White House did not request television time, and perhaps that was just as well. According to some advisers who helped draft the speech, it was supposed to indicate a willingness to revise policy to deal with plunging production and mounting joblessness, but it came across to some listeners as indicating the exact opposite. Ford did promise some unspecified new proposals in January. But he also remarked that anyone who wanted him to make a "180-degree turn" from inflation fighting to pump priming "will be disappointed." He added: "In so far as I can prevent it, the fundamental rules of the economic game are not going to be changed every other month or every other year." He stoutly maintained that "our country is not in an economic crisis."

Tax Cut. That analysis was widely disputed. Voicing the fears of many of the nation's businessmen, Ford Motor Chairman Henry Ford II called for a "decisive change in Government policy" to avoid "potential disaster"; he asked for a 10% across-the-board cut in federal income taxes. A do-something-quick mood also was evident among the members of TIME's Board of Economists as they gathered to trace the likely course of the economy for the year ahead. Tax Expert Joseph Pechman described the situation as "desperate," and Arthur Okun, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, worried that the economy "is in a tailspin." Liberals Robert Triffin and Robert Nathan showed their concern by wearing BATH (for "Back Again to Hoover") buttons.

For 1975 the economists foresaw a slump that in some respects will be the worst since the '40s. Their key predictions:

▸ Total output of goods and services, discounted for inflation, will drop again for the full year, as it did in 1974. That will mark the first time since 1946-47 that the U.S. has suffered two successive full years of declining production.

▸ Unemployment will rise from the present 6.5% of the labor force to a peak of somewhere between 7% and 8%, and will average more than 7% for the whole year—the highest full-year average since 1941.

▸ Corporate profits, which rose about 16% this year, will fall by 15% to 20% in 1975.

▸ Inflation will at last lessen—with good luck and a bounteous autumn harvest—to an annual rate of between 6% and 7% by year's end.

▸ An upturn will begin in late summer, but it is very likely to be slow and halting.

To speed the recovery when it comes and meanwhile soften the bite of the recession, board members agreed, the Government must take immediate action to stimulate the economy; in their view, speed is quite as important as the specific steps taken. To a man, the economists believe that the Administration should discard as obsolete its anti-inflationary proposals to cut planned federal spending this fiscal year by $4.6 billion and to place a 5% tax surcharge on upper-level incomes. The White House itself seems to regard those plans as dead, even though the surcharge was proposed only in October and the spending cuts last month; the President did not mention either in his speech last week.

Instead, board members believe, the Federal Reserve should immediately make more credit available to consumers and businessmen, and Congress should expand programs to hire the unemployed for public service jobs. Nearly all board members also favor some quick tax cuts, at least for business. The majority would also slash individual income taxes by $15 billion or so—a slightly deeper cut than Henry Ford suggested.

Biggest Worry. Whatever the White House rhetoric at the moment, there is a good chance that the Ford Administration will in fact move in this direction. But even if quick stimulative action is taken by the Government, the recession is almost sure to roll on well into next summer or fall, making it by far the longest slump since World War II. It began in November 1973 and has been continuing all through 1974, with a particularly

dramatic speedup since early fall.

Indeed, dour as the forecasts for 1975 are, they at least assume that the year will end less discouragingly than 1974, since inflation is expected to be lessening and an upturn of some sort will be in progress. No such upbeat ending marked 1974; quite the opposite. It will be remembered in economic history as the year in which almost everything went wrong and the nation wound up suffering a devastating combination of runaway inflation and punishing slump.

For most of the year, inflation was the worry of worries, and with good reason. Price increases were once expected to average only about 7% for all 1974, as measured by the most comprehensive price index, the G.N.P. deflator. Instead, they are likely to average a full 11%, the worst price performance since 1947. Philadelphia's Wharton Econometric Forecasting Associates, a respected economic-study group, puts the annual rate of inflation for the current quarter at a blistering 13.5%, the worst of the year.

Some letup in the pace of production seemed inevitable after two years of boom, and key indicators of economic activity were already peaking out as the year began. As early as February, a majority of TIME's Board of Economists were calling the slide a recession —though Administration economists could not bring themselves to use that word until last month. But the slide was gentle, and unemployment showed little change through early summer, largely because executives who expected an upturn kept on their payrolls workers they did not really need. When the new auto models bombed in the showrooms and retail sales of all kinds of products lagged, a fierce, sudden wave of layoffs hit the economy in the fall. From 5% as recently as April, the jobless rate in November shot up to 6.5% of the labor force, a 13-year high.

PRICE PROTEST IN MICHIGAN

Wage Hikes. Though the inflation and unemployment statistics were by far the most important bad news of 1974, they only begin the catalogue of the year's bitter economic disappointments. Interest rates were dropping as 1974 began, but they turned around and scooted to undreamed-of heights. The prime rate on bank loans to business hit 12% in July and has receded to only 10% now; some of the nation's biggest and most creditworthy corporations had to pay 9% or 10% annual interest to sell long-term bonds.

Two years of labor tranquillity gave way to a wave of strikes. Many union members were infuriated to find that their pay increases failed to keep pace with price rises and demanded and got fat boosts that employers cannot offset by productivity gains. The biggest: a 64% rise in wages and benefits won by the United Mine Workers after a 24-day strike that chopped an estimated $5 billion off the nation's output of goods and services in the fourth quarter. The nation's trade balance swung from a surplus of more than $1 billion for 1973 to a deficit of about $3.5 billion in 1974, largely because the U.S. will pay at least $18 billion more for imported oil this year than it did in 1973.

The explanation of why the year turned out so sour is rooted in a long series of unforeseen events and policy mis judgments. The success of the oil pro ducers' cartel in jacking up petroleum prices and a combination of crop-kill ing rains and droughts in the Midwes added heavily to U.S. inflation. Fearin that the Arab oil embargo would depres business badly, the Federal Reserv Board early in the year pumped mone into the economy at a rapid pace. Then frightened by price increases and wha Chairman Arthur Burns called an "ex plosion" in business demand for loans the board about-faced and permitted a most no expansion of the nation's mone supply through the summer. The con striction of credit especially hurt hom building, which is now limping along a an annual rate of little more than 1 mi lion housing starts, down 33% from earl 1973.

The Nixon and Ford Administra tions, struggling to contain feverish in flation by holding down demand, kep federal spending flat in real terms a year, removing that potential stimulu from the economy. Watergate, Presiden Nixon's resignation, doubts about Pre ident Ford's ability to manage the eco omy and above all the frightening pac of inflation shattered consumers' con fidence; as the year wore on, consum ers showed an increasing tendency put off any major purchases that the possibly could. The University of Mic igan's survey of consumer sentimen released last week, showed consum confidence at an index figure of 58 (1966 equals 100). That is down 13 points from May and is by far the low est figure in the 24 years that the su vey has been conducted.

Out of all this economic wreckag

COAL MINERS IN WEST VIRGINIA PREPARING TO VOTE ON THEIR NEW CONTRACT
Two years of labor tranquillity gave way to a big wave of strikes.

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one sign of hope is now beginning to emerge: falling production and buyer resistance are at last bringing some prices down, though overall price indexes do not show the impact yet. Prices of such industrial materials as copper and rubber are already headed down. The Wholesale Price Index in November rose 1.2%. That was an intolerable pace but still less than half the October jump.

In unusual pre-Christmas sales held to tempt wary shoppers, a growing number of department stores round the country are slashing their prices by as much as 50% on everything from shirts to appliances. Domestic airlines persuaded the Civil Aeronautics Board to approve a series of fare increases totaling 20% over the past twelve months, but traffic has fallen off so sharply that United Air Lines and TWA are now proposing promotional fare schemes that would cut the cost of coach flights within the U.S. as much as 25% for many travelers. Even the price of sugar is finally beginning to drop, after a 400% increase since last January that led to consumer boycotts and a rash of federal investigations. Amstar, the nation's largest sugar refiner, and SuCrest cut the wholesale price of a 5-lb. bag of sugar by about 20¢ last week, the second reduction in two weeks.

Precisely because there are now signs that inflation is abating, the members of TIME's Board of Economists agree unanimously that the Administration and Federal Reserve can—and must—focus more attention on combatting the deepening recession. But they recognize that there is still a danger of reigniting inflation when recovery be-

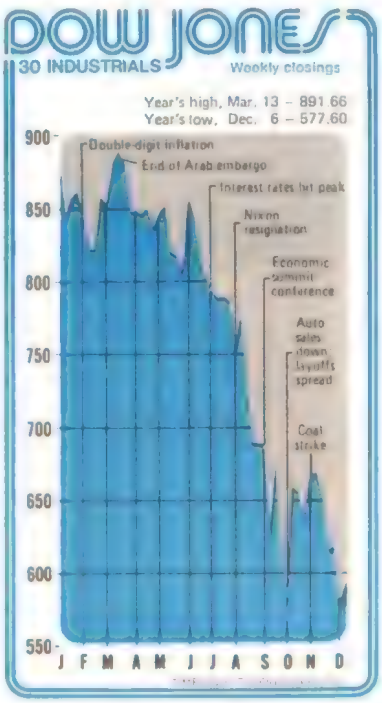
Some Hope for Battered Stocks

Rarely has fear scored so total a victory over greed in the minds of investors as in the stock market of 1974. As traders worried about virulent inflation and mounting evidence of recession, many common stocks dropped to prices not seen since the 1950s. Rallies were brief and whimsical, reflecting sporadic technical adjustments rather than any lasting return of investor confidence. The Dow Jones industrial average sank to two twelve-year lows in two months, most recently on Dec. 6 when it dropped to 578. It closed last week at 593, up 15 points for the week but still 31% below the start of the year and fully 459 points below its alltime high of 1,052 in January 1973.

■

Partly because the past year was so bad, the outlook for 1975 is somewhat brighter. If nothing else, analysts say, stock prices have discounted just about all the bad news that can be realistically expected and are due for an upturn, perhaps by spring, that could gradually push the Dow to around 800 by year's end (no higher than it was in early 1964). Their major reason: as the worsening recession bites into corporate profits and the rate of inflation, investors will sense that the economy is about to bottom out and will begin buying in advance of any real upturn. Stock traders usually do behave that way: share prices so often drop before a recession begins and then turn back up before a recovery starts that they are classed as a leading indicator of the economy. One factor, however, will serve to limit any rally: institutional investors, such as banks, pension funds and insurance companies, have become nearly as disillusioned with common stocks as individual investors. They may ride any rally to the point at which they recover recent stock losses, then sell some of their holdings in order to buy bonds and real estate. Their selling will tend to temper rallies, but any prediction is iffy at best, and heavily dependent on moves by the Administration and Congress to restore health to the ailing economy.

Even before the year began, stocks had taken one of their worst skids in history. Pressured by the Arab oil embargo, swelling uneasiness over Watergate and the worsening specter of inflation, the Dow lost some 180 points in 60 days toward the end of 1973. The widely followed indicator rose to its 1974 high of 892 in March, then began a perilous sawtoothed decline that seemed almost irreversible *(see chart)*.



The rally that everyone hoped would follow the Nixon resignation never came. High interest rates, long blamed for driving investors out of stocks and into such interest-bearing securities as bonds and Treasury bills, began easing in early fall, but stocks still went down. The week after the Ford Administration staged its televised economic summitry in September, investors showed their skepticism by pushing the Dow below 600 for the first time since 1962.

The carnage left hardly any stock group unscathed, despite record corporate profits for most of the year. High-flying glamour issues withered. As of last week, Xerox was selling at 55, compared with its high of 170 in 1973. International Business Machines, a Wall Street darling for a generation, sold at 172, down from 340; Eastman Kodak was at 62 *v.* 152; McDonald's at 33 *v.* 77. Price-earnings ratios—a measure of investor confidence in companies' future performance—melted to strikingly low levels after having been absurdly high. Polaroid's p/e plunged from 90 in 1973 to 16 last week as problems with its SX-70 camera depressed earnings and drove the company's stock down to 20 from a high last year of 144.

As values plummeted, pension funds managed by banks took a fearsome beating, reducing worth of the "private social security" system built up for millions of U.S. workers. Morgan Guaranty Trust, the nation's largest private money manager, saw a 50% drop-off in three commingled pension funds. Among 86 banks and insurance companies managing $4.1 billion in pension assets, value was off nearly 32%.

■

Pounded by declining trading volume and waning investor interest, New York Stock Exchange member firms sustained combined pretax losses of $91.8 million through September. Since January, 33 Big Board firms have gone out of business and nine have merged. The result: an estimated 2,000 fully employed registered representatives have quit Wall Street this year alone, and legions more are looking to leave the demoralized industry.

Even a price rally will not help many small and medium-sized brokerages to recover. On May 1, by order of the Securities and Exchange Commission, all vestiges of Wall Street's once lucrative fixed-commission system are scheduled to be abolished. Stock buyers and sellers will be able to negotiate commissions on all trades with their brokers. While big brokerage firms will be able to compete, many smaller brokers may fall by the wayside. The projected toll: 150 firms by the end of 1976.

gins and are deeply divided on how far it is safe to go. While all believe that the Federal Reserve should increase the money supply more quickly, for example, Monetarist Beryl Sprinkel favors an expansion at an annual rate of about 6%, *v.* between 3% and 5% recently. Otto Eckstein would have the Federal Reserve pour out money at an 8% to 10% rate.

Similarly, board members disagree on the form and extent of tax cuts that would be desirable. Murray L. Weidenbaum, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, would cut taxes only for business. He proposes increasing the investment tax credit that businesses can take on purchases of machinery to 10% from the present 7%; that, he calculates, would give corporations about $3 billion more to spend for modernization and expansion. Most of the other board members would also cut individual income taxes: Pechman proposes doing this by raising the personal exemption from its present $750 to $900. Okun suggests trying to work out tax measures that would help bring down prices as well as stimulate the economy. For example, he proposes that Washington prompt states to cut sales taxes by offering to make up from the Federal Treasury the money that they lose.

Whatever is done, the economists agree, must be done quickly. There are two reasons. One is that any action will require some time to take effect, so that delay now will make eventual recovery from the recession later and weaker than it could be. Equally important, says Weidenbaum, is the fact that if action is postponed now, an impatient Congress will eventually be likely to do "too much too late." For example, it might order a vast increase in federal spending for public works—a standard politicians' remedy for recession, but one that no member of the TIME board favors. Such spending would have little effect on the 1975 economy but could overstimulate business and rekindle inflation in 1976 and later years.

Longer Benefits. Prospects for quick action, however, are clouded by tension between the Republican White House and the overwhelmingly Democratic Congress. One relatively uncontroversial approach is to increase Government help to the unemployed. Last week the House passed and the Senate seemed ready to approve bills that would offer unemployment compensation to 3 million more workers and extend benefits for at least 13 additional weeks. Both houses of Congress voted in favor of measures that would provide $2 billion (House version) or $4 billion (Senate version) to states and cities so that they could hire the unemployed for public service jobs such as library aides, hospital assistants and sanitation workers. The bills are more generous than Ford's October proposals, but the President last week hinted that he may be willing to compromise.

Pushing Controls. Support for a moderate tax cut is growing in the Administration too. Treasury Secretary William Simon and Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Alan Greenspan have publicly indicated that tax cuts might be appropriate if the economy dips farther. Ford in January may propose a reduction balanced about equally between businesses and individuals.

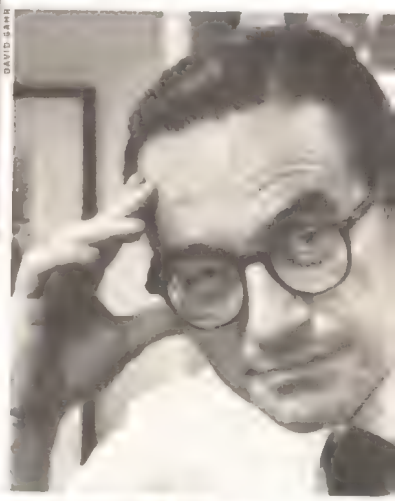
A moderate cut in that form is unlikely to satisfy the Democrats. They are already committed to push for a comprehensive tax package of reductions aimed at offering relief to lower- and middle-income families and repeal of corporate tax privileges and various tax shelters that they believe serve no social purpose. Most members of TIME's Board of Economists fear that combining tax reduction with tax reform would touch off a long, hot debate that would slow enactment of a quickly needed law.

AP

INTERIOR SECRETARY MORTON

DNS

TREASURY SECRETARY SIMON



DAVID SAHR

ECONOMIC ADVISER GREENSPAN
A willingness to revise?

Another potential source of controversy is the Democratic leadership's call for Government controls on wages, prices, executive compensation, profits and rents. The White House is strongly opposed, and several members of TIME's Board of Economists also doubt the value of comprehensive controls now. If controls had any effect, says IBM Vice President David Grove, "it would be to cause delays in business investment decisions. I think it would be a con game."

Whatever policy is adopted, it will not change the course of the economy much in the first six months or so of 1975. The pattern for early next year, says Eckstein, is "set in concrete" by trends already well under way. The latter part of the year, of course, will be decisively affected by policy actions made now. Still, assuming some easing of policy soon, the shape of next year's economy seems fairly clear—if dismal—to the Board of Economists. Their forecast in detail:

PRODUCTION: Real gross national product—output of goods and services measured in dollars of constant purchasing power—will fall for the full year by anywhere from .6% to 2%. That is a drop about in line with the 2% now expected for 1974, or a little less severe. The downturn is likely to continue at least through the first half, with a recovery beginning perhaps in September or October. Its strength will depend partly on Government policy, partly on other factors. If the Federal Reserve does put out more money, the credit-

parched homebuilding industry should eventually revive, which will help producers of appliances, carpets and furniture; a quick tax cut would give the recovery more speed. And if inflation rates do turn down, as the economists expect, increased wages by midyear should be pushing incomes up faster than prices for the first time in more than a year. Okun warns, however, that the chances of this scenario's turning out to be too optimistic are greater than its chances of being too pessimistic. "I manage to squeeze out an upturn in the fourth quarter," he says, "but I wouldn't put much probability on it."

BILL PIERCE

FEDERAL RESERVE CHAIRMAN ARTHUR BURNS

UNEMPLOYMENT: The November jobless rate of 6.5% does not reflect the full impact of the coal strike nor the most recent, and continuing, wave of layoffs in auto, appliance and other industries. There is a likelihood that the jobless rate will hit 7% even before the end of 1974, and that it will continue climbing to a peak that members of the Board of Economists estimate at anywhere from 7½% to 8% or even 8¼% (the postwar high was 7.9% during the 1948-49 recession). Moreover, that peak will be reached late in 1975; just as employers are reluctant to lay off workers in the early stages of a recession, they are wary of making recalls once production turns back up, and the unemployment-rate high always comes later than the production low. Joblessness, therefore, will still be close to its peak by year's end and will stay high into early 1976. The Wharton Econometric Forecasting Association, indeed, predicts that the unemployment rate will average 7% for all of 1976 as well as 1975, which indicates that its experts foresee an even weaker recovery than do members of TIME's board.

PRICES: The annual rate of inflation will finally drop out of the double-digit range in the first half of next year, then continue drifting downward to 7% or 6% by year's end. This assumes that crops are good and that producers of copper, bauxite, sugar, coffee and other raw materials do not emulate the oil exporters in successfully forming and maintaining price-raising cartels. By all normal standards, though, 1975 will still be an inflationary year; prices for the full year are likely to average 9% or so above those for all of 1974. Reason: they rose so much this year that even if they could be stopped dead in their tracks now, for a long period they would still be much higher than they were twelve months earlier. The recession will hold down increases in many prices but will have little effect on a group of what Eckstein calls "lagging" prices: medical insurance premiums, rates for electric utility and telephone service and the like. These are still being raised to catch up with past inflation. One caution: price forecasts in the past few years have been more subject to error than any other predictions by economists.

LABOR: Fortunately for the inflation outlook, the bargaining calendar for next year is relatively light; none of the big pacesetting unions, such as the United Steelworkers and United Auto Workers, will be negotiating contracts. Nonetheless, most members of TIME's Board of Economists predict a rough negotiating year that could result in wage increases big enough to upset the predictions of lessening inflation. Railroad workers are aiming for a three-year increase of 45% to 50% in wages alone. Other unions heading for the bargaining table in 1975 —construction workers, airline mechanics, postal employees—are expected to press for settlements of at least 10% in the first year. Nathan believes that some unions will try to reopen contracts before they expire, in order to seek additional wage increases that workers feel are needed so that they can catch up with past price rises. One argument for a quick tax cut is that putting more take-home pay in workers' envelopes just might induce them to settle for more moderate wage boosts.

TRADE: The recession will hold down demand for imports, and if exports rise even slightly the U.S. could wind up with a tiny trade surplus for 1975. But it will be difficult to achieve any large gains, because most of the rest of the industrialized world is struggling with economic problems that will dull its appetite for American goods. Japan, for example, is cracking down hard on demand in an effort to cool a raging 26% inflation rate. In Europe, Britain and especially Italy are gripped by paralyzing rates of inflation while production is stagnating. Even West Germany, the economic Atlas of Europe, is suffering a sharp increase in unemployment. All this presages a decline in world trade that will aggravate business slumps everywhere.

ENERGY: Almost certainly, the Government will clamp some sort of mandatory energy-conservation program on the economy next year. Government energy experts gathered at Camp David over the weekend to prepare policy papers that Interior Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton, Ford's top energy policymaker, will review in preparation for a presidential message in January. The Administration is committed to reducing oil imports by 1 million bbl. per day by 1976, from the current level of 6.1 million bbl. per day, and most members of the Board of Economists agree that this must be done in order to break the power to charge exorbitant prices that is now held by the oil producers' cartel. They recognize, however, that the reduction will slow business activity a bit more and worsen the bite of the recession. Says Okun: "There is no way to get it [a reduction in oil imports] for free."

Government officials are still divided on the best way to achieve a slash in oil imports, and their arguments are mirrored by Board of Economists members. Okun suggests imposing a flat quota on oil imports and requiring foreign sellers to submit sealed bids to American buyers, in the hope that some member of the cartel will eventually be tempted to bid at a lower price in order to get more U.S. business.

If that scheme failed to reduce imports sufficiently, he would favor rationing rather than a higher gasoline tax, which Administration aides have repeatedly proposed and President Ford has repeatedly rejected. Sprinkel, on the other hand, advocates scrapping all controls on domestic prices for oil and natural gas and letting prices rise as high as is necessary to dampen demand.

In sum, next year will be one of economic pain for almost everyone: workers, who will have to fear for their jobs; businessmen, whose profits will be down; consumers, who will have to reduce their use of energy. Not least, the policymakers will have to shape programs to get the nation out of trouble, in the knowledge that they could all too easily make errors that would result in an even longer and deeper recession, a reignition of inflation or possibly both. In a way, the situation resembles an especially bitter good news–bad news joke. The good news is that, despite everything, inflation is expected to lessen and the slump is likely to end before it flowers into a genuine depression. The bad news is that those are the only two bits of good news.

