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SPECIAL SECTION

APRIL 15, 1985

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VIETNAM

TEN YEARS LATER



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MICHELIN

APRIL 15, 1985

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 125 No. 15

SPECIAL SECTION: Ten years later, Viet Nam still stirs uneasy memories

The war that went wrong

Saigon fell a decade ago, but America is haunted to this day by its only outright defeat.

16 Peace but not plenty for a tormented land 32

The South still bustles, but the Communist rations of food and liberty are meager indeed.



Lessons from a wrenching experience

It may take some time for the U.S. to absorb what Viet Nam taught about the use of power.

40 "Misreported then, misremembered now" 48

So writes Richard Nixon in his new book. "We won the war," he says, "but lost the peace."



Turning the tables on Moscow

Once "their guys" were the rebels. Now the insurgents are often "our" guys.

50 Veterans of an era: Where are they now? 52

The war's principals and bit players alike have gradually discovered new roles.



Testaments of hope and horror

A selection of letters and poems written by those who served, and sometimes died.

58 In Washington, a sublime memorial 61

The wall of names is sanctum and symbol for veterans of the war and for their countrymen.

62 Nation

The Senate warns Japan. ► Republicans reach a budget accord. ► A peace plan for Nicaragua and Congress. ► Gorbachev's RSVP.

74 World

Duarte's party triumphs in El Salvador elections. ► Sudan's Nimeiri is ousted in a coup. ► Israel takes prisoners out of Lebanon.

80 Science

Nova, the world's most powerful laser, is dedicated at a California laboratory. It may lead the way to fusion power.

84 Economy & Business

The Soviet Union strives for computer literacy. ► CBS takeover gossip abounds. ► A huge loss for the maker of the Dalkon Shield.

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88 Sport

Whenever everyone is sure something can't happen, it does: Villanova 66, Georgetown 64. ► To stanch a scandal, Tulane quits.

103 Cinema

Following the success of *Animal House*, American teenagers are grossing out on a new wave of silly, raunchy movie comedies.

104 Show Business

Mr. T and Hulk Hogan, Liberace and Cyndi Lauper meet to help pro wrestling muscle its way into the big top of trash culture.

106 Design

Hans Hollein, a witty Viennese craftsman of exquisite small spaces, is awarded architecture's top annual prize.

Cover: Illustration by Alan Magee

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ALL YOU NEED.SM



A Letter from the Publisher

During the turbulent years of the Viet Nam War, scores of TIME correspondents and photographers braved the dangers of battle to help shape the magazine's coverage. Two of them, Correspondent John Cantwell and Photographer Sean Flynn, died in the conflict, and five others were wounded. The list of present staffers who served in Viet Nam, either as journalists or in the service of their country, is long and distinguished.

For Dean Brelis, currently TIME's New Delhi bureau chief, memories of Viet Nam go back to 1950-51, when it was an embattled French colony. Ho Chi Minh, leader of Viet Nam's fight for independence, once told Brelis, "We will defeat the French, and if you make the mistake of staying here, we will defeat you." Recalls Brelis: "It was a warning I never forgot."

James Wilde, now TIME's Nairobi bureau chief, is haunted most by an experience in March 1965. "I spent 48 hours in a pouring monsoon helping to load the dead of the South Vietnamese 5th Airborne Battalion onto helicopters," Wilde remembers. "There were 453 of them, including six U.S. advisers. All of the corpses were rotten with rain. We were scared; we could feel the Viet Cong watching from a nearby tree line. The stench of death massaged my skin; it took years to wash away."

Chicago Bureau Chief Christopher Ogden was a college student in 1965 when he decided to hitchhike around Southeast Asia. Among his stops: Saigon. Ogden returned to Viet Nam in 1968 as a U.S. Army lieutenant with an intelligence unit. Diplomatic Correspondent William Stewart served in South Viet Nam as a Foreign Service officer from 1966 to 1970, first as a civilian district adviser in the pacification effort in Long An province, south of Saigon, then in the capital. "I don't think I ever worked so hard or played so hard as in those years," says Stewart. "By the time I finally departed, in January 1970, I was so consumed that I was unable to leave my Manila hotel room for several days." He returned to Saigon as a TIME correspondent in 1972-73 and again in 1975. Johannesburg Bureau Chief Marsh Clark recalls the special problems of covering the war from 1968 to '70, when U.S. involvement was at its peak. "We tried to report on the myriad social difficulties the war was creating, especially the huge migration of people into the cities," he says. "Just covering the battles did not actually tell much about how the war was really going."

Photographer David Burnett has especially vivid memories of the Easter offensive of 1972. "Most unnerving," he recalls, "was the sight, through the borrowed binoculars of an American adviser, of a wave of North Vietnamese tanks coming toward us." Rio de Janeiro Bureau Chief Gavin Scott chronicled the dwindling American presence in Viet Nam in 1973-74. "It was possible, in those fading days of the war," he says, "to eat breakfast with my family, drive out of Saigon for

a morning's action, then return for a gossipy lunch."

William McWhirter, now bureau chief in Bonn, reported from Viet Nam for TIME and LIFE during several tours from 1965 on. He had his final assignment there in 1975, covering the South Vietnamese retreat from Hué down the coast to the outskirts of Saigon. Photographer Dirck Halstead, who was based in Saigon three times between 1965 and 1975 for United Press International and TIME, took prize-winning pictures of the frenzied crowds trying to escape Saigon in 1975 before leaving himself by helicopter from Tan Son Nhut airfield just before the city fell. His contemporary photographs of Viet Nam are part of this week's coverage.

