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Vol. 63, No. 19 November 10, 1967

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EDITORS' NOTE

Bill chose to kiss the redhead

This issue contains a 31-page special section on the Soviet Union 50 years after the Revolution. Most of it was photographed by Bill Eppridge and reported by Peter Young, our Moscow bureau chief. Both men particularly enjoyed their work with Russian youth. Young cabled this report:

It was over a final bottle of vodka that the engineering student from Rostov told us enthusiastically, "You are the first Americans we've ever met, and we're surprised." When asked what he had expected, he replied, "Last year we had several students from Afghanistan, and they were the biggest snobs we'd ever met. So, naturally, we thought, if young people from a country with virtually nothing can be so snobbish, think what people from America would be like, a country with everything."

FELIX, PETER, BILL AND BUREAU SECRETARY NATASHA SMIRNOVA

His reaction was due in great part to Bill Eppridge's ease of manner with Soviet youth and his ability to do the right thing at the right time. At a festival of Neptune on the Black Sea, for instance, after having taken some 60 rolls of color film, Bill was called before Neptune himself and presented with a blonde, a brunette and a redhead, one of whom he was allowed to kiss. Appropriately enough, Bill chose the redhead. "A fine budding Communist," quipped Neptune, as Soviet beachniks wildly cheered the choice. On another occasion, in a Leningrad youth cafe, Bill ran into a group of students back from a summer of work in the virgin lands and about to embark on their first night on the town in three months. Bill joined them in gulping down 200 grams (about a highball glass) of Moskovskaya Gold Label vodka and remained on his feet to dance his own way-out version of the Lindy. Said one student, "There's a fellow who knows how to relax."

Soviet youths, wherever we met them, were so full of questions that it was hard to get at them with questions of our own. Each night at the work camp south of Rostov, students would gather for bull sessions, eager to know what life was like in America. Inquisitive to the end, they rarely indulged in politics. Only once did a youth point an accusing finger at America, "where the rich persecuted the poor." He was soundly reprimanded "for being discourteous to a guest."

The biggest job in the youth project, however, did not fall either to Bill Eppridge or to me, but to the Moscow bureau's able Russian assistant, Felix Rozental, a gentle yet persevering associate whose talent for winning friends wherever he goes has brought untold benefits to the bureau. Whether it's permissions to travel, coaxing interviews from hesitant subjects or making sure that LIFE photographers get where they want to go, Felix is the one who can help arrange it. A graduate of the Institute of Foreign Languages, Felix joined the bureau in 1962. "I had met Americans before," he says, "and had learned that they had much in common with Russians. But to my dismay, I also discovered that some of them, particularly the young ones, had an extremely vague knowledge of Russia. Thus, a very gifted young American pianist once asked me whether I had ever seen the czar, thinking the Soviet Revolution had broken out in 1946. I felt that if such a knowledge gap really existed, I might be of some use working with LIFE to help fill that gap."

GEORGE P. HUNT,
Managing Editor

LIFE EDITORIAL

Honest Dissent vs. Ugly Disorder

Dissent, largely over the war in Vietnam, is talking in harsh tones on American campuses and American streets these days. Like the war itself, the targets of abuse are widening. Suppose the President of the U.S. were to make a public speech in, say, the Yale Bowl or the Los Angeles Coliseum. Could he safely do it without worrying about the shambles it might turn into, with rowdy hecklers chanting, "Hey, hey, L.B.J., how many kids did you kill today?"

It would only be a fringe at work—but it is at the fringes where the trouble comes. No Vietnam war protests in this country have yet, it is true, proved unmanageable. So far, only the issue of race has produced something resembling revolution (or more properly, civil war) in the U.S. No Vietnam demonstrations have remotely approached the scale of Watts, Detroit, Newark.

But sporadically, the protest is beginning to take on an ugly, intolerant, occasionally even sadistic quality. A Navy recruiter is trapped in his car, a hapless Dow Chemical representative held prisoner seven hours in a Harvard room. The 35,000 marchers on the Pentagon were mainly sincere young demonstrators who had traveled long miles to oppose what many considered an evil foreign policy. Among them were the best—the young woman who by excruciating coordination managed to move from the Lincoln Memorial to the Pentagon on aluminum braces—but also the hoodlums who spat on the troops, threw rocks through Pentagon windows, daubed the walls with lavatory obscenities.

The political engagment of the present generation is vastly preferable to the noninvolvement of the Eisenhower generation. And no one over 30 (the watershed, apparently, in these matters) should underestimate the quality of participation that the Pentagon march represented for most of those who were *there*. But with the spread of Vietnam dissent, calls are increasingly being made for more direct action. From the Washington demonstration came the slogan by its organizers: "From Dissent to Resistance." What is being advocated? A healthy confrontation or something more disruptive?

Some surprising voices are currently being heard in support of wide permissiveness in the form of dissent. The escalation of the war, they argue, must be met with the escalation of protest. Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, professor of religion at Stanford, advocates civil disobedience and condones draft evasion. (Last week, however, he cautioned that the practice of civil disobedience should be "exceedingly restrained," and he backed "the privilege of free expression" for a CIA representative.)

The liberal Catholic weekly *Commonweal*, in identifying with Dr. Brown and others who have taken the same course, adds its own note of despair: "The escalation of dissent . . . is a natural consequence both of the failure of the peace movement to achieve ends through ordinary political techniques and of frustration that comes from being ignored or, on occasions when notice is taken, of being sneered at." *Commonweal* explains that its appeal "is not a call to anarchy or bloodletting. . . . The resistance envisioned is a passive disobedience in the tradition of Thoreau."

But in their own way, however moderate in tone, both these statements testify to a disillusionment with debate. And here is where the present danger lies. Defiance must not replace open discussion. The line must clearly be drawn between legitimate protest and behavior which approaches a U.S. version of Red Guardism.

Basically, the question that is posed to dissenters is whether they remain committed to the democratic system or whether they are, in effect, copping out. For University of Chicago Historian Daniel Boorstin, debate is "orderly exploration of a common problem," and there is a fundamental distinction between dissent and disagreement. "People who disagree have an argument, but people who dissent have a quarrel. People may disagree but may count themselves in the majority, but a person who dissents is by definition in a minority. A liberal society thrives on disagreement but is killed by dissension. Disagreement is the life blood of democracy, dissension is its cancer."

The avenues of disagreement with Administration policy are far from blocked. Actually, the Vietnam conflict marks a political development in some ways unprecedented in American history. It is not only under searching debate; opposition in many areas of the country is almost fashionable. As the Washington correspondent Richard Rovere remarks: "It seems in downright bad taste to invoke patriotism." In Cambridge, Mass. and San Francisco, continuation of the war is being challenged in municipal voting. The San Francisco proposition, asking for a vote on "immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of U.S. troops from Vietnam so that the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems," was put on the ballot by 22,000 signatures on a petition, removed by the city attorney, reinstated by the California supreme court.

There is plenty of legal freedom around. The dissenters whose tactics recall sit-down strikes of the '30s sometimes forget that the Supreme Court then ruled that peaceful picketing was deserving of First Amendment protection as free speech, but stopped short of extending protection to physical interposition. Says Dean Louis Pollak of the Yale Law School: "When it comes to surrounding the Dow man or spitting in the face of an MP, I don't see how you could possibly suppose that was constitutionally protected activity." In Pollak's view, the new protesters seem to have given up on the idea of acting legally at all. "They are simply saying, 'I'm operating on a different set of premises which take me above and beyond the Constitution or any form of secular authority. . . .' If we were living in Nazi Germany or present-day South Africa, that kind of disobedience might be justifiable on the ground that the whole legal structure was unreformedly corrupt from within, and that there was no political mechanism by which you would win another election and change things. I don't think that describes the U.S. by a long shot."

More likely than a court test is the street test; there are sufficient signs already that the excesses of violent dissent are being met with incomprehension if not outright hostility. California's Governor Reagan, who made a campaign issue out of the Berkeley student riots, seems inclined to consider the militant protesters treacherous. Right-wing columnist William Buckley Jr. would jail Dr. Robert McAfee Brown as a test of the law. In the South and Southwest, the new dissent, as a LIFE correspondent reports, tends to be regarded "as disloyal, disruptive, disrespectful, damned near criminal." On national tours, Alabama's Dixie hawk George Wallace gets appreciative laughs when he says: "The other day Dean Rusk said the Vietnam protests had Communist elements in it. Well, the cab drivers of my state knew that five years ago."

Simplistic views on one side are apt to be matched by simplistic views on the other. Much of the current academic attitude is based on the assumption that dissent, and even disorder, need not answer to reason but is healthy per se. There are some welcome signs of distinctions now being made between what is honest argument and acceptable opposition and what is unacceptable disorder.

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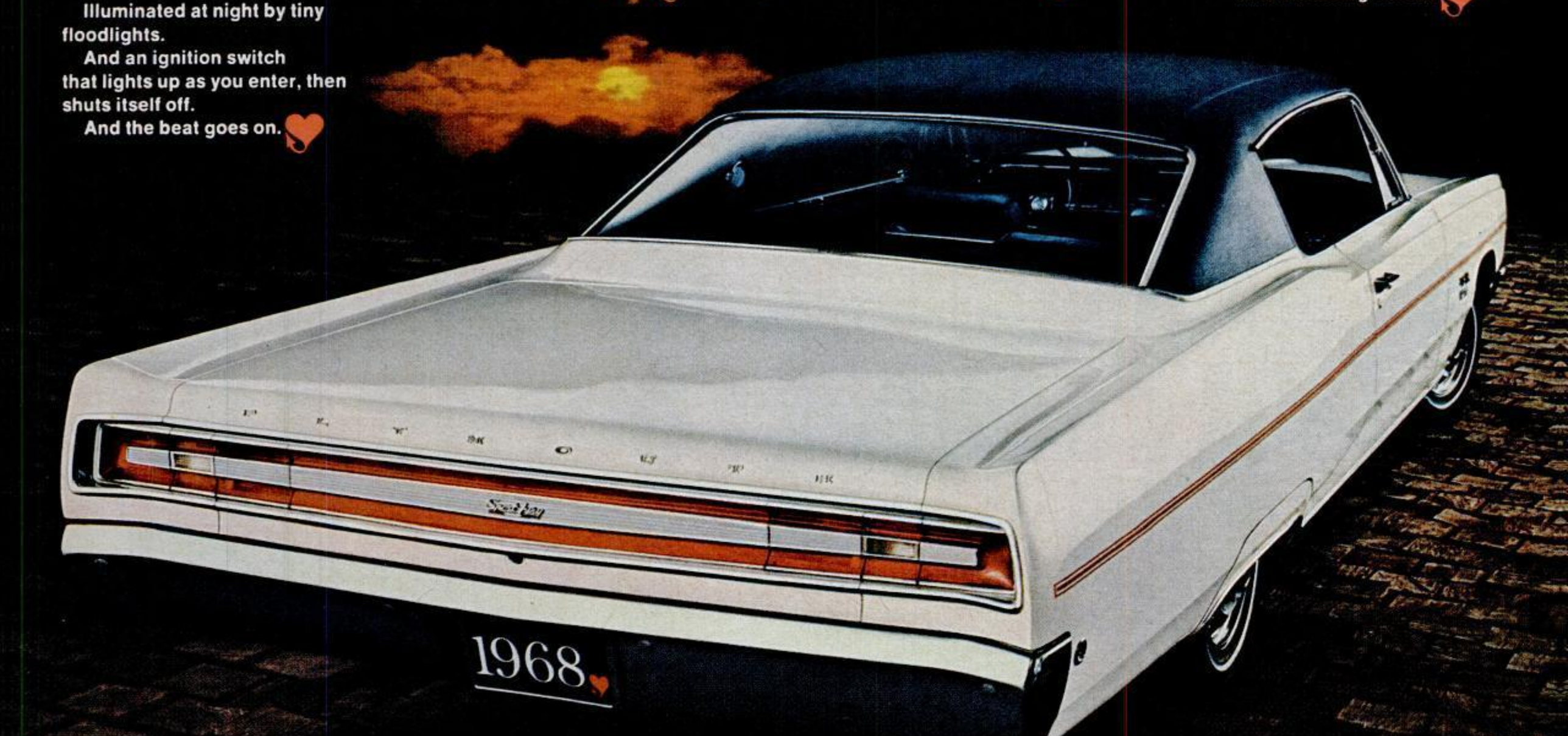

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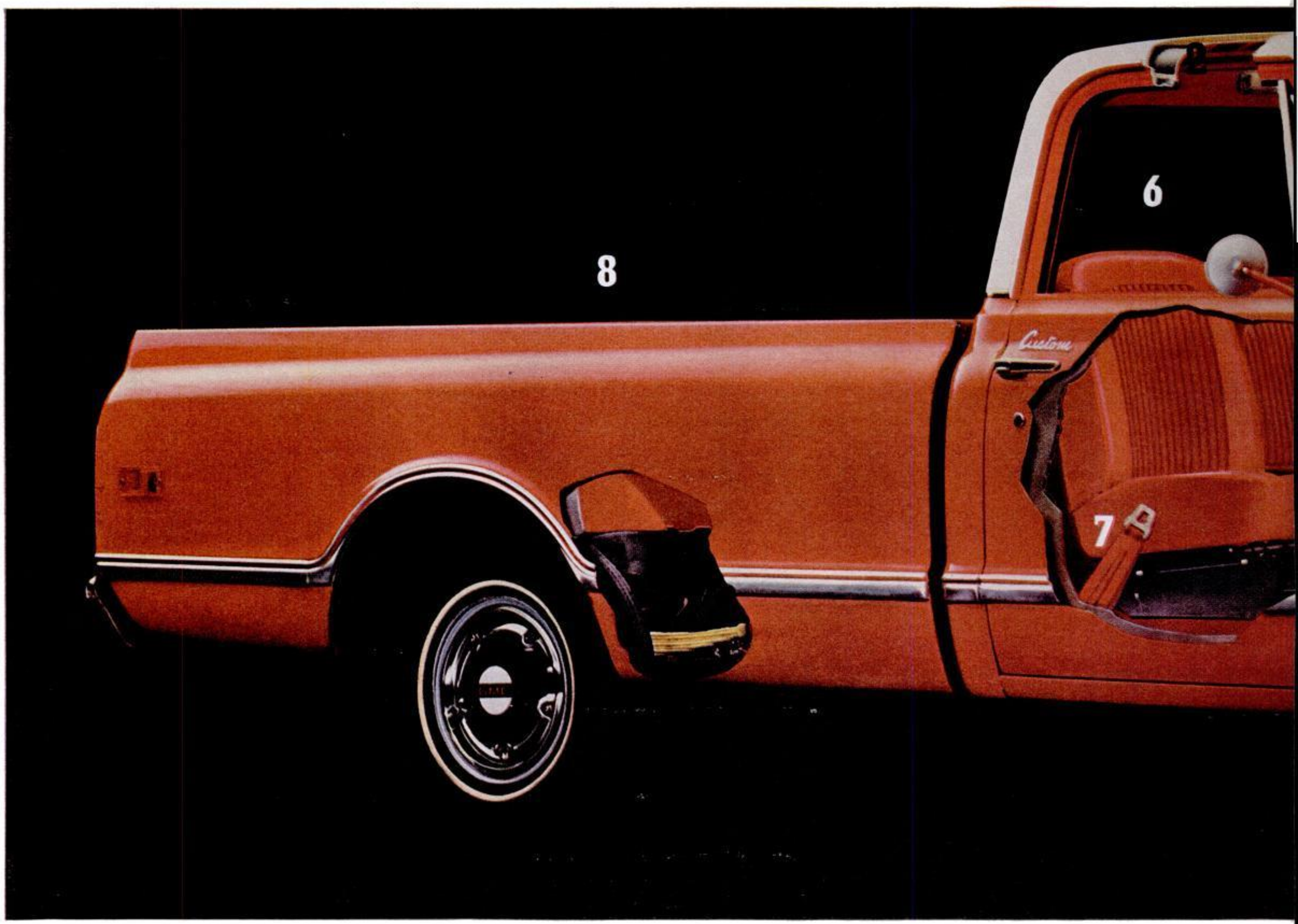

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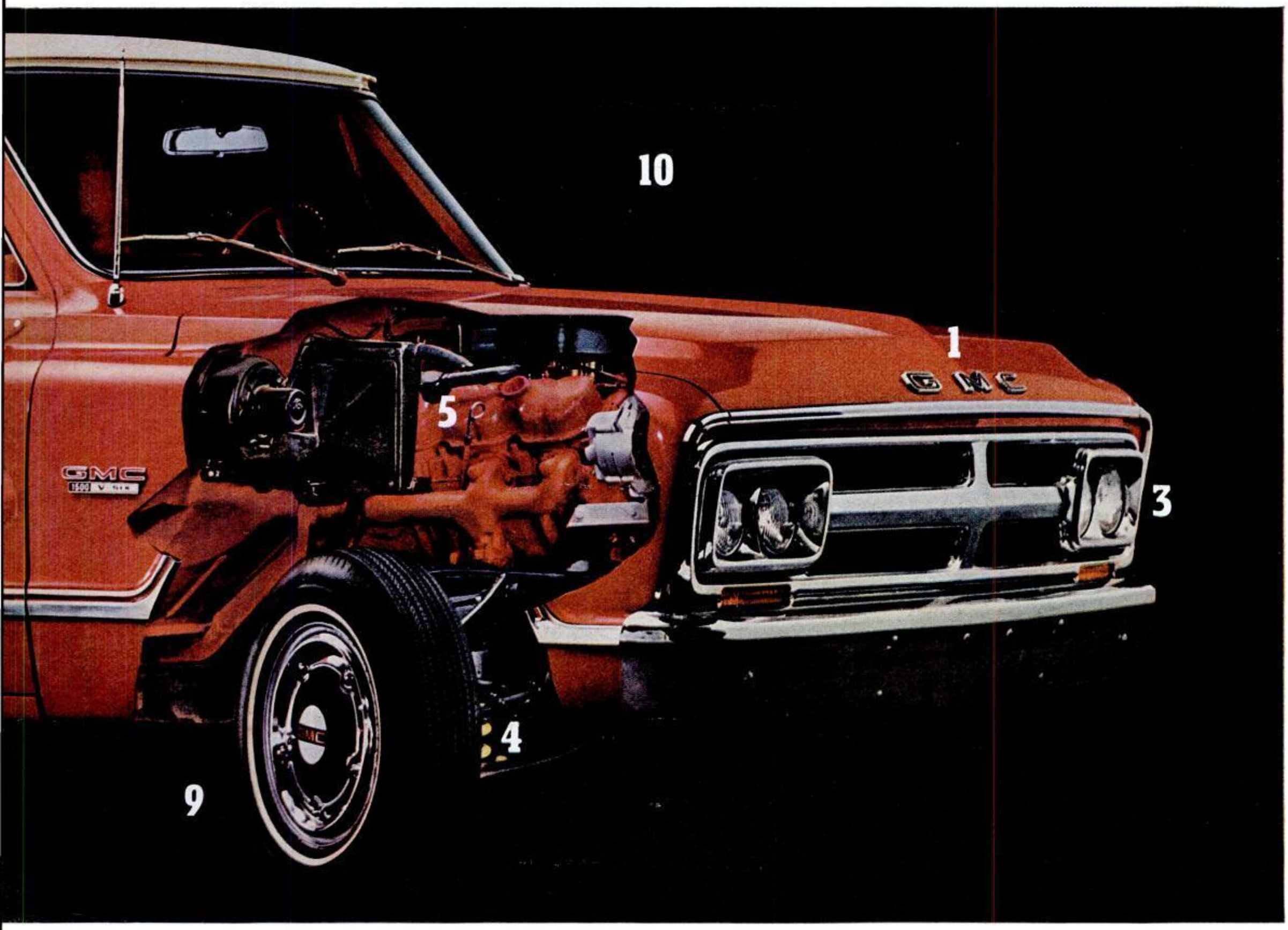

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LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

So Long, Woody, It's Been Good To Know Ya

WOODY GUTHRIE 1912-1967

One of Woody Guthrie's last songs, written a year after he entered the hospital, was titled *I Ain't Dead Yet.* The doctors told him he had Huntington's chorea, probably inherited, a progressive degeneration of the nervous system for which there was no cure known. For 13 more years he hung on, refusing to give up. Finally he could no longer walk nor talk nor focus his eyes nor feed himself, and his great will to live was not enough and his heart stopped beating.

The news reached me while I was on tour in Japan. All I could think of at first was, "Woody will never die, as long as there are people who like to sing his songs." Dozens of these are known by guitar pickers across the U.S.A., and one of them has become loved by tens of millions of Americans:

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

Woodrow Wilson Guthrie was a short, wiry guy with a mop of curly hair under a cowboy hat, as I first saw him. He'd stand with his guitar slung on his back, spinning out stories like Will Rogers, with a faint, wry grin. Then he'd hitch his guitar around and sing the longest long outlaw ballad you ever heard, or some Rabelaisian fantasy he'd concocted the day before and might never sing again.

His songs are deceptively simple. Only after they have become part of your life do you realize how great they are. Any damn fool can get complicated. It takes genius to attain simplicity. Woody's songs for children are now sung in many languages:

Why can't a dish break a hammer?
Why, oh why, oh why?
Because a hammer's got a pretty hard head.
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

His music stayed rooted in the blues, ballads and breakdowns he'd been raised on in the Oklahoma Dust Bowl. Like Scotland's Robert Burns and the Ukraine's Taras Shevchenko, Woody was a national folk poet. Like them, he came of a small-town background, knew poverty, had a burning curiosity to learn. Like them, his talent brought him to the city, where he was lionized by the literati but from whom he declared his independence and remained his own profane, radical, ornery self.

This honesty also eventually estranged him from his old Oklahoma cronies. Like many an Oklahoma farmer, he had long taken a dim view of bankers. In the desperate early Depression years he developed a religious view of Christ the Great Revolutionary. In the cities he threw in his lot with the labor movement:

There once was a Union maid.
She never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks
And the deputy sheriff that made the raids.

He broadened this feeling to include the working people of all the world, and it may come as a surprise to some readers to know that the author of *This Land Is Your Land* was in 1940 a columnist for the small newspaper he euphemistically called *The Sabbath Employee.* It was *The Sunday Worker.* Woody never argued theory much, but you can be quite sure that today he would have poured his fiercest scorn on those who have sucked America into the Vietnam mess:

Why do your warships sail on my waters?
Why do your bombs drop down from my sky?
Why do you burn my towns and cities?
I want to know why, yes, I want to know why.

But Woody always did more than condemn. His song *Pastures of Plenty* described the life of the migrant fruit pickers, but ends on a note of shining affirmation:

It's always we've rambled, that river and I.
All along your green valley I'll work till I die.
My land I'll defend with my life if it be,
For my Pastures of Plenty must always be free.

A generation of songwriters have learned from him—Bob Dylan, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs and I guess many more to come.

As we scatter his ashes over the waters I can hear Woody hollering back to us, not only "So long, it's been good to know ya," but these last words: "Take it easy—but take it!"

Pete Seeger, dean of American folk singers, was Woody Guthrie's colleague in Almanac Singers in 1942.

by Peter Seeger

Avon after shaves... refreshing scents... distinctive gift decanters ...Great Christmas Gifts

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AVON for Men

ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK

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SILENT AND SUPER-SMOOTH! The ride itself is surprisingly smooth and silent for 1968. Chevrolet engineers, working with electronic computers, have managed to isolate noise and vibration like never before. Special double-cushioned rubber mounts, which join the body to the frame, have a dramatic effect on the incredible quietness of the ride.

SAFETY! PROVED AND NEW FEATURES In addition to the

Caprice Custom Coupe and Camaro SS Coupe with new Astro Ventilation and full door glass styling without ventipanes.

'68 CHEVROLETS

remarkable new ride and many, many improvements for greater engine dependability and performance, safety is surely a Chevrolet long suit for 1968. Teaming up with such tried-and-true features as the famous GM-developed energy absorbing steering column are: new energy absorbing seat backs, safety armrests which shield the door handles, and new side marker lights. Another thoughtful Chevrolet feature is a buzzer that warns you not to walk off with the keys in the ignition!

DRIVE ONE SOON There's really only one way to fully appreciate the silent, road-sure 1968 Chevrolets. Drive one. Soon. At your Chevrolet dealer's.

CHEVROLET

BE SMART! BE SURE! BUY NOW AT YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER'S.

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Here Comes a Czech Film Classic

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS

Closely Watched Trains is one of those films much easier to rhapsodize about orally than in print, so let's get the easy part out of the way. This work, in black and white and 89 minutes long, is by a 29-year-old director named Jiří Menzel. It is quite the best product of the celebrated Czech cinema renaissance that we have seen in this country so far. It is also the best movie I have seen this year. Having gone that far, I might as well go all the way and predict that it has an excellent chance of becoming a film classic on the order of *Grand Illusion* or *Citizen Kane*—one of those pictures that is never out of release and continues to inform the artistic sensibilities of generations yet to come.

The unique experience the film offers cannot be summarized nearly so easily. When I say that it is mostly about the sadly comic attempts of a gawky, jug-eared adolescent to enter upon manhood (which he imagines to be simply a matter of losing his virginity), and when I add that he finally achieves this goal in the classic manner of such stories, through the understanding kindness of an older woman, I fear your silent withdrawal in the face of clichés that have launched a thousand films and novels. One must look elsewhere for the film's special distinction and delight.

The hero's misadventures occur in a provincial railroad station during the German occupation of Czechoslovakia. He is employed there as a trainee, a job that, fortunately for us, leaves him plenty of time to observe and misunderstand the life churning around him and in his own psyche. The station itself is observed in marvelous detail by Menzel's inquisitive camera. Its antique equipment and furnishings—including the most uncongenial sofa on which anyone ever attempted a seduction—perfectly symbolize the drab, unyielding outlines of the adult world as it often seems on one's first encounter with it.

The inhabitants of this microcosm are a cross section of humanity—a stationmaster dreaming futile dreams of promotion and spending far too much time with his backyard poultry farm; Dispatcher Hubieka, a shrewd womanizer whose successes belie his weird, coarse appearance; a girl telegrapher whose seduction by Hubieka is surely one of the great comic-erotic sequences in film history. Passing through, disturbing and repatterning the relationships of these human particles, are the outsiders—a railway supervisor who combines Nazi collaboration, pomposity and fatuity in a maddening manner; a girl from the resistance, a couple of girls with no resistance, a countess, an outraged mother, some German soldiery.

All these somewhat standard characters are particularized by Menzel's uncanny eye for the telling detail, humanized by a compassionate satire that drives the entire film. A simple listing of those present cannot begin to demonstrate his great gift for encompassing them all in his film without strain, without ever seeming to digress, without the slightest loss of dramatic tension. As with a fine novelist, it is the brilliance of his selectivity that accomplishes this. He tells us all we need to know about all his people, but never one thing more than is necessary. The result is a miracle of compression, availing itself of the economies which modern techniques offer the director but never using them, as so many do, merely because their temptation is irresistible.

Menzel handles his rapidly shifting moods with the same ease that he handles his huge cast of superb actors. He juxtaposes longing and laughter—the longing of our young hero for adulthood and the laughter of his ludicrous sexual fumblings; rationality and absurdity—the practical rationality of the Nazi collaborator versus the absurd antics which go on under his very nose in the railroad station this functionary is supposed to command with heroic efficiency.

That the director achieves all this without losing sympathy for the most befuddled or obnoxious of his characters—and the persistence of the woman-chaser and the Nazi collaborator can be almost as obnoxious as it is funny—is a measure of the warm but unsentimental humanism which is, despite his exciting technical mastery, Mr. Menzel's greatest strength. Perhaps I can best sum up the magic he works by noting that his film has a sudden and shattering end. Yet as I left the theater, my mood was one of peaceful happiness—as if I had been put in touch with man and with the world, in a way that is inexplicable but which is extremely rare in this age of dehumanized art. That a film which can stir such a response comes to us from a culture so distant from ours is a remarkable and hopeful sign.

by Richard Schickel

Good thing a LIFE Christmas gift doesn't arrive all at once.

It would never fit into the stocking.

Let's face it. A year of LIFE in a single day would be an awful lot of present. Complete coverage of every really important event that the year has in store. Enough gourmet recipes for a dozen banquets. Enough Great American Homes to create a model community. Hugh Sidey zeroing in on The Presidency 50 times over. Special features galore. Closets full of fashions for every season. Stacks of reviews—both scathing and laudatory—on the latest books and plays and movies. Not to mention a bonanza of newsworthy words and pictures from LIFE's seasoned complement of reporters and photographers and expert contributors.

In all, more than enough excitement, entertainment, and information and insight to spread over an entire year.

Which is exactly the way your gift of LIFE arrives.

It all starts with the order card attached. Just fill in the names at $6 per gift subscription and drop the card into the nearest mailbox. We'll do the rest: send off a handsome announcement card signed in your name, see to it that our double-issue on The Wild World gets there by December 25th, and keep your good wishes coming every week throughout the year. We'll even extend the option of making your payment after the holidays are over. Which brings us to another nice thing about giving LIFE to your friends.

It may not all fit into a Christmas stocking. But into a Christmas budget—that's an entirely different story.

LIFE

Make your own road with America's first wide fiber glass snow tire. More traction than any snow tire Sears ever tested.

A great winter tire. For people who want to get away from it all.

It's called the Sears Superwide.

It's the first wide fiber glass snow tire.

It has more traction than any snow tire we've ever tested.

It's guaranteed for 40 months. In writing. By Sears, Roebuck and Co.

It takes one and one-half minutes to read the rest of this ad but that's all you need to know: it's from Sears.

What makes the Superwide so super?

The tread is reinforced with two belts of fiber glass. They run under the tread, around the tire.

The fiber glass belts are strong. And flexible.

The nylon cord sidewalls are free to flex.

So the tire tread sort of unfolds itself. Like a tank tread.

It's got a wider track than any snow tire we've ever tested. As much as 26 per cent wider.

That means more traction. Better traction.

A Great Snow Job

We put the Sears Superwide through a rugged test against some of the best ordinary snow tires on the market.

We tested it in soft, deep New England snow and it got better traction.

We tested it on wet asphalt pavement and it stopped quicker than any snow tire we ever tested.

An exclusive tread design makes the Superwide run quiet.

It doesn't sound as though a semi is riding on your tail. A good snow tire should be seen and not heard.

Wide, Wide, Wide

It's a sporty-looking job with a lusty wide tread. It will fit just about any car. You don't have to own a sports model or be a race buff.

The Superwide will wear up to 100 per cent longer than ordinary snow tires.

The longer the tread life, the more traction you keep. And more puncture protection.

That's a comforting thought when you figure that about 80 per cent of all punctures occur in the last 20 per cent of tread life.

Depending on your tire size, the Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire sells for $32.87 to $43.54. Including Federal Excise Tax which is about the only thing this tire can't get out of.

Also available with studs where state law permits.

No extra charge for mounting. And No Money Down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Guaranteed by Sears for 40 months.

Sears Superwide Fiber Glass Snow Tire.

Let it snow.
Let it snow.

• • •

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear-out.

For How Long: 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less 25% allowance.

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Even if it were just one Mary, like the lady in our photograph, instead of the hundreds of people who escaped serious injury in a 1967 GM automobile, we'd consider our many years of safety research worthwhile.

We've got our specific reasons for feeling this way.

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And as you know, all of our cars have the safety of a dual master cylinder brake system, folding seat-back latches and the assurance of passenger-guard locks on every door.

And, in 1968, we've added even more: New side marker lights, parking lamps that operate with your headlights and seat belts for *every* passenger position are just some examples, on every Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac.

Mary is one of the reasons we take such pride in our mark of excellence.

She's a good reason (among many others) you should look for it on your 1968 car.

The more you look, the more our mark of excellence means.

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One Old Salt Deserves Another

'OLD BRUIN'
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
(Atlantic-Little, Brown) $12.50

Samuel Eliot Morison is the rare historian who not only steeps himself in his subject but also relives it. For his biography of Christopher Columbus he retraced in his own yacht that discoverer's voyage across the Atlantic. His classic 15-volume history of U.S. naval operations in World War II was enhanced by his own war service in the Pacific. And for this biography of Matthew Calbraith Perry, Admiral Morison traveled to Mexico, Hong Kong, Okinawa, the Bonin Islands and Japan.

Since Perry was more the sailor-diplomat than the sailor-fighter, Morison similarly restrains himself from such rousing battle scenes as he drew in his *John Paul Jones* or his memorable account of Midway. But he can still toss off the terse, colorful description: "A gun captain, seeing Capt. Jesse Elliott duck when a cannonball screeched over the quarterdeck, was so indiscreet as to burst into laughter; the Captain then beat the unfortunate man almost senseless with his speaking trumpet."

And he is still at his very best on the open sea: "Flying fish flashed silver past the foam at her bow. Puffy tradewind clouds raced her overhead, and occasionally one lashed her with rain. No throb of engines assaulted the ear; there were no sounds but the striking of the ship's bell, the creaking of spars and timbers, lines slatting against the sails, and the rush and gurgle of great waters."

Lulled by such sea sounds, the reader only slowly realizes he has read somewhat more than he needs to know about Commodore Perry. Known as "Old Matt" and "Old Hoss," as well as "Old Bruin" from his stentorian voice, Perry not only opened up Japan but also chased pirates in the Caribbean, helped found Liberia, fought in the Mexican War —not to mention his part in converting the Navy to steam and starting the Academy. Samuel Eliot Morison's narrative moves grandly, if slowly, to the climax of Perry's career in Edo (now Tokyo) Bay on an unpredictable mission he had no stomach for and had tried every means to avoid.

He had reason to. Since 1638 Japan had been locked in almost total isolation. "Nowhere else in modern times," writes Morison, "has there been such a drastic national seclusion. No foreigner could enter the country. . . . Japanese subjects were forbidden to leave home or build seagoing ships. . . . The country which within a century would build the biggest warships and tankers in the world, in 1850 had no steam engine . . . no factory in the modern sense, no telegraph, no modern firearms or fortifications other than earthworks armed with ancient cannon. And . . . the ladies and gentlemen of Japan adopted no new fashions in wearing apparel!"

Into this neverland came Perry, armed with such gifts as Audubon's *Birds of America*, baskets of champagne, a barrel of whisky, a case of arms "donated by Mr. Colt of Hartford"—all accompanied by a lengthy message from the President ending with a salutation that must have puzzled its pagan recipient: "May the Almighty have Your Imperial Majesty in His Great and Holy Keeping! Your good friend, Millard Fillmore."

The shock of Perry's *Kurofune* (Black Ships) invasion was such that the Japanese along the shores fled to the hills and the emperor's advisers were afraid to tell him of it. ("He only heard of it by accident three days later while attending a *noh* play at Edo Castle, and the news threw him into such a tizzy that he went to bed, and stayed there.") Anchoring his ships in line of battle, disdaining the guard fleet that scurried about them, Perry announced politely but firmly that he intended to deliver President Fillmore's letter to the emperor. His alternative was to "land with an armed force and deliver it in person at Edo Castle."

"There had been nothing like it," Admiral Morison reminds us, "since Columbus met the caciques of Jamaica; never again could it happen, anywhere. To realize the deep significance of this meeting, imagine an England sealed up by Henry VI and his successors for three centuries, confronting a Napoleonic landing force with armored knights, archers and footsoldiers bearing the costumes and weapons of Bosworth Field. . . . The Japanese, too, grasped the meaning of this event. . . ."

So, in the 114 subsequent years, have we all. Admiral Morison's monumental book is an eloquent reminder of how it all began.

Mr. Whipple, editor of LIFE *International, is a descendant of Abraham Whipple, first U.S. Navy commodore.*

by A.B.C. Whipple

Shown above is the Fleetwood Eldorado, the world's finest personal car; below, the popular Coupe deVille. Cadillac Motor Car Division

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Beneath the gleaming new beauty of both the standard Cadillacs and the exciting Eldorado resides motoring's greatest engine masterpiece, the all-new Cadillac 472 V-8 engine. The biggest, most powerful and smoothest power plant ever put in a production motor car is already being heralded as a truly dramatic achievement. Its responsiveness, its power for passing and its alertness must be experienced to be believed. And yet, it is so quiet and silken in its operation that the driver is scarcely aware of its existence. Drive the 1968 Cadillac soon and discover a new measure of elegance in luxury motoring. There has never been a more inviting reason for Cadillac ownership.

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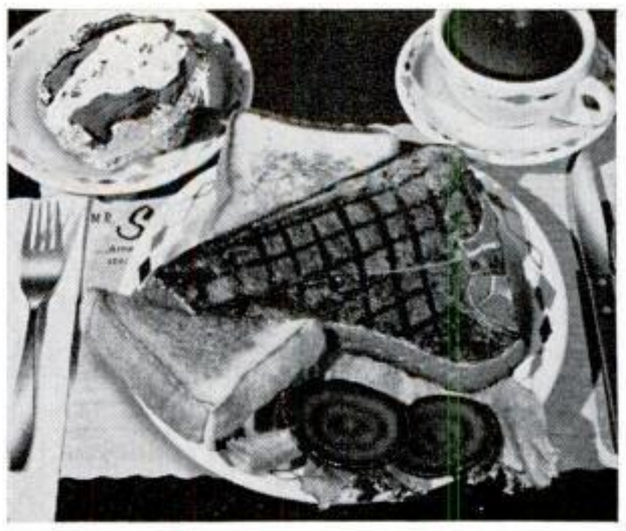
MR. STEAK

the first meal tells the difference



Behind this great steak dinner is an amazing combination of management and quality.

To thousands of families across America, MR. STEAK means great steaks and thoughtful service in an atmosphere that makes dining out a delight.

To some few select individuals, MR. STEAK means opportunity, as a MR. STEAK Associate, to own and operate – to BE MR. STEAK in their city.

The menu at a MR. STEAK is uniform across the nation. But even MORE important, the steaks which are a MR. STEAK speciality are uniform, too . . . ALL U.S.D.A. CHOICE PERFECTLY AGED CORN-FED BEEF, NATURALLY TENDER, AND CHAR-BROILED TO ORDER JUST THE WAY YOU LIKE THEM.

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There's broiled chicken on the menu. And deep fried shrimp. And hearty sandwiches like the Roast Beef Dip, the famous MR. STEAK Reuben, Hot Corned Beef or the MR. STEAK Burger, still a perfect tasting meal of U.S.D.A. CHOICE BEEF. Add soup, salads, desserts, and beverages and you have food for any mood.

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R3

A Restoration Comedy of Noses

In Italian, *rumore* means noise as well as rumor, but the rumor about noses that came my way one day was a very small noise and one which I could easily have ignored. Indeed, I did ignore it for a while, until it became too persistent and demanded my reluctant attention. The rumor was simply this: when a statue in Rome has its nose knocked off, it is the duty of the government to replace the nose promptly.

But who in the world goes around knocking noses off statues, I asked a Roman acquaintance. The Romans, he replied gravely. But why? He moved his shoulders slightly. Then it occurred to me that Romans were in the habit of dealing even more violently with certain sculptures. I thought of the chunk of stone called Pasquino behind the Palazzo Braschi close to Piazza Navona. Centuries ago this dirty, undistinguished piece of marble had represented Menelaus supporting Patroclus. Generations of aggressive citizens had battered and chipped it and reduced it to the lump it is today. And then there is the comically lecherous old man of the fountain in Via del Babuino, similarly mutilated. What about them, I asked. Nothing had ever been done about repairing them. And what about all the noseless—and armless, legless, even headless—statues one sees in the Forum, the galleries, the museums? The answer given by my acquaintance was another, more eloquent shrug. A Roman *lives* among such things, he cannot care about them. If I wanted to go into the matter, why not try the Ministero dei Lavori Pubblici?

The case for being nosy

Why not? My wife was skeptical; I was resolute. In Rome resistance can be painful and it is on the whole better to yield. You'd like to drive your car but you are a foreigner and you are appalled by the way Romans drive. Yet if you resist the idea of risking your life, you will be nagged forever by thoughts of your own cowardice. So you mutter a prayer or a curse and immerse yourself in the swift current of traffic. The word is *coraggio*. An inquiry into noses appeared no less pressing, but here the word was *pazienza*.

I could easily imagine a whole sequence of events. A carousing Roman or a gang of young rowdies knocks off a nose during the night. Next day or the day after that the damage is reported to the government by a conscientious citizen. Or possibly some functionary, an inspector of noses perhaps, making his official rounds, notes a missing nose and reports to headquarters. Just which headquarters and where, that was my business to find out.

A Fiat full of noses

I was aware that the details of the image in my mind were blurred in parts, but I had been assured of one thing: the department in charge of restoring noses kept a large stock of noses on hand. The rest was easily imagined: the Restorer of Noses, a cheerful man understandably proud of his skill, sets out in the morning in a tiny Fiat with a large box of noses and a collapsible ladder. He parks near the statue and goes to work with hammer, chisel and sandpaper. He studies the material and tries on a nose—just for size. After several fittings he finds the right nose and pastes it on. The small clamorous crowd that has gathered in the piazza or *giardino* comments on the work. Several arguments start up and become more animated as the Restorer of Noses and his Fiat vanish with a beep-beep around the corner.

It was close to 2 o'clock of a warm, sunny day when my wife and I arrived at the Ministry of Public Works near the Porta Pia to ask about the Nose Man, and the ministry's employes were dashing out of the building as if a fire raged within. It was siesta time and all Rome was jamming itself into small cars, buses and trams for rides of 20 to 25 minutes to get

CONTINUED

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R5

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Buttons crunch in a bunch. Grab a handful of this new cheese flavor that grabs you right back.

new

Pop your Buttons—pop 'em in your mouth. Munch with lunch—crunch, crunch, crunch!

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Bows are crisp as popped-up corn. Taste like pop corn tied in a Bow.

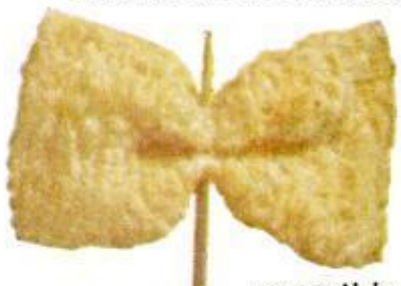
Ever see a better shape for dipping? Scoop 'em up—crunch 'em down. Tie-into Bows.

GENERAL MILLS

SNACK!

BOWS®

new



Add Bows—dress up food. Crunch up a sandwich, pretty up soup. Kicky shape, kookie taste. Go great with everything anytime, anywhere.

Tastes like popcorn, tied in a bow!

you to try 'em both.

(You'll go crazy trying to decide which one tastes better.)

The Scene / ROME

home for a plate of pasta and maybe a nap before rushing back to work.

The guard in the spacious lobby shook his head. No, he said, the place to inquire about such repairs was the Ministero della Pubblica Istruzione in Trastevere. I was disappointed. Was the restoration of a missing nose not the job of the Ministero dei Lavori Pubblici? No, *signore, il ministero* had bigger projects on its mind.

Next day, at the glass-enclosed information desk of the ministry on Viale di Trastevere, three men argumentatively decided the question of whom to see before directing us to a small office on the third floor where some men and women, students or scholars, were filling out long forms. An official detached himself from a cluttered desk and explained with a touch of asperity that we had come to the wrong place, that the restoration of noses was not the function of the Ministero della Pubblica Istruzione, that only paintings were in this jurisdiction. At the mention of noses he winced. Noses were obviously distasteful to the *ministero.* Moreover, he said, all restoration work was done according to the period involved, which meant a great variety of activity by different people, and in any case the work was secret and of such erudite intensity that questions were not welcomed. He referred us reluctantly to an office near the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli with a warning that we were likely to be turned away.

An intact nose and top hat too

As we walked down the street into Piazza Belli at the Ponte Garibaldi, I examined the statue of the poet, G. G. Belli. The bard stood high above the sidewalk and I noticed that his top hat and nose were intact. These *Romani* love Belli.

In an old building near San Pietro in Vincoli, the church in which you may see Michelangelo's *Moses* without a blemish, a male receptionist led us with a show of *cerimonia* to the office of a handsome young *dottore* who seemed suspicious of our intention. There was no Roman warmth in his manner; he was cool, professional, disdainful of noses. We had been misdirected, he said. His department restored paintings—no statues, no monuments, only *quadri.* On the way out we recognized enlarged photographs of some of the paintings damaged by the Florence flood.