OIL

A Single High Price

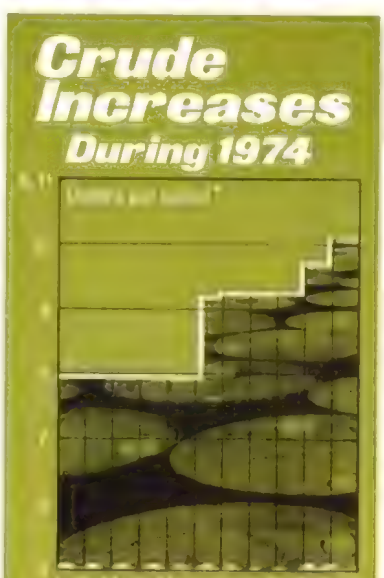
Since the oil-price spiral began 14 months ago, crude prices in the main producing countries have seemed a convoluted mess to Western eyes. At least three different figures could be cited as the price for a barrel of crude. Last week members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, meeting in Vienna, voted (despite two bomb scares that emptied the hall) to do away with this arcane setup and start on Jan. 1 a new one-price system. For most of OPEC's members, the move means yet another increase in their skyrocketing oil revenues, but this time with a sweetener for customers in the U.S., Europe and Japan: the price will supposedly not be raised again for nine months.

The foundation of the new plan is a Saudi Arabian government take of $10.12 on the average barrel of Arabian light crude shipped out of the port of Ras Tanura; market prices and government revenues on other grades from other countries will be keyed to that figure. Buyers of oil from Saudi Arabia, Qatar and the United Arab Emirates will pay no more than now; those countries, in effect, went up to the new prices in November. But buyers of crude from the other ten OPEC nations, including Iran, Kuwait and Venezuela, will pay to the governments of those nations about 38¢ per bbl. more, an increase of roughly 4%. The new price will remain in effect until next Sept. 30—meaning, the producers say, that as inflation continues in consuming countries, the price of oil relative to other prices will actually come down.

Old System. The new system replaces one that has seriously misled Western consumers about oil prices. Since producing countries now usually own part of the Western oil companies that operate within their borders and thus part of the oil produced, there have theoretically been three prices for crude. They are 1) a "posted" price, which has grabbed headlines but is a hypothetical figure that nobody actually pays, 2) an "equity" price, computed on the basis of the posted price and composed of the taxes and royalties that companies pay in order to ship out their share of oil, and 3) a "buy-back" price, representing a higher percentage of the posted price, which oil companies pay in order to buy from the government the share of production that the government owns.

Oil-owning governments rightly claim that this system has disguised the profits that Western companies make on their operations. It is also certain that the system has disguised just how great have been the price increases forced by the OPEC governments. During 1973, they quadrupled the posted price of oil, and they have not changed it since the start of 1974. But this year they have sharply raised equity and buy-back prices. The Saudi government's take of $10.12 on Arabian light shipped out of Ras Tanura, for instance, has risen about 27% this year, though posted prices have been unchanged *(see chart)*; since October 1973, the take has multiplied not four, but five times.

The new single-price system reflects the belief that oil-country governments will soon take over lock, stock and barrel the wells on their territories. Principal reason for that feeling: Saudi Arabian and American owners of Aramco, the consortium that pumps out Saudi oil, recently agreed in principle on a 100% Saudi buy-out (the Saudis now own 60%). Negotiations in London on the details of the deal recessed last week, but



it seems likely that in the end the Saudi government will have paid some $2 billion for Aramco. The chief questions still to be negotiated are how much the Saudi government will pay Aramco's American owners (Exxon, Mobil, Standard Oil of California and Texaco) to manage and operate the wells and pipelines, and how much of the crude that is produced the Saudis will guarantee to sell to the American companies.

Once the Saudi takeover is complete, Qatar, Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates are also expected to move to buy out 100% of Western oil operations. The governments of the producing countries will then become the sole marketers of all the oil pumped out of their lands, making imperative a conference between governments of oil-burning nations and those of oil-pumping nations. U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has proposed a meeting of industrialized and oil-producing nations; French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing wants include underdeveloped countries th also depend on oil. The producers no appear to favor the Giscard d'Estai proposal. In preparation for such a gat ering, the OPEC delegates in Vienna la week voted to meet next month in A giers to set up a Summit which will co sider proposals. They are likely to i clude the idea of tying the price of c come next fall, to the rate of inflation consuming countries: the higher We ern prices for non-oil goods would g the higher still the price of oil wou shoot. Western governments would well advised to prepare themselves car fully. The OPEC governments have giv abundant proof that they are shrewd a hard bargainers.

Unhappy Nordic Boom

As oil profits continue to gush in the Persian Gulf nations, other go ernments, too, are beginning to mak money from the stepped-up quest f oil. In the North Sea, explorations ha so far turned up more than 20 billio bbl. of proven reserves, nearly 4% the world total. Norway alone has pro en reserves of about 6 billion bbl., ar experts believe that the potential is least twice that amount. Surprisingl though, Norway is approaching its ne riches with Scandinavian solemnit Government planners predict that b 1981, oil output will pump more tha $2.7 billion in yearly revenues into th Norwegian economy. The inflow, the gloomily believe, may bring more pro lems—in disruption of other industri and inflation—than benefits.

Since oil was first discovered o the Norwegian continental shelf abo five years ago, some 16,000 worke have left their jobs and flocked to th coast to work on oil rigs and suppor ing construction industries. As a resul the shipbuilding and fish-processing i dustries are suffering labor shortage Manpower problems have even hit th Norwegian navy, which has been force to lay up one of its five frigates fo lack of trained personnel.

Cutting Hair. The Finance Mini try estimates that annual oil revenue by 1981 will be roughly 2½ times wha the economy can absorb. The goverr ment can spend some of its excess pro its on social services. It can also reduc its steep income taxes (now ranging u to 90%). But University of Oslo Eco omist Erling Eide predicts that any r duction in taxation would lead to a s vere inflation resulting from Norwe gians' increased spending power. Th only way to contain the inflation, Eid says, would be to revalue the krone to re duce the cost of foreign imports. Reva uation, though, would damage such No wegian export industries as fis processing and paper by raising th prices of these commodities in foreig currencies. Significant unemployme would follow.

STORAGE TANKS OFF NORWAY
More troubles than benefits.

The Finance Ministry goes along with this dire prophecy and calculates that every $180 million in tax cuts by 1980 would indirectly put 4,400 people out of work by forcing revaluations that would damage export industries. The end result would resemble what the *Financial Times* of London calls the "Venezuelan effect," in which Norway's oil industry would become "the only provider to a population left mainly, otherwise, to cut each other's hair."

The Norwegian government is trying hard to slow exploitation of its riches. Britain and other oil-hungry nations have drilled more than 330 exploratory wells in the North Sea. Norway has driven only 120—even though Statfjord and part of Ekofisk—two of the richest oilfields—lie under Norwegian waters.

Fish and Rigs. In addition, the government has imposed stiff fees for concession rights and royalty fees of 8% to 16% on every barrel of oil produced. It has also proposed an income tax of up to 91% on all revenues earned from oil pumped in Norwegian fields. Moreover, it has created a state-owned oil company, Statoil, that must be included as a partner in nearly all private drilling ventures. The government flatly forbids drilling north of the 62nd parallel, where most of the nation's 30,000 fishermen live and work. The fishermen fear that oil spills and giant rigs will destroy their fishing banks. Besides being the mainstay of the nation's economic prosperity —at least until the oil boom—the fishermen represent a potent political force. Their displeasure could easily cost Prime Minister Trygve Bratteli his razor-thin coalition majority in the 1977 election.

Nonetheless, other nations stand to benefit from Norway's oil-related problems. For example, the Norwegians, like the Arabs, may be forced to get rid of excess oil profits through heavy investment in foreign banks and industries. Such investments could well create a valuable Eurokrone market. Even more important, oil-hungry nations may now look toward a new, possibly more cooperative supplier than the Persian Gulf nations.

ANTITRUST

Dividing the Loaf

Two years after scandals that enveloped it during 1972, ITT Corp., the giant multinational conglomerate, finds itself in a new scrape. Last week the Federal Trade Commission charged that the ITT Continental Baking Co. Inc., a subsidiary and the nation's biggest baker, had engaged in illegal pricing practices to monopolize markets for its Wonder bread. The FTC asked that Continental be divided into two or more separate firms; in effect, ITT would have to sell off half of the subsidiary.

The FTC and Continental are old antagonists; in 1971 the agency charged that Continental was misleading the public when it implied that Wonder bread was something special, in ads that claimed the loaf "helps build strong bodies twelve ways." Now the agency accuses ITT management of nagging Continental to build itself up too rapidly; James Halverson, director of the FTC's Bureau of Competition, says that "ITT set profit and market goals for ITT Continental that forced the subsidiary to adopt predatory practices." According to the FTC complaint, Continental practiced a classic monopolistic scheme: it would use high profits from areas where competition was weak to subsidize below-cost sales of Wonder bread in cities where it faced a strong competitive challenge; then, when rivals were driven out of business, it would jack up prices again.

During 1972 and early 1973, Halverson says, 43 wholesale bakers operating 80 plants went out of business in the U.S., and Continental's tactics "contributed substantially" to their downfall. ITT Continental issued a formal denial of the charges, but would say nothing further.

TARGET OF FTC SUIT
Nagged into monopolizing?

COMMON MARKET

Summit: Something for Everybody

From the beginning, last week's Common Market summit was called the "summit of modest expectations." Faced with the most severe complex of crises since the European Community was set up 17 years ago, the heads of the nine countries would succeed in Paris, according to one rather gloomy line of reasoning, if they did nothing more than agree to stay together. In the end, they did just that—and a little bit more—in what might be described as a summit of modest results.

The main question on the agenda was what the French like to call *le problème Britannique*. Since Harold Wilson's Labor government was elected last February, the British have warned that they would not stay in the Market unless the terms of membership were revised to give them a better break on Community finances. (Britain claims that by 1980 it will pay 24% of the Market's budget, while it will have only 14% of the total EEC G.N.P.)

Campaign Pledge. The uncertainty as to whether Britain, with one-fifth of the group's population, would stay or go has stymied all major Market decisions ever since, as well as causing considerable confusion in Britain's own business affairs. Though Wilson and a majority of his Cabinet now seem convinced that Britain cannot risk the cost of leaving the Common Market, they must stick by their campaign pledge to put the issue to a national referendum, and they desperately need at least concessions from the other eight to convince the British electorate.

After patient prodding by West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who within the past month seems to have emerged as West Europe's leader, seven of the eight were willing to give Wilson the talisman he needs to wave in front of the voters. France, which had called the summit, was less willing, and for a few hours, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing *(see page 37)* sounded more Gaullist than *le grand Charles*. "There can be nothing of this kind," Giscard acidly said about Wilson's demands at one heated bargaining session. "Conceding what the British Prime Minister wants could mean that the United Kingdom will remain in the Community. However, almost nothing will remain of that Community." Replied Wilson: "If what you say, Mr. President, is to be the definitive view of the Community, then I see no hope whatever of successful negotiations."

Ever the pragmatist, Giscard knew that he was isolated, and he accepted a Belgian-Italian compromise. While it gave Wilson essentially what he wanted, the compromise was described in opaque bureaucratese that cleverly disguised its real meaning. According to the protocol, the EEC will "create a correcting mechanism that could prevent during the period of convergence of the economies of the member states the possible development of situations unacceptable for a member state." Translation: if a country's economy goes sour, its budget contribution may be reduced. That ambiguous phraseology protected delicate French sensibilities but, at the same time, allowed the British press to claim a famous victory.

The British papers, which have not had much cheer for Britons lately, did, in fact, trumpet the news. GISCARD BOWS TO WILSON, headlined the Tory *Daily Telegraph*. WILSON BATTLES TO A SUMMIT WIN ON POINTS, proclaimed the *Guardian*. A top Foreign Office official allowed that "we have turned the corner in the negotiations." "We have undoubtedly made progress," a pleased Wilson told reporters. "It was not easy. It was hard to get. But there was a considerable atmosphere of good will about to enable us to get it." Foreign Secretary James Callaghan moved up the government's timetable and said that it might decide by late January how and when it would put the Common Market question to a national vote, a step never before taken in Britain.

Lion's Share. Like Wilson, every other leader got a little of what he wanted in Paris. Italy and Ireland, the two poorest members of the Community, were promised the lion's share of a $1.5 billion fund for regional development; most of the money will come from West Germany and The Netherlands. Schmidt, for his part, was pleased that he had been able to convince other leaders of the seriousness of the world economic situation and to achieve at least some unity on anti-inflation and anti-recession policies. Basically, the new unity means that Bonn, which has been deflating its economy to fight inflation, will now try to boost it to combat recession, a step most of the other countries took some time ago. The agreement to coordinate policy allowed Giscard to tell President Ford in Martinique that the Market shared the same broad views on the economic crisis. Only on energy did the meeting bog down. Not knowing

CUINIERES—SIPA ... LISON

WILSON MAKING POINT TO HOST GISCARD DURING COMMON MARKET MEETING

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what to do about high oil prices, the Nine simply ignored them. On defense policies the Nine are at greater odds. At a meeting of NATO defense ministers in Brussels, both Italy and Britain were criticized by their European allies and by a U.S. delegation headed by Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger for their plans to help their economies by cutting back on arms.

Even Giscard got something from the Paris Summit. The leaders agreed to adopt his proposals for basic institutional changes in the Community, which may eventually prove even more important than a decision by Britain to remain. Giscard received approval for a majority vote on most Community decisions. Until now, each country has been able to exercise veto power on even the most trivial matters; in the future, it will have the veto only on issues affecting its vital interests.

Banning Pomp. The French President also won approval for more regular meetings of the heads of government—or the European Council, as they are now called when they come together—with at least three sessions scheduled each year. As the host at last week's meeting, Giscard had taken elaborate pains to emphasize that it was not a summit in the usual sense, and he had asked that each leader look on it as if it were a meeting of his own domestic Cabinet. Only the heads of government and their foreign ministers attended the main meetings in the Salon de l'Horloge of the Quai d'Orsay; in the past, delegations often numbered 20 or more. There was also a concerted and largely successful effort to ensure a kind of Cabinet secrecy by barring the usual leaks to the press. Protocol was kept to a minimum, and pomp was virtually banned. Giscard even asked his colleagues to wear business suits to a dinner at the Elysée Palace. Considering the place and the occasion, that was almost like saying: Come in T shirts and sneakers.

Giscard's purpose was to emphasize that such sessions should be so common and accepted in the European family that no one should make a fuss. "When the civil servants meet, they never take any decisions," said one of his aides. "When the foreign ministers meet, they take a few. We must get together the men who really control power in their countries, the heads of government, if we are to take the difficult decisions that face us." Assessing the conference, Italian Premier Aldo Moro said that "the Europe convened here in Paris is a Europe whose mechanisms do not yet function properly. But it exists, and realizes its duty to exist, for itself and for the rest of the world. What prevails is not a blind optimism, but a confidence which is nourished on realism." Giscard called it the "last European summit—or the first of the regular European Councils." He added: "The European summit is dead. Long live the European Council."

THE MIDDLE EAST

Retaliating with Multiple Terror

Another senseless round of terror and counterterror shook the Middle East last week. It began last Tuesday morning when salvos of 3.5-in. rockets crashed into buildings that housed offices of the Palestine Liberation Organization in downtown Beirut. The main P.L.O. headquarters for Lebanon, on the wide, busy boulevard called the Corniche Mazraa, was wrecked, as was the P.L.O. research center near the Rue Sadat. The office responsible for coordinating al-Fatah's covert terrorist activities inside Israel narrowly escaped heavy damage when the four rockets that had obviously been aimed at it landed instead on a nearby empty apartment. The rockets, which had been mounted inside boxes fastened to the tops of autos parked near the P.L.O. headquarters, amazingly killed no P.L.O. officials, although five Palestinians were wounded.

SMOKE RISING OVER BEIRUT AFTER ISRAELI JET RAID ON GUERRILLA CAMPS
No end to a seemingly futile exchange of violence.

God's Wrath. Lebanese police and the P.L.O. immediately blamed Israel, while rumors floated that an Israeli counterterrorist organization called the Wrath of God Squad, purportedly attached to the office of Premier Yitzhak Rabin, was responsible. Although Israeli officials denied both the existence of the squad and the participation of any military units in the attack, they did not issue a similar denial on behalf of Israel's civilian intelligence agencies.

Whether or not the Israelis were responsible for the attack, the fedayeen quickly acted. The day after the Beirut raid, a young man in a cinema in Tel Aviv tossed homemade hand grenades into the audience. Three people—including the terrorist—were killed and nearly 60 injured. In Beirut, P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat declared: "We have retaliated for the Beirut attack." However, some neutral observers questioned whether the attack was retaliatory. They doubt that the P.L.O. could so quickly organize the operation. Credit for the attack was claimed by George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, a group opposed to Arafat's more moderate policies.

Israel in turn wasted no time in retaliating. The next afternoon four Israeli air force Phantoms strafed and bombed three P.L.O. camps on the outskirts of Beirut. One person was killed and ten injured; six of the casualties were civilians.

After the Beirut bombing, Yasser Abed Rabbo, a pro-Arafat P.L.O. leader, declared: "We shall teach the enemy that its crimes will not go unpunished." To back these tough words, the guerrillas rocketed two towns in Israel Thursday night. Although no casualties were reported, Israel retaliated once again and bombarded the Lebanese town of Nabatiyeh. The Israelis also intercepted a band of Fatah guerillas soon after it had infiltrated from Lebanon. Four Arab terrorists and one Israeli policeman were killed in the gun battle.

Meanwhile, on the diplomatic front, Israel was shocked by a statement by Egyptian Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy, who said in Cairo that peace in the region would require Israel "not to increase the number of its immigrants for the next 50 years." The Israelis, whose country was founded as a homeland for Jews from all over the world, were furious. Snapped one Israeli official: "Pure chutzpah! I say go to hell!" Fahmy's demand seems to indicate a hardening of Egypt's position. If so, that will mean a setback for the U.S. Middle East peace strategy, which is based on step-by-step negotiations in which an Egyptian-Israeli dialogue must play a central role.

ATHENIAN HAILS END OF MONARCHY

GREECE

The Fall of the House of Glücksburg

"I smell defeat," said pro-monarchist George Geogeopoulos, a retired army officer, after seeing the first returns. Defeat it was. By an unequivocal margin of 69.2%, Greece voted to abolish the monarchy that has ruled the country since 1833. At his home near London, exiled King Constantine, 34, disconsolately watched the televised election results mount against him. Meanwhile, thousands of his jubilant countrymen converged on Athens' Constitution Square to celebrate the birth of their nation as an "uncrowned democracy." Constantine now joins the small but select group of unemployed European monarchs *(see box)*. In a brief statement of concession to his former subjects, he prayed "that future developments may justify the outcome" of their vote.

Most Greeks felt, however, that the King's past performance offered sufficient justification for their action. During his brief active reign (1964-67) Constantine displayed the royal penchant for political highhandedness that has troubled Greece for much of its modern history. To resolve a dispute over control of the army in 1965, for instance, he simply dismissed liberal Prime Minister George Papandreou from office, even though Papandreou had won a landslide election victory the previous year. None of the five caretaker Cabinets that Constantine then appointed proved capable of resolving the political chaos that followed Papandreou's ouster—a situation that eventually led to the 1967 military coup.

The indecisiveness that characterized Constantine's dealing with the hated junta, the failure of his attempt to dislodge the colonels in December of 1967, and the silence he maintained for most of his seven years in exile further eroded what sentiment remained for restoring the King to power. During the prereferendum campaign, Constantine emphasized his willingness to accept a purely ceremonial role as constitutional monarch. The voters, however, were not inclined to trust a man whom many still hold responsible for the bitter experience of the past seven years.

Gaullist Inspiration. The Greek Parliament, which began meeting last week for the first time since 1967, must now fashion a new constitution for the republic. Premier Constantine Caramanlis, whose New Democracy Party commands 220 of Parliament's 300 seats, has proposed a Gaullist-inspired system of presidential government, with strong consolidation of power in one office. If Parliament approves his draft

Royalty's Tarnished Scepters

Like nearly every other year for the past 50 or so, 1974 has been a bad time for royalty. Not only did Greek voters reject King Constantine, but a military junta ousted Ethiopia's venerable (82) Emperor Haile Selassie. Sooner rather than later, it seems, history will bear out the bitter bon mot of Egypt's King Farouk, who himself was forced to abdicate in 1952. In a few years, said Farouk, there will be only five kings in the world: the King of England and the four in the deck of cards.

Actually, most ex-Kings and claimants to nonexistent thrones live better than their ex-subjects. Spain and Portugal seem to be the favorite spots of exile, with Switzerland a close third. Albania's Leka I, Bulgaria's Simeon II and Russia's Grand Duke Vladimir—who presumably would be enthroned as Czar Vladimir III if the Romanovs were ever restored to power—live in Spain. Italy's Umberto II, Spain's Don Juan and Portugal's own Duarte, Duke of Braganza reside in Portugal. In Switzerland, there are Michael of Rumania and Ahmed-Fuad II of Egypt (Farouk's eldest son), while Otto von Hapsburg, the heir to the Austro-Hungarian empire who now calls himself Dr. Hapsburg, lives in West Germany and writes and lectures. The leading claimant to the French throne, Henri d'Orléans, the Count of Paris, lives in the country that, but for history, he might have ruled. Even Brazil shelters a would-be monarch: Alexander II of Yugoslavia, whose father, the deposed King Peter, died of pneumonia in California in 1970.

■

Some of the royals have gone to work. Prince Louis Murat, whose great-great-great grandfather briefly ruled the kingdom of Naples in Napoleon's day, is president of Compagnie Ferguson Morrison-Knudsen, a Paris-based subsidiary of America's Morrison-Knudsen Co., while Michael of Rumania is a stockbroker in Lausanne. Some live off the money they or their family got out of the country. Others, like Italy's Umberto, manage very well with the help of monarchist friends who either hope to restore them to power or are moved by a sense of nostalgia.

Almost all have given up hopes of returning. Don Juan and Umberto still hold shadow court in Portugal's Estoril, but more as a gesture to the past than a look to the future. Albania's Leka and Bulgaria's Simeon, on the other hand, still work for the day when their people will come to their senses and call them back. The only one who seems to have a real chance of resuming the kingly tradition, however, is Don Juan's son Prince Juan Carlos, who has been promised the Spanish throne on the death of Generalissimo Francisco Franco.

CONSTANTINE

VON HAPSBURG

JUAN CARLOS

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constitution, as it is expected to do within the next three months, another election will be held. Whether the President is elected by Parliament or through a national plebiscite, a Caramanlis victory is certain.

The government must also decide how to dispose of the deposed King's property. In addition to the 60-room royal palace in Athens, he owns a 10,600-acre estate at Tatoi, about 20 miles north of the capital, and a $3 million summer palace on the island of Corfu. Socialist Party Supporter George Romeos has proposed that the Corfu palace be turned into a university. In an outburst of republican ardor, Center Union Party Member Antonis Iassonides suggested that "there would be no great difference if it were blown up." Although Constantine is anxious to end his seven-year exile, Caramanlis has advised that "it would not be very wise" for him to return "before some time goes by."