Bahrain Bureau Chief Barry Hillenbrand has a special reason to remember his tour in Viet Nam. In September 1974 he married

Nguyen Thi Phuong Nga, a Saigon university student. The next year he tried, and failed, to get his Vietnamese in-laws out of the country. Six years passed before they were allowed to immigrate to the U.S. TIME was able to get many of its Vietnamese employees and their families out of the collapsing country. Dang Nguyen, bureau manager from 1964 to 1975 and now the chief of Time Inc.'s wire room in New York City, flew out with his wife and six children on a U.S. Air Force plane a week before Saigon's fall. So did Staff Photographer Le-Minh Thai, now employed in the Los Angeles bureau. Book-keeper Nga Thi Tran was able to get seats aboard a military helicopter three days later; she now works on TIME's news desk in New York. San Francisco Wire Room Operator

Luong Long left by plane just two days before the end.

James Willwerth, in Viet Nam in 1970-71 and now bureau chief in Bangkok, returned last year for the first time since the end of the war. Says he: "The visit was a sobering look at the ways in which hard-line ideologies have imposed their will on a nation." Eddie Adams, a TIME photographer who, while on assignment for the Associated Press in 1968, took the indelible picture of a Vietnamese general shooting a Viet Cong point-blank, also went back in 1983, though reluctantly. "I didn't think I had left anything there," he says. "I was wrong. Everything came back, but it was all off-key: Russians walking down the streets, the bars all turned into sedate coffee shops. I was a stranger in a familiar place."

International Editor Karsten Prager was in Saigon frequently from 1965 to 1968. He looks back on his Viet Nam years with both pain and gratification. "We all left something there, and we all gained something," says Prager. "As journalists, we suspected that we would never get a more dramatic story than Viet Nam. We frequently asked ourselves what could ever top it. Nothing ever did."

John A. Meyers



Dirck Halstead



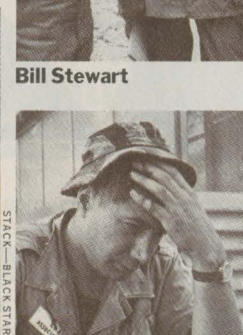
David Burnett



Bill Stewart



Barry Hillenbrand



Marsh Clark



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Letters

Gorbachev Power

To the Editors:

Gorbachev sounds too good to be true [SPECIAL SECTION, March 25]. Still, it is refreshing to hear a Soviet leader acknowledge, "If we can get the economics right, I believe politics and peace will look after themselves."

Richard J. McKernan
Girard, Ohio

Gorbachev may be a bright young face, but he still sports the same tired ideas. The U.S. and its allies must not be deceived by this new Kremlin breed of "Moscow yuppies."

Michael Eversman
Columbus, Ga.



Gorbachev's comments mean nothing. Even if he intends to make substantive changes in Soviet policy, he could hardly say so now. Gorbachev will eventually change the government's direction for the simple reason that current Soviet policy has not been in that country's best interest. The U.S.S.R. needs to participate in the world economy.

Larry D. Doores
Amherst, Mass.

The last thing we in the West want is an efficient Soviet economy. It is to our advantage for the U.S.S.R. to remain bogged down in a morass of bureaucratic paper work. Look what happened 45 years ago. The Third Reich was far too efficient.

Ake Danielsson
Villennes, France

President Reagan's decision not to attend the Chernenko funeral was ill advised. The occasion presented an opportunity to improve the abrasive climate.

Mark Freeman
Palm Beach, Fla.

As a Cuban who escaped from Fidel Castro's tyranny, I know a bit about life under Communism. Gorbachev impresses me as a man endowed with great

mental ability, a vigor that never tires and a curiosity that is rarely satisfied. This man is a formidable antagonist.

Clarence B. Santos
Los Angeles

It is unrealistic to expect Gorbachev to change the Soviet attitude toward us. Gorbachev is no Stalin. He is only a member of a system that is protected by the armed forces, the KGB and a bureaucracy, all of which have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo.

Jacob Weitzer
North Miami Beach

Since we do not know the basic facts about the Soviet leaders, how in the world could we verify the extent of their weapons buried underground? We did not know Yuri Andropov had a wife until the day of his funeral. Now we do not know the profession of Gorbachev's wife or what his daughter and son-in-law (both reportedly doctors) are doing. The CIA had better shape up.

Jovan Savic
Chicago

Fetal Cry

No wonder many doctors and pro-choice activists are irritated by the anti-abortion film *Silent Scream* [MEDICINE, March 25]. They are upset because it not only tells the truth but shows it.

(The Rev.) Gerald E. Curley
Layton, Utah

As the loving mother of three happy children, I prefer the "silent scream" of the unwanted fetus to the reverberating cry of the unwanted child.

Liz Bourne
Lyme Center, N.H.

The article about *Silent Scream* implied that the pro-life people have contrived a piece of propaganda designed to shock the viewer. I am waiting for the pro-choice advocates to produce an objective film showing an actual abortion that does not shock the audience.

Melissa Rhyne
Mauldin, S.C.

The pro-life film *Silent Scream* follows in the tradition of well-made propaganda by appealing not to the intelligence of its viewers but to the emotions. Rather than address the issues in this complex moral question, the movie sensationalizes.

Michael C. Garvan
Brewster, Mass.

Formidable Lady

Finally we may have in Jeane Kirkpatrick [NATION, March 25] a female whose nomination as a national candidate would be based on her talents, not her gender. Geraldine Ferraro may push Pepsi, but Kirkpatrick is the Real Thing.

I am one Republican who would happily vote for Kirkpatrick over any other candidate, male or female.

William F. Marshall
Douglaston, N.Y.

To Kirkpatrick, long a wolf in sheep's clothing, I say, "Good riddance."

Patrice M. Fitzgerald
Farmington, Conn.

