

FIFTY CENTS

MAY 15, 1972

TIME

THE BIG RED BLITZ

**North
Viet Nam's
General
Giap**

NO 74 HNB 95231R94759 80 04
ROY R HANBERG
2231 95TH NE
BELLEVUE WA 98004

The FBI after Hoover

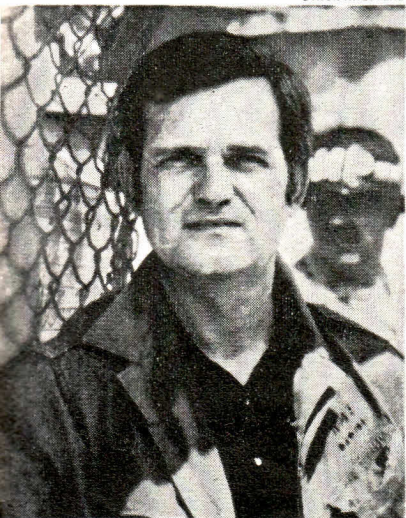
A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Henry Luke

WHEN Correspondent Don Neff arrived in Viet Nam for the first time eight years ago, a favorite topic of conversation was the primitive state of Communist equipment. "There was even a story going around," he recalls, "that the V.C. had a new anti-aircraft weapon: a catapult that shot ten-foot arrows." Back for his fourth tour of duty last week, Neff loitered over besieged An Loc in a light U.S. reconnaissance plane knowing that the Communists now have sophisticated Soviet anti-aircraft guns as well as modern tanks.

If the weaponry and strategy had changed, many faces were familiar. "It was like Old Home Week for scores of reporters," Neff says. Veteran war correspondents who thought that they had seen the last of Indochina have returned recently to help their successors

DIRCK HALSTEAD



NEFF IN SAIGON

cover the North Vietnamese invasion. For our cover story on Hanoi's General Giap, Neff concentrated on reporting an overview of the fighting and its ramifications as seen from Saigon. David DeVoss, meanwhile, journeyed north to Hué to provide an account of that city's mass evacuation. Rudolph Rauch traveled to the threatened Central Highlands town of Kontum, then spent a night on ambush patrol outside Phu Bai with a group of G.I.s.

As company in Hué, DeVoss had Photographer Dirck Halstead, an old Viet Nam hand who is on assignment for TIME. For Halstead it was a time for reflection as well as reunion. "Of the ten photographers in our group here in 1965 and '66," he says, "only four of us are still alive."

That brave cameramen are constantly in harm's way was again demonstrated by Photographer Ennio Iacobucci, whose pictures accompany Halstead's this week. Iacobucci found himself trapped in Quang Tri with 80 U.S. advisers. The North Vietnamese barrage was so intense that rescue helicopters could not get in for days. The only newsman still with the group, Iacobucci phoned periodic reports of the battle's progress back to Saigon. The Italian freelance also called friends to say goodbye—prematurely, as it turned out. Helicopters finally were able to take the advisers and Iacobucci to Da-nang. "In four years in Viet Nam," he says now, "I have never been so scared."

In New York, Associate Editor Timothy James wrote the story, drawing on both the correspondents' files and his own considerable background. He had written five previous cover stories on the war in two years, and he visited Viet Nam in 1970.

As the military and diplomatic developments spurt and twist, no one can predict the outcome with any certainty. As Neff puts it, the only real constant in Viet Nam is the ever present element of surprise. Therefore, he says, "I no longer bother saying that I'll never be back."

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Welcome (Wrestling) Mat

There was a time in American life when a city bloomed with pride to host a national political convention. The 1968 debacle in Chicago changed all that. San Diego never wanted the Republicans this year in the first place. At the news last week that the G.O.P., faced with myriad logistical problems and the taint of the ITT brouhaha, was joining the Democrats in Miami Beach this summer, San Diego's mayor, police chief and a number of other city notables happily gathered "to toast the convention out of town."

Miami Beach—an island that can easily be closed off against mischief—thus becomes the first city since Chicago in 1952 to play host to both party conventions. The city is not exactly ecstatic over the honor. Only some vestige of civic duty (and whiff of profit) carried the motion in the city council by a scant 4-3 vote to invite the Republicans. The loyal opposition included the Chamber of Commerce and the Community Relations Board, who fear a seven-week encampment of antiwar protesters spanning the time from the Democratic opening on July 10 to the scheduled Republican closing on Aug. 24.

Easily the most splenetic protest was voiced by Miami's Police Benevolent Association. In an extraordinary telegram, the association warned the Miami Beach Tourist Development Authority (which had promoted the Republican invitation): "You are now put on notice that civil action suits will be filed against your organization and individual members of the executive board on behalf of each and every Miami police officer and Miami citizen that is killed, injured or indicted as a result of the Republican National Convention and Democratic National Convention."

Night Encounter

It was 9 p.m., and night shrouded the Southern California coast. There was no sound but the rush of the surf as 80 Camp Pendleton Marines, their faces blackened, huddled in the brush in night ambush position. They kept their weapons at the ready in preparation for a night assault by "aggressors"—fellow Marines engaged in landing exercises.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by deep grunts as silhouettes appeared scaling a nearby fence. The silhouettes

advanced, and so did the Marines, blasting away with blanks. Finally a Spanish-speaking sergeant understood the frightened shouts and curses of the ambushed platoon. In fact, it was a band of Mexican migrant workers trying to enter the country illegally for the harvest season. They had made their way close to 80 miles north of the border.

The Marines turned the 20 terrified men over to the border patrol, which shipped them back to Mexico. Noting that 2,261 such immigrants were picked up in a recent week, one border patrolman commented: "If those guys tell their buddies about their experiences, we may see a slight decrease in the number of illegal aliens for a few days."

Regulating the Dream...

"A chicken in every pot and a car in every garage" once signaled the worldly limits of the American dream. Now many U.S. families can hardly function without at least two cars, and so overfilled is the dream that at least one community has found it necessary to regulate it. To ease the four-wheel clutter in the streets, the Cincinnati suburb of Green Township now requires all new houses to be built with two-car garages.

... And Paying for It

Such upward mobility comes high. In a study released last week, the Government estimates that the average American motorist will spend \$13,552.95 to operate his 1972 car over the next ten years and/or 100,000 miles. That assumes he buys a standard-size sedan for about \$4,400. Where does all the money go? It includes gas (\$2,787), maintenance (\$2,147), insurance (\$1,350), parking and tolls (\$1,800) and taxes (\$1,319). And that does not include the average eleven new tires an owner is likely to buy on what the report calls a car's "100,000-mile, ten-year trip from the assembly line to the junkyard."

Stone Soul Wonder

Black families quail in terror as Rodent, the dread giant rat, stalks the streets of the ghetto. No one seems to be a match for the evil Rodent; the ghetto dwellers are condemned to die an agonizing, verminous death. But wait! Look, up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's... Black Man!!!

So you better hat up, Rodent, because it looks like Black Man is here to stay. Thanks to Tom Floyd, a Gary, Ind., commercial artist, young blacks



MIAMI BEACH CONVENTION HALL
Not exactly ecstatic.

can look up to an authentic soul hero. The first edition of Black Man Comics will shortly hit the newsstands with a very soulful twist on the requisite introductory issue: like Superman, Batman and Captain Marvel, Black Man is born of the transformation of a clean-cut young man into a creature possessed of superhuman powers.

In this case, the power is conferred by Scientist P.T. Jones (read: George Washington Carver) on a young black student-athlete named Steve Thomas with peanuts soaked in the mysterious chemical X. Wearing a slave-chain medallion, a cloth suit with the curse of Nat Turner upon it, and special boots that will enable him to fly by "lifting yourself by your own bootstraps," Black Man, the Soul Wonder of the World, sets out to "rid the universe of poverty, crime and racial bigotry." His arch enemies are Rodent, who breeds on filth and spreads disease; Riot, an immense black gone mad with the craving for destruction; and Narcotics, a heinous figure with hypodermic needles in place of fingers.

Floyd came by the idea because he saw the need to give black children their own hero to supplant those of his boyhood. As he puts it: "I got turned off of Tarzan because he was white and was always swinging out of trees and beating up black natives."

How the President Sees His Options

THE U.S. was rapidly assembling one of history's most powerful naval armadas in the Gulf of Tonkin. It was shipping M-48 tanks into Danang, landing tank-destroying, guided-missile helicopters from West Germany, reopening a bomber base in Thailand. Fresh fighter-bombers winged into the theater, bringing to 1,000 the number of U.S. planes poised to strike North Viet Nam. The gathering force had been ordered into place by a U.S. President who seemed determined either to blunt the Communist offensive that threatened to overpower such key South Vietnamese cities as Hué and Kontum, or to punish

aged the U.S. to reopen the suspended Paris peace talks. President Nixon had expressed "the firm expectation that productive talks leading to rapid progress will follow." Arriving in Paris, Hanoi's top negotiator, Le Duc Tho, announced encouragingly that "we do not, in any way, want to impose a Communist regime in South Viet Nam." He met with Kissinger, who had once more slipped secretly into Paris. But after a few meetings, public and private, the U.S. and South Viet Nam again broke off the negotiations, claiming "a lack of progress in every available channel."

Washington was deeply disappoint-

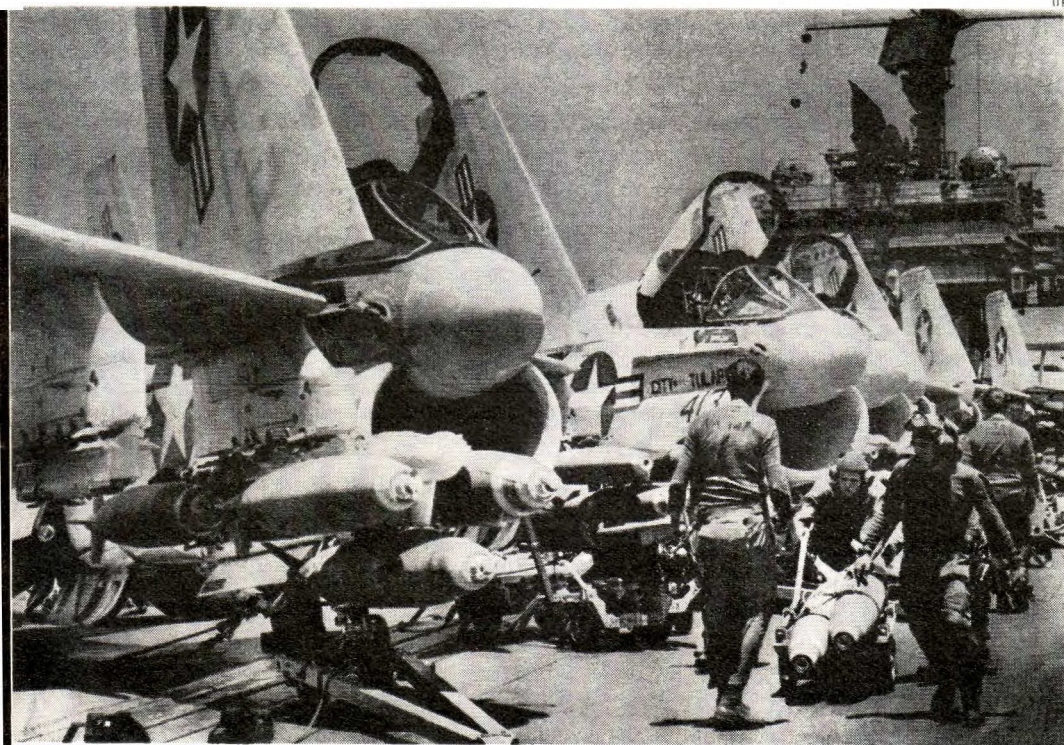
until it could perceive the outcome at Hué and Kontum, where Communist victories could demoralize the South's military and civil authority and perhaps achieve the goal of toppling the Saigon government of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Thus Hanoi stuck to its past bargaining positions in Paris. The U.S., while proclaiming flexibility on its negotiating points, remained firmly behind Thieu. Said Kissinger: "The only thing we have refused to do is to end the war by imposing a Communist government on South Viet Nam."

Impasse. The diplomatic impasse still centered upon the Communist insistence that Thieu's government must be replaced by a broader, but undetailed "government of national concord," while the U.S. continues to equate Thieu with the principle of elective government in South Viet Nam. So far Hanoi has shown no interest in the one concession on the Thieu government—Thieu's offer to resign one month before the holding of an election in which the National Liberation Front could help supervise the electoral machinery and also campaign for office. The Communists demand that creation of a broad-based government, including representatives of the N.L.F., precede any election.

The U.S. has also offered a military-only package: a fixed and early date for withdrawal of all U.S. ground forces in exchange for a cease-fire and the return of all prisoners. The political settlement would then be left either to further negotiations or to whatever the Vietnamese factions can work out among themselves. Hanoi has spurned that, presumably on the theory that Nixon is committed to getting all U.S. troops out anyway and that Hanoi can achieve its goals only through continued military pressure on the South.

The grim mood in Washington thus centered upon the military options open to the President. For a leader bent on pulling out his forces, Nixon was still talking pugnaciously. At a political outing on Treasury Secretary John Connally's Texas ranch (see page 15), Nixon warned: "The North Vietnamese are taking a very great risk if they continue their offensive in the South." There seemed little doubt that the offensive would continue and that the military choices up to Nixon are limited—and dangerous. Among them:

► Resuming massive bombing of North Viet Nam, including military installations and supplies near Hanoi and Haiphong. The permissible targets could conceivably be expanded to almost any kind of large building and anything that moves. Less likely targets would be railroad lines carrying supplies out of China.



DECK OF CARRIER "CONSTELLATION" OFF SOUTH VIET NAM
The need was negotiation, the prospect bloodshed.

the North Vietnamese for succeeding.

Even as the buildup proceeded apace, a relative lull descended on the fighting, and there was muted optimism that the Communists might not after all succeed in taking Hué. But that would probably only mean a strike elsewhere. The prospect remained for more bloodshed in a war in which more deaths seemed pointless—and it cried out for negotiation. Yet, as so often in this agonizing conflict, there would obviously be no bargaining until the latest phase of escalation was felt on the battlefield. A tantalizing hope of a diplomatic breakthrough that might have avoided the showdown had flamed briefly, then flickered out.

The brief moment of optimism arose when Moscow, through Presidential Aide Henry Kissinger, had encour-

ed. Said a State Department spokesman: "We are exceptionally frustrated." There was a feeling that Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev had misled Kissinger by exaggerating Hanoi's willingness to negotiate. "It was deception," snapped a senior U.S. official. Brezhnev's motive may have been to embarrass the U.S. before Nixon's visit to Moscow by making it look as though the new Communist offensive had pressured Nixon into suing for peace. Washington, on the other hand, had thought that the North's military gains had given Hanoi a new incentive to bargain.

Actually, any likelihood of Communist concessions was dimmed by the very success of the massive new attacks and the resulting panic among some South Vietnamese units (see THE WORLD). Hanoi doubtless was stalling

► Blockading the ports of Haiphong and other entry points for sea-borne munitions and supplies. This could be done by massing U.S. ships as well as by mining the waters. It would risk direct conflict with Soviet and Chinese vessels.

► Supplying the landing ships for a diversionary hit-and-run strike into North Viet Nam by South Vietnamese troops. This would have to be at a coastal target like Dong Hoi, just north of the Demilitarized Zone. It could bolster ARVN morale and draw some NVA troops back North. But it would require some 10,000 troops and the South cannot readily spare that number. A sim-

ilar raid could be conducted by ARVN paratroopers, but they hold key defensive positions in the South.

► Encouraging the South Vietnamese to counterattack near Hué, hoping to encircle the NVA forces threatening that capital. But this would require a swift turnabout by South Vietnamese troops in the area and before that could happen, the Communists seem likely to strike—or melt away.

Nixon has ruled out most of the other military possibilities, including the re-entry into combat of U.S. troops and the use of nuclear weapons.

As Kissinger and Nixon weighed the situation on the presidential yacht *Se-*

quoia on the Potomac, and the Kissinger-chaired Washington Special Action Group met repeatedly to organize options, the President once again seemed cornered, angry—and unpredictable. His Vietnamization policy, his desire for a Moscow summit meeting, even his re-election, all seemed threatened by the Communist military drive. The U.S. emphasized its willingness to return to the negotiating table at any time. But the odds seemed to be that nothing much would happen there until the present phase of the North Vietnamese invasion had run its course—and both sides stood back from the ruins to reassess their positions in view of the outcome.

TIME ESSAY

Why Be Afraid of Americans?

As a new and potentially climactic crisis approaches in the fitful fever of Viet Nam, a beleaguered U.S. President seems a captive of his repeated assertions of the past and his personal passions of the moment. As he has done so often, Richard Nixon spoke again last week of how "the position of the United States as the strongest nation in the world" was at stake in Viet Nam. A defeat for the U.S. might be "repeated in the Middle East, in Asia and in Europe," he warned. He feared that the world might "lose respect" for the office of the President and he vowed: "I will not let that happen."

That is puzzlingly belligerent rhetoric for a leader who is actually withdrawing his nation's troops from a war it has not won. By all logic, if so much is at stake in Viet Nam, his disengagement could be considered grossly negligent. He ought to be pouring U.S. troops into the conflict, rather than pulling them out of it. This mysterious dichotomy between act and word cannot be explained as an attempt to deceive the enemy; the Communists watched the U.S. troopships leave, coolly ignored Nixon's warnings and attacked more massively than ever. The Nixonian rhetoric seems to reveal a misplaced fear that the American psyche cannot handle any tinge of "defeat" or abandonment of professed "principle" in Viet Nam. The President appears to be fighting the phantom of a mythical constituency on the American political right, a spectre perhaps shaped by his own past and never severely examined.

Yet samplings of U.S. opinion show that the public is overwhelmingly weary of the war. Even George Wallace concedes that he is. Americans want their troops back home, the prisoners released and the killing stopped. To be sure, they do not want to see U.S. forces humiliated in a panicky flight for the beaches or watch Communist troops seize immediate control of a Saigon gov-

ernment that the U.S. has supported at such a high price for so long. But they are certainly in the mood for reasonable compromise. Moreover, even most military men feel frustrated by the futility of the conflict, especially the prolonged demonstration of the limits of U.S. power in a restrictive situation. And they cannot help but be apprehensive when so much American naval and air power is concentrated in a far corner of the Pacific, leaving other areas weakened. The handful of remaining hawks who want to bomb Hanoi into dust pose no political threat to the President. And the Democrats who oppose his re-election could only applaud a lowering of U.S. sights in Viet Nam; it is what they advocate.

All of the tired talk of fading U.S. prestige, of nations falling like dominoes, of a massive Communist-inflicted bloodbath, form a self-made trap that only exacerbates the very public reaction that seems to so obsess the President. It could lead him, in turn, to drastic measures that would endanger that "generation of peace" which Nixon so often cites as his prime presidential goal.

It is time to break out of that trap, to take a more detached and longer perspective. If he did so, Nixon could perhaps develop and articulate a policy for Southeast Asia that fits logically with his constructive overtures to China and the Soviet Union and his grand design for peace. At present, even the most sophisticated young anti-Communist in Asia must be totally confused at the thought of mighty air and naval armadas massed against an apparently independent little Communist nation while the President negotiates cordially with the two major Communist powers.

The abandonment of apocalyptic rhetoric might even lead to the realization that the practical negotiating positions of Washington and Hanoi are not hopelessly different. While Communist oratory cannot be taken at face value, Hanoi does regard its public pro-

nouncements seriously. North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho professes that Hanoi does not demand "a Communist takeover" in South Viet Nam as part of a settlement, will not attack withdrawing U.S. troops and will return the P.O.W.s. But he does demand the removal of South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu. For its part, the U.S. can hardly abandon Thieu in the present circumstances. If Hué should fall, his position could become academic. If Thieu's troops hold, then he probably would remain a strong national leader. Thus military events in Viet Nam, rather than any action by Washington, will probably determine Thieu's fate. This is part of the test of Vietnamization, although it is also a probable script for continued deadlock and a prolonged war.

There is in short a vast difference between humiliation and the reality that Nixon's oratory only beclouds. His own deeds in the realm of constructive negotiating offers in fact belie the narrow negativism of his public words.

It will inevitably be difficult for Americans to accept the proposition that so many of their young men died or were maimed without achieving the full goals for which three U.S. Presidents sent them to Viet Nam. But there is a sensible, minimum American goal in Viet Nam that can yet be achieved: the restoration of peace without imposing any Communist government on South Viet Nam. That would not be defeat. Practically, the U.S. can hope for little more.

By shedding his preoccupation with false fears of the psychological damage that an unhappy end to the Viet Nam War might wreak on America, Richard Nixon would be free to exercise the immense power that every President has to influence public reaction in his special preserve of foreign relations. And by putting Viet Nam into its proper perspective on the grand scale of global affairs, the U.S. might well gain rather than lose credibility as a world power—and grow in moral stature as well.

A Tale of Two Georges

Halfway from the snows of New Hampshire to the sands of Miami Beach, the Democratic presidential action is now with the two Georges, McGovern and Wallace, who have done far better than any of the experts expected when the campaigning began (see THE PRESS). From either side, they are eroding the center occupied by Hubert Humphrey. Last week the story was not that Humphrey won the primaries in Ohio and Indiana—which he did—but that in each of these states one of the two Georges almost did him in.

Humphrey remains very much alive, however, unlike Edmund Muskie of Maine, the most spectacular casualty of the crowded campaign. The list of dead and wounded grew last week; after a disappointing 8% showing in Ohio, where he had expected to do well among more conservative Democrats, Washington's Henry ("Scoop") Jackson announced that he too would retire from campaigning. Despite an unbecoming retreat on civil rights to make capital of the busing issue and a last-minute attack on McGovern's radical-left backers, Jackson never succeeded in getting his name, much less his message, across.