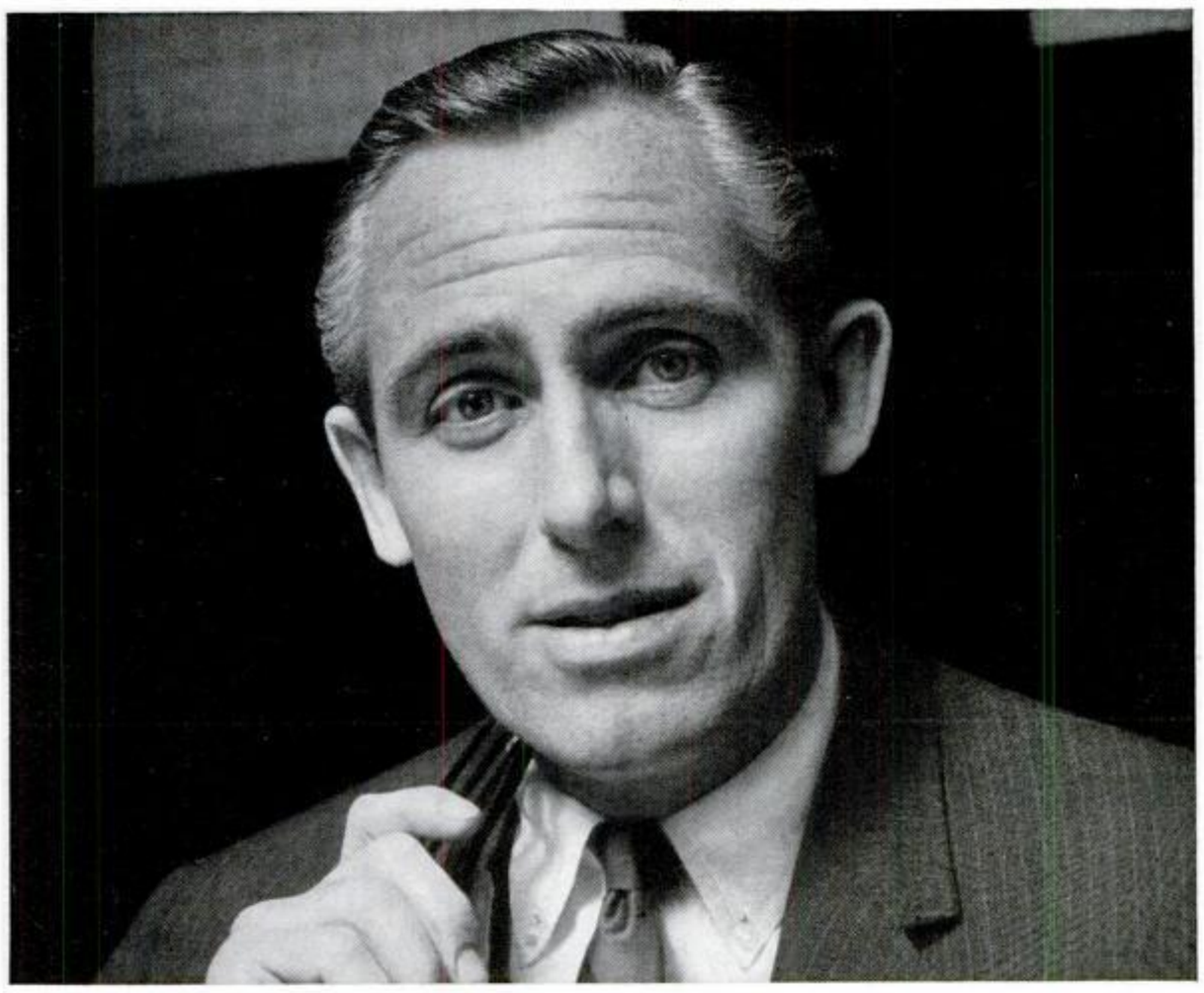
The young *dottore* had directed us to the superintendent of monuments in the Piazza S. Ignazio, not far from the Pantheon, and the following morning we presented ourselves there. The superintendent was gracious and full of information. Unfortunately, however, his office had jurisdiction only over the Colosseo, the Terme di Caracalla and a few other monuments of antiquity. Noses never came up. We might try, he mused, the *ufficio comunale.*

Even fig leaves are restored

I observed that Rodolfo Lanciani, the late 19th Century archaeologist, had written that of the 500 or 600 ancient heads discovered in his time all were noseless save a dozen or so. Yes, that was correct, the superintendent said, and those statues were still without noses in most cases. If we really wanted exact information we would have to name a particular statue and see in whose jurisdiction it lay. Of course noses still get knocked off today and if a statue officially *should* have a nose it is given a new one, but often weeks pass without a nose being knocked off. What about my man in the Fiat? The superintendent smiled. The most serious damage is repaired by private companies. And do they have stockpiles of noses? *Chi sa?* In the Borghese Gardens next day we pondered the matter. In the Villa Borghese, now a museum, we had seen statues with new noses, new heads and new fig leaves—the leaves looking orchard-fresh, as a Madison Avenue man might say.

I was brooding on these things when, upon turning her head suddenly, my wife exclaimed: "Look!" and there behind us I saw two sphinxes. I don't know why we hadn't noticed them when we sat down. They were handsome, slightly worn but quite sphingine. And each had a brand new nose.

by John Ferris



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No dust. A triple-filter system scrubs air clean. No dust blows back into room.

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Suction to spare. From a big capacity motor. With powerful twin fans. It gives you all the suction you'll ever need.

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You select the suction. For upright thoroughness on carpets or rugs. For canister versatility everywhere else.

Pick a tool. For every job. Upholstery nozzle. Floor brush. Dusting brush. Crevice cleaner. Snap one in. It's on.

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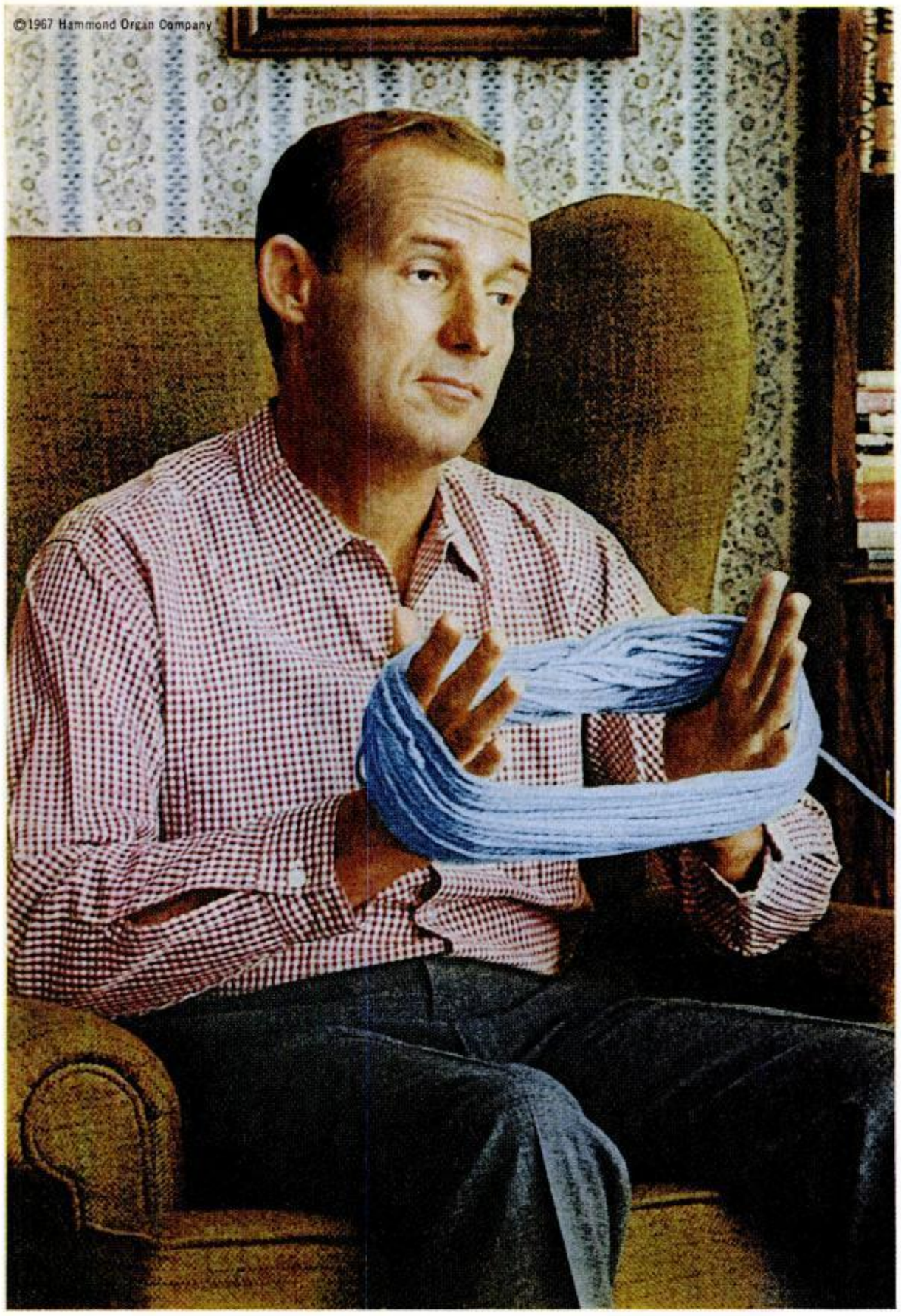
The way of all dirt. Around the motor. Not through it. It means less trouble, longer motor life.

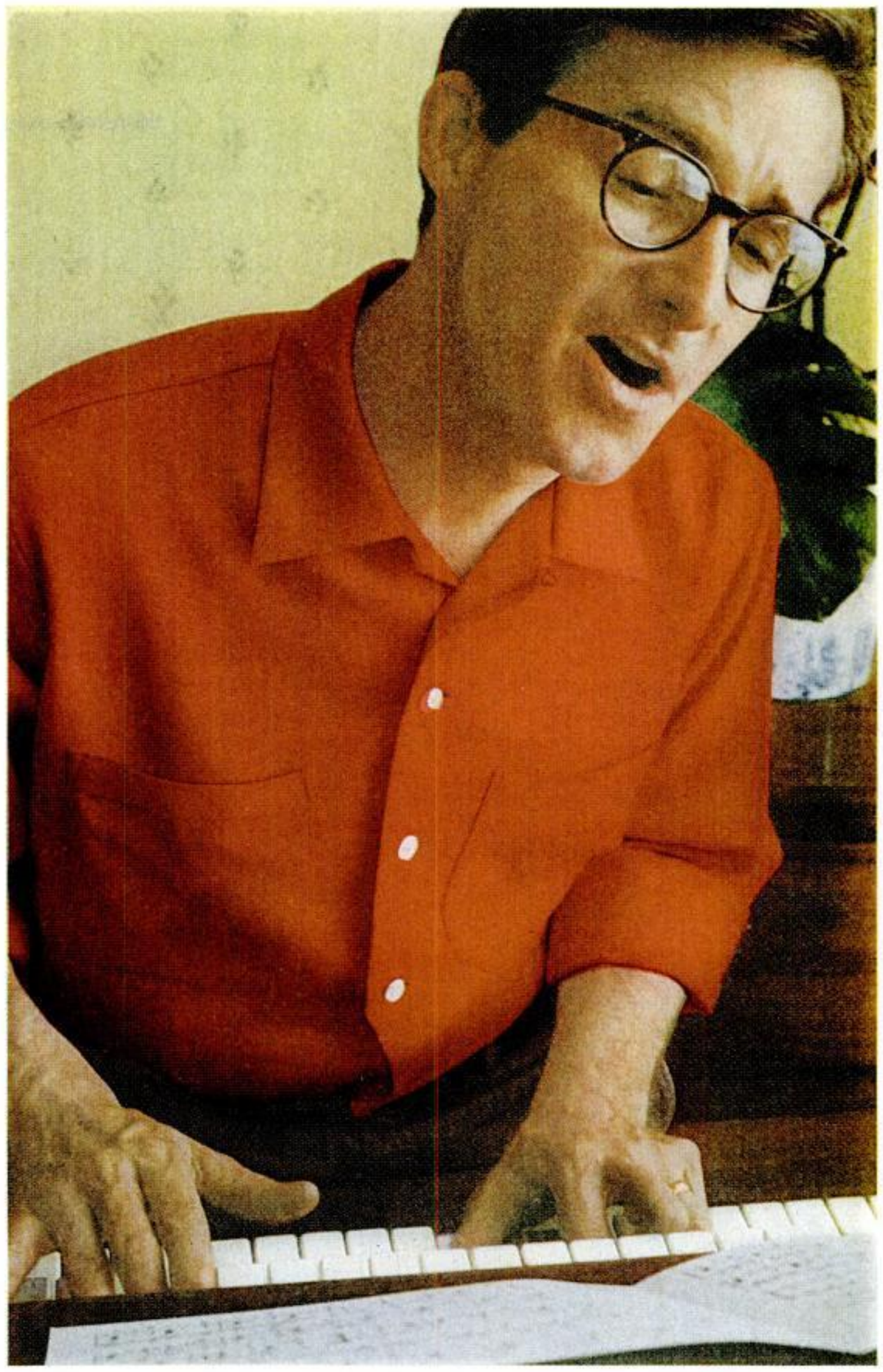
The bends. Bend it. Twist it. Tufflex Hose can take it. For years. And it's easy to use.

Plenty of reach. The telescoping wand snaps in here. (Slide it out for high places. Get it only from Hoover.)

Be fussy. Hoover is. About every part. In every cleaner. That's what makes a Hoover a Hoover. Don't you think it's time you had one?



Tonight Dex Cooper will thumb through the mail, send away for some birdhouse plans and help his wife wind up a ball of yarn.



Jim Arthur will unwind with the Hammond Organ, Bach, and a bit of Brahms.

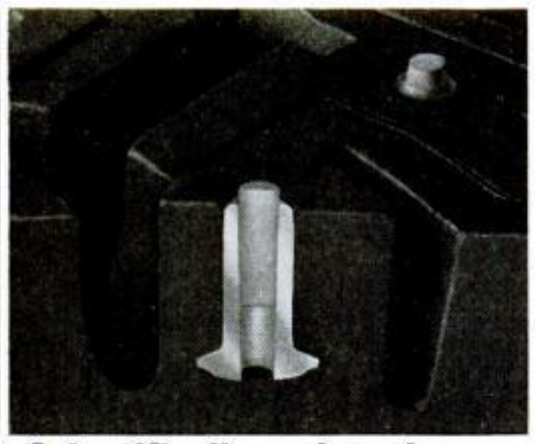
What are you doing tonight?

This Hammond Organ will never get out of tune. Not for generations. The reason? Its clear strong voice comes not from strings (like pianos) or pipes or reeds (like other organs) but from unique (and almost indestructible) steel wheels. If you're looking for an instrument that never needs tuning, ask your Hammond Organ dealer to show you how easy it is to own and play a Hammond. Suggested prices begin at $595.

HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY
DIVISION OF HAMMOND CORPORATION

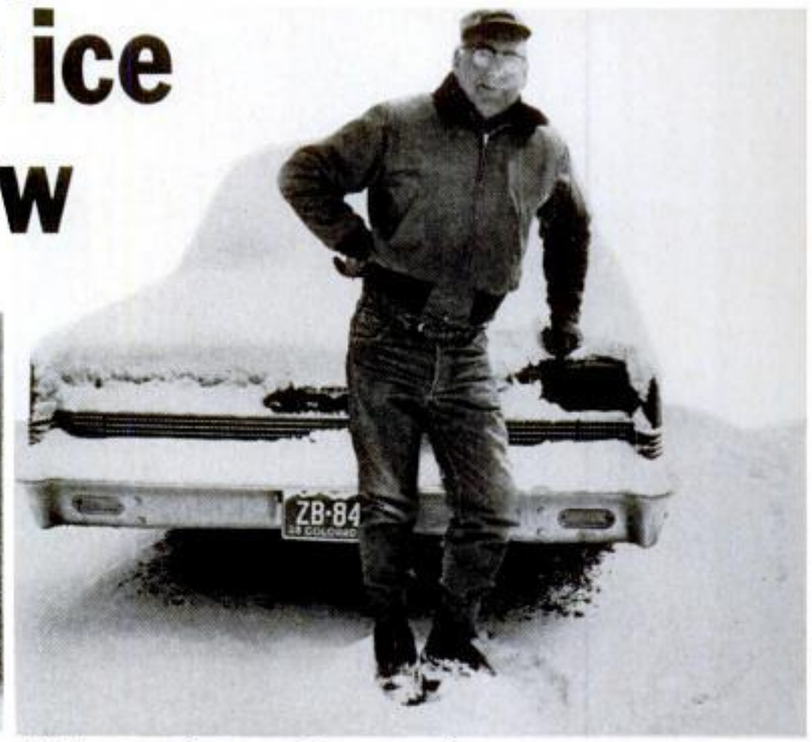
Goodyear Suburbanite Safety Spike tires give up to twice the traction on ice and make their own road in snow

A Safety Spike looks like this.
Tungsten metal studs like this one are securely anchored into the newest Suburbanite Vytacord tire. They bite into the snow and ice to give you up to twice the traction of ordinary winter tires on glare ice.



Scientifically anchored.
Safety Spike metal studs are scientifically spaced in the cleats for optimum traction. The cleats have more than 4,300 traction edges to dig into snow. And the body of the newest tire is built with Vytacord, Goodyear's exclusive polyester cord, for a smoother ride on dry roads.

Proved on roads like this.
Fraser, Colorado—"the icebox of the nation"—where it snows up to 20 feet a year. We put new Safety Spike tires on every wheel of every car in town to prove they could lick any winter driving problem. Anywhere.



This man knows they work.
"A lot more grip, a lot more braking power on ice," says Carl Schimek, carpenter, Fraser, Colorado. Drive safely this winter on new Suburbanite Safety Spike tires. See your nearby Goodyear man.

GOODYEAR

The Safety Minded Company

Suburbanite, Safety Spike, Vytacord—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Use of metal studded tires is prohibited in 8 southern states.

ROYALWEVE CARPETS
in the private world of Robert Taylor

Ursula Taylor knows the individual tastes of husband Robert Taylor better than anyone, and she decorates their spacious ranch home accordingly. The family room is a sportsman's haven of leather and trophies. The room is strikingly masculine, yet it expresses friendly warmth because Ursula chose Shagrila carpeting by Royalweve. Its tousled, windblown texture is incomparably right for today's casual living, so deep and heavy it is the ultimate in luxury. Rightfully, Shagrila is America's most popular shag — in 29 California solid colors and multi-tones. As a decoratively right companion to Shagrila, Ursula selected a new Royalweve superplush carpet for her dining room — Royal Sonata in superb Kodel® polyester fiber. These two fabrics are among the many reasons why Royalweve is the nation's style leader in carpeting. Better see your Royalweve dealer soon!

Royalweve
Tufted Carpets
CALIFORNIA CREATED
MAND CARPET MILLS

ROYALWEVE CARPETS

Mand Carpet Mills, 2310 East 52nd Street, Los Angeles, California 90058
Manufacturers of Quality Tufted Residential and Commercial Carpets

If product or performance defective • Good Housekeeping • guarantees replacement or refund to consumer

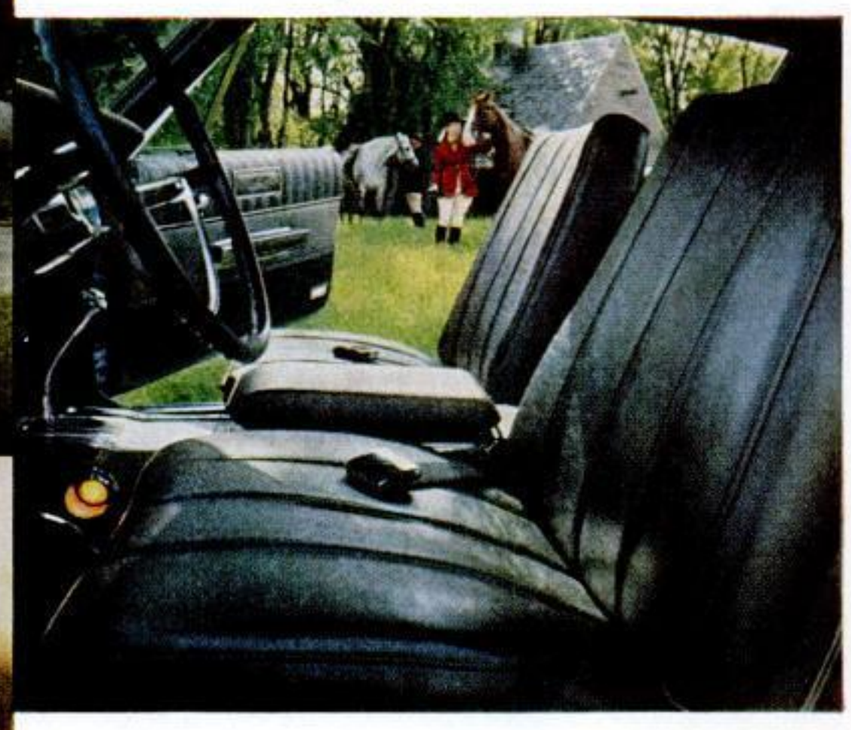
Drive safely. It's also contagious.

Dodge

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

When a car is this luxurious, it deserves a closer look.

If you want the inside story...



Congratulations. You've got

DODGE fever

'68 Monaco. The luxury you long for at a price you can live with.

Let your sense of well-being respond to a really luxurious car. A car that's longer, steadier, and more comfortable. A car whose optional equipment list is a little short . . . because its standard equipment list is so long.

Monaco 500, shown above, includes a 383-cubic-inch V8, your choice of 3-speed automatic or full synchromesh 4-speed manual transmission, full-foam-padded bucket seats with fold-down center armrest, cornering lights, electric clock, deluxe wheel covers, glove box and trunk lights, a map and courtesy light, and more than twenty reassuring safety features . . . all at no extra cost.

And Monaco offers so many options you can make yours just as luxurious as you want. Options like air conditioning with automatic control that will maintain a constant temperature (just set it and forget it), and a combination radio and stereo tape player that has three speakers instead of two, make Monaco a car you'll want. See your Dodge Dealer. Take a closer look at Monaco for '68. But watch it. That's how people catch Dodge Fever.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Your editorial ("The Case for Bombing Pause Number 7," Oct. 20) covers in an unbiased and thorough way all arguments pro and con. It is neither dovish nor hawkish, but it is absolutely convincing.

LUDWIG L. REGENSTEINER
Cranston, R.I.

Sirs:

Your courageous decision could impart some sobriety to a committed Administration drunkenly reeling down the wrong road of history.

CARL WICKUM
Rockville, Md.

Sirs:

The action you propose makes sense. The arguments you advance, however, indicate why the previous six bombing pauses may have failed. You imply that the chief purpose of halting bombing would be to close ranks at home and placate our allies abroad—in preparation for possible escalation if bombing resumes. In view of the odd coincidence of peace offensives and subsequent intensification of the war, this must have a familiar ring to Hanoi.

DAVID TYACK
Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

Number 7! How long does it take for you to learn?

E. R. JACKSON
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I'm sorry to see LIFE fall victim to the anti-Vietnam campaign, even in a small way. The hope that our dissatisfied allies will rally round if we put on another demonstration for them is an egghead type of unrealism. Critics are quick to pat us on the back when we do as they say—but only as long as we do what they say. Suppose we do have Pause Number 7 and it comes to nothing—what will the pressure be then? I venture it will not be to resume bombing. I lived through this type of thinking 20 years ago in China and it was responsible for *all* our subsequent problems in the Far East without exception—Korea, Vietnam, and an irresponsible enemy armed with the atomic bomb.

JOHN R. BEAL
Rockcliffe Park, Ont.

Sirs:

A further step on another front should accompany the "pause." The assumption is widespread, disseminated by advocates of American withdrawal from Vietnam, that most if not all non-Communist Asian nations resent the United States "presence" in their area. It is high time that this misapprehension be scotched by the only voices which can disavow it convincingly—spokesmen for the non-Communist Asian nations themselves.

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN
Princeton, N.J.

PRISONERS OF WAR

Sirs:

I can see why a couple of East German reporters might not know how to read an American face ("U.S. Prisoners in North Vietnam," Oct. 20). They don't see many. But what American can look at these pictures and not know what he is seeing? These are the faces of abused men.

JEUNE B. KIRMSER
Manhattan, Kan.

Sirs:

The pictures and report by a team of East German journalists show "kind" and "humane" treatment of the Americans by the North Vietnamese.

However . . . where was the "kind" and "humane" treatment for Lt. Dieter Dengler? He was tortured, forcemarched for two weeks and, along with six other U.S. fliers, kept in a squalid stockade and almost starved to death.

RONALD EDWARD MARTIN
Morton, Ill.

▶After six months of torture and imprisonment, Lt. (j.g.) Dieter Dengler escaped from North Vietnam, the first captured airman to do so. He is on active flying duty again.—ED.

Sirs:

I wouldn't wish one week in an Asiatic prison camp on a rabid dog. I was a PW of the Japs after Corregidor and Bataan.

BOB PIPER
Sugar Grove, Ohio

STUDENT POWER

Sirs:

There are those students, serious and concerned over problems of American college life today, who are already aware that groups like the National Student Association eventually fall into the hands of crackpots ("Now It's Student Power," Oct. 20). These students will have their jobs made doubly difficult for them in achieving any progress because of the souring influence of the National Student Association.

MRS. ERNESTINE WINGO
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:

I am just about to re-enter college for graduate study. I want peace and quiet to pursue my studies. It is up to me to get the most out of what the school offers. College administrations and accrediting boards have plenty of power of their own. Will they formulate their own plans and carry them through for the protection of serious students like me? Or will they wait for the threatened upheavals to take place, then compound their defeat by obeying the students?

MARGARET GWATHMEY
Belvedere, Calif.

Sirs:

National Student Association President Edward Schwartz states that "the student is the only qualified judge of a good teacher."

What is "the" student? *Any* student? Only the mature, intelligent, objective student can be *a* "qualified judge of a good teacher." And how many such students does one find on the typical college or university campus?

MRS. J. K. LANE
Newberg, Ore.

MIDDLE EAST

Sirs:

You are to be congratulated for compressing a century of European political maneuvering in the Middle East—and the impact thereon—into a short, accurate and amazingly unemotional series. (LIFE, Oct. 6, 13, 20).

LAURA KENNEDY
Houston, Texas

Sirs:

The most interesting three-part series by Edward Kern has served to bring before the average American some measure of understanding of what it is all about and why the Arabs are so bitter and hard to deal with. After what the Turks, the British, the French and the Zionists did to them, is it anything to wonder at?

THOMAS M. MCQUISTON
Vero Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

I visited Palestine after World War II and maintained close contacts with people in this area during the period of the creation of Israel, and I am better qualified than most Americans to judge that this is an unbiased factual account ("Storm Center on the New Map: Israel," Oct. 20).

Few Americans know the true story, either because they are apathetic or because they are so emotionally involved on one side of the issue.

ELIZABETH ZEIGLER
Jacksonville, Ill.

Sirs:

As I read through Mr. Kern's "historic realities," I got the impression that his research had the prodding of a member of the Arab League rather than the objective reporting espoused by LIFE.

HERMAN DONCHIN
Jersey City, N.J.

Sirs:

The description of the "Zionist terrorists" is extremely unfair and one-sided. It fails to show in proper perspective the intolerable pressure brought upon them not only by the Arab terrorists, but especially by the English officials in Palestine, who did their best to hamper the Jews and to bolster the Arabs.

RUDOLPH B. JACOBY
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

The trouble with the Arabs is not Western civilization or domination of the Middle East; on the contrary, this only helped improve their miserable lot. Their real troubles lie in the myth of "Arab world" and "Arab nationalism"—terms that never existed as a homogeneous concept historically, ethnically, religiously or politically in the Middle East or even North Africa. This myth, developed by feudal lords in Syria and Iraq in the 1920s and 1930s, exploited by the British in the 1940s (when they helped create the "Arab League"), and used by Gamal Abdel Nasser in the 1950s and 1960s, is the source and cause of the whole Middle East mess.

ALAN E. SHAMEER
New York, N.Y.

IN LIFE NEXT WEEK

An Indiana Renaissance

A small city remakes itself and becomes a showplace of modern architecture

GREAT DINNERS
The pig
is a new and
different animal—
and so is
ROAST PORK

The Credibility Gap Between Generations

The kids know what's wrong but parents aren't getting the message

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Since we are able to answer inquiries by telephone, in many areas, please note your telephone number below.

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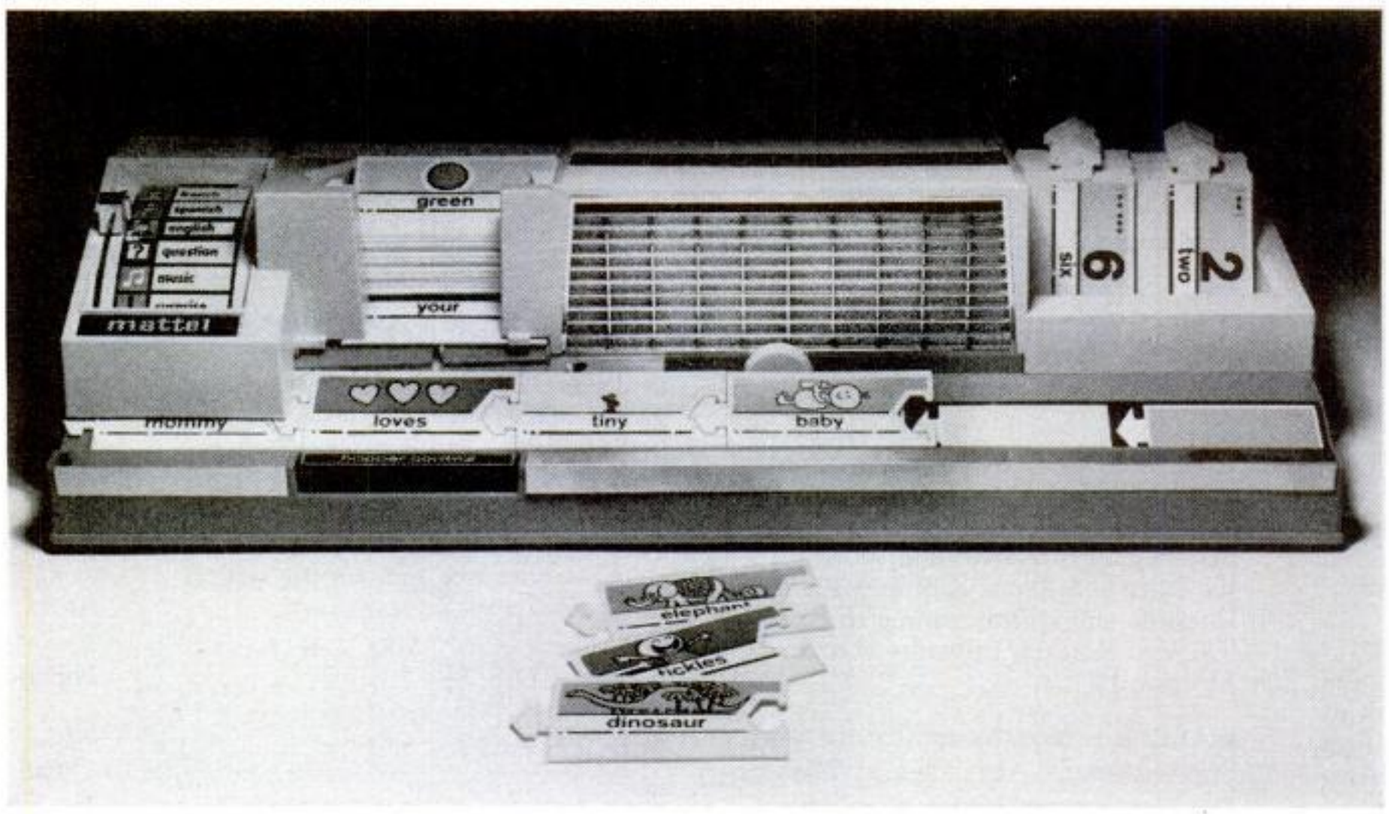
Mattel introduces:

The Talking Learning Machine

It talks to your child in English, French, Spanish. Asks questions, and answers them. Plays music. And helps your child discover the fun of learning. It's called The Talking Learning Machine.



How does it work? It's no mystery really. The Talking Learning Machine plays Talking Tiles. There are 36 of these tiles, each with two playing sides. There are six different sound tracks on each side: English, French, Spanish, Question, Music and Surprise Sound.

For example, the tile pictured says a word in English (*mommy*), the same word in French (*maman*), and in Spanish (*mamacita*). It asks a question (who am I?), and gives the answer. It even plays a musical phrase, and a surprise sound.

Children choose the track they want to hear (on one tile, or a group of Talking Tiles) by moving a pointer on the machine (*see below*). There's a convenient volume control, too.

Finally, The Talking Learning Machine is built to last. It's sturdy, durable, and fully transistorized.

Listening and laughing.

Talking Tiles are fun just to listen to (there are 432 different sound tracks to hear), and that's the first way children play

with them. But at the same time they're having fun, children are learning to associate sounds with pictures and printed words.

Having fun making music.

Children can link Talking Tiles together to hear complete songs. (Or to make songs up.) The Talking Learning Machine will play *Mary Had A Little Lamb, A Tisket A Tasket* and many other songs children love.

Games to play.

For more advanced play, there are Learning Games. Your child might need your help to start with, but soon he'll master each game himself, and have fun by the hour playing them alone, or with friends.

One game shows children how words go together. In another game, children link Talking Tiles into sentences, then try to decide whether each sentence makes sense or nonsense. (For example, the tiles might say *Mommy loves tiny baby* or *Elephant tickles red frog.*) Still other games point out both the differences and the similarities between English, French, Spanish.

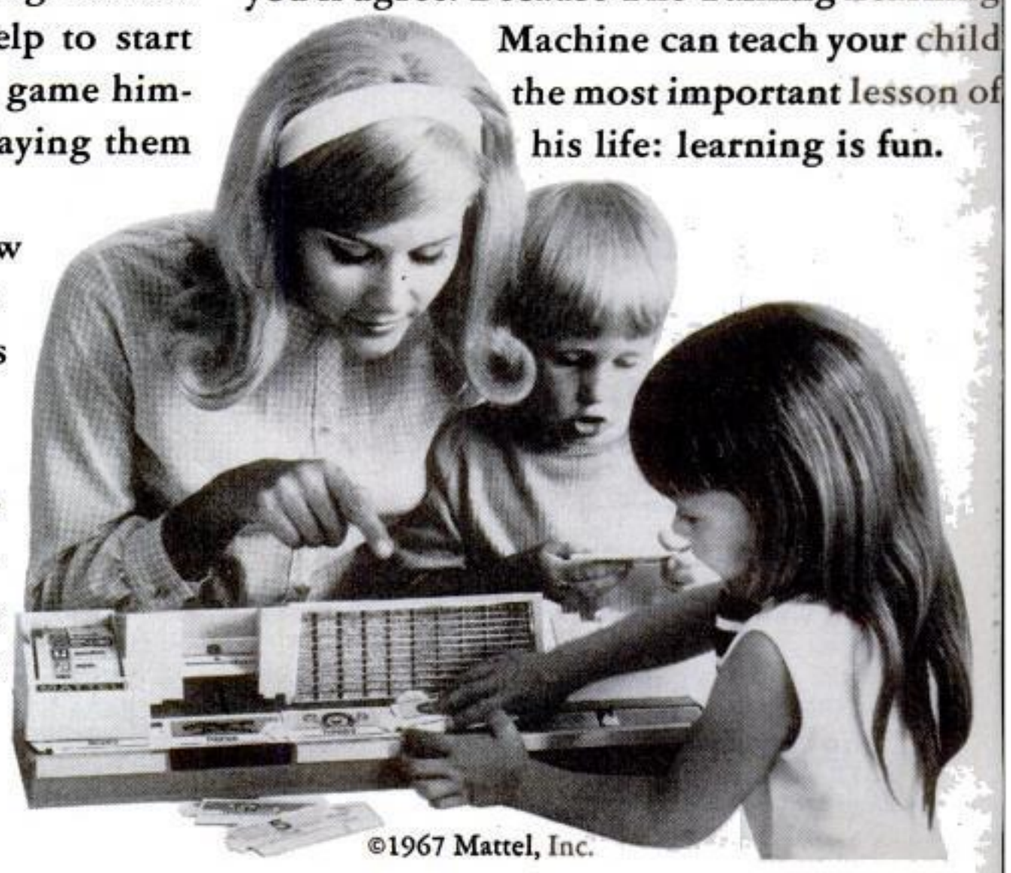
A sense of accomplishment.

The Talking Learning Machine gives children a sense of accomplishment that starts with making the tiles talk, and grows as children discover new ways to play and learn.

Brighten and broaden your child's world—with The Talking Learning Machine.

You'll find The Talking Learning Machine on display now, at fine stores everywhere. (Along with two accessory sets of Talking Tiles that are also available: One to help your child learn the alphabet, another to introduce him to numbers, geometric forms, and colors.)

We think this remarkable new product can make a uniquely valuable Christmas gift. And we think once you've seen and heard it, you'll agree. Because The Talking Learning Machine can teach your child the most important lesson of his life: learning is fun.



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We'll pay you to live.

There is no such thing as a life insurance policy that doesn't pay the benefit if you die. And in that respect, we have just another policy. We pay the benefit if you die.

But that's only half of what Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance does.

With the same policy we'll also pay you if you live. We will pay you every cent you ever put into your insurance policy. And there is a very good chance that we'll pay you quite a bit more.

We think Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance is the most sensible idea around. After all, people are living longer than ever. But you can't imagine how sad it is to watch a man retire on nothing but Social Security and the sympathy of a son or daughter.

Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance helps make your old age a graceful period of doing the things you want to do with the time and money to do them right. See your Travelers Man.

Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance.

THE VIEW FROM HERE / **Loudon Wainwright**

Invitation to instant bliss

The little man in the white silk robe plucked tenderly at a petal of the yellow rose he held in his lap. "It is delightful," he said, smiling. "It is tremendous," he went on, grinning broadly. "It is unbelievable!" he concluded. Then his bearded head rocked back, and he laughed. A hard, hearty cackle that was an irresistible invitation to join him in a huge joke—even if one was not at all sure what the joke was.

Whatever the source of his mirth, whether it springs from his understanding of some sublime, specific truths or from his recognition of the idiocy of mankind in general, the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, a tirelessly itinerant guru from the Himalayas, laughs often. With his grayish-white beard, mustache and long, dark, stringy hair, he sits cross-legged on his deer hide and chirps pleasantly from time to time as he delivers a point he considers of special importance. His brown eyes, except at moments when they darken with impatience at some member of the adoring group around him, positively glitter with good humor, and they should.

As gurus go, the Maharishi—his title means Great Sage—is riding very high these days, and his creed of transcendental meditation not only tickles him into expressions of delighted incredulity but it also has captured the lively imaginations of some surprising converts. The actresses Shirley MacLaine and Mia Farrow are fascinated, and the Beatles, who got on to him last summer, have humbly removed their shoes for the Maharishi in England and Wales and are currently considering a full-scale pilgrimage to a bliss academy the Maharishi presides over near Delhi, India. However steadfast the Beatles' faith remains (and it has caused them publicly to forswear the benefits of such chemical insight-inducers as LSD), it has already given the Maharishi a powerful boost among young people around the Western world, and it will surely increase the membership in his meditative society, which now consists of about 100,000 people in organized chapters in 35 countries.

When I visited the Maharishi, he was in the middle of a flower-storming tour of West Germany and the Scandinavian countries. Before I saw him, I had made some effort to get a crude understanding of his teaching, and it seemed astonishingly—perhaps ridiculously—simple in outline and purpose. In the first place, transcendental meditation, according to a booklet published by the Maharishi's disciples, can be learned by anyone in normal health. In this form of meditation, the booklet reads, a man "can make daily contact with the deepest aspect of his own being . . . without any effort or concentration." To qualify as a meditator, a prospective convert needs no preparation, no intellectual background and—now this is the kicker for anyone who has ever worried about sin—it requires no repudiation of the past and no promises to behave in the future. By meditating for one half hour morning and night, one is said to be able to achieve a deep understanding of the self, and a growing happiness, sense of well-being and success. The Maharishi's conviction about his technique is absolute; he thinks that its wide dissemination could utterly change the world and, in fact, leave it without problems.

Now, I'm as ardent a seeker for the trouble-free world as the next fellow, and I would willingly submit to any guru who could show me where and how to find it. The Maharishi seemed to me from a distance to be an entirely benign figure, and I went closer to find out if, behind that benignity, there lurked something more for me.

On the first occasion I saw him he was describing the joys of family meditation to members of the Stockholm press. "What a happy thing the family becomes through meditation," he said in his high voice, "for just a few moments night and morning." I tried to imagine such sessions in my own house and was in trouble right away. What is transcendental meditation, someone asked. How did it work? "It is the transference of attention from the gross state of thought to the subtle state of thought until the source of thought is reached and the mind transcends the source," the Maharishi replied. I reeled slightly, and the Maharishi went on: "The nature of outer life is activity. Inner life is all silent and quiet. At this quiet end is absolute being, non-changing, transcendental bliss. Being is bliss-consciousness. Life without the conscious basis of being is like a ship without a rudder." With his simile my already-swamped mind sank without a trace.

Somewhat recovered later, I had a private audience with the Maharishi and tried to increase my comprehension of his message. "It's not my job to be wise," he said, peeking into his yellow rose. "It's so very simple. They keep telling me I must make it complicated so that people will think I'm saying something important." He shook with laughter. "Here's a headline for you," he said, gasping in amusement. " 'Life free from problems, suggests the Yogi,' " he howled, slapping his silk-covered knee. We talked then of truly simple matters, like his lecture audiences in Europe (full houses everywhere) and the cost for enrollment in a meditation course (one week's pay is the usual figure, and a husband and wife can both study for a single fee).

I had heard that the key to the Maharishi's method involved the selection of a sound or a syllable for each person to use in his meditation, and I asked about this. "I have mechanized the whole thing," the Maharishi said. "Think of blood specimens. As specimens may vary, so may the proper syllable or sound for a person. It should resonate to the pulse of his thought and, as it resonates, create an increasingly soothing influence." How did one arrive at the right syllable, I asked. "A skilled teacher can do it easily by asking questions," he said, "about the person's health, feelings, education, profession, marital status." He began to smile again. "But it is important," he said, "that one should keep his own sound a secret. There are just so many sounds, and if you hear that your sound is unlike your respected friend's or is the same sound given to a man you don't care for, what will you think then?" At that, the Maharishi broke up.

When I excused myself so that the Maharishi could get a brief rest before his lecture, he had still resisted my tacit invitation to tell me my sound. But he had given me his rose, a gift I had never received before and one I accepted with real pleasure. As for the sound, perhaps he didn't feel he knew me well enough to make such a vital judgment. If I were guessing, I would guess it lay somewhere between a *h-m-m-m-m* and an o-o-o-o-h.