Despite his political and material losses, the voters may have done Constantine a small favor by barring his return to the throne. Of the six members of the Glücksburg dynasty who have ruled Greece since 1863,* only one enjoyed an unbroken reign and peaceful death. Among the less fortunate of this ill-starred family were King George I who was assassinated in 1913, King Constantine I who was deposed in 1917 for his failure to support the Allies during World War I, and his son, Alexander, who died in 1920 after being bitten by his pet monkey.

*Britain, France and Russia imposed monarchy on Greece after it won independence from the Ottoman Empire. In 1862, after forcing the abdication of the first king, a Bavarian prince named Otho, the three powers offered the throne to Prince William of Denmark, who became George I of Greece, the first of the Glücksburg monarchs.

VIET NAM

Fighting for the Leopard Spots

With good reason, some gloomy citizens in Saigon are by now convinced that the war in South Viet Nam will never end. Last week fighting between Communist and government troops reached its greatest intensity since the ineffective cease-fire, signed nearly two years ago. By week's end the South Vietnamese army (ARVN) had suffered 706 killed and 2,758 wounded; Saigon officials claim to have killed more than 3,600 of their enemies.

Most of the fighting was centered in the heavily populated and agriculturally rich Mekong River Delta area, known as Military Region IV. The Communists launched their attacks—primarily by rocket and mortar—against bridges, roads, district and provincial capitals, and government outposts manned by the increasingly feeble regional militia. Kien Tuong and Dinh Tuong provinces were particularly hard hit *(see map)*. Communists in Kien Tuong, using a shoulder-fired missile, shot down a huge Chinook helicopter, killing all 54 government troops aboard. A major target was Highway 4, linking the Delta with Saigon.

Communist Gains. Heavy fighting also broke out in Military Region III, which consists of the eleven provinces surrounding Saigon. The town of Cu Chi, the rear headquarters of the 25th ARVN Division, was shelled. Communist mortar and artillery attacks in Tay Ninh province, especially around Nui Ba Den (Black Virgin Mountain), drove thousands of terrified refugees into already crowded Tay Ninh City. In Phuoc Tuy province, the Communists are attempting to gain control of several rubber plantations near the town of Long Thanh. Not far from there, they have organized the 301st Regiment of the so-called People's Liberation Armed Forces. Government military analysts believe this new command will direct intensified attacks around Saigon.

The South Vietnamese have retaliated with air and artillery strikes and have dispatched ground forces to recapture outposts. The Communists, however, have held on to most of their gains. The major reason: ARVN now has to fight more Communist soldiers than it has ever faced in the long history of the Viet Nam War. Viet Cong and North Vietnamese forces now number about 285,000, up 65,000 in the past two years. All-weather roads have replaced the slow Ho Chi Minh Trail as a supply route, down which ammunition and replacements flow from the North. Since U.S. bombing in Indochina ended last year, the crack North Vietnamese army (NVA) 5th Division has been able to return to its traditional base area in the Parrot's Beak inside Cambodia. There it poses a constant threat to Tay Ninh.

Saigon's forces also face serious internal problems. The regional militia has frequently proved to be unreliable. So far this year, militiamen have abandoned 40% of their 2,500 outposts in the Delta. The morale of regular ARVN troops, which has seldom been high, has recently fallen even farther, due in part to the continuing corruption within the Thieu regime and among ranking military officers (TIME, Nov. 11). Moreover, Saigon's economic squeeze—the result of the increased price of imported oil and a decrease in U.S. aid—has forced ARVN to economize on the battlefield. Many outposts are now limited to two

SOUTH VIETNAMESE WOMAN MOURNS HUSBAND KILLED IN ATTACK ON BASE NEAR TAY NINH
Facing more Communist soldiers than ever before.

artillery shells per day as a conservation measure. Fighter-bomber missions have been slashed by two-thirds and helicopter missions by nearly three-quarters to save fuel.

Foreign observers in Saigon believe that ARVN is still strong enough to defend most cities and the capital, but it will probably lose increasing chunks of the countryside. The resulting leopard-spot pattern will resemble the situation in South Viet Nam during the early 1960s, before the massive U.S. involvement in the war. According to a captured Communist document, one of the main goals of the Communists' current campaign is to establish secure military bases in the provinces from which they can attack the cities. Another is the disruption of the Delta rice harvest and the movement of goods between town and country. This would worsen the nation's already desperate economic situation and could strengthen the anti-Thieu opposition in the cities (TIME, Sept. 30).

Opposition leaders argue that Thieu must resign in favor of a government containing genuine "neutrals" which could strike a political bargain with the Communists. The Communists have made his removal a precondition for talks. Yet there is no sign that Thieu's government is crumbling. His recent reshuffling of the Cabinet and the top military command has diffused much of the opposition for the moment. With Thieu still in control, therefore, and the Communists apparently ready to intensify their military pressure, South Viet Nam surely faces a very bloody 1975.

RHODESIA

Peace Between Black and White?

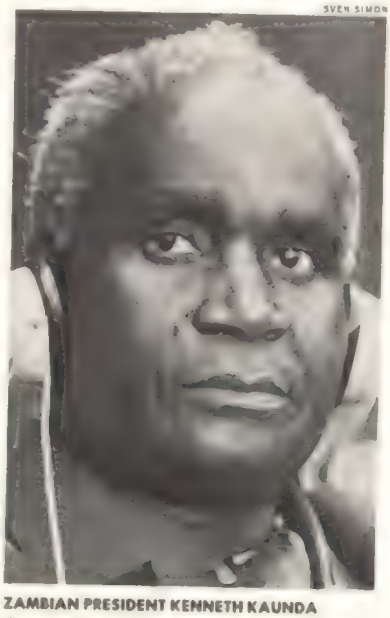
The stalemate that has held southern Africa in black-white deadlock for more than a decade is beginning to break up at last. Last week Prime Minister Ian Smith of Rhodesia, the bastion of white-settler power that broke free of British rule in 1965, announced that he had agreed to attend a constitutional conference that could lead to a settlement with Britain—and, eventually, to black-majority rule in Britain's breakaway colony. Smith also told his startled countrymen in a televised speech that the African independence movements that have waged a sporadic terrorist campaign against Rhodesia for the past nine years have agreed to a cease-fire. In return, Smith declared, he had ordered the release of all political prisoners, estimated at more than 300 black leaders, held by his regime.

Lost Buffer. This sequence of events would have seemed unthinkable as recently as nine or ten months ago. Smith's concession—and the whole process of rapprochement that is underway in southern Africa—stems directly from the *coup d'état* in Lisbon last April and the subsequent decision by the new Portuguese government to grant independence to Mozambique next year and to Angola not long thereafter. Faced with the loss of the Portuguese colonies as buffer states, South African Prime Minister John Vorster pressed forward with a plan to achieve a détente between black- and white-ruled Africa. In this effort he was joined, though with quite different motives, by one of black Africa's most responsible leaders, Zambian President Kenneth Kaunda.

Last October Kaunda sent a truce offer to Pretoria. His terms: that Vorster pressure Smith into holding a new constitutional conference aimed at obtaining African majority rule in Rhodesia; and that South Africa itself accept majority (meaning black) rule in South West Africa (Namibia), the U.N. territory South Africa has run since 1920. Kaunda wants aid and more trade with South Africa, and wants South African grain not only for Zambia but for other Central African states that currently suffer from a serious food shortage.

Kaunda did not go so far as to ask South Africa to abandon its own racist policies. In fact, Vorster has begun to smooth down some of the rough edges of *apartheid*—by easing the job restrictions on non-whites, for instance —thereby making his policies somewhat less objectionable to his black neighbors. Though South Africa was voted out of the U.N. General Assembly last month, Vorster vowed at the time that South Africa's critics would be surprised "at where the country will stand in six to twelve months." In the meantime, according to diplomatic observers, Vorster laid it on the line to Ian Smith: unless Smith would work actively toward achieving a Rhodesian settlement, South Africa would consider withdrawing its antiguerrilla police, who help the Rhodesians maintain order along the Zambezi River boundary between Rhodesia and Zambia.

SVEN SIMON



ZAMBIAN PRESIDENT KENNETH KAUNDA
A surprising offer.

Secret Talks. Then, in what a British diplomat describes as "one of the most amazing turnabouts in history," Ian Smith, who once declared that blacks would not come to power in Rhodesia within his lifetime, sent a secret message to Kaunda conceding the chance of majority rule within three to five years and agreeing to negotiations in Lusaka, the Zambian capital. He stipulated only that the transfer of power should take place according to a carefully calculated timetable and that the position of the 273,000 whites within black-ruled Rhodesia (total pop. 5.8 million) should be subject to international guarantee. He also agreed to release several black Rhodesian leaders, including Joshua Nkomo and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, so they too could attend the Lusaka talks.

The most important preliminary development at Lusaka was that the four separate black-nationalist groups in Rhodesia agreed for the first time to

SPECIALIZED PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE

RHODESIA'S IAN SMITH
An amazing turnabout.

adopt a common policy. In seeking to outbid each other, however, the Africans demanded that the Smith government accept the principle of majority rule for Rhodesia's blacks before any constitutional conference could be held. The white Rhodesians flatly rejected the demand, and the talks initially seemed to have ended in failure. As it turned out, discussions continued in secret in Lusaka, finally leading to Smith's announcement of a tentative agreement.

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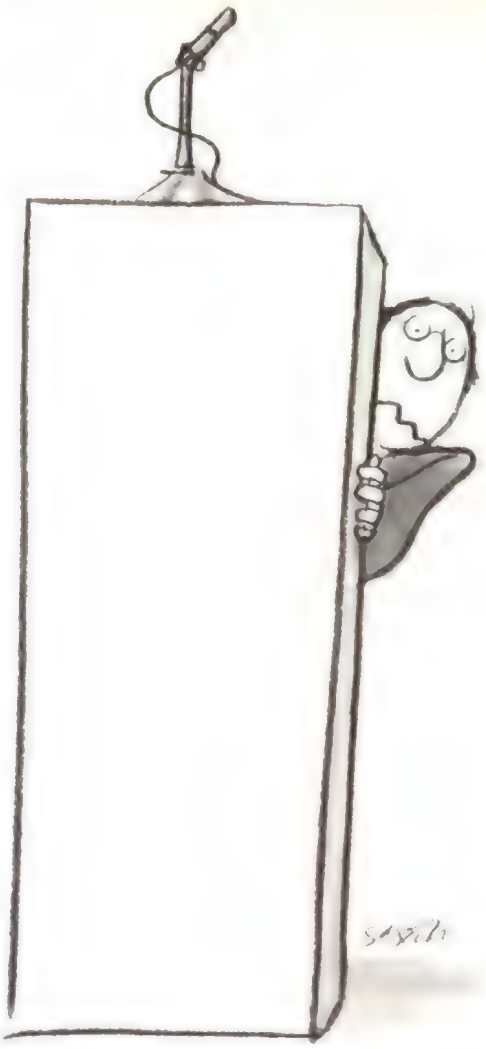

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BURMA

Body Politics

The man who for a decade sought to bring peace to the world was denied it in death. The funeral of former U.N. Secretary-General U Thant, who died in New York City on Nov. 25, last week erupted into a violent rebellion in Rangoon, Burma's capital. Rioting students, monks and workers clashed with government troops in a bizarre battle over Thant's final resting place. At week's end martial law was imposed in an effort to resolve the tense situation.

The fighting began when Thant's body was being escorted to a modest private burial service in a small family mausoleum in Rangoon's Kyandaw Cemetery. Probably because Thant had been a political ally of Premier U Nu, who was overthrown in a 1962 coup by President Ne Win, the current regime was trying to inter him with a minimum of fanfare. But the city's volatile students, who apparently wanted a more imposing burial site for their distinguished countryman, abducted the body on the way to the mausoleum. Along with antigovernment Buddhist monks, they paraded it through Rangoon's crowded streets to the university, where a special mausoleum had been hastily constructed.

Angry Crowd. While Thant's family pleaded for the return of the body, the city government promised to build a suitable mausoleum near the renowned Shwe Dagon pagoda. Before an agreement could be reached, however, Burmese troops and police unexpectedly stormed the campus and recovered the body. Their action led to riots throughout the capital. An angry crowd of 3,000 destroyed a police station; the Ministry of Cooperatives and two movie theaters were wrecked. Police opened fire in response. Although the government claimed that nine rioters had been killed, some reports indicated that there were many more dead and that hospitals were filling up with wounded. As martial law was imposed, heavily armed troops stood guard at government offices while dissidents were being arrested.

Though Thant's burial precipitated the disturbances, discontent in Burma has been smoldering for months. Monks in the devoutly Buddhist country have long resented the autocratic Premier Ne Win's efforts to reduce their power and influence. Students and workers, unhappy about economic stagnation and the government's repressive policies, are natural allies of the monks. Last June, rioting led by longshoremen and factory workers left at least 22 dead in Rangoon's streets. The latest disturbances were at least as serious. More ominous is the fact that tensions are bound to continue even after the battle for U Thant's body is over.

PRINCESS DOMIETTA HERCOLANI (LEFT) & FRENCH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF GISCARD ON THE TOWN

FRANCE

Giscard: The Paris Parlor Game

For several months now, the elegant salons of Paris' 16th *arrondissement* have been buzzing with gossip about the private life of French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Ever since the Paris daily *Le Monde* noted his penchant for mysterious nighttime disappearances from the Elysée Palace (TIME, Dec. 9), a favorite Paris parlor game has been to guess where, how and with whom the President spends his evenings. Palace officials insist that Giscard's nocturnal wanderings involve nothing more adventurous than dropping in on old friends for a drink and a chat. They contend that his yearning to escape the pressures of office briefly is just a harmless aspect of his much-touted *style naturel* —the flair for informality that Giscard promised to bring to French politics.

One circumstance that supports the denials: the stories are wildly contradictory. If all the rumors inspired by Giscard's *style naturel* were true, he would have a capacity for bilocation and legerdemain that might more accurately be dubbed *"le style surnaturel."* Take, for instance, his purported 5 a.m. car collision with a milk truck last September. The accident was reportedly witnessed by some on the Champs Elysées, by others in a Paris suburb. Some say they saw him driving a black Citroën, some a green Peugeot. Others knowingly assert that the vehicle was a red Maserati borrowed from his friend, Film Director Roger Vadim. According to most of the rumors, he was alone on the night of the accident. Unless, of course, it is true, as some insist, that he was accompanied by an attractive young television announcer. Several elements of the collision story obviously require further investigation; no one has been able to locate the milkman, the witnesses or the chameleon Citroën-Maserati-Peugeot. Meanwhile, the Elysée has firmly denied that any such accident took place.

Salon Savants. If, as his critics maintain, the gossip implies that the President may be a bit too indolent in office, it also suggests that he is indefatigable outside it. Since the family has remained at Giscard's old house at 11 Rue de Benouville, while he sleeps most nights at the Elysée Palace, rumors have inevitably floated about presidential liaisons. Salon savants have linked him with at least one actress, one photographer and two princesses (one domestic, one foreign). Italian Princess Domietta Hercolani and French Photographer Marie-Laure de Decker are the only two who have been honored in the past by explicit mention in the press. The unpublished catalogue of alleged paramours, however, grows daily, and threatens to become the French equivalent of the now defunct White House "enemies list" as the sought-after billet of dubious distinction.

One of the most intriguing questions about the rumors is who started them. Orchestration of what may well be a politically motivated smear campaign has been variously attributed to leftists embittered by their defeat in last spring's election, Israeli embassy officials angered by France's pro-Arab tilt, secret-service men disturbed by Giscard's cavalier disregard of their efforts to protect him, Sygma photographers miffed by

presidential patronage of a rival Gamma photographer, and old-guard civil servants appalled by Giscard's relatively breezy approach to running the government. The explanation that has gained greatest currency is that hard-line Gaullists, who resent Giscard for having abandoned certain of the general's dogmas, are attempting to undermine his popular support.

Despite the salaciousness of the rumors, diplomatic sources maintain that they are unlikely to hurt Giscard's reputation much. France has a long tradition of shrugging off sexual improprieties with an attitude of amused tolerance. Former President Georges Pompidou managed to survive gossip that his high-spirited wife took more than a cultural interest in the fun-loving young artists of the Saint-Tropez jet set. Third Republic President Félix Fauré achieved a kind of instant canonization in 1899, when it was learned that he died performing his amorous arts in a ground-floor room at the Elysée. The *liaison amoureuse*, in fact, is as venerable and popular an institution in Paris as the Comédie Française—the government-subsidized theater that has traditionally provided sinecures for aspiring young actresses willing to serve overtime as political mistresses.

KEYSTONE

HOODED I.R.A. SUSPECT AT GUILDFORD COURT
A response to widespread outrage.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Crackdown on the I.R.A.

With a ferocity that surprised even its own leaders, the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army was being hunted down last week not only in Ulster, where the I.R.A. has been on the defensive for some time, but in the Irish Republic and England as well. In part, the crackdown was a response to the widespread outrage that followed the pub bombings in Birmingham last month in which 21 people were killed and another 184 injured (TIME, Dec. 2). The campaign included arrests in Ulster and Britain of suspected I.R.A. supporters and a comprehensive new criminal bill in the republic aimed specifically at the Provos' gunmen. Even in the U.S., there was renewed scrutiny of arms funding through I.R.A.-front organizations. Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, Merlyn Rees, bluntly summed up the new mood when he pledged: "There will be relentless pursuit of criminals—and no amnesty."

▸ In Britain, where Parliament recently passed emergency legislation outlawing the I.R.A. throughout the country and permitting authorities to arrest I.R.A. suspects without warrant, a newly formed police squad made its first significant headway against I.R.A. bomb units. Police arrested eleven suspects who were accused of involvement in the October bombing of a Guildford pub in which five died; six of those arrested were charged with murder. Of the five I.R.A. terrorist cells that the British believe are operating in England—two in London and three in the Midlands cities of Birmingham, Luton and Coventry—authorities think that one and perhaps two have been broken up by the arrests. Parliament, meanwhile, voted down by a margin of 369 to 217 a proposal to restore hanging as capital punishment for terrorists, although the final vote, as Home Secretary Roy Jenkins acknowledged, was "probably at variance with public opinion and dangerously so."

▸ In Dublin, the government proposed a new criminal-law bill that, amazingly enough, provides for trial in Ireland of any person charged with terrorist offenses in Ulster or elsewhere in the United Kingdom. The bill is chiefly designed to discourage the I.R.A. from using the republic as a secure haven for its attacks on the North.

▸ In Belfast, the British campaign to cripple the I.R.A. intensified. At least 16 suspected Provos were arrested in the bloody Ardoyne area. Police also raided a house in the Roman Catholic Lower Falls Road area and uncovered what they claimed was a central I.R.A. "factory" for explosives: fire bombs wired to watches and American-made booby traps as well as arms and ammunition. More important, they found and arrested Tommy Maguire, one of the Provisionals' top explosive experts, who had been at large since he escaped from Belfast's Crumlin Road jail four years ago.

▸ In the U.S., the second largest source of I.R.A. funds after Ireland itself, increasing attention is being paid to fund-raising activities among the 12.2 million Americans of Irish descent. Government sources in Dublin estimate that various individuals and groups in the U.S. have contributed $5 million or more to the Provos' war chest since the current troubles began in Northern Ireland six years ago, even though Dublin has tried to discourage such support throughout that period. There is still widespread sympathy for the cause, and open appeals for donations are sprinkled through Irish papers in the U.S. IT'S A SAD CHRISTMAS WHEN YOUR DADDY'S IN PRISON, reads an ad in the moderate *Irish Echo* for *Eire Nua*, (New Ireland), a Provisional front.

Several Americans have been arrested on charges of making illegal arms shipments to Ulster. The most celebrated case was that of the "Fort Worth Five," a group of New York Irish Americans who were imprisoned in Texas during 1972 and 1973 for refusing to testify before a grand jury concerning their alleged involvement in arms traffic to Northern Ireland via Texas; eventually, they were released. This year's pro-I.R.A. martyrs include the "Baltimore Four," two Irishmen and two Irish Americans who were convicted of conspiring to smuggle 158 rifles and other matériel from New York to Ireland.

Arms Traffic. A number of organizations, ranging from the respected 138-year-old Ancient Order of Hibernians to the relatively new American Committee for Ulster Justice and the National Association for Irish Freedom, have been active, in one way or another, on behalf of the Irish Catholic cause. The largest and probably most important American organization that supports the Provisionals is the Irish Northern Aid Committee (Noraid), which has more than 70 chapters and claims a membership of more than 80,000. One of its officials testified before the U.S. Senate three years ago that American contributions do "not necessarily" go for guns but "might allow [Ulster Catholics] to purchase firearms wherever they might get them to defend the community [and] their families."

Noraid officials admit that some of their members may have been involved in arms traffic but insist that as an organization, their record is clean. Says Mike Flannery, 72, a national director of Noraid: "We do not have anything to do with arms in this organization. We have a job of relief to do, and we don't become implicated." Not that Flannery, an I.R.A. veteran who fought against the British in the 1920s, would not like to help. "If we had no law and I had the freedom to do it," he says, "I'd ship the whole U.S. arsenal over there."

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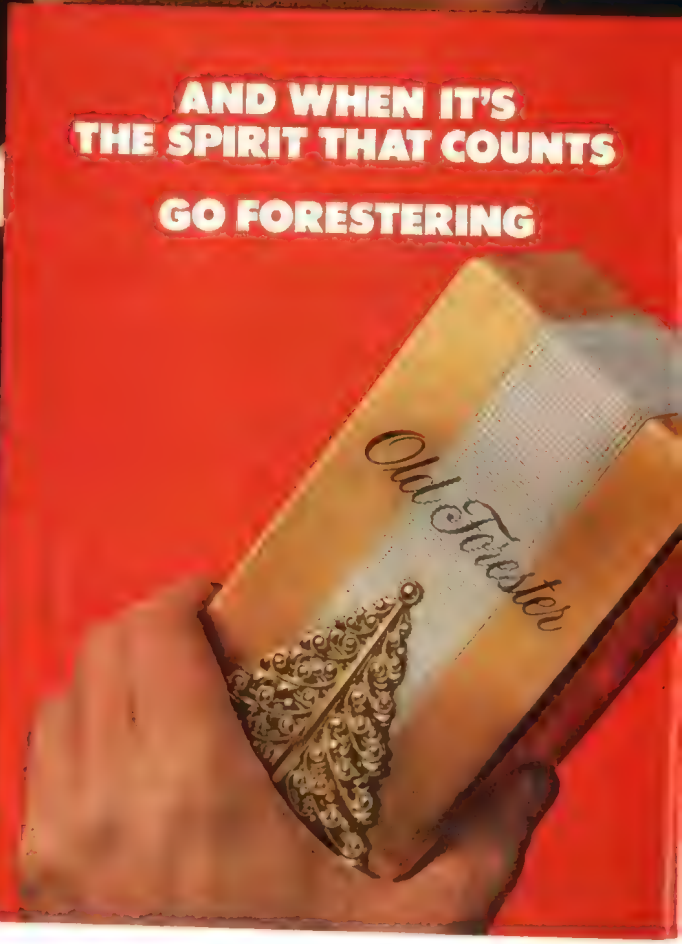


ITALY

The Gang That Couldn't Kidnap Straight

About the only growth industry in Italy these days is kidnaping. So far this year there have been 42 cases (compared with only nine in 1970). Since ransom demands often run more than $1 million, rich Italians are now looking nervously over their shoulders for the dread *rapitori*. Like any other booming industry, however, kidnaping has brought in a number of inefficient entrepreneurs, who, if they continue at their present stumbling pace, are likely to queer the whole business.