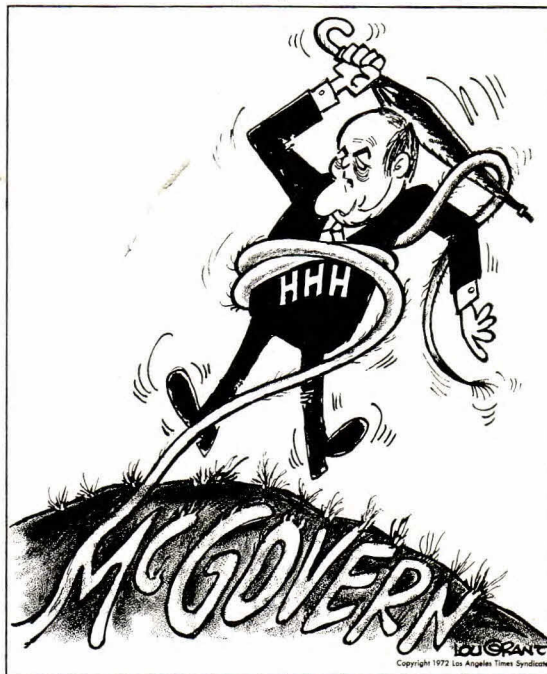
INDIANA. One high point of Wallace's characteristically helter-skelter campaign in Indiana was a \$25-a-plate lunch at the Indianapolis Hilton, which drew, among others, Grand Dragon William Chaney of the state Ku Klux Klan and Frank Thompson, head of a local John Birch Society chapter, who listed Wallace's credentials: "He's American, he's Christian, he's experienced." Humphrey did not start campaigning in Indiana until seven days before last week's primary, and at that he had to divide his time between Indiana and neighboring Ohio. Humphrey squeaked through, winning 47% of the vote to Wallace's 42%. Wallace was helped by a heavy Republican cross-over vote. Humphrey had a 38,000-vote margin in the popular vote, with most of his edge coming from Indianapolis and Gary, which have the state's heaviest concentrations of blacks.

OHIO. In an entirely different situation next door in Ohio, blacks also gave Humphrey the crucial push over George McGovern, who got 39.6% of the total to Humphrey's 41.2%. McGovern got half of the white votes, but Humphrey took four out of every five black votes. There were murmurings of some dirty work in Cleveland's black

precincts, one of which split 54 to 25 for Humphrey, while another next door went to Humphrey 115 to 0. That was only one confusion in a grotesquely botched election. Voting machines failed to operate, could not be unlocked, were not reprogrammed from last year's municipal elections, even never appeared at polling places. In the Cleveland area, 16 precincts never opened. One out-of-stater snarled: "I don't think Ohio is ready for self-government."

Nevertheless, the results proved that McGovern had very nearly beaten Humphrey in a state that should have been natural Humphrey terrain. Unlike Wisconsin, where McGovern's organizers began working months ago, Ohio was not even important to McGovern's plans until just three weeks before the primary. But he outspent Humphrey by more than two to one.

Humphrey has won his primaries



"I've heard of grass roots,
but this is ridiculous!"

narrowly, but as he noted succinctly last week, "Winning is winning." He has taken on George Wallace head to head and beaten him, and when he meets Wallace again in West Virginia this week, he is expected to win handily. Nebraska, which was once taken for granted as McGovern territory, is also up this week and Humphrey seemed to be leading at the end. Farther down the road, though, the McGovern people are looking for a fast finish in Oregon, California and New York.

At the moment both McGovern and Humphrey look likely to go all the way to the convention, with neither man in firm command of the nomination. Ohio suggests that neither campaign will collapse soon; the climax may well come in California's winner-take-all primary on June 6. Says Gary Hart, McGovern's campaign manager: "California is Armageddon."

The Republocrats

President Nixon seldom makes house calls. But last week he boarded Air Force One at his Key Biscayne retreat to fly 1,500 miles for a Texas hoe-down at the ranch of his treasured Treasury Secretary, John Connally. For the President even to consider such an odyssey is firm reinforcement of Connally's towering stature in Washington. Indeed, it was Connally who carried the President's wreath of carnations and cornflowers to the Abraham Lincoln catafalque on which J. Edgar Hoover lay in state last week. That and the splashy Texas party left no doubt as to where nominal Democrat Connally stands in Nixon's affections.

Even if Nixon's visit had underlying political significance, its surface was just easygoing Texas sociability. Conservative Texas is a place where Nixon is comfortable, and he was relaxed and smiling as he and Pat arrived before a cheering crowd of thousands at Randolph Air Force Base. A helicopter whisked Nixon and the First Lady to the Connally ranch 35 miles south, where Nixon greeted a casually clad Connally with an immediate apology. "I'm sorry we scared your cattle," he said.

Top of Texas. Toward dusk the wind picked up and the skies around the ranch rattled with thunder—not from rain, but from the engines of executive jets that put down on the ranch's 4,100-ft. landing strip. On the spacious lawn in front of the Connallys' elegant two-story ranch house, workmen put the finishing touches on baskets of Texas wild flowers hung from the limbs of live oak trees. Bouquets of chrysanthemums floated in the 40-ft. swimming pool behind the house. Cooks hovered over charcoal broilers, tending to some 200 lbs. of home-grown beef tenderloin; others monitored the huge vats where corn-on-the-cob was steaming.

Arriving guests were introduced to Nixon by Connally in a formal reception in the ranch's high-ceilinged living room. The guest list was compiled from the very top of the Texas power pyramid: Dallas Billionaire H. Ross Perot, H.L. Hunt's son Nelson, John Murchison, former Dallas Mayor Erik Jonsen, Houston Millionaire Ima Hogg, construction Magnate George Brown and Fort Worth's Perry Bass, who helped hoist Connally to political power. Publicly, most of the guests were Democrats; in the eccentricities of Texas politics even the most hidebound conservatives pay lip service to traditional ties to the Democratic Party.

Still, there was no doubt that these were Nixon people; many had quietly financed Republican candidates in the past. One was dubbed the shindig "the Republocrat Convention." As Connally greeted Fort Worth Oilman W.A. Moncrief, he said to Nixon: "This man is a big giver, Mr. President, and he never asks for anything in return."

But the mood of the party was gen-

erally light. When Nixon asked 82-year-old W.W. McAllister, former mayor of San Antonio, his secret of youth, the peppery McAllister replied: "If I knew that I'd keep it to myself and sell it." The Nixons and the Connallys moved out to an open meadow to watch the show every visitor to Texas must eventually see: a demonstration of quarter-horse agility. The President timidly patted one of the animals and admitted: "I've never been on a horse." Nellie Connally took the President's hand and said: "I haven't either."

After a buffet dinner, the President told the guests just the things they wanted to hear: up with the oil-depletion allowance, down with busing, and hard-line talk on Viet Nam. Then he and Connally went into their mutual-admiration-society routine. Connally said of Nixon: "I respect this particular President of the United States for the manner in which he conducts himself." Nixon responded: "John Connally . . . is, in my view, a man who has demonstrated he is capable of holding any job in the U.S. that he would like to pursue. I am just glad he is not seeking the Democratic nomination."

The last line was pure political politesse, but it was the "any job in the U.S." that stirred fresh speculation that Connally would be invited to bolt the Democratic Party and replace Spiro Agnew as Nixon's running mate.

Dumping Agnew? There are influential Republicans who have privately urged Nixon to dump the Vice President in Connally's favor. They argue that Connally can draw the same conservative support that Agnew can—with the guaranteed addition of Texas' electoral votes, which Hubert Humphrey took in 1968. As a personality and quick-study administrator, Connally has an edge on Agnew; the Vice President tends to be a hit only with those of his particular persuasion, while Connally jabs and feints his way through congressional hearings and news conferences with a down-home panache that charms even his opponents.

Nixon has quietly told the pro-Connally Republicans that he will keep his options open—which plainly means that he has plenty of time to test opinion and size up the Democratic presidential nominee before making his choice. However, Agnew's chances of remaining with the President have steadily improved over the past few months, and it is generally assumed in Washington these days that Agnew will be on the slate again. He serves to hold Nixon's right flank in place.

Still, these are precarious times for the President, and Agnew has been known to blunder into the doghouse before. Said one White House aide: "I'd have to put odds on Agnew being renominated. But of course, if the boss is down ten points to the Democrats in August, then all bets are off. Anybody's expendable then."



WALLACE ADDRESSES SUPPORTERS AT AIRPORT RALLY IN SAGINAW, MICH.

Hay for the Goats

George Corley Wallace's double-knit-clad workers do not talk about alienation. Their current word for the mood of the voters is "disenchantment." Another term at the Alabama Governor's Montgomery headquarters is "protracted politics"—not a bad description of Wallace's dogged, divisive presidential candidacy, now making its third appearance in eight years. Whatever it is, it is working: Hubert Humphrey edged him by a scant 5% margin in Indiana; George McGovern has carefully ducked him in Florida and Michigan, where busing is a hot issue; Scoop Jackson could never catch fire once Wallace got going. Wallace won last week's Tennessee primary two to one, and at week's end looked like a big winner over moderate ex-Governor Terry Sanford in North Carolina.

"It's either Wallace, Humphrey or McGovern—one of us three," Wallace proclaimed cheerfully after a screaming, stomping, Confederate-flag-waving rally last week at Houston's jammed Convention Center Music Hall. After the Indiana primary, Wallace proudly noted that Theodore White (*The Making of the President*) had observed on TV: "This means they'll have to deal with George Wallace at the convention." Says Wallace: "I think we surely have the balance of power, but I think I have an excellent chance of getting the nomination." Really? "Or a good chance." Sure? "I mean a chance."

He now has more than 200 delegates committed or leaning to him, and nobody is looking forward more gleefully to next week's primaries in Mich-

igan and Maryland. Michigan is the Northern state most affected by court-ordered busing, and its restless voters could well make it George Wallace's kind of country. Maryland is friendly Border state country where he polled a solid 42% in the 1964 primary. After Michigan and Maryland, the strategy will shift toward coddling delegates from nonprimary states. He is ready to edify conventions large or small with a half-hour film and pep-talk program, and delegates will also get a pictorial biography of the candidate showing him getting an honorary degree from Troy State University, snuggling Girl Scouts, shooting skeet, chatting with cops, and even posing as Santa Claus.

On the Beach. Wallace is determined to arrive at Miami Beach with enough delegates to elbow his way into the top Democratic councils. For one thing, he wants to insist on platform planks that could include reconfirmation of Supreme Court Justices every six years and local election of U.S. district court judges. "They're going to treat me with deference," he says, "not as an individual but because of the people I represent. They better think about that, because they can't win without those folks." He still has his cutting humor, too: "I want some hotel rooms on the beach. They've given people hotel rooms on the beach who don't have a delegate."

Charles Snider, Wallace's campaign manager, offers a scenario of a deadlocked convention that turns to Wallace in an access of patriotic fervor. But there are plenty of signs that Wallace does not take his presidential candidacy all that seriously. He failed to file in Cal-

ifornia and New York, the two states with the largest delegations. His organizations in the primary states compare poorly with Humphrey's and McGovern's; his campaign manager in Indiana works nights as a freight agent at the Indianapolis airport, so he had little energy for politics. Wallace has rarely tried all-out organizational drives in nonprimary states. He explains: "The kind of people who support me are out working in the mines and on the farms. They don't have the time for organization." Some suspect that Wallace may really be angling for the vice-presidential nomination, a subject about which he displays a kind of eager coyness. Says Snider: "The Democratic hierarchy knows no way to win without George Wallace on the tickets." Wallace is almost diffident. "I don't have much strategy," he says. "I'm just putting the hay down where the goats can get it."

TIME Correspondent Jess Cook spent some time aboard Wallace's chartered Jet Commander last week, exploring the Alabamian's stand on the issues. His report:

What would President George Wallace do in his first 100 days in the White House? "Well," he begins, "I'd hope the war would be over by then. If not, I'd try and wind it down. I'd go to Congress with a tax-relief bill. I'd institute a program to start screening welfare recipients. I'd start talking to our NATO allies about sharing more of the costs." The voice trails off, then brightens: "What did you think about Pennsylvania? I just made one speech." A sharp nudge. Getting down to cases with the Governor of Alabama is about as easy as getting the seeds out of cotton without a gin. On some subjects the answers come, such as they are, but for the most part—whether out of political shrewdness or intellectual boredom—Wallace is as diffuse as the clouds outside.

He would tax foundations and church commercial property, raise the personal exemption to \$1,200, reduce the oil depletion allowance. Would he redistribute the wealth? "I'm not for sharing the wealth, leveling everybody. I just want everybody to pay their share." He would take the \$40 billion that he claims is in the foreign aid pipeline and put it into rapid transit and superhighways. Farm price parities would go to 85%, even 90%. He is vague about his program for defense: "I'm not warlike at all. I just don't believe in gambling with American security."

If elected, says Wallace, he would put together a top staff of advisers—maybe even from Harvard. "I'm not against intellectuals, just pseudo intellectuals," he says. His campaign staff now includes three researchers and many bright aides, but he makes little use of experts. Says Wallace triumphantly: "Who's been advising Kennedy and all these Presidents? None of their advice has been any good."

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Long Reign of J. Edgar Hoover

JOHN EDGAR HOOVER's death at 77 refreshed memories of an extraordinary fund of Americana—a long, single-minded and complicated life that became a unique national presence. Hoover and the FBI were one—creator and creation. He served eight Presidents as the world's most powerful policeman. With a genius for administration and popular myth, he fashioned his career as an improbable bureaucratic morality play peopled by bad guys and G-men. The drama worked well enough when everyone agreed on the villains—"Pretty Boy" Floyd, John Dillinger, Nazi agents—but finally, curdled somewhat in more ambiguous days.

Almost no one ever challenged Hoover's personal ethics, only the truculently moralistic and political code he followed and the methods he sometimes

study subversives during the "Palmer Raids," an anti-Bolshevist dragnet that made McCarthyism a generation later seem a model of tolerance. It was Hoover's first encounter with Communism, which all of his life he regarded as "the greatest menace free civilization has ever known."

Vintage Year. In 1924, Attorney General (later Supreme Court Justice) Harlan Fiske Stone offered to make Hoover director of the department's Bureau of Investigation, then a slovenly, corrupt outfit. Though only 29, Hoover insisted that he would take the job only if the bureau were divorced from politics and the civil service. He established an absolute authority at the beginning. He demanded that his agents have either a law or an accounting degree, resisted any and all political pres-



HOOVER AS YOUNG LAWMAN

used to enforce it. Even at the end, he was a difficult target, for the vast police organization that he built almost singlehanded, which today has 19,401 employees, including 8,586 special agents, has over the years been astonishingly uncontaminated by outside political influence. The number of FBI agents convicted of a crime: none. Hoover's bureau set the standard and wrote the rules for effective law enforcement throughout the world. No criticism could detract from his extraordinary achievement—the difficult establishment in a turbulent democracy of a national law-enforcement agency that was honest, expert and free from partisan taint.

Hoover once considered becoming a Presbyterian minister, but he obviously had a vocation elsewhere. The son of a Washington civil servant, he worked as a Library of Congress clerk while taking night courses at George Washington University. He earned a law degree in 1916 and a master's a year later.

His bureaucratic rise was rapid. He joined the Justice Department in 1917, and two years later was head of a new general intelligence division ordered to



DEMONSTRATING SUBMACHINE GUN (1935)

sures. Hoover turned the bureau into the world's most efficient crime-fighting apparatus, with an elaborate fingerprint library and crime laboratory. In 1930, the FBI became the clearinghouse for national crime statistics, reported by state and local authorities.

But it was not until 1932 that Hoover and the FBI took hold of the national imagination. Kidnaping had grown to something of an epidemic, most notoriously dramatized by the Lindbergh affair. Hoover's men broke that case, and with the help of the Lindbergh Act, which made kidnaping a federal crime punishable by death, eventually curbed that particular vogue. Two years later, gangsters mowed down an FBI agent and several policemen in the "Kansas City Massacre," and the FBI won the right to bear firearms and make arrests.

The vintage year was 1934. John Dillinger fell to the FBI on a Chicago

street (his death mask was to survive as a tourist attraction at headquarters in Washington). "Baby Face" Nelson dropped on an Illinois highway. Not long after, Russell Gibson of the Barker-Karpis gang was killed resisting arrest in a Chicago alley. Then "Ma" Barker and her son Fred were killed fighting agents in Florida. Tennessee Senator Kenneth D. McKellar was incautious enough in 1936 to sniff that Hoover himself had never made an arrest, so less than a month later Hoover personally presided over the collaring of Alvin ("Old Creepy") Karpis, whom the FBI called "Public Enemy No. 1." (Karpis got the last word by insisting later that Hoover cowered in the background and waited for agents to put on the cuffs before he appeared to pose for pictures.)

A kind of comic-strip hero worship began. At his arrest in 1933, "Machine Gun" Kelly supposedly pleaded: "Don't shoot, G-men; don't shoot!" The coinage was to appear on G-man pajamas, G-man toy submachine guns, and the lips of a generation of radio actors. *The FBI in Peace and War*, introduced by the somber, implacable kettledrums of Prokofiev, fostered the image of relentless baritones in service to the general good. Much later, Hoover reserved his Sunday nights for watching TV's *FBI*, starring Efrem Zimbalist Jr., a paragon of rectitude specifically approved by the director himself.

During the '30s, Hoover's agents were mainly preoccupied with kidnapers, robbers and murderers. During the

war, F.D.R. commissioned Hoover to search out Nazi spies and saboteurs. The FBI took 33 German agents on one weekend in 1941. But Hoover protested strongly when thousands of innocent Japanese-Americans were interned as part of the spy scare. After the war, the FBI focused increasingly on the pursuit of Communists, including Julius and Ethel Rosenberg. "There is little choice," he once said, "between Communism and Fascism. Both are totalitarian, antidemocratic and godless."

His prides and prejudices were strong, especially where the autonomy of his bureau was concerned. With Attorney General Robert Kennedy he fought a long battle of wills over FBI operations and their animosity was obvious. It was in a curt call from Hoover that R.F.K. learned of John Kennedy's assassination. Though Robert remained Attorney General for ten more months, they never spoke again after Nov. 22.

For several decades, Hoover was a figure of heroic probity—another generation's pistol-packing version of Ralph Nader. Unmarried to the end, he lived with his mother until her death in 1938. For recreation, he went to the

Hoover ultimately came to his police work with a vision of national destiny. If his FBI was incorruptible, it became at the same time an instrument of his zealotry. He exaggerated the domestic Communist menace while for years curiously neglecting organized crime. His men were swift to find the bodies of Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner after they were killed in Philadelphia, Miss., and to solve the Klan killing of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo in Alabama; yet they seemed slow otherwise to enforce the cause of civil rights. When Martin Luther King Jr. suggested that Southern FBI offices were unsympathetic to blacks, Hoover called him "the most notorious liar in the country."

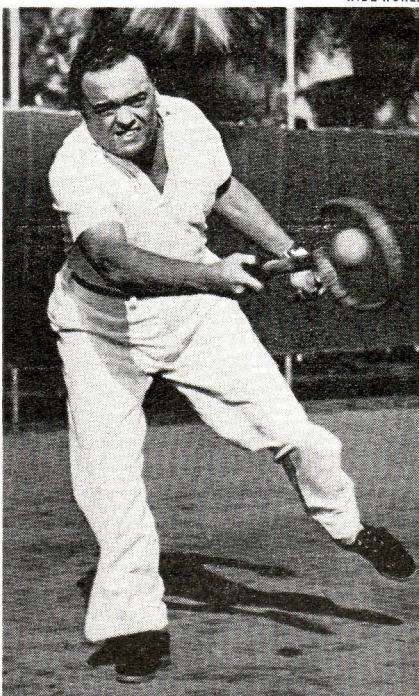
Embattled End. Perhaps the '60s, with their extravagances of assassinations and riots and accelerating crime, were more than his stern and orderly mind could accommodate. He had become a legend whose own sense of discipline and integrity prevented many of the abuses that his vast power made him capable of. Yet toward the end the myth had begun to deteriorate. There were charges that the FBI was tapping Congressmen's phones. Even if that claim was never proved, it did suggest the critics' general theme: J. Edgar Hoover's FBI was in his last days dangerously turning its resources to ideological purposes—harassing political radicals and even liberals, accumulating a frightening inventory of dossiers. And even within Hoover's granitically disciplined bureau, the cracks were showing. Morale had deteriorated. Last fall Hoover forced out one of his top deputies, William Sullivan, in a feud that jarred the bureau's highest ranks.

For J. Edgar Hoover, it was an unhappy, embattled end. After nearly half a century of his masterful, autocratic reign, the word senility was loudly whispered about. President Nixon's highest advisers counseled him to find a dignified moment to ease Hoover out, and although the President resisted, he undoubtedly would have done so as soon as the criticism had sufficiently faded. Instead, the moment was chosen for him. One night last week in his neo-Georgian house at the edge of Washington's Rock Creek Park, John Edgar Hoover died of hypertensive cardiovascular disease.

His body lay in state in the Capitol rotunda—the first civil servant ever to be so honored. The next day, in Washington's National Presbyterian Church, not far from the house where Hoover was born, Richard Nixon did him the additional honor of delivering the funeral eulogy. The two men had had a mutual admiration ever since the days when Nixon, a freshman Congressman from California, had begun his pursuit of Alger Hiss and "the Communist conspiracy." Hoover, said Nixon, "was one of the giants, a man who helped keep steel in America's backbone and the flame of freedom in America's soul."