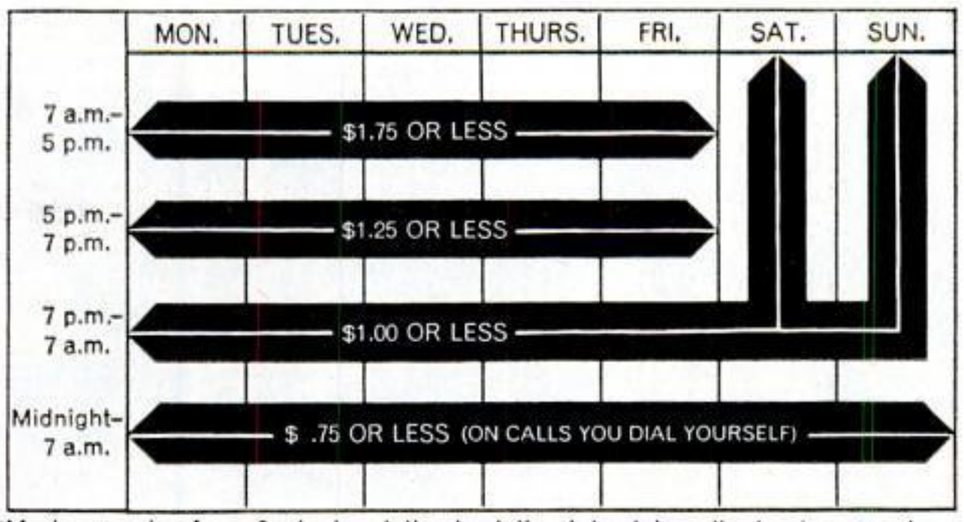
$1.00 or less

■ The rate of $1 or less now applies *all day Saturday as well as all day Sunday.* There's a new family time special for Long Distance. The low rate of $1 or less, plus tax, is in effect all day Saturday and Sunday, for a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska). ■ The $1 rate goes into effect earlier every week-night, too. Now, starting at 7 p.m. every night, you can make a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) for $1 or less, plus tax. ■ There's a new rate that's in effect from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Friday. During these hours you can call for $1.75 or less*. ■ And on Monday through Friday, between the hours of 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., you can now make a Long Distance call for $1.25 or less*.

Now many interstate Long Distance calls cost you less.

Most Long Distance rates have just gone down, making calling a bigger bargain than ever. Rates for some interstate calls up to 24 miles will be increased 5¢. Overall, the new rates represent the twenty-second major reduction since coast-to-coast service began in 1915. They are a good example of how improvements in technology and operating economies have been passed on to you.

Here are the new Long Distance rates and hours. Clip and keep handy.



*Maximum rates for a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call, plus tax, anywhere in the continental U.S., except Alaska. The 75¢-or-less rate only applies to station-to-station calls dialed directly from midnight to 7 a.m.

AT&T and Associated Companies

For 75¢ you can dial your own coast-to-coast calls every night between midnight and 7 a.m. It's our new midnight-to-7 a.m. special. During these hours you can make a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) for 75¢ or less, plus tax. This rate only applies to station-to-station calls dialed directly.

75¢ or less

LIFE

Vol. 63, No. 19 Nov. 10, 1967

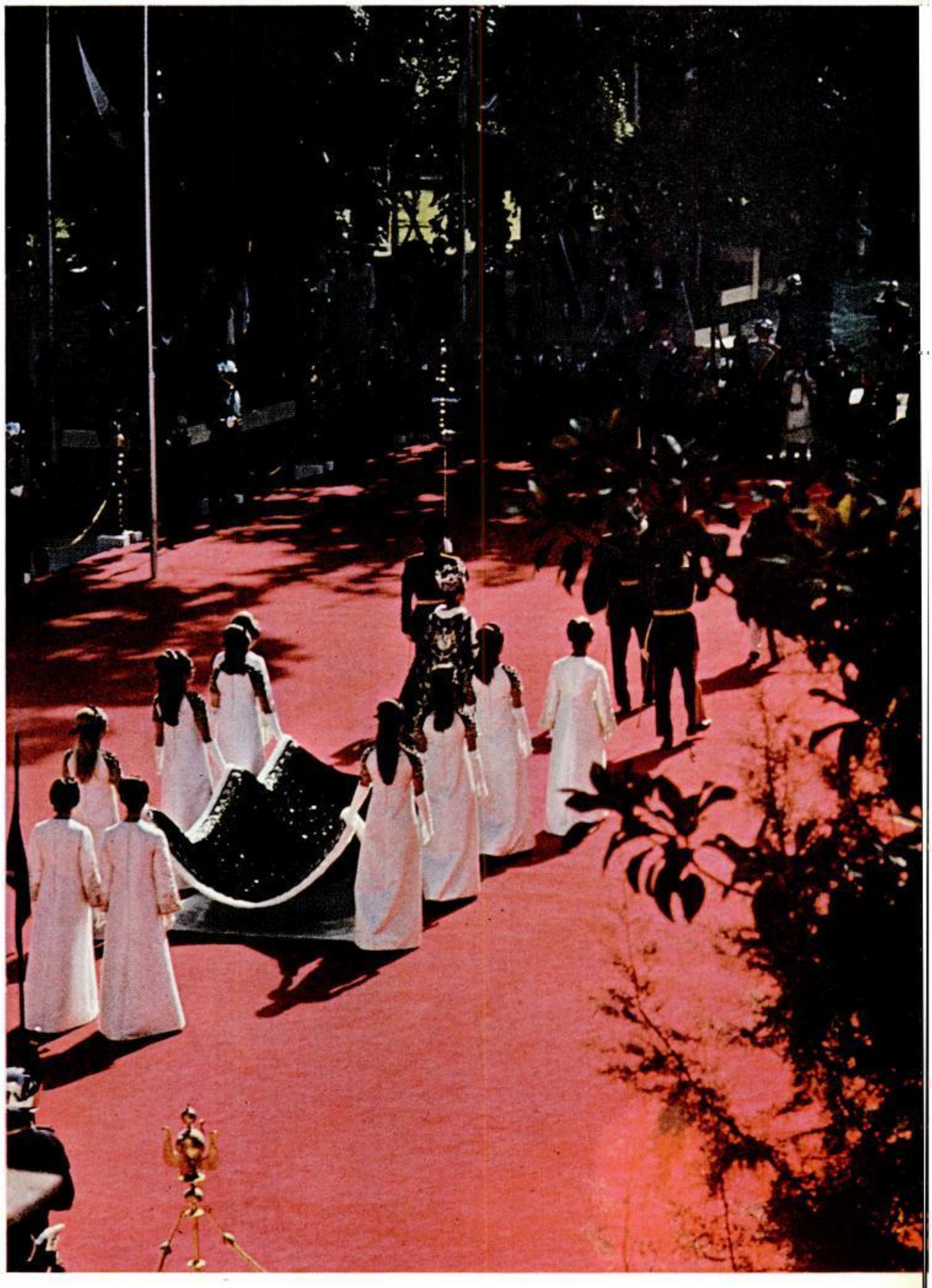
Iran is an ancient land, and austere. Yet in choosing to crown himself amid stately splendor, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi had a purpose which gave point to the opulence. He is firmly committed—and so are his 26 million subjects—to the proposition that prosperity for Iran depends upon the continued majesty and authority of the 2,500-year-old Persian monarchy. Thus he had delayed his own coronation for 26 years, until his 48th birthday, in order to stabilize his regime and to thrust his country effectively into the modern world through a series of important reforms. He also crowned his young Empress and showed off his six-year-old heir to stress his faith in the dynasty's future. Even the two crowns and the seven-foot Peacock Throne were reminders of the regal pragmatism—their jewels back up much of Iran's currency.

In Iran A Crown Well Earned

Standing in front of the Peacock Throne in Tehran's Golestan Palace, the Shah of Iran begins the coronation ritual (above). He places on his own head the 10,400-carat crown that was first made for the coronation of his father, Reza Shah Pahlevi, whom the British forced to abdicate in 1941. Then, seated on the throne—which is covered with 26,733 jewels—and holding the gold royal scepter (far left), the Shah waits while his 29-year-old wife moves forward. She is attended by six maids of honor who arrange the 20-foot-long green train trailing from her white gown. After she kneels (left), the Shah places on her high-piled coiffure a new crown fashioned in Paris from the royal jewels—and Farah becomes first Empress in Iran's history.

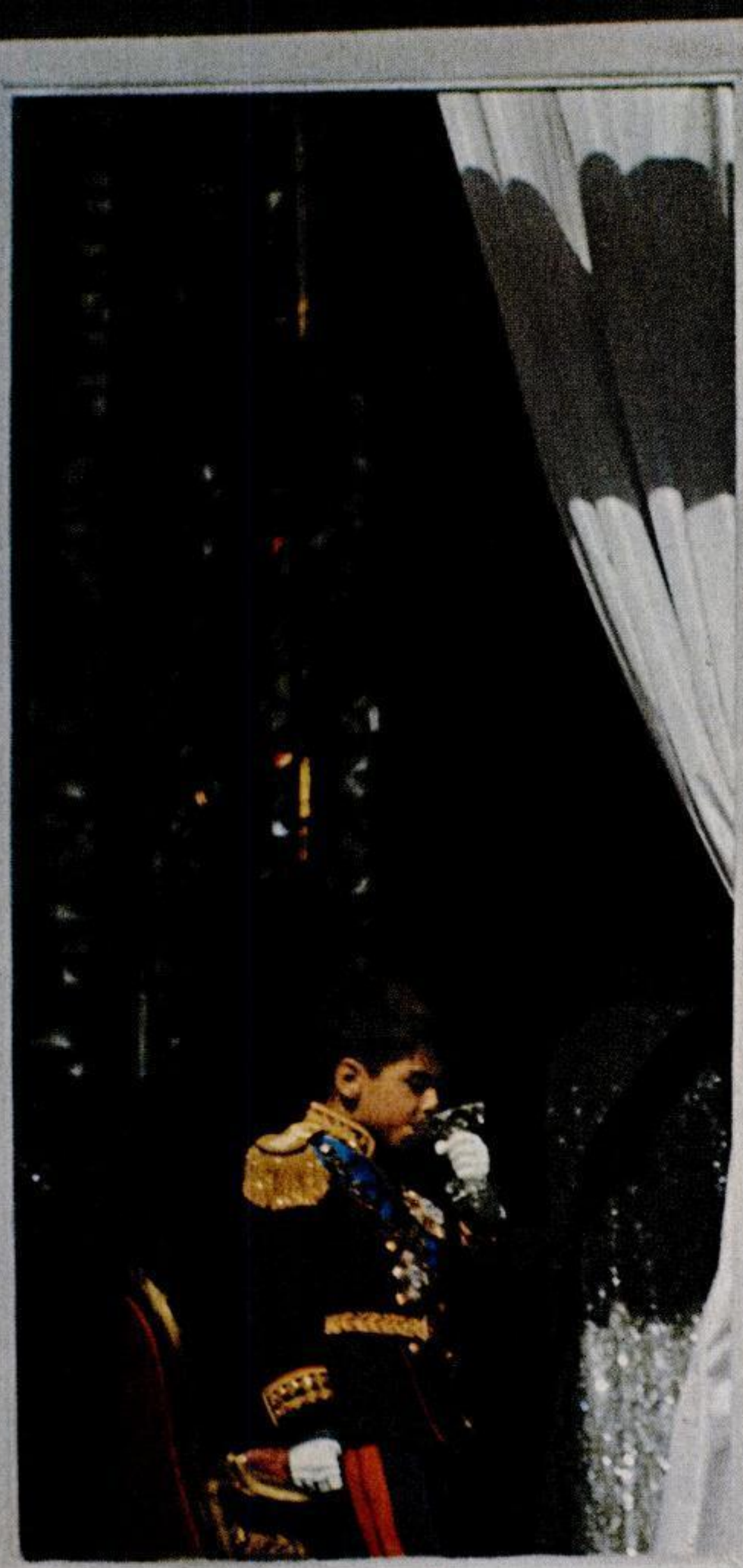
Leaving palace after the ceremony (left and below), Empress Farah—who was a commoner when she met the Shah in Paris—wears her new crown radiantly. In the palace courtyard (right and below right), past furled red, green and white Iranian flags, she moves with her entourage in stately procession across red carpet to the applause of 5,000 guests.

Radiant sight of the first Empress

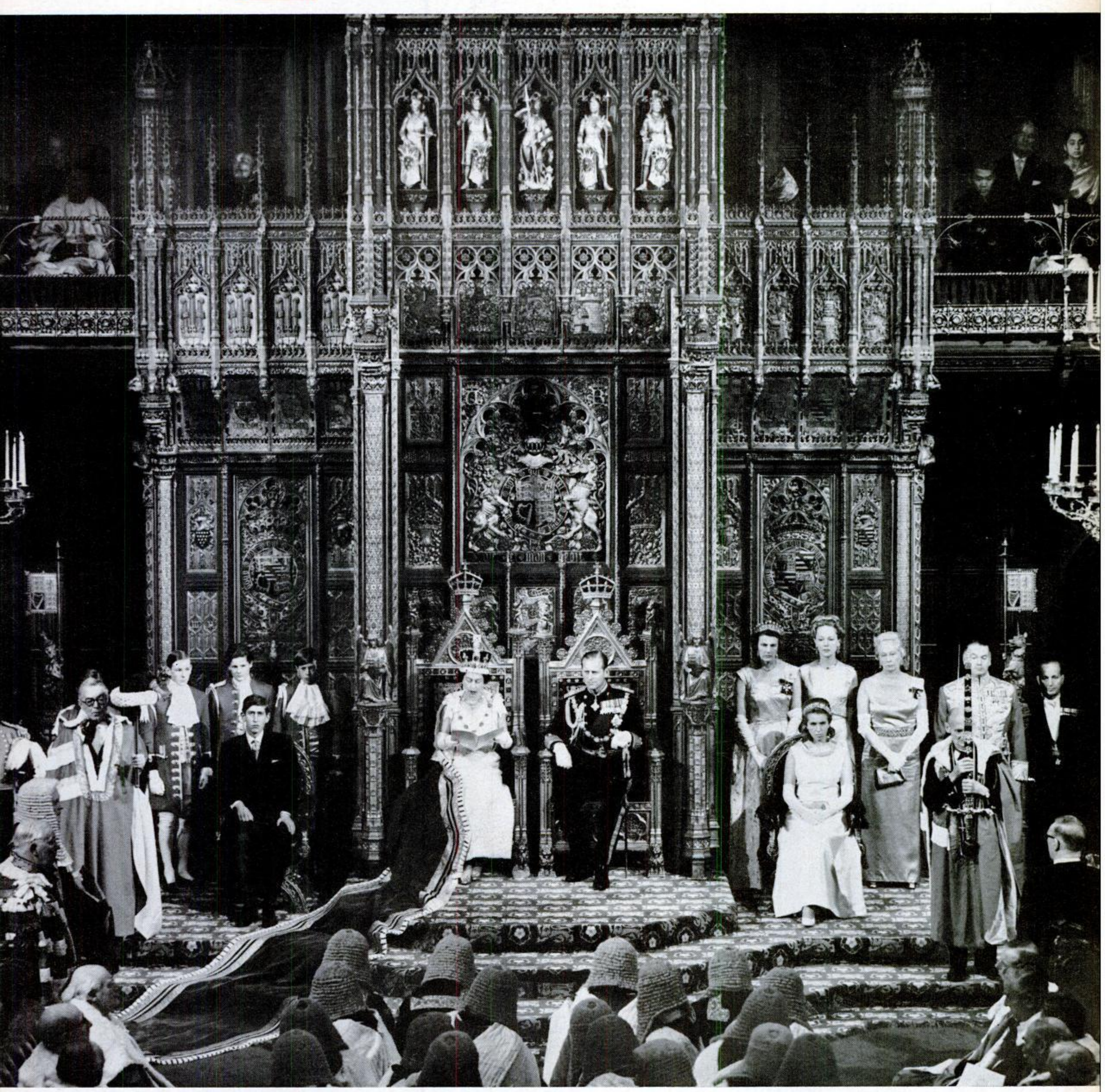


A cadence for the heir to the crown

Seated on a scaled-down gold throne (above), Crown Prince Reza pays grave attention to the coronation of his parents. Then, soldierly in his cadet uniform, he marches in procession (right) to the whispered cadence of a military aide. Later, still unsmiling (far right), the boy who expects someday to inherit the throne sips from a champagne glass at a banquet in the Marble Palace, where royal family makes its home.




SANCTORUM IMAGINEM VERONICAE SUDARIO EXCEPTAM
VT LOCI MAIESTAS DECENTER CVSTODIRET
IOANNES VIII PONTIFEX MAXIMVS PORTICVM PETRI EXORNAVIT
ANNO IVBILAEI MDCCXXV



In Rome and London, the cadence of two other events of pomp and pageantry

The East is not alone in its pageantry nor in the sanctity of its traditions. Before the baroque swirls of the Bernini altar and Mocchi's statue of Veronica in St. Peter's Basilica in Rome (*left*), Pope Paul VI, scheduled to be operated upon, embraced Athenagoras I, spiritual leader of the Eastern Orthodox Church. It was the first time an Eastern Orthodox Patriarch had come to Rome. Though no specific steps were taken toward uniting the two sects, the Patriarch set the tone in his greeting to the Pope: "We come to your holiness," he said, "as a brother toward a brother."

Queen Elizabeth II of England came to the elegant chamber of Britain's House of Lords as a bearer of unsettling tidings for her bewigged listeners. Seated on her throne, she read a speech, written by Prime Minister Harold Wilson, calling for changes limiting the hereditary membership in the upper house of Parliament. Her family was present to hear her and, as the Prince Consort bent forward in an attitude of interest, Prince Charles and Princess Anne (seated at the sides) listened almost as the Crown Prince of Iran, three days before, had listened to his father.

Petrus and Ernestine find a diamond as big as an egg

People are forever coming to New York with hungry eyes and a romantic determination to strike it rich. Not Petrus Ramoaba. He came to New York last week, but he struck it rich first.

Ramoaba is a diamond miner who panned a subsistence out of his 20-foot-square claim in Lesotho, an easy-to-miss kingdom buried within South Africa. A sliver of a diamond turned up now and then, but nothing that was going to make a world traveler out of him. The cash he had on hand at the time of his find amounted to $4. His home was a two-room, tin-roofed house, and his experience in the world beyond his mountain village of Letseng-la-Draai was limited to a single excursion to Johannesburg, South Africa, when he was a boy.

Then, in a glittering twinkle, everything changed. His wife Ernestine found a diamond—but what a diamond! It was as big as an egg. The Ramoabas' village is 110 miles from the nearest gem buyer's office, but they set forth to have their find assayed. Four days and four nights they walked, over crude dirt roads and mountain trails, to learn they had found the seventh largest diamond ever known, the largest uncut diamond in existence. A 601-carat jewel, it sold for $302,400. As principal shareholder in the back-yard-sized claim, Ramoaba collected half the money.

In the way of most simple men

come to sudden riches, he held to the cautious lessons of his past. He bought things needed: Basuto blankets and frying pans for the household; a charcoal-gray suit and black shoes for himself; an imitation fur coat for Ernestine. And, to give him a little more mobility, a Land-Rover. Someone suggested that it might be time to retire, but he refused to have any of it. "Too young," he said. He is 38.

The stone represents more than one fourth of Lesotho's annual production of gem diamonds. The dealer who bought it sold it to another dealer, who in turn sold it to New York Jeweler Harry Winston for $649,600. Winston invited Ramoaba to New York "to see what is going to happen to his baby," which will be cut up and made into enough engagement rings to brighten the fingers of 500 brides.

Civilization administered a few lumps to the Ramoabas. Their baggage was lost at the London airport. Petrus' new suit didn't fit, and his shoes irritated him so that he removed the laces. The long flight left him weary, bewildered and hungry. His wife, glancing at the jewelry displayed in Winston's Fifth Avenue store, wondered aloud, "Who'd want to buy that?"

But there was no mistaking the joy he felt when he held his diamond. He, Petrus Ramoaba, is now rich, a personage, a fresh-eyed traveler in a world full of wonders. Marco Polo is dead. Long live Marco Polo. Petrus Ramoaba is alive and longer live Petrus Ramoaba.

Senate ethics committee vindicates Senator Long

A deeper debt of gratitude

by WILLIAM LAMBERT

In its May 26 issue, LIFE disclosed that U.S. Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri had misused his subcommittee investigating government eavesdropping to try to keep—and later to get—Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa out of jail. LIFE reported that Long had received $48,000 over a period of two years from Morris Shenker, a St. Louis criminal lawyer who is Hoffa's chief counsel. These disclosures set off an investigation by the Senate ethics committee, a panel of six of Long's fellow senators under the chairmanship of John Stennis of Mississippi. That committee has now delivered its report, which, in its conclusion, serves no other purpose than to make things easy for the Senate and perhaps even easier for the mob. It "found no facts" to connect the payments to Long with the Teamsters.

Long pronounced himself "completely vindicated" and accused LIFE of being "careless with the truth."

The committee findings were a whitewash. Far from exonerating Long, they brought out even more ominous questions about Long's connections and his sources of income. Here, starting with the base of his own testimony before this head-nodding committee, are more truths about Senator Long that his fellow senators did not find out—or chose to ignore:

The Senate ethics committee, under Mississippi's John Stennis (*left*), accepted with little question Senator Long's testimony that $160,000 paid him was for legal service to clients he "shared" with a Teamster attorney.

▶ Long admitted receiving from Shenker not just $48,000 but close to $160,000 since 1961, Long's first full year in the Senate.

▶ Morris Shenker, the giver of Long's payments, is not only a Hoffa lawyer and a broker of Teamster pension fund loans but has spent most of his career representing gangsters and gamblers in St. Louis and Las Vegas.

▶ Long has repeatedly contradicted himself in explaining how he came by the $160,000. First, he told LIFE that he had long ago given up practicing law and denied receiving any money from Shenker since coming to the Senate. After LIFE's disclosure, he said the payments were "referral" fees he got for steering clients to his friend Shenker. In further contradiction, Long testified to the ethics committee that the fees came from "shared" clients to whom both he and Shenker had rendered legal service. Senator Long and Lawyer Shenker identified five such clients and the ethics committee obligingly accepted Long's account and found no link between these clients and Hoffa.

▶ If Senator Long's testimony, supported by testimony of Shenker and the clients themselves, is to be believed, Senator Long is a highly paid legal adviser not only to the Teamsters but to operators doing business with the mob.

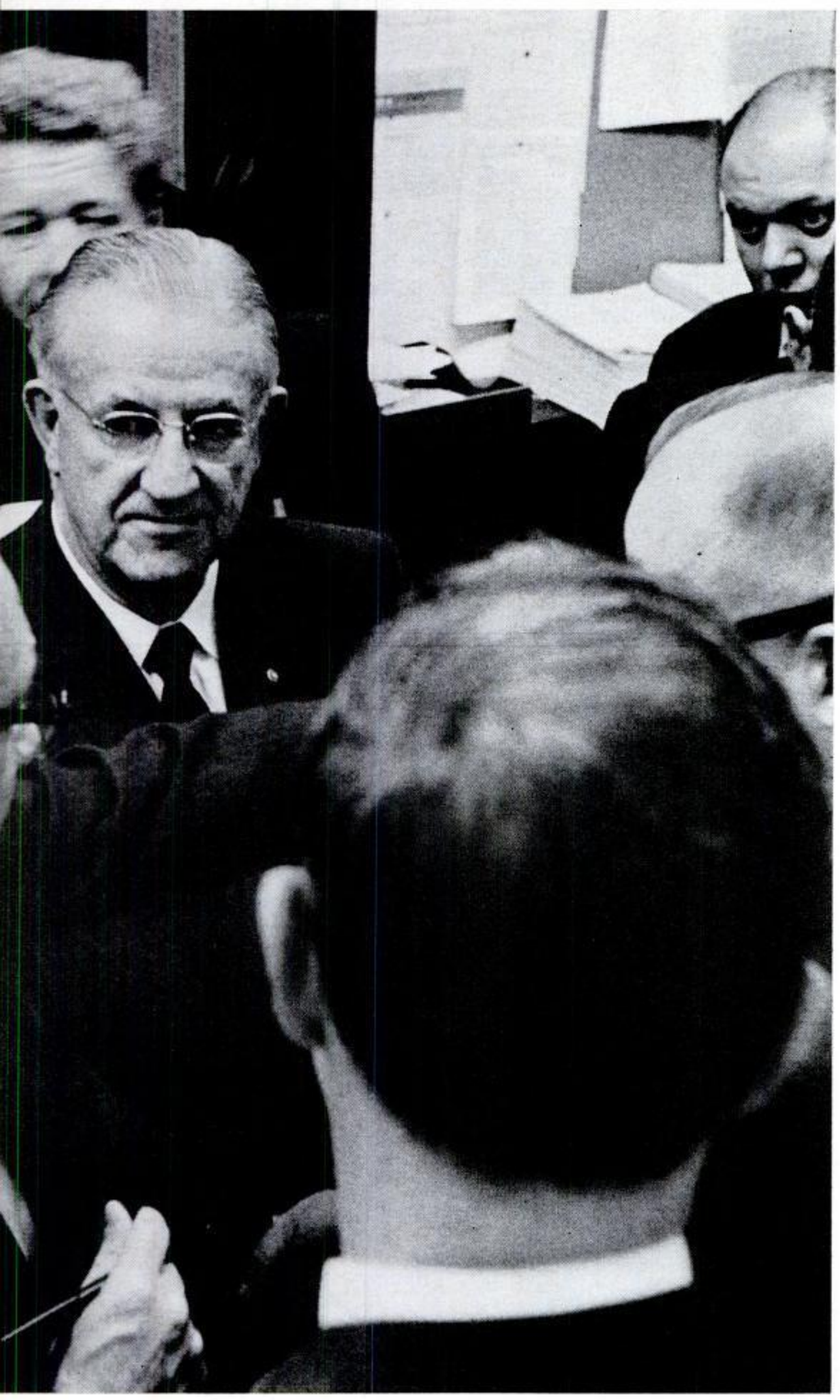
Over Long's frenzied objections, the ethics committee made public the identity of the five "shared" clients. They are: the R. L. Warren Company, a St. Louis stock brokerage and underwriting firm; Banner Industries, a retail merchandising chain also based in St. Louis; Associated Life Insurance Company, home office Chicago; Mrs. Thelma Manne, a St. Louis woman who died in 1962; and Max Lubin, described as a St. Louis businessman.

Before the committee, Shenker and Long insisted that these five "shared" clients originated with Long—in short, that these were Long's closely treasured clients. The committee never disputed this.

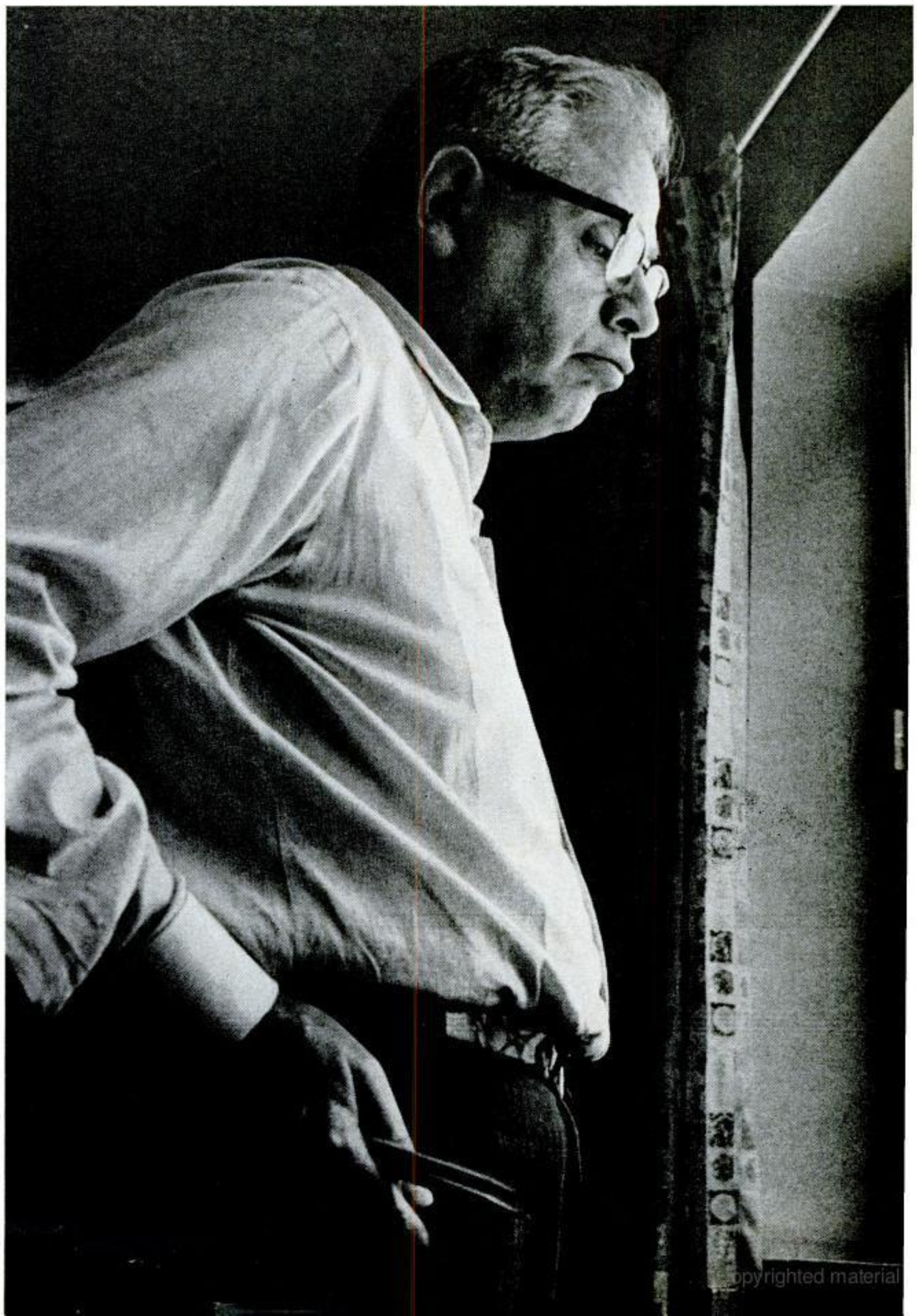
Within a week after the clients' names were made public by the Stennis committee, an investigation by LIFE now can disclose that it is Shenker, not Long, who for years has been deeply involved with each of these Long-treasured clients. The investigation also uncovered Teamster and mob connections with several of them.

1. David C. Trager, president of Associated Life Insurance Company, held until recently a $50,000 interest in Caesar's Palace, a mob-controlled Las Vegas casino-hotel, which was built with a $10.5 million loan from the pension funds

to the mob



Officially absolved of misconduct charges by his fellow senators, Ed Long of Missouri basks in the Senate press gallery (*left*) and in his office above. But the investigation brought out serious new questions concerning Long's ties with St. Louis Lawyer Morris Shenker (*below*) and the gangster connections of some of the clients they claimed to have served together.



of the Teamsters Union. For a time, the star salesman of Associated Life was a Cosa Nostra gangster, John (The Bug) Varelli. One of Associated's big efforts was to sell policies to Teamsters Union members. A 1963 brochure issued by Associated Life described Varelli's sales record as "fantastic." In public documents Shenker is listed as a member of the board of directors of Associated Life. Senator Long is not mentioned.

2. Max Lubin is one of the owners of the mob-tainted Dunes hotel-casino in Las Vegas, another gambling hall financed by the Teamsters Union. At the time Lubin was paying legal fees to Shenker—part of which presumably went to Long—other Dunes officials channeled large amounts of cash to Hoffa himself so that Hoffa could raise the half-million-dollar fidelity bond required by statute of top union officials. During that same period, Long's Senate subcommittee was probing—and trying zealously to discredit—the kind of electronic eavesdropping investigations which eventually uncovered the Cosa Nostra gangsters in Caesar's Palace and other Nevada casinos.

CONTINUED

Shenker himself currently is associated in a real estate venture in Pocatello, Idaho with two mob-tainted officials of the Dunes, one of whom, Sidney Wyman, Shenker represented before the Kefauver committee investigating organized crime in 1951.

As the facts unfolded, it was discovered that Shenker—Long's friend and lawyer—is also a promoter, particularly of Teamster and mob affairs. In 1963 Shenker and Stephen Lumetta, a close associate of Cosa Nostra mobster John Vitale, promoted a scheme to be financed largely by a $2.4 million loan from the Teamsters' pension fund to develop a retail discount center patronized by subscribing union members. Among Shenker's associates in the venture were several of the most notorious gangland figures in the Midwest—including David (Chippy) Robinson and Steve Ryan, musclemen of the Frank (Buster) Wortman gang. Shenker's friend—and Senator Long's professed client—Lubin got involved with the refinancing of the scheme. It collapsed and all the investors, some mobsters among them, lost money. Later, five bombs exploded near various of the principals' homes—three of them intended for Lubin.

3. Banner Industries lists both Shenker and Lubin as directors and substantial stockholders. This company has recently had a series of store failures and bankruptcies among its subsidiaries. Two stockholders' lawsuits have been filed against Banner's officers charging improper financial manipulations. The company is under close scrutiny by federal investigators, and because of its poor financial condition has been considered for delisting by the American Stock Exchange.

4. R. L. Warren Company, the brokerage house of which Shenker was a founder and chairman of the board until its merger with another firm, was one of several companies involved in a grand jury probe of suspected kickbacks between the St. Louis Steamfitters' pension fund and an Indiana life insurance company. That investigation hit a snag just last month when the man who could have provided the government with many answers, Steamfitters Union Attorney John Hough, was found beaten and shot to death in Florida.

The St. Louis Steamfitters and their pension fund are controlled by Lawrence Callanan, who was released from prison in 1960 after serving five years of a 12-year sentence for extortion. Callanan also controls the union's political slush fund raised by "voluntary contributions" from rank-and-file members of the local.

It is an open secret in St. Louis union circles that both Shenker, who is the union's attorney, and Senator Long have received thousands of dollars from this fund. Callanan lately has been trying to rally wide union support for a "Thank You, Ed Long" dinner next week in St. Louis to launch Long's recently announced campaign for re-election in 1968.

5. Mrs. Manne was the widow of the owner of a St. Louis furniture company. After she died in 1962, leaving an estate of some $1 million, Shenker went to court in an unusual proceeding to collect $90,000 in back legal fees from the estate. To support his claim, Shenker stated several times in a formal affidavit that he had been Mrs. Manne's only legal counsel from 1954 until her death in 1962.

"To my knowledge," Shenker wrote, "the deceased had no other person besides myself and my firm to advise her professionally about her affairs and property."

A friend of Mrs. Manne, Mrs. Jean Srenco, also submitted a sworn statement that it was Mrs. Srenco's husband who originally referred Mrs. Manne to Lawyer Shenker.

Nowhere in Shenker's 31-page statement or anywhere else in the proceedings does the name of Edward Long appear. Yet before Senator Stennis' committee on ethics, Long stated that this woman's estate was his client.

It was only under pressure from a non-committee senator, John J. Williams of Delaware, that the ethics committee addressed itself to the Long affair in the first place. Then the committee proceeded haphazardly—and in private. Its two-man staff interviewed only 33 persons, 11 of them under oath. The senators never once used the most potent weapon available to a serious congressional investigating committee: the unlimited power of subpoena.

The committee never pressed for, or received, any detailed account of what legal work—if any—Senator Long did to earn the approximately $24,000 a year that Shenker paid him. Nor did it turn up any of the paper work—correspondence and other documents—that normally abound in legal activities.

One piece of evidence that was examined by the committee staff—the detailed transactions and sworn statements of the Manne estate, which contradict Shenker's and Long's testimony—either was never presented to the committee members or was completely ignored by them.

When LIFE questioned Senator Stennis about the perfunctory nature of his committee's investigation and told him of some of the new information, Stennis expressed surprise. He said, no, there had never been any mention of Las Vegas or gangster connections or any demonstrable Teamster connection. He acknowledged that no effort had been made to obtain Teamster books or records that might have tied them to Senator Long.

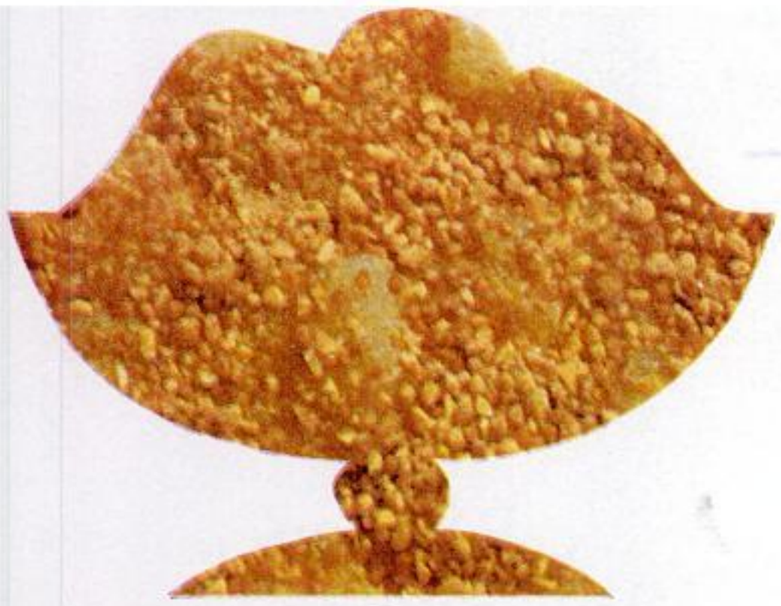
The performance of the ethics committee has shown that membership in the Senate can be more sacrosanct than the mandate to dig out the truth. But this time—ironically—a Senate committee revealed a lot more truth about one of its members than it intended—or understood.

Long's friend and 'sharers'

In 1953 Lawyer Shenker (at right, *above*) appeared at police headquarters in behalf of Steamfitters Union boss Lawrence Callanan. After serving a term for extortion, Callanan has become a generous supporter of Senator Long. At a 1965 ground-breaking ceremony for a new bank, Shenker (second from right) joined associate Max Lubin (second from left), one of Long's professed clients and a part owner of the Las Vegas Dunes.

Everything from Soup

to Dessert



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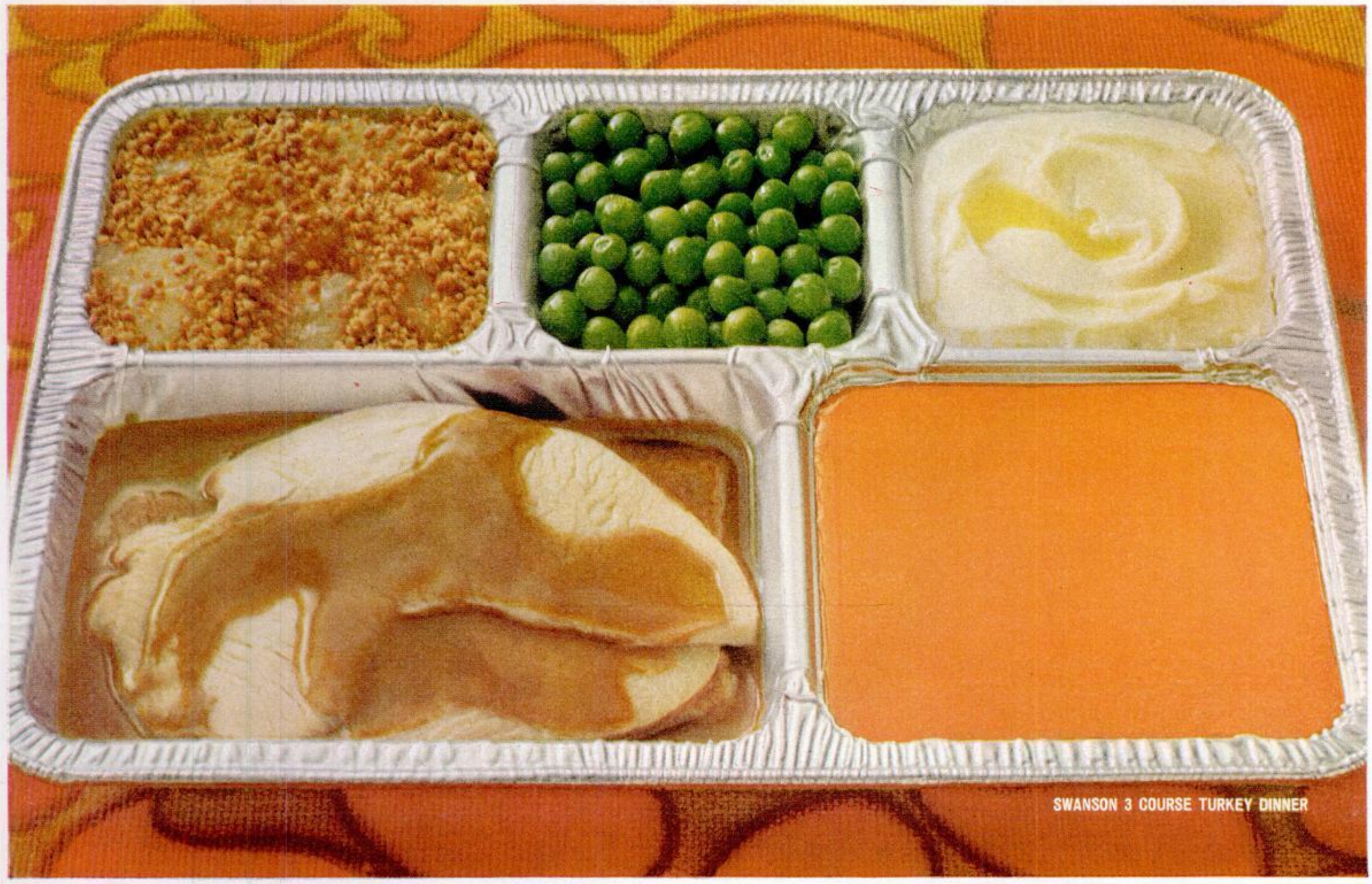
Swanson frozen 3 course dinners



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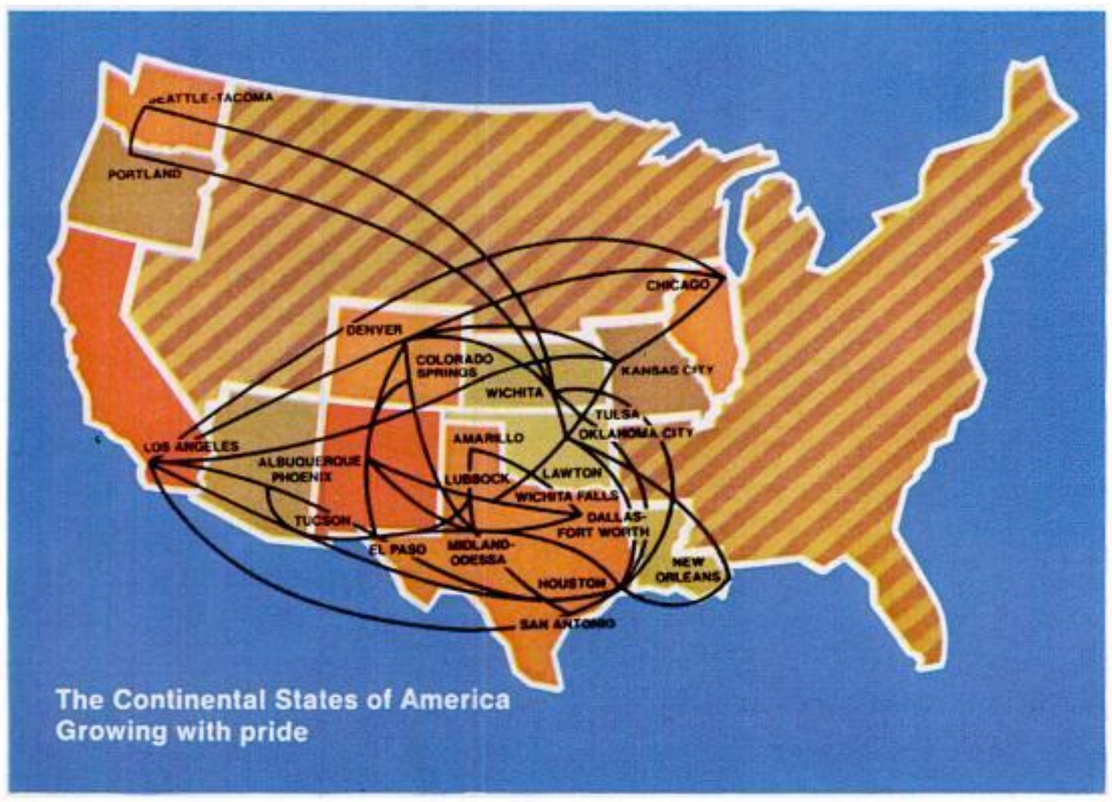

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SPECIAL SECTION

IN THE SOVIET UNION

50 Years After The Revolution

FORCES OF THE FUTURE

In celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Revolution this week, the people of the U.S.S.R. are celebrating more than a historic event; they are celebrating their own amazing fortitude in the face of a series of hammerings that would have crushed any less rugged and resilient nation. In World War I they suffered 3 million dead. The famine of 1921 and Stalin's ruthless collectivization of agriculture in the early 1930s claimed another 4 million lives. The political purges of the middle 1930s, which devoured hundreds of thousands more, all but wiped out the elite of the governing class. In World War II at least 20 million Russians were killed. Yet Russia survived to become one of the world's two superpowers.