No Dropout

In the article "Moving Toward the Middle" [NATION, March 18], you stated that I had dropped out of the Democratic Leadership Council. This is not correct. I am a founding member of the council and believe it makes an important contribution to the development of a strong Democratic Party by broadening its base and serving as a catalyst for needed reforms. The Governors who originally joined the group continue to support it. The Leadership Council has already begun to achieve its objective of providing Democrats with an alternative forum to raise issues and seek changes.

Bob Graham
Governor of Florida
Tallahassee

TIME regrets the error.

France's Fabius

I do not belong to the Socialist Party of French Premier Laurent Fabius [WORLD, March 25], but I want him to know there are many silent Frenchmen who appreciate his administration's courage in the face of its opposition, which is mainly intent on recovering lost power rather than finding a way out of the present crisis. Fabius and his team have the ability to solve the current problems and exhibit an energy far superior to that of any of their predecessors since the days of De Gaulle.

George Lorient
Neuville du Poitou, France

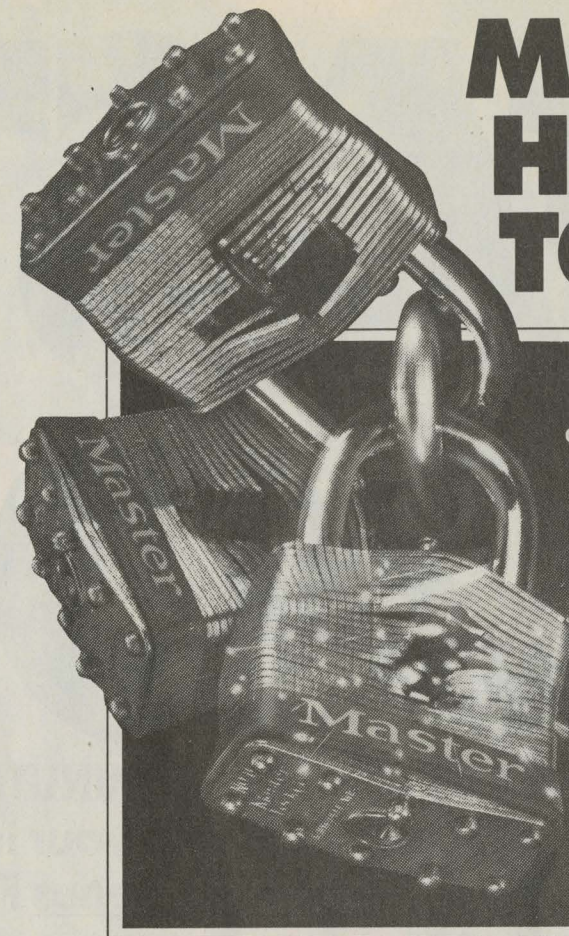
The French government tries to convince its people that life must be hard and that everybody has to suffer for the sake of modernizing the country. When the French count their francs after paying their bills at the end of the month, it is difficult for them to keep their joie de vivre and enjoy themselves with no money left in their wallets.

Marcel Serrailier
New York City

Tokyo Trade

Your article "Pounding on Tokyo's Door" [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, March 25] is on target as far as it goes. Unfortunately it misses the central point: the inability of the Japanese to accept international responsibilities commensurate with their economic development. The issue is the Japanese mind-set that results in Japan's not being able to accept foreign products and services on equal terms. The determi-

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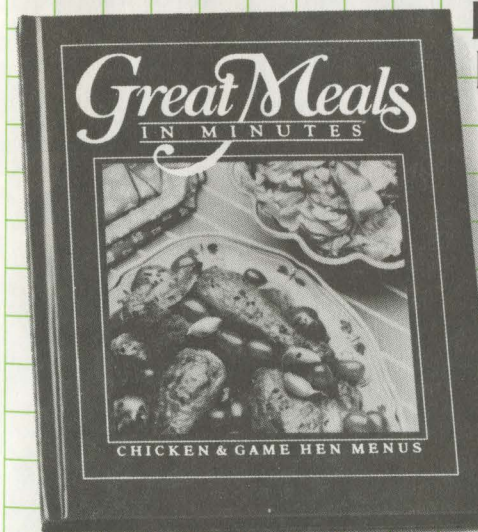
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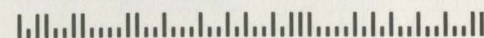
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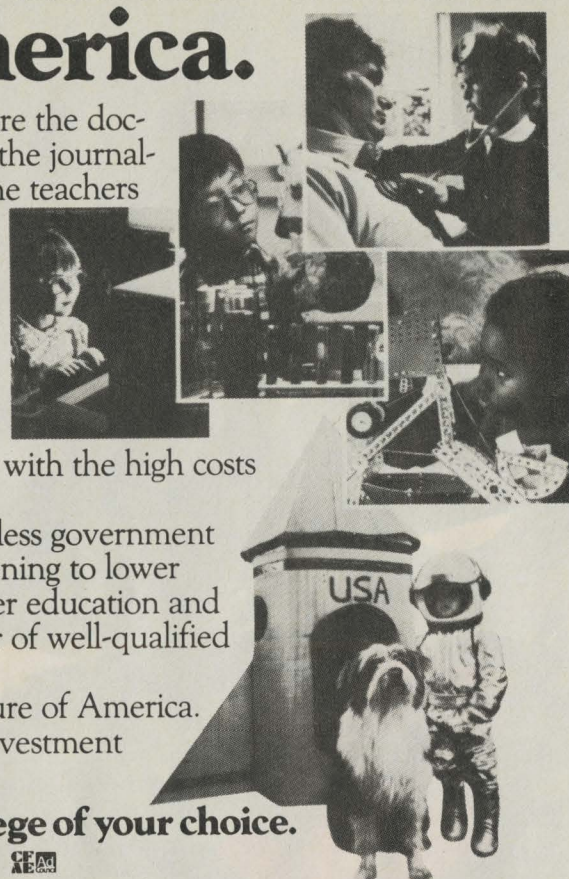
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Letters

nation of the Japanese to protect import industries until they are full grown, their industrial targeting practices and their layers of protectionist measures that we must peel away one by one are all manifestations of that mind-set. Unless we can break through the psychological blockade, we will continue to face a trade blockade as well. The congressional response to that is likely to be dramatic and blunt.