The best—or worst—example is a gang that last week snatched, for a few minutes anyway, Prince Luigi d'Angerio of Sant' Agata. Driving home from a late-night party with his wife Giuseppina and his son Alfredo, the dignified D'Angerio, 65, noticed a pair of headlights following them through the dense fog near Monza. Suddenly, an Alfa Romeo passed D'Angerio's little Fiat, and tried to force it off the road. The inept driver had pulled in front too quickly, however, and Alfredo, who was driving the Fiat, had no choice but to ram the Alfa in the side.

Hooded Prince. Angry figures emerged from the damaged Alfa. Waving pistols, they threatened to fire unless the prince got out of the car. Unimpressed by the threat, Alfredo slammed the Fiat into reverse—only to smash into a second Alfa that the kidnapers had brought along as their backup car. Finally, two of the gunmen forced the prince into the less damaged of the two Alfas. Although he was hooded, D'Angerio could tell that they were going too fast, and he yelled at them to slow down. They refused and, unable to spot a curve because of the fog, the driver smashed the car into a steel guard rail. Both kidnapers and kidnaped staggered out. Although one gunman pointed a pistol at D'Angerio and demanded that he follow along, the prince trotted the other way. With a thoroughly modern sense of *noblesse oblige*, he told newsmen later, "I uttered a rude word in Neapolitan and made an internationally understood gesture with my right arm before disappearing into the fog." The kidnapers were not so lucky. One of them left his wallet and identification in the wrecked car, which the police hope will lead to the capture of the whole bunch.

Even if the caper had succeeded, it might have been for naught. The gang apparently assumed that the prince could pay a princely ransom. Though D'Angerio is a descendant of the Anjou kings of France, he is not rich and is only the manager of a small textile factory. "Quite honestly," he sighed, "I don't know how my family could have scraped together a decent ransom."

PORTUGAL

Revolutionary Blue

Blessed with a rightist government and a conservative Roman Catholic hierarchy, Portugal before the April revolution was one of the least libidinous countries in Europe. Striptease shows, topless dancers, dirty books and X-rated movies were, legally, at least, not allowed into the country. At the most, an occasional street vendor would risk arrest by the morals squad and peddle a few bootlegged copies of *Playboy* or some other forbidden girlie import. The morals squad still exists, but since the April revolution, the risk has gone out of eroticism. In fact, one of the curious consequences of the coup that ousted the old regime is Europe's biggest explosion of pornography since Denmark legalized practically everything.

Not that staid Lisbon has yet turned into another Copenhagen. But sexually explicit Danish magazines are now available on newspaper kiosks along with tamer publications like *Penthouse*. Uncut versions of previously forbidden films such as *Last Tango in Paris* and *A Clockwork Orange* are drawing huge crowds. A dubbed-in-Portuguese version of *Deep Throat* has been approved for import. Bawdy, undulating, take-it-all-off strippers from France and Italy are lending new interest to traditional vaudeville. Enthusiastic audiences flocked to see *Last Fado in Lisbon*, featuring a French stripper named Poupée la Rose.

Though no more libidinous than the strip shows at Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon, *Last Fado* was an erotic milestone for Lisbon. A month ago, a still bolder step was taken by Producer Ruth Escobar, 39, who offered audiences her production of a play called *Autos Sacramentais* (Sacramental Rites). A dramatization of the eternal struggle between good and evil, it featured 14 Brazilians of both sexes cavorting onstage *au naturel* for two hours. A 69-year-old orange farmer who watched the production remarked: "It would have been better if there had been more lights."

Frontal Shots. The outburst of porn has made strange bedfellows of Roman Catholic bishops, the Communist Party, the actors union and even some impresarios, all of whom are pondering the age-old question of how to have liberty without license. "Debauchery is a pig's breakfast," one anguished citizen wrote the Lisbon weekly *Expresso*. There have even been charges that the CIA is sponsoring the new pornography to sap the revolution of its energies. Recently, Premier Vasco Gonçalves on nationwide television admonished his people to fight "pseudo-leftists and anarchists instead of going to see the pornography that is around everywhere."

By sheer coincidence, Gonçalves appeared on the air an hour after a TV broadcast of highlights from *Autos Sacramentais* that included shots of full frontal nudity. Since TV is government controlled, that in itself was a fairly strong indication that the wave of pornography is not about to subside in the near future. One reason is that the military junta—and the leftist unions, which heavily restrict the theoretically unfettered press by refusing to publish anything not to their liking—can use the sex explosion as evidence that censorship does not exist. Another is that the people obviously like it. Says one kiosk operator in Lisbon's Restauradores Square: "A few passers-by sometimes mutter, but we are making a lot of money from erotic magazines."

EAST GERMAN STRIPPER IN LISBON

PETER COLLIS

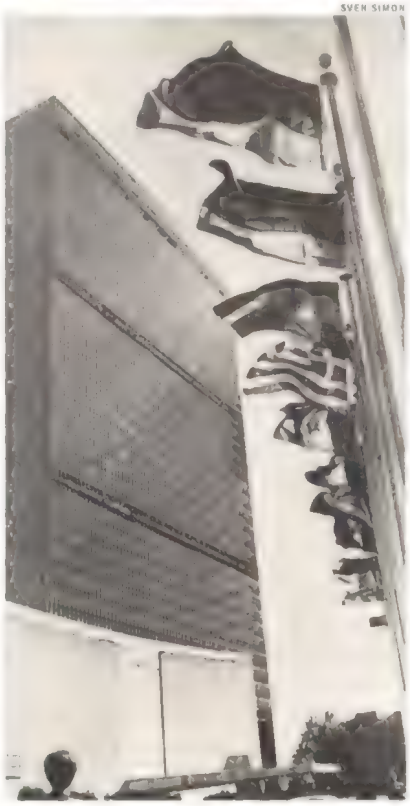
PORN ON SALE AT LISBON KIOSK

A libidinous explosion opposed by strange bedfellows.

The U.N.: Forum or Kangaroo Court?

Old hands around the United Nations can scarcely believe it. For the first time in years, the U.N. has actually become a topic of conversation or argument with Americans. Last week, just as he had done the week before, U.S. Ambassador John Scali warned the delegates about "the mood of the American people" toward the U.N. In Congress that mood is particularly unfriendly.

The anger has been generated by several actions taken during the present session. To some Americans it seemed as if the U.N., with the ever growing Third World contingent in control of the General Assembly, were condoning the attitudes of a kangaroo court. First there was the invitation to the Palestine Liberation Organization to participate, virtually as a state, in the U.N.'s debate on the Palestinian problem. Then came the legally questionable resolution to expel South Africa from this year's General Assembly. Anger next spread to the world intellectual community when the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) in Paris succumbed to Arab pressure in voting two blatantly political motions against Israel (TIME, Dec. 16). Last week the General Assembly rammed through a so-called Charter of Economic Rights and Duties of States, overriding all objections from the industrial nations.


SVEN SIMON

In each case, there were large mechanical majorities against Western positions from Third World countries. These now number some 100 (out of a total U.N. membership of 138), ranging from tiny Caribbean islands to India with its half-billion population. In U.N. maneuvering, the Third World usually is backed by China and the Soviet bloc.

■

Among the most alarmed by this situation are American Jews, many of whom feel that the U.N., which created Israel, is now committed to its destruction. The fears are exaggerated. The Assembly action on Palestine only confirmed for a world audience what is known in the area itself: no solution is possible in the Middle East that ignores the P.L.O. Moreover, the U.N. debate showed that much of the Third World, as well as Europe and the Communist bloc, still explicitly acknowledges Israel's right to exist. If both Israelis and Palestinians can somehow get that message, the U.N. debate may well have helped, not hindered, prospects for a Middle East settlement.

The UNESCO discrimination against Israel, however, was inexcusable. Some U.N. officials fear that the fanatic anti-Israel campaign could spread from UNESCO to other U.N. bodies, such as the Geneva-based World Health Organization and the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization in Rome. It is the Third World that most needs the U.N. and its humanitarian agencies. To the extent that bloc politics hamper the working of these bodies, it is the Third World that will pay the price of ideology.

Third World ambassadors point out that "tyrannical" majorities are nothing new at the U.N., nor is stretching the U.N. Charter unprecedented. In November 1950, early in the Korean War, the U.S. had such a captive following that it could get Assembly sanction for U.N. military intervention in a "Uniting for Peace" resolution that neatly circumvented Soviet veto rights in the Security Council. Year after year until 1961, the U.S. blocked the U.N. from even putting membership for mainland China on the Assembly agenda. Soviet Ambassador Yakov Malik last week recalled those days of U.S. dominance: "I personally am a victim of the tyranny of the majority. I was alone in the Security Council. I protested, I complained, I objected. But the tyranny of the majority pressed upon me."

The U.S. insists that it does not object to being outvoted as such. Rather, as one American delegate charged last week, many resolutions "do not give decent consideration to the interests of the nations directly affected, and thus are fictitious solutions to serious international problems." The U.N.'s new economic charter illustrates the point. Since it provides little protection against arbitrary expropriation of foreign investment, it invites investing nations to ignore it. It also invites cynicism about the U.N. itself. Says Ambassador Scali: "Each time the Assembly adopts a resolution that it knows will not be implemented, it damages the credibility of the U.N."

The mass of U.N. resolutions passed each year (about 150) is also an invitation to mindless voting. The ambassador of one Texas-sized African nation confided that his government had instructed him: Vote with the Afro-Asians. If there is no agreed Afro-Asian position, vote with the Arabs. If there is no agreed Arab position, vote with the Arab majority.

■

A more serious criticism is that double standards and extremism too often prevail. Like a wartime convoy sailing at the speed of the slowest ship, the Third World position seems geared to the most intractable nation. In private, most Third World ambassadors are affable, reasonable men. But private reasonableness too often turns into public intransigence.

There are some exceptions; this year, for instance, Communist-backed resolutions on Korea (to throw the U.N. command out) and on Cambodia (to bring Prince Norodom Sihanouk's delegation in) were both defeated when the Third World split. But voting on a gut issue, like *apartheid*, the Third World bloc grows more monolithic.

During last week's Assembly debate, Ambassador Scali was countered by steamy rebuttals. But there were also some well-taken warnings that the situation has changed—outside as well as inside the U.N.'s glass palace. Third World countries have more than just the votes. "I come from a country which is small in size and population but very powerful in economic capabilities," said Kuwaiti Ambassador Abdalla Bishara. "Indeed, it is an example of the new realities of the day."

Yet, as Scali contends, the argument cuts both ways, and the U.N.'s new majority must live within rules acceptable to the new minority. The General Assembly is not a legislature. It can pass no laws; its effectiveness is measured by consensus. For years, the prevalent U.S. opinion has been that the U.N., as a forum, a funnel for aid, a tool for international arrangements, was doing more good than harm; this view is no longer as readily accepted. If American opinion turns against the U.N., a cut in U.S. financial support—now $460 million yearly—would be the least of the consequences. U.S. neglect or scorn would hurt the U.N. even more. Without the full participation of the world's most powerful nation, the U.N.'s claim to being a world body would be a sham. ■ Curtis Prendergast

GIVE PEOPLE FOR CHRISTMAS

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The Private Lives of Public Men

To the Editors:

As the peccadilloes of Congressmen and Premiers make headlines here and abroad, the editors of TIME and every other responsible news organization are confronted with a series of decisions to tell or not to tell. Wherever they draw that nice line between good taste and good reporting, they can be assured that they will be judged wrong by some segment of their audience.

Among us readers are those who wish we could be spared the grosser facts of life. We'd just rather not know, if you please, about Congressman Mills' private matters. They disappoint us, disturb us, make us feel insecure. Oh for those blissful days when the press was less candid about people in the news!

Yet there is something fortifying to society's conscience to know the worst about its leaders as well as the best. Somehow the Tidal Basin affair and its aftermath let us know more about the most powerful Congressman in the land than we had ever known before. He was not just the accomplished master of the legislative process, as we had presumed. He was also old Wilbur Mills, with all the temptations and weaknesses of any other man, and perhaps more.

So who will now say that the democratic process that re-elected Mills to another term of power was a more perfect judge of his capacity to rule than Mills himself, who—after the press hung it all out to public view—decided on his own to the contrary?

Roy M. Fisher
Columbia, Mo.

The writer, now dean of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, formerly served as editor of the Chicago Daily News.

Newsmen should pry into the private life of a public figure only when they have reason to believe his private actions are illegal, represent a conflict of interest or otherwise influence his official performance.

In the case of Governor Rockefeller, the prying by Congress and the press was justified by the demands of the vice presidency, an office to which he was appointed, not elected, and in which he would be but a heartbeat from the presidency. Yet, in questioning Rockefeller, Congress demanded more of the nominee than it requires of itself. In effect, Congress told Rockefeller, "Do as we say, not as we do."

The press itself sometimes is guilty of the same kind of performance. True, the press is a private institution, yet its freedom is guaranteed in order to protect it from prosecution for serving the public interest. But if the press insists on invading the privacy of public figures without good cause, lawmakers are likely to retaliate. They could enact legislation to protect the privacy of public figures or otherwise limit press freedom.

Wilbur Elston
Detroit

The writer is associate editor of the Detroit News.

Coming soon coast to coast: *The Blue Angel*, starring Wilbur Mills and Fanne Foxe, in Panavision and Off Color.

Jonathan Crespin
Cincinnati

The extracurricular ways and means of Wilbur Mills defy belief. His latest Foxe hunt through Boston's combat zone is a blot on the escutcheon of every Arkansan who voted for him and all who hope to see the return of honest and respectable government.

Michael F. Wynne-Willson
Westwood, Mass.

The Value of Vladivostok

The Vladivostok accord as spelled out by the President is certainly better than if disagreement had resulted and no limits were to be placed on strategic offensive weapons. The limits are not as low as we wanted. I include in the word we the U.S. Defense establishment, which I understand would like to have seen reductions in the strategic forces of both superpowers. One can hope for such reductions at an earlier date than foreshadowed in the Vladivostok statement. It is worth recalling that a reduction in ABM sites from two to one followed only two years after the ABM treaty was negotiated.

It may be worth noting that the agreed launcher level is lower than that of the U.S. some ten years ago. If the Vladivostok guidelines are converted into a definitive ten-year agreement, it should provide a good measure of certainty as to the maximum number of launchers in the Soviet strategic forces over the next ten years. That would be invaluable information for U.S. force-planning during this period. Concerns about growing vulnerability of ICBMs are not laid to rest by this agreement, but one can now estimate this danger with greater precision—and, if necessary, make changes in U.S. forces.

Vladivostok, while not a "triumph," lays the basis for improvement in U.S. security. This is no mean feat.

Gerard C. Smith
Washington, D.C.

The writer, who headed the U.S. delegation during the first round of SALT negotiations, is now North American chairman of the Trilateral Commission.

The new SALT accord in essence provides for equal ceilings of 2,400 on the number of ICBMs, SLBMs and heavy bombers, and 1,320 on the number of MIRVed missiles each side can have over the next ten years. The accord thus puts a medium-term cap on the numbers of certain types of offensive strategic launchers. It provides the appearance of equality. It does not, however, deal with throw-weight—the most useful, verifiable measure of relative missile capability either MIRVed or un-MIRVed.

Dr. Kissinger has indicated that the new Soviet Backfire bomber is not to be defined as being a heavy bomber. It is therefore difficult to see how the accord reduces in a meaningful way the U.S. strategic-defense problem posed by the new family of Soviet missiles and bombers, which are completing testing and whose deployment is now beginning. If we do not add new strategic programs to those now planned, the U.S. will end the ten-year period of the accord with less than half the MIRVed throw-weight and less than half the un-MIRVed throw-weight of the Soviet side. The bomber forces of the two sides, in view of our lighter air defenses, would be of approximately equal capability.

The agreement does not appear to bar the U.S. from doing what is necessary to correct or compensate for these imbalances. I am disappointed that the accord does not do more to avoid that necessity. Thus I cannot view Vladivostok as a triumphant breakthrough.

Paul Nitze
Washington, D.C.

The writer served as Secretary of the Navy and Deputy Secretary of Defense during the Johnson Administration. Until he resigned in June, he was a member of the SALT I delegation.

Concerning the latest arms-limitation agreement, why hasn't someone asked just what the significance of the numbers really is? If Japan was brought to its knees with only two relatively small atomic bombs, just what is the real difference in what happens whether 50

nuclear warheads are built or 2,500? The trading off of numbers borders on being imbecilic. Just one stupid nation could blackmail the rest of the world with just one bomb.

If nations start reducing nuclear weapons and stockpiles of atomic arms to zero, then we can have renewed hope and faith in mankind.

Paul B. Wallace
Merriam, Kans.

Now that the game rules are agreed on, who gets the first throw of the dice?

Robert D. Miles
Pontiac, Mich.

Thing of the Year?

For 1974, unfortunately, there can be no Man of the Year—only a Thing of the Year, and that is Watergate.

Bert Sirote
Monsey, N.Y.

Appalling as it may seem, how can Richard M. Nixon be denied the designation Man of the Year?

Peter C. Melonas
New York City

Nelson Rockefeller, definitely.

Steve Shearer
Spring Valley, Ill.

I nominate Ramsey Clark, who even in a losing battle showed that politics can be honest.

Rabbi Daniel B. Syme
New York City

The man this year: Thomas Robert Malthus.

Cassio Fonseca
Rio de Janeiro

Losers and Winners

A proposal for the new Congress: institute a national users' fee system called Licenses on Surpluses and Excesses (LOSE). An annual LOSE fee of $5 each could be levied on all pets (except perhaps goldfish). All pet food could be subject to a LOSE sales fee of 5%. Annual LOSE fees could also be considered on: art holdings, books, magazines, newspapers, records, candy, greeting cards, caskets, cosmetics, jewelry, liquor, tobacco, air conditioners, and many other goods, services and diversions.

The national LOSE program, if enough items are included, could easily bring in $20 billion annually even after paying salaries of 500,000 collectors and administrators. Congressmen would undoubtedly be happy to issue LOSE buttons, which all of us losers would wear next to our WIN buttons.

Stanley A. Elman
Pasadena, Calif.

So the auto industry is crying; perhaps the beef producers could lend them handkerchiefs. A better idea would be to return to the barter system of doing business. Trade cars for cattle, have the cattle processed, and pay the workers with meat.

Ethel Sprague
Rose Hill, Iowa

Your cartoon cover bearing "Recession's Greetings" [Dec. 9] was an unwelcome intrusion into our home. You truly accentuated the negative, something we do not need. We are all bombarded by it daily as we shop for clothes, food and Christmas presents. I truly resent seeing the spirit of Christmas ruined just because there are hard times. For many centuries, we have celebrated the birth of Christ in times of leanness as well as plenty. But we have celebrated!

(Mrs.) Alda Keller Peinkofer
Oneonta, N.Y.

Troubles, Memories, Hopes

The thoughtful Essay, "P.S.: There's Some Good News, Too" [Dec. 9], provides some much-needed equilibrium at a time when the public attitude is steeply tilted toward gloom. But I fear that —with rare exceptions—present sufferings so monopolize one's mental space that perspective is simply crowded out. Troubles have a way of saturating past memories and shrouding future hopes.

Melvin L. Rogers
Bronxville, N.Y.

You cite as positive factors our "resilience" and "durability" in surviving the Civil War, the Depression and Viet Nam. That last reference seems curiously out of place. It brings to mind the case of the juvenile delinquent who, after committing double parricide, appeals to the judge for mercy on the grounds that he is an orphan.

Lest we forget, Viet Nam was not merely an affliction we endured but an atrocity we perpetrated.

Fred Laros
New York City

Secretary Butz's Humor

I am grateful to Mr. Butz for finally bringing into the open what everybody has been saying. I first heard that joke at a family reunion (Italian and Catholic) at least three years ago. It is, after all, commonly accepted that all but the most ignorant Italians and Catholics do indeed practice birth control in spite of the dictates of Rome.

Warren A. Colpo
York, Pa.

A word of advice to Secretary Butz: You wanna keepa you job, you no maka the jokes.

Ronald Ozio
Biloxi, Miss.

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

MARTHA SWOPE

JULIE HARRIS IN *LOVE*

Quick, Rex, the Kleenex

IN PRAISE OF LOVE
by TERENCE RATTIGAN

This is a soap bubble of a play. It floats about weightlessly. Its translucent emptiness glints with rainbow colors consisting of quippy dialogue and glamorously exploitative star performances. Expiring at last it drops to earth in the form of a sentimental teary splat.

The heroine, Lydia Crutwell (Julie Harris), is dying of an incurable polysyllabic disease. She is keeping this secret from her husband Sebastian (Rex Harrison), since he is a pitiably self-absorbed book critic. She feels that he could not remotely cope with anything as real as life—or death. That is Act I.

In Act II, it turns out that Sebastian knows of his wife's terminal condition and believes he is keeping it a secret from her. He does this by being crotchety and cavalierly asking Lydia to fetch his drinks, his food, and anything else that can be hand-carried.

To get the couple's deadly secrets unveiled, Rattigan relies on a kind of question-and-answer man, a mutual American friend, Mark Walters (Martin Gabel), who has become rich writing sex novels, and who dotes on Lydia with unrequited love. Long noted for resonance of voice and clarity of diction, Gabel gets the messages across to the playgoers all right and he may qualify as the highest-paid facsimile of a Western Union boy in the history of the legitimate theater. To give Gabel's unclouded intelligence its due, the gravity of his mien is some-

times tinged with a wry hint of skepticism about the contents of the play.

No such doubts assail the two leads. Harrison is letter-perfect, which is not too surprising since Sebastian is simply Henry Higgins 18 years older. His nasal drawl, his lounge-lizard posture, his Swiss-clock comic timing are on superb display. Harris matches him. She seems to have discovered the secret that eluded Ponce de León. With each passing play, she appears more youthful—her face lineless, her figure trim, her carriage gracefully girlish. In acting subservient to her husband while deftly stage-managing everything, she strongly recalls those '30s heroines of S.N. Behrman's comedies who used to be played by Ina Claire or Katharine Cornell. Harrison and Harris salvage Rattigan, who, though famed for his theatrical carpentry, has on this occasion whittled out a toothpick drama. ■T.E. Kalem

Plagues for Pleasure

GOD'S FAVORITE
by NEIL SIMON

Annually, at just about this time, Neil Simon has ignited a fire storm of fun on Broadway. He does it again in *God's Favorite*, and with a highly unlikely subject: the trials and tribulations of Job.