The revolutionaries around Lenin in 1917 were disciplined men, ruthless, touched in many cases with an idealism which caused the American journalist Lincoln Steffens to declare: "I have seen the future and it works." The Bolsheviki were dedicated to Marx's philosophy that capitalism was the cause of all misery and they intended to sweep it away in Russia and everywhere else. Their revolution from the outset was menaced internally by czarist irreconcilables and externally by Western countries who looked on the Bolsheviki as wreckers of all Western values—which they indeed were. After Lenin's death in 1924 came the disruptive years in which Leon Trotsky and Joseph Stalin struggled for power. Stalin won; he exiled Trotsky and had him murdered in Mexico City in 1940.

By then Stalin and the Russian people had done much to make the Soviet Union a formidable power, despite the terrible human cost of his land nationalization and his purges. This monstrous bloodletting (1934–39) weakened the leadership almost fatally, but when Hitler invaded in June 1941 the ancient Russian fortitude in the face of adversity welled up again and saved the country. It also saved Stalin, who then plunged into the Cold War.

After Stalin's death in 1953, Khrushchev continued this war with the West. But inside the Soviet Union he committed an act of revolutionary importance. In 1956 he denounced Stalin, giving a first peek inside the old dictator's chamber of horrors. The Russian people learned that what had been accepted as historical truth was, in fact, all lies. And this opened the door—ever so slightly—to a spirit of skeptical inquiry in Russia.

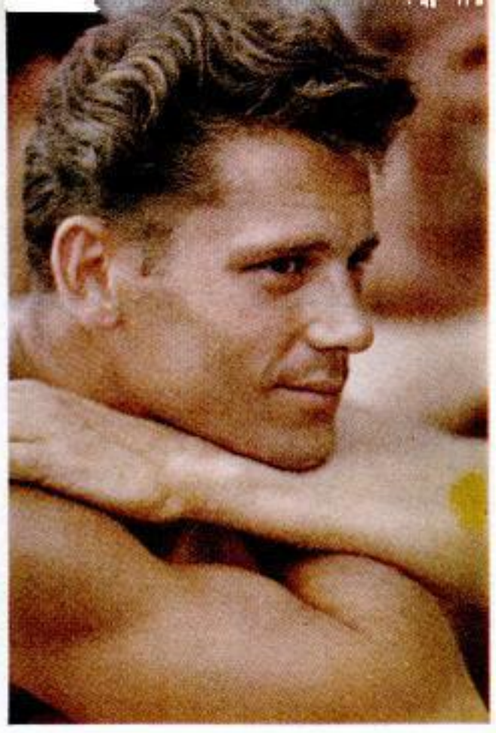
This spirit, once introduced, could not be suppressed. It spread under Khrushchev and since 1964 under Kosygin and Brezhnev. It is found today most strongly and importantly in three new forces —examined on the following pages—that are shaping Russia's future: youth, new business management, the intelligentsia.

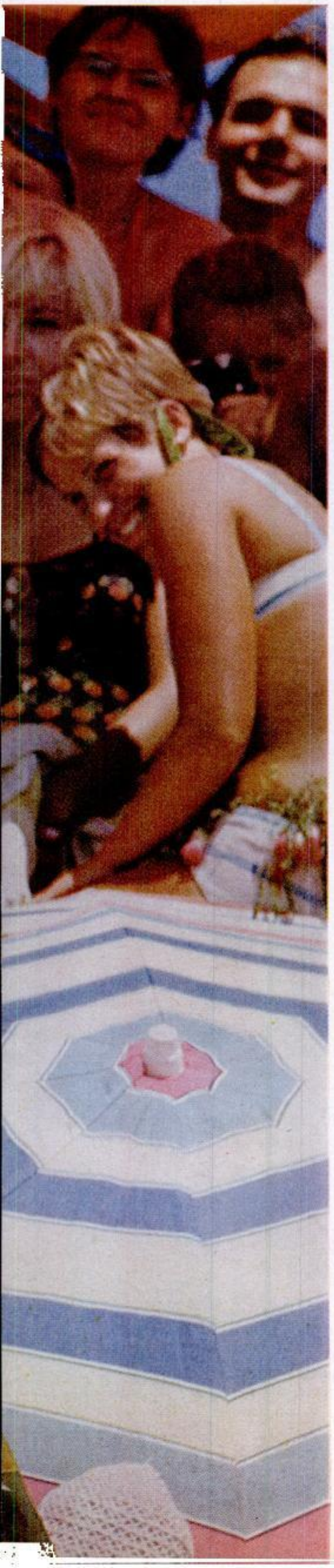
In a slowly opening Soviet society, the material gains are impressive as the people begin to share—and expect—the "fruits of socialism." Since 1950, for example, the production of washing machines has jumped from 300 to 4.2 million, television sets from 11,900 to 4.9 million, textiles from 3.3 billion square meters to 8.1 billion, refrigerators from 1,200 to 2.8 million. But the gains in freedom of expression, limited though they still are, are more far-reaching in significance. The three new forces stirring Soviet society represent the country's boldest and most articulate elements. Dedicated to the Communist system, but no longer passive, they want a say in what will happen to them and to their country.

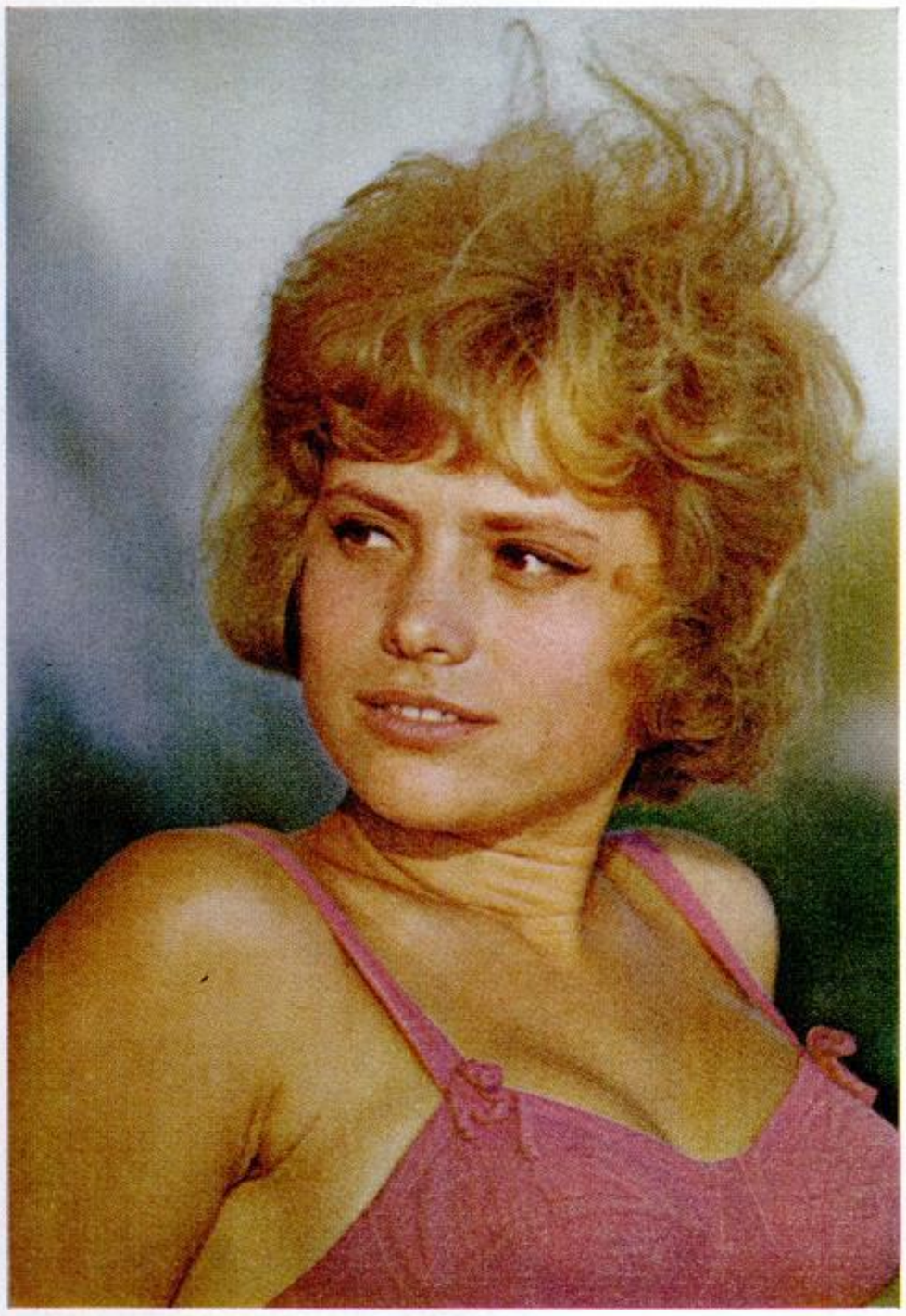
Now half the population, Russian youth
is a swinging, critical, cocky 'Fourth Generation'

'We want to live our

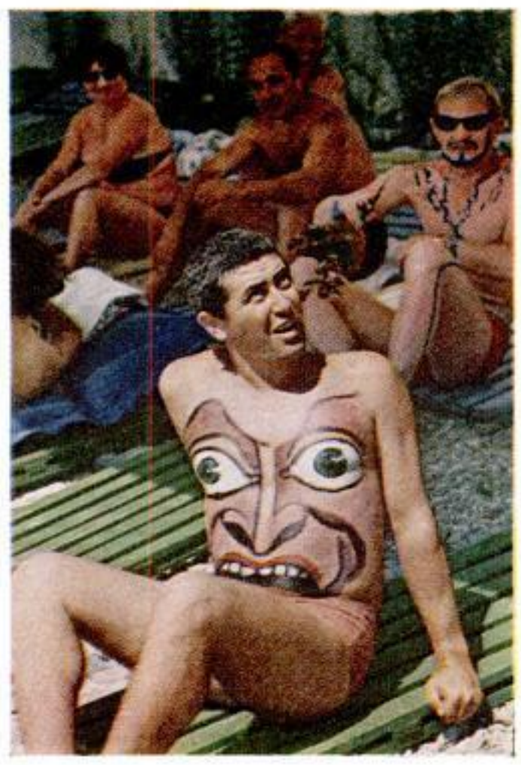
own lives'





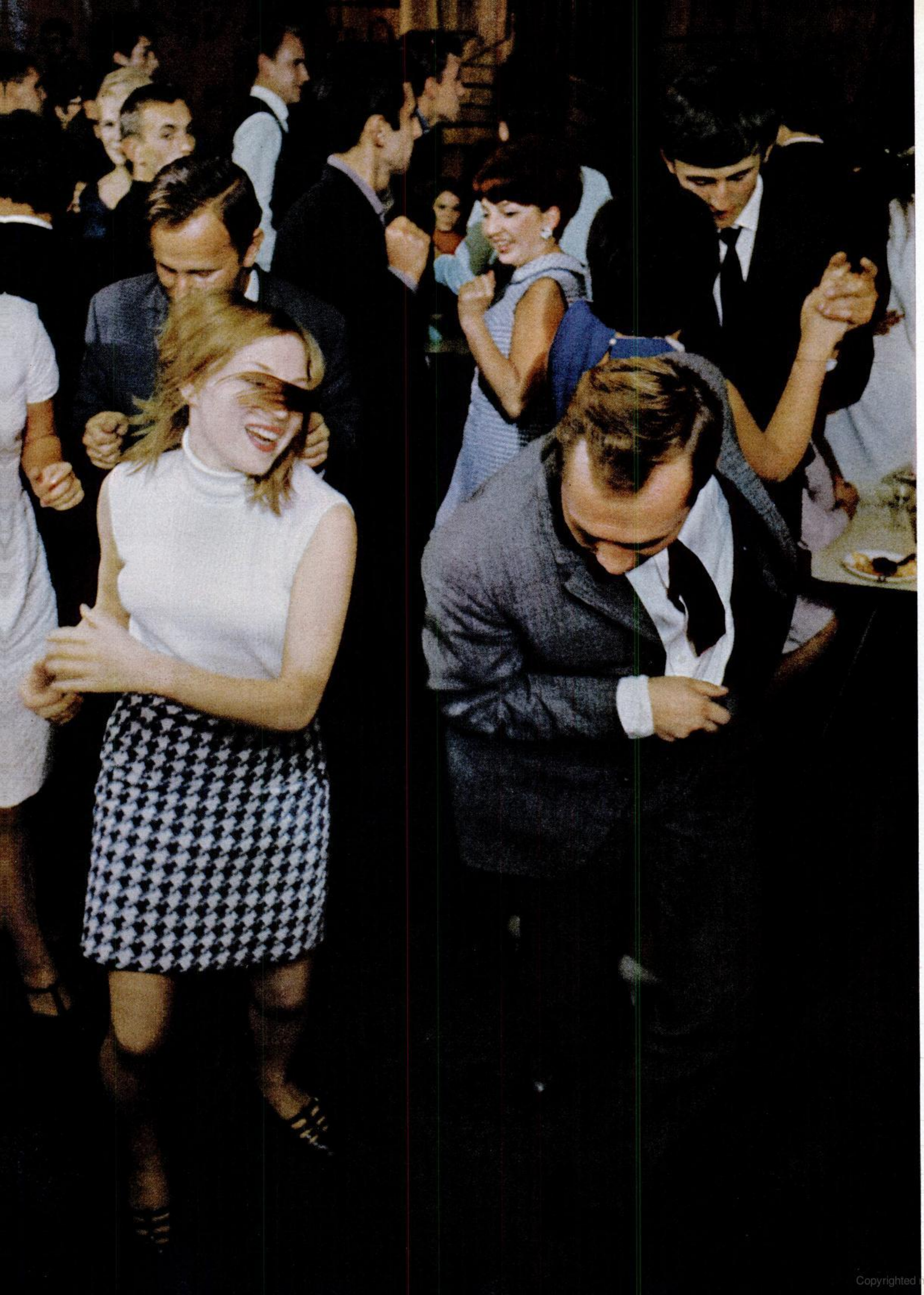


They call themselves the "Fourth Generation." The three generations before them had fought in the Revolution, endured the great collectivization drives, won World War II. That is all ancient history to young Russians today. Gay, uninhibited, hip, they are better off, better fed, better educated than their predecessors—and they look it in these pictures of a Festival of Neptune on the Black Sea. "We just want to live," the visitor will hear them say. "We want to be left alone to lead the lives we choose." They cannot altogether achieve this, of course, but they have a power in sheer numbers alone: half of the U.S.S.R. population of 235 million is under 27. Though increasingly Westernized, basically apolitical and critical of their elders, they are still deeply patriotic, loyal to both the motherland and the idea of Communism. But their loyalty is openly salted with self-interest, an interest in making their own place in the world, not one dictated for them by a Communist bureaucracy. How they go about doing this will set the shape and thrust of Russia for generations to come.

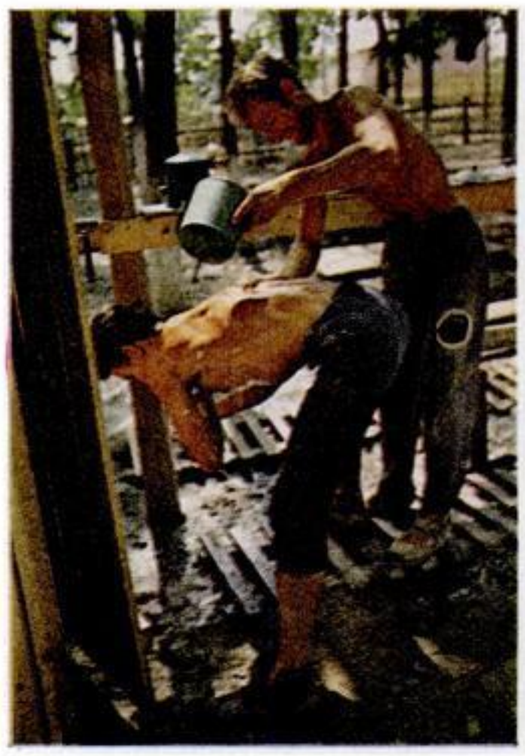


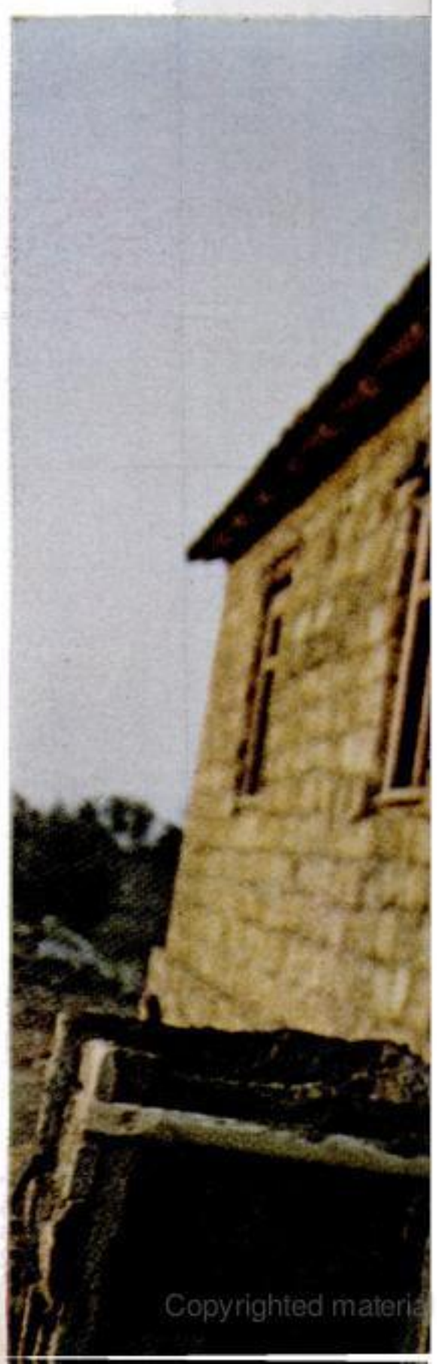
Photographed by BILL EPPRIDGE

Beards, once the mark of nonconformity, are now common and acceptable. At a picnic outside Moscow, Georgi Sayanov, a student at the Metallurgical Institute, playfully carries off Tanya Shafarenko, who studies traffic control at the Automobile and Road Building Institute. At right, in the White Nights Youth Cafe in Leningrad, couples frug to the sound of what Russians call a "Beatle band." As for the miniskirts, a youth leader remarks: "The girls want to hike up their skirts, so let them."



The Budenny State Farm, where Rostov students of engineering worked this summer, is named after Marshal Semyon Budenny, famous cavalry general. Located in a once uninhabited dustbowl, it raises geese (*above*) and breeds Russia's most famous horses. At left, a student plasterer works while a peasant woman watches. Below, students douse in cold water before the 6:30 a.m. muster.





Eager to work for state—and rubles

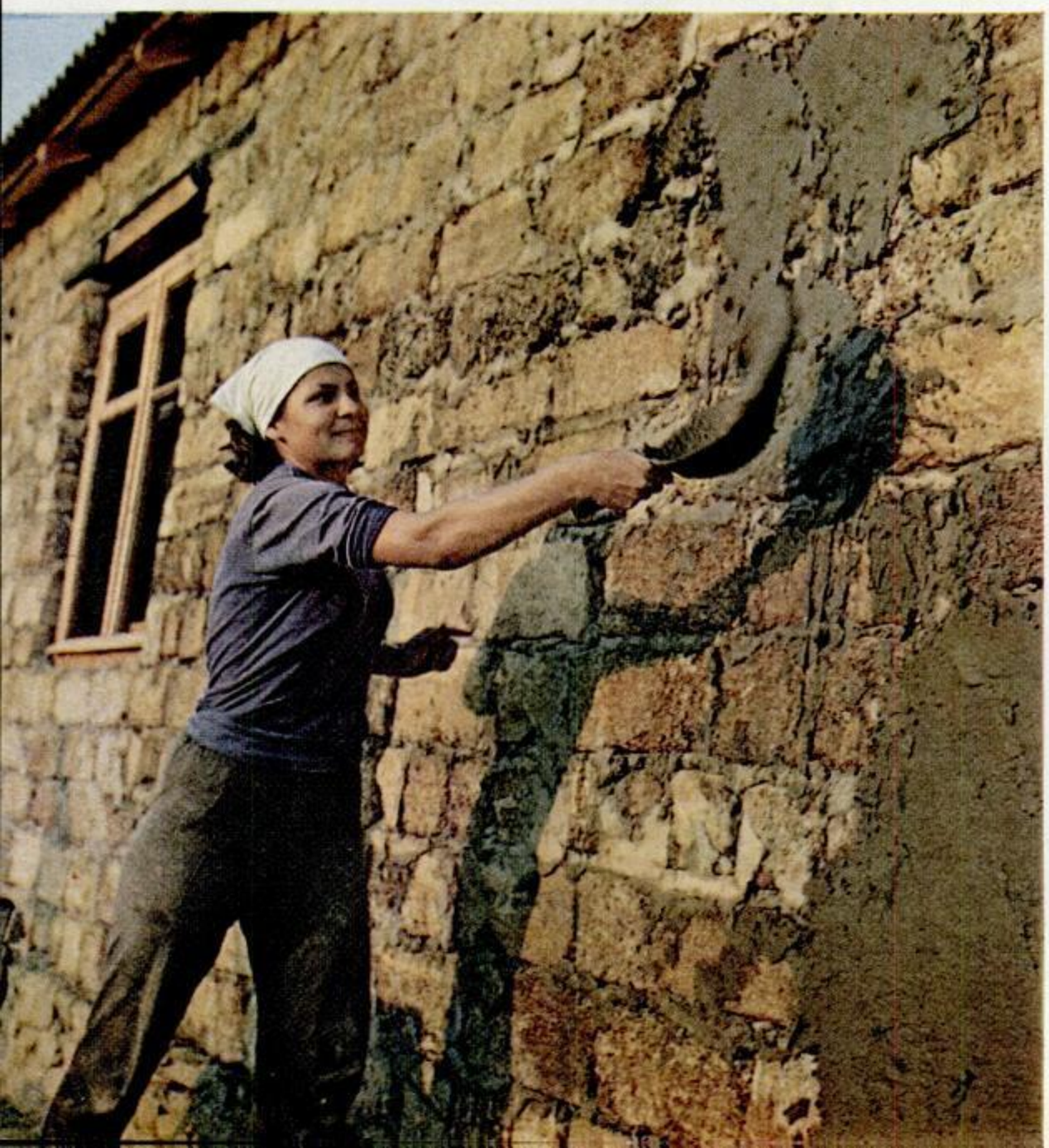
The Fourth Generation accepts without question the ideal of service to the state—especially since it also gives them a chance to make a lot of rubles. Every summer, an army of students heads for steppe and taiga in the remote regions of the country to build everything from hydroelectric power stations to sheep pens. Functioning as a kind of domestic peace corps, last summer they put up dwellings for 25,000 people, prepared 400 miles of railroad embankment, strung thousands of miles of power and telephone lines and gave light to more than 4,000 villages.

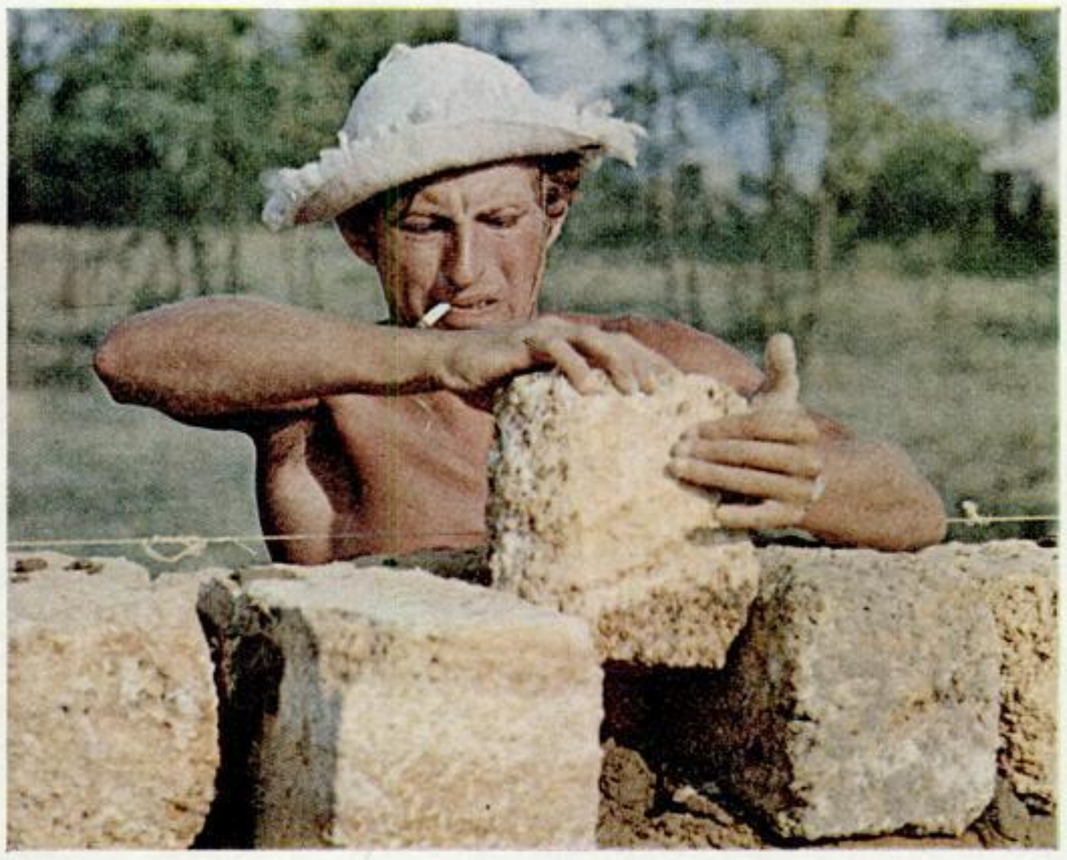
Overseer of this work force is the Komsomol (Young Communist League), which started the program in 1959 by sending 339 Moscow University students to aid settlers in the virgin lands of Kazakhstan. In the early years, students were ordered into the field whether they liked it or not. Now, the mounting numbers of volunteers—19,000 by 1963, 100,000 this year—have staggered even Komsomol leaders and applicants have had to be turned down—partly for health reasons but mostly because of poor scholastic records. "We just can't take everybody," says one Komsomol leader. "It's an honor now to get in. A student's got to earn it."

The work is backbreaking. For the 45 Rostov engineering students shown here working at the Budenny State Farm in southern Russia, it meant 10 hours a day six, and sometimes seven, days a week under a relentless sun, mixing plaster, hauling stone, laying brick. Amusements were limited to an occasional village dance or movie and Sunday afternoons fishing for carp. Drinking and card-playing were forbidden by the All-Union Student Building Units as "incompatible with the title of unit member." Besides, one student said, "*You* try laying 2,500 bricks a day with a hangover."

In 62 days before returning to school, these students put up the foundations, stonework and roofing for nine two-family dwellings, built an outdoor movie theater, two administration buildings, a small two-story hotel, a clubhouse, a stable and three sheep pens. The satisfactions are not all selfless. "Don't think we're not interested in the money," explained the commissar for the team. "I earned 850 rubles [$944] last summer and was able to get married. That's important."

Using soft rock quarried nearby from an ancient sea bed, students (*above and below*) lay stone for a one-story family dwelling. The three girls among the 45 students were assigned relatively easier chores (*left*). By summer's end, six workers could lay the foundation and do the stonework for a dwelling like this in three days. They lived in tents and their only expense was 60¢ a day for food.



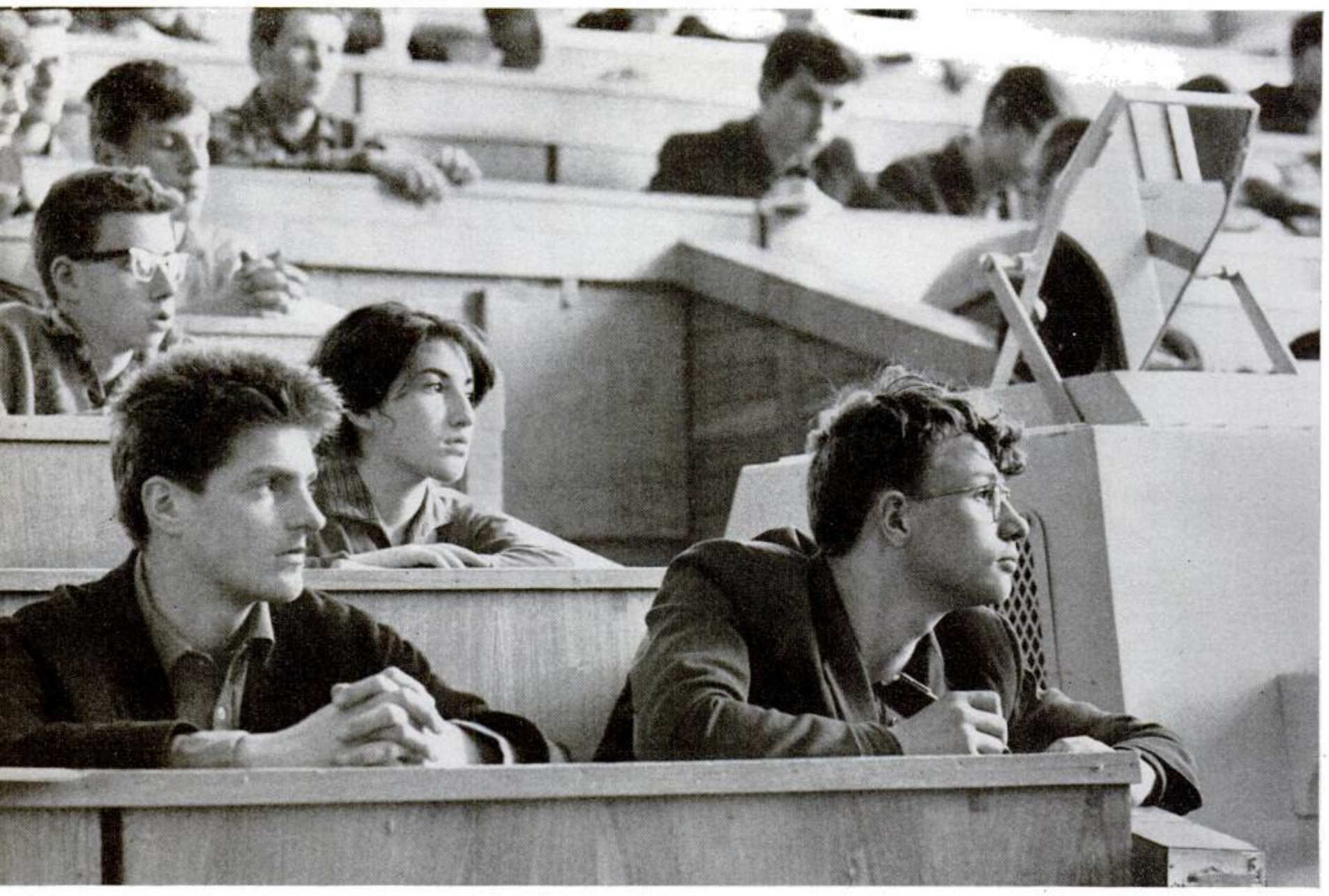


While students work, farm boys (*left*) cool off in the plasterers' water trough. Above, during a break, students watch a boy jump one of the famous Don race horses bred for the Russian tracks. Lunch (*above right*) consists mainly of carp. Below, at the 6:30 a.m. muster, Vladimir Ugrovatov, commissar in charge of Komsomol activity, presents the daily achievement flag to the previous day's most productive team. "The chance for independent decision-making is great," one veteran of the work program summed up. "Here the authorities will give us a million rubles to work with during the summer. But back at school they don't trust us with the maintenance of our own dormitories."

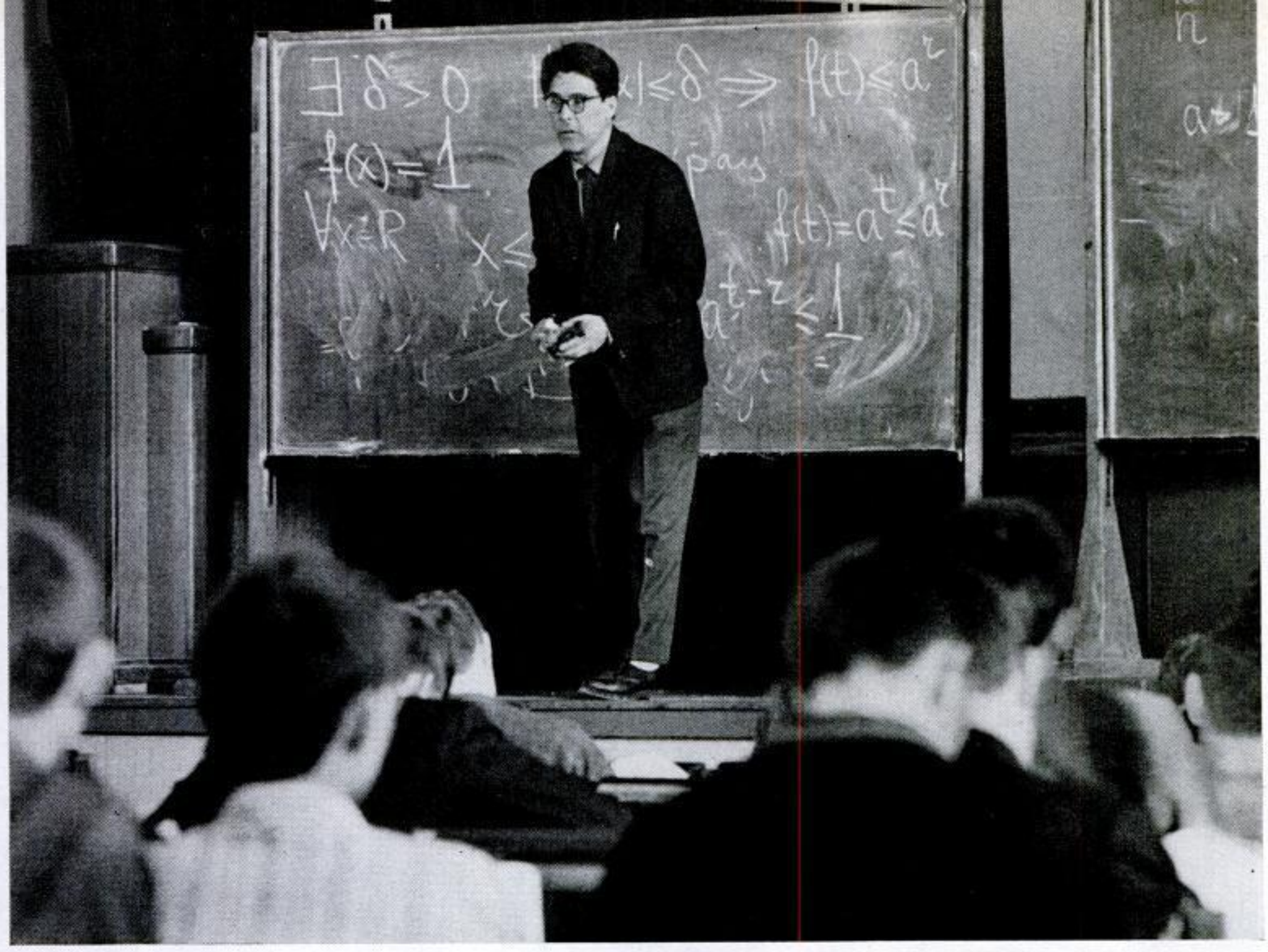
For years Soviet students worked under the intense pressure of an authoritarian educational system, suffering long hours and a strait-jacketed curriculum that offered them no chance for any independent work. But with the increasing feeling of independence, their complaints increased. Supported now by many liberal Soviet educators, they are bringing about wide reforms and radical innovations. These have been pioneered by the experimental Mathematics-Physics School in Novosibirsk, in Siberia, shown on these pages. When it was started, the school had only 30 hours of compulsory classes a week compared to 36 to 40 in regular schools. Saturdays were for independent study and a program of electives was established for the brighter pupils. The very fact that a school for gifted children was set up was in itself a departure from Soviet educational ideology, which long opposed special treatment for anyone.

Today, many of the concepts embodied in the Math-Phys School are finding wide acceptance. Many Soviet educators now admit that the curriculum has been too rigid, loaded with compulsory subjects. "There has been no scope for reasonable initiative," said the Soviet minister of education. This fall, the first of a series of reforms went into effect all over the country. Compulsory hours for many grades were cut from 36 to 30 hours. The extra free hours are given over to subjects, chosen by students and teacher, that are not in the regular curriculum. Soon elements of algebra will be introduced in some first grades. "Children develop faster today than 20 years ago," said one academician, echoing the beliefs of many Western educators. "We should make their little brains work the very minute they arrive."

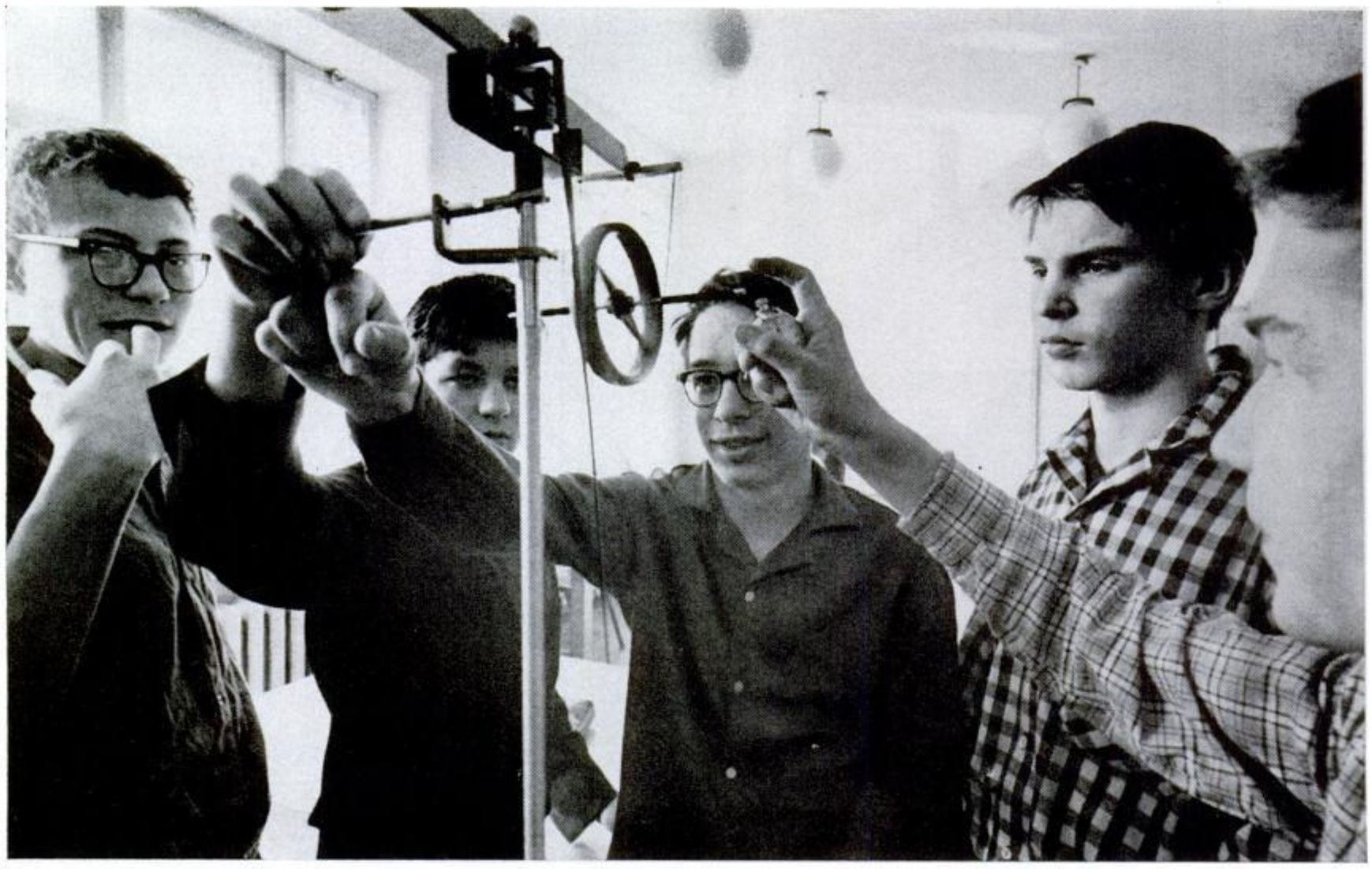
In the schools, a clamor for more freedom



Seniors at the Math-Phys School above listen intently to a genetics lecture at the University of Novosibirsk as part of their extracurricular studies. The school is so successful, it is now moving from its present site at left to a modernistic 15-story building. At right, eighth-grade pupils kill time during lunch hour chalking formulas on the roadway in front of the class building. The school, originally for ninth and tenth grades only, has started an eighth-grade program, deliberately drawing pupils from rural areas because a disproportionate number of students had come from big cities.



The school is in young hands; its principal, Yevgeni Bichenkov (*above*), is only 30. At right, Dr. Gleb Akilov lectures on higher math. "Teach fewer subjects more thoroughly" is his motto.



Siberian-born Lena Goncharova, 16 (*upper left*), expounds on a calculus problem. In the physics laboratory (*above*) her classmates work with Maxwell's pendulum. "It's not an easy school," says one. "Anything less than a B and you're out." In their leisure time students meet informally with professors (*left*) or, like eighth-grader Yuri Korshikov (*below*), play chess against the clock. "It makes your brain tick faster," says Yuri.

There is, however, a little time off. With school over for the week, prospective physicists Kira Belyakova, 16, and Aleksei Lemin, 17 (*right*), plan an evening at a local cafe called Under the Integral.

U.S.S.R.

Battle of Generations in the Open

by PETER YOUNG
LIFE *Moscow Bureau Chief*

МАКАКОФОНИЯ

Рисунок Ф. РЕШЕТНИКОВА

"The present young generation," complained Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev at last year's Party Congress, "does not have the severe schooling of revolutionary struggle and is not hardened as the older generation had been."

"We don't want to be different," said a young Soviet artist recently. "We want to be like everybody else. And we don't need to be protected and coddled, because we're big enough to take care of ourselves."