John Heinz
U.S. Senator, Pennsylvania
Washington, D.C.

Music for Africa

The song *We Are the World* [SHOW BUSINESS, March 25] represents a strong commitment by U.S. pop singers to help the hungry and homeless. There was a time when we looked to entertainers for frivolity and to the White House for compassion. There has been a role reversal.

Mary Johnson
Norwood, Mass.

If these stars had given a fraction of the megabucks they earn, there would have been no need for holding this recording session.

Norma Van Grunsven
Unity, Ore.

The 45 pop stars who recorded *We Are the World* and donated the disk's proceeds to famine-stricken countries should be commended. However, the emotional propaganda associated with this situation has caused them to invert their priorities. This explains why only 10% is to be used to relieve hunger and homelessness in the U.S. and the preponderant apportionment is to go to African countries with a decidedly Marxist bent.

Thomas M. Edwards
San Francisco

The rockers in Britain were the first to do a charity concert for the hungry. Why must American musicians continually rely on their overseas counterparts for worthwhile ideas?

Gerald P. Connolly
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Odoriferous Obsession

Calvin Klein has definitely gone too far with his ads for his new perfume, *Obsession* [PEOPLE, March 25]. How could anyone seeing an apparently naked boy with a similarly unclad woman not feel disgust for all involved?

Betty Dobosz
Fort Wayne, Ind.

In these days of child abduction and sexual abuse, we do not need ads that promote and condone group sex, especially with children.

Tosca Hallock
Houston

Two Germanys

In the review of Bach and Handel [MUSIC, March 25], your writer wrings his hands about how "only in Germany" did cruelty and culture flourish side by side. It is a superficial generalization that allows everyone else's conscience to rest a little easier. The contradiction of art and atrocities happens to be a human paradox, not a German monopoly. Consider India and Pakistan, Southeast Asia, the Middle East, and our own history of slavery. Neither fine art nor inhumanity is held in check by national boundaries.

Herbert Moore
Carmel, N.Y.

The German soul is indeed split. No other nation has experienced such a proximity of creative and destructive genius. Thus there is a proverb Germans like to quote, "*Ein Volk der Dichter und Denker*" (a people of poets and thinkers), that reveals only half the truth. By changing the first letter of the characterizations, we find the second half: "*Ein Volk der Richter und Henker*" (a people of judges and executioners).

Volkmar Latossek
Bremen, West Germany

It was moving to be reminded of the talent of the two musical giants Bach and Handel. But once again the specter of the tragic Nazi era had to intrude. Must every article praising the German culture for its creativity be counterbalanced with the mention of this barbaric episode? Is not your reference to Bach and Handel in one breath and to Himmler and Eichmann in the other an example of a Christian society not following the teachings it espouses by refusing to forgive and move on?

William Frederick von Huber
Cincinnati

You do not stress enough that the true German soul is embodied not in the transient lunacy of a Hitler but in the everlasting genius of a Bach and a Handel.

Frederic Kaufmann
New Haven, Conn.

Broken Secrets

In your story on the breakdown in Britain's security laws [WORLD, March 18], you mention the torpedoing of the Argentine ship *Belgrano*. You suggest that an enemy ship turning away from engagement should not be fired on. But an enemy ship on the high seas is always a justifiable target. Ask Lord Nelson about Trafalgar or Viscount Jellicoe about the Battle of Jutland.

John Brown
Avon, England

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The Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesels for 1985: still the most powerful line of diesels sold in America.

THE MERCEDES-BENZ 300D Sedan, 300TD Station Wagon and 300CD Coupe represent three variations on a radical theme: the idea that dramatic over-the-road performance can be blended with diesel efficiency and stamina.

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TURBODIESEL POWER, DIESEL DURABILITY

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The key to the Mercedes-Benz Turbodiesels' performance is less the *turbo* than the *diesel*—its three-liter, five-cylinder engine.

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The Turbodiesels rank not only as the most powerful but also the most *varied* line of diesels sold in North America today.

SEDAN, STATION WAGON AND COUPE

The four-door 300D Sedan accommodates five persons and a gaping 12-cu.-ft. trunk within a wheelbase of just 110 inches, helping lend near sports-sedan agility to this family-sized automobile.

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EXOTIC, YET PRACTICAL

The 300CD Coupe is the world's only limited-production two-plus-two diesel touring machine. It sits on a taut 106.7-inch wheelbase—one secret of its quick-witted

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MORE THAN POWER

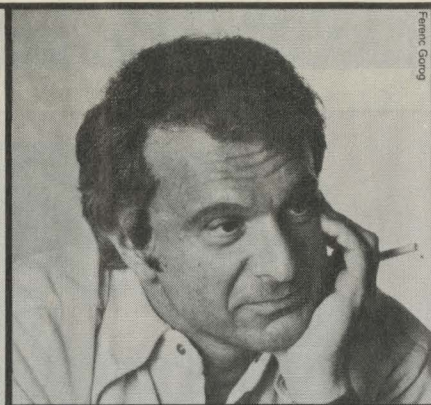
Ultimately, the Turbodiesels' appeal extends beyond their performance and driving pleasure. There is no more powerful line of diesels sold in North America—and there may be no more versatile, more competent, more timely line of automobiles. In North America, or the world.