ED STREEKY



WIDE WORLD

TENNIS IN MIAMI BEACH (1938)

racetrack, usually with his lifelong friend Clyde Tolson, who became Associate Deputy Director of the bureau; Hoover always cautiously restricted himself to the \$2 window. In the '30s and '40s, he began to appear in New York nightclubs, such as the Stork Club, with cronies, notably Walter Winchell, but he would have only one drink, or two at most. Columnist Jack Anderson, whose agents assiduously went through Hoover's trash cans recently in an exercise of exceptionally personal journalism, confirmed that he liked to drink Jack Daniels.

The FBI After the Hoover Era

FOR the present, President Nixon has chosen not to try to fill J. Edgar Hoover's shoes. In order to avoid turning the succession into a political issue during an election year, he named only an acting director. If Nixon wins reelection, he will settle on a permanent successor after November. If he loses, White House Press Secretary Ron Ziegler suggested last week, he will leave the selection to the new President.

His interim choice is 55-year-old L. Patrick Gray III, a burly former Navy captain who has been a Nixon friend since they met at a Washington cocktail party in 1947. A graduate of George Washington University Law School, he served for a time as a legislative and legal assistant to the Secretary of Defense. Gray left the Navy in 1960 and worked in Nixon's presidential campaign against J.F.K., then joined the Administration in 1969 as an executive assistant in HEW. In 1970 he moved to the Justice Department as Assistant Attorney General. Gray, who bears something of a resemblance to Hoover, insisted that his relationship with Nixon—and his mandate as acting director—is strictly nonpolitical.

Awesome Power. Others were not so sure. For all the guise of a basically noncontroversial interim appointment, an Administration had succeeded for the first time in almost 50 years in gaining political control of the FBI. Had Nixon selected a strong, less politically active permanent director—such as Supreme Court Justice Byron White or the Army Chief of Staff, General William Westmoreland—the new man might have preserved a measure of Hooverian independence. But by settling on a temporary director who has such close personal ties to the President, Nixon opened the way, in theory at least, for remote-control direction of the FBI by the White House.

Because Hoover was unique—and because the problem of succession has never arisen before—his death posed the most fundamental questions about the nature of the FBI. What is its role in American society? Who should control it? How should its awesome power be checked and balanced?

In theory, the FBI has always functioned as the Justice Department's investigative agency. The director is charged with investigating all violations of federal laws except those assigned to other federal agencies, such as postal cases and narcotics crimes. The bureau has jurisdiction over some 180 investigative matters, including espionage, sabotage, treason, kidnapping, extortion, bank robbery and civil rights, and of course has powers of arrest for violations. As Hoover saw it, "The FBI is strictly a fact-finding agency, responsible in turn to the Attorney General, the President, the Congress and in the last analysis, the American people."

But Hoover exercised a broad and crucial discretion. It is ironic that contrary to the general impression, he often served as a restraining influence in internal-security cases. One of the Nixon Administration's chief complaints about him was that he was not sufficiently aggressive in the use of wiretaps, electronic eavesdropping and the other "dirty tricks" of the trade in cases involving campus disorders, racial unrest and leftists in the antiwar movement. Hoover's standard in such cases was protective of his institution: he hesitated to undertake any investigation that would not be supported by popular opinion.

So the first crucial question is how the bureau should be controlled: by a czar like Hoover running a virtually autonomous agency within the Justice Department? Or by a director under close



ACTING DIRECTOR L. PATRICK GRAY III
A question of control.

er supervision of the Attorney General? The question is complicated by the fact that the office of Attorney General has recently become an increasingly political appointment (e.g., Robert Kennedy, John Mitchell).

On balance, it seems wiser to have an FBI under direct Administration control. Certain safeguards could prevent political abuses. The Omnibus Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968 already stipulates that new directors of the FBI must be confirmed by the Senate, thus providing one review. But Congress should inspect the bureau's budget and operations on a continuing basis, instead of unquestioningly rubber-stamping appropriations as it did in Hoover's time. Certainly the director's term should be fixed by law in order to prevent another man from establishing a life tenure.

Other checks have been proposed. A citizens' review board—lawyers,

judges and other experts appointed by the President—might be established as a kind of public watchdog over intelligence investigations. Or as is done with the CIA, a special congressional committee could oversee the FBI.

The Democratic Policy Council, a group organized to formulate party policies, has some recommendations. Says Courtney Evans, a council member who is a former assistant director of the FBI: "Some way must be found to maintain the integrity of the FBI, at the same time providing policy guidance and direction in security and intelligence investigations, particularly in areas where there is likely to be a legitimate difference between freedom for individual citizens and security for the Government itself."

Dragnet. Some experts have suggested that the Justice Department's Internal Security Division—a unit separate from the FBI—draw guidelines for the investigation of subversives, rather than leaving the matter open to FBI interpretation. Why was Senator Edmund Muskie's name mentioned in an FBI report on a 1970 Earth Day rally, for example? Agents were assigned to the rally to keep an eye on Rennie Davis, who was then awaiting trial in the Chicago conspiracy case, but including Muskie's name in the report created at least an impression of indiscriminate dragnet surveillance. Strict guidelines might also provide that any extraneous information be deleted from agents' reports before they achieve a dangerous permanence in the bureau's files.

Some have suggested that the FBI be split into two separate domestic investigative agencies—one for subversion and one for crime. Such a formula would at least reduce the present concentration of power in the FBI director. A more extreme proposal is to parcel out the FBI's myriad investigative functions to other federal bureaus, leaving the bureau itself with only a small corps of agents working for the Attorney General. Both ideas seem slightly perverse. The efficiency and performance of the bureau were seldom questioned during the Hoover era, only the policies of the director himself, or simply the fact that one man—whatever his policies and politics—was wielding too much power. To dismantle the FBI's investigative machinery because of the director's policies might be equivalent to junking an excellent automobile because its driver was considered, in his last years, erratic.

Whether Nixon or any President will be moved to revamp the system that J. Edgar Hoover built remains to be seen. An FBI without Hoover seems an anomaly, so entwined were the man and his machine. For this reason, it might be advisable for the President to appoint a special commission of lawyers, police experts and judges to examine the FBI's functions and its future.

Their job would not be easy, for while Americans want security they are always uneasy with secret power.

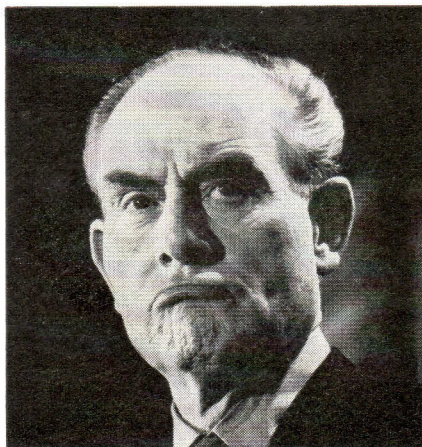
The Yablonski Contract

"Murder is as institutionalized with the United Mine Workers as it is in the Mafia. The order to kill—to kill our whole family if necessary—was as routinely transmitted and carried out as an order to call a strike or settle a grievance." Thus Kenneth and Chip Yablonski gave vent to their anguish last week when they learned more of the gruesome details of why their father had been killed. Pleading guilty to murder, a minor U.M.W. official named Silous Huddleston confessed that the union had arranged the assassination of Rebel Miner Joseph Yablonski, along with his wife and daughter; only the sons escaped. It was a story that had all the elements of an Appalachian blood feud: robbery, violence, revenge and no remorse.

As Huddleston, 63, unraveled his story, he appeared to be an unlikely killer. A white-haired, gentle-looking Tennessean who is suffering from emphysema and has been given only a year to live, he claimed that he had taken part in the brutal scheme only out of loyalty to his union. Word had gone round that the U.M.W. was threatened by Yablonski's campaign to unseat President W.A. ("Tony") Boyle in 1969. Yablonski had promised to take union voting rights away from all the U.M.W. pensioners, who were the major source of Boyle's power. Said Huddleston: "I believed that Yablonski was controlled by outsiders who wanted to destroy the union."

Soggy Cigar. The plot, said Huddleston, was hatched in Washington, site of the union headquarters, where a special \$20,000 "research and information fund" was set up to pay for the murder. Albert Pass, a Kentucky official who is a member of the U.M.W.'s international executive board, was in charge of the operation. He contacted Huddleston, who recruited his son-in-law Paul Gilly, 38, a gaunt, sallow-faced house painter who was only too eager to do the job. Gilly, in turn, hired two other lean and lethal Appalachians who had been in and out of scrapes with the law for most of their lives.

Strictly amateur assassins, "the boys," as Huddleston called them, wondered whether to blow up Yablonski's house with dynamite or put arsenic in his food or cigars. They even experimented with injecting rat poison into a cigar with a hypodermic needle, "the kind you use to vaccinate hogs." But, as Huddleston reported, the cigar "got all wet and soggy." Albert Pass nixed those schemes. Said Huddleston: "Albert said not to use dynamite because it would probably kill the family and only give Yablonski a headache. He said not to use arsenic because Yablonski would only get sick and the family would die. He said that the only way to kill Yablonski was to shoot him."



U.M.W. PRESIDENT TONY BOYLE

At first, the order was to murder Yablonski before the election, but then, said Huddleston, the union brass had second thoughts: it would surely look as if someone was trying to keep Yablonski from getting elected. The job would have to wait until the election was over. It was just as well. Even with their marching orders, the boys bungled just about everything they had to do. They went to Washington to stalk their man, but they could not even find the union's national headquarters, where they were supposed to shoot him. They drove to Yablonski's home in Clarksville, Pa. When they went to the door, however, they found more people at home than they expected. Instead of firing, they asked Yablonski if he could find them jobs. They visited the house once again; this time finding nobody home, they made themselves a sandwich. "I told them that was dumb," said Huddleston. "But they said they put everything back." Following Yablonski another time, they found him with a Congressman and a Senator—and considered killing all three.

Pass was getting impatient, Huddleston recalled. While the boys marked time, they robbed a few houses to keep in shape. Finally, they accomplished their mission, entering the Clarksville house at night and shooting the family as they slept—but so sloppily that they left fingerprints around. Within days, police had identified them. On top of that, said Huddleston, the boys did not even get all the money they had been promised. As was the custom, various officials had taken their cut as the money was passed down the line from headquarters. As Prosecutor Richard Sprague observed, "you had a kind of discount price for murder."

Huddleston's confession exploded the U.M.W.'s claim that it had nothing to do with the killing. Although Boyle's name was not mentioned by Huddleston, Sprague said there was "certain information" that the "research" fund had been set up in a conference between the president and Pass. For Sprague, it was a gratifying development in a case that he is determined to pursue to the upper reaches



SILOUS HUDDLESTON IN COURT
All the elements of a blood feud.

of the U.M.W. hierarchy. A dogged, methodical assistant district attorney in Philadelphia who has sought a first-degree conviction in 66 murder cases and won it in 65 of them, Sprague devised a "game plan" to smoke out all the conspirators.

He nabbed and isolated the little men first. When he won a first-degree murder conviction against one of the gunmen, he used it as a weapon to frighten others into talking. Faced with the possibility of the electric chair, three of the conspirators confessed, implicating officials higher up the union ladder. It was Huddleston's own daughter, Annette Gilly, a stooped and sad-faced housewife, who fingered him in the killing. In exchange she received a deal for a life sentence instead of death for her role as an accomplice. Huddleston was prompted to confess for the same self-serving reason. "I am a firm advocate of the death penalty," says Sprague. "If you did away with the chair, you would lose your bargaining position. Maybe these people would not be willing to talk."

The martyred Yablonski was vindicated last week when a U.S. District Court set aside the 1969 election won against him by Boyle. Citing the mass of irregularities that had occurred during the voting, the court instructed the U.S. Justice Department to order another election. Despite all the convictions, it will still be an uphill battle for the dissident miners to unseat Boyle's entrenched minions. But the fight will be led by men with a mission: Yablonski's two sons.

SOUTH VIET NAM/COVER STORY

Hanoi's High-Risk Drive for Victory

SINGLY and in small groups at first, then in gun-waving mobs, the retreating South Vietnamese troops streamed out of shell-torn Quang Tri city. For four days their procession down sun-baked Highway 1 continued to swell. There were soldiers on foot wearing only mud-caked underwear and with rags wrapped around their feet in place of boots. Some rode on the fenders of cars commandeered at rifle point; others clung to army trucks that careered through South Viet Nam's northern countryside with lights ablaze at midday and horns blaring. The line stretched to the horizon, and so did its litter: helmets, full ammunition pouches, combat boots, web belts and packs. At the refugee-jammed city of Hué, 24 miles south of Quang Tri, the headlong retreat turned into a rampage. Soldiers who had not eaten in two days looted stores in broad daylight. By night, gangs of deserters started fires and fought drunken skirmishes in the streets.

Urgent Questions. Last week the army of South Viet Nam suffered its worst debacle of the five-week-old Communist offensive, and North Viet Nam's Defense Minister and chief military tactician, General Vo Nguyen Giap, gained his easiest victory of the long war. The 8,000-man ARVN 3rd Division, assigned to the defense of the northernmost provincial capital, Quang Tri, was known to be poorly trained and questionably led. But no one had expected the 3rd to give up as quickly as it did. Pounded by five days of shelling by Giap's troops and abandoned by their officers, the soldiers simply broke and ran, leaving behind their tanks, armored cars and artillery. Quang Tri city, deserted by practically all of its 15,000 inhabitants as well as by its defenders, fell to the Communists within minutes after the last U.S. advisers had been helicoptered out. Immediately, the Communists set up a "revolutionary administration" in the city. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu angrily relieved both the commander of Military Region I, General Hoang Xuan Lam, and the 3rd Division's commander, General Vu Van Giai. No replacement was named for Giai; there was no 3rd Division left.

The fall of Quang Tri cast a pall of gloom over Saigon and Washington, and raised urgent questions about Vietnamization, the hopeful policy through which the U.S. had built up the army of South Viet Nam, at immense cost in lives and treasure, to fight the Communists on its own. Could ARVN survive,

much less defeat the North Vietnamese offensive? Could President Thieu—and even the U.S. presence and influence in South Viet Nam—outlast another similar defeat?

To be sure, the 3rd had been the worst of South Viet Nam's 13 divisions, put together last June from stragglers and captured deserters, and there was no sign yet of the widespread unit defections that would signal the beginning of an overall collapse of ARVN. Still, the South Vietnamese badly needed to win the next battle if they were to stave off a national psychology of defeat that

could replace the abandoned South Vietnamese equipment, as it was doing last week. And President Nixon could punish Hanoi for the invasion by increased bombing, or even a blockade of Haiphong or a Dieppe-style raid* by South Vietnamese forces on the northern coast. For all that, a hard fact remained: with the Paris negotiations suspended again, the next turns in the war could only be decided on the battlefield in a contest between Vietnamese.

What could be the climactic battle of the war seemed likely to come soon, perhaps even this week. Both sides had

NIHON DENPA NEWS



NORTH VIET NAM'S DEFENSE MINISTER VO NGUYEN GIAP IN HANOI
"Strike only if success is certain."

could intensify pressures to settle with the Communists at any price.

This time, the South Vietnamese had to win the battle on their own. The U.S. has only 65,000 ground troops remaining in South Viet Nam, and they are now assigned solely to defensive roles. As the biggest Communist blitz of the war continued last week, American advisers—and the U.S. commander, General Creighton Abrams—no longer had the decisive say in how or where the South Vietnamese fought; the decisions were being made by President Thieu and the South Vietnamese general staff. The U.S. could supply airpower (with more than 1,000 planes in the region) and dominate the Gulf of Tonkin with an armada that will soon number six carriers, five cruisers and 40 destroyers and 41,000 men. Washington

focused their forces on the city of Hué, sitting on the Perfume River five miles from the South China Sea. With its sizable population and its symbolic importance as the seat of the 19th century Vietnamese empire, Hué is coveted by the Communists as the putative site for an insurgent government with national pretensions. For President Thieu, the loss of the city would have grim consequences both in Paris and at home. Coming on top of ARVN's other recent reverses, a major setback at Hué could precipitate a rapid collapse of army and civilian morale, and might even lead to the fall of his regime.

Thieu himself underscored the im-

*In 1942 an Anglo-Canadian force of 15,000 staged a dashing reconnaissance raid on the German-held French port of Dieppe. The raiders suffered 50% casualties in a matter of hours.

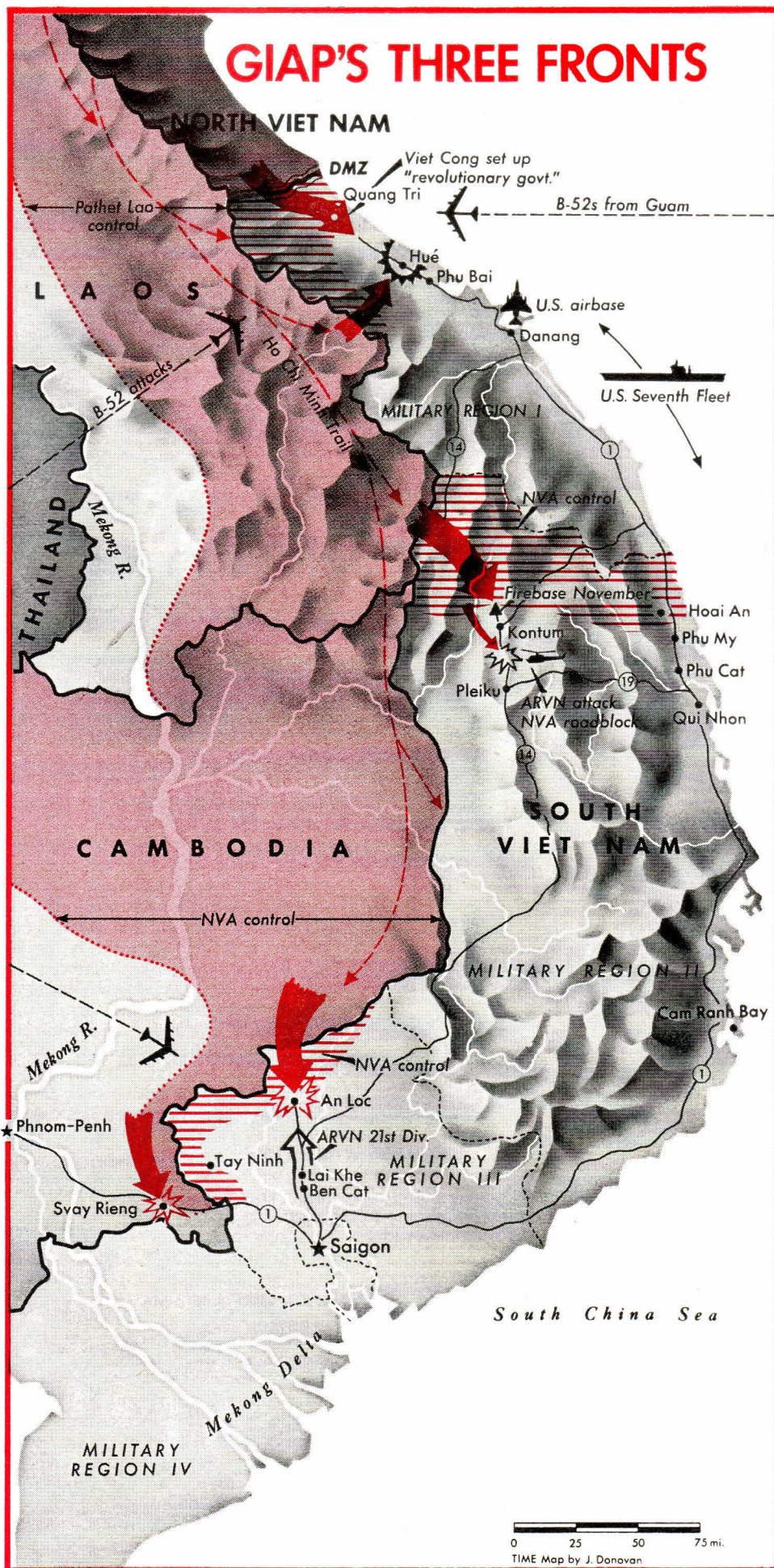
portance of the city, flying in last week to order personally that it be held "at all costs." "I'm very confident," he added. Mustered for the defense of Huế were South Viet Nam's best units. They included the 1st Division, a marine division and infantry units hastily brought up from the Mekong Delta and nearby Quang Ngai province. Thieu's biggest asset may be his new commander in the north, Lieut. General Ngo Quang Truong. Truong is regarded by Americans as ARVN's most effective field commander, and his first action was decisive enough. To stop the hemorrhage of ARVN troops through Huế, he ordered deserters shot on sight.

General Giap has thrown his strongest forces into the drive on Huế. Three divisions are closing on the city from the North and West, and a fourth is poised to the Southwest. The seasoned Communist troops, many of whom took part in the bloodying of ARVN in Laos last spring, are equipped as never before. They have tanks and heavy artillery, including Soviet 130-mm. guns with a range of 17 miles. Some of their equipment is even more sophisticated: last week a portable heat-seeking Soviet missile downed two U.S. helicopters and a light plane near Quang Tri.

Daily Toll. Much of the fear and panic that engulfed Huế sprang from memories of the Tet offensive of 1968, when more than 3,000 residents were mercilessly massacred by the Communists and the once graceful city itself was permanently scarred in the bloody battles to rout them out. Now exhortations to HANG THE COMMUNIST TROUBLEMAKERS and HONOR THE ARVN SOLDIER were painted on the walls of the modern Kieu Mau school. Stores were closed, restaurants empty, and much of the population—200,000 in normal times, more than 300,000 early last week as refugees from the fighting around Quang Tri jammed into the city—had fled to Danang or other points south. Most went on foot, but some paid an extra \$50 to Air Viet Nam ticket agents to get aboard outbound planes.