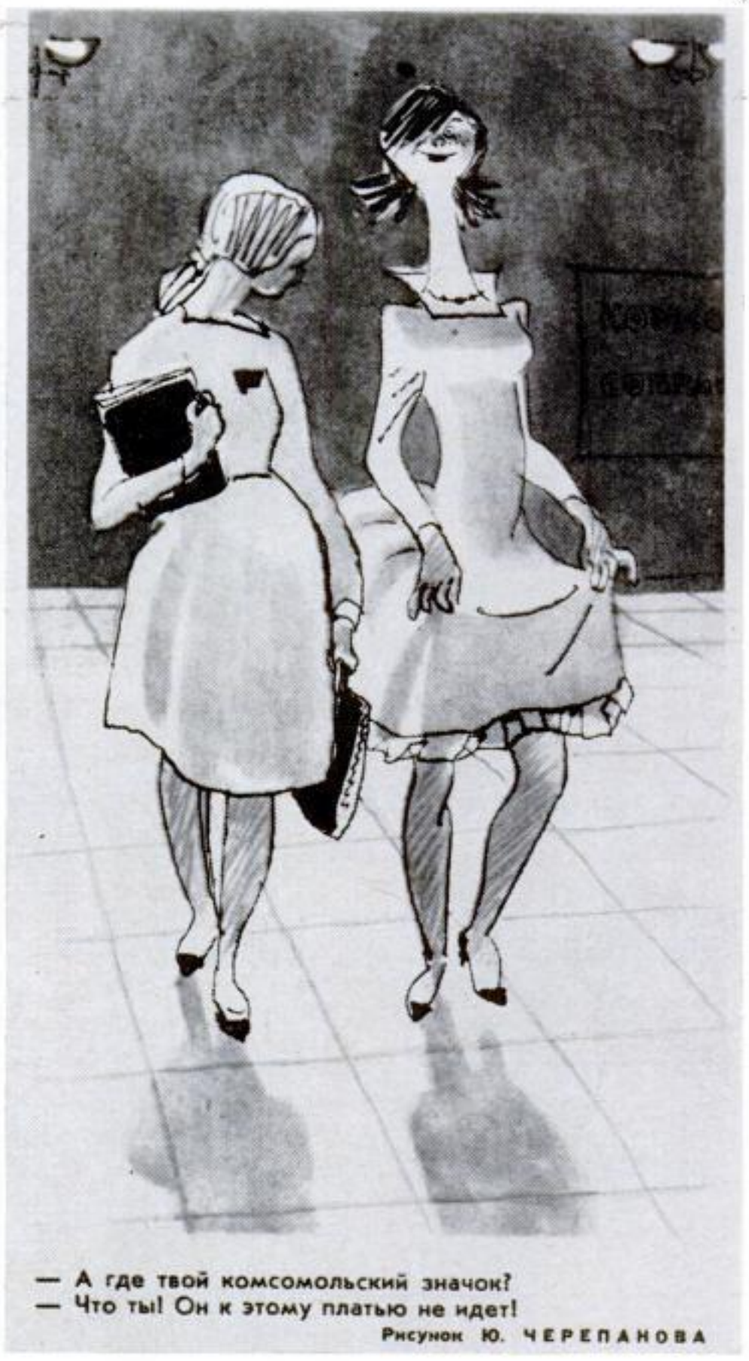
The arguments between the new generation and the old are becoming more pointed and more open. Young people feel insulted by remarks like Brezhnev's. "We want to create the good life for ourselves," said a coed at Moscow University. "A good life for us means a good life for the country, and that's certainly not anti-Communist. We don't go in for political slogans because by themselves they are meaningless. Few of us read the papers. There's too much pure propaganda. They pound us with slogans and outworn political clichés as if we couldn't understand anything else. The government must prove what it says, or we will not listen."

When young Russians—mainly those in the big cities—say they want to be "like everybody else," they mean like everybody in the West, and their interest in Western music, art and clothes shows that this is so. This is what worries leaders of the Party and Komsomol (Young Communist League) who are afraid that youngsters may begin to take over Western ideas as well. Valentin Chikin, the ideological chief of the youth newspaper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, has counted 35 channels through which Western influence can reach the Soviet Union, including radio, mag-

CONTINUED

— Предки, вы уж переночуйте у соседей: гости боятся пьяными уходить...

Рисунок Ю. ЧЕРЕПАНОВА



— А где твой комсомольский значок?
— Что ты! Он к этому платью не идет!

Рисунок Ю. ЧЕРЕПАНОВА

The fads and foibles of youth are a favorite target for the Soviet Union's cartoonists, who usually reflect the official displeasure with what goes on. These cartoons are from *Krokodil*, the only humor magazine. At top, Western jazz is criticized for arousing primitive instincts and making monkeys out of youthful Russians. Above, in a comment on rebellious youth at odds with its elders, a boy tells parents, "You old folks can stay overnight at the neighbors. My guests are too plastered to leave." At right, one Komsomol (Young Communist League) member asks another, "Where's your Komsomol badge?" The other replies, "It doesn't go with the dress."

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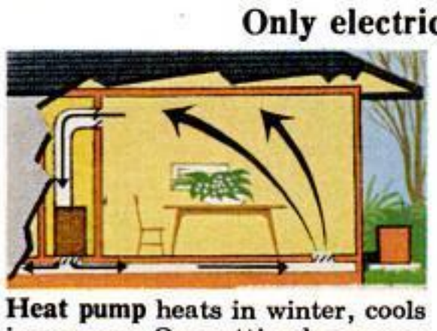
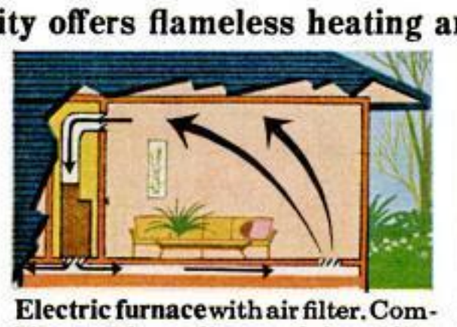
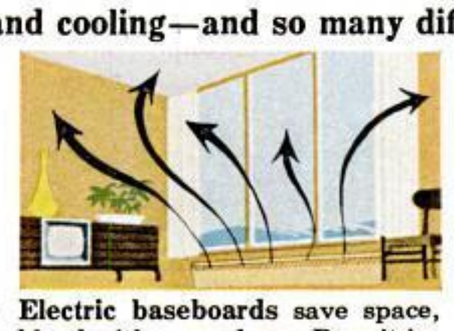


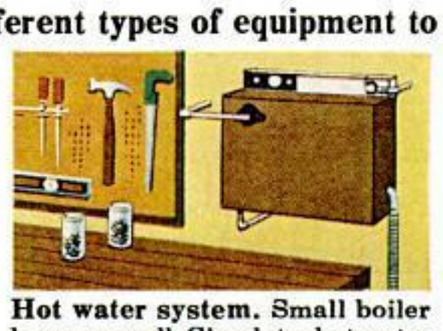
Heat pump heats in winter, cools in summer. One setting keeps any desired year-round temperature.



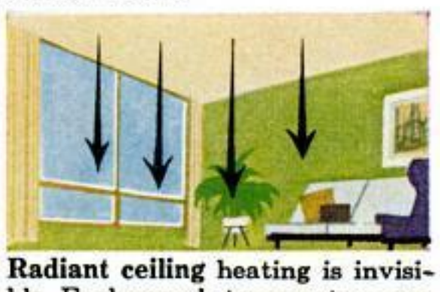
Electric furnace with air filter. Combines with cooling and humidity control for year-round comfort.



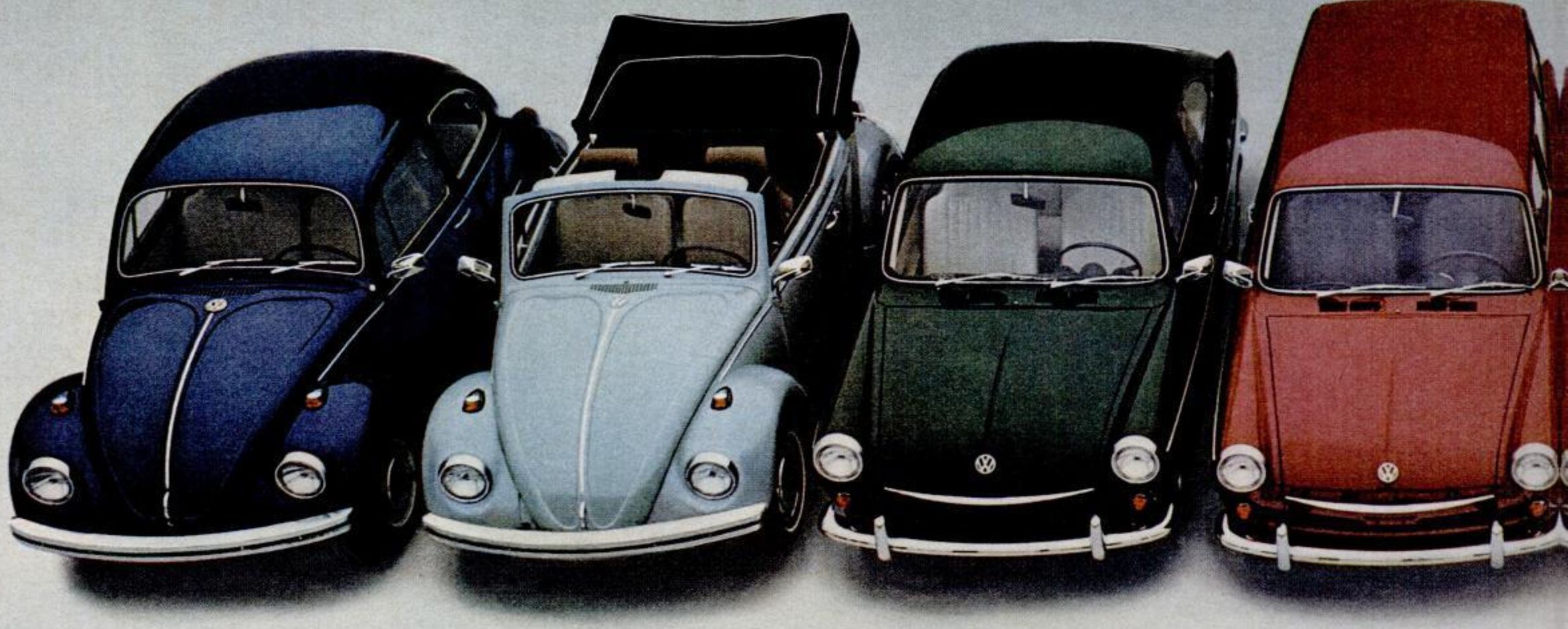
Electric baseboards save space, blend with room decor. Permit individual room temperatures.



Hot water system. Small boiler hangs on wall. Circulates hot water through baseboard units.



Radiant ceiling heating is invisible. Each room's temperature can be individually controlled.



Volkswagen builds

The following stories are true:

A 1949 VW is still running around on its original engine.

A VW owner went 135,384 miles on his original set of tires.

Another owner went 308,700 miles before trade-in time.

Conclusion: Volkswagens are tough.

For instance, look underneath any VW and you'll see our famous sealed bottom. This ingenious device protects a VW's insides against everything on the outside. Including time. (No other car has anything quite like it.)

A Volkswagen convertible is made so well, so airtight, it helps to open the window a crack to close the door.

(No wonder it takes two men one day just to make two convertible tops.)

Like all VWs, the Squareback and Fastback sedans are both painted 3 times over. To make what you see look nicer. And to make what you don't see last longer.

strong bodies 8 ways.

Then there's the VW Karmann Ghia. Its body is practically hand-made.

The Ghia is hand-shaped, hand-welded, hand-smoothed, hand-padded, hand-fitted, hand-stitched, hand-painted and would you believe, hand-sanded. (Whew.)

The VW Station Wagon and Camper are different, too. They don't have frames like other wagons. And they're not bolted together either. Each one is a solid hunk of unitized steel, welded together 12,598 times.

Finally, we make trucks.

(And if we make cars as strong as we do, you can imagine how we make trucks.)

So next time you look at a Volkswagen, look at it this way:

It's not the most beautiful body in the world, but it's one of the healthiest.

GENERATIONS
CONTINUED

azines, movies and, most important, tourism. "There is a certain portion of the population," he said, "who might be led to think things are better on the other side. It's sometimes fashionable among the young to think so. We've got to counter this by explaining our side. Sometimes, we fall behind."

Soviet youth object to this expressed lack of faith in them. They are intensely nationalistic and dedicated to an ideal of Communism which they see as eventually bringing about a society where all people will be without want, where work will be a joy for all, where personal vices of selfishness give way to love of one's fellow man. Naive and utopian, this sounds much like the hopes of Western hippies but is basically different: it is built around a hard political core, the belief that socialism is the only road toward such a goal.

"If they trust us a little more," one student declared, "we might trust them." Government officials, the young feel, go around creating problems that don't really exist. Recently a do-it-yourself recording studio on Gorki Street, Moscow's Fifth Avenue, was officially criticized for fostering only "shouts, roars and hysteria" as teen-age amateur combos recorded songs called *The Twist and Kiss*, *The Twist and Shout*, *The Long Shake* and *The Sound of the Barking Dog*. The magazine *Sovetskaya Kultura* solemnly proposed that the Soviet Union "develop its own noble forms of these foreign dances . . . which would defeat the West in an open and honest competition right there on the dance floor."

To the Soviet kids, such a controversy at this official level is absurd and a last gasp in a once-effective ideological program whose aim was to "protect" youth from "bourgeois decadence"—a phrase that still remains part of the Soviet lexicon.

Soviet officials have long since given up their fight to keep out jazz —that "decadent Western bourgeois infection." Jazz, anything from Dixieland to Miles Davis, is a common rallying point of Russian youth. "Jazz baby" is part of the jargon, and many Russians know as much about jazz as any young American. The Voice of America, beamed to some 30 million Soviet listeners, keeps jazz enthusiasts glued to their shortwave radios.

The young generation has also worn down the official objections to nightclubs. "Nightclubs of the bourgeois world," proclaimed an official statement only three years ago, "have nothing in common with the development of intellect. As a rule, they are steeped in sex, alcohol and gambling. The Soviet youth prefer study, sports and reading books." It soon became apparent that the officials just weren't with it. In Leningrad alone in the last two years, eight jazz clubs have been formed and half a dozen new youth cafes opened. A few months ago, a deputy chairman of the Supreme Court of the Russian Federation admitted that "the battle for the youth cafes has been lost. Barkeeps sell liquor to youngsters to meet sales quotas despite the broken destinies that result. Too many youths spend night and day in such cafes which become littered with vodka and cognac bottles.

"Instead," he added plaintively, "I suggest cultural evenings."

Some Soviet elders are sympathetic to the youngsters' complaints that they are not trusted—and they see some dangers resulting. Said a social scientist in an analysis of juvenile delinquency: "It can result from an atmosphere of lies, or even more pernicious, an atmosphere of half-truth. When a child feels something is being concealed from him and that something is not being discussed frankly, he is at first puzzled, then becomes bitter and finally admits fatalistically, 'That's the way it is, let them make all the decisions and take all the responsibility.' "

The rise in juvenile delinquency was long ignored by the Russian press—it is an article of Communist faith that it just could not happen in a classless society. But there is no overlooking it now. Russians are told that young hooligans make the city streets unsafe for respectable citizens at night. A rumble between two Moscow youth gangs was reported in alarmed detail. The press has gone full swing into a campaign against "hooliganism," a term that covers anything from drunkenness to vandalism to personal violence. *Komsomolskaya Pravda* even went so far as to print a letter from a delinquent: "I am a hooligan and I'm proud of it. We are feared. We force people to take us into account. Life is boring for us

and we love taking risks. Show concern for us but don't educate us."

Few young Russian youths are as rebellious as the author of this letter. Many, however, feel the government has never really squared with them. Stalin was a "god" until Khrushchev denounced him. Khrushchev was the righteous leader until forced out of office and labeled an incompetent. What will be said of Brezhnev and Kosygin? they ask. Today, a considerable number wouldn't believe an editorial in *Pravda* any more than one in the New York *Times*.

A Moscow literature student working as an Intourist guide during the summer confided: "I've never read *Doctor Zhivago*. It's not sold here. But from talking to tourists and reading about the book from the jacket of the record album a foreign tourist gave me, I've begun to understand a little about him. There are many of us at the university who feel the same way Zhivago did. The other day, I took some American students around Moscow and they had all kinds of political questions to ask me. I didn't want to answer them and I was a wreck afterward. The point is I just don't care."

The "don't care" attitude toward politics is commonly aired. "Brezhnev doesn't interest us," said one young man. "Of course, we just don't know much about him. Kosygin is a little better known because he has identified himself with economic progress."

It would be wrong to conclude that the majority of the Fourth Generation is apathetic, rebellious, philistine or idealistic or even consciously involved in any change. But in one way or another, change touches all of them.

At the commemoration this year of Lenin's birthday at the Mathematics-Physics School of Novosibirsk, the honor of delivering the main address was given to a literature professor rather than to the usual Party functionary. It lasted 20 minutes rather than the usual hour and a half. And it ended with the students reading some of the best poetry about Lenin by two poets of the 1920s—Yesenin and Mayakovsky—whose works had for years been officially frowned on, and by one maverick of the present, Andrei Voznesensky. If the pupils are to learn about Lenin, the professor said, they had better do so through fine literature, not through the clichés and out-worn phraseology of official propaganda.

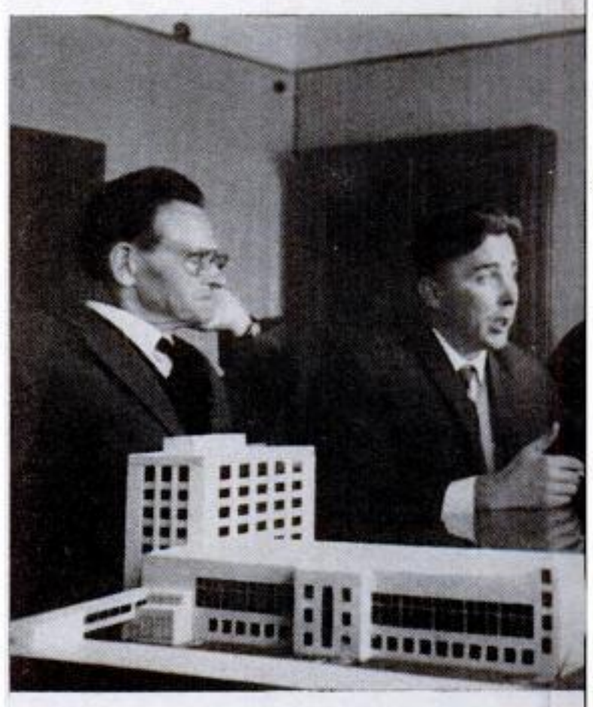
— Модерновая зажигалочка!
— Еще бы! У иностранца купил...

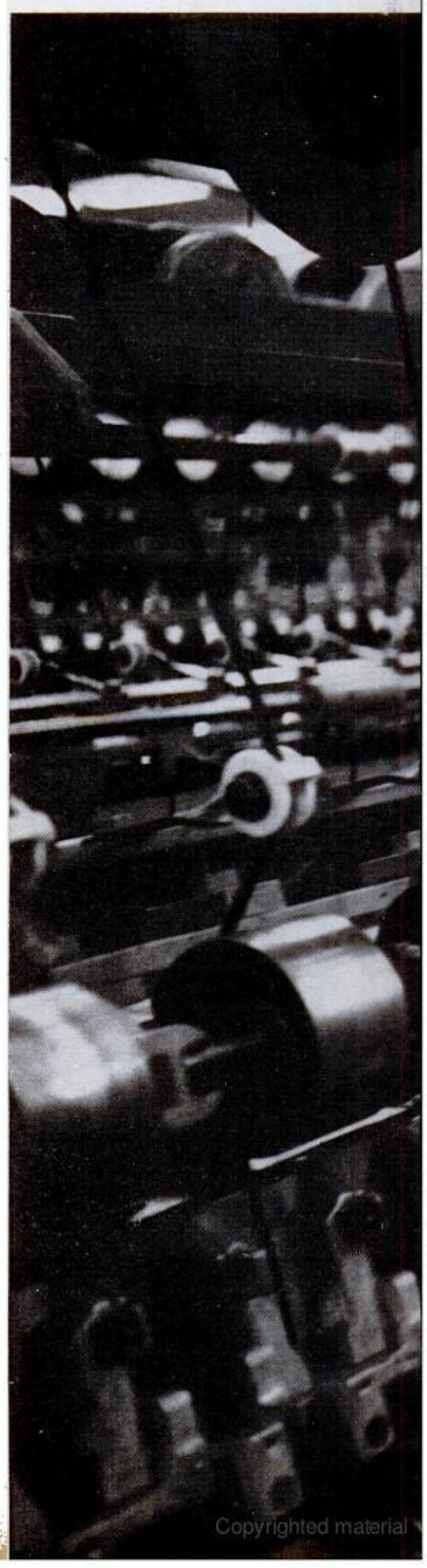
Рисунок Е. ГУРОВА

"Quite a modern lighter," says one Soviet youth to another. "You bet," the friend responds. "Bought it from a foreigner." This is a comment on the craze for anything Western.

Rising class of technocrats promises overhaul of industry

The New Slogan for





In his paneled conference room 100 miles northeast of Moscow, Albert Paramonov, manager of an Ivanovo textile factory, discusses marketing with sales chief. He decided to stop production of two types of cloth which had not been selling well. With his staff (*above right*) he reviews the plant's $48 million construction program. On tour of his factory he pauses to inspect a balky spinning machine.

Bosses: 'Profit or Perish'

Whenever 38-year-old Albert Mikhailovich Paramonov talks about his job as manager of the Ivanovo Textile Combine, one of the largest mills in Europe, his voice reveals the new excitement he feels.

"I can hire and fire," he says. "Nobody tells me how many workers I must have any more; that's my decision. I can raise a foreman's wages and I can give out bonuses. And I can go directly to the consumer with my fabrics."

All routine stuff for any Western industrialist, but for Paramonov these are freedoms scarcely a year old, granted him under the economic reforms now beginning to change not only Russian industry but also the old hard-line Marxist approach to economics. These partial reforms, emphasizing the profit motive and personal initiative at the managerial level, have freed Paramonov and other consumer-industry bosses from a system of centralized planning that prescribed minutely what they would make, how they would make it and how they would sell it.

With their new mandate to help speed up the Soviet economy, the plant managers—a new class of technocrats—are beginning to move into the power structure. "Factory managers," Paramonov says, "are going to have to learn all over again how to manage. If we prove that we've learned, I think there will be even greater freedoms for us. Now we have a get-tough policy: profit, or perish!"

You get 2 extra feet on the King-size Beautyrest Supreme

 *SUGGESTED PRICES, EXCEPT IN FAIR TRADE STATES.

Even three's no crowd on this beauty.

The new King-size Beautyrest Supreme is almost two feet wider, almost half a foot longer than a regular double bed. Stretch out. Curl up. Roll over. No problems, there's 50% more sprawl space.

But there's more than extra room. There's extra comfort, too, the kind you enjoy only with Beautyrest's patented coil construction. Other mattresses have coils tied together so they sag down together. The King-size Beautyrest has over 1,300 *separate* coils, all free to do what your body wants. No matter how you shift, roll, or dig in, you get flexibly firm support. From head to toe. And because coils are separate, sleepers always enjoy separate single-bed comfort. No collisions!

What does "Supreme" mean? In this new, better Beautyrest, Simmons has placed Simflex,® a luxurious, space-age cushioning between you and famous Beautyrest coils. Simflex gently molds itself to your body, buoyantly cradles you over the firm coils below. It's like floating on air!

The King-size Beautyrest Supreme set (mattress and box spring) costs just $339.50*. Other Beautyrests as low as $79.50*. In your choice of regular firm or extra firm models. All Beautyrest covers have Sani-Seal® protection against growth of germs, mildew and odor.

Free: "How to Buy a Mattress" booklet. Write Simmons Co., Dept. A, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois 60654.

BEAUTYREST BY SIMMONS

Sleep like a lamb, wake like a lion.

Now he has to give buyers what they want

At the big annual Inter-Republic Trade Fair in Moscow in September (*below*), Paramonov took orders from buyers (*above*) for the more than 50 kinds of cloth woven at his plant. At right, he listened as his factory's chief engineer, Gavril Prevalov, told why he needed additional weaving machinery to produce next year's new lines.

In the prereform days no Soviet factory manager ever troubled himself for an instant over whether his products would sell. The marketplace was no concern of his.

"The state," Albert Paramonov recalls, "told you what to make. You made it, shipped it off to a distributor and didn't care a damn if anyone ever bought it. You were only rewarded if you produced the *quantity* that was demanded. Those were the easy, good old days. There is no easy way out any more."

Nowadays it is Paramonov rather than some distant bureaucrat who is responsible for his sales. He hustled off to the annual Inter-Republic Trade Fair to deal with fabric buyers from all over the U.S.S.R. This cost him a weekend at home, but, he said, "I am not sorry because we sold all our stuff in two days—great news for the workers!"

Paramonov's ability to move his bolts of cloth will be reflected both in his profits and in his own bonus as manager, which, on top of his 300-ruble ($333) monthly salary, might amount to 900 rubles for a good year. But he is held back by the price system he confronts. The government still must pass on the price proposed by the factory for every new piece of cloth. "The people on the government price-fixing committee," says Paramonov, "are so busy pricing every conceivable new item in the Soviet Union that it can take months before you can get an approval."

A chance to get away from the plant

Albert Paramonov was born in Ivanovo, a major Soviet textile center, and never thought of working anywhere else. After high school, he studied at the Ivanovo Textile Institute and at 25 was made manager of a cotton-processing plant. The $436 million company he runs today employs 7,000 workers. His weekdays are taken up with chores at the plant, his duties as the city's deputy mayor and work on Party committees. But come the weekends, Paramonov, like his capitalist counterparts, hies off to the country with his wife Nina and their 7-year-old son, Andrei, to work at their orchard, pick mushrooms, fish or picnic with friends. Looking forward now to the hunting and skiing seasons, he says: "We all need lots of exercise—particularly Andrei. I want him to grow strong in body and in spirit."

After hydrofoiling up the Volga in a rented boat, the Paramonovs and friends pitch their tent on the private campground that the factory maintains for its employes. Below, the Paramonovs climb up and down the terraced garden of the summer home of the late opera singer Feodor Chaliapin.

"Andrei takes much of my free time," says Paramonov, hugging him. "I gladly spend it with him, solving all kinds of problems."

CONTINUED

Lucky Strike introduces the Lucky Strike that doesn't taste like a Lucky Strike.

The Lucky Strike 100.

A Lucky Strike that tastes soft, for once.

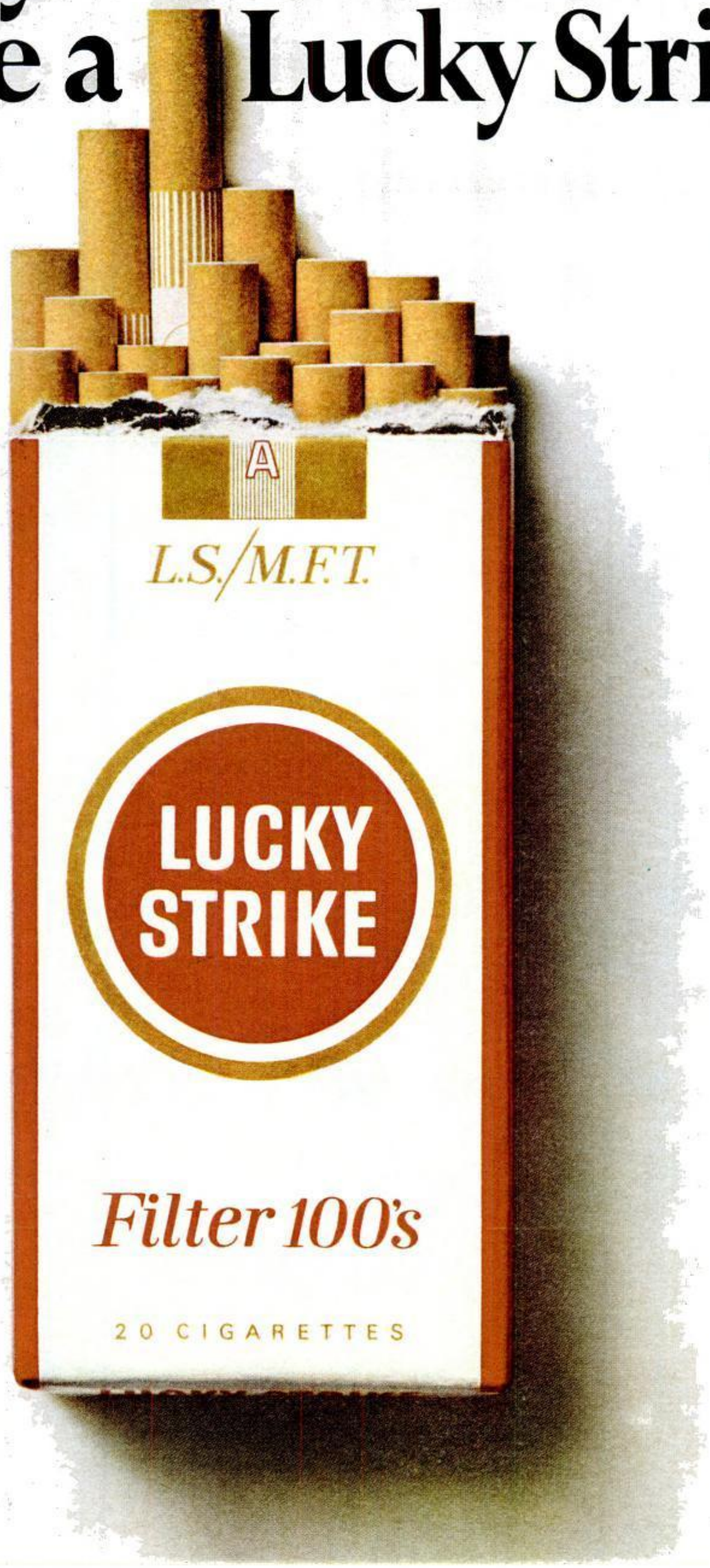
With a whole new blend of tobacco, next to a filter that's rolled tobacco and charcoal inside, white outside.

And a new taste: soft.

If you still like the old Lucky, stick with it.

The new Lucky Strike 100 is something else.

The first Lucky Strike that doesn't taste like a Lucky Strike.



Any favorite snapshot will make a Christmas card that is yours alone.

It could be a snapshot you took over the Fourth. Or one of the whole family on vacation. Or just the baby alone. The important thing is that it'll make an unusual—and unusually appealing—Christmas card.

Another thing. Photo-Greeting Cards don't cost any more than many ordinary cards. And ordering them is a snap. You just take the negative of your favorite shot or the color print itself or the slide to your dealer and choose the card style you like best from his selection. That's all there is to it.

But don't wait until it's too late. Or you may have to settle for an ordinary card.

Kodak

Enjoying the good life as a boss, Paramonov pours wine at dinner with wife Nina and her sister, Alya. Below, he gets guest-of-honor welcome at a youth cafe.

Some advantages of being chief

A professor's ideas ring a change on Marx

"About chandeliers," an exasperated Nikita Khrushchev once growled to an audience of Soviet planners, "we know now that chandeliers have been manufactured not with a view to their elegance or their ornamental value, but with a view to making them as heavy as can be. The heavier the chandelier produced by the factory, the more it earned, because the factory's output in chandeliers was evaluated by weight. . . . But who needs this? To whom does it give light?"

Khrushchev could have been talking not just about chandelier-making but about almost any other type of production in Soviet industry. For 30 years, running a Russian factory—or a railroad, a construction firm, a store, a farm—had consisted merely of doing what the government central planners ordered done. So rigid and meticulous were the planners that the proposal for one steel mill, which included blueprints showing the location of every water spigot, ran to 70,000 pages in 91 volumes and covered every aspect of the mill but one: its economic feasibility. So high was the premium attached to volume production that the manager of one button factory was rewarded for surpassing his 100,000-button quota by 5%—despite the fact that more than 20% of his buttons had no holes for the thread.

Alarmed by such built-in boondogglery and the stagnating economy that resulted from it, Khrushchev juggled plans and planners. In August 1962 an obscure Kharkov University economics professor named Yevsei Liberman proposed—obviously with official backing, including Khrushchev's—that managers of factories should be unshackled by the central planners and that profits, not volume, should be made their goal.

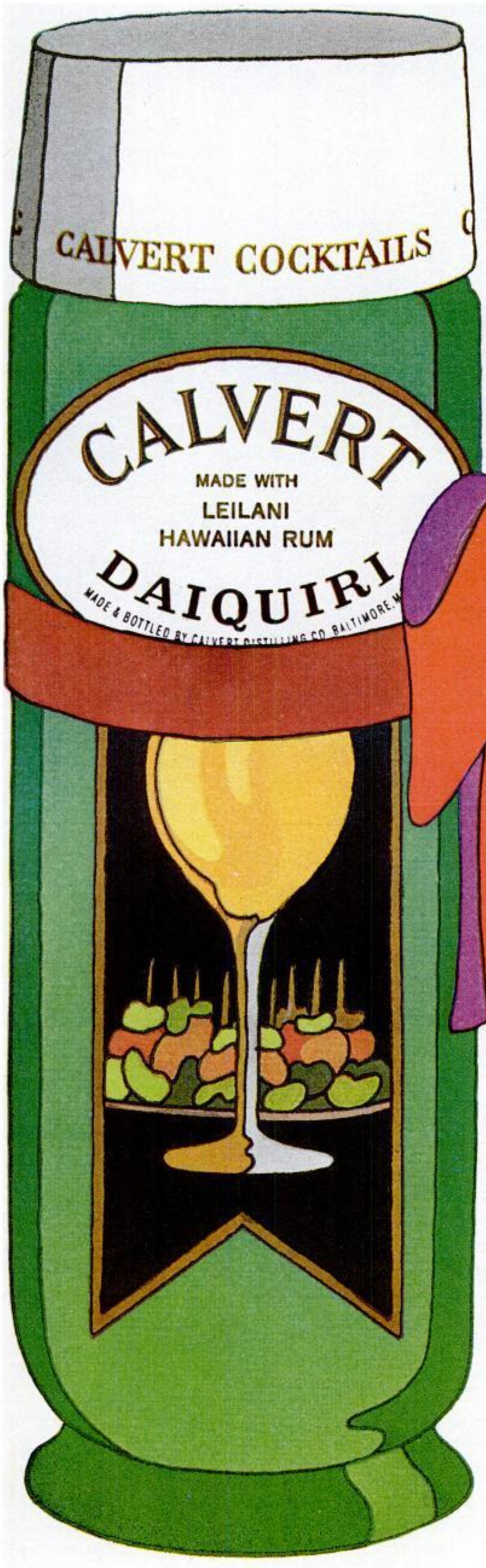
These heretical proposals became official doctrine by the middle of 1964. Today more than 5,500 factories, mostly turning out consumer items, are operating under the new freedoms, vying in more or less open competition for sales and profits. In 1966, according to Russian statistics, factories under the reforms wound up with their sales increased by 11%, profits up 25% and productivity up 8%—all well above the Soviet average.

The Russians insist that this does not violate Marx and call it "market socialism," *i.e.*, private ownership of industry is still forbidden, but what the consumer wants and will pay for will now have greater bearing on what gets produced than decisions made by Party planners. To please the long-neglected customer, production of consumer goods next year will be stepped up at a faster pace than heavy industry—the first time in Soviet history.

The reforms, modest and already a year behind schedule, still face many obstacles. The central planners continue to maintain a tight rein over matters that affect the managers' operations, including two key factors: the allotment of raw materials and the setting of prices. Many Western economists feel that as long as those powers are guarded by the planners, the economy will still remain in imbalance between what is produced and what people really want. The bonus system has yet to make any real impact on the workers' biweekly pay packet. Managers have been getting bigger bonuses than the workers, as high as 35% of their salaries compared to about 4% to 7% for the workers. Workers eventually may see little point in increasing their own productivity. There is doubt too that inefficient factories and workers will really be allowed to perish—as Liberman recommends. Unemployment is anathema to a Marxist society. But, even in Russia, it may be hard to argue with success. If the Paramonovs make the statistics—and the profits—go for them, the Soviet Union may indeed move closer to a true market economy.

Professor Yevsei Liberman

The Visitor's Daiquiri



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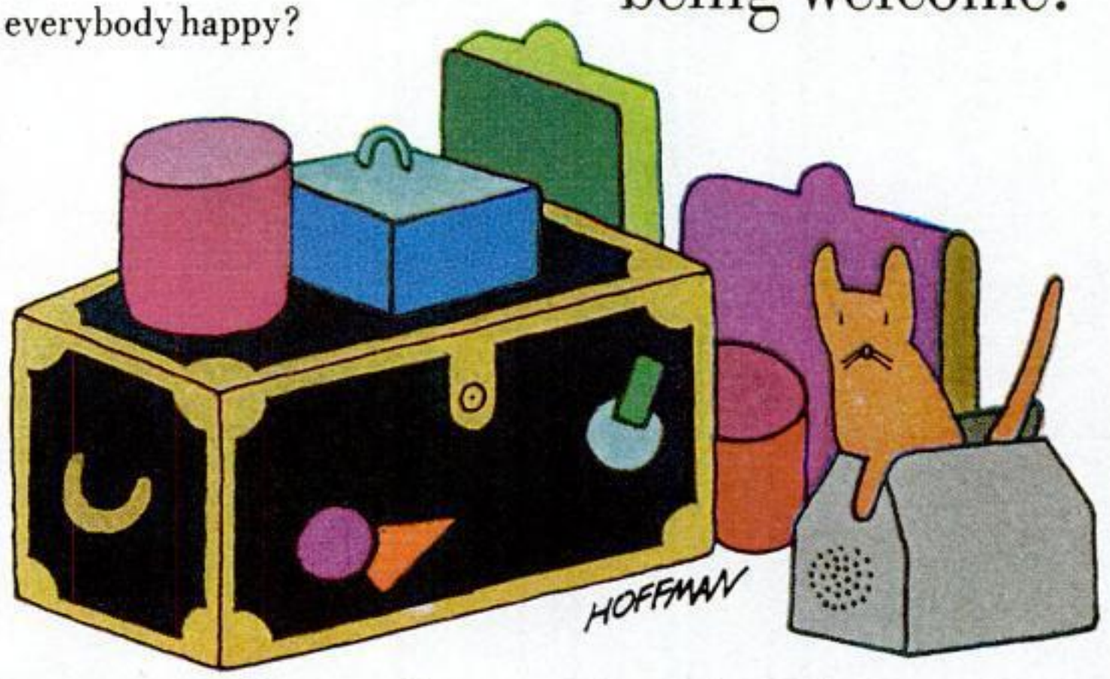
being welcome.



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Oh well.

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U.S.S.R.

Beneath the Panoply

The country's strength and pride were displayed in the 1967 Russian Olympics

by James H. Billington

Professor Billington, who teaches Russian history at Princeton, lived in the U.S.S.R. in 1966 with his family. He made a return trip to Moscow this year on the Cultural Exchange.

One must begin with people. Anniversaries prove nothing; statistics prove almost anything. The real story of Russia during this 50-year period, as in any other, is that of its people. They are a rugged, long-suffering people for whom laughter has always been mixed with tears, peasant passivity with bursts of visionary enthusiasm, unutterable coldness of climate with unforgettable warmth in human relationships.

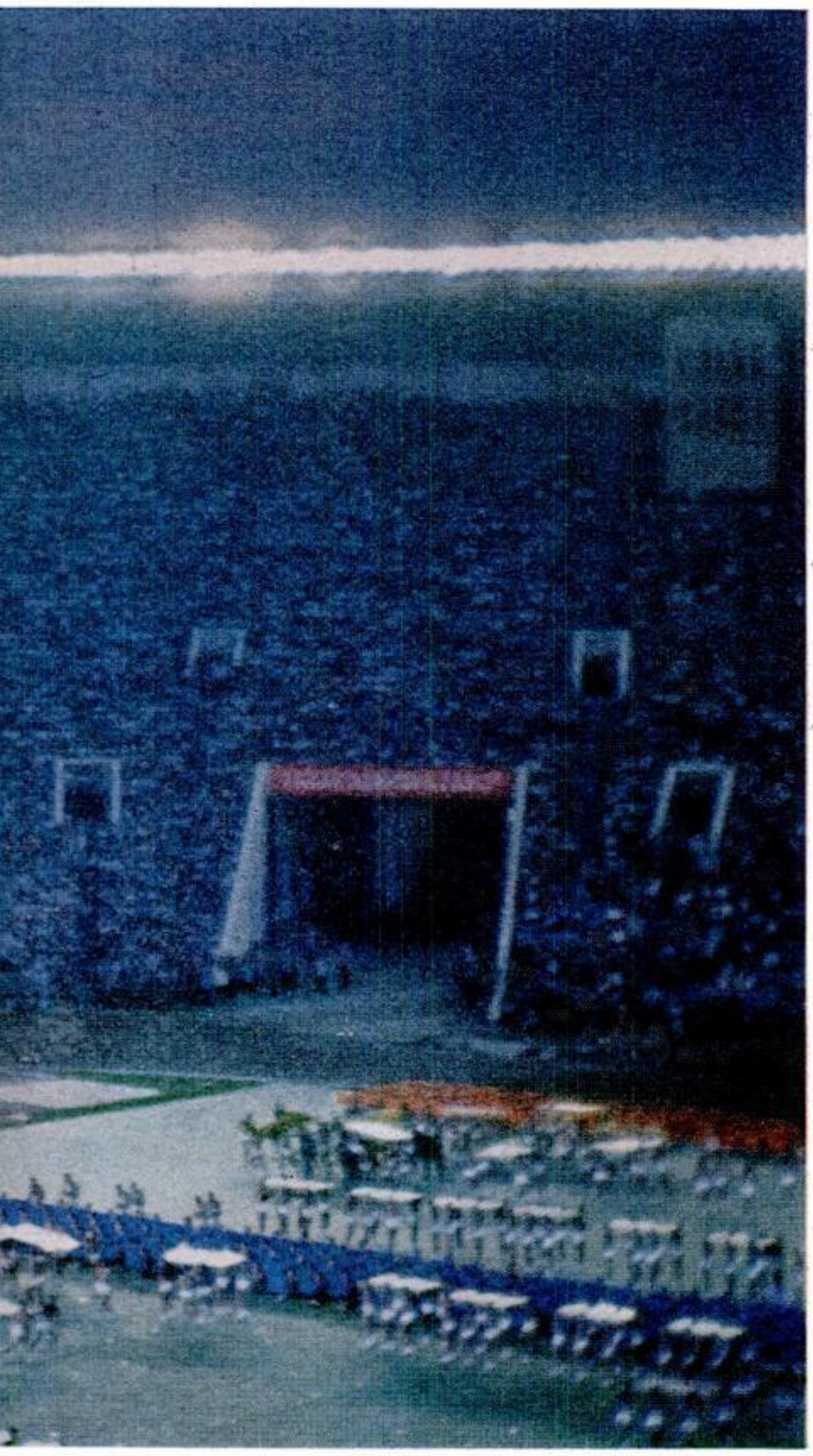
It is the warmth that lingers on in my memories of six months spent in the U.S.S.R. with my wife and four children late in 1966 and a return visit with my wife this past summer. Russians brought warmth not only when they entertained us, but even when we tried to be hosts to them in our small, three-room apartment on the outskirts of Moscow.

When our 2-year-old Tommy burst in on a luncheon group unclad and mumbling his own incomprehensible blend of English and Russian, he was hailed by the poet Yevtushenko as a living example of the old Russian tradition of the "holy fool." Feeling more distressed than we at the humble circumstances in which we were living, the poet excused himself from our company and reappeared an hour later with an entire set of china—which must have cost him time and energy, as well as money, in the jammed department store a mile or two away. This was but one of many reminders to us during our stay in Moscow that whatever the restrictions of the system, there are few limitations on the legendary "broad Russian nature."

Human warmth is, unfortunately, not the whole story of the Russian people. Indeed, the very qualities of human intimacy and intensity are, in part, a kind of overcompensation at the family and precinct level for studied inhumanity at higher, more official levels. Against the warm simplicity of the people stands the coldness of two oppressive forces that rule over them: the power elite and the addicts of bureaucratic routine.

The power elite is the small oligarchy of Communist leaders that has a monopoly on power unequaled perhaps by any group of comparable size anywhere. Membership in this elite brings the promise of *dachas* in the countryside and trips abroad, as well as the excitement of being one of the very few Russians involved in *politika*,

# of Power, the Intelligentsia Hits Out at the Old Order



which opened the 50th anniversary celebrations in Moscow

Solzhenitsyn

Daniel

Yevtushenko

Voznesensky

Protests against authoritarian Soviet rule and routine have brought worldwide prominence to Russian intellectuals. Novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn recently outspokenly demanded an end to all literary censorship in the U.S.S.R. Writers Andrei Sinyavsky, shown carrying coffin at Boris Pasternak's funeral, and Yuli Daniel were imprisoned in 1966 for writing "anti-Soviet propaganda" but are now eagerly read in intellectual circles. The well-traveled Yevgeny Yevtushenko was the most prominent of his generation's "angry young men." Poet Andrei Voznesensky believes that the Russian people now want the naked truth.

which means both politics and policy. This is the group which ordinary Russians simply call "them" —with a sense of remoteness that the third person never commands in English.