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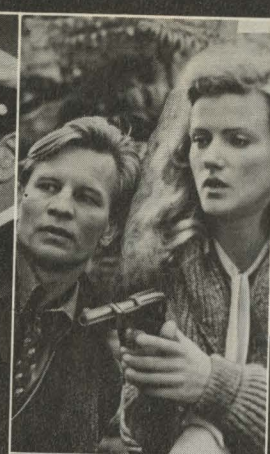
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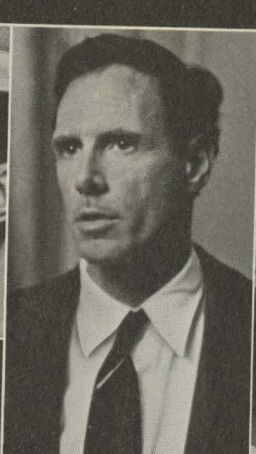
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VIET NAM

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Battle of Hue, 1968

Photograph by John Olson—LIFE



“Everything I see is blown through with smoke, everything is on fire everywhere. It doesn’t matter that memory distorts; every image, every sound comes back out of smoke and the smell of things burning.”

— MICHAEL HERR
Dispatches

A Bloody Rite of Passage

Viet Nam cost America its innocence and still haunts its conscience

Viet Nam had a genius for surprise, an exquisite gift for defeating expectations. Rudyard Kipling once issued a sort of regional warning about that: "And the end of the fight is a tombstone white/ with the name of the late deceased./ And the epitaph dreads: 'A Fool lies here who/ tried to hustle the East.'"

The enemy had been invisible in an earlier part of the war, hiding in jungles, in tunnels, ghosting around in the pre-dawn: killer shadows. They dissolved by day into the villages, into the other Vietnamese. They maddened the Americans with the mystery of who they were—the unseen man who shot from the tree line, or laid a wire across the trail with a Claymore mine at the other end, the mama-san who did the wash, the child concealing a grenade.

But by 1975 the Americans were mostly gone. They left after the Potemkin peace set up by the Paris accords of two years

earlier, for which Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho were awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace. The conflict had been "Vietnamized." And with the Americans out, the war of the lethal vanishings, the surreptitious strikes, was past.

And so ten years ago this month, the North Vietnamese swept down the map like the blade of a guillotine. They came in full divisions, with artillery and tanks. They banged across the countryside like Patton. It was no longer the endless, hallucinatory Viet Nam at all, but blitzkrieg, Western war, all of those years of inconclusive struggle finished off briskly in a short, surreal spring.

The Northerners' progress was weirdly effortless. They rolled across the Central Highlands. There the South Vietnamese army (ARVN) collapsed in headlong panic. The ARVN soldiers fought bravely elsewhere, notably around Xuan Loc, but the Communists drove steadily south. They overwhelmed all

the place-names that had become so improbably familiar: Quang Tri, Hue, Danang, Kontum, Pleiku, Nha Trang.

Before them the Northerners drove long, miserable columns of refugees, civilians, ARVN soldiers, the old and young, all terrified, struggling numbly south toward Saigon. The Communists shelled and machine-gunned some columns. The refugees stumbled on across the corpses and the dying. From the Danang airfield, the last plane took off with men clinging to the landing gear and stairs. Some who went aloft crouched in the wheel housings were crushed as the landing gear cranked up. Along the coast, ARVN soldiers deserted their families and in some cases shot civilians for a place on a boat.

South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu appealed for the American help to which he was entitled by the Paris treaty—and to which South Viet Nam had grown addicted. But the U.S. Congress, long since weary of Viet Nam, refused it. On April 21, Thieu resigned and a few days later flew to Taipei, reportedly shipping out a retirement fund of 3½ tons of gold.

One day toward the end, the Americans tried to evacuate some 240 orphans, and their plane crashed in a paddyfield outside Saigon; only 100 or so survived. That seemed to be the fate of even the best American intentions in Viet Nam. As an early French colonialist reported home from Viet Nam in the 19th century: "Everything here tends toward ruin."

The Communists closed in on Saigon. At last, on the 29th of April, they rocketed Tan Son Nhut, the huge airfield through which millions of American soldiers had passed over the years, coming into the war zone or going back to "the world." The last two Americans to die before Saigon's fall were killed in the attack: Marine Lance Corporal Darwin Judge and Marine Corporal Charles McMahon.

In anger and despair, some South Vietnamese turned upon

the Americans who were now clearly going to abandon them. ARVN soldiers menaced Westerners in the streets. Terrified crowds of Vietnamese surrounded the U.S. embassy on Thong Nhut Street, begging their old protectors to get them out. Some tried to hand their babies over the wall into the embassy compound. Marines used tear gas and rifle butts to hold off what had become a mob of America's allies. Relays of helicopters began ferrying people out of the compound, evacuating the Americans and many of the Vietnamese who had worked for them.

U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin had behaved for weeks as if South Viet Nam was not going to fall at all, whistling with glum urbanity through the Asian Götterdämmerung. He did not want to start a panic. Now, at 3:30 on the morning of Wednesday, April 30, 1975, President Ford flashed orders from the White House for Martin to board a helicopter on the embassy roof and get to the U.S. fleet in the South China Sea.

Many civilians were lifted from the roof of the Pittman apartments. Of the vast American military commitment to Viet Nam, only eleven Marines remained on the embassy roof. Crowds of Vietnamese by this time were looting the embassy. A man's arm smashed through the window of the door leading to the rooftop helipad. A Marine jerked the arm down smartly onto the broken glass, and as the Marines waited for their deliverance, they alternated between studying the sky to the southeast and raking arms across the glass to keep the Vietnamese at bay. A Chinook-46 escorted by six Cobra gunships came fluttering in from the sea. The Marines dropped canisters of tear gas onto the crowd below, and then they boarded their Chinook. But they had also gassed themselves. As Journalist David Butler writes in his new book *The Fall of Saigon*, "They forgot that a settling helicopter sucks

PENTAGON

Flower power confronts firepower during the 1967 protest march that brought out 35,000 demonstrators



BERNIE BOSTON—WASHINGTON EVENING STAR

HILL 881

An anguished medic cannot save a fallen G.I. in May 1967



CATHERINE LEROY—AP

TET

The execution of a Viet Cong prisoner in 1968 left an indelible, though not entirely correct, image of an ally's brutality

MY LAI

U.S. idealism died with these villagers massacred by American troops



EDDIE ADAMS—AP



RON HAEERLE—LIFE

up air. So the last official Americans out of Viet Nam, the eleven Marines and the crew of the CH-46, including the pilot—all flew blind out of Saigon."