Or is it so unlikely? Too casually dismissed by some critics as a confectioner of gags, Simon has an intuitive understanding of the comic process that runs far deeper than one-liners. The central aspect of his plays is that the key characters are not funny at all. They never laugh, and they are frequently utterly miserable. Think of *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*. The hero is a middle-aged executive who has lost his job, and his prospects seem so painfully bleak that he suffers a mental breakdown. Think of *The Odd Couple*. Here are two men sharing involuntary bachelor quarters after their lives have been shattered by divorce. They are edgy, disconsolate and very close to tears.

What this means is that the burden of laughter rests solely on the audience. Apart from the funny lines, why does the audience laugh? Two reasons suggest themselves. The first is the catharsis of relief—thank God, this hasn't happened to me. The second is to ward off and suppress anxiety—by God, this might happen to me.

For Job, of course, this is literally true, since it is God who visits calamities upon him to test his faith. Simon's Job is Joe Benjamin (Vincent Gardenia), millionaire cardboard-container manufacturer who lives in a palatial quasi-Gothic pile on Long Island. His family is a sort of mini-plague to begin with: a distracted, rattle-brained wife, a klutzy daughter with incessant sexual fantasies, a nincompoop younger son, and an alcoholic vagabond firstborn, David (Terry Kiser), who is the rotten apple of Papa's eye.

The messenger of the Lord arrives with a big *G* on his sweatshirt to give Joe the bad news that he is No. 1 on God's test list. Sidney Lipton by name, this celestial drop-in is a fruity, jittery hysteric played with manic hilarity by Charles Nelson Reilly. He has not been inside the Deity's Oval Office, but he does pass the word that the Devil "looks just like Robert Redford. Gorgeous."

First, Joe's factory burns down at a tremendous loss. Then his house burns down. Somehow, even his swimming pool burns down. After that, Joe stops counting troubles. Anyway, his tongue is too swollen for him to speak coherently. Meanwhile, wisecracks wing across the stage like machine-gun fire. The humor is urban and Jewish.

Michael Bennett directs at a roller-coaster pace. As J.B., Vincent Gardenia beautifully exemplifies another aspect of Neil Simon, bedrock decency and abiding affection for beleaguered humanity. ■T.E.K.

KISER & GARDENIA IN *FAVORITE*

Chessboard of Fate

THE RULES OF THE GAME
by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

As Athena sprang full-grown from the brow of Zeus, much of 20th century drama sprang from the mind of Luigi Pirandello. His plays are intellectual position papers outlining the dominant themes of dramatists to come—alienation, absurdity, metaphysical paradox, and an almost eerie psychological portraiture. Since *The Rules of the Game* is an early Pirandello play, dating from 1919, these themes appear in relatively embryonic form. In some ways, *Rules* most nearly resembles the young Pirandello's naturalistic short stories, set against the backdrop of his birthplace, Sicily. Like them, it evolves along what might be called Mafia lines of pride, loyalty, honor and revenge.

McMARTIN & VAN ARK IN *RULES*
Graveyard mirth.

The hero, Leone Gala (John McMartin), tries to live a life of detached rationality, and has granted his wife Silia (Joan Van Ark) an amicable separation so that she can accommodate a lover. She is a tempestuous creature of instinct who is maddeningly irked by one fact: Leone shows no visible jealousy. She begs her lover Guido (David Dukes) to kill her husband, but he does not really take the plea seriously, and besides he has no stomach for the assignment.

Graveyard Mirth. On a trumped-up charge that some sportive local bloods have attempted to rape her, Silia demands that Leone issue a dueling challenge to one of them, a Marquis Miglioriti. The code requires that a husband avenge an insult to his wife's honor, so Leone accedes and presses Guido, who also happens to be his good friend, into serving as his second. Guido issues an unconditional challenge, only too slyly aware that the marquis is both a crack pistol shot and a master swordsman. But Leone makes the final move on the chessboard of fate. By the iron rules of the game, the second must fight if the principal, for whatever reason, refuses. Leone refuses. And Guido? He dies at the first shot, a victim of the deadliest rule of all: a husband's right to kill his wife's lover.

A polished cast paced by the sensitive honesty of John McMartin's performance makes the evening hum with suspense. And Pirandello lends it the ironic graveyard mirth of a man who saw life as a comedy for those who think and a tragedy for those who feel. ■T.E.K.

PRINCESS ANNE SPARS WITH BASIL

SOLZHENITSYN WITH QUEEN OF LIGHT

For Britain's **Princess Anne,** there is no living down her occasional lapses in horsewomanship. At a charity fund-raising evening sponsored by the Grand Order of Water Rats, an entertainers' organization, Anne and Husband Captain **Mark Phillips** arrived to accept a check on behalf of the Police Dependents Trust. "Have you fallen off any good horses lately?" cracked Basil Brush, a puppet fox and star of a children's television show. Replied Anne coolly: "You don't fall off good horses."

■

The ceremony came four years late, but last week Soviet Author **Alexander Solzhenitsyn** finally entered Stockholm's Concert House to accept the 1970 Nobel Prize for Literature. "The Swedish Academy and the Nobel Foundation have probably never had as much bother with anyone as they have had with me," said Solzhenitsyn at a Nobel banquet. The laureate was kept from attending the 1970 ceremonies by fear that he would not be allowed to return to the Soviet Union. The prize, declared the bearded exile, "has prevented me from being crushed by the severe persecution to which I have been subjected." The prize also enabled Solzhenitsyn to be on hand for some traditional Scandinavian Christmas festivities, including a meeting with Birgitta Gahne, Stockholm's Queen of Light.

■

Though never known as the king of deference, Actor **Rod Steiger** has plaudits aplenty for the co-star and the director of his newest film, now being completed in Saint-Tropez, France. The movie, tentatively entitled *Damned Innocents*, features Steiger as an aging husband and **Romy Schneider** as his wandering-eyed wife, and is directed by New Wave Mastermind **Claude Chabrol**. Says Steiger of Chabrol: "He understands the necessity of allowing his actors artistic freedom. There isn't that much money to be made, and we have to use all the talent there is." Which, presumably, includes Schneider. "Working with her makes me realize how ignorant I am," concedes Steiger. "She can speak English, French, Italian and German. I have trouble getting by in English."

ROMY SCHNEIDER WANDERS IN SAINT-TROPEZ

CONDUCTOR ARTHUR FIEDLER TAKES TURN

■

"I came here eight years ago with $200 in my pocket, a small child in my arms, wondering if I had any future at all," recalled Australian-born Singer **Helen Reddy,** 33. Now a top-ranking female pop vocalist in the U.S. and composer of the rousing feminist anthem *I Am Woman*, Reddy last week joined ranks with her American fans by becoming a naturalized U.S. citizen. With Bronx-born Husband-Manager **Jeff Wald** at her side, Reddy took the oath of allegiance in Los Angeles, then wept happily on the shoulder of Mayor **Tom Bradley,** who witnessed the ceremony. "This wonderful country is still the only place on earth where the boldest dreams can come true," exulted Reddy, who later celebrated by singing two concerts for women prisoners in a local jail.

■

"I haven't really kept track of the times I've done it." In fact, Boston Pops Maestro **Arthur Fiedler** has conducted Tchaikovsky's ballet *The Nutcracker* for a decade of Christmases, and this year's 14 performances at Boston's 5,000-seat

WITH MEMBERS OF THE *NUTCRACKER* CAST

BRISTOL-BORN CARY GRANT AT NEW YORK'S BRISTOL BASIN

Music Hall have been sold out for weeks. Before attending a television celebration of his 80th birthday last week, Fiedler showed that he was limber enough to teach terpsichorean twists to members of the *Nutcracker* cast. "I want no part in picking the dancers, and they have none in picking my musicians," the maestro said. "But it's me who puts the two together."

■

HOUDINI WINS TEST IN A SEALED CASKET—STAYS UNDER WATER IN AIR-TIGHT CASE AN HOUR AND A HALF WITH NO ILL EFFECTS, proclaimed the New York *Times* headline on Aug. 6, 1926. Now, almost 50 years later, Magician **Harry Houdini** has surfaced again, via a long-lost letter, to explain how he pulled off his great sealed-casket trick. "I know you are doing worthwhile work, and . . . I am at your service," wrote the famous escape artist to a safety expert at the Bureau of Mines. Contending that fear, and not just lack of air, caused the death of miners trapped in airtight chambers, Houdini explained how he had kept alive for 91 minutes on a then estimated five-minute supply of air through careful breath control and by remaining absolutely still. The letter, just discovered during a drawer cleaning, revealed that even the great Houdini had a few moments of doubt: "After one hour and 28 minutes, I commenced to see yellow lights and carefully watched myself not to go to sleep."

■

Who better to rededicate Manhattan's Bristol Basin Memorial, a monument to the World War II bombing victims of Bristol, England, than Actor **Cary Grant?** "I have a deep-seated emotion about this ceremony," declared Grant, 70, who was born in Bristol and known as Archie Leach when he left more than half a century ago. His ceremonial chores for New York's English-Speaking Union completed in a blustery wind off New York City's East River, Grant then fielded a question about his film future. "Oh, I won't make more movies. I've done all that. Besides," grinned the deeply tanned, still debonair star, "I'm much too old."

■

The arm has been throwing better than ever, the knees haven't pulled their famous collapsing trick, and as if that weren't enough to keep **Joe Namath** in football, his New York Jets teammates last week voted him the club's most valuable player for 1974. Even so, Joe, 31, is conspicuously vague about his plans for 1975. Some New York sportswriters have even speculated that Quarterback Namath, who has just fulfilled his estimated $250,000-a-year contract with the Jets, is considering playing for the Rams in Los Angeles, where Actor Namath could keep near the cameras. Says Joe: "I don't know what I will do. I feel I am a better quarterback than I have ever been—able to play two more years if I want." Could money keep Broadway Joe from becoming Hollywood Joe? "Well," answers Jets Coach Charley Winner, "this is what you play for."

■

Only half the seats in the Club Juana near Orlando were filled on opening night, and midway through her first week the club's main attraction, Stripper **Fanne Foxe,** was arrested for going bottomless. No one, however, seemed willing to admit that the Tidal Basin Bombshell might be a Florida flop, least of all Club Owner Mike Pinter, who was peeling off $15,000 a week for her twelve-day run. Fanne, who immediately posted a $500 bond, claimed that her opening had unfolded "much better than I expected." She had also phoned her ailing friend, Congressman **Wilbur Mills,** Fanne added, to apologize for the rumors about their "engagement." Reported Fanne: "He said not to worry, that he knows how people can be."

FOXE AFTER FLORIDA BUST

England's Greatest Romantic

In scale, in scope, in sheer excellence, the Royal Academy's retrospective of the works of Joseph Mallord William Turner (which runs until March 2, 1975) is the most important art exhibition held in either England or the U.S. in the past five years. Two hundred years have passed since Turner was born in a cellar in Maiden Lane and his reputation has never ceased to grow. In this show, it gets its due from an institution that Turner always regarded with filial piety. There are 650 oils, watercolors, prints and drawings on view, too many to see in one day. In their range—from

S.W. PARROTT'S "TURNER ON VARNISHING DAY"
Like chaos before the creation.

the earliest imitative watercolors of picturesque scenery, through the imitations of Claude, the French landscapist, the seascapes, the Italian scenes, and so on to the Beethoven-like grandeur of the last landscapes—they form the best possible introduction to this coarsely explicit but mysterious Englishman.

Vast Range. Turner's was not a "normal" life but a long exertion. He had little art training. His father, a Covent Garden wigmaker, exploited him, egging him on to turn out hundreds of bread-and-butter illustrations. His mother died mad, which seems to have inhibited Turner from trusting women; for sex he went to dockside whores, and for security and approval he turned to an institution, the Royal Academy. Nearly all his emotional energies were displaced into his work. Its sheer volume was astounding: the British Museum alone has 19,000 watercolors, color notes and travel drawings. Turner's creativity, which rivaled Picasso's, meant ceaseless travel in search of motifs—over the Alps, around Italy, across France, throughout England. But the work remained in England. Thus the Royal Academy had a vast range of work to choose from, and it is hardly possible that a better Turner show can ever be mounted. It is a triumph of scholarship and taste, but especially it is a triumph for Turner and, in a way, for his country; for it now seems not only that Turner was the greatest artist England ever produced, but that the most profound romantic artist in 19th century Europe was an Englishman.

Nobody could be less like the French romantics than was Turner, with his cobbled-together education, his stinginess and gruff bearing. But no 19th century painter, not even Cézanne, has changed our perception of landscape more radically. This is an opportune show, coming as it does when American formalism is dead and an interest in content is reviving. For Turner was a master of meaning, and to see him as a modern artist (which he was) means leaving the formalist hierarchies on one side.

Another aspect of Turner that now seems so prophetic was his freedom of technique. There were witnesses to it, for Turner was apt to leave his big Academy pieces unfinished until varnishing day and then, hunched close in a trance of concentration for hours at a time like a stumpy, irritable macaw, would complete them in the gallery where they hung. One colleague remembered how "the picture when sent in was a mere dab of several colors, and 'without form and void,' like chaos before the creation." The handling of paint, the stuff itself—squidgy or crumbly or liquid, applied with every instrument from the finest sable brush to his own horny thumb—was of immense importance to Turner. The structure of paint in his mature work, the gouts of impasto overlaid by veil upon veil of glazes, transparencies and flecks, is not merely a description of the movement of wind, light and water; it becomes an equivalent to that movement translated into the motions of the hand.

With Turner, for the first time since Leonardo, movement becomes a painter's primary subject. Turner was the first painter of landscape to perceive—and find a visual language to embody his perception—that nature is composed not of objects acting upon one another in a mechanical way but of fields of force. The earth's atmosphere, which earlier painters had treated as a limpid and neutral fluid, was now endowed with an awesome particularity—swaths of energy, turbulence and vibrating light, arches of cloud and rain, endless halls of vapor and transparency. The sea for centuries had been conventionalized as a flat sheet or, when shown in a storm, with generally stylized patterns of movement; yet to Turner it revealed equally vast and specific structures, sucking and toppling. By 1803, when he came to paint *Calais Pier*, Turner possessed an insight into the real motions and energies of water whose only parallel was in Leonardo.

Grand Catastrophes. Why no landscapist had done this before is a mystery. It may be that land and vegetation came to be perceived before either sky or sea because land can be possessed, but air and water were (at the time) dangerous, beyond ownership. In any event, Turner's claim to originality of vision is absolute. Furthermore, it was based on his experience. But Turner had a leather belly and, blessed with immunity to seasickness, he endured all weathers. In one terrible storm off Harwich, he recalled, "I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it. I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it if I did." The result was *Snowstorm—Steamboat off a Harbor's Mouth*: that devouring vortex of exquisitely modulated energy which, seen at the Royal Academy in 1842, was derided by critics as "soapsuds and whitewash." Turner, despite his taciturn and obstinate gruffness, could be pricked to tears by a stupid notice. "Soapsuds and whitewash!" he complained to Ruskin. "I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it!"

Turner's most Leonardesque aspect was the deep pessimism that went with his long investigation of nature. In the works of his maturity, human life is merely an eddy in elemental time. His love of full-bore catastrophe is indicated by the most Turneresque of all his titles, an Alpine scene: *Snowstorm, Avalanche and Inundation* (1837). But the painted results of his pessimism were of an indescribable grandeur and poignancy. He was rooted in his own time and society. Moreover, he was sure that that society—optimistic, promethean England with its empire and its burgeoning industrial revolution, now rising from its triumph over Bonaparte—was in fact on the edge of collapse. This is implicit in Turner's Venetian paintings, where the fretted and tottering profiles of the once omnipotent city melt (so ravishingly, and with such implied finality) into their last erosion by light and water.

Paintings of contemporary events

OPPOSITE PAGE: TATE GALLERY. OVERLEAF: NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON; CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART, OHIO

"Music Party, Petworth," c. 1835

"Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus"

"Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons"

were also dense with allegorical meaning. Among these was Turner's *Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, 1835* (*see color page*). This apocalyptic moment, for so it seemed to Londoners already made nervous by Chartist labor agitation, happened one October night in 1834, and Turner, rushing from dinner with sketchbook in hand, was there to see it. When the House of Lords collapsed, "Bright coruscations, as of electric fire, played in the great volume of flames," and the throng of watchers on the Thames' embankments broke into applause, "as though they had been present at the closing scene of some dramatic spectacle," as indeed, in Turner's view, they had: What more vivid image of the punishment of English *hubris* could he have asked for? All Turner is in his view of the conflagration: it is the essence of his delight in elemental conflict—fire raging in the clear mirror of water, its ruddy glow drifting west across a night sky cool as china.

Historical Fumes. Martin Butlin, keeper of the British Collection at the Tate Gallery, points out in the catalogue that Turner's cataclysms were meant to replace the older European tradition of personified myth—wrathful Zeus and so forth—and thus they moralize nature itself. Turner, a self-taught man, was no classical scholar, and he made blunders of erudition about myth and history. Yet as Butlin puts it, "Turner's moral philosophy was a matter of passion and visual expression, not of strict archaeology and attention to sources ... The fumes of history filled his brain, not its dry facts." When the fumes wove in harmony with the demands of visual truth, Turner became an epic dramatist—as *Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus* shows, with that sublime apparition of a galleon, canvas flapping and looping, escorted by Nereids through a lake of fire and vapor, under the dimly discernible, looming profile of the giant.

But toward the end of Turner's life, the flow of myth and history subjects abated as he went deeper than any earlier painter had gone into the structure of color. At Petworth, enjoying the relaxed and eccentric patronage of Lord Egremont, he produced paintings like *Music Party, Petworth*: its forms dissolving in a bath of russet light would look extreme for Monet in 1895, let alone in England 60 years earlier. In the last landscapes, the world of detail and substance has been fully absorbed into the vibration of light, pure self-delighting energy manifesting itself. Except for Blake's, they are the most religious paintings of the 19th century. They are wholly Apollonian. One understands why, after Turner died in 1851, the story got about that his last words were "The sun is God." ■ Robert Hughes

China Gems

With two gala showings (Mrs. Gerald Ford, congressional luminaries) before the opening proper, Washington's National Gallery last week unveiled the celebrated "Exhibition of Archaeological Finds of the People's Republic of China." It had started traveling in Paris (TIME, Aug. 13, 1973) and gone on to Vienna, Stockholm, London and Toronto. In Washington, the Chinese provoked a diplomatic incident: they refused to allow representatives of Taiwan, South Korea, South Africa or Israel to attend the customary press preview. The National Gallery retorted that it was not its policy to exclude anyone. Result: the preview was canceled.

The hassle could not obscure the show's uniqueness. It comprises some 385 objects the Chinese Communists have unearthed since they took over control of China in 1949. It includes magnificent bronze vessels from the 11th century B.C., whose sculptured decorations resemble later Mayan motifs. There are sculptures of actors from the 14th century A.D., one of them dancing, clappers in hand. And then there are the horses, the parade of horses that romp, stomp or buckle to their work in the reconstructed procession for some forgotten emperor. A magical flying horse from the 2nd century A.D. takes off for an uncertain heaven from the back of a somewhat startled sparrow.

The National Gallery has installed it all magnificently—the staff spent a year at it, studied scale drawings of the objects, and remodeled the whole ground floor of the museum to make a rewarding labyrinth of 34 sections, corresponding to the 34 excavation sites.

Next stop for the exhibition: Kansas City, in April. Then back to Peking.

DMITRI KESSEL

MILESTONES

Divorced. Alan Jay Lerner, 56, Broadway lyricist-laureate (*My Fair Lady, Camelot*); By Karen Gundersen Lerner, 39, former *Newsweek* reporter who met him during a 1965 interview; after eight years of marriage, two years of separation, no children; in Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Gundersen was Lerner's fifth wife.

■

Died. Nickolai G. Kuznetsov, 72, commander of the Soviet navy in World War II. Kuznetsov's advocacy of an aggressive "oceanic" strategy for the Soviet sea arm appealed to Stalin. He quickly rose through the ranks as senior officers were liquidated in the 1937-38 purges, and became Navy Commissar in 1939 at the age of 37. Kuznetsov embarked on a massive cruiser and battleship building program and restored czarist-style discipline on shipboard, requiring officers to wear bone-handled swords. He mapped the naval strategy used against Finland in 1940, and later led his fleet against the Nazis. Demoted by a suspicious Stalin, he was reinstated in 1951 and finally fell from power in 1956, when Khrushchev decided that Kuznetsov's emphasis on a surface navy was out of date.

■

Died. John Gordon, 84, crusty, Scottish-born editor in chief of Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*; in London. In large part because of Gordon's news judgment, the circulation of the *Sunday Express*, which was about 560,000 when he became a co-editor in 1928, had grown to over 4 million by the time of his death. In 1940, let down by a contributor, Gordon himself dashed off a column that was such a success that he kept it up for over 30 years. His weekly "Current Affairs" sometimes tilted at members of Britain's royal family. Gordon bridled at the suggestion that Mark Phillips, Princess Anne's cavalry-captain husband, be given a title. No British monarch, the argument went, has ever had commoners as grandchildren. "Well, wouldn't this be a jolly good time to start?" Gordon snapped.

■

Died. Walter Lippmann, 85, sagacious titan of American journalism (*see* THE PRESS).

■

Died. André Géraud, 92, Cassandra-like French columnist known as Pertinax (Latin for resolute); in Ségur-le-Château, France. In his daily columns in *Echo de Paris*, Pertinax in the 1930s warned about the danger of appeasing Hitler. When Nazi panzers crushed France in 1940, he escaped via Bordeaux on an English destroyer. In the U.S. during the war, he wrote his best-known work, *The Gravediggers of France*, a historical exposé of the men responsible for his country's fall.

Studying the American Tribe

When two well-dressed strangers turned up at a sleek apartment building on Chicago's Gold Coast, the doorman called the cops. The men explained they were anthropologists from the University of Chicago, anxious to study rich families. "The policeman couldn't believe it," said one of the men. "He looked first for my *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, then for my vacuum cleaner and then asked what was the gimmick."

The gimmick is that anthropologists, after decades of following Margaret Mead to Samoa and Bronislaw Malinowski to the Trobriand Islands, have staked out new territory—the nonexotic cities and rural byways of the U.S. Indeed, scores of sessions at last month's American Anthropological Association's annual meeting in Mexico City were devoted to the problems and rewards of studying U.S. subcultures. These may range from Greek-Americans and company towns to female athletes and Appalachian snake cultists.

The golden age of anthropology, as many older scholars wistfully call it, is now over. Increased concern with domestic social problems is part of the reason for the turn away from glamorous globetrotting. So is the growing shortage of primitive peoples, many of them now part of politically touchy developing nations which have set severe restrictions on visiting anthropologists. These days a candidate had better have outstanding credentials, the ability to prove he is not with the CIA, eagerness to share his findings with the host country and a total absence of subtle colonial attitudes. Even at home, the growing militance of American Indians is making traditional tribal research by white scholars more difficult.