The bureaucracy is constantly criticized by both "them" (the power elite) and "us" (the ordinary people), but *nobody* seems able to live without it. The addiction to bureaucratic routine has lingered from czarist days, surviving every revolution and purge. The long gray grind of daily living continues to spawn functionaries who have scaled down all hope for themselves and who devote much of their energies to reducing others to a comparable state of frustration.

Our own presiding bureaucrat, the director of the hotel where we lived, refused to believe there were bedbugs in a room to which he transferred us, since, as he explained, "no one else has ever complained about such a thing before." In the uncomfortable position of pitting my "subjective" feelings against his objective authority, I felt positively relieved to be able to show him an arm covered with welts. He removed the bed but refused to acknowledge the existence of the insects—alternating between innuendoes that the wounds were self-inflicted and suggestions that minor suffering is the just reward

CONTINUED

INTELLIGENTSIA

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of those who question established bureaucratic procedure.

But the small irritations of bureaucratic routine in the hotel were more than redeemed by the affectionate attention we got from the bandanna-clad babushkas, who shoved sugar cubes into the mouths of our children and provided us with an endless supply of cheerful baby-sitters. Observing the Russians' wonderful relationships with children, I began to realize that many adult Russians are themselves rather like overgrown children—with their ready affections, their love of big parades and fairy-tale ballet, and their combination of petulant protest and general compliance before "parental" authority. Most striking, perhaps, is the widespread political infantilism which sees in all government a kind of oppressive force that can somehow be avoided by total absorption in the spontaneous, unstructured life of the child-centered family. As Russians have become cynical about the politics of the adult world, they have increasingly come to look on childhood as a kind of paradise lost, and on their children as the only ones with any real hope of paradise regained.

If this were all—a power elite, a leaden bureaucracy, a childlike people with hopes for its children—the Russians would present a relatively simple picture. But elements of richness and unpredictability are added by that implausible band of spiritual adventurers, the Russian intelligentsia, who deeply fascinate the increasingly well-educated Russian people.

It has always been difficult for Americans to believe that poets and professors, as distinct from producers and politicians, *really* matter in the dynamics of a nation's development. But intellectual and cultural ferment have traditionally been a substitute for political opposition in authoritarian Russia. The Soviet regime is still based on an ideology, and the most hard-nosed Soviet politicians devote extraordinary energy to dealing with intellectuals.

Intellectual life also takes the place of entertainment and travel in the U.S.S.R., providing a measure of escape and adventure to a still provincial populace. *Intelligentsia*, meaning an alienated but passionately reformist group of thinkers, is a hallowed Russian word that even anti-intellectual Soviet leaders pronounce with reverence. I remember hearing Marshal Malinovsky speak on the 49th anniversary of the Revolution of the need to create a "military intelligentsia." Being "cultured" has become a kind of spiritual status symbol. I once encountered a group of ordinary Russians glaring with anger at a man on a street corner who had been badly beaten up and now at least seemed deserving of their sympathy. "He called one of us *nekulturny* [uncultured]," explained a witness in such a way as to imply that the man was lucky to be alive.

Cultural life is, of course, varied and complex in a nation of 235 million people that covers one sixth of the earth's land surface, but the heart of it all is Moscow. It is the political and economic capital, the center of the academic and literary establishment, the traditional symbol of Russian uniqueness and now, in the jet age, Russia's new window to the West. Leningrad, the former capital and port of entry on the Baltic Sea, has been surpassed in everything except sheer beauty. Moscow—for all its well-known superficial ugliness and monotony—is the scene of a resurgent intellectual life that is among the most stimulating and ranging in the world. For it is focused on the greatest single problem of Russia's disturbed history: the search for an authentic national identity.

The regime goads writers and artists with both temptation and insult

Moscow has created a genuinely alienated intelligentsia partly for the curiously perverse reason that this city constantly goads and tests all thinking people with both a continuing insult and a continuing temptation.

The continuing insult is the perpetuation of a callous censorship, of sloganized Marxism as a kind of intellectual labor-saving device. The continuing temptation which Moscow provides the intellectual community is that of throwing in one's lot with the power elite in what is, after all, the center of a great world empire. It is possible for intelligent Russians to view joining the power structure as a means of introducing technological efficiency that will help rid Russia of its rural backwardness and the

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INTELLIGENTSIA
CONTINUED

governmental unpredictability of the Khrushchev era. "We can help our leaders understand that there is no need to rely on shoe-banging," one of the new breed of would-be government consultants explained to me.

But very few thinking people in Moscow ever learn to accept happily either the insult of censorship or the temptations of power. Much more common than political ambition is the unpolitical search for pure technological efficiency. This is perhaps the only uncorrupted legacy left from the Stalin era. It was in the purge-ridden 1930s that Stalin resolved to create a "new Soviet intelligentsia": a proletarian-based, technologically trained group to support the feverish construction of his early five-year plans. These technologists and their children now seek to extend the criterion of pragmatic efficiency into areas traditionally reserved for ideological regulation by the power elite. The technologists are modest in their ambitions, but determined to insist on the right to work without arbitrary interference, to make judgments on professional rather than political grounds.

Though largely indifferent to ideology, this "creeping pragmatism" of the no-nonsense technologists has created growing demands for a kind of "cultural Libermanism" in intellectual and artistic life (a reference to the economist Yevsei Liberman, whose untraditional ideas are being put into practice in Soviet industry—see pages 60-68). "Our novels have been as shabby as our clothes," one engineer explained to me, implying that ideas no less than fabrics should be forced to prove their quality in a relatively open market.

The continuing proliferation of academic institutions has tended to erode the authority of tyrannical institute directors. Much of the best history is now done in artistic or literary institutes; much of the best philosophy in linguistic or mathematical circles; the patrons of the flourishing subculture of artistic modernism are physicists and mathematicians. More and more subjects are now quietly moving up "from the drawer to the desk." Movement among and between institutes encourages the idea always inherent in the organization of the Russian Academy of Sciences—of one rather than two cultures, of "science" in the all-inclusive Renaissance sense of the word.

At the doctoral dissertation defenses I attended at the Institute of History in Moscow and at my own occasional lectures in other institutes and universities, I was often exhilarated by a structured, scholarly dialogue superior to anything usually found in American academic life. Formal reports are invariably followed by specific question-and-answer, formal criticism from senior scholars, extended comments from others, and a final rebuttal by the speaker.

They applaud a once-banned painter and publicly jeer Party dogmatists

Artistic life also encourages audience participation through the institution of "exchange of opinions" (theater audiences discuss a play with actors and producers after a final curtain) and of the comment book (art gallery visitors write down their comments about an exhibit). I remember seeing a Party dogmatist literally whistled (the Russian form of booing) to his seat in the largest theater in Leningrad when he tried to denounce an experimental play at a special performance for technology students. Last year at the posthumous exhibit of the paintings of Robert Falk—whom Khrushchev had reviled even more than Stalin—I read these moving comments in the visitors' book: "Hurrah," covering an entire page, and "Where are the others?" In addition to such simple exclamations, these audience-participation media produce much of what may be the best theatrical and artistic criticism in the U.S.S.R. today.

Certainly the most vital intellectual life in the U.S.S.R. is that of the so-called "second literature," which is circulated or shown privately among friends, and of what might be called the "second academies," the *soirées* where people who hold other jobs by day congregate in the evenings for long discussions with people in other disciplines and art. This second intellectual life in Moscow is in many ways the center of the hopes of the entire nation. Only within this unofficial, alienated intelligentsia are the Russians free from the conservative study plans of official institutions and free to focus on

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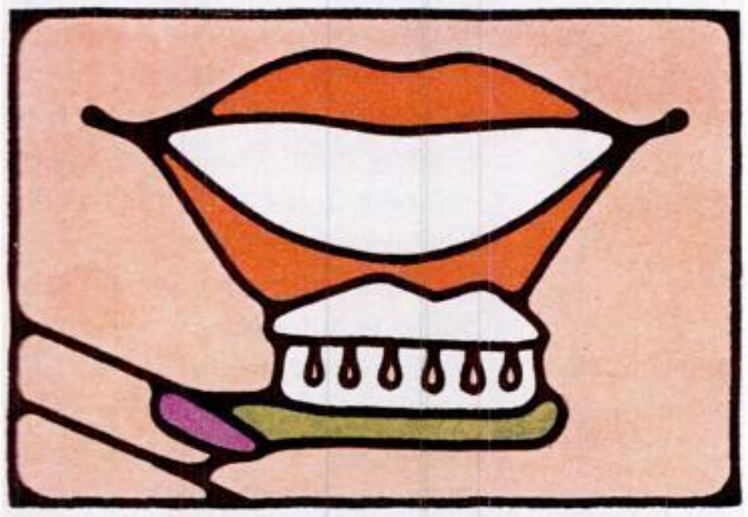

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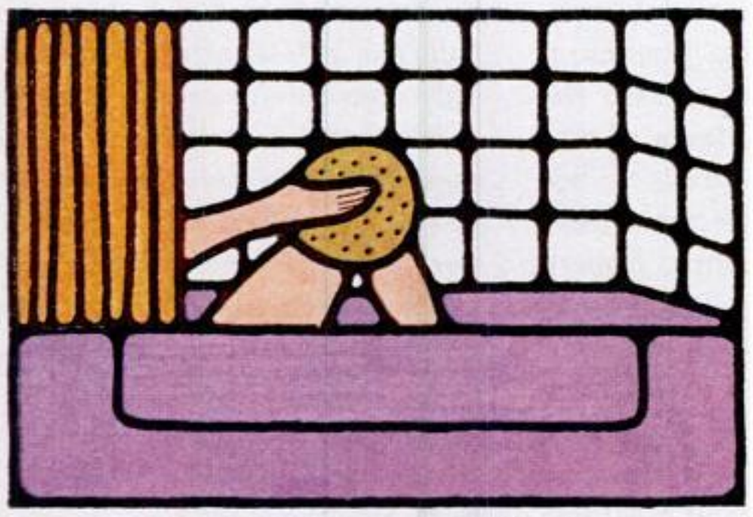

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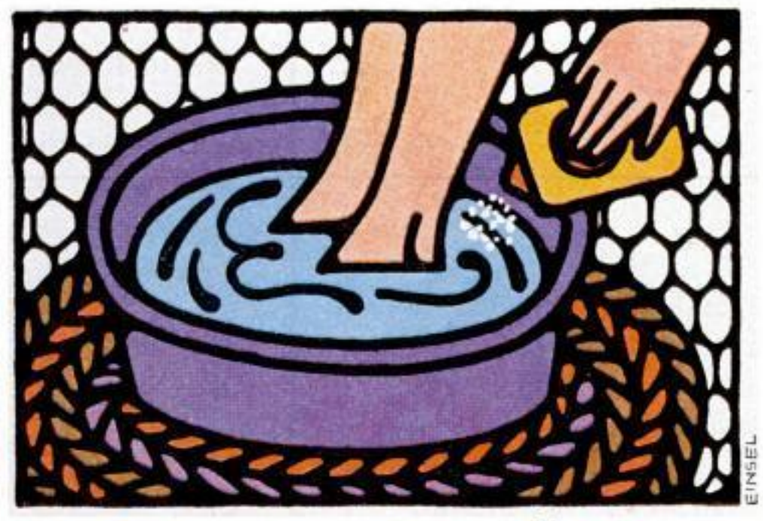

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their national identity crisis.

Russians have always had an inordinate preoccupation with their own destiny. Ever since Khrushchev shattered the myths of apostolic succession and Kremlin infallibility, they have been uncertain of where to look. When no real explanation was offered by the Party establishment for the crimes of the Stalin era and no real restitution or guarantees offered, the second, unofficial intelligentsia began to take over the search.

An angry young man grows melancholy after visits abroad

In the mid-1950s Russia rivaled Britain in producing a generation of angry young men. They had much to be angry about. One of them, a handsome young poet from the deep interior of the country, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, helped force open doors in Moscow. Now, a decade later, the doors are still only ajar, and Yevtushenko lingers on as an aging romantic idol, incapable of either leaving, leading or loving the centers of power. He seems happiest in Alaska (LIFE, Feb. 17, 1967) or his native Siberia; but anxious at the same time to talk with Fidel Castro, Robert Kennedy and young politicians everywhere. Some young Russians say that he has been a melancholy figure ever since his visit to Cuba. There he found people even younger than he in positions of great political authority and a vibrant revolutionary enthusiasm that is absent from contemporary Russia.

The key element in the current search for national identity is the effort to complete the program of de-Stalinization—to recover systematically everything that was destroyed in the Stalin era. The intellectuals seek, first of all, to recover the legacy of the old truth-seeking intelligentsia itself. Almost nothing in Soviet culture from the mid-1930s on is taken seriously by them, except the great national resistance to Hitler in World War II. Even while dealing with this theme in the memorable poetic play *The Fallen and the Living*, there is the pointed reminder that many of those who fought most valiantly were subsequently purged by Stalin. The play begins with a moment of silence for those who fell in battle, and reaches another electric silence when an actress alludes bitterly to the sufferings yet to befall the victors in the time of "the *so-called* cult of personality." The key new production of this Jubilee Year in the Taganka Theater of Moscow is based on the poems of the revolutionary, Vladimir Mayakovsky, who committed suicide in 1930. The flowers presented to the actors after the premiere performance that I witnessed last June were reverently placed on the on-stage grave of the poet amidst the deafening applause of a youthful audience newly conscious of its spiritual links with pre-Stalinist culture.

Second—and more surprisingly—many intellectuals seek to recover some links with the religious heritage of an even earlier, pre-revolutionary period. Svetlana Stalin is not alone in rejecting the faith of her parents for that of her grandparents. Repelled by both the manipulative morality and the monotonous art of the Stalinist bureaucracy, young Russians now seek a deeper basis for human conduct and esthetic inspiration. "Faith proved itself worthy of fresh respect in the camps," one survivor of more than a decade of imprisonment told me. "Those who believed in God often seemed the only ones able to go on acting like men." But the intellectuals are not seeking a mere return to the Orthodox Church of yore. "Even if I were free to do so, I could never join a church which did not even pray publicly for those in the camps during the Stalin era," one writer explained.

Within the power elite itself one frequently meets protectors if not patrons of old Russian religious culture. It was a prominent member of the Central Committee who took me several years ago to see perhaps the finest of all selections of old Russian icons—many preserved in the Orthodox manner with candles burning—reverently exhibited in the home of Soviet painter P. D. Korin, who is married to a former Orthodox nun. So great has been the appeal of student summer expeditions to discover old religious art that the Young Communist League has itself begun to sponsor such activities.

The Russian intelligentsia has a kind of undoctrinal ecumenical movement of its own; it brings together Christians and Jews (far closer in Russia, where they share

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INTELLIGENTSIA
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a common persecution, than in the West, where they share an occasional brotherhood banquet table), neo-Kantian scientists, pro-Buddhist Orientalists and many other forms of believers. All identify vaguely with Russia's religious past; and many feel attracted to new sects or religious-philosophical discussion groups, where they hope to find more satisfying human association than in the philistine society about them. Youthful members of such a religious-philosophical group were apparently victimized by the wave of quiet arrests conducted in Leningrad early in 1967.

There are, of course, a few quacks and, at times, a kind of "camp" quality about some of this. If one famous writer quietly wears a crucifix, another wears, believe it or not, a medallion of the last czar, Nicholas II. The whole phenomenon may indeed be headed for a kind of far-out convergence with the hippies.

A third area in which the intellectuals seek to accelerate the process of de-Stalinization is in the rediscovery of the ravished Russian peasantry. Almost half of Russia is still on the farm, and much of the rest still identifies with rural Russia. The peasants were the supreme casualty of Stalinism; and their brutalization during forced collectivization and repopulation has all too long been forgotten in both the East and West.

Next to the concentration camps themselves, the travails of rural life seem to be the richest theme of the new and vital short story and memoir literature. The Russian rediscovery of the silent suffering in the countryside on which "progress" has been based is analagous to the American "discovery" of the Negro a century after his "emancipation." This new concern has enabled the Russian urban intellectual to break out of his narcissistic preoccupation with his own problems into a social concern that leads to deeper involvement in other national problems. From concern about the peasants many intellectuals have gone on to work up campaigns to restore historical monuments, to cut down industrial pollution of the Volga, and to conserve natural resources by the establishment of national parks.

Many individuals are involved at different levels in the intelligentsia's search for new identity and new beginnings, but there are two key types without whom the search could never continue: the literary politicians and "the saints." The outside world has focused its attention on the literary politicians such as the late Ilya Ehrenburg and Yevtushenko and on the fascinating games that they have played against the power elite. The publication of Ehrenburg's *The Thaw* in 1954 and his cutting public criticism of Soviet newspapers late in 1966 were—like Yevtushenko's famed denunciation of anti-Semitism in "Babi Yar"—important acts. As Soviet intellectuals put it, they "opened doors for others."

'The saints' who survived the camps hold a revered place among intellectuals

In the U.S.S.R., however, "the saints" are the most revered by the intellectual community. They are survivors of pre-Stalinist culture who were martyred through long suffering in the camps, yet returned purified of either fear or pettiness to give fresh creative inspiration to a new generation. They are sometimes called "untouchables" because of the enormous moral authority that they alone seem to possess. All the great creative artists and most of the good ones (not to mention many politicians and bureaucrats) feel the need for some kind of reassuring relationship with this "righteous remnant" from the past. The saints—among whom the novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is the best known—are implausibly fond of their native land, and would not leave even if given the chance. The interaction of the very old on the very young—of Pasternak on Voznesensky, for example—lends to the life of the "second academies" a special excitement and a complete immunity to the philistinism of official middle-aged culture. No cultural evening organized by students in Moscow is really considered an event without the appearance of (or at least a message from) one of the saints. Both the vitality and the variety of intellectual ferment have surged in the U.S.S.R. in recent years. Satire has turned from the traditional "Aesopian" form, where criticism was applied only to imaginary far-off kingdoms, into more direct parodies of contemporary reality. Protests against the literary police took the form last May of a boycott by most of the respected writers of a do-nothing literary congress and an emotional counter-demonstration at a 75th birthday celebration of Konstantin Paustovsky, one of the finest writers and most articulate critics of censorship in the country.

A new willingness to stand up and be counted with signed petitions to official authorities has been evident since the writers Sinyavsky and Daniel went on trial for publishing abroad, under pseudonyms, works critical of Soviet reality. The more recent outbursts of letters-to-the-editor—such as the protest from the poet Voznesensky to *Pravda* about the official lies that prevented him from appearing at a poetry reading in New York last spring—are part of a general escalation of both outrage and sophistication in the intellectual's struggle for greater freedom. The model for the new letters of protest is the magnificent plea of Solzhenitsyn to the Union of Writers for the total abolition of censorship, a protest which carried the moral authority of a "saint" back from the labor camps. By addressing himself bluntly to the union as if it really were concerned about the problems that concern writers, he created embarrassment within its censor-laden bureaucracy and generated considerable internal pressure for reform. Whether or not Solzhenitsyn's letter or any of the many others written in his support and signed by most of the important writers in the U.S.S.R. are ever published, their content is well known in Moscow. Having signed their own names and addressed themselves with scrupulous correctness to the proper authorities, writers feel free to distribute carbon copies to their friends, who in turn accumulate entire collections of such letters.

Probably the most remarkable new feature about the intellectual ferment is the increasing freedom from fear. As the hero of one contemporary play in Moscow puts it, after telling how he had humiliated himself by changing his opinion repeatedly at the behest of bureaucratic bullies during the Stalin era: "What is terrible is not that there are evil people in this world, but that there are so many others who spend their lives being afraid of them." Many radical intellectuals in the U.S.S.R. are even beginning to lose their fear of wiretapping. "I have nothing to hide," one of them told me, "and I would rather have my views on file in my own words,

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which might have some educational effect, then have them reported in garbled form by an ignorant informer."

These radical intellectuals are, for the most part, fiercely patriotic. They are championing a kind of peaceful civil rights movement, which—if met with imaginative reforms—need not lead to revolutionary conflict.

But this movement for civil liberties is infected with a moral passion and religious idealism that will not easily be satisfied by halfhearted concessions—or easily snuffed out with halfway repression. For the moment, the regime seems inclined to a repressive response. Thus, the battle goes on between an aging and fearful power elite and a youthful and hopeful intellectual elite. The great majority of Russians remain merely spectators, preoccupied with their daily lives, but they are increasingly inclined to wonder if the intellectuals may not be closer than the politicians to where the real action is.

Whatever the intellectuals may revive from the Russia of yesterday for the Russia of tomorrow, they are also seeking closer relationships with the outside world of today. The second great feature of the identity crisis in the U.S.S.R. is its search for a dignified, secure position among the nations of the world. "We know Moscow will never be another Petersburg," one Russian historian explained, "but it must also be different from either Peking or Detroit."

They have a historic fear of Germany and China, an affection for the U. S.

Initially, one is struck by the indifference to international affairs among Russian intellectuals. They see little point in agonizing over a remote world of power elites, where complex calculations must be made of unknown forces and peoples. Three countries, however, have a real interest for the Russian people: Germany, China and the United States.

Fear of Germany is based on the immense suffering of two world wars, and has been kept alive by the realization of the enormous economic growth in both Eastern and Western Germany. Russian feelings about China and America are less simple, and more deeply entwined with the Russian search for their own identity.

Fear of China now runs deep not only because of border incidents and insults to Russian personnel, but because Russians see in the frenzied Maoist "cultural revolution" a reversion to their own hated Stalinist past. There are also memories of the Mongol Khans who held Russia in bondage for more than 200 years. Within the power elite, there is a special, curious fear: that a China which has irrationally zigged away from the Soviet model may somehow eventually zag into a deal with American capitalism.

The alienated intellectuals nurture the most subtle and terrible fear of all about the Chinese experiment: the fear that it might work. The intelligentsia believes that if revolutionary revivalism works in China it may spread to Russia. It sees in the Chinese a new and more resilient breed of Germans: good students, disciplined patriots, and humorless fanatics bent on imposing their ideology on the exposed Eurasian breadbasket.

Hope and affection for America remain almost embarrassingly intense. Russia is perhaps the last great refuge of the romantic 19th Century view of the U.S. as a land of freedom and of a potential fresh start for all humanity. This is more than just the fascination of one expansive, ethnically complex people on the periphery of Europe with another, so like it in many ways. It is the U.S., after all, that the power elite seeks to "overtake and surpass"; and those in their 40s who are now moving into power bring with them a certain nostalgia for the Russo-American alliance of wartime years which quietly shaped many of their earliest hopes.

There is, however, popular distrust of President Johnson. He is the victim of an intense (though largely posthumous) veneration of Kennedy and a frequent belief (far fetched from the ignorance and grim experiences of the Stalin era) that Johnson must have somehow been behind the assassination. The State Department's earnest attempt to dispel this belief by translating the report of the Warren Commission into Russian ironically convinced many Russians of Johnson's guilt. They are inclined to assume that lengthy legal

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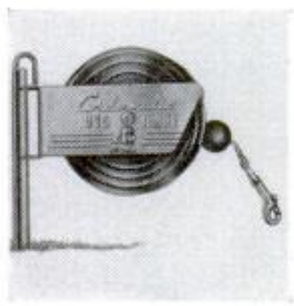

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arguments by government commissions are always lies. "Why, the Warren Report is almost as long as the proceedings of our purge trials," one Russian told me.

The average Russian has little interest in the war in Vietnam, which is seen as just a far-off place which somehow complicates his own struggle for a better life. The power elite, who actively berate diplomats and visiting Americans about the war, seem to me least upset about it. They are fearful of any sharp escalation that might discredit the value of their aid to North Vietnam and risk either involving the U.S.S.R. militarily or turning the area over to the Chinese. But they seem to have learned—perhaps, ironically, from Johnson himself—the political value of posing as the purveyors of a moderate position between two extremes. Russian propaganda now seeks with some success to portray Russia as the sober middle way between two violence-torn and violence-oriented powers: China and America.

Most disturbed about the American posture in Vietnam are those radical intellectuals who publicly say least about it. They speak more in sorrow than in anger, for America has always been their moral alternative to Stalinism. Having disbelieved for a quarter of a century their own propaganda about "American warmongers," they are reluctant to believe that now we really are dropping bombs on a primitive populace. The very element of studied calculation in American policy seems to indicate indifference to human feelings, and brings alive the image of a West that Russians have historically feared: that of intellectual arrogance linked with military power. Few Russians have ever before identified America with *this* "West," but they are now beginning to have second thoughts, and to turn increasingly toward themselves.

The Mideast crisis also seemed to strengthen this inward-looking, almost isolationist sentiment. In June, just after the shattering Arab defeat, I found considerable resentment among Russians at the amount of money and goods that their country had sent to the Arabs "who don't even fight." Among the intellectuals there was positive pro-Israel sentiment, and not only among the Jewish component; for philo-Judaism is a banner proudly flown by the alienated intelligentsia as a mark of respect for a creative minority that contributed many of the martyred "saints" that they are anxious to reclaim as part of their common heritage.

There is little interest in American-style political parties

Few Russians believe the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. will eventually converge into similar political or economic systems. The radical intellectuals are not much more interested than the conservative rulers of the U.S.S.R. in parliamentary democracy or in political parties as we know them. Least of all is there any nostalgia for the restoration of capitalism, or even of private property (except perhaps among the peasantry).

Despite the distrust Russians of all sorts feel for a U.S. leadership that seeks simultaneously to build and bomb bridges, I returned from the U.S.S.R. last July still hopeful of a Russo-American rapprochement. Naively, perhaps, we have come to look on the two countries not so much as great powers or "great societies" but as good people, who share many attitudes and enthusiasms and have no basically conflicting interests. After an unforgettable, if unpolitical, seven months in the U.S.S.R., my strongest conviction is that a Russo-American entente will—for all the missed signals of the recent past—eventually become the reality that Chinese Communist propaganda says it already is. The real question seems to me whether we are to back into it out of a growing fear that the industrialized nations must stick together against the more populous (and nonwhite) "have-nots."

If we move soon and boldly, we would move at the expense of nothing but our own inherited habits of fear and hostility. We could capture the imagination rather than arouse the fears of the less developed nations, and would encourage the already growing pressure of

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public opinion in the U.S.S.R. in its struggle against the "internal Chinese" in the Soviet Politburo.

It is impossible in short compass to outline all the elements of a concrete proposal and answer all legitimate objections; but there is much that could be done by a President who was determined to lead the American *people* (and not merely follow the consensus of his advisers) and speak directly to the Russian *people* (and not merely to computers in the Kremlin). There are two principles and two proposals which could, I believe, start a deepening collaboration that would enrich both peoples:

▶ Nothing about our dialogue with the U.S.S.R. should be petty or demeaning. It should not be part of any attempt to belittle their efforts at material construction. Nor can the dialogue be effectively conducted by Americans who sacrifice dignity in an attempt either to ingratiate themselves with Soviet officials by privately running down their country, or to impress American public opinion by gratuitous public insults to the Soviet Union.

▶ Proposals to the U.S.S.R. should be straightforward to the point of bluntness, expressed in simple, neutral language that will cut through the ideological haze of past controversy and help it seem irrelevant—which it really is—to the solution of present problems. Our leaders must take the lead in rejecting both our own familiar rhetoric of liberal democracy *and* their Marxist-Leninist terminology. The one, whether we like to admit it or not, has little meaning for Russians and has been debased for much of the world by its ritual application to military regimes in Central America and Southeast Asia. The obsolescence of the other is sometimes obscured by our self-defeating efforts to justify our policies in their language.

I would offer these two modest proposals:

▶ A dramatic acceleration of person-to-person exchanges, bypassing all political and bureaucratic methods of selection, would expose the two *peoples* to each other in depth for the first time. Among many possibilities are large-scale, preferably extended exchanges between peoples of roughly similar regions: *i.e.*, San Francisco-Vladivostok, Duluth-Petrozavodsk, Texas-the Ukrainian Republic, oil fields by the Gulf of Mexico and by the Caspian Sea, etc.

▶ If increased people-to-people contact might help overcome mutual ignorance, the launching of some new binational Russo-American scientific and cultural projects might start us on the path toward new practical forms of collaboration that should help bypass old hostilities. Such projects (preferably under auspices of the U.N.) would never seek to exclude others, and should begin with projects of common concern to all humanity. For instance, a publicly declared binational war on cancer or heart disease would need and invite the participation of others while distracting our own peoples somewhat from current conflicts.

More of us need to know more of them

These gestures do not, of course, deal directly with the outstanding problems dividing the power elites of the two countries. Fresh initiatives may also be possible at this level—say, in the direction of a joint commitment to convert military into economic development aid in some area of the "third world," where we have in effect been superimposing our own conflicts on others.

Any initiative could, of course, be rejected by the U.S.S.R. But news of the attempt would circulate rapidly and give encouragement to the reformist intelligentsia. Any good news from outside—and particularly from America—which might affect Russia circulates by word of mouth with astonishing rapidity in a country where there is an almost pathetic thirst for novelty and relief from boredom.

I must end where I began—with people. Not "the people," that collective abstraction of revolutionary rhetoric, but the particular, real people that we felt privileged to know. More of us need to know more of them than has been possible during the first half-century of Soviet rule. If we can develop some new momentum toward people-to-people contact, we stand to diminish the continuing risks of conflict through misunderstanding. Beyond that, we might be able to enrich our own, often narrow lives with some of the expansive human warmth and cultural ferment that lies beneath the gray facade of the world's other great superpower.

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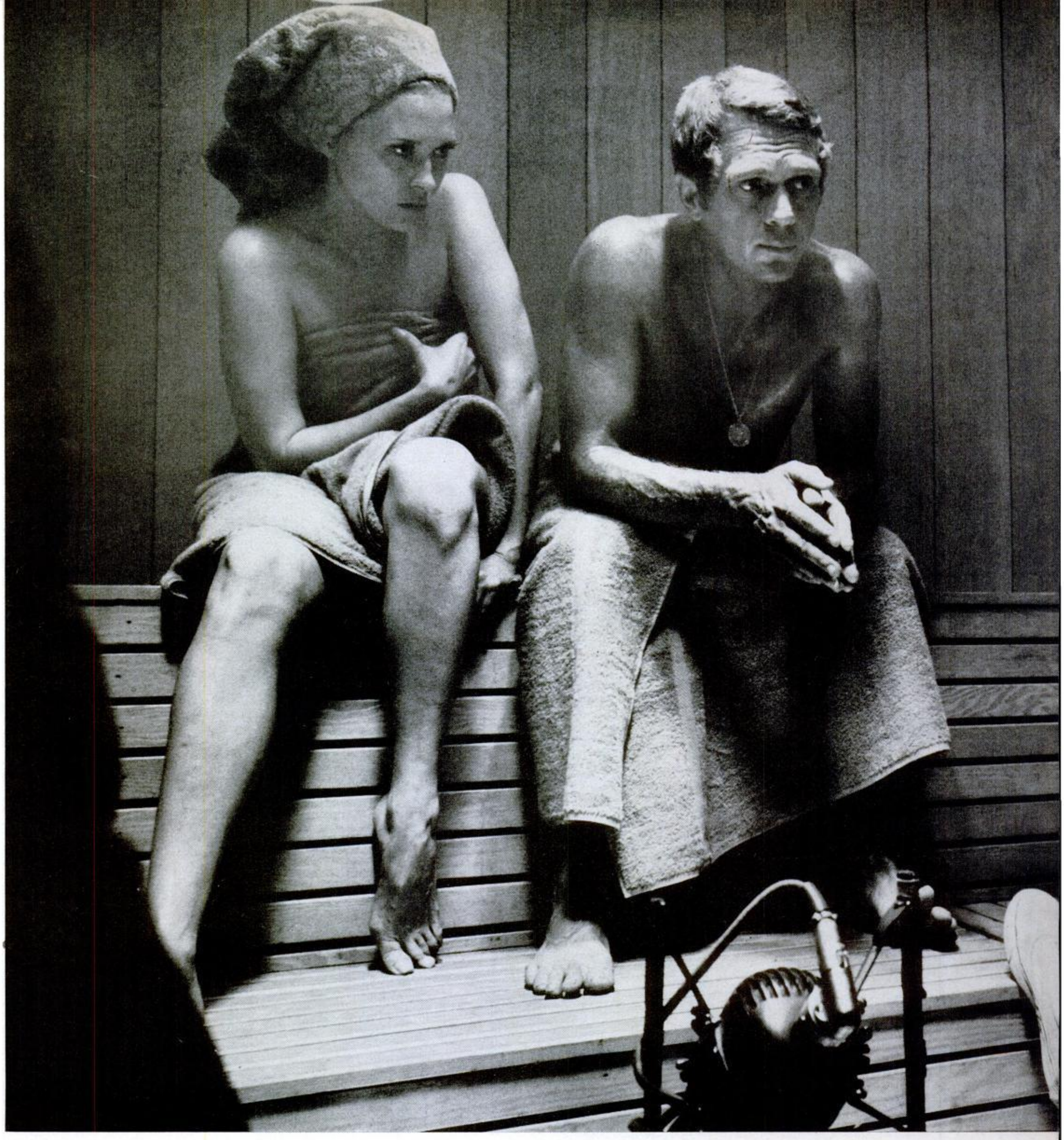
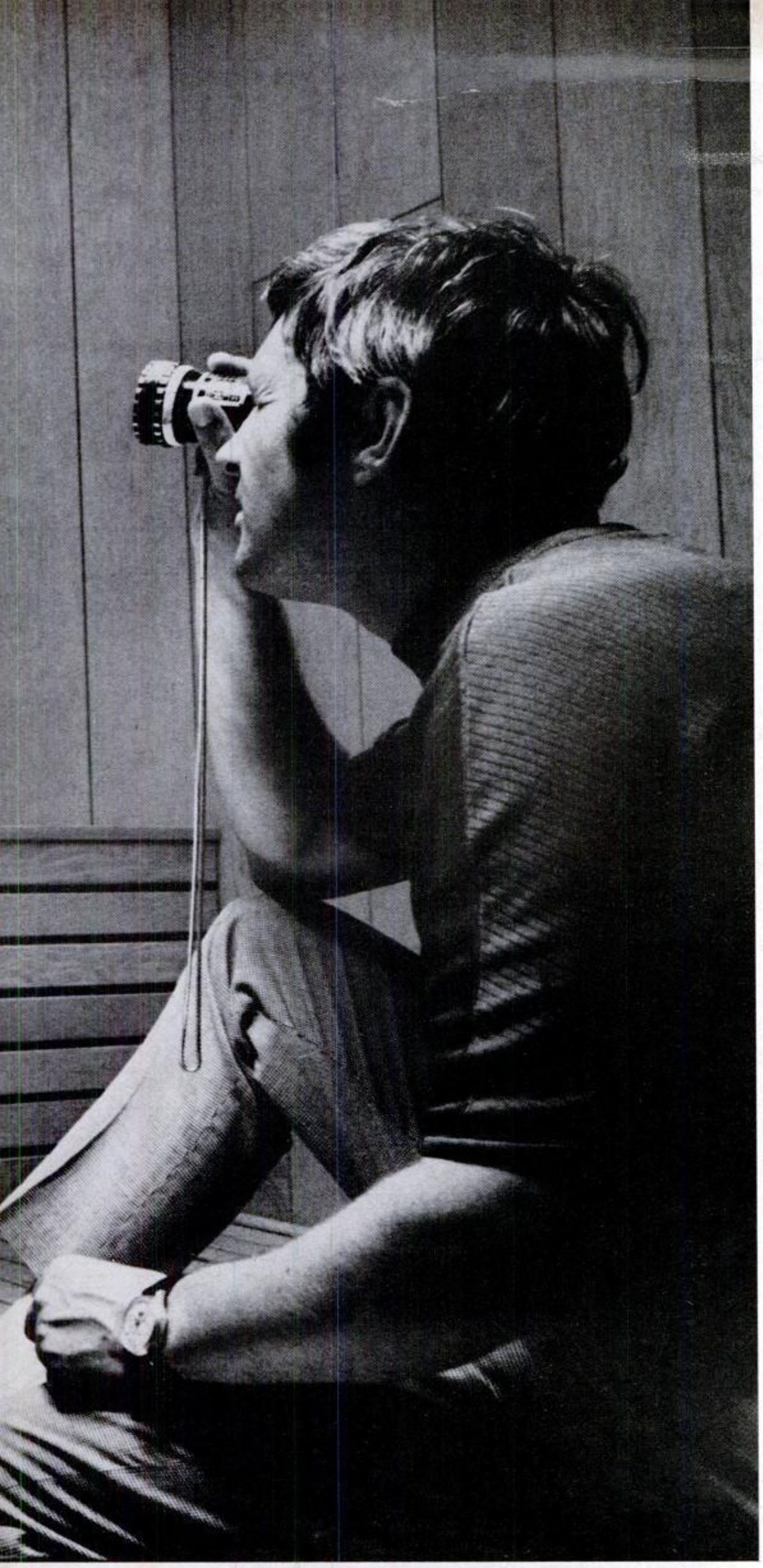
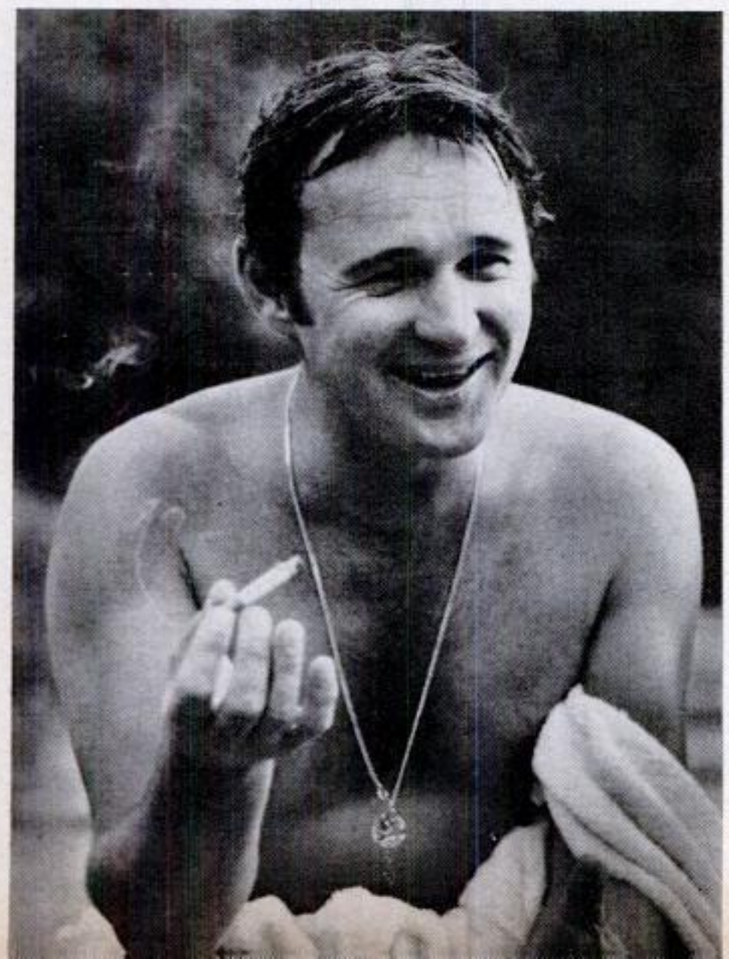


Movies / On the set with Norman Jewison, a gentle director with bold ideas

'Improvise!—Films are made of whimsy'



On the set of his latest film, Thomas Crown and Company, *Director Jewison makes a relaxed view-finder check of his stars, Faye Dunaway and Steve McQueen, sharing a seat in a sauna. Jewison plays it cool and considerate with his cast.*



by JAMES LIPSCOMB

In documentary film style, we are going to get some candid views of the workday world of Norman Jewison while he is in the midst of making a film. Jewison, who has just made a breakthrough into bigtime directing, has had three outstanding hits in a row—*The Cincinnati Kid*, *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming*, *In the Heat of the Night*—and each has brought him solid critical acclaim and made millions at the box office. The last of these, *Heat*, recognized by critics as a tour de force, is the story of a confrontation of an arrogant Mississippi sheriff played by Rod Steiger and a Negro homicide expert played by Sidney Poitier. The film he is now directing, *Thomas Crown and Company*, stars Steve McQueen as a rich Boston banker who steals $2 million from a bank and Faye Dunaway as the detective hired by the insurance company to trap him. Only three days of shooting remain.

Lead: Norman Jewison
the director (*playing himself*)

Supporting Cast: Steve McQueen (*playing himself*)
Faye Dunaway (*playing herself*)
Others (*playing themselves*)

The Set: Crown's (McQueen's) bachelor pad in Boston. As the scene opens, Jewison is directing a love scene. He is wearing sneakers, tennis-striped socks, slacks and a striped polo shirt. His haircut is fashionably long at the back. His cheeks are plump and move upward when he smiles, almost closing his eyes. He looks younger than 41, like a slightly wizened Puck. The beautiful people, McQueen and Faye Dunaway—Faye was Bonnie of *Bonnie and Clyde*—are sitting opposite each other ready to play chess. The lights are low, her shoulders are bare, flames rise and flicker in the fireplace.

Jewison: (*Grinning as he does throughout this scene*) The script calls for "chess with sex." I like that. . . . Faye, you are playing chess, but there is another game going on. Without thinking, your right hand goes up your left arm, lightly caressing, to your throat. . . . Steve, let's see your eyes follow her hand . . . you're up to the shoulder, across to the neck. She looks up and catches you watching. (*Jewison laughs.*) Good. You're embarrassed. You smile and look down. Great!

(Jewison has moved in close, whispering to Steve and Faye about the kiss to come. He is laughing, turning the film-making into play, surrounding his actors with warmth and appreciation. Now Jewison steps back to watch his actors out of little ferret eyes, hands trembling, mouthing their words, putting in body English. The scene peaks in intensity, and he begins to smile—it is a good take. Now turning away, he shuts his eyes, afraid to call "Cut!" too soon, counting now with his fist, one, two, three, and at last . . .) CUT! GREAT!

(He jumps into the scene and puts his arms around Steve and Faye. Time out for a love fest.)

Jewison: Improvise. That's the crucial thing. We've been improvising this scene for five days. The script is just a starting point. If the director sees that the scene doesn't look real, he has to invent some lines or business to make it real. The trouble with most producers is that they insist that you lock it all up

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in a regular schedule—like *work*. Films are made of *whimsy*.

Hal Ashby, associate producer and editor: What are we going to do about a cast party?

Jewison: Let's do something simple. Lots of hors d'oeuvres. . . . The trouble is that at these cast parties people either get very maudlin or they decide to take out all their petty grievances. . . . (Now we see a quick montage of opinions, face-on, in documentary style.)

Steve McQueen: I hate him. He gets me so tired. I like to get home early and play with the kids, but he keeps me here late and gets me worn out and angry and out of energy. He bugs me. I hate him, but I love him.

Faye Dunaway: He's the only man I've ever known who has no hostility in him. He's all love.
(A slow dissolve to two actors not on the set who have worked for Jewison.)

Alan Arkin: His suggestions are not that different. But I never met a director who appreciated actors more. I used to watch him when I wasn't on camera. He has the joy and enthusiasm of a 7-year-old—and it's sincere.

Rod Steiger: Technique is not evident. Perhaps it's hidden behind his geniality. He does impress you with his impetuous curiosity. He likes to discover something rather than impose a preconception. That makes the work more exciting, his life more exciting, the acting more exciting.

Hal Ashby: Norman is more shrewd than some actors think. He never lets his directing present a threat to the actors' egos.

Jewison: (*With mock belligerence to Steve McQueen's wardrobe man*) This is Irving talking. I want a complete inventory of McQueen's wardrobe, down to the last button. (*He turns away and grins.*) When I first came from Canada to the U.S. to do TV specials—with Belafonte, a couple with Judy Garland—a guy at William Morris suggested I should change my name. "You know, it sounds awfully Jewish," he said. "Are you? No? That makes it worse, doesn't it?" So the next day I came back, "I've been thinking it over and, like you say, I'm going to change my name. It'll be *Irving Christianson*." I've kept Irving around. He's the producer of this film, the penny pincher, the mean guy. Jewison is the director, the nice guy.