Out in the South China Sea, so many South Vietnamese helicopters were trying to get down onto the American flight decks that Navy crews simply pushed the landed choppers, one after another, into the sea in order to make way for the next—millions of dollars of American helicopters dumped over the side like garbage from the fantail. The spectacle became one of the last enduring images from history's most visual war.

Thus did the Americans leave Viet Nam, after 16 years, 58,000 dead, 300,000 wounded and \$150 billion expended.

The other anniversaries of this season, such as next month's 40th anniversary of V-E day, will have about them a certain triumphal air for Americans. They will celebrate not merely the fact that the U.S. won but that they fought on the side that incontestably should have won. The outcome of World War II seemed to validate American power as an instrument of virtue in the world.

The tenth anniversary of the fall of Saigon is a vastly more complex occasion. The U.S. lost the war, although technically, of course, the country was out of it by the time of the final collapse. But the loss itself was not as traumatic (for Americans, anyway) as the way that the war was fought, the way it was perceived, and peculiarly hated. The struggle was waged, savagely, in Southeast Asia. But it was also fought in America, in American institutions, in the American streets and, above all, in the American conscience.

The war destroyed many lives, American and Vietnamese. But it did other damage: to American faith in government and authority, for one thing. Oddly, however, the trauma had its creative side. The events that shattered the American faith in authority also had a sometimes chaotically liberating effect, break-

ing old molds and freeing the imagination to create new forms, new movements (environmentalism, say, or feminism), new companies, high-tech ideas that might have been stifled by traditional lines of authority. No doubt the enormous baby-boom generation would have effected changes anyway. But the war brought with it gusts of wild energy. "Freedom," said the lyric, "is just another word for nothing left to lose." The war, and the protest against it, shook loose forces in American life and gave them a style and prestige they might not otherwise have had. Suddenly, politics came dancing with a loony phosphorescence. There was a certain giddy proximity of death in the time—rock stars like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix went tumbling down from drug overdoses, as if to dramatize the war's theme of meaninglessly, profligately blasted youth.

Perhaps it was all a gaudy American self-indulgence, the war and the music getting together to create a prototype of the rock video. In both the countercultural side-show and the councils of power that made war policy, there was a note of manic narcissism, of self-importance, almost of autoeroticism. There was dangerous fun in the air, the sheer buzz of so much power, a life-and-death excitement. But someone should have known better.

Sometimes, in the American context, it is difficult to know whether to judge the Viet Nam era in historical terms or in psychiatric terms. One can look at it coolly, from the outside, as geopolitics, weighing the gains and losses and ironies of the war. But then there comes, even to the civilian (we are all, beyond a certain age, veterans of Viet Nam), a vivid flashback, and the mind fills with the war again. It comes back and back. Charles de Gaulle called Viet Nam "rotten country," and he was right in a psychic as well as a physical sense. Rotten, certainly, for Americans. Viet Nam took America's energy

and comparative innocence—a dangerous innocence, perhaps—and bent it around so that the muzzle fired back in the nation's face. The war became America vs. America.

Viet Nam left the nation with a massive and interlocking sense of bad conscience. Says Pollster Daniel Yankelovich: "Those who didn't serve have a bad conscience. Those who did and those who supported the war and then changed their minds have a bad conscience. And the way we treated the soldiers who served there gives us all a bad conscience." Those who fought in the war carried a burden of guilt unrelieved by the customary rites of absolution, by the parades, the welcome home, the collective embrace that gathers a soldier back into the fold of the community after he has been sent out to commit the inevitable horrors of a war that his elders told him was necessary.

It was a particular idiocy of Pentagon practice that men went to Viet Nam alone, stayed for a year and then came back alone. The policy ensured that 1) there was rarely any soldier in a combat zone who had more than a few months' experience at it, and 2) the men thus rotated in and out tended to feel isolated, not part of the unit.

Those who stayed home, or even fought in the streets to keep from going, now feel guilty about those who fought and never came home. Most of those who sent the soldiers to Viet Nam are still pained by what they did, and they usually cannot—or will not try to—explain it. Veterans speak most bitterly about those who sent them half a world away to die and then retreated into silence when the war went bad.

The war in Viet Nam reverberated through the nation's life as profoundly as the Civil War and the Depression did. It was the formative, defining event for the largest generation of Americans ever, and it divided that generation in ways that will be felt for years. The war deflected and thwarted what

VIET NAM

might otherwise have been the productive idealism of the enormous baby-boom generation.

The sheer passage of time has helped to heal some wounds. But it has left a certain fatalism. In Viet Nam, the G.I.'s absurdist, shrugging slogan was "It don't mean nuthin'." Today Jim Garnett, a Seattle carpenter who served as an Army supply clerk, says, "It was just something we all went through. Like when you were a kid and your old man comes home drunk at night. He wakes everybody up, everybody knows what's going on, and it makes everyone real uncomfortable. But in the morning, no one talked about it."

Viet Nam toppled a lot of dominoes in American life. It forced Lyndon Johnson out of the White House, paving the way for Richard Nixon. In a besieged mentality brought on by antiwar protests, some of Nixon's men contrived the various schemes that added up to Watergate, thereby enabling the eventual election of Jimmy Carter ("I will never lie to you").