The refugees who stayed on in Huế found spots on the grassy banks of the Perfume River if they were lucky, in fetid vacant buildings if they were not. "Highway 1 is the setting for this Asian *Grapes of Wrath*," reported TIME Correspondent David DeVoss. "Some families ride atop trucks, others are jammed as many as five to a Honda, but most of them walk. Exhaustion, hunger and heat are not the only enemies they face. Land mines, carefully planted each night by the North Vietnamese, take their daily toll in suffering."

In the Huế hospital, the wounded were packed two to a bed. DeVoss talked with Hoang Thien, a 57-year-old laborer whose wife and daughter were there for treatment of shrapnel wounds from mines planted by the Communists on the shoulders of the roads. "The V.C. didn't want anyone to leave, because once the people go the B-52s come,"



said Thien. "But a V.C. rocket destroyed my house, so I had no choice. They shot at us so we don't go, but we ran for two days until we hit the mines." For the first time in the current Communist offensive, sizable numbers of Americans, too, are in the path of the assault. A drive on Hué would brush perilously close to the U.S. airfield and communications center at Phu Bai, six miles south of the city. The base is guarded by two of the six U.S. combat battalions remaining in South Viet Nam.

When would the attack on Hué come? After the fall of Quang Tri, an ominous slack-off in Communist activity occurred last week on all three major battlefields, while the foe regrouped and marshaled his forces. In the Saigon area, Communist pressure eased on the long-besieged city of An Loc, 60 miles north of the capital. In the Central Highlands, the Communists made no move to fol-

—because his calm exterior masks a fiery temperament—once again dominates the war in the South, something no South Vietnamese leader has ever been able to do. Maintaining the military initiative, Giap has called each turn of how and when a battle will be fought. The question that remains, and may be decided at Hué, is whether, as one U.S. general puts it, he is "merely Lawrence of Arabia, great in a special situation and with a peculiar set of national circumstances, or a Robert E. Lee, master of all military situations."

Many Enemies. So far, Giap has proved himself a master of Vietnamese situations, and has contributed a large chapter to any textbook on the black art of war. Going far beyond the Chinese concept of a "people's war" by guerrillas, he has developed the orchestrated use of guerrillas and conventional forces, and demonstrated—as at Tet in 1968—the importance of psychology to the outcome on the battlefield. In a 1969 article in the North Vietnamese army journal, *Quan Doi Nhan Dan*, he spelled out the strategy that he is pursuing in this offensive. "Being held in an unfavorable strategic position, the enemy can use only a small part of his troops. Though numerous, he is outnumbered; though strong, he is weak." To Giap, "the main goal of fighting must be the destruction of enemy manpower." He takes a cold view of war. "Every minute hundreds of thousands of people die all over the world," he has said. "Life or death, even of one's own compatriots, represents really very little."

In a way, Giap has been preparing for the battle of Hué ever since his youth. Born into impecunious gentry in An Xa, a small town just north of what is now the Demilitarized Zone, Giap grew up at a time when the fairly stable 30-year relationship between the French and Vietnamese was coming to an end. At 15, he was taking part in a "quit-school movement" in Hanoi. Before he was 30, he was helping Ho Chi Minh organize his revolution from a base in China. Though he once taught school in Hanoi, Giap was no bookstack scholar. Two years ago, Giap's foster father, a South Vietnamese Red Cross official in Danang, discussed Giap with British Orientalist P.J. Honey. "He was brilliant, extremely interested in warfare along the lines of Napoleonic strategy, but quarrelsome," said the old man. "He'll get near to the top but never to the very top because he makes so many enemies."

Giap's quarrelsomeness has shown up in the long course of the war. His rivals in Hanoi have tended to be optimistic believers in the kind of "general uprisings" that the Communists attempted to foment in the early 1960s and in 1968. Giap's doctrine involves a prolonged three-stage war, proceeding gradually from defensive organization to guerrilla war to something like large-scale conventional war.

Today Giap is at Stage 3, playing a

role that he knows well. When he made his reputation in 1954, the Communists were negotiating in Geneva under the combined pressure of the U.S., Britain, Russia and China. Giap's task was to inflict a crippling defeat on the French while the talks were still in progress. The result was the 56-day siege that killed or wounded half of the 13,000-man French garrison at Dien Bien Phu.

The current offensive shows many of Giap's characteristics: methodical preparation, a heavy reliance on firepower, a willingness to take high casualties, combined with extraordinary caution—one trait that South Viet Nam generals share in spades.

Few armies, and certainly not South Viet Nam's, have ever matched the tenacity and determination of the troops that Giap has been able to field. It is clear that Ho Chi Minh's claim that the Communists would fight to achieve their goals for ten, 15, 20 years, or even longer if necessary, was no idle boast. Since 1964, when Hanoi began its direct military intervention in the war, the North Vietnamese have suffered roughly 400,000 casualties—about as many men as they have in their present army. Captured North Vietnamese troops tell familiar fatalistic stories of being drafted from towns to which no soldiers who have gone South have ever returned.

The Mandate. But still they come, and they fight fiercely. What is the difference between Hanoi's troops and Saigon's? The North Vietnamese have their problems with draft dodgers and deserters. The army journal *Quan Doi Nhan Dan* recently chided young conscripts who "dress outlandishly, behave in an uncivilized manner, and violate state laws, discipline and public sanitary regulations." But compared with, say, the 3rd Division troops that cracked at Quang Tri last week, the North Vietnamese have been model soldiers. Vietnamese peasants who have seen them recently have described them as fairly disciplined young men outfitted with olive uniforms, straw-covered soft hats and canteens; they appear to be highly motivated. North Vietnamese officers tend to be professionals who earn their promotions on merit. The ARVN leadership, by contrast, tends to be a class of its own, informed by old mandarin traditions and French colonial military training. Ranking officers, including province chiefs and field commanders, are very often political appointees with scant combat experience.

Beyond that, the difference between Giap's army and Thieu's is the difference between a government that has ruled with totalitarian power for 18 years and one that has had a history of revolving-door regimes and heavy de-



THIEU (RIGHT) WITH GIAP
A needed shake-up.

low up their rout of the ARVN 22nd Division with a direct assault on Kontum, which has been surrounded by Communist troops and is highly vulnerable to capture. Would the Communists strike Kontum first? Or were they getting their artillery and supplies in place in preparation for a move on Hué?

For the moment, the answers were all held by General Giap, North Viet Nam's legendary lord of the battlefield. More than likely, he was methodically measuring the odds in terms of his oft-repeated principle: "Strike to win, strike only if success is certain; if it is not, then don't strike."

For Giap, now 60, the capture of Hué would be almost as great a victory as the fall of Dien Bien Phu 18 years ago last week. The man the French called the "snow-covered volcano"

South Vietnamese soldiers flee Quang Tri on bicycles, while (below) civilian refugees and a dog wait near Hué for a boat to carry them south to safety.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIRCK HALSTEAD—TIME AND ENNIO IACOBUCCI





Quang Tri Evacuation - PJ Robert LaPointe wearing parachute



pendence on foreign treasures. The simple fact, as Rand Corp. Analyst Brian Jenkins notes, is that the North Vietnamese are "more cohesive and more accustomed than the South Vietnamese to rigid government control and the austerity needed for a protracted war."

The eleven-man North Vietnamese Politburo, of which General Giap is a prominent member, has always been at war. They are driven not only by the Communist doctrine of inevitable victory but also by the "mandate of Heaven," a kind of religious imperative to rule that, according to Viet Minh legend, was passed on to Ho Chi Minh in 1945 by the last Vietnamese emperor, Bao Dai. The Hanoi leadership has more pragmatic reasons to fight on, of course. North Viet Nam's population continues to burgeon at a rate of 3½% a year, exacerbating an already acute land shortage. Then there is the fact that for eight years now more than one-fourth of the North Vietnamese army has been posted out of the country under conditions of hardship and frequent terror unknown to those who have stayed behind. As Rand's Jenkins observes: "North Viet Nam's leaders may not be thrilled at the prospect of bringing this army home in defeat."

After five weeks of fighting, the North Vietnamese last week continued to hold the initiative and to expand their influence on three fronts:

THE NORTH: With four North Vietnamese divisions in place and a fifth poised just above the Demilitarized Zone, this is the strongest point of the Communist offensive. The North's troops now have the run of South Viet Nam's two northernmost provinces—Quang Tri and Thua Thien—outside of the shrinking government-held pocket around Huế. **THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS:** Three North Vietnamese divisions own half of Binh Dinh province on the seacoast and most of the mountains to the west. If they overrun Kontum city, which is set on an open plateau and vulnerable to an attack, they will have sliced the country in half at its weakest point.

THE SAIGON AREA: Though the Communist pressure has eased somewhat, especially around the besieged city of An Loc, three North Vietnamese divisions have seized control of swatches of territory north and west of the capital, which gives them an enormous potential for more havoc. By one reckoning, enough rockets have been stashed around the city to permit a barrage of 1,000 rounds a day for two solid months.

So far, Giap's offensive has done remarkably little to foment popular un-

continued on page 30

The Man Behind the General in Hanoi

GENERAL GIAP may be running the current North Vietnamese offensive in South Viet Nam, but he is by no means his own master in Hanoi. The most powerful figure in the North Vietnamese hierarchy is Le Duan, the shrewd, remote first secretary of Hanoi's ruling Lao Dong (Workers) Party and ranking member of its Politburo. A nervous and intense man who grew up in what is now South Viet Nam, Le Duan is generally regarded as the chief architect of Hanoi's relentless crusade to take over the South. His pre-eminence is underscored by the fact that in recent weeks Hanoi newspapers have taken to calling him "Uncle" Le, an honorary title rarely used since the death of Ho Chi Minh in 1969.

Born in 1908 to a peasant family in Quang Tri province, Le Duan (pronounced Lay Zwan) grew up to become a railway clerk and a political agitator. In 1931 he was jailed by the French for 20 years for subversive activities, but was released in 1936 and resumed his work in the Indochinese Communist Party. When the party was outlawed in 1940, Le Duan was arrested again and sentenced to ten years. But when the Communist Viet Minh seized power temporarily in 1945, Le Duan was released. Subsequently he became the organizer and leader of guerrilla forces in what is now South Viet Nam. "In a real sense," says one U.S. expert, "he is the father of the present war."

In 1954, at the time of the Geneva conference that ended with the partition of Viet Nam, Le Duan argued with Ho that the Communists should continue the fight for total victory. According to P.J. Honey, a British specialist on Viet Nam, Le Duan even predicted to Ho that the U.S. would help South Viet Nam and that another war would eventually have to be fought. After the Geneva agreement, 90,000 Viet Minh guerrillas were moved to the North, but Le Duan ordered the other Communists of South Viet Nam to go underground and hide their arms. He told Ho that when war broke out again, there would be an armed Communist force intact in the South as well as the 90,000 available guerrillas in the North. Says Honey: "What Le Duan did was lay the foundations for the Viet Cong at the time of the Geneva agreement."

In some ways, Le Duan's career has been advanced as much by luck as by leadership. In his early years of political activism, he managed, like the young Nikita Khrushchev, to be absent during periods of party turmoil. Between 1954 and 1956, he began to organize political subversion against the regime of South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem. Le Duan was thus preoccupied with other matters at the time

of the North Vietnamese land-reform debacle of 1956, which ended with the summoning of troops to put down a peasant revolt in Nghe An province. The crisis led to the fall of the party's secretary-general, Truong Chinh. President Ho Chi Minh then assumed the title of secretary-general himself, but he assigned Le Duan to run the party for him. Le Duan was officially confirmed as first secretary in 1960.

Though North Viet Nam is one of the few Communist states that are run by a genuinely collective leadership, Le Duan is clearly the *primus inter pares*. The party's eleven-member Politburo, whose average age is 63, has worked together since World War II in notable



NORTH VIET NAM'S LE DUAN

harmony. But it has traditionally been divided over how to achieve unification: one group has pressed for military victory, while another has favored protracted guerrilla action. Le Duan, like Giap, has always been identified with the first faction. In July 1971, he characteristically admonished the North Vietnamese army to "shatter the U.S. imperialist plan of Vietnamizing the war" and to "fight for the greatest victory."

Khrushchev once said that Le Duan "talks, thinks and acts like a Chinese." In truth, Le Duan has leaned slightly toward the Soviets while adroitly threading his way between Moscow and Peking. The dispute between the Communist titans has helped North Viet Nam to solve the problem of how to wage war against the sophisticated weaponry of the U.S.-backed South with no armaments industry of its own. Because of Le Duan's clever exploitation of the Sino-Soviet schism, notes U.S. Vietnamologist Douglas Pike, "there are virtually no strings attached to the aid given to the North Vietnamese today."

U.S. advisers (top left) leave Quang Tri while refugees crowd a hospital in Huế. Meanwhile (below) South Vietnamese marines who fought bravely at Dong Ha show a different face of the war.

rest. The North Vietnamese have been welcomed in some areas, notably Viet Cong-infested Binh Dinh province east of Kontum. Generally, though, the "revolutionary administrations" that they have set up in towns and villages have been fearfully ruthless; the Communists have executed police and local officials, confiscated property and turned schoolchildren into armed "liberators." The indigenous Viet Cong, who have been vastly overshadowed by the Northerners during the present campaign, could be quietly preparing for the "spontaneous uprising" that the Communists—if captured documents are to be taken at face value—have scheduled for May 30, but so far they have been strangely inactive. As for civilian opponents of the war, not even the Buddhists, the students or the perennially restless veterans' groups have taken to the streets.

So far, enormous casualties have

unimportant stretches of territory. U.S. air and naval power, it was promised, would deal with the North Vietnamese—perhaps harshly enough to prevent another onslaught for years. ARVN would try to avoid bloody set battles. The idea is to give the North Vietnamese the same problem faced by U.S. troops back in an earlier era of the war, when American generals were forever complaining that "the enemy won't stand up and fight."

Within the U.S. Administration, where the private evaluations of Vietnamization have never quite matched the public expressions of confidence in it, there were new worries about ARVN's staying power. No one really expects Saigon to be able even to attempt to reverse the battlefield situation very soon. The immediate hope is that with U.S. air and naval power, the South Vietnamese will be able to maintain a stale-

two fronts. Schemes like that hinge on two commodities that are both in short supply: ARVN manpower and spirited leadership.

The North Vietnamese have decisions of their own to make, regardless of how Nixon reacts. By now, it is universally recognized that the Communists are able to keep fighting at a brisk pace for many months. But will they? CIA forecasters, who have been remarkably accurate on Viet Nam in the past, reckon that Hanoi will make a fundamental decision some time this month. The choice is between a "high-risk, quick-payoff" campaign and a "low-risk, slow-payoff" strategy. Under a low-risk plan, the Communists would keep up pressure (perhaps by rocketing cities) while husbanding their manpower for a second big push in the fall. If the North Vietnamese believe they are making progress, however, they would pursue a high-risk strategy, with frontal assaults on cities and troops, in the hope of destroying ARVN's will to fight by midsummer. The goals: to crumble ARVN and to topple the Thieu regime, perhaps in favor of a new nationalist figure who would be willing to settle the war along the lines of the seven-point plan that Hanoi has pushed in Paris.

The Model. There are indications that Hanoi will opt for the high-risk road. The Communists' tough stand in Paris could only mean, as one State Department hand puts it, that "they were smelling blood in South Viet Nam." John Vann, the veteran U.S. pacification adviser, agrees. Says Vann: "The willingness to sacrifice exhibited by the enemy exceeds anything in the past." Concedes a U.S. general in Saigon: "I'm sure they're convinced that they're going to win."

Short of the total collapse of the Saigon regime, the eventual goal of the Communists is to win control of South Viet Nam at the bargaining table in Paris. That scheme is under the direction of the Hanoi Politburo and its steely first secretary, Le Duan (see box, page 29). One of Le Duan's contributions to the war is the "fighting-negotiating" strategy now unfolding in Paris and in South Viet Nam. In a 20-page letter captured in South Viet Nam in 1967, Le Duan explained to the Viet Cong command that Hanoi had studied all major international negotiations conducted over the past 100 years and had decided that the Communists could find no better model than the long Korean negotiations. As at Panmunjom, the Communist negotiators' task would be to drag out the talks, while the military's job would be to take what it could get on the battlefield. The goal, Le Duan concluded, was to build such a strong position on the battlefield that the other side would have nothing to negotiate with at the bargaining table. It is up to Giap to make that strategy work on the battlefield. Whether he can do so will depend, in all likelihood, on the outcome of the battle of Hue.



ARVN 3rd DIVISION TROOPS FLEEING QUANG TRI ON HIGHWAY 1
A strong psychological need to win the next battle.

doubtless been inflicted on the twelve North Vietnamese divisions committed to the fighting (two others are waiting in the wings above the DMZ and across the Cambodian border in the Mekong Delta region; two more are far away in Laos). But South Viet Nam's 13 divisions have also suffered. As of last week, one infantry division and an armored brigade were "no longer effective," and many other units had been mauled.

With Giap's strategy of "annihilation" obviously having its effect, the U.S. last week pressed a new strategy on Saigon. The day after Quang Tri fell, Abrams and U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker visited Thieu. They reportedly brought a message of support from Nixon—and some advice. Thieu had been ordering just about everything to be held "at all costs." But with ARVN forces already spread thin on three fronts, that is too costly.

Henceforth, the first ARVN priority will be to ARVN, not to small towns or

mate at least through the seven-day Moscow summit, still scheduled to begin on May 22. Meanwhile, pacification programs and other nonmilitary matters are being quietly set aside. "What good is it?" asks a top pacification official in Saigon. "If you lose the battle, the game is over anyway. All our concern now is with the war."

The arrival in Saigon early last week of a Pentagon team headed by Assistant Defense Secretary Barry Shillito increased speculation that President Nixon was casting about for a dramatic way to help regain the initiative and buck up South Vietnamese morale. That could be anything from bombing Hanoi and Haiphong again to an ARVN offensive (see THE NATION). U.S. military men pondered the possibility of an ARVN end-around play to strike at the Communist columns in Quang Tri province—a move perhaps combined with a raid on Dong Hoi in the North, thus presenting the Communists with trouble on

The Mood of Hanoi: Lonely and Alert

From Hanoi, a city generally closed to American journalists. Correspondent Joël Henri of Agence France-Presse last week cabled the following report for TIME:

ON several occasions in the last few days, the B-52s could be heard "at work" south of the capital. The earth trembled for a few seconds [in Hanoi], houses shuddered. Then silence; even the crickets ceased to chirp. But then MIGs, returning from their mission, swept over the rooftops wing to wing, with jet engines screaming, and disappeared toward their airfields and underground shelters. At first, Hanoians stopped to look up at the sky, listened and wondered, "Are they ours or the Americans?" Now they just carry on. Ears have become attuned to MIGs, Phantoms and B-52s, even when the B-52s are far off, invisible at over 50,000 feet. "They cheer you up, those MIGs," the Vietnamese say.

Hanoians are not awed by the giant eight-engine B-52s with their 30 tons of bombs. People who spent several years in the vicinity of Vinh Linh, near the 17th parallel, where B-52s were operating practically every day, explain to us: "Of course, if you're just underneath, you haven't much of a chance. But when you get used to them, you know how not to be underneath. Just look at Quang Tri. With their thousands of tons of bombs, they didn't stop our troops." And they add matter-of-factly: "Do you have a flashlight?" You reply, "No, why?" And they explain: "It's important at night when you have to get away." That suggests that you can get hurt more readily by falling than by being hit by a B-52 bomb.

Future Plans. Pham Van Dong, the Premier, who has stayed on in Hanoi, told a journalist: "Of course they can blow all of this up [meaning his offices]. And then what? That's not what's going to change the course of history." Then he talks about the future: plans for travel abroad to establish ties for cooperation with all those who showed understanding for [North] Viet Nam during these terrible, decisive hours. In ministry files, partly evacuated to caves on high plateaus, are plans for the Viet Nam of tomorrow, "reunited by the Vietnamese alone," as Pham Van Dong puts it. Joke or political gesture, some people here claim: "The Premier is quite ready to organize a 'political tea party' with a President Nixon who has finally understood the wisdom of the seven points of the P.R.G. [Provisional Revolutionary Government]." Peking, Moscow, why not Hanoi?

The [North] Vietnamese are no kamikazes. They have carefully weighed the risks, and they are taking precautions to avoid human and material losses to the maximum if Nixon should decide to punish Hanoi. Metal helmets

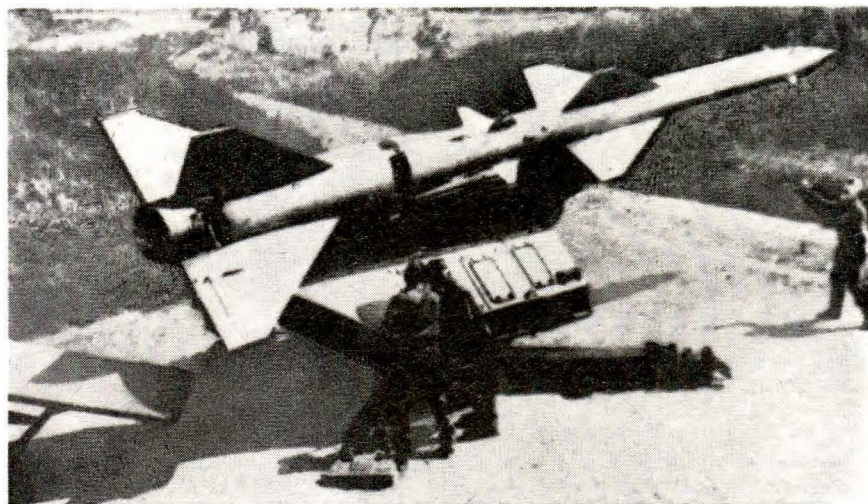
have reappeared, hanging from bicycle handlebars in every variety, from French 1914-18 and Dien Bien Phu vintage to Japanese, Soviet and American. The day after the April 16 bombings of Hanoi and Haiphong, unexploded bombs were being defused. The next job was to clear away the debris. Human chains of girls and boys carrying small baskets, swaying at the ends of long poles, piled up the bricks that could still be used, and reinforced shelters with rubble. Metal from burned-out trucks and railroad cars was deposited on dumps. In Hanoi, where material damage was slight, youths fixed up a kind of "pop" shelter using the burned body of a car; they half buried it and covered it over with earth. Temporary houses were erected in a day. Ten bamboo poles, some thatch, and life can go on.