Hal Ashby: Up in Boston we got a call from the Mirisches—that's where the money comes from. They say, "You're a couple of days over schedule. Why don't you come back to Hollywood?" So Norman says, "Wait a minute, I'll ask Irving." Then he comes back on and says, "Irving wants to stay a few more days," and hangs up.
(Cut. Jewison has retreated to his trailerlike box on the set where he goes over the mail and discusses morning phone calls with Nadine Phinney, his secretary since 1962.)

McQueen: (*Entering with a copy of* Playboy) What about this girl? (*Showing a picture to a guest*) We could use her for the last scene. You know, in the last scene I'm flying off to Brazil to avoid prison and suddenly I'm attracted to this beautiful girl . . .

Jewison: I want Astrid Herron to do that scene. (*Turning to secretary*) Get her on the phone . . .

McQueen: Where are my sunglasses?

Jewison: They belong to Irving.

McQueen: They belong to me.

Jewison: (*Taking phone from secretary*) Astrid, how's the weather in New York? Well, I tell you it's a small scene, but it's very im-

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portant to us, because it's the last scene. . . . I can't do it Friday. I can do it Monday. . . . No, I can't wait till Friday. You know, Astrid, a film company costs $2,000 an hour. . . . They won't let me. . . . I guess we'll have to figure some way to do it without you. . . . (*He brightens.*) You'll come? Great! (*He hangs up.*)

(Cut to small, homey restaurant on the lot—a luncheon place reserved for the brass. As Jewison enters, he is greeted by Billy Wilder.)

Billy Wilder: Hello, Mr. Jewison.

Jewison: (*Taking him up with a grin*) Hello, Mr. Wilder. (Wilder is the old pro; Jewison is the new rival. The scene is played with a slightly arch quality.)

Billy Wilder: How is the shooting going, Mr. Jewison?

Jewison: Very well, Mr. Wilder.

(Dissolve. Now we see Jewison and Wilder in a huddle, whispering about the trade paper rumors that Jewison is leaving Harold Mirisch and United Artists to direct Arthur Miller's *After the Fall* for Paramount.)

Jewison: (*Cut to shot of him walking back to set with Hal Ashby. He is irritated.*) Why should Harold Mirisch be unhappy?

Hal Ashby: United Artists doesn't want you off the lot.

Jewison: I haven't told anyone what I would do next. I haven't told you. I don't know myself. I have too much to say, too many pictures I want to make. I'm much more careful about scripts now. You can get carried away by a story of two people. Cinematically, it may be very exciting; but you ask yourself, why make that picture? If it has no important theme, why make it? I look around and I see in other film makers that it is hard to hang on to that, to those ideals, to the *need* to *change* your audience. (Harold Mirisch comes up—a small, pleasant man who doesn't look like a tycoon.)

Jewison: (*Smiling gently as he takes him by the arm*) Have you seen the kiss in the rushes? It's going to be the longest kiss in cinematic history. People are going to go home and say, "I saw a movie tonight where they kissed for five solid minutes."

Harold Mirisch: My mouth is watering.

Jewison: (*When Mirisch is out of hearing*) I want to make him happy. He has heart pains.

(Dissolve. It is 6 o'clock and Jewison is calling wrap-up on the set. The second assistant director, one of 45 people on the set, gives him his reward—a mug. Jewison takes a sip.)

Secretary: (*Straight on*) When he starts the day we give him coffee in the mug. After lunch he has tea. Then at wrap-up, he gets scotch and soda.

Hal Ashby: When we started the picture it was just a cup. Then Steve got himself a mug, so Norm appeared with a bigger one. Then Steve got a huge mug, so Norm bought the biggest he could find. Right now Steve is ahead. He had a wooden block mounted on the bottom of his.

(Cut to Jewison's office in the Mirisch building—a big L-shaped room—where he confers with Hal Ashby. On the walls are memorabilia: various awards, a picture of Einstein, a framed letter reporting that *The Russians Are Coming* was banned in Nationalist China.)

Jewison: Isn't that great? It shows they knew what it said. If it was just another innocuous comedy they wouldn't have banned it.

Hal Ashby: Tomorrow you have to meet the U.A. people about the ad campaign.

Jewison: I'd better see them alone. I'm going to shout. (*To a visitor*) They want to call it *Crown Caper*. I always hated the word

CONTINUED

Philco Color TV $299.95. Don't be misled by the price.

Most people know that big screen color tv costs around five or six hundred dollars. And that three hundred or so is what you can expect to pay for a portable. So naturally, when they hear about Philco color tv for $299.95* they could easily assume it's a portable.

A reasonable assumption. And very mistaken.

The fact is, Philco color tv for $299.95 is big screen color tv. With a 267 square inch screen.

Of course, there has to be some reason why a product you normally expect to pay five or six hundred for costs only $299.95.

And there is.

Simply this. Some people don't want color tv so they can look at a beautiful cabinet. They want color tv so they can look at color tv. And that's what we made.

Consequently, the cabinet is what's often referred to as "compact contemporary styling that blends smartly with today's modern room decor." All of which is just another way of saying that it's straight line cabinet design, with a simple control panel and plain finish. There's a picture of it here. And we think it looks very nice.

However, the cabinet is where most of the major difference between this set, and many others we make, comes to an end. Inside, you'll find a 26,000 volt chassis. The same as we put in sets costing hundreds more. And the same solid state tuning system. And solid copper engraved circuits, pre-set fine tuning, transistorized 3-stage amplifier and balanced color control circuitry. Again, all the same as we put in sets costing hundreds more.

Of course, to many people that's just a lot of technical stuff that doesn't necessarily make it good.

So, if that's a concern of yours, just remember, everything that goes into this $299.95 set is protected by the very same warranty we put on sets costing over $800.

Naturally, any questions you have about how big is big screen, and how good looking is contemporary styling, are all best answered by going to your Philco dealer and taking a look for yourself.

Just remember, it's big screen affordable color tv for $299.95. Not a portable.

So don't be misled by the price.

PHILCO Ford

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER
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RADIO • HOME LAUNDRY
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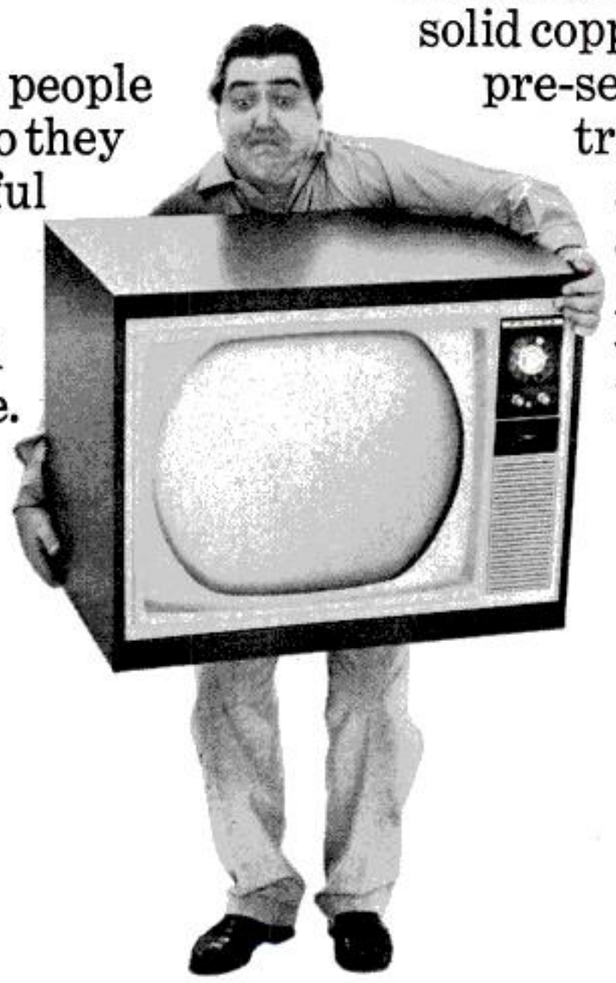


It's not a little portable you can carry around the house. It's big screen color tv for $299.95

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Optional with dealer. Subject to fair trade where applicable.

If this little valve doesn't move, neither do you.

If your car is a 1963 model, or newer, it has one of these little valves.

It's called the P C V valve.

And its job is to keep fumes inside your engine, so they'll burn away instead of adding to the air-pollution problem.

But if this little valve gets clogged, you've got *another* problem.

Engine pollution.

Fumes stay trapped inside your engine.

They can't burn up and can't get out.

Eventually, they form corrosive deposits that can ruin your engine, and stop it from running.

To help prevent this, we've come out with a new Detergent Oil that will keep this little valve clean up to twice as long as ordinary oil.

We call it Mobiloil Super 10W-40.

It keeps dirt suspended, and doesn't let deposits settle down inside your engine. (Where they can gum up the works.)

And because dirt stays suspended, it goes down the drain when you change oil.

Mobiloil Super 10W-40 costs a little more than ordinary oil.

But it doesn't thin out as fast.

So your engine won't use as much of it.

You won't have to change it as often.

And you'll end up money ahead in the long run.

The next time you change your oil, change to Mobiloil Super 10W-40.

Both you *and* your engine will breathe easier.

Mobil®
The Detergent Oil

CONTINUED

"caper." Sounds like James Bond. They didn't want to think I meant it. Now they know I mean it.

You have to fight. We get ruined by the advertising and publicity people. I didn't want to name it *In the Heat of the Night.* Cheap. They talk all the time about "commercial" words. Good words are commercial. I wanted to call it *Give Me till Morning*, but they said that was too lyrical. Now the critics say it is a good picture but a lousy title. I wish I hadn't given in. *Heat* is a serious picture. *Russians* is a serious picture. I want so much to do only films with important themes. Every picture has to have a point.

Reporter: So what's the point of *Thomas Crown and Company?*

Jewison: I don't want to waste my time on something that is just a good story.

Reporter: So what's the point of *Thomas Crown?*

Jewison: (*Belligerently*) Be careful you don't hit below the belt. . . . We're all worried about that. Even if it isn't the attack on the establishment that I say it is. . . . At least these are contemporary characters. (*Dropping the subject, he flips through theater attendance reports on his desk.*) I like to watch the totals. It's not the money—I like to see where people are reacting to the picture.

You can make excellent films, but that's not enough. If you make people money or even make films that at the least pay off their cost, you can do whatever you want to do. (*His grin disappears and Irving takes over. He phones his business agent.*) Hello! Fine. You know *Heat* cost $1.2 million. The break-even is supposed to be 2.6 times cost and it grossed $3.5 million in five weeks. From now on we get a percentage. We can take either 10% of the gross or a percent of the net. I think we ought to take it off the gross. It's hard for them to hide the gross, but you never know. Okay? So let's proceed. (*Hangs up, turns to his secretary*) Take a letter to Marvin Mirisch, re recoverable assets. . . . I gave Faye Dunaway her wigs and dresses and she is going to do the ads and looping for nothing.

Hal Ashby: What about the tour?

Jewison: She ought to give us a 10-city tour. That's Irving talking. (Dissolve. Jewison is driving home in his E type, 4.2 Jaguar. Sunset Drive winds like a country road, but Jewison takes the curves without removing his foot from the gas pedal.)

Jewison: I'd like to plan a couple of pictures in Europe, one after another. Then I could take the family with me. I don't like this going off on a film and leaving the family. First thing you know, you'll be messing around with another woman. It'll happen. (The car pulls into the driveway of his low, long, rich home and he sits for a moment without speaking.)

Jewison: (*Pounding the steering wheel with his fist*) You have to fight. You shouldn't compromise. . . . There are times when you're tired and you compromise just to get on with it. I guess I have. But you shouldn't. (*He steps out of the car, slams the door.*)

I've got no complaints. We've never had it better. I've got control all the way. No complaints about Mirisch or U.A. If the picture is no good, it's my fault, because I'm in control of everything now. I'll never make another deal without control. On every picture from now on, everything has to be right. I've got to defend every move . . . from now on.
(*Slow fade*)

Working to create a "happy family" atmosphere between scenes, Jewison clowns with stars Faye Dunaway and Steve McQueen.

Voilà. It's a whole new ball game.

We're doing it. We're really, really doing it. Sales this year are up a whopping 85%. And still going strong.

Needless to say, the outlook was not always so rosy.

But yesterday was yesterday. We fixed what needed fixing, and frankly we'd rather not dwell on the past.

We'd much rather dwell on the little hero that put us back in the running again: The Renault 10.

The car does everything an economy car should do, and does it well. It is the complete economy car.

It gets an honest 35 miles to the gallon.

It can, thanks to its 5 main bearings, cruise all day long at a top speed of 85 m.p.h. (Some great big cars don't have 5 main bearings.)

It can, thanks to its 4-wheel disc brakes, stop on a dime.

It goes 40,000 miles on a set of our Michelin X tires. ($5 more per tire, but well worth it.)

It goes 18,000 miles or 2 years before you even have to consider water or anti-freeze.

It has seats that give cars costing $5,000 a run for the money.

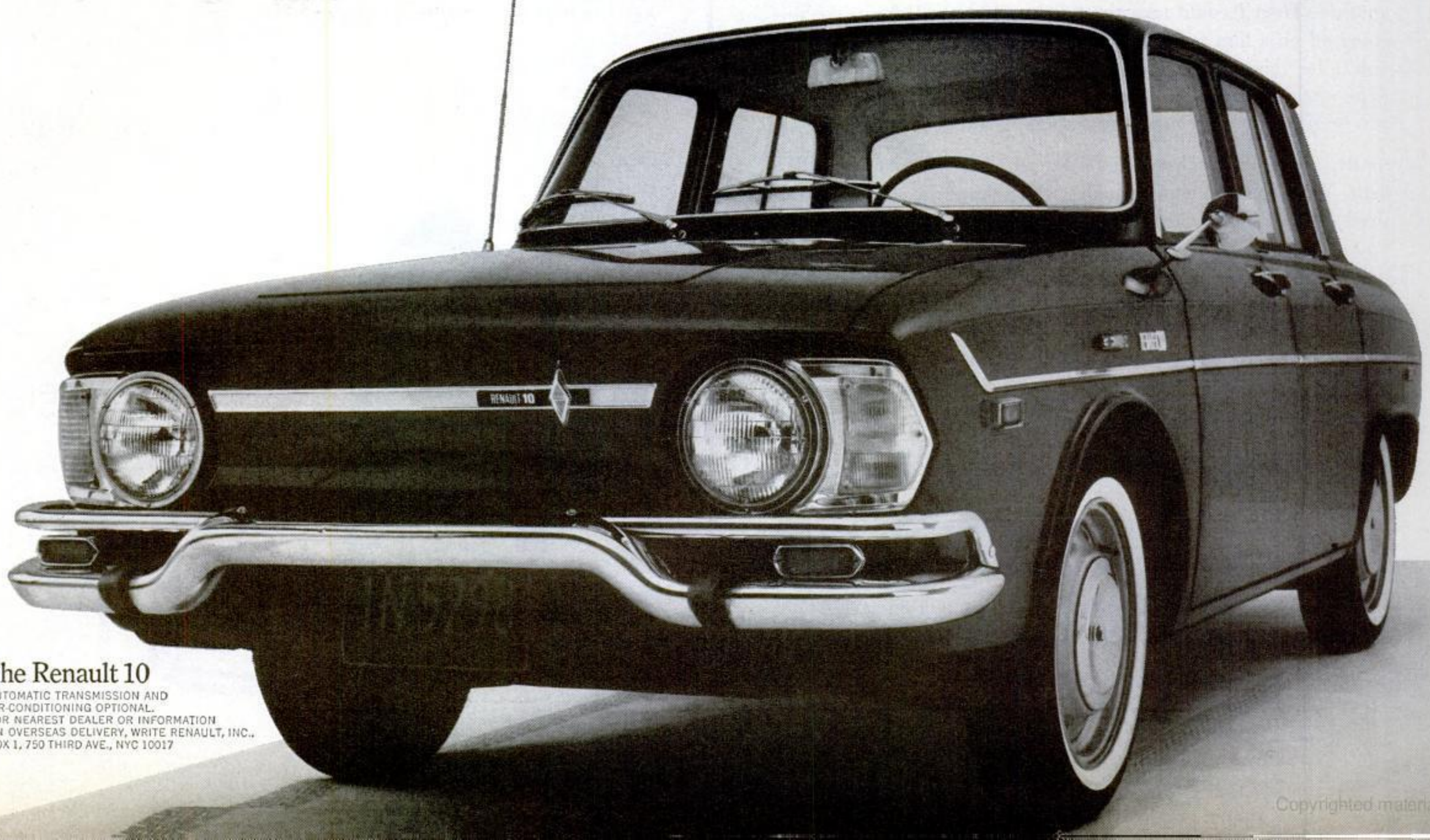
But the Renault 10 costs under $2,000. Way under $2,000.

If all this sounds a bit boastful, please forgive us. It's just that it feels so great to be on the way up again.

In fact, things are looking so good that we've just signed a 20-year lease on a new national headquarters building in Englewood Cliffs, N.J.

RENAULT

We plan to be in this ball game a long, long time.



The Renault 10

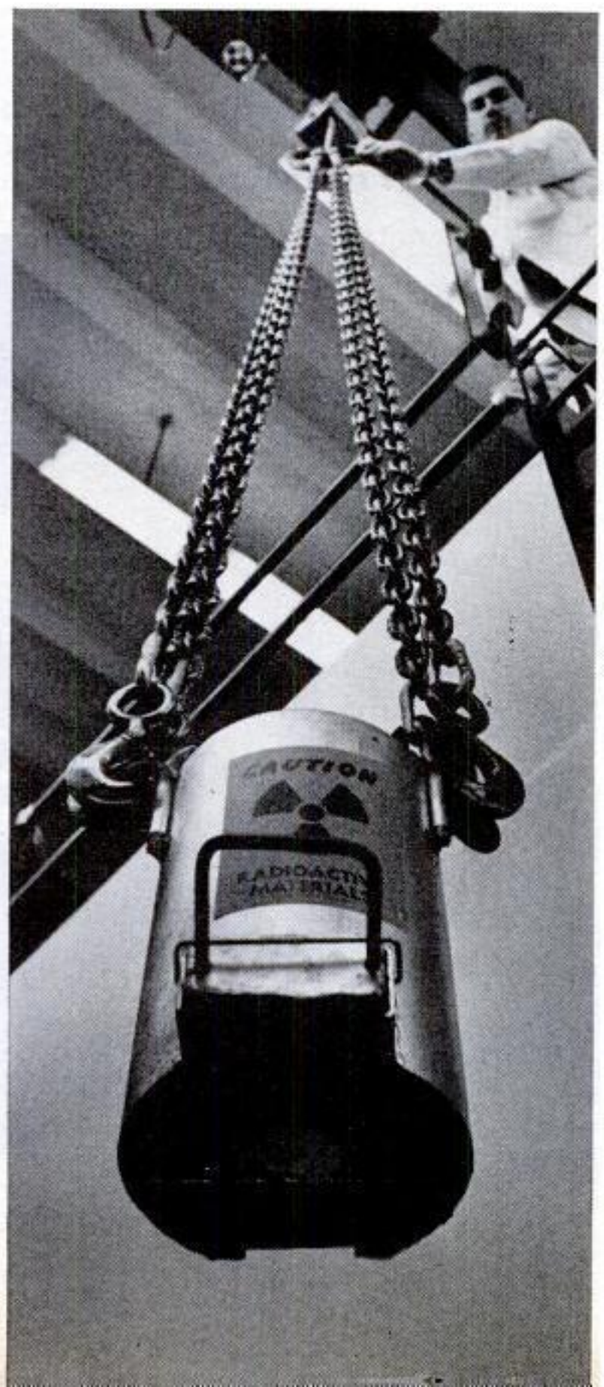
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION AND AIR-CONDITIONING OPTIONAL.
FOR NEAREST DEALER OR INFORMATION ON OVERSEAS DELIVERY, WRITE RENAULT, INC., BOX 1, 750 THIRD AVE., NYC 10017

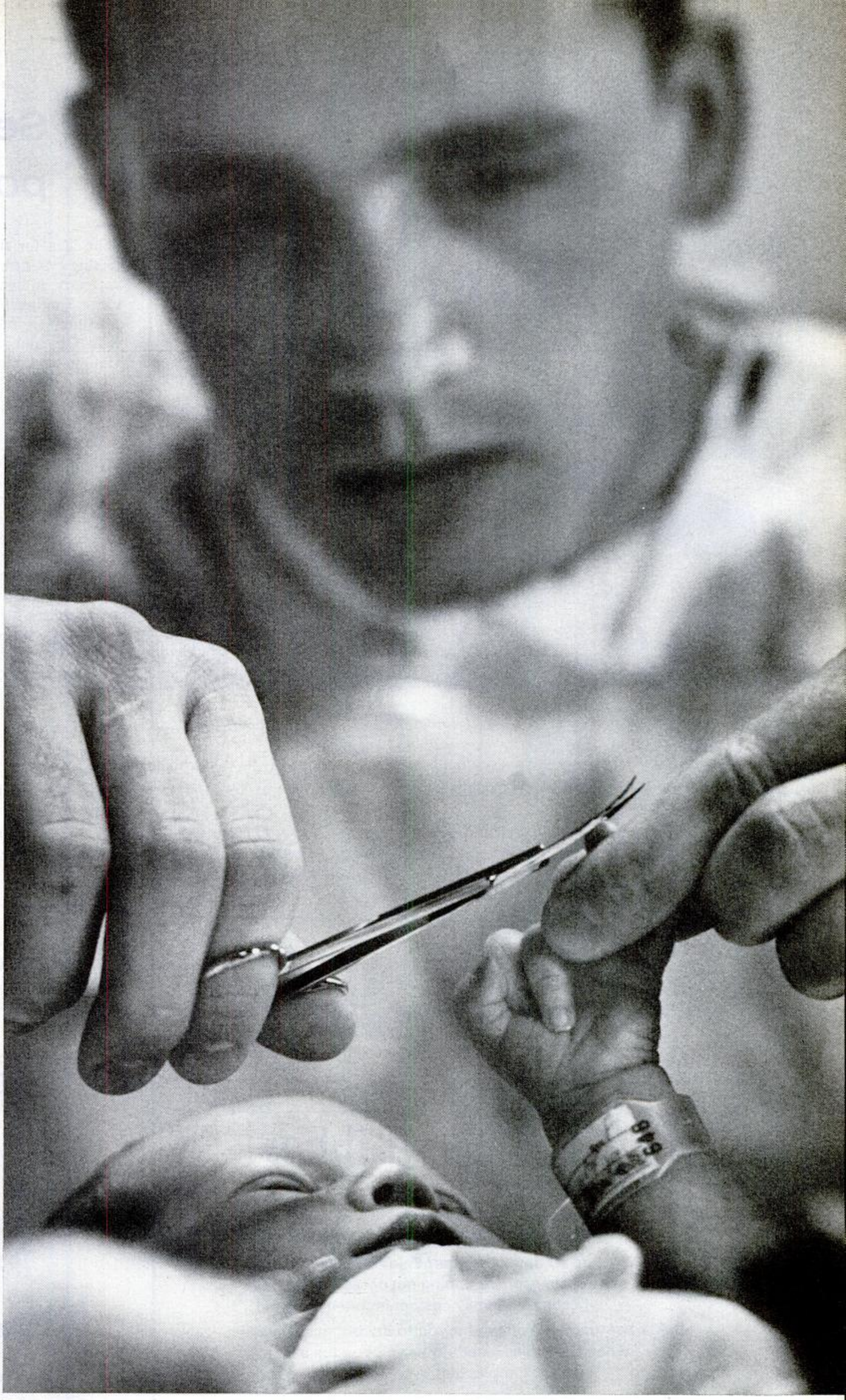
MEDICINE /

Quick way to spot cystic fibrosis early

Cystic fibrosis (CF) is a hereditary disease that kills thousands of children a year. It can be considerably alleviated by early diagnosis, but until recently the tests for CF were too time-consuming for large-scale screening of newborn babies. Now there is a new technique which—by using the merest snippet of fingernail—can indicate whether or not a baby has CF.

Developed jointly by the University of Washington and Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle, the new technique depends upon the fact that CF victims have abnormally large amounts of sodium in their saliva, sweat, toenails and fingernails. A package containing up to 100 nail clippings, each smaller than the head of a pin, is lowered into a nuclear reactor. There they are bombarded with neutrons for one hour. From the amount of radioactive sodium produced in each clipping, the amount of sodium secreted by the child can be computed. This new technique will now permit mass screening to ensure early discovery of the 4,000 to 5,000 babies born each year with cystic fibrosis.





Two-day-old Darci Ambuehl gets nail cut for new CF test, which cleared her. At left, capsule of nails is swung from reactor after neutron bombardment.

Nail Test for a Child Killer

CONTINUED 95

Secretary picks up a police technique

The idea for the new way of detecting cystic fibrosis came from a secretary in the university's Nuclear Engineering Department. Marion Nelson has a close relative with CF, and she knew that CF victims have high sodium counts. "If you kiss a CF victim," she explains, "sometimes you can taste the salt on his lips."

One day last year, Mrs. Nelson read about the department's use of neutron bombardment to detect traces of barium, antimony and sodium on the hands of criminal suspects who had fired guns. She wondered whether the same technique could be used to detect high sodium in CF victims. When she broached the idea to Professor Albert Babb, her department head, and to Dr. Stanley Stamm, a CF specialist at Children's Orthopedic, they were enthusiastic. "If it weren't for Marion," they say, "we probably never would have thought of it."

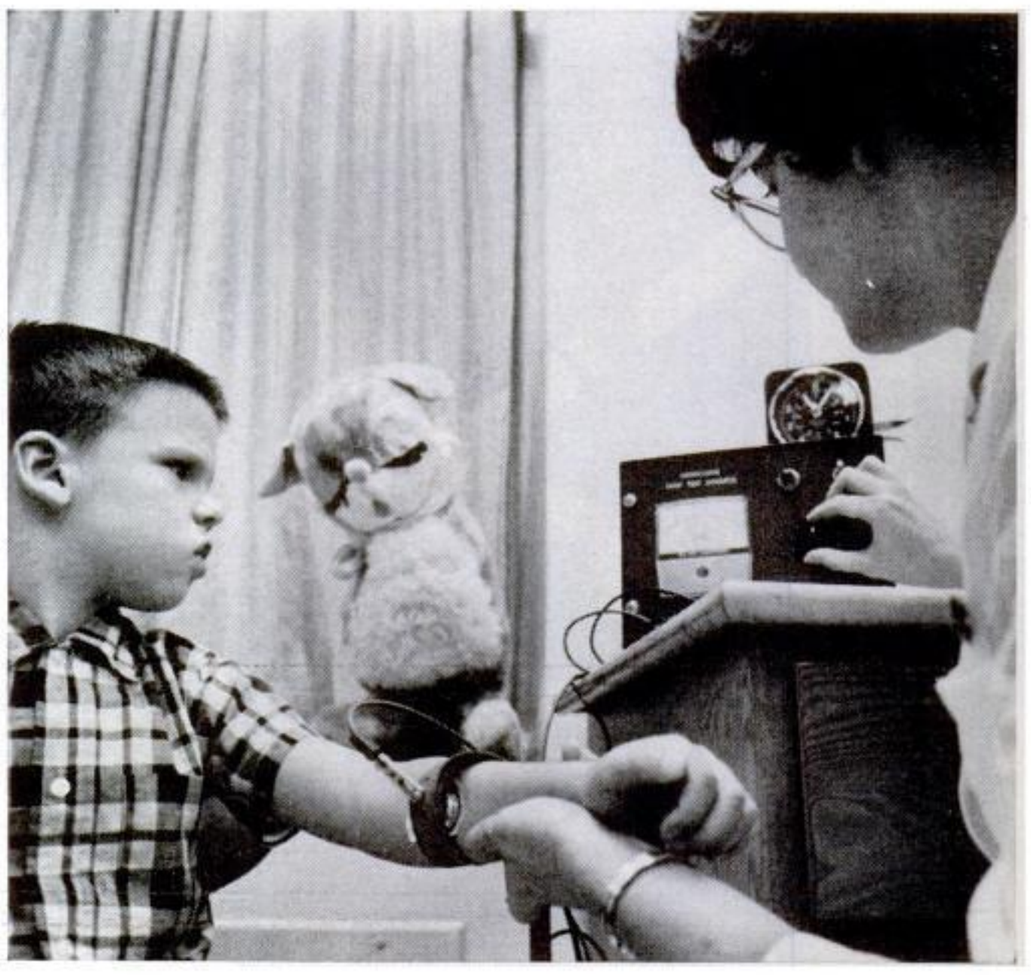
Cystic fibrosis is a relatively "new" disease. It was first recognized only 30 years ago, and neither its precise cause nor a cure for it is yet known. It is transmitted by a recessive gene—that is, a child has the disease when each of his parents contributes a cystic fibrosis gene to him.

The gene apparently causes a deficiency in a key (but still unknown) biochemical. The result is that the person has abnormal secretions from his exocrine glands: his mucus is thick and viscous, his sweat, tears and saliva excessively salty. The thick mucus interferes with digestion and causes serious lung complications, clogging tiny air passages and slowing the lung's normal cleansing mechanisms. CF children have voracious appetites, and they wheeze and cough as they try to get enough air into their lungs.

Once the Seattle neutron bombardment test screens out a new case of CF, a more rigorous sweat test is run. Then treatment can begin. This involves special diets and the inhalation of aerosols to dilute the sticky mucus in their lungs. Many CF children must sleep under tents filled with vapor. Such treatments, begun early, are now prolonging lives. Five years ago only half of all CF victims lived beyond the age of five. Now many more are living on into their teens.

Drs. Babb and Stamm hope the new technique will aid in the fight to eradicate CF by helping uncover the carriers—people who have the gene from one parent only. While such carriers have none of CF's serious symptoms, they do have a sodium count slightly higher than normal. And when carriers marry other carriers, there is a one-out-of-four chance they will transmit the disease to *their* children.

Don Emory winces as he gets a slight electric current to induce sweat. He was shown by Seattle test to be a possible CF case, but this more rigorous test established that he is not.



All that meat

and no potatoes...

Kick the Potato Habit! Spurn the spud! Hide your potato peeler! Switch from routine to rice. Rice and butter. Rice and gravy. Rice and romance . . . (Didn't you have rice on your happiest day?). Racy, rollicking, reckless rice. Dig in!

For free booklet, "Rice Ideas Men Like," write: Box 22802, Houston, Texas 77027. Rice Council of America.

Switch from routine to rice

The answer to puny portables

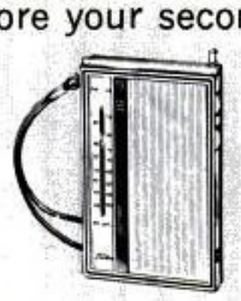
Our portables will never win the lightweight championship of the world . . . but in a knock-down-drag-em-out, they'll walk away smiling.

Toshiba gives you the answer to the puny portables. We build them special-to-go. Not just mini, but mighty. They're the first portables created inside and out to take the jolts and jars portable people give them.

See new Toshiba Portable Color TV. High tensile strength steel bands, bonded directly to the brilliant new picture tube, give extra ruggedness where it counts. Solid state components replace tubes so they stay put and perform like a dream in full color.

Grab our battery/plug-in portable TV and go. Just go.

Radios? All kinds including the slimmest FM/AM in the world. It's less than ¾-inch wide (or thin, if you prefer). But it's FM/AM . . . with sound that won't wear out before your second set of batteries. They're Toshiba Duraligned, precision crafted to do just that and much more.



Proof? They're warranted for *one full year parts and labor.*

Toshiba, The International One, has been a kind of "in" brand name with the world travelers. Now, *at last*, we're here in fine stores across the United States. Ask about the portables built for the portable people.

If it's to go . . . go Toshiba! Why not?

Toshiba® THE INTERNATIONAL ONE

The Vegas, new Color Portable TV, 117 sq. in. rectangular picture, $329.50*. The Londonaire, World's Thinnest Solid State shirt pocket FM/AM, $34.50*. The Surfer, all Solid State Battery/Plug-in Portable TV. 37 sq. in. picture, $139.50*. *Mfg. suggested retail price.

From Fleischmann: The Preferred Whiskey. 90 proof and quite a value.

A lot of people like Fleischmann's Preferred. And they can tell you why.
Most would say they simply like the way it tastes.
For some, it's the 90 proof. For others, it's the value of Preferred.
This is very fine whiskey—at a very decent price.
A good many people might even tell you the important thing is the Fleischmann name.
(And that's just the kind of confidence we've tried to create—every step of the way since 1870.)
It's an easy whiskey to like.

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION NEW YORK CITY BLENDED WHISKEY 90 PROOF 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

How I gave up floor scrubbing forever

When my carpet dealer first suggested carpeting the kitchen, I was horrified. Visions of grease stains, muddy boots, spilt milk, and mildew danced before my eyes. But I must admit I was intrigued. Carpeting in the kitchen *would* be a luxury. I could just envision myself peeling potatoes and washing dishes—while squiggling my toes in softness.

I discover "LesCare"

So I listened while he told me about the new carpet by Cabin Crafts, "LesCare." He explained to me how it really would take "less care" than my floor. Milk, for instance, could be sponged up easily. LesCare's water-resistant Acrilan® acrylic fiber and its special backing would prevent mildew. (Which is why a lot of people install LesCare by the pool.)

I throw in the towel

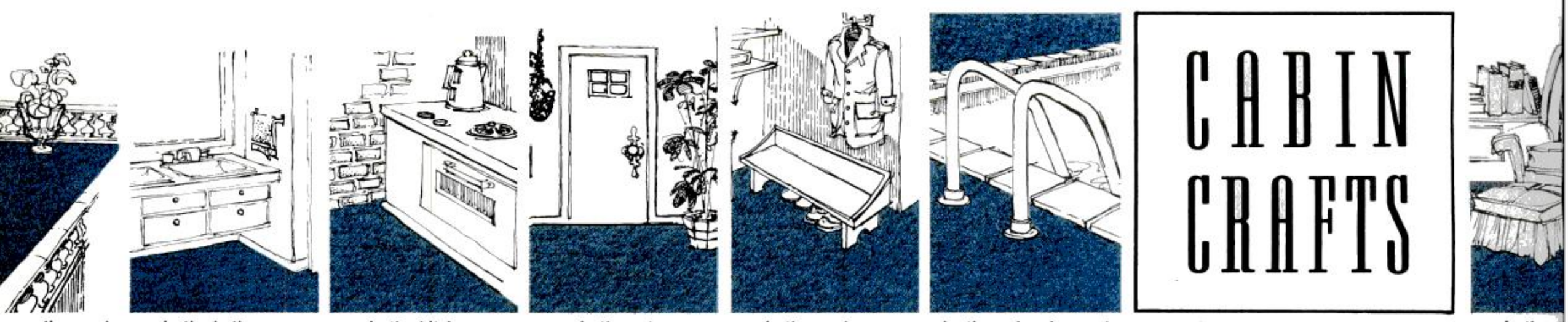
But when he told me I could give up scrubbing floors, that did it! I'd been scrubbing twice a week, cleaning up after three kids and a dog. And waxing twice a month. With LesCare, I could throw in the towel.

I could select from 10 different colors to have a richer looking kitchen. And I figured I'd save about 5 hours cleaning time and a can of wax a month. Not to mention the savings on dish breakage by small children.

Now I'm convinced. Even though kitchen carpeting still seems like such a luxury, I've discovered it's economical in the long run. And I'm looking forward to the day our family room, entry, bathroom, and backyard patio can all be carpeted with LesCare. I never was one for scrubbing floors.

ACRILAN® Acrylic fiber by Monsanto
APPROVED FOR OUTDOOR USE

Cabin Crafts makes the carpet that makes the home.
West Point Pepperell T.M.



on the porch | in the bathroom | in the kitchen | in the entry | in the mudroom | by the swimming pool | in the d

CABIN CRAFTS

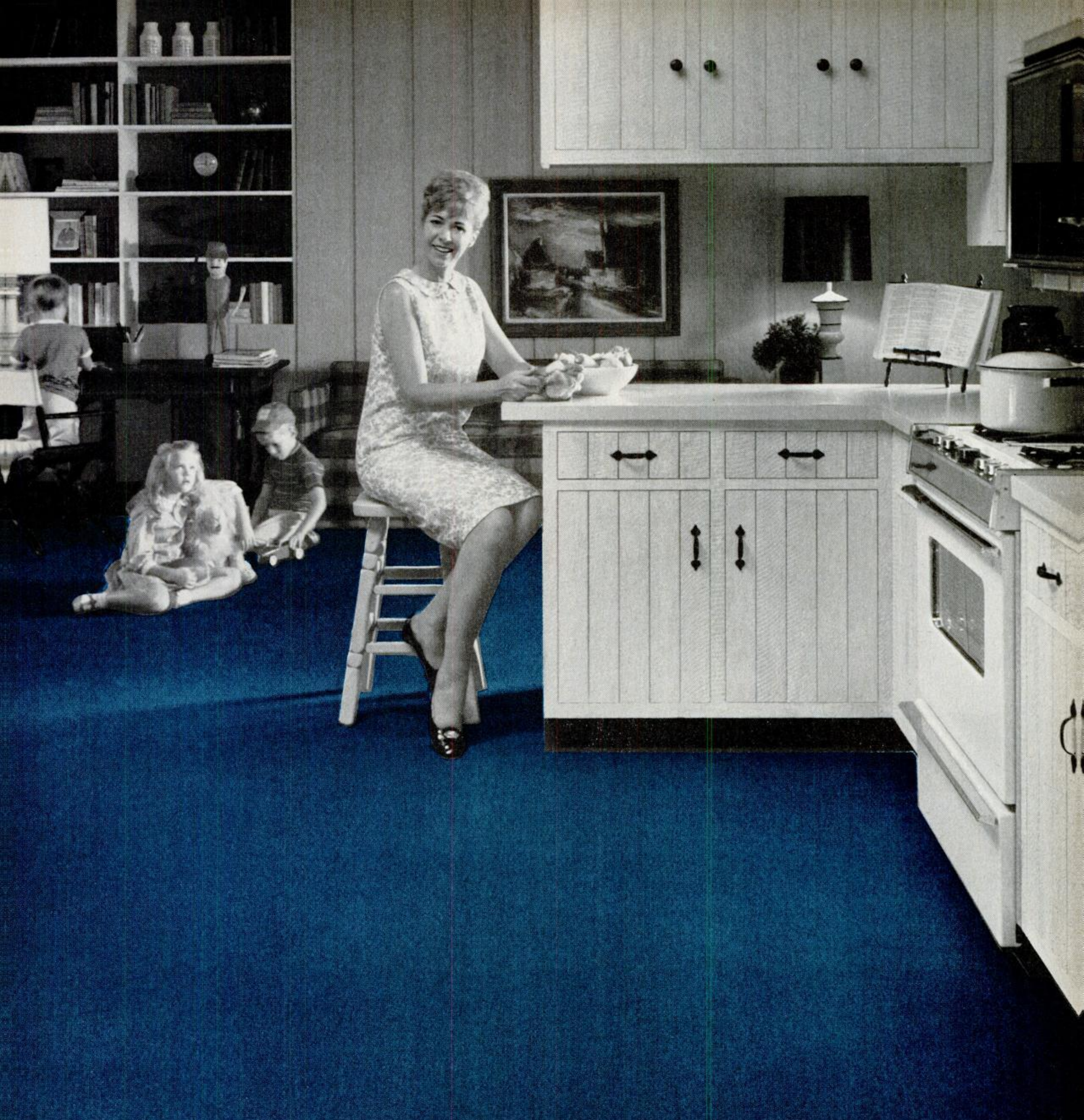
Shop at Home! Call 744-2480 or come to

State Street Store; also Chicago Heights, Edens, Evergreen, Hillside, Randhurst and Woodmar

Carson | Pirie | Scott & co

$8.50 sq. yd.

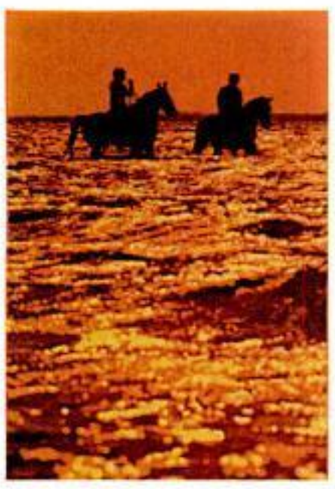
TYPICAL ROOM SIZES: 12x6, $68; 12x7, $79.30; 12x8, $90.68; 12x9, $102.00; 12x10, $113.30; 12x11, $124.59; 12x12, $135.90; 12x14, $158.69; 12x15, $170.00
(Above prices do not include installation).



Coming this winter. The Second Summer.

Enjoy all those things you did last summer all over again this winter.
You can swim, fish, lie on the beach, go golfing—everything you did last summer. Only this summer vacation will be even better, because you'll be taking it in the winter when everybody else is freezing.

The Bahamas are a Second Summer.



All 700 islands. You can sunbathe on white beaches. Swim in emerald green waters. Sightsee in a pink surrey. Search for Blue-beard's hidden treasure. See white-wigged British judges. Take in a casino. Haggle with the natives in the Straw Market. And shoot in the 80°s on beautifully manicured golf courses.

Miami is a Second Summer. Just picture yourself at a fabulous Gold Coast hotel being pampered like a millionaire. With breakfast in bed, lunch at poolside and dinner in an elegant dining room. You can snooze away the day at the beach or beside one of 10,000 different pools. Take long walks on a warm night. Then take in the dog races, a jai-alai game and the dazzling go-go nightlife. Get the picture? Better get your reservation early.

Puerto Rico is a Second Summer. Still very Spanish.
Still very old.
But very new, too.
You can scale the walls of a fortress built in the 16th century. Walk on the same cobblestone streets Conquistadores walked on 300 years ago. Loaf beside the pool at one of those big, new luxury hotels. Dine in Old World restaurants. And lindy, limbo or watusi the night away at a jumping nightspot.

Mexico is a Second Summer. First there's Acapulco.

It's a little mad. Divers throw themselves into 9 feet of water from 160 foot cliffs. Para-sailors soar above the Pacific. Dancers whirl themselves dizzy in fiery flamencos. But it's a certain kind of madness that's catching. And once caught, you're hooked on the place. On its warm beaches, its warm-hearted people and its sizzling nightlife. Then there's Mexico City, a new metropolis constructed around the ruins of an Aztec empire. It has brave bulls, magnifico plazas and muy magnifico Floating Gardens.

Charge it on Charge-A-Trip. On Eastern's Charge-A-Trip plan, you can charge your entire vacation, including air fare, hotel, tours, etc. And pay back as little as $10 a month, plus a small service charge.

See your Travel Agent or Eastern right away while you can still get the flight and room you want.

Now you know where the summer always spends the winter. So where are you going to be this winter?

Charge-A-Trip is a service mark of Eastern Air Lines, Inc.

EASTERN

Number one to the sun

In Money, Miss., Bobbie crosses the Tallahatchie on the bridge she wrote about in her hit *Ode to Billie Joe*.

MUSIC

Down Home with Bobbie Gentry

A gutsy voice, a grim song made her an instant hit

Four months ago Bobbie Gentry was just another attractive, long-legged Las Vegas chorine who got her real kicks out of writing songs on the side. Then Capitol Records picked up on her low-key lament, *Ode to Billie Joe*, which tells of the suicide leap of Billie Joe McAllister off the Tallahatchie Bridge. In six weeks the record sold a million copies and became the year's most talked-about single. What caused the commotion, besides Bobbie's grits-and-gravy voice, was a mystifying stanza about Billie Joe and his girl friend throwing something off the bridge before his death. A ring? Flowers? A baby? The song doesn't say. But the surmise—plus the haunting sound of *Ode to Billie Joe*—has given Bobbie a hearing from hell to breakfast. She was kept so busy explaining "that I didn't even have time to hang up m' clothes." Finally she fled home to Chickasaw County (Miss.) to see the folks and catch her breath before tackling a slew of television shows and a second album.