No Jobs. Just at a time when foreign opportunities are decreasing, the profession is turning out Ph.D.s at a record rate—1,476 in the U.S. in the past five years, more than in the previous two decades. Traditionally, 90% of anthropologists return to the campus, but now colleges are cutting back sharply. Even by slowing the flow of Ph.D.s, colleges are expected to be able to employ only 25% of American anthropologists by 1990. At last month's A.A.A. meeting, President Ernestine Friedl of Duke University gingerly suggested to the 2,845 attending anthropologists that they look for work at junior colleges and in practical research—"directions for which the majority of us are ill prepared." Margaret Mead concurs about the need for practicality. In an interview with TIME Senior Correspondent Ruth Galvin, Mead charged that anthropologists are producing "academic versions of them-

selves and aren't oriented to things that need to be done in this world. They have spent too much time discussing how many cross-cousins could dance on the head of a pin."

More than ever, sessions at the Mexico City meeting seemed designed to nudge scholars into practical fields—environmental impact studies, population anthropology, natural-resources research and maritime ethnology (studies of fishermen often sponsored by the fishing industry). Said former A.A.A. President George Foster: "Unless we are able to train people to do new kinds of research and break down our false pride, we will wither on the vine."

Focus on Ghettos. While there are probably fewer than 150 anthropologists working full time in industry or Government, an increasing number are following the federal and corporate dollar, helping to plan new towns, organizing farmers' markets, devising recreation programs, advising law schools and studying employee relations. James P. Spradley of Macalester College, St. Paul, had a hand in changing Seattle laws on alcohol abuse by showing that traditional laws enforced rather than deterred alcoholism. Michael Agar of the New York State Drug Abuse Control Commission is examining the impact of methadone maintenance on behavior patterns of New York City addicts.

The city is the traditional turf of sociologists, and some seem huffy that anthropologists are descending on *their* ethnic groups instead of padding off to Samoa where they belong. "I used to tell my students the main difference between sociologists and anthropologists was that sociologists study white people," says Rutgers Anthropologist Lionel Tiger. "Now it's no longer true." There are other differences: cultural anthropologists are trained to immerse themselves in a culture until its patterns emerge. Most sociologists work with survey research techniques and statistics that policy planners insist on.

Their professional training —to look at a culture as a whole—has led anthropologists to focus on various ghettos, partly because the ethnic populations can plausibly be regarded as "tribes," and to shy away from research about specific problems. Yet in a previous crisis, World War II, when many foreign sites were closed and the nation needed practical help, anthropologists rose to the occasion. They gave survival courses to pilots who might be shot down in foreign lands, did public-attitude surveys at home, and in one famous bit of advice, convinced the Government that Emperor Hirohito should not be vilified; he would be necessary to end the war.

After the war, however, says George Foster, "we blew it, because anthropology has always looked on applied work as second-class." Now the profession, which has always had an upper-class, literary cast, is being forced into practical studies, mostly at home. U.S. anthropology, it seems, must recognize that the primary tribe to study is the Americans.

MICHAEL EVANS

SCENE IN NEW YORK DRUG TREATMENT CENTER
A new territory staked out by anthropologists.

How the English keep dry

Gordon's Gin not only makes a better Bloody Mary, it makes a better everything.

Gin Bloody Mary: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, 3 ozs. tomato juice, juice of ½ lime wedge. Stir well over ice.

Gordon's Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

Rehearsal for 1975

When Soyuz 16 landed safely on the snow-covered steppes of Kazakhstan last week after six days in orbit, Soviet space officials were exultant. The successful flight, they said, showed that their cosmonauts and spacecraft were capable of carrying out their assigned role in next July's historic orbital linkup of an American Apollo and Soviet Soyuz.

U.S. space officials could only hope that the Russians were right. Although the U.S. Apollo spacecraft has more than demonstrated its incredible capabilities on eight missions to the moon, the Soviets are still ironing the kinks out of Soyuz. The workhorse of the Russian manned space program underwent a radical overhaul after three cosmonauts were killed when a hatch seal failed in a 1971 flight. Even that redesign did not eliminate all the bugs. At the time of its previous test in August, Soyuz 15's thrusters failed during an attempted linkup with an unmanned Salyut space station.

But Soyuz 16 performed "without a hitch," say the Soviets. During their 96 swings around the earth, Cosmonauts Anatoli Filipchenko, 46, and Nikolai Rukavishnikov, 42, practiced exercises with a docking ring mounted on the ship's nose. With the ring, according to the Soviets, the crew could simulate some of the "docking maneuvers" that will be required in next year's linkup. (The description was somewhat misleading since the Russian ship will be the passive partner during the rendezvous; Apollo will do all the critical maneuvering.) The Russian spacemen also reduced cabin pressure to about 10 lbs. per sq. in., or roughly midway between Apollo's 5 p.s.i. and the sea-level atmospheric pressure (14.7 p.s.i.) normally maintained in Soyuz. The same step will be taken during the joint mission before the cosmonauts transfer to the Apollo. Less difference in pressure will reduce the time they must spend in a decompression chamber between the ships.*

RUKAVISHNIKOV & FILIPCHENKO

PICTORIAL PARADE

Brute Force. In public, American officials had nothing but praise for these Russian efforts. Their private comments, however, still reflected their concern about the relatively primitive Soviet hardware, the lack of quality controls and the Russian penchant for testing in flight rather than on the ground. "Plain, goddamned brute-force engineering," said one U.S. official. Some Americans were also critical of the Soviets' continued insistence on secrecy; NASA has made a point of letting Russian officials tour the Apollo manufacturing facilities, but no American has been permitted to make a comparable inspection of the Soviet spacecraft during production. In fact, the U.S. astronauts will not see the Soviet ship they will visit in orbit until next May, barely two months before the actual lift-off.

Nonetheless, both the Americans and Russians are stressing the flight's importance to détente. During Moscow's TV coverage of the Soyuz 16 mission, commentators repeatedly pointed out that the flight was a dress rehearsal for next year's meeting in space with the Americans. When Soviet officials were interviewed, they even displayed a small U.S. flag alongside a Soviet flag of the same size on their desks. U.S. space officials also emphasized the mission's importance. They are trying to entice the Russians into other joint space ventures —if only to keep alive the badly curtailed U.S. manned space program. As one NASA official put it: "Keep in mind that the U.S. has no additional manned space activities on tap until the 1980s."

On to Saturn

NASA's manned space program may be suffering from hard times, but the space agency's unmanned exploration of the solar system is continuing to report stunning successes. In the past few years, robot spacecraft have surveyed the planet Mars in exquisite detail, sent back the first closeup pictures of Venus and Mercury, and penetrated the powerful radiation belts surrounding the sun's largest satellite, Jupiter. Now, after sweeping even closer to Jupiter than did its predecessor, Pioneer 10, last December, Pioneer 11 is beginning the long trip to its next target: Saturn.

The arcing, 1.5 billion-mile voyage across a large part of the solar system will take five years, but flight planners at NASA's Ames Research Center have every reason to expect the 570-lb. nuclear-powered robot to survive the trip. If it does, it will send back closeup pictures and other data from the ringed planet. Of four Pioneers that were launched into solar orbit between 1965 and 1968 to monitor interplanetary space, all are still transmitting scientific data—even though they were designed by Pioneer's prime contractor, TRW Inc., to last only six months; only one is experiencing some difficulty with a solar sensor. Signals are also still coming from Pioneer 10, which is now heading out of the solar system. Says Pioneer Project Scientist John H. Wolfe: "We now figure that if they make it for six months, they'll probably last forever."

Kamikaze Mission. Pioneer 11's longevity will be threatened in September 1979, when it swoops between Saturn and the innermost of its three rings on what Wolfe admits could be a "kamikaze mission." The spacecraft could be knocked out of action in a collision with a chunk of the ring's icy debris, some of which may be up to half a mile across. Otherwise, it will pass as close as 1,850 miles from Saturn's cloud tops (compared with 26,725 miles from Jupiter's). It will then be whipped around Saturn by the planet's powerful gravity and sent on a looping path toward Titan, Saturn's biggest moon. Even larger than the earth's moon, Titan may have an atmosphere and harbor some forms of life. To avoid risk of a collision that could contaminate Titan with earthly bugs, Pioneer will come no closer than 12,000 miles. Finally, the spacecraft will head out of the solar system, sending back signals that should continue at least until it reaches the orbit of Uranus (in 1985). After that the signals will be so faint that not even the largest antennas on earth will be able to pick them up.

*To prevent the bends, the formation of nitrogen bubbles in the bloodstream, which occurs when deep-sea divers ascend too rapidly.

Lippmann: Philosopher-Journalist

I think I would have liked the 18th century if I had been one of the people privileged to enjoy it.
—Walter Lippmann, 1969

He could have held his own in an 18th century *salon* or coffeehouse, sparring civilly with the prophets of the Enlightenment. His faith in the dispassionate application of reason to the muddle of human affairs was no less firm than Voltaire's. His prowess at drawing history's sweep from the minutiae of daily events might have impressed even Gibbon. Had they discoursed on politics, he and Edmund Burke would have found themselves on the same aloof Olympian plane.

An author, editor, columnist and diplomatic historian, he lectured statesmen and private citizens for 60 years. Although he relinquished his syndicated column *Today and Tomorrow* in 1967, he remained a close observer of world events. When he died last week at 85, he left the unfinished manuscript of his 27th book. Its working title, *The Ungovernability of Man*, reflected another, different 18th century strain in his character, an occasional Swiftian despair at the aberrations of the "minor Dark Age" into which he had been born.

Genteel Socialist. He was the only child of affluent German-Jewish parents (his father was a successful clothing manufacturer in New York City). Walter's early memories were of brownstone comforts, horse-and-buggy rides through Central Park, frequent trips to Europe. He entered Harvard with the class of 1910. There he absorbed William James' challenge to test all hand-me-down truths against the pragmatic standards of experience and reason.

Lippmann left Cambridge a genteel Socialist, worked for a year on Lincoln Steffens' muckraking *Everybody's Magazine*. His first book, *A Preface to Politics*, was written after he served a brief stint as secretary to the Rev. George R. Lunn of Schenectady, N.Y., one of America's first Socialist mayors. But no dogma could contain Lippmann for long. He soon abandoned Socialism—but not all of its causes—and in 1914 became one of the founders of the liberal *New Republic*.

During the war years, Lippmann left journalism briefly to serve as a member of "the Inquiry," a clandestine group of theorists charged by President Wilson with drawing up terms of an acceptable peace. The young adviser helped formulate Wilson's Fourteen Points and prepared a commentary on the peace terms to clarify them for the Allies. But Lippmann was disillusioned by the Versailles Treaty, believing that the conditions it imposed would inexorably lead to another war. He returned briefly to the *New Republic*, and then in 1921 signed on as an editorial writer for Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World*.

During the Republican '20s, the *World* was the nation's most articulate Democratic newspaper, and Lippmann's stately leaders became required reading for policymakers of all persuasions. When Lippmann later took command of the *World's* editorial page, he transformed it into an austere daily seminar. Novelist James M. Cain, then an editorial associate, warned Lippmann that not all *World* readers were up to the demands that he made on their intelligence. "You are always trying to dredge up basic principles," Cain said. "Now if what you've got to blow is a bugle, there isn't any sense in camping yourself down in front of piano music." Lippmann replied: "You may be right, but God damn it, I'm not going to spend my life writing bugle calls."

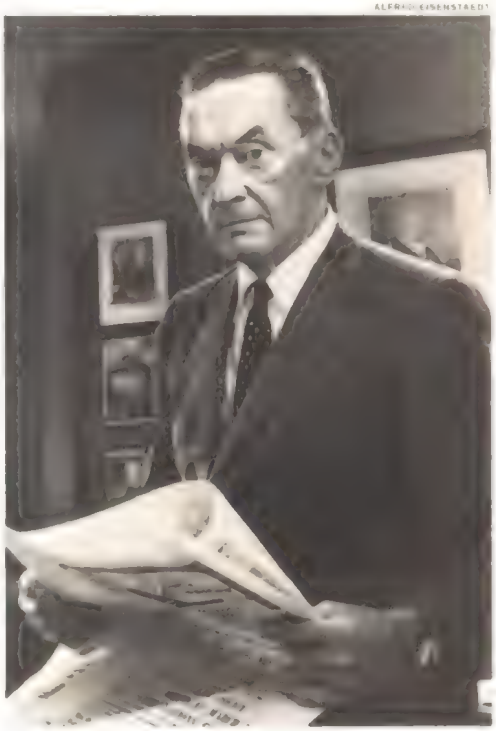
Throughout the '20s, Lippmann denounced in measured terms the main thrusts of U.S. foreign and domestic policy. He opposed the isolationism that kept the U.S. out of the League of Nations and the World Court. He consistently skewered the passive presidencies of Harding and Coolidge (his epitaph on the latter's Administration: "Nothing ventured, nothing lost"). Neither Lippmann nor the *World* foresaw the Great Depression, but his verdicts on the '20s—reached in the heat of daily events—have held up remarkably well.

The *World* folded into a merger with the New York *Telegram* in 1931; on the afternoon of the announcement, Ogden Reid, owner of the nation's most influential Republican paper, asked Lippmann to write two columns a week for the New York *Herald Tribune*. The switch startled many, and some of Lippmann's liberal friends accused him of selling out to the conservative opposition. Their suspicions seemed to be confirmed later when Lippmann blasted the "collectivism" of the New Deal. In the 1936 election, Lippmann supported Alfred Landon.

But Lippmann had not gone over to the Republicans. He was simply displaying once again his distrust of any grand scheme whose success depended on measures he considered oppressive. "The Good Society has no architectural design," he wrote in 1937. "There are no blueprints." Lippmann's refusal to interpret events according to doctrine struck some critics as vacillation. In fact, Lippmann shifted far less than did the political spectrum against which his positions were measured.

Inconvenient Army. Most columnists' predictions are forgotten in a matter of days or weeks. Walter Lippmann's were not, and even admirers cherished his occasional blunders, perhaps to reassure themselves that he was human. He undervalued F.D.R.'s abilities and failed to take Hitler very seriously until 1939. In September 1941, calling the U.S. Army a "definite inconvenience," he urged a reduction in the armed forces and a step-up of economic aid to England and Russia. Harry Truman's upset victory in 1948 forced Lippmann to begin his next column with the pained and decidedly un-Delphic admission: "As one who did not foresee the result of the election . . ."

A more serious weakness was Lippmann's detachment from the mire of human affairs. Comfortable in the company of statesmen and scholars, he did not always comprehend popular emotions or their impact on public policy. Lippmann derided the cold war, arguing reasonably that the Soviet Union and China would inevitably dominate their "orbits" as the U.S. did its own. This view is now grudgingly echoed



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT

LIPPMANN IN 1960
Lecturing in a minor Dark Age.

in U.S. foreign policy, but Lippmann's refusal to give weight to the explosive emotions of the cold war drew much criticism when tensions were at their peak. His writing style was elegant and correct to the last comma, but his artful convolutions sometimes trapped readers between unresolved propositions. Press Critic A.J. Liebling once called Lippmann "perhaps the greatest on-the-one-hand-this writer in the world today."

Whatever Lippmann's gaffes, they were but a small fraction of the 10 million words he committed to print. His column was ultimately syndicated in more than 200 papers; it brought him wealth, honors and worldwide fame. His lean, dignified presence was another of Washington's monuments. An invitation to the home he and his vivacious wife Helen had on Woodley Road, near the National Cathedral, was a command performance (Mrs. Lippmann died in February). Lippmann—called "the autocrat of the dinner table" by awed guests—would lead evening companions through Socratic questions on an encyclopedic range of subjects.

Presidents coveted Lippmann's approval and usually felt obliged to respond to his criticism. Both F.D.R. and Truman lashed out bitterly when Lippmann opposed them. John F. Kennedy and his advisers invited Lippmann's advice and political imprimatur. But when a Lippmann column scolded J.F.K.'s policies, the President fumed and asked intimates why he should bother reading press criticisms of his actions. "Well," he answered himself, "it's still Walter Lippmann."

Never Again. Lippmann's most famous public feud was with Lyndon Johnson. L.B.J. had courted Lippmann's support on the Viet Nam War in the belief that Lippmann could swing the nation's liberals and academics into line; the vilification heaped on Lippmann for his opposition prompted Washington *Post* Cartoonist Herblock to write of the Johnson Administration's "War on Walter Lippmann."

At the height of public acrimony in 1967, Lippmann gave up his Washington home and moved back to New York. Journalist Marquis Childs recalls Lippmann's dejection at the time: "He was saying 'Never again, never again.' " But he continued to speak out as a contributor to *Newsweek* and in interviews. Richard Nixon's diplomatic moves toward China and the Soviet Union won Lippmann's praise, but he lamented the Watergate morass as "the worst scandal in our history."

Crises, however, did not panic him. In a speech 40 years ago he said: "The world will go on somehow, and more crises will follow. It will go on best, however, if among us there are men who have stood apart, who refused to be anxious or too much concerned, who were cool and inquiring, and had their eyes on a longer past and a longer future." He was such a man to the end.

NEW JERSEY FAMILY CRADLING MOUSE, CATS, MACAW, MONKEY, POODLE & POINTER

EDDIE ADAMS

COVER STORY

The Great American Animal Farm

"Din-dins, everyone!"

First, imported sardines, then chicken croquettes in white wine sauce, with a few Yummies to follow. That's for Samantha. For Buddy, there are flamed medallion of beef and vitamin-enriched doughnuts. Carol's getting fruit treats.

Oh, for Pa and Ma and you kids, it's spaghetti again. No meatballs. Inflation, remember?

With infinite variation but only slight exaggeration, some such table d'hôte is presented daily in countless American households. Samantha the cat, Buddy the beagle, Carol the canary, and myriad other furred, finned, scaly and feathered creatures are not only members of the great extended U.S. family; they are more equal than most. The U.S. pet set gets not only more nutritious meals but also better medical care and vastly more affection than the great majority of the world's people.

Wag and Purr. Pets are the surrogate children—and husbands and wives—of Western society, returning, for kibbles and kisses, companionship and devotion, or at least a cool tolerance accepted as love. Like pharaohs and czars and Caesars, Americans surround themselves with absurdly exalted animals. In a disjointed society and a disquieting world, these anthropomorphized adoptees can be counted on to wag and purr and warble, warming human hearts and hearths until they pass expensively on to await us in the Great Pet Sheraton Upstairs.

The U.S. today is undergoing what can only be described as an animalthusian explosion. There are enough pet species in this country alone—some 5,000—so that just one pair from every category would require, come the deluge, a Noah's ark the size of the U.S.S. *Enterprise*.

The some 100 million dogs and cats in the U.S. reproduce at the rate of 3,000 an hour, *v.* the 415 human babies born each 60 minutes. An estimated 60% of the 70 million American households own pets—including 350 million fish, 22 million birds and 8 million horses—and nearly 30% of these families have more than one. No less a journal than the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has urgently advocated zero population growth for pets. Otherwise, in dark moments one can envision a vast, real-life re-enactment of George Orwell's *Animal Farm*, with all the captive creatures, from apes to zebras, dispossessing their patrons and decreeing: "Whatever goes upon two legs is an enemy; whatever goes upon four legs, or has wings, is a friend."

In the view of alarmists, the revolution may already have begun. Pet alligators have fled their habitats and begun to multiply in city sewers. South American piranhas have checked out of private aquariums to infest Southern waterways. Pet snakes of many deadly varieties escape and terrorize whole neighborhoods. Argentine monk parakeets are fleeing the cage and filching the fruit from Midwestern orchards. Land snails slither out of home aquariums to gnaw the stucco outside. A fugitive kangaroo has hopped 250 miles through Illinois and zapped several cops. In every city in America, abandoned dogs rampage in wild packs through vacant lots and nocturnal streets. In New York City alone, 38,000 people annually require medical attention for dogbites. In rural areas, wild dogs cause at least $5 million in cattle losses each year.

Enormous Implications. Americans spend $2.5 billion a year on commercially prepared pet food alone to feed their pets—more than six times as much as they spend on baby food, and more than enough to nourish the one-third of the world's population that goes hungry. But Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz recently drew cries of outrage from pet lovers when he suggested—facetiously—that Americans could help feed those hungry people "by reducing our cat and dog population by 50%." For each dollar spent on pet food, Americans lavish at least as much for pet products and services, including not only veterinary care and grooming but also such accessories and services as clothing, jewelry, dentures, wristwatches, contact lenses, perfume, health insurance, headstones, professional pet walkers and sitters, and a whole animal kingdom of books and how-to manuals such as *Enjoy Your Snake*. Then there is the

Top right: The Petocracy dining in Manhattan; headstone of departed bunny in Colma, Calif.; grieving owners decorating loved ones' graves.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY EDDIE ADAMS


MENU


PENNY
3-17-66 — 1-1-70
SHE NEVER KNEW
SHE WAS A RABBIT

$100 million in public money it costs each year for pounds to exterminate 14 million unwanted pets.

Many of the animals held in thrall are simply incompetible with the human family. *Canis familiaris* and *Felis domestica* have lived with man since the dawn of time and adapted to his ways. Not so the wild creatures so much in vogue today. Incredible as it sounds, 10,000 Americans own big cats, from lions to leopards. A number of families own elephants. One of the most dangerous species of pet is the chimpanzee, which at maturity weighs 200 lbs. and is a better candidate for pro football than for the parlor; it has also been known to infect humans with hepatitis.

U.S. dealers import 100,000 wild monkeys a year. One dealer admits that 75% of all imported wild animals die within a year. Dr. Alan Beck, director of the New York City health department's bureau of animal affairs, reasons that "pets are supposed to be companions. Wild animals can never be. I would especially outlaw the sale of all primates. The ecological, cruelty and disease implications are enormous."

Mutts and Mehitabels. Any A to Z of the American pet culture reads like a bestiary gone berserk. Among the species to be found in the Great U.S. Animal Farm: aardvarks, anteaters, baboons, bats, beetles, bison, boa constrictors, bobcats and budgeriagars; camels, catfish, chameleons, cheetahs, chimps, chipmunks, cougars, coyotes, crabs, crickets and crows; dogfish, donkeys, ducks, eelpout, efts, falcons, flamingos, foxes, frogs, gerbils, giraffes, goats, goldfish, gorillas, guinea pigs, hamsters, hermit crabs, hummingbirds, iguanas, impalas, jackals, jaguars, kangaroos, kinkajous, llamas, leopards, lions, margays, mice, mongooses, newts, ocelots, octopuses, opahs, orangutans, ostriches, otters, owls, panthers, parakeets, peacocks, peccaries, pelicans, pigeons, pumas, pythons, quail, rabbits, raccoons, rats, reindeer, rhinos, scorpions, seagulls, seals, skunks, snails, springbok, squirrels, tapirs, tarantulas, tejus, tigers, turtles, two-toed sloths, umbrella birds, veeries, vipers, vultures, wallabies, waltzing mice, wolves, wombats, xiphosurans, yaks, yellowhammers and zebras.