Nearly half the population of the city of 500,000 people has been evac-

drink just any water. And here's what to do in case of fever."

The capital seems a little empty, especially without children: the little kings of the street, full of pranks and gaiety, curious and friendly. Poetically named streets around the central market—Silk Street, Money Changers Street, Weights Street—are deserted. The old trolley car, with its long pole, ambles on undisturbed, no longer obliged to sound its bell to clear the way of pedestrians. The tiny "pho" shops selling Chinese soup (which is not Chinese at all but Tonkinese) are closed. The Hanoi Chinese have all abandoned the city, the restaurant owners gone who knows where, perhaps to their cousins in China.

It is lonely in Hanoi. Cinemas are closed. There is a permanent alert. Anti-aircraft defenses have been reinforced, but daily life goes on as usual. Sufficient personnel have been left in the city to maintain such basic services as electricity, drugstores, hospitals. Brew-



SOVIET-SUPPLIED SA-2 ANTI-AIRCRAFT MISSILE INSTALLATION IN NORTH VIET NAM
"They have weighed the risks and they are taking precautions."

uated in recent years and Hanoi today is ready to face another war of destruction from the air. Ten exhausting days have just been spent completing the latest evacuation program. First of all, people had to be convinced. In every street there was always one family which absolutely refused to budge. To cope with this situation, party members, usually women, went from door to door to explain the situation. Salary advances were granted so people could be equipped with mosquito nets, nylon fabrics and oil stoves. Departures took place generally at dawn, since American planes prowl later in the day. Families assembled under trees with their bundles. Old aunts invariably insisted upon bringing along bric-a-brac—absolutely essential for this kind of adventure. They brought the most extraordinary packages, held together with ingenious stringwork and fastened to the roof of a bus or to the back of a bike. Then off they went. Newspapers published advice: "Warning: in the country don't

ers send around small vans that stop under trees at street corners and everyone has his glass of beer. Factory restaurants keep serving meals. Shelters have been dug near by for those who have stayed on. The cost of living is relatively stable, and chicken still sells for about 50¢ a pound.

There is a friendly colony of pro-Vietnamese foreigners in Hanoi, among them a Swedish diplomat, Algerian, French, Italian and Cuban journalists, the reserved and solitary Chinese, some English and Canadians, and some Muscovites who never comment on any situation until they have read *Pravda*.

Last month there were important visitors like Konstantin Katushev, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., and Nikolai Firiubin of the Soviet Foreign Ministry. They were courteously received and left convinced that the Vietnamese were determined to settle their affair with Mr. Nixon by themselves, a reliable source told me.



NEGOTIATOR GERARD SMITH & WIFE IN FINLAND

ARMS CONTROL

Agreement on Enough

The White House last week announced a "major advance" in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, which have been going on since 1969. The advance—a compromise worked out in a secret exchange of letters between President Nixon and Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev—represents an important milestone in U.S.-Soviet relations and reflects a long-term change in Washington's policy. Where once the U.S. sought to maintain overall nuclear superiority, Washington has now settled for what Nixon has called "sufficiency"—that is, enough arms to deter any Russian attack by promising a devastating retaliatory strike.

Though many difficult details must still be worked out by SALT negotiators, now meeting in Helsinki, the overall shape of the nuclear accommodation between the superpowers was beginning to emerge. The U.S. and the Soviet Union agreed to a series of ceilings and freezes in which Washington has consented to Soviet parity—and in several cases numerical superiority—in every major category of defensive and offensive strategic nuclear weaponry (see chart). In return, the Soviets made two important concessions. They agreed to place limits on the number of missile subs. But more important, they agreed to exclude from the present freeze U.S. tactical nuclear weapons in Europe and aboard the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean. Hence the U.S. was able to avoid unnerving its European NATO allies, who would look askance at any uni-

lateral dealing with the Soviets over American weaponry that is committed to the defense of Western Europe.

The compromise virtually ensures that Nixon and Brezhnev will be able to have a historic signing ceremony if and when the President visits Moscow later this month. They will probably have two documents to sign. One is a full-fledged treaty, already agreed upon, limiting the number of defensive ABMs, or anti-ballistic missiles, that each side may install. The second, barring any last-minute snag, will be an executive agreement setting informal ceilings on offensive strategic missiles until the SALT negotiators can come up with a formal pact. The major points of the two documents:

ABMS. The U.S. and the Soviet Union will each be permitted to maintain only two ABM complexes of 100 missiles each. The Soviets, who have chosen to defend populated areas, will probably add new missiles to the 64 ABMs that now ring Moscow. They may also convert the Tallin Line of anti-aircraft missiles near Leningrad to ABMs. The U.S., which by contrast has chosen to use the allotted ABMs to protect its land-based missile force, originally had announced its intention to build 14 Safeguard ABM complexes. Now it will complete only the two sites at Grand Forks, N. Dak., and Malmstrom, Mont.

ICBMS. Pending a formal treaty, both superpowers will freeze the number of ICBMs at the present level, which leaves the U.S. at a 2-to-3 disadvantage (1,054 v. 1,550). Both sides will be free to replace older missiles with newer ones. More important, no ceiling has been placed on nuclear megatonnage, a category in which the Soviets already have far outdistanced the U.S. and which helps them overcome their disadvantage of having less accurate missiles. In fact, some Pentagon experts expect the Russians to install new monster ICBMs in the big empty silos that have recently been detected by U.S. surveillance satellites. The U.S. has more warheads on its missiles—5,700 to the Soviets' 2,500, though Moscow will be allowed to draw even on that score. At present, the U.S. has a considerable technological lead. Its MIRV (multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicle) warheads can be steered to widely separated

targets. By comparison, the Russian MRVs (multiple re-entry vehicles) simply fall in a prearranged cluster.

MISSILE SUBS. Under the ceiling, the Soviets, who have lagged far behind the U.S. in the development of undersea nuclear missiles, will be permitted to complete the 17 submarines now abuilding; within the next couple of years Moscow's missile-packing submarine force will outnumber by one the 41-ship U.S. undersea missile fleet.

Even though the compromise on offensive weapons allows for technological improvement—the U.S., for instance, may eventually replace its missile submarines with the undersea long-range missile system (ULMS), at \$165 million per sub without armament—it nevertheless promises to bring the nuclear numbers race to a halt. It also, it is hoped, will serve as a guideline for a full-fledged treaty that will regulate offensive missiles in the same manner in which the ABMs have been brought under control. When, and if, that happens, the strategic arms pact will rank historically with the nuclear test-ban treaty (1963) and the nuclear nonproliferation treaty (1968).

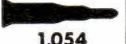
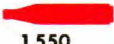
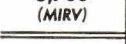
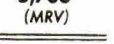
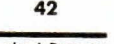
WEST GERMANY

Toward the Showdown

Who were those two men quaffing a friendly beer together in the Bundestag cafeteria? They were, as it happened, none other than West Germany's two foremost political rivals. Only the week before, Opposition Leader Rainer Barzel had tried and failed by a bare margin of two votes to overthrow Chancellor Willy Brandt. But over beer and in countless hurried conferences, the two men were seeking to find a mutual way out of a severe parliamentary crisis that threatened to have grave repercussions far beyond the borders of the Federal Republic.

The crisis centered on the treaties of Moscow and Warsaw, which Brandt negotiated in 1970 as part of his famed *Ostpolitik*. The treaties have become keystones to further progress in East-West détente; other major diplomatic initiatives, including the Big Four agreement that seeks to eliminate Berlin as a source of cold war tensions, will go into effect only after the ratification of those two pacts.

Soviet Word. Brandt had originally intended to submit the treaties to the Bundestag for ratification last week. But in the wake of the narrowly won no-confidence test and a subsequent tie vote in the Bundestag on a budget appropriation, he feared that the coalition of his Social Democratic Party and the Free Democrats would no longer command the necessary majority to pass the treaties. Rather than risk a defeat, Brandt postponed balloting for one week so that he and Christian Democrat Leader Barzel could have an

 U.S.	NUCLEAR LIMITS	 U.S.S.R.
 200	ABM	 200
 1,054	ICBM	 1,550
 5,700 (MIRV)	WARHEADS	 5,700 (MIRV)
 41	NUCLEAR SUBS	 42

TIME Diagram by J. Donovan

opportunity to work out a solution.

The Christian Democrats are in a quandary. They are publicly opposed to the treaties, but do not want the responsibility of rejecting them. They know that they would then be regarded both in East and West as unreliable partners in the search for *détente*. In their meetings, Barzel and Brandt sought a compromise in a joint declaration that would overcome the reservations of the Christian Democratic Union. Among other things, the declaration would state that the treaties—which recognize the Communist seizure of former German lands after World War II—do not preclude the eventual reunification of Germany and the right to self-determination of all Germans, including those in East Germany. In a gesture aimed at helping the passage of the treaties, Moscow's ambassador in Bonn, Valentin Falin, passed the word that the Soviets would "take note" of such a declaration—provided the language was not too harsh.

Heated Quibbling. Unfortunately, neither Brandt nor Barzel could get all their party members to go along with the declaration. There was still heated quibbling over the declaration's wording. There was also great pressure on both men from their own parties to resist compromise. But Brandt, who is eager to have the treaties passed before President Nixon goes to Moscow later this month, decided that he could wait no longer. He scheduled the showdown vote for this week.

The outcome may well be decided by the struggles within the C.D.U. leadership. If Barzel and other members of the party executive feel sufficiently reassured by the final draft of the declaration and are satisfied by the Soviet response to the West German statement, they may allow Christian Democrat deputies to vote according to the dictates of their consciences. In that event, there would be more than enough C.D.U. cross-overs or abstentions to ratify the treaties with a slim but nonetheless decisive majority. But if the Christian Democrat leaders order their members to vote no, the treaties are virtually certain to go down to defeat.

MIDDLE EAST

Mission to Bucharest

Never before had an Israeli Premier been able to worship with fellow Jews in a Communist country. Last week, during an official visit to Rumania, Premier Golda Meir took time out to attend a synagogue service with 1,500 of Bucharest's 50,000 Jews. "We have problems in Israel," she told them in Yiddish, "but it is better to have problems in your own land than to be without a land of your own." After the 2½-hr. service, Mrs. Meir broke away momentarily from her Rumanian bodyguard outside the synagogue to ex-



RUMANIAN PREMIER ION GHEORGHE MAURER WELCOMING GOLDA MEIR TO BUCHAREST
Less than met the eye, perhaps, but only fools make prophecies.

change Sabbath greetings with some of the thousands of Jews who had gathered behind police lines to catch a glimpse of her.

It was also the first time that an Israeli Premier had ventured into the East bloc for official meetings with Communist leaders. Mrs. Meir, who celebrated her 74th birthday last week, had begun the trip in an exuberant mood, fending off newsmen's questions about the prospects for her visit with a Jewish proverb: "The power of prophecy is given to children and fools." Under leaden Bucharest skies, she reviewed a goose-stepping honor guard. Rumanian girls in peasant costume presented her with flowers and then lustily kissed her startled coterie of three male aides.

The Rumanians, however, were obviously intent on keeping the visit on a low key. Mrs. Meir was greeted by Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer instead of President Nicolae Ceaușescu, and quickly driven off in a Mercedes limousine for an afternoon of preliminary discussions. At a state banquet given by Maurer, she openly pressed her hosts to arrange face-to-face talks between Israel and Egypt—a request that was pointedly ignored by the Rumanian press next day. At a return banquet that she gave for the Rumanians, Mrs. Meir served up fresh strawberries and avocados flown in for the occasion. They were tasty examples of Israel's flourishing fruit and vegetable exports and a subtle bid to increase her country's trade with Rumania, which now runs at a yearly rate of nearly \$40 million, mostly in Rumanian meat, lumber and chemicals exchanged for Israeli potash, citrus fruits and textiles.

When they invited her to Bucharest, Rumanian diplomats had explained that President Ceaușescu had had a promising conversation with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat during a recent

visit to Cairo—and wanted to share his thoughts with Mrs. Meir. But after Ceaușescu and Mrs. Meir talked twice for a total of nine hours, aides strove to convey the impression that there was less to the meetings than met the eye. The conversation was said to be largely exploratory, as Mrs. Meir pressed for direct talks with Egypt and Ceaușescu avoided any role as mediator. Still, there was always the chance that they might just be keeping more substantial discussions secret.

SOUTH AFRICA

High-Rise Apartheid

South Africa's expanding economy has given nearly every white household the means to afford black domestic servants. In Johannesburg, the nation's largest city, the demand for black maids, nannies, cooks, chauffeurs and gardeners has increased so sharply that blacks now outnumber whites by nearly two to one. But South Africa's white *apartheid* government does not want the domestic workers to live in the city. Reason: too many blacks on the street at night. Thus it has decided to force the servants to move into a complex of high-rise "hostels" on the outskirts of Johannesburg. The plan has set off a hot racial debate.

The barracks-style quarters, says Gerhardus van der Merwe, who is in charge of the project, are designed "to ensure that inmates will live and relax together under pleasant conditions"—and inmates is precisely the word. According to the government's plan, the twelve-building complex will provide accommodations (strictly segregated according to sex) for some 60,000 blacks, most of whom are married.

So far, two five-story structures have been completed. They have no el-

evators, no electrical outlets ("these people would just abuse them," said an official) and no heating ("to keep costs down"). The bathtubs—five for every 100 people—are not even full size. The government made sure, however, that the buildings included police offices and cells for potential troublemakers, as well as electronically controlled doors that can be used to seal off any part of the building "in case of unrest." The black workers, who earn between \$20 and \$50 a month, will have to pay \$8 a month for the privilege of sharing a room with three other people.

Orwellian Horror. By last week, when the first two hostels were scheduled to open, the proposed living conditions had raised a storm of protest. Progressive Party M.P. Helen Suzman called the hostels an "Orwellian horror." White women, churchmen and students staged placard protests. Some of the shock felt by chic matrons over the city's "white by night" policy, as it is called, was undoubtedly at the prospect of having no servants to wait on candlelit dinner parties—but by no means all of it was. At a jam-packed citizens' meeting, Anglican Bishop John Carter condemned the hostels as the work of "morally sick" people. Said one white housewife: "My maid, who is 66 years old, just wept and said to me: 'Madam, we are people, not cattle.'"

The government did its best to defend the scheme. "It compares favorably with white migrant laborers' accommodations overseas," said Van der Merwe. Nonetheless, mindful perhaps that a similar attempt at a "white by night" policy aroused such concern in the nearby town of Randburg that the ruling National Party suffered seriously in local elections, the Johannesburg city council decided to postpone the hostel opening for another two months. "We are putting in an open-air cinema, and the women's block will get a basketball court," explained an official. "We are also considering putting in heating."

SOVIET UNION

Avtomobilizatsia

In Moscow last week, the 150,000 or so citizens who are privileged to own private cars were engaged in an annual spring ritual. First, they stripped the tarpaulins from their autos, most of which had been left under wraps all winter because of the ferocious frosts. Then the cars were carefully polished (a dirty auto can bring a \$1 fine), and inspected by police. Only after that could Moscow's motorists stream out of the city for the budding birch woods and the May Day weekend, the first three-day holiday of the spring season.

They encountered few traffic jams, but that idyllic situation may not last long. For the first time in history, the Soviet government is making a massive, long-term investment in order to meet consumer demand. A main part of that drive is aimed at satisfying Russia's growing auto mania, or *avtomobilizatsia*, which is now rampant from Tallin to Tomsk. Russians are stampeding to buy the \$5,600 Italian-designed Zhiguli cars, adapted from the Fiat 124, that are rolling off the new assembly line at Togliatti at the rate of 1,000 per day.

Social Impact. The auto age is already beginning to affect Soviet manners and morals in ways that the regime may not have entirely foreseen. TIME Correspondent John Shaw cables from Moscow: "The new mobility provided by the auto is bound to make Russians more individualistic as it frees them from the disciplines of communal life. In this vast country, where many Soviet citizens live in apartments not much bigger than the cars they hope to buy, the most important thing the auto offers is transport to solitude."

Russia's modest advance into the automotive age is also having an incalculable economic impact. The investment to meet consumer demand requires reallocation of steel, rubber and

gasoline from the Soviet defense establishment. A gigantic highway construction program is needed, and so is a network of gas stations and repair shops, both of which are woefully scarce.

Some of the problems of *avtomobilizatsia* are all too familiar to Americans. In spite of the most stringent laws against drunken driving, half the traffic accidents in the Soviet Union, exactly as in the U.S., are caused by overimbibers. Other problems are peculiarly Russian. Most roads remain primitive in the extreme, and besides the perils of potholes, motorists must cope with farmers who thresh their wheat and build their log cabins right on the highways so that they can reach them more easily.

Symbolic Value. In spite of such aggravations, there is no more potent symbol of prestige than the auto in the Soviet Union today. The Communist state has paradoxically chosen not to produce "people's cars," but to build medium-sized vehicles that range in price from \$4,000 to \$11,000. Workers who make an average wage of \$180 a month can scarcely afford them. Even bureaucrats and professionals often have to save up for years to buy them, then have to wait as long as a year and a half for delivery.

Russian auto owners must defend themselves from a new breed of criminal—car thieves. Before leaving a parked car, the Soviet owner customarily removes the windshield wipers, gas tank cap and aerial, and locks them inside, out of the reach of pilferers. Some of the cleverest car thieves have now been thwarted for the summer. During the winter a thief will often steal a car off the street and substitute it for a similar model that has been put up for the season under a tarpaulin. The police are left to hunt for a car that is hidden away—at least until spring, when the owner discovers that the shape under the tarp is not his own. By then, his car may have found a home 2,000 miles away in Samarkand.

KEYSTONE



HEDY LAMARR AS A SEX SYMBOL
"Naughty, wanton, fleshy."

cuses of distorting interviews with her—this time for \$21 million. Still no cigar. The New York Court of Appeals has dismissed the case—not because the book isn't obscene, shocking, scandalous, etc., but because her lawyers failed to prove that the actions leading to publication had occurred in New York.

Seattle Attorney Edward Rauscher was vacationing at Vancouver's Bayshore Inn where the elevator doesn't stop at the 19th and 20th floors because **Howard Hughes** lives there. One day, though, somebody in the elevator with Rauscher playfully pushed 20. By some electronic glitch the number lit up on the indicator. "When I saw that 20 light up," says Rauscher, "I knew I had from one to 20 seconds to think about what I was going to do." He decided to ask Hughes for a donation to his favorite charity, **PONCHO** (Patrons of Northwest Civic, Cultural and Charitable Organizations), which raises money by auctioning donated items. Rauscher never saw the Invisible Man, but he did see a guard, who sent him to a man on the 19th floor, who sent him to a third man on the 20th floor, who gave him an address in Los Angeles, and five weeks later **PONCHO** received four round-trip tickets on Hughes Airwest between Seattle and Las Vegas (\$664), plus \$300 worth of rooms and entertainment at Hughes' hotel, the Sands. Moral: Even if you don't think you'll get there, push the button anyway.

Crowned heads have saved themselves more than once by deploying their secret weapon, the Royal Glare. A case in point was what Australia's former Prime Minister **John Gorton** describes as "one of the greatest fun evenings I can remember." On a cruise off Queensland on the royal yacht *Britannia*, "people decided that everyone else ought to be thrown in the water," says Gorton. **Prince Philip** was thrown in, and then **Princess Anne**. I was sitting beside the **Queen**. I was about to throw her in, but I looked at her and there was something in the way she looked back . . ."

THE REUNITED GOONS WITH PETER SELLERS' FOUR FRIENDS
The prince turned green and his hair fell out.

Back in the 1950s, before the telly really took over, all England seemed addicted to a BBC radio program called *The Goon Show*, which was the making of Actor **Peter Sellers**, among others. When the Goons got together again to do a special program for the BBC's 50th birthday, Sellers brought four "friends": Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, Lord Snowdon and Princess Anne. Another royal Goon fan, serving with the navy in the Mediterranean, sent his regrets: "Last night my hair fell out, my knees dropped off, and I turned green with envy at the thought of my father and sister being there. Charles."

After its two-week tour of the U.S., the Chinese table tennis team had plenty to tell the home folks about the ways of the mysterious West. In Ann Arbor, Mich., for instance, the visitors scurried for shelter as a welcoming group of radicals bellowed in Chinese, "Down with American imperialism!" And at a ballet performance in Manhattan, they listened sympathetically as Actor **Dustin Hoffman** observed: "It must be very difficult for you to come from China, where the spirit is so high, to here where the spirit is so low."

Melvin Belli, 64, the dapper and orotund lawyer who has had a lifelong love affair with the public eye, was visiting Washington's Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts when a hostess singled him out. "You're a very famous law-

yer, aren't you?" asked pretty Lia Triff, 23, a student at the University of Maryland. Belli beamed. "Your name begins with a B," said Miss Triff. Belli swelled with such pleasure that, as Lia put it later, "I couldn't resist. I said: 'I've got it—you're F. Lee Bailey!' We had lunch the next day, and the rest is history." They will be married (he for the fifth time, she for the first) on June 3.