After a dinner of butter beans, corn, fried steak, cornbread and fried apple pie, Bobbie catches up on local news with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Streeter of rural Chickasaw County. Below, storekeeper Charline Crowley tells her that everybody has been keeping an eye out for her on TV.

THE WATERPROOF BOURBON

Splash Antique all you like. You can't drown that clean, nutty bouquet. And any bourbon that can hold its breath under water, soda or ice is bound to taste great.

Surest proof is to match Antique against the others. The waterproof bourbon won't be a washout.

ANTIQUE...undiluted pleasure

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 86 PROOF • 6 YEARS OLD • FRANKFORT DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

The Sony Silencer

If you're a man who craves peace & quiet at breakfast, plug this Sony into the wall. For total silence, plug your wife into this Sony. It's brand new.

It has an earphone. A sunglass screen to cut down the morning glare. And an 8" picture (measured diagonally). And that's big enough to keep a harem quiet.

If the coffee pot and toaster hog all the outlets, you can run it on a rechargeable battery pack. (Which comes in handy when you want to run it out of the house.)

But fair's fair. Sometimes the talker wears the pants. So... if you're a lady who craves peace & quiet at breakfast...

Even before you light it, the great taste of the tobacco lets you know about the high quality of La Palina® leaf. And then, when you light up, man, what a lively smoke! Rich, yet mild. La Palina tastes so expensive it's hard to believe you only paid a dime.

Try the cigar that tastes good even before you light it. Next dime, make yours a La Palina.

Wait! Taste that La Palina before you light it.

"Give your kid a Hohner Melodica® for Christmas. By New Year's, he could be a one man combo, serving up Auld Lang Syne."

Al Hirt, who's been called the world's greatest trumpet player, said it.

"There's nothing quite like a Melodica. It's like a piano, accordion, harmonica and organ combo, all rolled up into one great sound.

"It's a snap to learn how to play. Just about anybody can pick out his first tune in five minutes. Even if he never played a note before.

"Hohner Melodicas® are priced up to $59.95. But you can pick one up for as little as $9.95. Which makes it one heck of a Christmas present.

"And a pretty good, free combo on New Year's Eve."

The instrument for people who can't play a musical instrument.

Her visit back to Chickasaw County

feel privileged to have had a ural background and still be as ontemporary as I am." Returning o Chickasaw County for the first ime since fame found her, Bobbie idn't look much like a country irl. But she soon shed her mini-kirt in favor of blue jeans, kicked ff her high heels and went galum-hing away in her Granpa's pick-p through the countryside she rew up in.

Bobbie Gentry spent the first 3 years of her life here with her randparents, before moving on to alifornia, private school, U.C.L.A. where she studied philosophy) and usic school. Though she has hard-y been back in 10 years, she knows his backwoods corner of the South rom the bottoms of her bare feet n up. She can recite the name of very teacher she ever had and he can remember what everybody sed to wear to church ("at least hree women in navy blue polka-ot dresses with a big pink rose in the middle"). An old slave hex that a Negro family servant once taught her (" 'one-ree-o-ree-ee-ree-anni,' which we used to say instead of 'one potato, two potato' ") turns up naturally enough as the refrain in *Mississippi Delta*.

Things haven't changed much in Chickasaw County. The old upright that Bobbie learned to play on, and on which she composed her first song at the age of 7—*My Dog Sergeant Is a Good Dog*—is still standing in her grandmother's front room. Grandmother had traded a cow for the piano, even though at the time the house lacked plumbing and electricity.

Riding along the dirt back roads, Bobbie found a bridge over the Tallahatchie that looked just like the one that she remembered and sang about. "This is what I had in mind," she said. "The river isn't very deep here but the current is strong." A passing motorist recognized her and yelled, "Don't jump!"

Propped against a tree, Bobbie soulfully picks a tune tentatively titled *Okolona River Bottom Band*. She is planning to release it as her next single.

SEE a close-up of the green patches which indicate there may be life on Mars!

DISCOVER why it took 11 years to polish the 200-inch lens of the telescope on Palomar Mountain, California.

LEARN the true nature of "the music of the spheres" and how science has turned it into a tool.

FIND OUT how a beam of starlight reveals what the star is made of, its temperature, its speed toward or away from Earth.

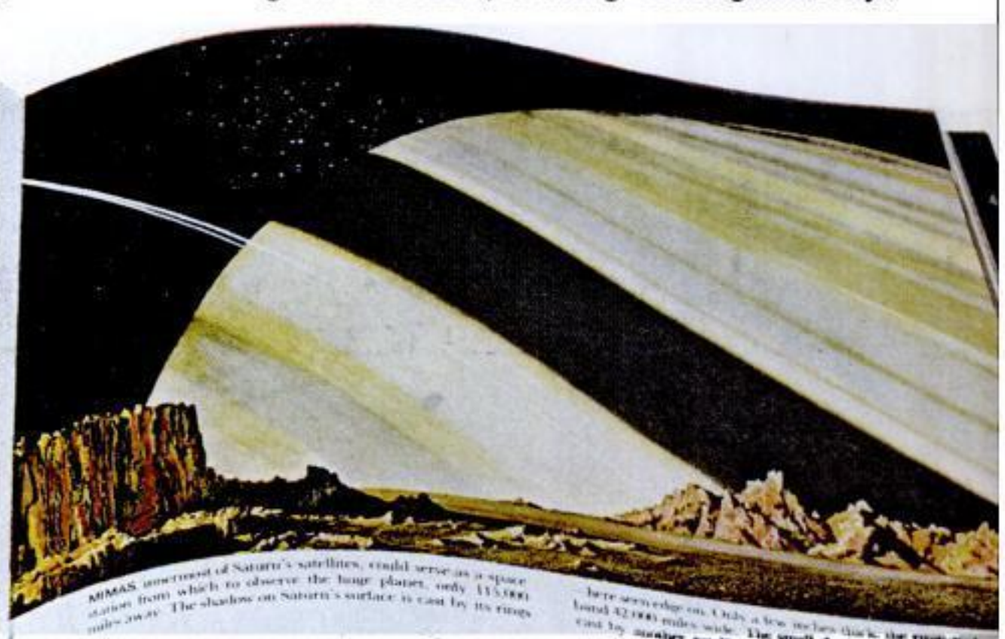
Dawn of life is produced experimentally in the laboratory. By exposing gases to ultraviolet rays or electricity, amino acids, the basic units of proteins, are formed.

Special solar telescopes are required for sun studies. Systems of lenses project the image on a screen, artificially eclipsing most of the light rays.

The sun's vast sphere contains 335 quadrillion cubic miles of violently hot gases that weigh more than two octillion tons. In the sun's core, hydrogen atoms are fused into helium at a temperature of 25 million degrees Fahrenheit, releasing violent gamma rays.

A MOUNTAIN OF ICE dominates an artist's conception of a fantastic landscape on Europa, one of the four satellites of Jupiter that are large enough to be seen with binoculars. These four

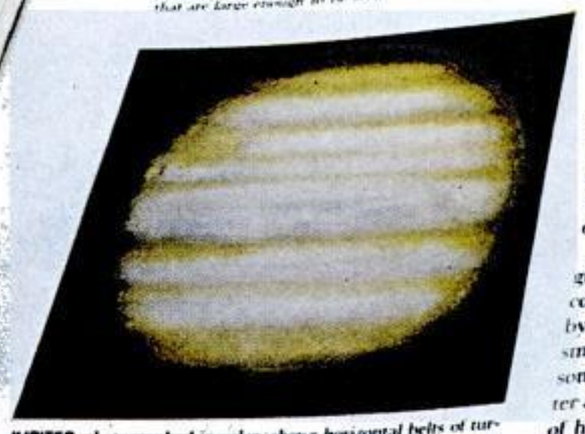
ears in diameter from 1,700 to greater than 3,000 miles. One of them, Ganymede, is larger than the planet Mercury. Eight smaller moons, 20 to 100 miles in diameter, also circle Jupiter.



MIMAS, innermost of Saturn's satellites, could serve as a space station from which to observe the huge planet, only 115,000 miles away. The shadow on Saturn's surface is cast by its rings

here seen edge on. Only a few inches thick, the rings rise beyond 42,000 miles wide. The small shadow below the rings is cast by another satellite. Ten satellites in all circle Saturn

Jupiter and Saturn, Gas Giants



JUPITER, photographed in color, shows horizontal belts of turbulent atmosphere hundreds of miles deep. The celebrated Red Spot at upper left varies from salmon pink to greenish white.

With diameters of 87,000 and 72,000 miles respectively, mighty Jupiter and beautiful Saturn dwarf all other planets in the solar system. Yet each, for its size, is a lightweight. The earth's average density (water = 1) is 5.5, but that of Jupiter is only 1.34, and Saturn's is about that of a milk shake—a mere 0.68. Plunged into some Gargantuan sea, the whole planet Saturn would float.

Because of the relative lightness of these two gas giants, some astronomers conjecture that their inner cores may be hydrogen compressed into a rigid state by terrific pressure. Others believe that they have small rock cores surrounded by massive shells of ice some 20,000 miles in thickness. We know that Jupiter and Saturn have dense, poisonous atmospheres of hydrogen, ammonia and methane. These gases swirl about the planets in turbulent cloud bands many hundreds of miles deep. The two big planets have other points in common. Both of them spin rapidly, and thus have bulging waists and flattened poles because of centrifugal force. Both are believed to have frigid surface temperatures of −200° F. or lower. Both have atmospheric belts that travel at different speeds in different zones or latitudes. Both have large retinues of satellites—Jupiter 12 and Saturn 10. Both have one or more satellites that defy majority rule and circle the planet in a direction opposite to the planet's own rotation.

Finally, each has a distinct feature shared by no other planet. Saturn has its three rings—countless particles of ice or frost-covered gravel—that circle it at different speeds. Jupiter has its mysterious Red Spot—25,000 miles long and 8,000 across—possibly atmospheric turmoil caused by a surface irregularity.

SATURN, photographed in color, shows atmo
Jupiter's. Three rings of whirling ice or frost
equator. One ring, the innermost, is too th

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From earliest prehistory, man has gazed wonderingly at the stars. But only in this 20th century have we begun to come to grips with the ultimate structures and riddles of the cosmos. And only in this decade have our laboratories been able to leave the Earth and probe our solar system.

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VOYAGE TO INFINITY

The distances involved in this exploration are numbing. The basic unit of measurement is the light year—the distance a ray of light travels (at the rate of 186,000 miles per second) in a year. The actual figure is 6 trillion miles. The sheer size and scope of the cosmos can perhaps be appreciated by looking up at the faint, moon-sized patch of brightness in the constellation Andromeda. This "neighboring" galaxy sends light to the eye from 10 quintillion miles away. It is an object of visible size and shape, trillions of times more distant than the moon, billions of times more distant than Pluto, two million times more distant than the nearest star. The light you see in looking up at Andromeda left that galaxy *over two million years ago.*

In *The Universe* you'll read the biography of that fiery solar furnace, the sun. You'll discover how it was born out of a cloud of gas some 5 billion years ago. You'll learn why we can expect it to behave "normally" for another 5 billion years. And you'll see how, at the end of that time, it will expand, bringing the temperature of the Earth's surface high above the boiling point.

Yet this need not be the end of man. Our distant descendants may conceivably survive the holocaust by migrating to other stars and planets in the Milky Way. Many stars have habitable planets around them where water can be water and gas can be held as atmosphere. Astronomers do not doubt that life as we know it could have evolved—and can be supported, in case of a mammoth exodus from Earth—around several million of the 100 billion stars in the Milky Way.

Obviously a book of such scope as *The Universe* cannot be adequately described here. That's why we want you to borrow a copy from us and browse through it freely for 10 days. Share it with your children and their teachers. The careful blending of full-color photographs and vivid text, prepared with the authority and expertise which are the hallmark of TIME-LIFE BOOKS, make *The Universe* a delight to look at and read. It is also a carefully indexed reference work complete with bibliography which will be of great help in stimulating your children in their schoolwork.

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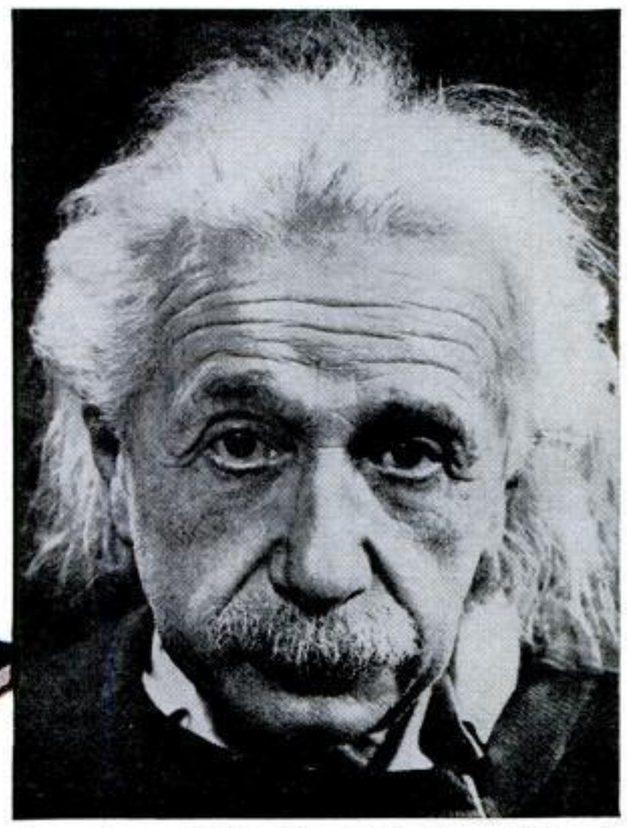
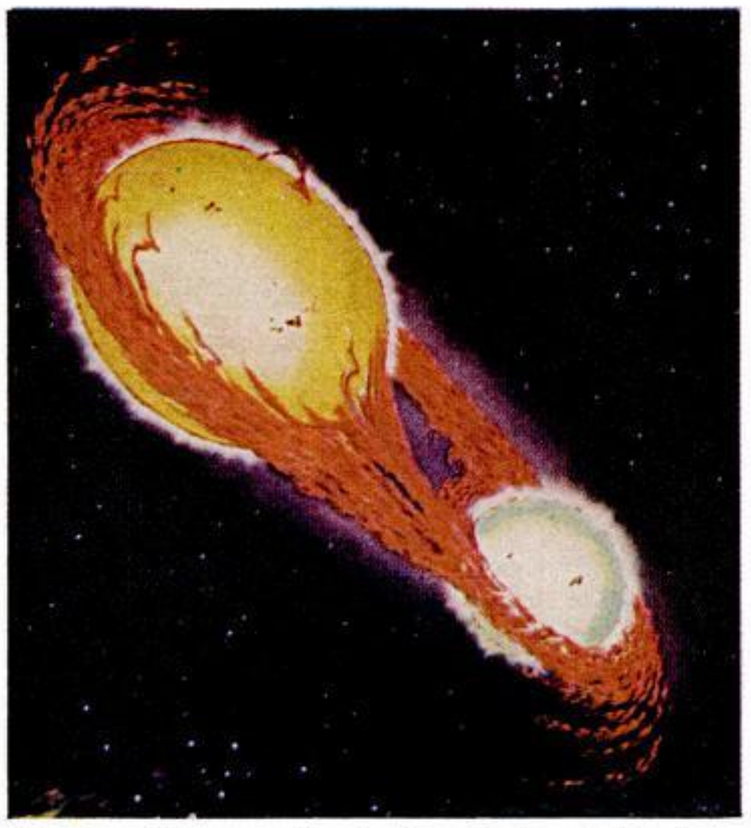
Actual size: 8½" x 11"
Written by David Bergamini, *The Universe* contains 192 pages with hundreds of photographs, paintings, charts and diagrams. 64 pages in color. Over 35,000 words of text.

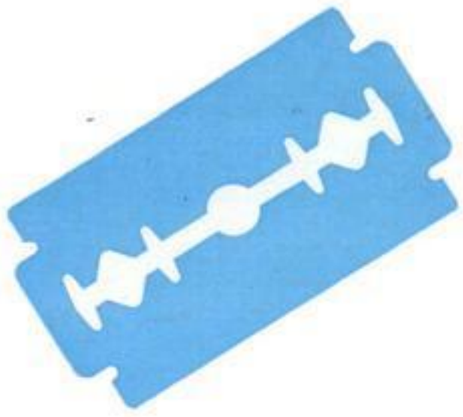


As early as 1916, Albert Einstein published his relativity theories which revolutionized both atomic and cosmic thought.



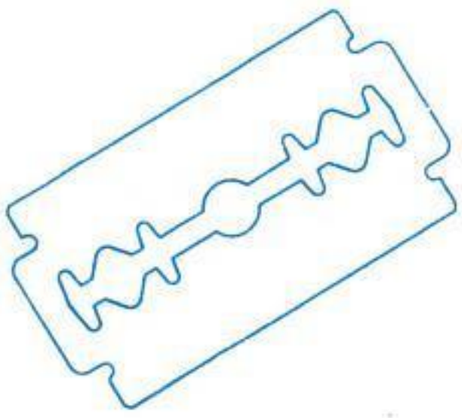
Egg-shaped because of mutual gravitational attraction, and streaming gas emitted by the larger partner, the twin stars of U Cephei circle each other.

End of the Blues:



Blue two timer

"Inexpensive" carbon steel blades give most men only 1 or 2 shaves. They seem cheaper, but actually cost more per shave.



Spoiled me too-er

The "Me too-er" brand reluctantly followed Schick's American leadership in stainless steel, but massive advertising cannot overcome the comfort of the molecular Miron® Coating on the Krona edge.

Lasting Friend

With stainless steel technology initially developed in our Swedish Plant, Schick Science perfected the famous thousand foot strop, the molecular Miron Coating, and the Krona® Comfort Edge to assure your consistent comfort shave after shave. They're Lasting Friends– the kind you'll always feel comfortable with.

Put your reliance on famous Schick Science.

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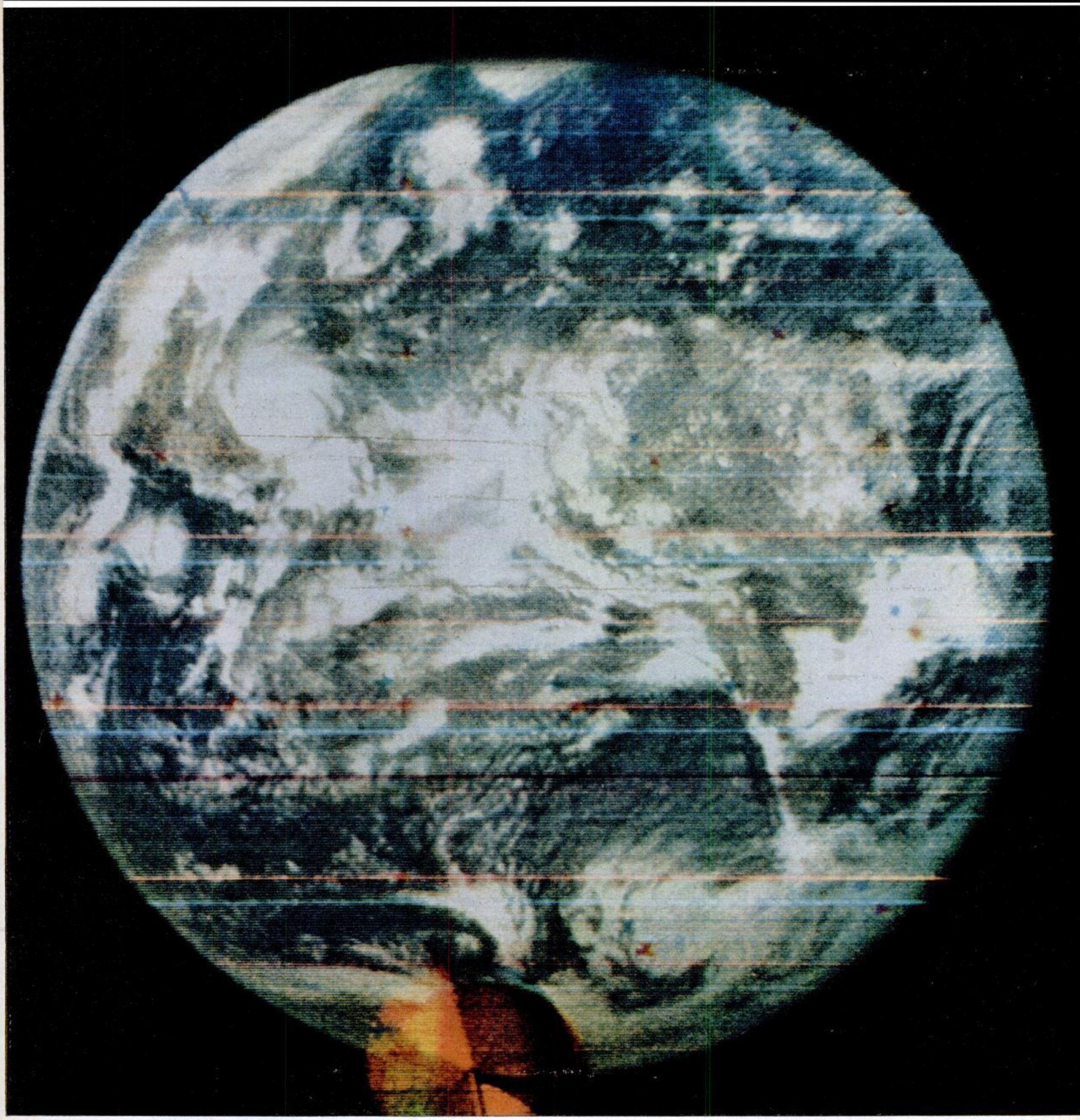


SPACE

First Color Portrait of an Angry Earth

Even as three hurricanes were swirling across its angry face, the planet Earth posed for the unprecedented portrait reproduced above—the first full-face view in color. Transmitted from 18,100 miles in space by a new satellite called DODGE (for Department of Defense Gravity Experiment), the picture was made by TV cameras scanning, in turn, through red, green and blue filters. The resulting three different black-and-white frames were superimposed to create the color version. South America dominates the right side while North America extends into the upper left portion. Swirling white cloud masses that signify hurricanes can be seen off the east coast of the U.S. (Chloe and Doria). Over the Gulf of Mexico is Hurricane Beulah just before she tore savagely into Texas.

FASHION /

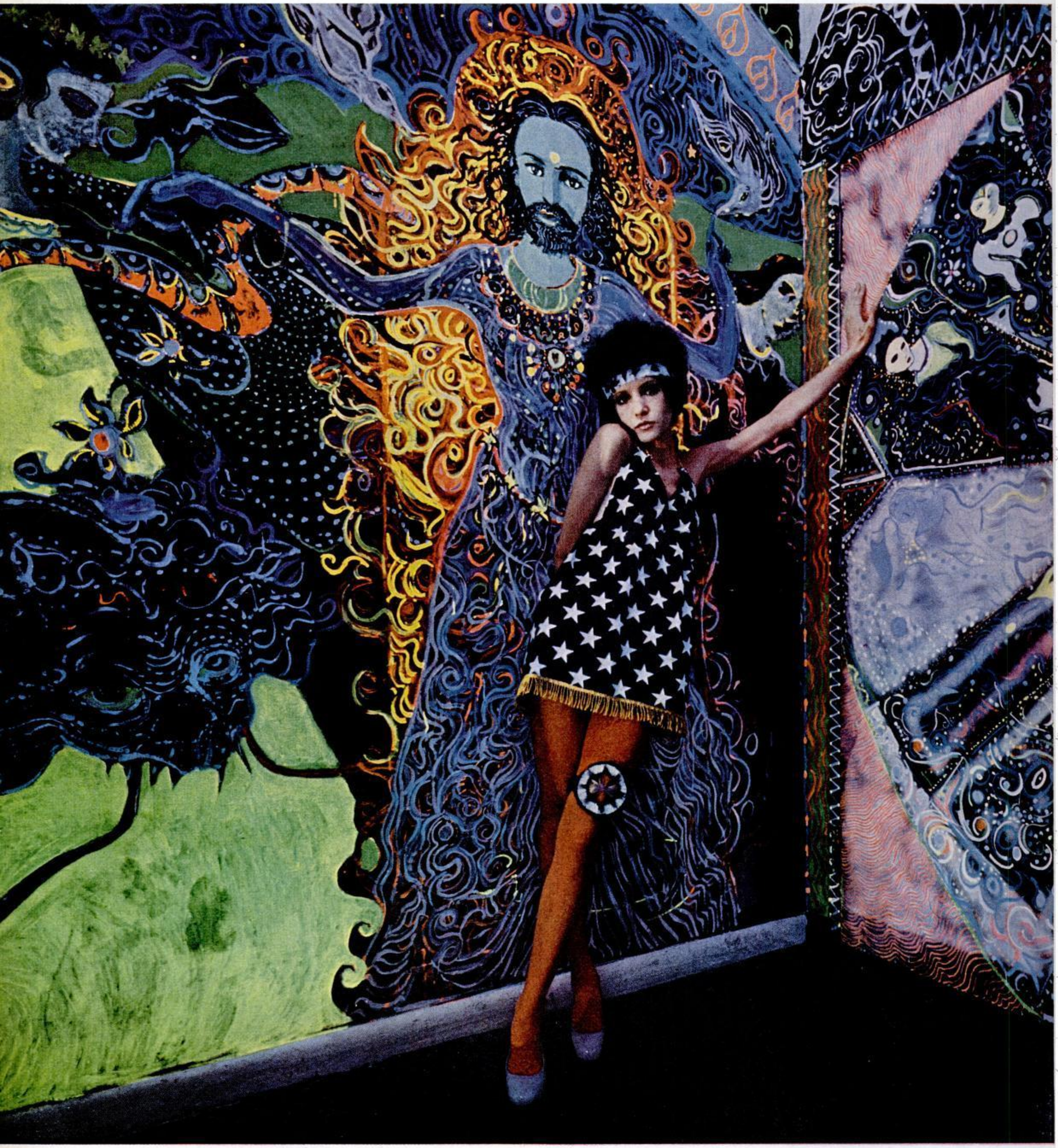
A Snappy New Bit of Leg Art

In this Year of the Leg, with plenty on public view and everything from flashy stockings to high-rise boots devoted to emphasizing the fact, the snappiest new attention-getter is the old garter. As a dated but delightful show business gimmick, garters fit the current theatrical spirit in late-night fashion. They provide instant razzle-dazzle, and what's especially good about them is that if you feel you are getting *too* much attention at any point during the evening, you can just slip them off and cool it without ruining the general effect. The outfits and the glittering garters on these two pages are the opulent handiwork of George Halley, a New York designer who made them to go together. Halley's ensembles are Park Avenue in appearance and cost. But Flower Children in the East Village have their own lower-priced garters (*next page*).

Gartered girls update turn-of-the-century décor of a New York restaurant, Bill's Gay Nineties, recalling the time when legs were limbs and

garters the height of naughtiness. The dresses are priced from $735 to $1,225 and the garters, which are jeweled and elasticized, cost $40 to $50. They include, from far left, a dress of coq feathers worn with both garter and boots; a satin bathrobe—which is really to go out in—and, above, a green velvet dress, a black velvet banded in lace, a pale silk, and a bare dress of lace. The wicked curls are really wigs by Clay of Bendel's.

Star and garter in the East Village



Lounging in the psychedelically painted doorway of the Electric Circus, a discothèque in New York's East Village hippie district, a girl wears a feathered garter ($7) which goes with her feathered Indian-style headband ($5). Like the star dress ($25), they come from discothèque's boutique.

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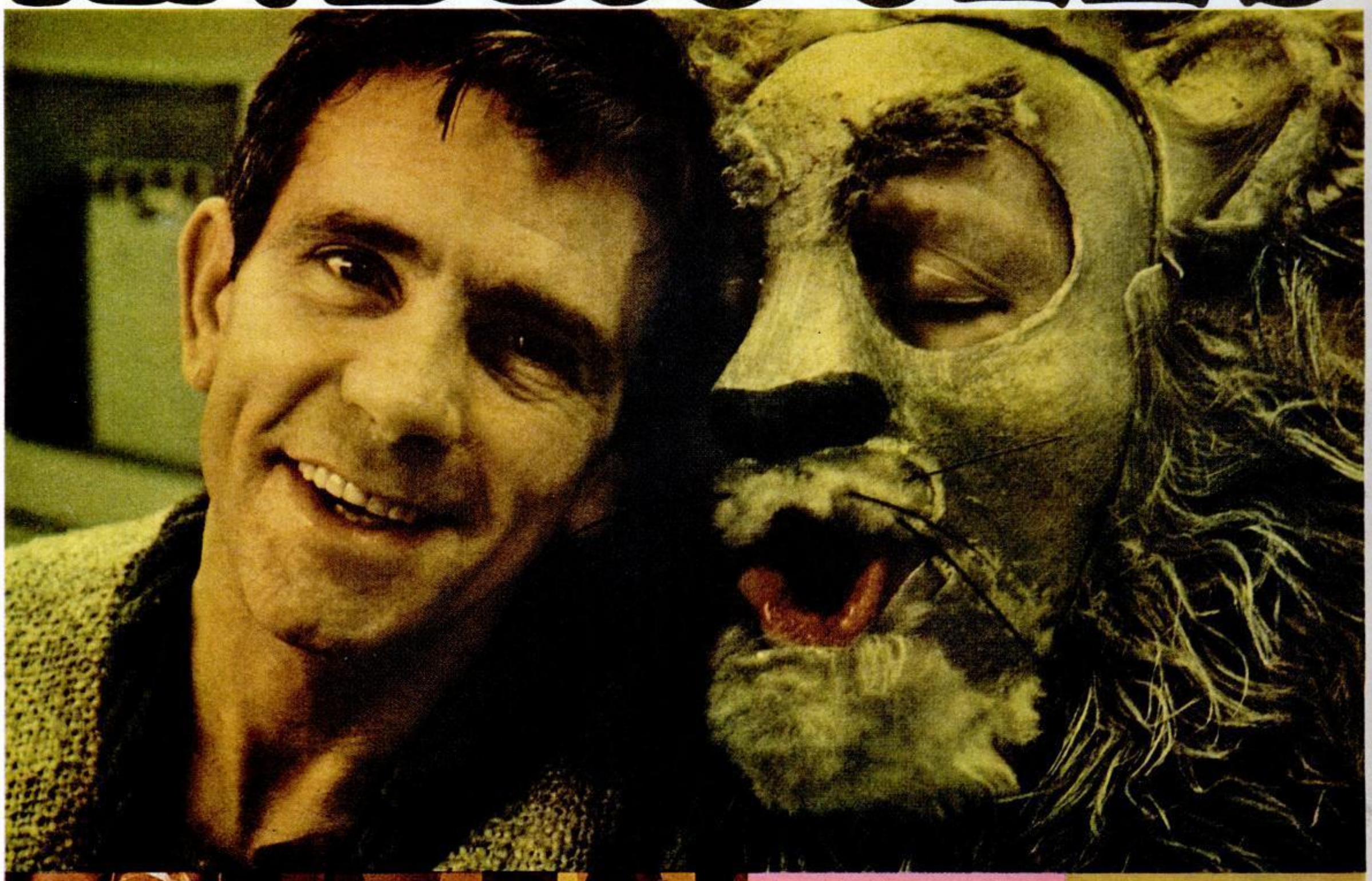

Join us in the delightful TV musical of Bernard Shaw's play about an early Christian who gets thrown to a lion that owes him a favor. 90 minutes of rip-roaring fun in glorious color.

Starring: Noel Coward, Ed Ames, Inga Swenson, Brian Bedford, John Cullum and Norman Wisdom as Androcles. Music and lyrics by Richard Rodgers, written by Peter Stone.

Directed by Joe Layton, produced by Marc Merson.

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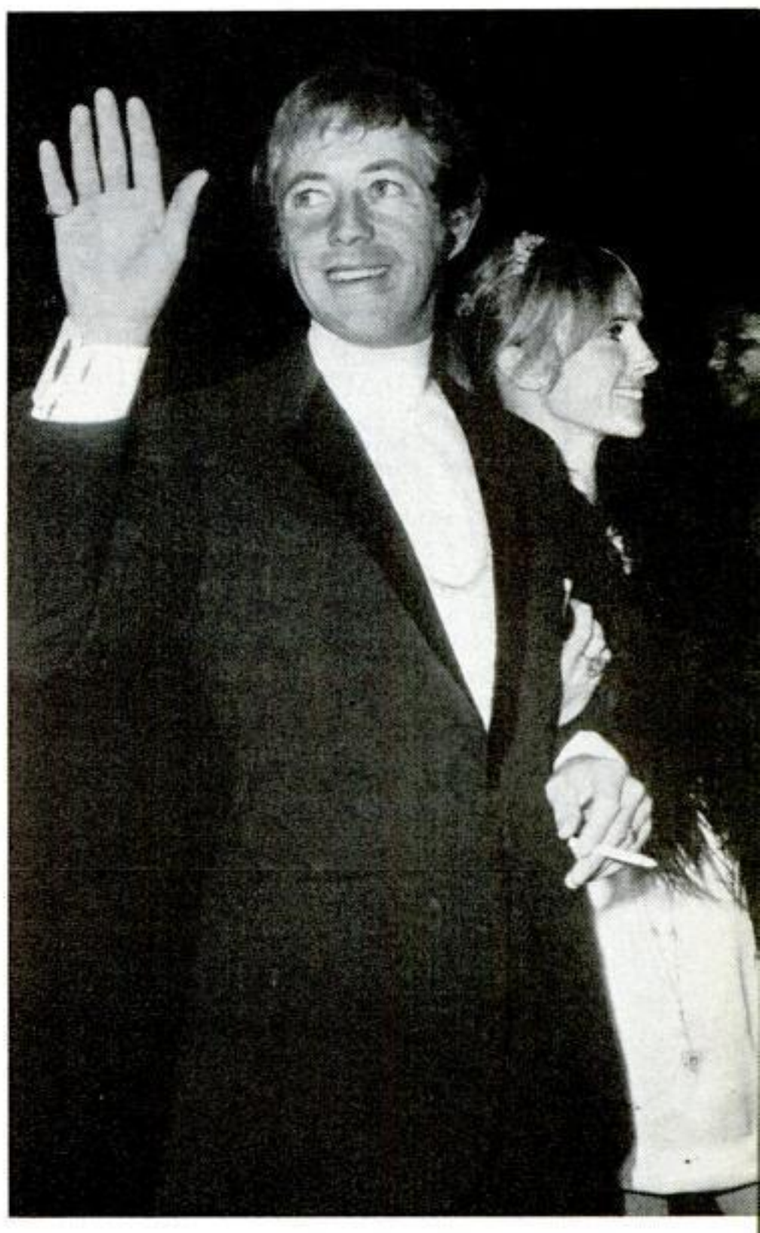
Meanwhile, back at the neckline, men try to kick part of their habit

Turtlenecks Come In from the Cold

Johnny Carson in NBC office



Singer Noel Harrison at an opening

Adam West, TV's Batman

While the girls were drawing attention to the legs, the men were getting it where they always get it in matters of fashion—in the neck. The turtleneck, long accepted by sailors and skiers and Dartmouth men, to say nothing of turtles, has arrived in urban night life. Led by a few nonconformists—chiefly actors, Picasso fans, people who don't have to deal with the chairman of the board and people who *are* chairman of the board—white turtlenecks have invaded the theater, nightclubs and other cultural areas, swathing in cotton (from $3.95) or silk (to $100) Adam's apples that would otherwise have chafed against black ties. Amy Vanderbilt approves turtlenecks, but Columnist Suzy hates them. Johnny Carson considered it a disaster when his were stolen. But they may be doomed by that reactionary, the maitre d'. A tie is still *de rigueur* at "21" and downstairs at Sardi's. And when Richard Harris (*next page*), star of the film *Camelot*, tried to wear one in the Plaza's Oak Room, they wouldn't let him in.

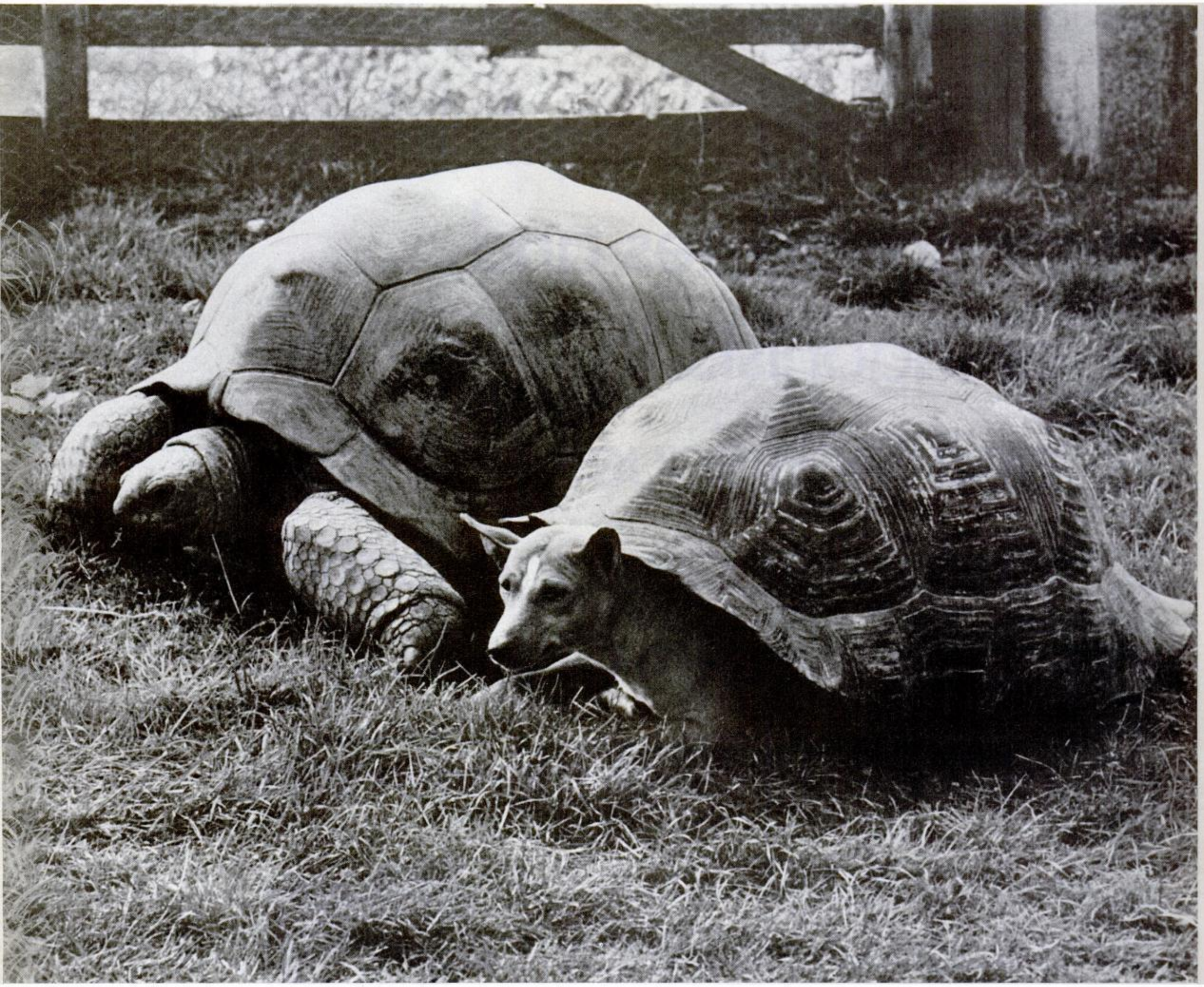
Vogue *Publisher S. I. Newhouse Jr.*

Architect Paul Damaz at an art show

CONTINUED 113

Richard Harris, at *Camelot* opening, wears a white silk turtleneck with a self-designed braid-trimmed velvet jacket of a type popular in London.

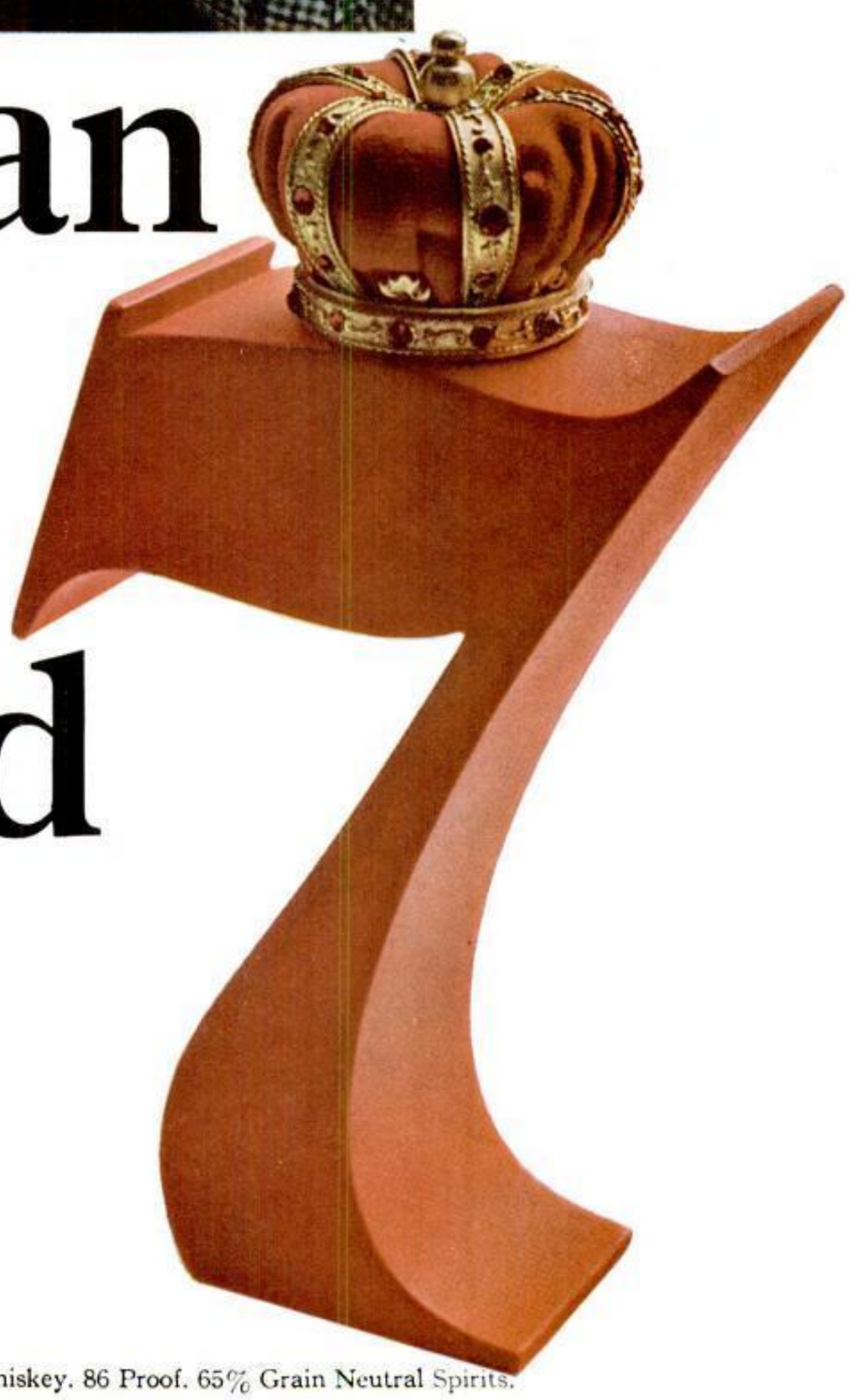
MISCELLANY / # STILL ANOTHER STYLE, A MOCK TURTLE NECK



Be ready with enough of the world's most popular whiskey, Seagram's 7 Crown. Otherwise known as The Sure One– an enviable nickname that came about because of this whiskey's constant fine quality and goodness. There's only one thing you ever have to worry about when you serve The Sure One—how long it's going to last!

Seagram's 7 Crown The Sure One.

You can expect the crowd around



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