The American Kennel Club recognizes 120 separate pedigree breeds of dog, while their infinite permutations would baffle a computer; 28 varieties of purebred cats are recognized by the Cat Fanciers' Association and, again, there are millions of mehitabels for every noble Persian and Siamese.

From top, clockwise: Cherished raccoon in New Jersey; poodles cavorting around reproduction of Marie Antoinette's palais pour les chiens; the Red Baron—also a poodle—matches Ma's red cape; all-embracing boa constrictors; Siamese seal point awaiting din-din in Saks Fifth Avenue bowl.

Great men, of course, have always exalted animals. One pharaoh maintained a staff of 12,000 to attend to his sacred cats and dogs. Ovid wrote poems to his dog, T.S. Eliot to his cats. Caligula crowned his horse, and Winston Churchill confided to a favorite poodle secrets "I'd tell no man." President Kennedy used to swim in the nude with his Welsh spaniel. Another spaniel named Checkers helped prolong the political career of Richard Nixon. When Lyndon Johnson pulled up one of his beagles by the ears one day, he received more protest mail that month from outraged pet lovers than he got from parents of men who were dying in Viet Nam.

Lovable Smell. Today pet ownership has become almost as sacred a democratic right as if it had been written into the Constitution. Indeed, a California lawyer sued the city of Berkeley for impounding a dog without due process. "Pity the poor animals," wrote George Bernard Shaw. "They bear more than their natural burden of human love." The burden is not too onerous.

Pet-food manufacturers, who spend some $165 million a year to advertise their wares, scramble to produce ever more salivating goodies, aimed, of course, not at the consumer but its owner, as evidenced by such slogans as "Lets you feed your dog like a member of the family," and "He'll love the taste; you'll love the smell; you'll both love it." (The advertising is indeed effective: a considerable amount of dog food in the U.S. is consumed by impecunious humans attracted by the relatively low price.) For misanthropic mutts, one maker has brought out People Crackers, which are shaped like mailmen and cops, with the slogan: "Give your dog a little somebody between meals." Butchers dealing only in choice cuts for pets reported no decrease in sales during the 1973 meat boycott; many furnish gourmet meals for their customers—some of whom allow their pet to take a place at the dinner table.

For home chefs, Ellen Graham's *The Growling Gourmet* (Simon & Schuster) gives recipes for such *spécialités* as Model Marisa Berenson's Shih Tzu Stew (Shih Tzu is a small Asian canine), Actress Joey Heatherton's Finian Bake (a Gaelic pudding for Yorkshires) and Artist Andy Warhol's menu of quarter-pounders for his dachshund. Preparing these dishes probably benefits the chef more than the pet; veterinarians agree that dry, kibbled food meets all the nutritional requirements of dogs and cats (though boa constrictors and cheetahs may require meatier sustenance).

After meals, the pooch may have his teeth brushed with Happy Breath toothpaste or a new beef-flavored variety, then go out to be fitted for a houndstooth jacket, a gold bracelet, black lace panties, a lamé evening gown, top hat and tails, Halloween outfit, caps, booties and pajamas. He may have his coat

EDDIE ADAMS

OCELOT & FRIEND IN LOS ANGELES

"CANISCOPE" OF PRESIDENT FORD'S DOG

EDDIE ADAMS

VET MILLER COAXING DOG INTO CAR

EDDIE ADAMS

MINIATURE PET HORSE & FRIEND

MICHAEL EVANS

SHANAHAN & CLANCY OVER NIGHTCAP

dyed to make him look younger, or work out on a jog-a-dog machine (at $575) to keep him in shape, or have his portrait painted in oils. There are clip-on diapers for parakeets, hairpieces and false eyelashes for poodles, snoods to keep bassets' ears out of the sterling-silver feeding bowl, bikinis, ski suits and sunglasses for vacationing types, earrings, mascara and nail polish in a dozen colors. On his birthday a pet can expect to receive blue or pink cards and summon his pals—on his own phone—for a birthday cake of liver with powdered-milk icing.

For cats, there are Prince Valiant suede tents, "powder-room screens," fiber-glass igloos and a Ko-Z Cat Cottage with pile carpeting, a sun deck, catnip bar and built-in mouse hole. For animals left behind by vacationing owners, pet motels and inns vie to offer such features as wall-to-wall AstroTurf, brass beds, Snoopy linen, piped-in music, color TV, bathrooms, beauty parlors, air conditioning, thrice-daily cookie breaks, and meals cooked to clients' specifications (including kosher diets). If the pet travels with his owners, there are guides listing only hotels and motels that welcome him.

Manhattan-based Pet Astrologers Geneviève and Christopher Cerf produce elaborate "caniscopes" for such superdogs as Dustin Hoffman's Subway and President Ford's Liberty ("As she grows older Liberty will really pour herself into her sexual relationships"). Los Angeles, which not unexpectedly is the epicenter of animalmorphism, boasts a special limousine service for pets, which is patronized by, among others, Redd Foxx's Saint Bernard and Efrem Zimbalist Jr.'s llama. There is even a pet boutique that will have a shaggy dog's excess fur made into a sweater in Scotland. Of all the cemeteries across the country that vie for the Loved One's remains, probably none celebrate death so elaborately or expensively as the Los Angeles Pet Cemetery at Calabasas, which could have been the scene of Evelyn Waugh's novel; there dogs that belonged to Lionel Barrymore and Rudolph Valentino are buried, and religious rites are routinely performed at the funeral. One expensive plot is occupied by a goldfish, another by a quail.

James Shanahan, vice president of Americana Hotels, feeds his nine-year-old dachshund, Clancy, filet of chicken topped off with a nip of Courvoisier. At night, before retiring to his own king-size bed, Clancy, in one of his 16 sweaters, trots over to the neighborhood pub, installs himself on a barstool and downs several vodka-and-*crème de menthe* nightcaps, considerately served up in a bowl. According to doting Owner Shanahan, Clancy is also "a great vocalizer and sings *Happy Birthday to You* all the way through." His principal charm, says Shanahan, is that "he has a broken tail and walks exactly like Jim Cagney."

Meals and Medicare. Also genuinely devoted to their pets are such people as Glen Crank, a blue-collar worker in Hammond, Ind., whose dependents include ■ poodle, a pointer, a Saint Bernard (caskless), ■ cat, a ferret and a cougar named Rajah; to defray Rajah's $1,000 acquisition costs, say the Cranks, they had to "eat beans for months." (They have since been forced by neighborhood pressure to give Rajah to a local zoo.) The potentates of petdom may well be the 65 dogs whose meals and Medicare are assured by the will of Quaker State Oil Heiress Eleanor Ritchey; she left them $14 million and a 180-acre pad in Deerfield Park, Fla. The dogs may dwindle, but their canine capital does not: the dogs are now worth $123,278 apiece.

Gerald Durrell, the English zoologist and author (*Menagerie Manor*), is aghast at such man-dog relationships. Says he, "I can't stand these fubsy people who tell you, 'Oh, my dog talks.' This is anthropomorphism gone mad. I can't stand this business of people keeping Pekingese on silk cushions and feeding them *crème* of chicken."

What is the reason for this slavish adulation of animals?

Pets, notably dogs, cats and some birds, can, if treated sensibly, be pleasant, undemanding, entertaining consorts. During wars, insurrections and depressions, particularly, pet ownership seems to proliferate. Aristocratic survivors of the French Revolution claimed in some cases that they had lived because their dogs had repelled or mollified would-be assassins. Even in today's recession-inflation battered economy, when the care and feeding of pets would seem an exorbitant load on the family budget, there are more and more pet owners in the U.S.—deriving, perhaps, psychological sustenance from what Kipling called the dog's "love unflinching that cannot lie." Spoiled and pampered as it may be, the pet population still yields redoubtable characters and friends of man: the cat who stays up until the wee hours until his late-working owner arrives home; the dog that stands watch by a sick child or guards an empty apartment; Mimi the miniature poodle in Danbury, Conn., who in 1972 saved eight persons' lives, barking and licking at their faces when a late-night fire broke out in their home. James Thurber was particularly eloquent in his praise of these sterling qualities. In *Thurber's Dogs*, he recalled his poodle: "She could take part in your gaiety and your sorrow; she trembled to your uncertainties and lifted her head at your assurances." Big animals are particularly in demand as protectors. Among city dwellers, the popularity of Doberman pinschers, Saint Bernards and German shepherds—even wildcats—has risen in proportion to the incidence of muggings and burglaries.

In general, though, as Desmond Morris wrote in *The Naked Ape*, "The popularity of an animal is directly correlated with the number of anthropomorphic features it possesses." This is recognized by even the youngest children: they are generally the most levelheaded owners and associates of pets, whom they see as fraternal, adventurous and fallible allies, incapable (unlike parents) of scolding or punishing. As Freud noted in *Totem and Taboo*, children "feel themselves more akin to animals than to their elders." Old people, particularly those living alone, often depend on pets for the companionship and warmth denied them by human society. Some behaviorists argue that the mentally disturbed can be helped by animals —"seeing-heart dogs," in one psychologist's phrase—to relate to reality.

Most often, however, humans attempt to endow their pets with human qualities, deluding themselves and demeaning animals. Many married couples who are unwilling or unable to have children adopt animals instead, embarking on a quasi-parental relationship without the responsibilities and hazards involved in child rearing. "If your romance is going to the dogs," suggests a pet-food-industry publication called *Pet Pourri*, "you might try a dog to save it." In fact, there are countless cases in which a couple's rivalry for a pet's affection—or occasionally even its sexual favors—ends in divorce, and often a custody battle for the animal.

Status Symbols. "It is truly amazing," wrote Psychiatrist Karl Menninger, "to what extent popular taste permits libidinous attachments to animals without clear recognition of their essentially sexual nature" (though, admittedly, it is hard to envision even a subliminal sexual relationship between humans and such pets as alligators, bats, cobras, hedgehogs, octopuses, tarantulas and vultures). Then, too, many pets, particularly the big and exotic species, are less objects of affection than status symbols, notably for the emotionally insecure or sexually maladjusted. In all too many cases, as W.C. Fields observed, "what is a dog, anyway? Simply an antidote for an inferiority complex." (Fields, of course, loathed most humans as well.)

There are countless tales, mostly mythical, of dogs risking their lives to defend their owners or else, when the owner dies, expiring of a broken heart. In fact, dogs are loving creatures and will do almost anything for a providing owner. It was, after all, Cerberus who guarded the gates of Hades. Mastiffs brought back from England by Julius Caesar became canine mercenaries, as famed in their day as the K-9 Corps of World War II. There are the tales, too, of faithful cats that travel thousands of miles to find their vanished owner, though thousands more prefer to abandon their homes. Cats are by nature haughty creatures, less dependent than dogs on caresses and canned entrées. The late Milan Greer, who founded Manhattan's Fabulous Felines, one of the country's biggest dealers in purebred cats, demonstrated greater knowledge of feline personality than human psychology when he claimed that he sold few cats to blacks or Orthodox Jews, because they were "rejected minorities who don't want to be rejected by a cat."

There may even be some parallel between the phenomenal growth of "petishism"—a term coined by Author Kathleen Szasz in a 1969 book of that title—and the increasing problems of the automobile industry. Certainly, the wizards of Detroit have never come up with a car that will wag its taillights or purr when nourished at the gas station. Many of the qualities once associated by psychologists with possession of a car —prestige, sexual potency, dominance —are not unlike those linked to pet ownership.

In recent years, the proliferation of pets also has been accompanied by a rising discontent with the disproportionate expense and nuisance that animals—or rather their owners—wreak on urban society. Dogs in cities can be man's worst friend. For all the private millions lavished on them, *Canis urbanus* remains a great burden on the public purse. Each day across the nation, dogs deposit an estimated 4 million tons of feces and 42 million quarts of urine on city streets and parks. Canine excrement is not only costly to clean up and revolting to wade through; it is also a health hazard. More than 100 human infections, from diphtheria to tuberculosis, can be picked up by animals and passed on to their owners. Dog defecation is also rich in toxocara (roundworm), which can cause blindness in children who grub in it. Many diseases are also transmitted by birds, turtles and other imported pets.

Neurotics. Should dogs even be allowed to live in cities? The controversy in New York City has sorely vexed politicians as the opposing ban-Bowser and save-our-pets factions battle for their support. One city official made so bold as to propose that dogs be restricted to alternate sides of the street on different days. "When it comes to the question of dog feces," said another official, with unwitting humor, "I consider myself a centrist." New York briefly tried installing dog toilets in parks and streets, but gave up when their intended patrons declined to cooperate.

To the outsider visiting Hong Kong or even New York's Chinatown, the scarcity of dogs and the cleanliness of sidewalks is immediately apparent. That is because, in most Oriental societies, dogs are regarded as predators rather than pets—or as a loping entrée. In fact, the choice of "aromatic meat" most favored by Hong Kong gourmets is the chow. Chow mein, anyone?

If pets pose problems for humans, humans in turn create at least as many problems for pets. A major hazard for the loved one, particularly the dog, is that its humanization frequently produces all the symptoms of neurosis. An ever-increasing number of maladjusted an-

ANDY WARHOL WITH REAL (STUFFED) DOG

MARISA BERENSON DINING WITH SHIH TZU

imals are being treated in pet hospitals and by self-styled animal psychiatrists and behaviorists, many of them outright charlatans.

Mood Feedback. One qualified and highly sought-after practitioner is Beverly Hills' Dr. Dare Miller, whose celebrity patients have included Ronald Reagan's tricolored collie, the Kirk Douglases' apricot poodle, Katharine Hepburn's German shepherd, and Bob Hope's basset, miniature poodle, schnauzer, Great Dane and Lhasa Apso. The reason most people own dogs, maintains Miller, is "to meet a need for mood feedback. A dog is a mirror, reflecting back what we give him. If we're happy, the dog is happy. If we're sad, the dog is sad." Obviously, many people rely more on pets than on shrinks.

Miller not only treats old dogs for new tics. He also "reconditions" their owners (at $245, in advance, for six 50-minute sessions), which in turn helps their mutts to overcome such neuroses as "anxiety syndrome" (jumping, barking, whining), "psychosexual misorientation" (biting people) and "dominance frustration" (Fido wants to be boss). It is almost impossible, he says, to treat a neurotic dog whose owner is "a thorough cynic. The dog will be a cynic too."*

DIRCK HALSTEAD

TERRIER BEING GROOMED

Another Southern California dog behaviorist, and former associate of Miller's, is Dr. William Campbell, who installs "hyperkinetic" hounds in isolated rooms where they are monitored round the clock by closed-circuit TV and hidden microphones. When a dog acts up, a staffer initiates a remote-control "audio-generator" that emits an ultra-high-frequency signal that relaxes the animal.

The physical health of American pets also has been going to the bowwows —or at least their owners think so. The nation's some 30,000 veterinarians treat pets for allergies and sagging jowls, give them abortions, tonsillectomies, blood transfusions, caesareans, cataract operations and pacemaker hearts, as well as hundreds of thousands of routine injections against rabies and distemper. An Atlanta vet recently operated on a boa constrictor for glaucoma. One animal hospital offers "ovary surgery for nymphomaniac bitches." A growing number of vets are specializing in pet geriatrics, expensively prolonging the lives of cherished animals with drugs and treatment. Laboratories manufacture dozens of different drugs for pets, from amphetamines to contraceptives (one manufacturer is now selling a dog food that includes a canine Pill). "A dog," explains St. Louis Veterinarian Michael Fox, "has a relationship to its owner very similar to that of an infant aged two or three. People should not be surprised if their dog shows signs of jealousy, possessiveness or extreme aggressiveness. Dogs may develop psychosomatic disorders such as asthma, hives, diarrhea, sympathetic limps, even hysterical paralysis."

EDDIE ADAMS

MOTHER CAT PROTECTING KITTEN

Of more serious concern to naturalists is the genetic degeneration of many pet species. In the frantic race to keep up with petishism, fast-buck breeding mills are churning out more and more diseased, spavined and moronic beasts.

Because of inbreeding and overbreeding, some varieties of dogs are becoming increasingly vicious, resulting in a rising toll of dogbite victims; more than a million Americans are bitten annually. The irony is that no people, with the possible exception of the British, cares more about animals. New York's state legislature passed the first effective law prohibiting the cruel treatment of animals in 1866—43 years before passage of legislation prohibiting cruel treatment of children. But even in those days, a great deal of animal lovers' money and effort went into quixotic causes like fighting feathered hats, circuses and the use of experimental animals by Pasteur and Jenner. Today antivivisectionists are a powerful, massively financed, if misguided force in Washington. Other well-meaning groups crusade for roomier bird cages, Medicaid and tax deductions for pets, even a ban on boiling lobsters alive.

Any realistic effort to improve the lot of domestic animals should logically begin with population control. Many pet owners are opposed to surgical sterilization of cats and dogs on the sentimental ground that they should not be denied the joy of having families —which is like telling a hungry peasant that he needs to have 16 children for his peace of mind. Female cats and dogs derive little pleasure from their squalling litters, which in most cases have to be sold or given away a few weeks after birth, and may even then be abandoned.

Fees and Fines. While private vets charge around $50 to sterilize a cat or dog, Los Angeles has introduced a model system of clinics that spay females for $17.50 and neuter males for $11.50, including all required shots. By thus limiting the number of abandoned pets, the city saves money. Increasingly, reputable dealers like Manhattan's Fabulous Felines will not sell a pet unless the buyer signs a binding contract to have it sterilized.

The *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* proposes as a next step higher licensing fees and fines for violations of leash laws, to "encourage more responsible pet ownership"; the added revenue would go to sterilization clinics. The authors also advocate a tax on pet food—1% would yield $25 million a year—to be used, for example, to finance shelters for abandoned or unwanted pets and underwrite educational programs. Pet lovers have also urged the creation of compulsory high school courses and adult seminars in animal behavior.

For Samantha, Buddy and Carol, less indulgence and more knowledge of animal behavior can only be beneficial. Possibly, though, in a world full of people racked by anxiety, anger and avarice, it is the pets who need seminars to understand humans.

*Who taught whom? The word cynic derives from the Greek *kunikos*, meaning doglike or currish.

Southie Boils Over

In the three months since South Boston High became the focal point of Boston's bitter school-desegregation battle, a majority of the white students and many of the newly enrolled blacks have been boycotting the school. Last week attendance dropped to zero when South Boston High and seven other Boston public schools were closed after a new outbreak of racial violence. During a shoving match outside a South Boston High classroom, Michael Faith, 18, a white student from South Boston, was stabbed. Armed policemen assigned to patrol the troubled corridors arrested James White, 18, a black student from Roxbury. Faith was rushed to a nearby hospital for surgery.

Within minutes of the attack, hordes of irate "Southie" residents surged in front of the high school's imposing iron gates. "Bus them back to Africa!" they screamed. "Why are we here?" shrieked one man. "To get those niggers!" When Boston police, bolstered by 125 state troopers, charged the mob, the crowd retaliated by hurling bricks and bottles. They slashed the tires on police cruisers and even tipped one over. While four school buses roared up to the front door to divert the attention of the crowd, the school's black students were herded onto buses at the back door and driven home to Roxbury without incident.

Even before South Boston High was closed down, the tension and acrimony in the classrooms had virtually brought learning to a halt. But what has generally been overlooked in the racial turmoil is that even in the best of times, the school has never given its students a particularly good education.

In 1972, for example, only 25% of South Boston High's graduating students went on to college. That compared unfavorably with the record of the all-black Jeremiah E. Burke High School in Roxbury, which sent nearly half its graduates into higher education. Harvard Sociologist Thomas Pettigrew quotes local folk wisdom: "If you want to go to college, you don't go to South Boston High; and if you go to South Boston High, you don't want to go to college."

Flunk Out. South Boston High students who do want a higher education often run into serious trouble. Four years ago, Diana McDonough graduated from the school as an honor student; she received straight A's in the advanced college-prep course. Then she entered the University of Massachusetts and flunked out in her first year. "I realized I couldn't read, write, or even speak English well," she says. "I couldn't believe how smart the other kids were." McDonough, 21, now works as a secretary.

The case of Cheryl and Mary Hunter is equally dismaying. Both sisters had also graduated from South Boston High's advanced college-prep course. But one flunked out of business school and the other is bringing home failing grades during her first semester at Boston University. Says their mother Patricia: "As it turned out, neither of them was prepared for college. But when they come home with straight A's, you figure they're ready to go on." Adds another South Boston High parent: "These aren't the Harvards and Dartmouths that our kids are flunking out of. For the most part, they are state schools."

To be sure, the largely blue-collar, heavily Irish Catholic South Boston community does not put much emphasis on scholastics. "Some students boast at graduation they never opened a book," explains Headmaster William Reid. "These youngsters are interested in sports or friends they make here, enjoying community life and spending nights on the corner. High school for many of them is looked on as the most pleasant experience of their life."

Brick Fortress. Some of the problem lies with inadequate funding. Basic supplies like pencils and paper are often unavailable. The teachers, in fact, often spend their own money for materials. But a part of the difficulty rests with the administration, which puts heavy emphasis upon business and secretarial courses at the expense of college preparation. Teachers have trouble getting permission to take classes on field trips and other broadening experiences. White-haired, avuncular Guidance Counselor Joe Crowley—who describes South Boston High as "fun, really fun"—is supposed to see each student three times a year. But Crowley also is the school's football coach, and athletics are clearly his top priority. Says Crowley: "Sports mean an awful lot here, and getting on the team is what it's all about."

South Boston High's physical plant further hampers learning. A four-story brick fortress built on a hilltop in 1901, the school offers a magnificent view of Boston Harbor. But the library is only slightly larger than an ordinary classroom (and holds only about 4,500 volumes); the gym is large enough for just one basketball court—with five feet to spare; laboratories are generally ill-equipped.

Unfortunately, the school is not unique in its substandard educational offerings. There are countless South Boston Highs around the nation. As long as they exist, neither blacks bused in to them from ghetto schools nor the whites who already attend them will have a chance for a decent education.

CONTROLLING THE MOB IN BOSTON

OSTHOFF—BOSTON HERALD AMERICAN

POLICE RIGHTING CRUISER

New Saints

"She was not a mystical person in an unattainable niche. She battled against odds in the trials of life with American stamina and cheerfulness; she worked and succeeded with American efficiency." So the late Francis Cardinal Spellman characterized Elizabeth Bayley Seton, a 19th century Roman Catholic convert who founded the first American religious order, the Sisters of Charity of St. Joseph. The cardinal was leading a pilgrimage to Rome, where Mother Seton was beatified by Pope John XXIII on St. Patrick's Day in 1963. Last week after 32 cardinals assembled in the Vatican to cast their ballots in a secret consistory, Pope Paul VI issued a decree of canonization on her behalf. Thus, on Sept. 14 in St. Peter's Church, Mother Seton will become America's first native-born saint. (Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, a naturalized American, was canonized in 1946, but like some 2,000 other Roman Catholic saints, she was born in Italy.)

HANS WALKER

MOTHER ELIZABETH SETON
A miracle waived.