First he demanded \$115,000. Then \$92,500. Then \$70,000. Then, Pitcher **Vida Blue** announced that he was retiring from baseball at the age of 22 to sell bathroom and kitchen fixtures. Nobody believed him, least of all Oakland A's Owner **Charles O. Finley**, who paid Blue a cut-rate \$14,750 last year. Finally, after four months of haggling, Blue signed for \$50,000 plus \$8,000 for his college education and a \$5,000 bonus for winning 24 games last season. "I'll be lucky if I win ten games this season," said Vida. How did he keep in shape during his layoff? "I chased a girl around the lake the other day."

Hollywood's dark-haired onetime sex symbol, doe-eyed **Hedy Lamarr**, claims that the book billed as her "autobiography," *Ecstasy and Me, My Life as a Woman*, is "an obscene, shocking, scandalous, naughty, wanton, fleshy, sensual, lecherous, lustful and scarlet" treatment of her life. So for the second time she slapped a libel suit on its publisher and two co-authors, whom she ac-

The Hairline Fracture

Now that "Front Runner" Edmund Muskie has fallen to the rear, much of the campaign's pre-primary political reportage reads in retrospect as if it were about some other election. Through midwinter, most print journalists and TV commentators declined to take Hubert Humphrey seriously, gave George McGovern relatively spare coverage and underestimated George Wallace's strength. The press consensus until New Hampshire strongly implied that Muskie already had it made.

There were caveats, of course—there always are—but the reportorial thrust was plain. Joseph Kraft in November found Muskie "still in com-

ami Beach." Other publications and pundits said roughly the same thing.

What clouded the crystal ball? With the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, it seems that political reporters looked too hard at the candidates and their strategies and not hard enough at the changing mood of the electorate. "The press," concedes Editor John Seigenthaler of the Nashville *Tennessean*, "missed the depths of voter disenchantment." To his credit, the *Post's* Broder identified a general malaise among voters that might hurt Muskie, and with a colleague sniffed out the Senator's problems in New Hampshire just before the voting there. But these findings had little impact until primary results began to accumulate. Columnists Rowland Evans

both his Democratic competitors and Richard Nixon. Local polls in primary states proved more revealing, but only when conducted on the eve of a primary vote. California Pollster Mervin Field likens the misreading of Muskie strength to "a surgeon taking a close look at a bone and missing a hairline fracture. That fracture was in the body politic this time, and at first everyone missed it—even with X rays."

To Humorist Art Buchwald last week, Muskie's breakdown seemed more like an automobile recall. Citing "engineering difficulties and lack of consumer acceptance" for withdrawal of "the Muskie" from the market, Buchwald noted the faint hope for final victory as a compromise candidate: "While the 'Muskie' will not be sold in Ohio, Michigan, New York or California this year, it will be on display in the showroom at the Miami Convention Center in case anyone still wants to buy it."

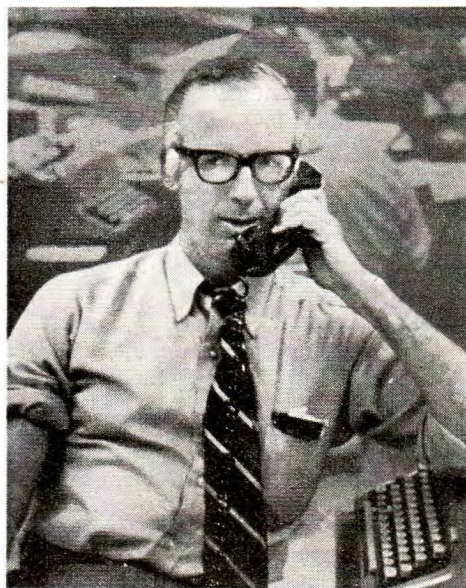
HOWARD ELLITHORPE

KEN FEIL



COLUMNIST EVANS

Even X rays missed the extent of voter disenchantment.



WASHINGTON POST'S BRODER

manding position." In December, New York *Times* Political Correspondent R.W. Apple Jr. wrote that "all the information at hand suggests Muskie will be hard to stop," and was "in a good position to clinch his party's nomination early." The *Washington Post's* David Broder labeled Muskie "the most popular Democrat who will actually be in the primaries," and added: "That situation, as John Kennedy showed, can be converted into victory."

A CBS News nationwide sampling of political reporters and local politicians indicated as late as mid-January that Muskie would go to Miami Beach with 1,199 first-ballot delegate votes—only 310 short of victory. *Newsweek* noted with pride in January that it had pinpointed Muskie in a cover story more than a year earlier as "the man to beat." A TIME election survey in the Feb. 7 issue had Muskie leading in every region except the South and concluded: "He looks increasingly like the man who will grab the brass ring at Mi-

ami Beach." Other publications and pundits said repeatedly of Muskie's "remarkable popularity," though they also criticized the wisdom of his tactics. Said Evans last week: "No one took Humphrey seriously, God knows I didn't, and McGovern's was a joke candidacy. Novak and I both thought that despite the mistakes he made, Muskie was still a 90% probable winner."

TIME Correspondent John Austin, who has been covering Muskie and the other candidates since early last year, now believes that he and many other reporters were deceived by the string of Muskie endorsements from prominent Democrats. There was not enough questioning as to what this support would mean in terms of votes. "I absolutely did not foresee McGovern's strength," says Editorial Page Editor Reg Murphy of the *Atlanta Constitution*, "and I don't understand it now."

Many political writers were swayed by polls that showed Muskie with wide national popularity in trial heats against

Liberal Voice

One publication that never bought Muskie is the *New Democrat* (circ. 4,000), a lively monthly devoted to the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. Editor Stephen Schlesinger, 29, admits to no clairvoyance in foreseeing Edmund Muskie's fall and the rise of George McGovern—only partisanship.* Schlesinger, the son of Historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., founded the magazine in 1970 as a podium from which to preach party reform and "call attention to the dead leadership."

From its inception, it has criticized Muskie and Democratic National Committee Chairman Lawrence O'Brien as standpatters. When McGovern announced his candidacy early last year, the *New Democrat* hailed the news as "a flash of hope in a darkening landscape." Schlesinger advised his readers to "eschew the Muskie bandwagon until, regrettably, that is the only one remaining," but held off formally endorsing McGovern in print until last month, lest the publication be dismissed out of hand as a McGovern mouthpiece. Now that Muskie's candidacy has collapsed, the monthly has turned its fire on Hubert Humphrey for his past associations with Viet Nam. The young editor predicts McGovern will go to the convention with 1,200 delegate votes, not far from the 1,509 needed to nominate.

Schlesinger struggles on a month-to-month basis to keep the *New Democrat* going. He relies heavily on unpaid contributors and fund-raising cocktail parties. Though the elder Schlesinger does not bankroll it, his name hardly hurts in the magazine's constant quest for operating capital. Now that McGovern rides high, the *New Democrat* may have an easier time making ends meet.

*Last week, however, clairvoyance of a kind embarrassed the magazine. A satiric, fictional obit, prepared last month, reported that FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was dead, but was being kept on in office by the Administration. The issue appeared on newsstands the very day Hoover died.

Thorns in the Laurels

Though they are the most sought-after badges in daily print journalism, the Pulitzer Prizes, like awards in other fields, are frequently challenged. It is sometimes murmured that they are bestowed too often with an eye to geographic balance, or as a reward for long-time competence rather than contemporary brilliance. The top awards for 1971, announced last week, are again controversial, but for different reasons.

More than ever, it was the year of the investigator, the unmasker of official secrets and official wrongdoing. The New York *Times* won its 38th prize, this time in the "public service" category, for publishing the Pentagon papers. Neil Sheehan, the reporter to whom Daniel Ellsberg gave the documents and who wrote the principal analytical articles, received no individual recognition. Apparently the jurors felt that the *Times's* courage in printing the material in the face of Government legal pressure was the crucial element. Yet Columnist Jack Anderson (*TIME* cover, April 3) won the national reporting prize for obtaining other secret material—memoranda concerning secret Administration discussions about the U.S. attitude toward the India-Pakistan War, which favored Pakistan.

Increased Respect. The local reporting awards also went for sensational disclosures. Two reporters for the Rochester, N.Y., *Times-Union* were honored for their coverage of the Attica prison revolt; they were the first to report that police bullets rather than prisoners' knives had killed the guards being held hostage. A four-member Boston *Globe* team won for an exposé of deep civic corruption in Somerville, Mass.

The emphasis on tough reporting was certainly a sign of the profession's increased respect for crusading. Until recent months, for instance, Jack Anderson was no darling of the more conventional journalists, some of whom considered him too erratic and frivolous. The editors and publishers who

DON CARL STEFFEN



PULITZER WINNER JACK ANDERSON
Year of the investigator.

make up the Pulitzer juries and Columbia University's Pulitzer Advisory Board have obviously overcome that sentiment. Not so the university trustees, who must ratify the selections.

A majority of the lawyers, bankers and businessmen who dominate the board of trustees bristled at the thought of applauding the theft of Government documents. It was only after a bitter debate that the trustees voted reluctantly to accept the nominations. In an unprecedented statement they admitted: "Had the selections been those of the trustees alone, certain of the recipients would not have been chosen."

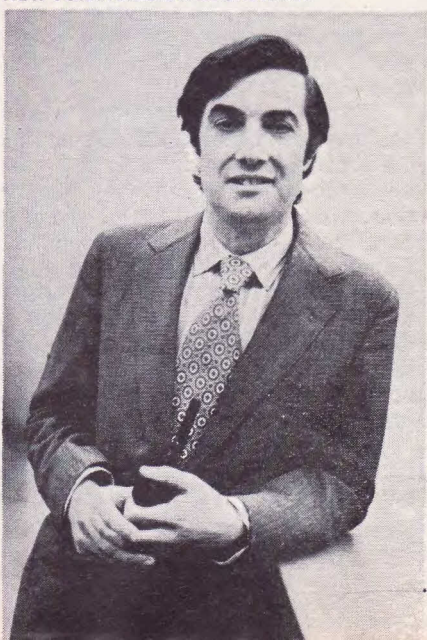
By placing thorns among the laurels, the trustees emphasized the continuing argument over the publication of secret material. If the press is to be the sole arbiter of what the Government can keep confidential, the conduct of public business would be difficult indeed. Yet officials continue to bury their mistakes, and there is little doubt that the nation is better off knowing the contents of the Pentagon papers and the Anderson papers, despite the violations of classification procedure.

□ □ □

Even before the latest Pulitzers were announced, criticism of another sort came from John McCormally, editor of the Burlington, Iowa, *Hawk-Eye* and himself a 1965 prizewinner and former juror. In the current issue of the journalism review [*More*], McCormally argues for a more venturesome attitude on the prize givers' part. As a Pulitzer juror last year, he complains he was expected to scrutinize 134 entries within nine hours. McCormally claims that such a system "allows for some pretty good journalism to get lost." More importantly he contends that the selection group is too narrowly based to encompass all that is new and vital in journalism. For the sake of diversity he would add such nonjournalists as Jesse Jackson, Saul Alinsky, Daniel Berrigan and Spiro Agnew.

DAVID GAHR

NEW YORK TIMES'S NEIL SHEEHAN



Profits from *The Prophet*

... Unless the exchange be in love and kindly justice, it will but lead some to greed and others to hunger.

Kahlil Gibran's 1923 view of money matters, as spelled out in *The Prophet*, may have had some roots in his memories of the rough-and-tumble commerce practiced in his native village of Bsharri, Lebanon. Eight years later, when the author lay dying of tuberculosis in St. Vincent's Hospital in New York, he scribbled a one-page will in which he bequeathed the royalties from seven books to the people of Bsharri. After all, the books were not selling very well; they would bring a few thousand dollars a year to the relatively poor

town. It was a generous gesture, made in love and kindly justice.

At first the villagers reacted in kind, but as Gibran became a cult hero of the young, royalty income mounted to a current \$300,000 a year. The town dissolved into political, legal and physical fighting for control of the money.

Like most of Lebanon's mountain villages, Bsharri (population about 10,000) is run by the leading members of its major families. Each of those seven families named one member to a committee that quietly administered the Gibran estate. When the Gibran boom started in the '50s, however, committee membership suddenly became a source of political power. Any goatherd who sought assistance from the estate became politically indebted to the member who sponsored him. And financial kickbacks were not unheard of either. Soon families split apart in the clamor to win a committee position. Age-old feuds gained new fury, and at least two deaths resulted. Ultimately the two largest families—each with about 1,500 members—set up rival committees.

To add to the confusion, Gibran's sister Marianna, who lived in Boston until her death last month at 94, sought to win control of the copyrights as each one came due for renewal. In defense of their inheritance, the villagers of Bsharri retained New York Lawyer George Shiya, a Lebanese-American, and Shiya won the long legal battle for them. Then he claimed his agreed-upon fee—25% of all royalties from the renewed copyrights, a sum that could amount to perhaps \$1,000,000. At a cost of still more legal fees, the Bsharri villagers fought Shiya all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. They lost that scrap four years ago.

Meanwhile, the Lebanese government was in despair at the waste caused by all the fighting. Though the village

had received an estimated \$1,000,000, it had little to show for the money except \$200,000 worth of investments in real estate. The bulk of the money had simply disappeared. Almost no records had been kept. In 1967 the government finally threw out both competing committees and took over management of the estate itself.

The effect was surprisingly salutary. After glumly watching from the sidelines for four years, Bsharri's warring elements made peace. Last year, with governmental agreement, a new committee was elected, this time with two members from each family and one additional member to represent residents who belong to no major family. One hundred Bsharri students have received scholarships or interest-free loans to study at various schools and universities. A music academy for Bsharri children has been opened. Two new schools and a mobile medical clinic are planned. "We have learned a great deal from the troubles we have had in the past," says Committee President Emile Geagea. Last week he was en route to the U.S.—to get a new lawyer and check on current negotiations to promote Gibran's books in a series of TV specials.

A Motive in a Diary?

Was Angela Davis, avowed Communist and former instructor in philosophy at U.C.L.A., an integral part of the wild and bloody struggle to rescue the Soledad Brothers?

For nearly two months now Prosecutor Albert Harris Jr. has been trying to persuade a jury that Miss Davis provided the guns and is just as guilty as if she had pulled a trigger. Harris does not claim that he can prove Miss Davis' involvement directly. Instead, he is trying to provide the classic ingredients of a successful prosecution based on circumstantial evidence: that she wanted to commit the crime (motive), that she could have done it (means and opportunity) and that she then acted as if she had done it (guilty behavior afterward).

No one contests that she bought the shootout weapons. Or that she was friendly with young Jonathan Jackson, perpetrator of the Marin County courtroom kidnaping in which a judge and three others died. The prosecution argues that such facts show means and opportunity. Miss Davis' flight into hiding after the plot failed will be offered as proof of guilty behavior.

Pulse Beats. But without proof of motive, the rest of the case is inadequate. Prosecutor Harris contends that the hostages were to be traded for the freedom of the Soledad defendants, particularly Jonathan Jackson's older brother George, and that Miss Davis took part in the plot out of her love for him. Miss Davis, who actually met George Jackson only once, has said that she became interested in the Soledad case for political reasons and



KAHLIL GIBRAN

WILLIAM TRACY—ARAMCO WORLD



that she felt "affection" for Jackson. But Prosecutor Harris has emphasized passion rather than politics. To back his allegation, he produced three letters Miss Davis sent to Jackson, including one that states, "I have come to love you very deeply." And there is an 18-page "diary"—made up of other writings to Jackson—that goes considerably further. Composed exactly one year after her meeting with Jackson, the diary ranges over "the many things I planned to tell you for which

ELIZABETH SUNFLOWER



ANGELA DAVIS AT TRIAL

Rip down the door.

there just wasn't enough time." She recalls seeing him at an earlier courtroom hearing: "As I re-experience this now, my pulse beats faster, I begin to breathe harder, and I see myself tearing down this steel door, fighting my way to you, ripping down your cell door and letting you go free." The prosecution obviously hopes to show that she had tried to carry out that vision.

It will not be easy. The Davis authorship of the unsigned typescript was verified by prison officials who did not get a warrant before checking her typewriter; the defense objected and lost, but it will again charge an invasion of privacy if an appeal becomes necessary. Even more complications arise from the fact that the diary was written eleven months after the shootout, when Miss Davis was already in jail. The jury might well forget that the diary's strong words are not necessarily a reflection of her feelings just before the kidnaping. The key question, therefore, is whether the diary's relevance outweighs its prejudicial effect.

Judge Richard Arnason has already ruled that parts of the diary are too rambling to be relevant. But all last week he was pondering the complexities of admitting into evidence an edited version prepared by the prosecution. Without the diary, says Prosecutor Harris, "we might as well all pack up and go home."

Time for a New G.I. Bill?

When Johnny came marching home from the second World War, he could march straight into college—or finish high school—with considerable financial help. A grateful nation had passed the G.I. Bill of Rights, which paid for tuition and books (up to \$500 a year for four years) and kicked in \$50 and up per month for living expenses. Today's Viet Nam veteran gets just \$1,575 a year to cover everything—and only for 36 months. That figure represents an increase of 6.7% over what was paid in the 1940s, but it hardly matches the 350% increase in education costs since then.

In an effort to ease their financial strain, some 350 veterans converged on Duluth last week to plan a campaign of political action. Why Duluth? "Because," said one vet, "the hotels offered to put us up for four dollars a head a night, that's why. We're all broke." Arriving by bus, motorcycle and thumb, delegates of the National Association of Collegiate Veterans (N.A.C.V.), which claims 500 chapters representing 250,000 veterans, began efforts to revise and update the obsolete G.I. Bill.

"Many veterans are forced to work now in order to stay in school," says N.A.C.V. Board Member Patrick M. McLaughlin, 25, once a staff sergeant in the 1st Infantry and now a prelaw student at Ohio University. Work cuts down on study time to such an extent, claims McLaughlin, that the 36 months of aid are almost sure to be exhausted before the student has earned enough credits for graduation.

To change an outdated system,

N.A.C.V. is organizing vets both on and off campus in hopes of electing local and state officials sympathetic to their needs. N.A.C.V.'s major objectives: a 20% increase in the subsistence allowance; payments of up to \$1,000 per year for books, fees and tuition; extension of studies from 36 to 48 months; two months' advance payment to enable veterans to meet registration costs.

"It would be another question if we were asking for more than the Government offered other vets in other wars," says Bill Cunningham, 28-year-old vice president of N.A.C.V., "but that's not the case. Listen, there were a million guys discharged in 1971. This year there'll be more. You've got to do something for these guys; they know full well what their fathers got when they came home."

What Is Taboo?

Does "academic freedom" mean that a university professor has the right to say anything he chooses? Even if he strays outside his field of expert knowledge? Even if what he teaches is generally considered wrong? Or if it leads to extremism and violence?

The Stanford University authorities struggled with these questions last fall during their protracted investigation of radical Professor of Literature H. Bruce Franklin; they concluded that he had "urged others to violence" during an outbreak of student demonstrations, and so they dismissed him (TIME, Jan. 17). Last week they had to deal with the no less touchy case of William Shockley, 62, a Nobel prizewinner and distinguished professor of engineering

GERALD BRIMACOMBE



VIET NAM WAR VETERANS ORGANIZING FOR POLITICAL ACTION IN DULUTH

"You've got to do something for these guys."

science. Once again, they decided that academic freedom must have limits.

Shockley won his Nobel Prize in 1956 as a co-inventor of the transistor, but what he wants to teach is a subject that he calls "dysgenics." He defines the term as "retrogressive evolution through the disproportionate reproduction of the genetically disadvantaged." More simply stated, Shockley's argument is that blacks are genetically inferior to whites in intellectual capacity, and that in violation of the law of survival of the fittest, society encourages blacks to pass on their inferiority to their children. In a series of writings over the past decade, Shockley has called this process "downbreeding the poor" and warned that it will lead to "genetic enslavement." He has even proposed that bonuses be paid for the voluntary sterilization of those with less than average IQs.

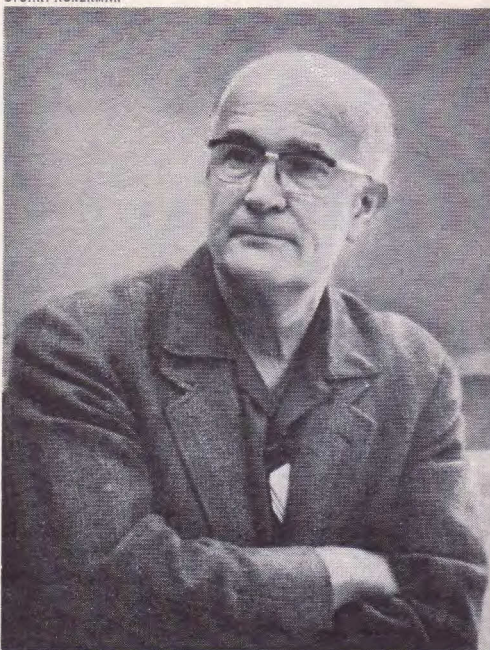
Protests. Virtually all scientists reject these views, of course, arguing that there is no sound evidence of intellectual differences based on race or of intellectual decline based on genetics. Nor has Shockley, a physicist, done any important research in biology or genetics. Presumably nobody would object very strongly if a noted physicist wanted to teach heretical theories about the origins of Shakespeare's plays, but the racist implications of Shockley's views have aroused fierce protests (as have the similar but more scholarly views of Psychologists Richard Herrnstein at Harvard and Arthur Jensen at Berkeley). Graffiti on Stanford walls have urged, "Sterilize Shockley." He has been burned in effigy. On two occasions his classes were broken up by hostile students, some flaunting the sheets of the Ku Klux Klan.