In a sense, the war in Viet Nam has dictated American political life for a generation. But for the war, Johnson might have served two terms. He might have made his Great Society work, or at least work better than it ultimately did, with program after program collapsing under the burden of unfocused goals, unbridled spending and unbelievable bureaucratic bloat. He might have been succeeded by, say, Robert Kennedy. All of that is, of course, imponderable. As it was, the war shook the Democratic Party for years. Among a number of other divisions, in fact, the party is still split along the lines drawn years ago between hawk and dove, Johnson and Kennedy. Says George McGovern, who ran on an antiwar platform in the 1972 presidential election and was buried in the landslide that gave Richard Nixon a second term: "The Viet Nam tragedy is at the root of the confusion and division of the Democratic Party. It tore up our souls."

Because L.B.J. tried to have both guns and butter, the war brought on an inflation that, along with the oil crisis, destabilized the world's economy all through the 1970s. Then Carter gave way to Reagan, who has abetted if not entirely caused a resurgence of American self-confidence, an unexpected post-Viet Nam syndrome. The new mood of the nation is out of harmony with most of the countercultural forces that gave the U.S. a certain nihilistic energy in the '60s. The war and the counterculture could at certain moments seem part of the same rock 'n' roll, drawing their energy from one dark circuit. Grunts in Viet Nam sometimes carried their tape players into firefights. They would listen to the Grateful Dead, the Rolling Stones, Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs.

The war has always been refracted rather strangely in the American mind. If time has moved on, it has also receded, in a psychological sense. Seven years ago, the war seemed much further away than it does now. During a long period in the '70s, the nation indulged in a remarkable exercise of recoil and denial and amnesia about Viet Nam. Americans did not want to hear about it, to think about it.

That denial was part of the special ordeal of the Viet Nam veterans, an ordeal that began when they arrived back in the U.S. and found that even their families were not interested in talking about what they had just been through, or were embarrassed about it. "I went over there thinking I was doing something right and came back a bum," says Larry Langowski, now an administrator for Illinois Bell. "I came back decked with medals on my uniform, and I got spit on by a hippie girl."

The veterans were mostly very young (average age in the war zone: 19, as opposed to 26 during World War II). The nation that sent them to battle now wanted to deny, to nullify their experience, their sacrifice. It made the veterans very angry. They learned to leave that period off their résumés.

Perhaps the most important change in American attitudes toward the war in the past few years has been the public acceptance of those who fought. The Viet Nam veteran, after a long

struggle, has acquired a considerable respect—if not entirely the Government benefits (educational and medical) that he deserves. One sees the change in television shows, for example, or in movies. During the '70s, the Viet Nam veteran was often portrayed as a murderous psychotic (as in the 1978 movie *Taxi Driver*) or as a drug-wasted, haunted loser. In *Coming Home*, he became more sympathetic, though in one character he was a cripple, and in another, bitter and troubled and suicidal. *The Deer Hunter* ended with an elegiac singing of *God Bless America* in a blue-collar bar in Pennsylvania. In today's story lines, the Viet Nam vet tends to be a self-reliant hero, muscular and handsome—men like Tom Selleck in TV's *Magnum, P.I.*, or the cartooned heroes of *The A-Team*.

Some movies reverse the moral onus that Americans long felt about the war. They are fantasies of revenge, like *Missing in Action*, in which Chuck Norris returns to Indochina to rescue old buddies still held there by evil Vietnamese who look like the wily, despicable Japanese in World War II films. These changes reflect a very literal and significant transaction. They suggest that in the American imagination, the Viet Nam veteran, erstwhile psychotic, cripple and loser, has been given back his manhood.

Viet Nam veterans, maturing into their 30s and 40s, have begun to achieve some power in American society. They are seen more as leaders, less as victims. Charles Robb, who commanded a Marine rifle company in 1968-69, is the Governor of Virginia. Bob Kerrey, a Congressional Medal of Honor winner who lost part of a leg in action as a member of the Seals, a Navy special forces unit, is the Governor of Nebraska. John Kerry, a Navy officer and eloquent spokesman against the war during congressional hearings in 1971, is a Senator from Massachusetts. Veteran and Writer John Wheeler, who was a chief organizer for the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial, is secretary of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

In the residually romantic view of war (up until recently, the American view), it was an essentially knightly exercise—a man riding out in resplendent armor (B-52s, perhaps, Hueys, the light observation helicopters known as Loaches, all of that brilliant technology) to rescue the innocent from the wicked. In the original versions of the knightly ideal, the wicked were the enemies of Christ, a role for which Communists qualify.

But when the knights somehow seem monstrous, killers risen out of a black id, perpetrators of My Lai, then the entire chivalric logic collapses, and masculinity itself becomes a horror—all rage and aggression and reptilian brain. Viet Nam changed American notions about the virtues of masculinity and femininity. In the '60s, during the great violence of the war, masculine power came to be subtly discredited in many circles as oafish and destructive. The heritage of the Enlightenment (the scientific method, progress, that dreamy Jeffersonian clarity of mind that told us all problems could be solved) now seemed drawn into a darker business. D.H. Lawrence once wrote that the essential American soul was "hard, stoic, isolate, and a killer."

So even the masculine hormones became suspect. Femininity was the garden of life, masculinity the landscape of death. Perhaps in a subliminal way, the long hair and beads that protesting men wore in the '60s were intended to detoxify them, to take the curse off their masculinity.