Mother Seton was indeed very American. Born in New York City two years before the Declaration of Independence, she came from a patrician colonial family, kin of the Roosevelts and the Van Cortlandts. A pretty, vivacious girl, at 19 she married William Seton, 25, son of a wealthy importer. On a trip to Italy in 1803, young Seton died of tuberculosis, leaving his wife nearly penniless and with five children to support. Friends in Italy talked to her about Catholicism, and in 1805, upon her return to the U.S., she shocked her Episcopal family and friends by becoming a Roman Catholic.

Ostracized in New York, she moved to Baltimore where the Catholic community welcomed her. A few years later, Elizabeth Seton took religious vows and founded the American Sisters of Charity in Emmitsburg, Md. Before she died of tuberculosis in 1821, she had set up a free parish school in Emmitsburg from which the American Catholic parochial school system evolved, established the first American Catholic hospital and watched her tiny order expand to ten houses.

One Miracle. Mother Seton's followers first advanced her claim to sainthood in the 1880s. Eventually two miracles attributed to Mother Seton's intercession were confirmed by the Vatican's Sacred Congregation of Rites. Confirmation of two additional miracles is usually required for canonization; in Mother Seton's case, however, Pope Paul decided that one would suffice. It occurred in 1963 when Carl Kalin, a construction worker, was stricken with a complicated viral affliction of the brain. He was attended at what seemed to be his deathbed by nuns who prayed to Mother Seton for his recovery and occasionally touched his feverish body with one of her relics. A few weeks later, Kalin was completely cured.

Five new saints besides Mother Seton were also named by the Pope: three Spaniards, an Italian and one Irishman, Archbishop Oliver Plunket, primate of Ireland from 1669 to 1681. Beginning in 1673, Irish priests were forced into hiding or exile, and Plunket had to carry on his pastoral work in secrecy and disguise. Arrested in 1679, he was hanged by the English two years later on trumped-up treason charges. Given the bloody religious war now raging in Ulster, the choice of Plunket for canonization in the Holy Year of 1975 seemed to many politically inept.

The Jesus Trial

The Council of Trent dealt with the matter in the 16th century, the Second Vatican Council took it up again in the 20th, and the issue has been debated in countless forums in the intervening years. But the question of whether the Jews or the Romans were ultimately responsible for the execution of Jesus had never been threshed out in a civil court of law. Last week a two-month trial of the matter in Troyes, France, came to an end. The verdict: the Romans killed Jesus.

The actual plaintiff in the case, popularly known as "the Jesus trial," was Jacques Isorni, 63, an ultraconservative lawyer, legal historian and author of a 1967 book called *The True Trial of Jesus*. In it he blamed Pilate for the Crucifixion. The defendant, accused of libel, was the Rev. Georges de Nantes, 50, also an ultraconservative, who in a review of the book last year called Isorni a "Christian renegade" and the "apparently benevolent defender of the Jews."

Isorni first gained notoriety in France following World War II when he unsuccessfully defended collaborationist Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain, leader of Vichy France during the Nazi occupation, against charges of treason. In *The True Trial of Jesus*, Isorni set out to prove the innocence of the Jewish people. Isorni's thesis is similar to that of Jewish Historian Haim Cohn, author of *The Trial and Death of Jesus*, and Anglican Scholar S.G.F. Brandon, who wrote *The Trial of Jesus of Nazareth*. They argue that Jesus was condemned to die not because a Jewish tribunal objected to his calling himself the son of God, but because he had rebelled against the Roman occupation. In an emotional courtroom oration, Isorni claimed that if the court did not find De Nantes guilty of libel, it would in effect be "justifying him for preaching the massacre of the Jews."

Banned from the Pulpit. No less colorful than his accuser, the Abbé de Nantes was banned from the pulpit in the diocese of Troyes in 1966 for his inflammatory opinions, one of which is that Pope Paul VI is a heretic. Placing a crucifix at the base of the courtroom microphone, the abbé told the court that Isorni had falsified the New Testament. ("Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him," according to *John 5:18*, because he had not only broken the sabbath, but said that God was his father.) Absolution of the Jewish people would amount to a contradiction of Catholic dogma, De Nantes asserted, concluding: "I have only defended my faith and my church."

The three justices who heard the case prepared a 30-page verdict that was delivered by Judge Pierre Bondouaire. In it he abided by the Vatican declaration of Oct. 28, 1965, which stated that although Jewish authorities pressed for the death of Jesus, all Jews could not be held responsible for what eventually happened. The judge then found De Nantes guilty of libel. As for Isorni, he was awarded exactly what he had asked for: symbolic damages of one franc—or about 22¢.

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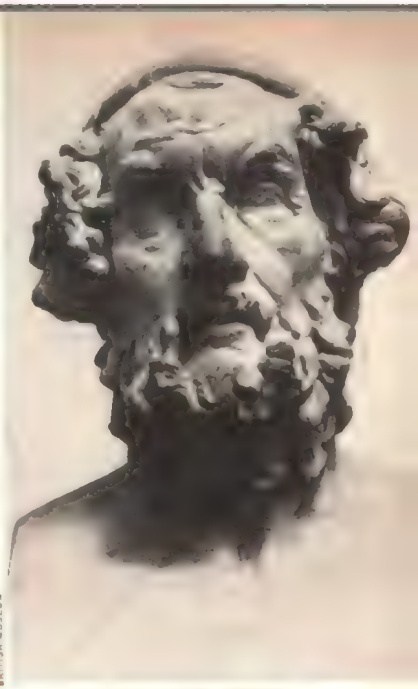
GREEKS & TROJANS BATTLING OVER THE CORPSE OF ACHILLES' FRIEND PATROCLUS



HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE OF HOMER

BOOKS

War and Peace

THE ILIAD
Translated by ROBERT FITZGERALD
594 pages. Anchor Press/Doubleday. $15.

A "poem of force," French Philosopher Simone Weil once called the *Iliad* in what must be regarded as howling Gallic understatement. On Homer's blood-drenched plains of Troy, spears cleave through a man's tongue and shatter his teeth or pierce an eye socket. Swords sever heads. Armies mow down opposing ranks like "a line of reapers formed, who cut a swath/ in barley or wheat." Death spreads across the pages like a pool of ink—"numbing darkness," "unending night." Awesome griefs are recorded. Hair gets torn, ashes smeared. But when a mourning fast is proposed, the answer is: "So many die, so often, every day,/ when would soldiers come to an end of fasting?"

Was there ever a poem more dedicated to *machismo?* By the time of Aristotle, about 900 years later, the Greek definition of virtue had evolved into the good and the beautiful. In the *Iliad*, virtue meant pride in battle, warrior's honor, heroics in the primitive sense. For all their groans, the Greeks relished war. Helen's face was hardly required to launch a thousand ships. To both sides, for nine years "warfare seemed/ lovelier than return, lovelier than sailing/ in the decked ships to their own native land."

Dagger Thrust. Each age must measure its knowledge of war, its concept of force against the *Iliad*, and that is one reason the poem has been translated and retranslated, from Alexander Pope's resounding version in 1720 to Richmond Lattimore's literal yet poetic rendering of 1951. In Pope, for instance, dactylic hexameters were given their royally cadenced English equivalent to which Homeric heroes stepped rather like late-Renaissance princes. Robert Fitzgerald, Harvard's Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory and a poet (*Spring Shade*, 1971) in his own right, has cut back on the pomp without scaling down the epic. His battlefield seems bleaker—black and white rather than Pope technicolor. His protagonists are closer to Beowulf than to Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. The blank-verse lines may flex to a Homeric simile, but in combat they are as direct as a dagger thrust. What Fitzgerald has done is provide all that a late-20th century translator and his audience can share on the subject of war —only the most austere emotions.

Yet it is what lies outside of war that makes a masterpiece of the *Iliad*, and makes this translation a fitting companion to Fitzgerald's justly celebrated *Odyssey*. Two cities decorate the shield of Achilles, newly forged for the climactic duel with Hector, champion of the Trojans. One city is at war, its walls be-

Comparative Translations of the Iliad

FITZGERALD

Here young men and the most
desired young girls
were dancing, linked, touching each
other's wrists . . .
Trained and adept, they circle there
with ease
the way a potter sitting at his wheel
will give it a practice twirl between
his palms
to see it run; or else, again, in line
as though in ranks, they moved on
one another:
magical dancing!

LATTIMORE

And there were young men on it and
young girls, sought for their beauty
with gifts of oxen, dancing, and hold-
ing hands at the wrist. These
wore, the maidens long light robes,
but the men wore tunics . . .
At whiles on their understanding feet
they would run very lightly,
as when a potter crouching makes tri-
al of his wheel, holding
it close in his hands, to see if it will
run smooth . . .

POPE

. . . a comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding
hand in hand . . .
Now all at once they rise, at once
descend,
With well-taught feet: now shape in
oblique ways,
Confusedly regular, the moving maze:
Now forth at once, too swift for sight,
they spring,
And undistinguish'd blend the flying
ring.
So swirls a wheel, in giddy circle
toss'd,
And, rapid as it runs, the single
spokes are lost.

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From our six distilleries in Canada, we get all our great Canadian whiskies which are combined into one great Canadian. Lord Calvert.

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sieged like Troy's. The second city is at peace. In the margins of Fitzgerald's *Iliad*, this second city keeps peeping through, full of tender wives, proud fathers, grazing cattle, freshly plowed fields, fruitful vineyards and (see the comparative samples in box) boys and girls dancing.

A subliminal hymn to life infuses the *Iliad*, as if everything had to be named and pronounced and celebrated. Greek warriors loved to talk almost as much as they loved to fight. When the Greek Diomedes meets the Trojan Glaucus and asks, "Young gallant stranger, who are you?", Glaucus, though "hot for combat," takes a four-page time-out to answer his foe, including a 50-year family history of slain monsters and sexual intrigues. When the conversing enemies discover that their grandfathers had once exchanged gifts (a "two-handled cup of gold" for a "loin-guard sewn in purple"), they shake hands and go off to split other skulls.

Sheets and Fleeces. The 24-hour presence of sheer heroism was a heavy assignment for Homer; it is an impossible burden for the contemporary reader. Fitzgerald has a marvelous knack at releasing the tension that overexposure to even the best of heroes can produce. Suddenly, with merciless self-awareness, Homer-Fitzgerald heroes can see the absurdity of fighting almost ten years over a woman who ran off with another, less than pre-eminent man. "What an affliction!" Hector says of Paris, his own brother, while alluring Helen herself measures her lover in two brilliant Fitzgerald lines: "This one—his heart's unsound and always will be,/ and he will win what he deserves."

There is time for everything in Homer. Time for long-winded old Nestor and the worldly counsels of wily Ulysses. Time for funeral games—chariot races, wrestling matches, archery shootouts. Time for sumptuous scenes, like one in Achilles' tent which Fitzgerald makes the most of: the guests, sipping from wine goblets, sit in "easy chairs with purple coverlets" and are served mutton, goat and "savory pork" roasted over coals before retiring to "deep-piled" beds with linen sheets and fleeces.

And there is always time for nature. Time, almost slow-motion time, for the world of mist and lightning and sea and fire (mentioned 200 times in the *Iliad*, according to one scholar). Time, repetitious time, for rosy-fingered dawn to be duly noted again, reminding the poet and his audience that life is a drama in which even heroes are finally upstaged by the stage itself.

Wholeness is the mark of genius. The preciousness of life when threatened by death, the sweetness of the memory of the city at peace when it is surrounded, this is the full-to-bursting taste in the mouth of Achilles as he picks up his shield—and in the mouth of the reader as he lays down Fitzgerald's Homer. ■ Melvin Maddocks

A Children's Sampler

MIDNIGHT IS A PLACE. *287 pages. Viking. $6.95.* **ARABEL'S RAVEN.** *118 pages. Doubleday. $4.95. Both by Joan Aiken.* The author of that incomparable melodrama *The Wolves of Willoughby Chase* has two remarkably different books out this year, both splendid. *Midnight Is a Place* is a savage yet romantic tale about what befalls a boy and girl, suddenly homeless and penniless, in a terrifyingly real and at the same time satisfyingly imaginary industrial city in 19th century Britain. This smoke-filled place is appropriately called Blastburn. Among other chores for survival, the girl collects cigar butts from gutters to salvage the tobacco for resale, while the boy stays alive scrounging for junk in sewers. A happy ending eventually sets in but not before the forces of meanness and darkness, not to say evil, seem overwhelming, and the author proves once again that she writes

TINTIN & MILOU (SNOWY)
Fifty million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

about children in distress better than anyone since Dickens.

Arabel's Raven is considerably less intricate. It concerns a large, grumpy bird named Mortimer who takes up residence in a lower-middle-class British household, also inhabited by a small girl named Arabel. Mortimer's unquenchable hope is to find diamonds in the family coal scuttle, but he soon branches into carpet eating, letter spearing and serving as unwilling accessory to a diamond heist conducted by a trained squirrel and a pair of inept gangsters. Mortimer can only speak one word —yes, it's "Nevermore." He specializes in giving black looks. All this sounds awful but in fact is very funny.

THE LITTLE TRAIN *and* **THE LITTLE FIRE ENGINE.** *Both by Graham Greene and illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Both 48 pages. Doubleday. $4.95 each.* Novelist Greene has elsewhere paid tribute to the influence of Beatrix Potter's *Tom Kitten* on his work. These two more or less charming British classics, first published in 1946 when Greene was 42, are self-consciously linked to a whole school of children's homilies about wayward tugboats, ambitious trains and old snow shovels that have cruelly been retired too soon. In the first, a small, bored little engine chuffs away from the town of Little Snoreing toward such smoke-filled cities as High Yelling and Great Scolding only to learn that freedom isn't as much fun as it's cracked up to be. In the second, a pony-drawn fire engine and a faithful old fireman named Sam Trolley are briefly, agonizingly rendered obsolete by a scheming mayor and a big new fire engine—until, of course, they heroically put out a blaze that the big new fire engine has missed.

Greene's text is a touch parodic and patronizing, but Edward Ardizzone's marvelous new pen and ink and watercolor washes use the soft hues of Thomas Rowlandson to celebrate a detailed affection for Little Snoreing and its inhabitants.

THE COMPLETE GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. *Introduction by Padraic Colum. Commentary by Joseph Campbell. Illustrations by Josef Scharl. 864 pages. Pantheon. $12.95.* The shades of Freud and Jung, of magic, myth and racial memory, now hover (drearily or provocatively, depending on one's point of view) around any collection of the Brothers Grimm. There is no need to be owlish, however, about the clear fact that fairy tales address with considerable delight some persistent human need, at the very simplest, to half-believe that every life is a mysterious personal adventure worth pursuing to the bitter end. Why? Because —who knows?—every faithful goose girl may become a princess, every mean, usurping maid become a deserving corpse. This fine re-edition of the 210 Grimm tales first printed in the U.S. in 1944 is full of wonders and murders, long-suffering younger sons who make it and bad giants who don't. It is a great buy in drops of blood, talking foxes, poisoned apples, unparalleled cruelty, earthy wisdom, dumbfounding stupidity and sheer excitement. Every literate household (with or without children) should own one.

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN: THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN; RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE; THE CRAB WITH THE GOLDEN CLAWS; KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE. *All written and illustrated by Hergé. All 62 pages. Atlantic–Little, Brown. Paperback $1.95 each.* No one should be put off by Tintin himself, a boy in knickers with a muffin face and a tuft of hair rising to a curled peak like a Hokusai wave. Or by Captain Haddock, his bearded rum-sodden sidekick. Or by the small white dog, known as Milou in the original French versions of these stories, but for some inexplicable reason called Snowy in English. All three grow on the reader who is soon lost in comic-strip chronicles marked by

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great wit, suspense and true humor rising both from character and from a remarkably sophisticated view of the world. These four books variously send Tintin, Haddock, Snowy and two idiot detectives in black bowlers into the desert to chase opium smugglers, into central Europe to try to keep King Ottokar from losing the throne of Syldavia, back into history to recall the voyages of Haddock's pirate ancestor Red Rackham on the ship *Unicorn,* and, finally, down to the bottom of the Caribbean in a shark-like submarine after Rackham's treasure. Hergé, the nom de plume of a Belgian genius named Georges Remi, who has had Gallic readers in thrall for more than 40 years, fills his small frames with marvelous detail. If he draws a 1955 Peugeot 403 or the old Geneva Airport, everything is exactly right. Occasionally he breaks out into a full-page picture recreating such things as a complete Persian miniature version of a 15th century battle with the Turks, or the havoc wreaked by an Alfa Romeo slaloming through a European square on market day.

Much is lost in translation. Even so, these books amply prove that 50 million Frenchmen can't be wrong.

LUMBERJACK. *Paintings and story by William Kurelek. Unpaged. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.* Painter Kurelek worked in Canadian lumber camps after World War II to help pay for a taste of the artist's life in Paris. Since lumbering nowadays is largely done by tree harvesters that can cut 40 cords of wood in eight hours, Kurelek has drawn and written his way into the past. After the flapdoodle and sheer flapjackery often associated with lumberjack nostalgia, Kurelek's quiet combined memoir and illustrated how-to book (notching trees, washing socks, grinding axes, dynamiting log jams) is refreshingly simple, grubby and authentic. Some of his paintings have a crabbed look, as if done by a Peter Bruegel with arthritis of the drawing hand, but they open an affecting window on the life and times of lumbermen in the Northern bush.

THE BOOK OF OWLS *by Lewis Wayne Walker. 247 pages. Knopf. $12.50.* The flammulated screech owl stands seven inches high and gives a "mellow hoot." One family of barn owls that the author discovered in the belfry of a church as a boy caught 758 rats and mice in 96 nights' hunting. Owls have fabulous vision, but many can catch their prey by hearing alone. The tufts on their ears are mainly for camouflage, however, giving them a ragged, barklike outline to make them invisible against trees. The book proceeds from owl to owl, full of fascinating facts and recollections. Most important, it has nearly 100 amazing photographs of owls of all sizes and shapes doing everything from pretending to be stumps to attacking Author Walker in mid-flight. ■ Timothy Foote

Attack on Litter

Of all the environmental problems that plague the U.S., litter has perhaps the lowest priority. But even when trash is out of mind, it is never really out of sight. Paper cups, tin cans, plastic wrappers, aluminum flip-tops and glass bottles are the detritus of profligacy, defiling the national landscape. The American penchant for littering is costly as well as unsightly; picking up the rubbish costs an estimated $1 billion per year. But the mess can be cleaned up, as Washington and Oregon are showing in different ways. One state uses the carrot, the other the stick. Both have been successful.

DALE SWANSON

OREGON'S RETURNABLE CONTAINERS

ROBERT ROGERS

PICKING UP TRASH IN WASHINGTON
Detritus of profligacy.

Oregon opted for the tough approach and is concentrating on clearing away the empty beverage containers that account for up to 75% of the volume of roadside litter. The effort began in 1971 when the state legislature banned pop-top cans and no-deposit, no-return bottles. Oregonians now must pay a 2¢ to 5¢ deposit on containers. The idea was to create an incentive for returning empties or, if they were thrown out anyway, to turn one person's heedless discard into another's petty cash. What makes the law work, however, is the simple fact that the vast majority of the state's residents really want to clean up their landscape, even if it means toting empties back to retail outlets. Result: the volume of bottles and cans in roadside litter has dropped by as much as 92% in the past three years.

That statistic brings no pleasure to the soft drink, beer and container industries. The banned flip-top cans are by far the most popular of beverage containers. Indeed, they seem to have a direct role in boosting consumption; since this type of can was introduced in 1959, per capita consumption of soft drinks and beer has risen by 33%. Industry spokesmen claim that Oregon's law not only threatens the growth of their business but also hikes costs. The sturdy returnable bottles that the law requires are twice as expensive as thin-walled "one-way" containers. And the empties must be shipped to bottlers (at a cost of 3.5¢ each) for refilling.

Clean Up Drive. Instead of concentrating only on containers, Washington's residents ratified a "Model Litter Control Act" in 1972. It was designed to stop all littering through education and citizen participation programs. An especially created Department of Ecology has organized drives to clean up beaches, cities, rivers and mountaintops. To prepare Spokane for Expo '74, for example, 78,000 residents took part in a three-phase litter pickup project that collected 500 tons of trash. The basic theme is pounded home by posters demanding ZERO LITTER, bumper stickers reading LITTER IS NO ACCIDENT and even T shirts urging Washingtonians to STOP THE LITTER CRITTER.

Washington's law also imposes fines of up to $250 for littering. Owners of cars and boats caught without litterbags in their vehicles must pay a $10 fine. Such fines help pay for Washington's program. But the bulk of the funds—$650,000 this year—comes from a .015% tax levied against the gross sales of industries that contribute to litter: bottlers, newspaper publishers, paper manufacturers, supermarket chains. The industries do not object. F.N. ("Mac") McCowan, executive secretary of Washington's Food Dealers Association, explains their docility with a nervous reference to Oregon: "Our law is the best alternative to the mandatory bottle return."

The law also works. In checks along 30 one-mile-long sections of roads in July 1973, the Washington state highways department picked up an average of 1,080 items of litter per mile. Now it is gathering only about 100 items per mile—a reduction of more than 90%.

Other states anxious to halt the spread of litter are clearly impressed. California, for instance, may well pass its own law next year. As the legislation is now shaping up, the state will borrow more heavily from Washington than Oregon (but will nonetheless ban pull-tabs on cans as a safety hazard). Though industry opposition is expected, a state-sponsored study strongly suggests that most Californians—and probably most other Americans as well—are ready to accept curbs on the throw-away habit that blights the land.

Ford's Middle Course

When he was a Congressman, Gerald Ford voted for many bills to clean up the nation's air and water. But he also supported such anti-environment measures as funding the SST and easing pesticide restrictions. As President, Ford has maintained the same ambivalence. He has hinted at times that environmental protection is an exorbitant luxury that slows economic growth; at other times he seemed to see it as an ecological necessity. No one was sure where he stood on the subject.

Last week Ford cleared up the situation with his first official statement on environment. In a message prefacing the fifth annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality, he expressed faith in the nation's ability to improve its economy while bettering its environment. A policy of trade-offs between economic and ecological realities, he wrote, "in my judgment is the course we must continue to follow."

Rising Cost. Those words are not as bland as they sound. The CEQ's 597-page report describes how far the nation has come in cleaning up its environment —and how much is left to be done. To curb pollution by 1982, CEQ says, the nation must spend about 1% of its gross national product every year on environmental safeguards, or a total of $195 billion. Most of the money will be paid by consumers, as industries and state and local governments pass along the costs of antipollution equipment. Last year the annual per capita charge for environmental protection was $35 to $40; in 1976 it will probably rise to $80.

The CEQ report also makes it clear that following Ford's middle course will affect more than the American pocketbook. If land is going to be used more wisely—a top environmental priority —the landowner will have to give up some of his traditional freedom to decide what to do with his property. Similarly, citizens who want more energy must accept oil spills, strip mining and other environmental problems that even expensive technology cannot completely control. Ford writes that the environmental movement has "matured" enough to go along with these compromises. Whether that will prove to be the case depends in large part on the President's ability to steer the middle course that he now seems to have chosen.

December 25, 1974

(As if you needed an excuse to be generous.)


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