To settle the matter, Graduate School Dean Lincoln Moses asked the advice of a five-man faculty committee, including experts in biology, physiology, psychology, statistics and communications. After much agonizing over both Shockley's qualifications and his views—which one committeeman called "essentially genocidal [and] abhorrent to all decent people"—a majority of 3-2 urged that he be permitted to teach his course for only one quarter and without credit.

Dean Moses then overruled his own committee. Although he declared that the university had an "obligation to encourage . . . heterodox 'dangerous' thoughts," he decided that Shockley's course would be "polemical" and his qualifications to teach it "subject to doubts." Moses therefore ruled: "I will not authorize the course."

But universities have wondrously diplomatic ways of achieving compromises. Although Stanford would not authorize Shockley's teaching, Moses observed that if the professor wanted to give his lectures anyway, "you may do so without special permission from anyone." Shockley declined to say whether he would go ahead, but, in contrast to

STUART ACKERMAN



STANFORD'S PROFESSOR WILLIAM SHOCKLEY
Academic freedom has its limits.

his troubled colleagues, he declared that the whole issue of academic freedom was "trivial" compared with the subject he wanted to teach—namely, the "illusion" of human equality.

Sonic Safeguard

Violence and vandalism used to plague Sacramento's racially mixed John F. Kennedy High School. "It is a fantastic mixture of haves and have-nots," says Principal Frank Schimandle, "and that is the problem."

Schimandle assumed his job after the school's former principal was felled by a heart attack in the midst of a 1968 student riot. Determined to stop the troubles, he worked with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on a \$1,300,000 project that produced an ultrasonic system to monitor the sprawling 44-acre campus.

Each student is assigned a four-digit number that is recorded in classrooms by the teacher and fed into a computer, which checks the roll call and notifies the principal of any absentees. "Then we find him real quick," says Schimandle. "When kids are out of class, they're usually in trouble."

To remedy actual trouble, each teacher, administrator and employee now carries a pencil-size ultrasonic transmitter. When triggered, the "pencils" spark a light on a wall map in Schimandle's office; a horn honks for the principal's attention. Help can be dispatched within 30 seconds. So far this year, Schimandle reports, the number of major incidents has dropped to zero.

"Racial disturbances usually stem from some dispute between two students, and only become racial when other students take sides," he says. "By getting teachers on the scene quickly, we can solve problems before they grow into something bigger."

Small Favor

AN EVENING WITH RICHARD NIXON AND ...
by GORE VIDAL

In this non-play, Gore Vidal rather hysterically strafes some of his pet skunks. In order of defamation, their names are Richard Nixon, John Kennedy, Dwight Eisenhower, Hubert Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson and William F. Buckley Jr. Nixon is submitted to a kind of kangaroo court-martial, but Vidal is not interested in a dialogue of viewpoints. Instead, he offers a nonstop diatribe, vitriolic and at times caustically amusing. *Nixon* is so one-sided

HENRY GROSSMAN



IRVING WITH "L.B.J." & "HUMPHREY"
Kangaroo court-martial.

that it has the curious effect of creating a certain sympathy for its leading character.

The words are the President's own, but to parody Nixon's prose is to try to beat a master at his own trade. George S. Irving does a superb imitation in the role. Vidal vows that he will now abandon playwrighting. Thanks for small favors. ■ T.E. Kalem

The Ethos of Courage

THE CRUCIBLE
by ARTHUR MILLER

The name of every virtue at its apex is courage.

—Winston Churchill

This is Arthur Miller's play about courage. In quality, it ranks second only to his finest play, *Death of a Salesman*, a drama concerned with the lack of courage. Both plays stress the cost of

personal integrity, the price one pays for having it, and for losing it.

In plot and action *The Crucible* revolves around the trials for witchcraft in 17th century Salem. When first produced in 1953, it was lauded as an attack on the Communist witch hunts of Joe McCarthy. We can see in retrospect that the play was interpreted in too narrow a political sense. It deals with the universally recurring question of the individual conscience v. tyranny, whether it be the tyranny of the state, of economic or military power, of religion, or of the moment's public opinion.

Miller's answer is as strong as it is stark; the currency of conscience has only one backing—a man's lifeblood. Miller astutely recognizes that the purpose of tyranny is not to scourge the guilty but to crush the free. A tyranny must wipe out its most dangerous enemy—one man who will not save his life by confessing to a lie. Building to a powerful crescendo, *The Crucible* makes its hero (Robert Foxworth) face just that terrible choice. It is so easy to confess and not have to leave his wife (Martha Henry) a widow, his children fatherless. For a long moment he is tempted, and then he looks into an abyss darker than the loss of his life: the death of his soul.

This is the finest production of a play ever mounted at Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater. The cast has been infected with the playwright's ethical fervor, and all its members deserve praise. In addition to Foxworth and Henry, three others win special laurels: Stephen Elliott as a pitiless magistrate, Pamela Payton-Wright as Foxworth's seductress, and Philip Bosco as a deeply troubled Christian minister.

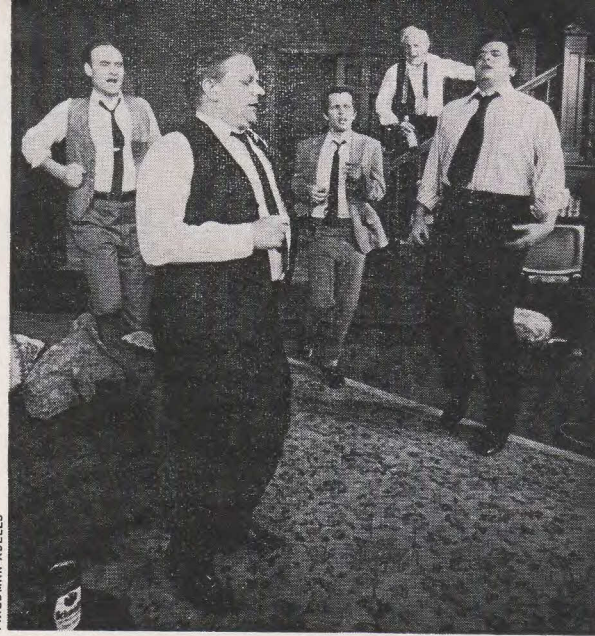
Nowadays, the young often speak soberly of making "statements" with their lives. They might well learn from Arthur Miller, as from Churchill, that without personal moral courage, all other statements are meaningless. ■ T.E.K.

The Dust of Glory

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON
by JASON MILLER

A vital and effective theater group is more than a random assembly of actors, directors, designers, composers and a producer. To succeed, it must be the closest of families, bound by a common purpose and a consistent vision. This is the basic strength of Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theater. Prolific in quantity and distinguished in quality, the Public Theater's productions are linked by one theme: a running critique of U.S. life today.

Like a Socratic questioner, Papp wants to know what has happened to the American dream. What are the prevailing values, hopes and desires? Do they



CAST OF "CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON"
Dead behind the eyes.

ennoble or corrupt the people who hold them? What has been the psychic cost of Viet Nam? Do Americans believe in the brotherhood of man, or do the words merely camouflage a stubborn residue of racial and ethnic bigotry?

Most of these questions are raised with subtlety and without polemics in *That Championship Season*, a drama of searing intensity, agonized compassion and consummate craftsmanship. The play centers on the 20th reunion of a handful of men whose lives were once fresh as mountain springs and now resemble the sooty detritus of a city gutter. A silver trophy stands as a cenotaph for their one moment of glory, when they won a high school basketball title.

Journey to Defeat. Life has recast them as a pudgy, crooked mayor grubbing for re-election (Charles Durning), a philandering, strip-mining moneybags (Paul Sorvino), an amusingly cynical alcoholic (Walter McGinn), and his bitter school superintendent of a brother (Michael McGuire). Their old coach (Richard A. Dysart) is a whiplash of a man embalmed in the Vince Lombardi philosophy. But these men have lost the game of life, and in their rasping revelations à la *Virginia Woolf* and their boozy camaraderie à la *The Boys in the Band*, the playgoer finds out why.

They are all dead behind the eyes, but vividly, wincingly alive in the theater. Playwright Jason Miller, 33, whose only previous full-length play, *Nobody Hears a Broken Drum*, was a quick flop, has chiseled out each role to give it the clean profile of humanity and of pity. The actors do him proud, seeming to have traveled every step of the way, from adolescent victory to middle-aged defeat, laughing and crying together. Director A.J. Antoon, who directed *Cymbeline* in Central Park last summer, has wrung a triumph of ensemble acting from these splendid players. To Joseph Papp, "Bravo!" once again. Serious drama has no finer friend. ■ T.E.K.

Mysteries from the Moon

IN Houston last week, Apollo 16 Astronauts John Young, Charles Duke and Tom Mattingly took time out from their debriefings to hold a news conference at which they showed off their lunar camera work. "No picture can do justice to the beauty of the scene," said Mattingly as he pointed to one moon-scape, "and this is no exception." Nonetheless the films shot by the Apollo 16 astronauts are among the best ever taken in space; they provide an extraor-

than one that shows the Lunar Rover parked on the far edge of a yawning crater while Astronaut Duke picks up soil samples in the foreground (*see color pages*). One alarming view of *Orion*, shot from *Casper* by Mattingly, shows mysteriously damaged panels on the side of the lunar module as it returns from the surface of the moon.

Some of the most exciting film involves the electric-powered Lunar Rover. One sequence, shot from the Rover, provides a driver's-eye view of the passing landscape as the little vehicle skitters across the rock-littered surface. Others show the Rover bouncing off rocks as Astronaut John Young hot-roads along the Cayley Plains or throwing up rooster tails of moon dust as he puts it through a series of skidding, Le Mans-type racing turns. "It's simply a superb vehicle," said the high-spirited Duke after his return to Houston. The vehicle's designers could only agree. NASA engineers announced that they were delighted with the moon buggy and said that they planned no changes in it for December's Apollo 17 mission.

The NASA medical men were equally impressed with the functioning of the astronauts. Suspecting that potassium loss may have been responsible for abnormal heart rates in two of Apollo 15's crew members, NASA Director of Life Sciences Dr. Charles Berry had placed the Apollo 16 astronauts on a diet rich in the essential salt before and during their mission (*TIME*, May 1). The precaution appears to have paid off. None of the astronauts experienced more than minimal and predictable heart irregularities. Furthermore, post-flight examinations revealed that their potassium levels were normal and that no other physical problems had arisen.

But the mission did produce its share of mysteries. Among them:

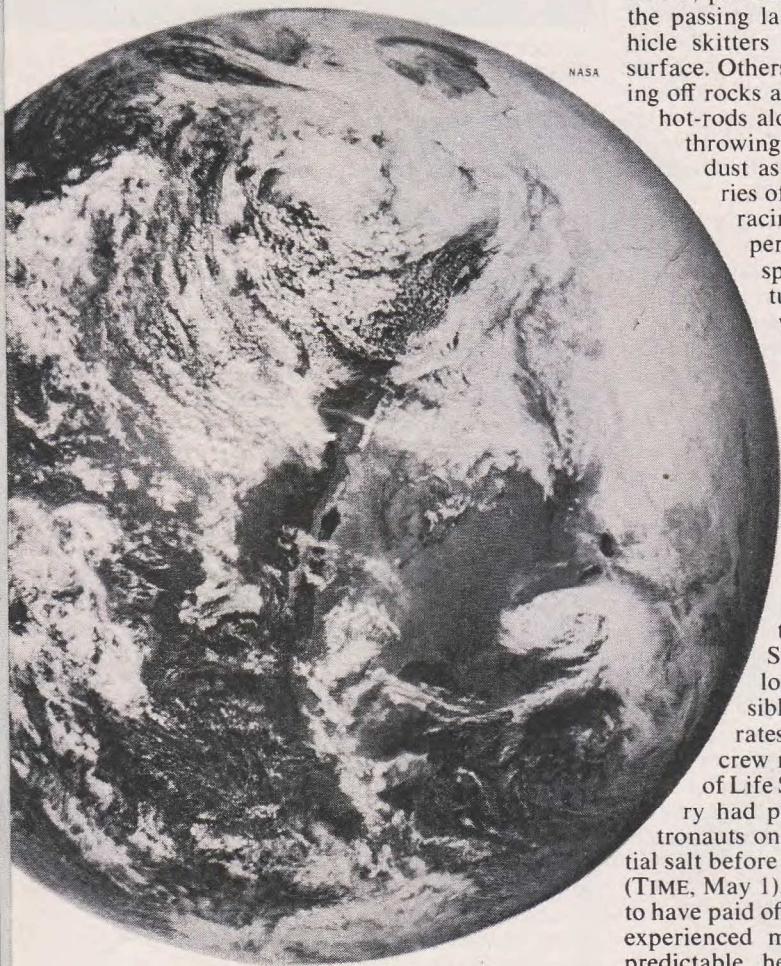
► The Cayley Plains have an unexpectedly strong magnetic field by lunar standards. An orbiting magnetometer hinted during the Apollo 15 mission that the moon's ancient highlands had stronger magnetic fields than the low-lying lunar seas. A magnetometer at the Apollo 16's Descartes landing site confirmed that suspicion; it showed that Cayley was five to ten times more magnetic than the lowlands. The discovery has led scientists to surmise

that the moon's magnetic field was much stronger early in lunar history. It has also strengthened the belief of geologists like Dr. Palmer Dyall, one of the investigators in the magnetometer experiments, that the moon spun faster in its youth and had a molten iron core similar to the earth's; movements within the liquid core of the rotating earth are believed to generate the terrestrial magnetic field.

► One rock from the Descartes area was four or five times as radioactive as those picked up in the lowlands by Apollo 15, though less than those found by Apollo 14. The reason for this high radioactivity is unknown, but Dr. Farouk El-Baz, a geologist, believes the rock "must be a foreign piece which is not representative of the landing site. The only way it can have gotten there is by being thrown in by impact."

► Rock samples picked up by Apollo 16's astronauts were dramatically different from what scientists expected them to find at the site. It had been predicted that the Cayley Plains and the surrounding mountains would be scattered with igneous, or volcanic rock, but all the stones unpacked so far by scientists seem to be fragments called breccias—a mélange of chips, crystals and soil welded together either by volcanism or the impact of a meteor. Geologists believe that some of the samples, rich in aluminum, may represent the scum that formed on the lunar surface as the moon cooled; the lighter, aluminum-rich material would float to the surface. But they have no explanation for the origins of another sample that is a dense, almost basaltic rock peppered with tiny glasslike crystals. "It could be a rapidly crystallized igneous rock," says Dr. Paul Gast, chief of NASA's earth and planetary division, "or it could also be a high-grade metamorphic rock formed by impact." Whatever it is, Gast believes that the rock collection could prove useful in unlocking some of the secrets of the moon's formation. Said he: "The amount of information about the lunar highlands in these rocks far exceeds our hopes."

Extracting that information will not be easy. NASA's scientists have only begun the task of uncrating the 213-lb. geological treasure trove the astronauts brought back with them; they estimate that it will take weeks just to weigh and catalogue each sample. Even the most optimistic of the space agency's scientists figure that months will pass before all of the rocks have been fully examined, and many feel it could take another Apollo mission to help decipher their messages.



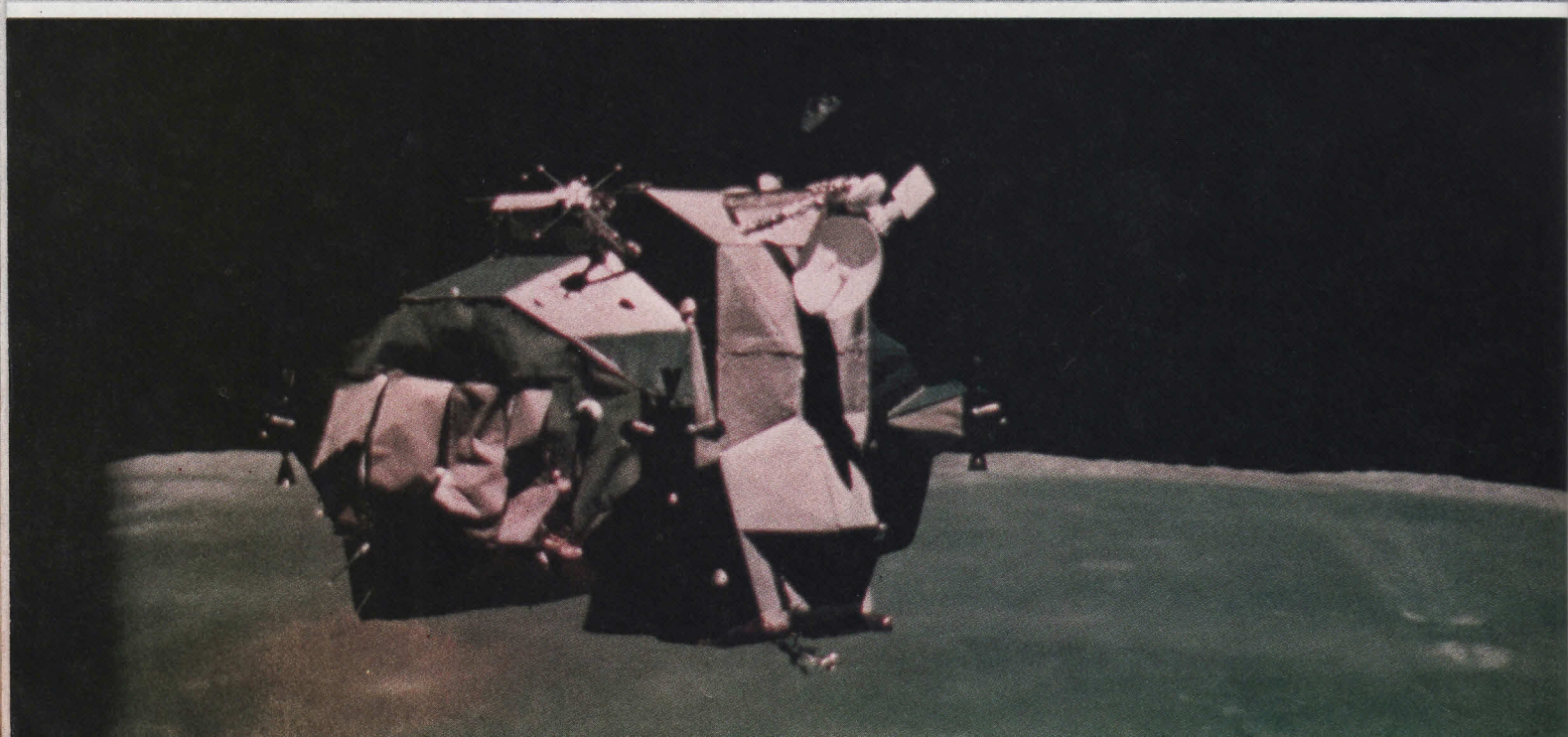
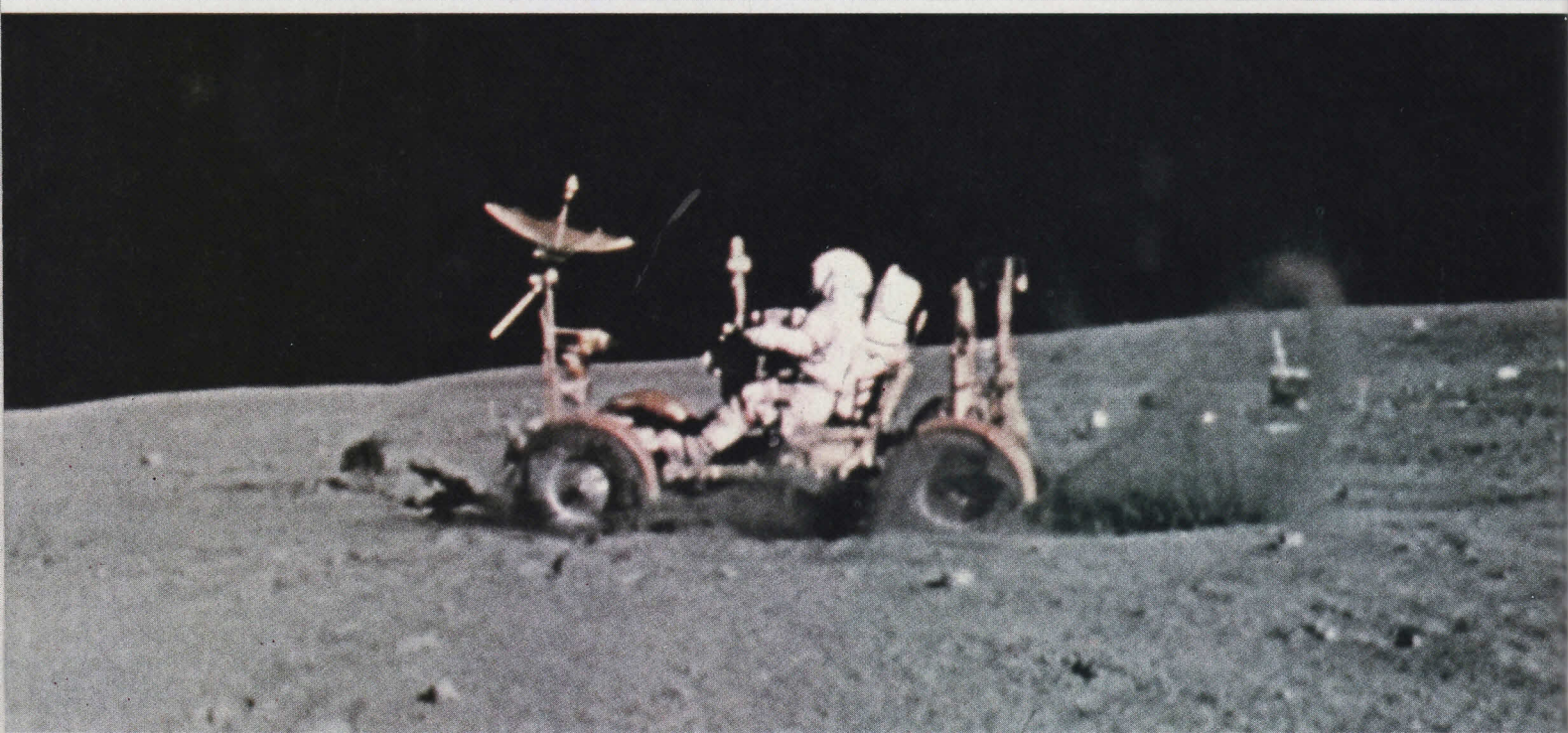
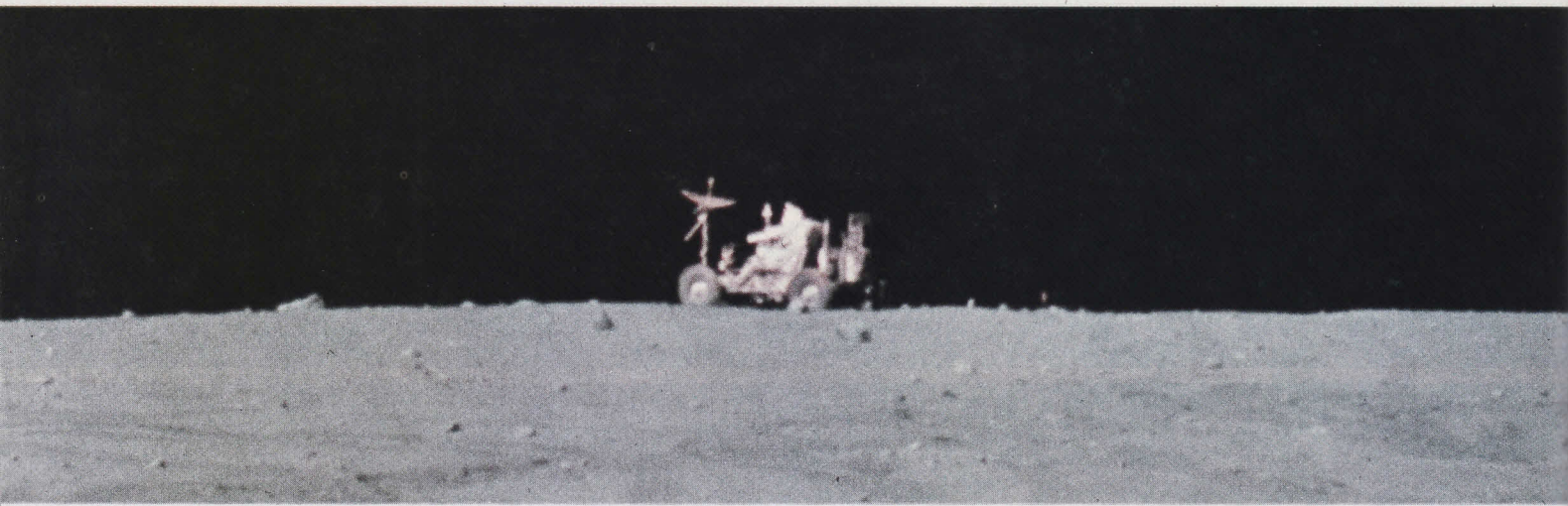
THE EARTH SEEN FROM APOLLO 16
Surprise for the scientists.

dinarily realistic sense of what it is like to land, walk and ride on the moon.

Movie footage taken through a window of the descending lunar module *Orion* offers a panoramic view of the rubbled Cayley Plains, the craters looming ever larger. Then a black speck appears on the approaching surface, expanding rapidly until it is recognizable as *Orion's* sharp, spidery shadow, and finally disappearing in a swirl of gray dust as the lander touches on the surface. There are also still shots that strikingly convey the eerie desolation of lunar distances. None is more dramatic

Lunar module's ascent stage leaves the moon behind as it rises to rejoin the command and service module for the return flight to earth (above right). Astronaut Charles Duke pauses near a huge crater (right) at the Descartes landing site to collect samples of lunar soil.





Caught in the Courts

Behind closed doors the members of the House Public Works Committee were furious. "Pestiferous little lawsuits," said Congressman James Wright of Texas. The judges are "a bunch of ignoramuses," said Alabama's Robert Jones. "Ridiculous and silly," said Roger Zion of Indiana.

What incensed the committeemen was a relatively obscure section of the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 (NEPA). It requires every federal agency to publish detailed statements on the "environmental impact" of every bridge or canal or other project under its jurisdiction—plus "reasonable" alternatives to those projects.

Such planning inevitably takes time, which means expense and delay. Because of NEPA, the \$3 billion trans-Alaska pipeline remains just an idea; not a foot of pipe has been laid. The Cross-Florida Barge Canal is a half-built, abandoned ditch. Plans to link the Tennessee and Tombigbee rivers gather dust on engineers' shelves. Ironically, even the federal program to curb water pollution is stalled because of the paper work required by NEPA (some 20,000 separate permits might be required).

Goad. The basic conflict is between opposing interpretations of the public interest. To conservationists, NEPA is a goad to force the entire federal establishment to pay more attention to environmental problems. Turning to the courts, they have challenged the ecological wisdom of project after project—and thus halted them. "If agencies were making a real effort to implement NEPA, there wouldn't be so much litigation," argues Lawyer Gus Speth of the Natural Resources Defense Council. "It's a tough law and the agencies didn't realize it." But they are learning the lesson. To date, the courts have ruled for the environmentalists in the great majority of decisions.

On the other hand, the federal agencies find that the labor of preparing impact statements brings up myriad problems. In considering the effects of the 770-mile-long trans-Alaska pipeline, for example, planners had to investigate obscure questions like the effect of the

pipe on caribou migration and spawning salmon. Its "statement" eventually filled nine large volumes. As a result of such toil, industry must often wait and wait for final approval of the agencies' statements before it can get on with its own work. Electric utilities with plans to build nuclear reactors have been particularly hard hit. NEPA is partly responsible for the fact that the Atomic Energy Commission has not issued a single license to start construction or operation of a nuclear plant since last summer, and the utilities fear that the delay may exacerbate power shortages for years.

Despite the courts' support of NEPA, the numerous critics of the law seem to be gaining. No less than ten new bills have been introduced to overcome various delays and difficulties deriving from NEPA. Though few of the bills di-

rectly change NEPA itself, all of them promote specific exemptions—for nuclear plants, water pollution control and public works projects like highways and dams—to avoid the troublesome impact statements. "You get enough of these exceptions on the books," says an aide to NEPA's co-author, Michigan Representative John Dingell, "and you'll just wall NEPA off from reality."

Practical men like Dingell feel that some minor surgery on the law may be necessary now to avoid wholesale butchery later on. The major conservation groups disagree, warning that such expedient changes would set a dangerous precedent. Urging moderation, William D. Ruckelshaus, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, argues that "the impact statement is a powerful but costly instrument in the fight against pollution. We must not, by [its] indiscriminate application, generate cost and delays leading to a public counterreaction."

TOM BRUNT



GIGANTIC STRIP-MINING MACHINE ON THE JOB NEAR HENDRYSBURG, OHIO

Why Does the Gem Cross the Road?

THE Gem of Egypt, which looks something like a cross between a lobster and a skyscraper, stands 20 stories high and weighs 7,000 tons. Tearing up earth at a rate of 200 tons per bite, the Hanna Coal Co.'s Gem (actually an acronym for Giant Earth Mover) has stripped the top 80 ft. of soil off the area around Hendrysburg, Ohio, so that other machines can gouge out the underlying coal. Now the Gem wants to move across Interstate Highway 70 and chew its way toward Barnesville (pop. 4,300), ten miles to the south.

Back in 1964 the Hanna Co. persuaded federal and state officials to agree that its equipment could cross the highway occasionally. But two of

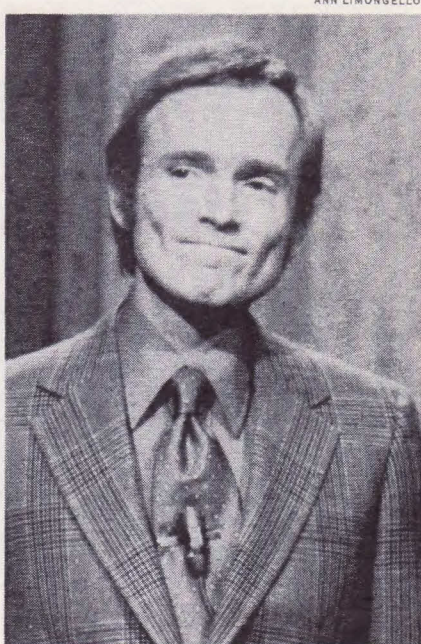
Barnesville's more redoubtable matrons, Mrs. Norma Schuster and Mrs. Aida Rissi, are ready to argue in court that this agreement never envisaged equipment as mighty as the Gem, which requires that the highway be closed for 24 hours and covered with a 12-ft. protective blanket of earth while the Gem creeps across it at $\frac{1}{2}$ m.p.h.

If litigation fails, the two women will try to get a change in zoning rules that would set up a five-mile green belt to protect Barnesville from the machine. Meantime, the Gem crawls ever nearer the road. It is already so close that motorists sometimes stop to marvel as the Gem's giant bucket dips and crunches into Ohio's good earth.

Astronaut John Young drives the lunar roving vehicle to its final parking place on the moon (top left), but not before raising a cloud of dust during an exuberant, 11-m.p.h. performance test on rubble-strewn Cayley Plains (center left). View from the command module Casper reveals still unexplained damage to panels of the lunar module Orion as it approaches during almost perfectly executed docking maneuver (left).



NBC'S JOHNNY CARSON



ABC'S DICK CAVETT

ANN LIMONGELLO

SHOW BUSINESS

Racing for Midnight

For nearly ten years NBC's Johnny Carson has monopolized TV's late hours with his facile, funny and cool show-biz chatter. ABC hoped to cut into his audience with Dick Cavett and a more intellectual approach. CBS aimed to bring him down with that old Beverly Hillbilly Merv Griffin. But neither even approached his ratings, and Carson remained undisputed king of the insomniacs. No longer. Since CBS replaced Griffin with a lineup of late movies twelve weeks ago, Carson, for the first time in a decade, has found himself in a ratings race.

It is a race he often loses. Since the movies began, they have topped Carson's ratings seven out of nine times, although in the latest Nielsen report, Carson averaged a 32.5% share of the viewing audience v. CBS's 31%. (CBS's Griffin, by contrast, had drawn around 16% of the late watchers and ABC's Cavett has drawn about 13%.)

NBC argues—and has the figures to prove it—that though Carson's share of the audience has gone down, his total number of viewers has remained constant. CBS, it contends, has grabbed a whole new audience of diehard film buffs that was not watching the talk shows. Still, the film phenomenon must give pause to Carson, who last week moved his show from New York to Los Angeles, hoping, among other things, that he will be able to attract more show business guests on the West Coast. What makes it all the worse is that Carson's competition comes mostly from B-grade flicks.

The other talk shows are having problems as well—and not just from the late movie. It was announced last week

that David Frost's syndicated talk show would die at the end of June, and ABC has warned Dick Cavett that unless his ratings are improved in the next three months, the show would be dropped in the fall. Cavett counters that ABC has been "lazy, inept and incompetent" in promoting his show. What would take his place? ABC talks grandly of a "major program development effort" to find something new. So long as its ratings keep up, CBS will be happy with its own "development effort"—dusting off cans of old movies.

The Survival of Tuesday

Despite her name, Tuesday Weld was born on a Friday. Then why is she called Tuesday? There is no telling for sure, though in the past she has said that the name was 1) a childhood corruption ("Tu-Tu") of Susan, her given name, 2) derived from the day when all the worst things happened to her mother, and 3) a mispronunciation of *two-days*, the length of time her mother was in labor with her. Whatever the truth, the world is beginning to realize that, at 28, Tuesday Weld is a first-rate actress.

Weld film festivals have been held in Manhattan, and there is already something of a Tuesday Weld cult, which was partially inspired, paradoxically, by the fact that she has been so good in so many bad films. "She was undervalued year after year," says Roddy McDowall, who starred with her in *Lord Love a Duck*, one of her less awful movies. As a drum majorette in *Pretty Poison*, a fine but little-publicized 1968 film, she mixed innocence with evil to chilling effect, etching her character with acid and honey.

Now at long last she may have found a script that fits her talents. In *Play It As It Lays*, a movie currently being adapted from Joan Didion's novel, Tuesday portrays Maria, an actress in search of a breakdown in the vast emptiness of Southern California. "She knows the role so well she could phone it in," says Director Frank Perry (*Diary of a Mad Housewife*). "I tested hundreds of girls for the part, but I always knew it had to be Tuesday."

Like Maria, Tuesday has always had the reputation of being a difficult performer to work with. Like Maria, she has had a troubled private life that has made her something of an untouchable flower in lotus land. "Miss Weld is not a very good representative for the motion-picture industry," complained Gossip Columnist Louella Parsons, Hollywood's dragon lady, when Tuesday was 16 and the star of a seemingly endless series of sex-at-the-beach type



TUESDAY WELD ON LOCATION FOR NEW FILM *Untouchable flower in lotus land*.

minipics. Actually, Tuesday's sins—odd clothing, bare feet and open love affairs—would have seemed quite normal a decade later. Her chief offense was to be hip too soon.

Tuesday has been too soon in almost everything she has done. Born in New York's Greenwich Village, she was supporting her family—her mother and an older brother and sister—as a child model when she was four. Her father had died when she was three. When she was twelve, she appeared in her first movie, *Rock, Rock, Rock*, a cheapie made in Brooklyn to cash in on the rock-'n'-roll craze of the '50s. Whatever its demerits, the film projected Tuesday as the archetypal nymphet, Shirley Temple with a leer. "The girl I generally played was a little whorish teen-ager who would sleep with anybody, and yet has a childlike quality," says Tuesday.

Even in her teens she had a reputation for wildness. "I used to say I

SHOW BUSINESS

was going to school," she remembers, "and head for the Village and get drunk instead. But then I wasn't a little girl at all at that age—I never had been." At 16, she was bounced from TV's *Dobie Gillis* because a sponsor thought she was out of place on a family show. Men took on an early importance (she claims she had her "first real affair" when she was eleven), and her succession of boy friends ranged from Albert Finney and John Barrymore Jr. to Terence Stamp and the ubiquitous George Hamilton.

She often brawled publicly with Barrymore, and she once tried to run down Actor Gary Lockwood with her car. When he jumped on the hood, she sped down Sunset Boulevard trying to shake him off while he pleaded with her through the windshield. "Tuesday did some wild, wild things and screwed up many, many guys," says Ryan O'Neal, a longtime friend. "She's highly sexual. It's what makes her interesting on the screen."

War Hero. At 22, Tuesday married Claude Harz, a young screenwriter who was working as Roddy McDowall's secretary. Though it lasted for five years and produced a daughter, Natasha, the marriage was one of her bigger mistakes, according to Tuesday. "It seems the brighter you are, the deeper the hole you get into," she says. "How can people endure pain for so long and let it ride by?" She declares about men: "It's never satisfactory. Either the man is able to keep you happy sexually, and he has no intellectual quality; or he's very intellectual and not good at carrying on a satisfactory sexual relationship."

Woe and perturbation! But don't worry too much about Tuesday. She still goes on an occasional bender, and talks openly about drugs. "I enjoy getting high on anything," she says. "No, not anything. Not drugs like acid. The pot I smoke has to be very good quality, and I love it. It gives you a terrific feeling."

Today she is thinking—or says she is thinking—of things other than films. She writes verse in a loose, prosy style—"You be a Nubian, you be a sheep chained to death's tow rope," begins one of her poems—and she plans to write a screenplay. She even talks about writing a novel, which if it follows her own life would read like a collaboration between Louisa May Alcott and Harold Robbins.

But above all, Tuesday Weld has survived. She has lived down her name, her image and her reputation. Says O'Neal: "She's held in very high esteem because of her survival and because she's good. She's like a war hero, and she deserves the Congressional Medal." The only thing that bothers her is—what else?—success. "If I find myself a commercial success, I'll probably go into a state of shock," she says. "If I get out of this underground thing and become commercial, I don't know what I'll do."

Berlin Diary

BEFORE THE DELUGE: A PORTRAIT OF BERLIN
IN THE 1920'S

by OTTO FRIEDRICH

418 pages. Harper & Row. \$10.

The Weimar Republic sort of happened about lunchtime, Nov. 9, 1918. Philipp Scheidemann, the Social Democratic Party's deputy leader, was having a bowl of potato soup in the Reichstag dining room when he was told that the Kaiser had abdicated and that Karl Liebknecht, the left-wing firebrand, was about to proclaim Germany a Soviet republic. To head him off, Scheidemann hurried to a balcony and shouted to the crowd below: "Workers and soldiers. The cursed war is at an end. The Emperor has abdicated . . . Long live the German Republic!" That night, over a secret line from GHQ in Belgium, came a message for the Socialist leaders from the chief of staff: "The officer corps expects the government will fight against Bolshevism and places itself at the disposal of the government."

So the revolution of 1918 was not a revolution but a maneuver. The Socialists took over the government and created the Weimar Republic. The real power, however, remained with the conservative army and the career bureaucrats in Berlin. It was later handed over to the political right and to Adolf Hitler. But before that happened, Berliners lived through one of history's extraordinary decades. Rid of its tasteless Hohenzollern constraints, and at the same time having avoided the constricting new dogmas of Marxist revolution, Germany blossomed intellectually. In the liberal, democratic '20s, Berlin was feverish with new ideas in atonal music, Einsteinian physics, Freudian psychoanalysis, expressionist art, Bauhaus architecture, Brechtian theater, not to mention kinky sex and despairing occultism, all pursued against a counterpoint of political riot and assassination.

Vivid Portrait. The city and the decade provide a nostalgic paradox that has fascinated novelists, scholars and citizens from Christopher Isherwood and Hannah Arendt to the long lines currently waiting to see Liza Minnelli in *Cabaret*. Otto Friedrich has combined history and cultural journalism to produce the most vivid portrait of the period yet written. Weaving back and forth in time and place between Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Goebbels, between Berlin and Hollywood, between 1920 memoirs and 1971 interviews, the author, who is a former managing editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* and now a *TIME* senior editor, has re-created Berlin, and his city moves.

The culture is plentiful and the gossip spicy. Yet Friedrich is never far away from the presentiment of the hor-



HINDENBURG IN WORLD WAR I

ror to come. What turns out to be most significant about the era is not its spectacular vulgarity and lust, or the brilliance of its art, but its sheer inattention to what was really happening—the long struggle between Communists, Socialists and Nazis. The popular stance in politics was a traditionally stolid German "*Ohne mich*"—"Include me out." Friedrich describes a night when, despite fighting in the streets, U.F.A., Germany's giant movie company, went ahead with its press preview for *Carmen*, starring Pola Negri and directed by Ernst Lubitsch. "The champagne was chilled to perfection," Miss Negri recalled. "We sat down and the film began. I heard a faint sound in the distance . . . gunfire." Had he heard it too? Miss Negri asked Lubitsch. "Shh," said Lubitsch. "There's nothing anybody can do. Watch the picture."

Most men of culture and science wore blinders. When the Nazis eventually forced Conductor Bruno Walter to flee Germany in 1933, he was nonplused: Why him? "I had never taken an active part in politics." In his *Reflections of a Non-Political Man*, written in 1918, Thomas Mann proclaimed that he was unpolitical and proud of it. He changed his mind later. The pit of politics was left to ambitious drones or dregs. In the end it was a couple of well-born smart-alecks, General Kurt von Schleicher and ex-Lieut. Colonel Franz von Papen, both conservatives, both of good regiments, who delivered Weimar over to the Nazis. They were also both favorites of the republic's beloved 85-year-old President Paul von Hindenburg (who at least had the excuse of senility), and cronies of his incompetent,



POLA NEGRI IN "BELLA DONNA" (1923)



DIETRICH IN "THE BLUE ANGEL" (1929)
Time for "Include me out."

corruptible son Oskar. Confidently they set out to grab power and outflummox that ex-Corporal Adolf Hitler.

First the two got Hindenburg to fire the incumbent Chancellor and replace him with Von Papen. The delighted Hindenburg beamed: "Now I can have a Cabinet of my friends." Then, in a double-cross, Schleicher had Von Papen ousted and became Chancellor himself, planning to rule Germany by splitting the Nazi Party and taking over a third of Hitler's Reichstag deputies. The plan had some merit; large numbers of Nazis, including at one time Berlin Party Chief Joseph Goebbels, thought Hitler had sold out to the capitalists.

But Von Papen contrived Schlei-

BOOKS

cher's fall and convinced Hindenburg that the way to neutralize Nazi power was to give Hitler the chancellorship and then surround him with conservative ministers. Within a year Schleicher had been killed and Germany belonged to the Führer.

Was it all inevitable? No, says Friedrich, "it could have been avoided up to the very day on which Hitler took power," and his book creates an agonizing, step-by-step awareness of how things might have gone differently. Hitler thought so too; just two months before he came to power in 1933 he was threatening suicide in despair over an impending split in the Nazi Party. Shortly before that, in Germany's last free election, the Nazis lost 2,000,000 votes, and dropped 34 Reichstag seats.

This ground has been gone over a billion times, with a billion tears and a billion regrets. But it is still fascinating. For, in its foolishness, its richness and its disorder, Weimar haunts our times—now more than ever. ■ Sam Halper