The Viet Nam Veterans Memorial, dedicated in Washington two years ago, became a central symbol in the veterans' struggle for acceptance. It was not built by the Government, but by contributions, largely from the veterans themselves. The memorial's design—two long triangular panels of polished black granite, set below ground level, inscribed with the names of all the 58,022 who died in the Viet Nam War—struck many veterans as insulting at the time it was chosen. "A black gash of shame," Tom Carhart, a Viet Nam veteran and West Pointer, called it. Novelist James Webb (*Fields of Fire*), now an Assistant



LARRY BURROWS—LIFE

Secretary of Defense, wanted a white memorial, set above ground, with a flag. "A memorial should express more than grief," he says. "It should honor the service of those who died."

And yet the memorial has a force that even some of its critics have begun to acknowledge. It is a transcendent re-creation of the experience of the war itself. To walk down the declivity toward the apex of the walls, the walkway declining at what seems to be precisely the angle of escalation of the war, and to go deeper and deeper into the names of the dead, is to go back into the Viet Nam War. The force of so many names, the names a long incantation, listed in the order of their deaths, and the specificity of the names, each one individual, and the names seen in the black granite that also reflects the sky and the countenance of the one looking, all produce an effect that is as deeply moving as any memorial, anywhere.

For many veterans, however, acceptance has not been enough. About 5% of those who served in Viet Nam, according to the estimate, still suffer from post-traumatic-stress syndrome, a chronic form of what once was known as battle fatigue. The peculiarities of combat in Viet Nam made them especially vulnerable—never knowing who the enemy was, living in almost constant fear of attack in the bush.

Today the war has resurfaced in the American consciousness in new ways. College courses on the conflict were practically nonexistent a few years ago. Now there are hundreds of them. Some of the students taking them were not even born at the time of the Tonkin Gulf Resolution, and most of them could not explain what that resolution was. To many college students, the Viet Nam War might as well be the Peloponnesian wars: both are ancient history. Many students cannot say whether the U.S. was allied with the South Vietnamese or the North Vietnamese.

Yet some students display a sort of spooky fascination with



JACK KIGHTLINGER—LBJ LIBRARY

war and arms. Says Andrea McElderry, a history professor at the University of Louisville: "War is just 'in' now." At the University of Wisconsin, a student named Stephen Mackey says, a little extravagantly, "Fascination with the Viet Nam War has just gripped my generation. The males in my generation are just obsessed. Theoretically and strategically, the war was really good. We're getting away from the Viet Nam phobia." Mackey will join the Marines this spring.

In somewhat muted form, there is as much ambivalence about Viet Nam among today's students as there was in the nation at large during the '60s. At the University of Colorado, Historian Robert Schulzinger observes, "As the war itself was divisive, its memory is divisive. You still have highly nationalist students who would try to do it again, only this time getting it right." But he also senses a "wistfulness" among other students for the glamour of antiwar activism.

A course at the University of California at Santa Barbara deals with the religious dimensions of the war. Some 900 undergraduates are enrolled. At most lectures there is a clutch of Viet Nam vets sitting in the front of the hall wearing bush hats or parts of old jungle fatigues. Sometimes one of them stands up after the lecture and tells his story. A few months ago, a veteran named John Murphy described how just 72 hours before he was to rotate back to the States, he found himself in a fire fight. He and a dozen buddies survived, in part because Murphy attacked a Viet Cong with the only weapon left, his teeth, which he sank into the guerrilla's neck. Soon afterward Murphy was flown home, and was making some travel arrangements in a phone booth in Seattle when he looked up to see "a hairy bastard," presumably an antiwar activist who did not like people in uniform, poised to throw a tomato at him. Murphy bolted toward him, knocked him to the

DANANG

After saving one man but seeing two others die during a rescue flight that turned to tragedy in a V.C. ambush, Marine Lance Corporal James Farley is badly shaken

WHITE HOUSE

L.B.J. is overcome by Son-in-Law Charles Robb's taped account of losing men in battle

floor and sank his teeth into the man's neck as police pulled him away. No charges were brought. Murphy, now pursuing religious studies, said he had never told that story to anyone for 14 years. After a pause, a student rose in the audience and shouted, "Welcome home, John Murphy!"

The premier issue of a new annual magazine has appeared on some racks. It is called *Vietnam Combat*, subtitled *The Blood, the Guts & the Glory of the American GI*. The magazine romanticizes the war and its warriors, details battle strategy, and best of all, for just \$2.95, describes the American victory. A considerably more serious project is a 20-volume history, overseen by Robert Manning, former editor of the *Atlantic*, and distributed by TIME-LIFE Books, called *The Vietnam Experience*. Originally intended to sell about 120,000 copies, it has stirred enough interest so that its press run will probably be quadrupled.

Meanwhile, ROTC programs are enjoying a popularity that is disconcerting to anyone who remembers the days in the late '60s when such operations were thrown off most U.S. campuses as being virtual agents of fascism. The service academies have up to 45% more applications than in 1979.

Viet Nam takes on different lights and different perspectives when held at a slightly different angle. In a sense, Viet Nam was an unthinkable intricate and insoluble tragedy of lies—lies and exaggerations and distortions on all sides. It was as if the war involved some primal falsification, something like original sin, or else, less grandiosely, a deep incompatibility of cultures—and from that lie others flowed, fluently and poisonously and endlessly.

When all the cultural prisms were laid one upon another, the effects of distortion and mendacity and ignorance made a clear view of the war extremely difficult. For the Viet Cong, often serving the Americans by day and killing them by night, duplicity was the chief weapon of survival. Lyndon Johnson

never leveled with the American people about his intentions in the war. He wanted his Great Society too much, he wanted to win both the War on Poverty and the war in Southeast Asia. And Johnson's problem remained America's problem for years: the nation somehow never quite squarely looked at Viet Nam and asked itself what it was doing there. A certain legerdemain was the official style of Viet Nam. Americans deliberately tried to fight without stirring up war passions at home—with the result that the passion, when it came, was one of revulsion. The Americans tried to fight a "limited war." The Vietnamese Communists were fighting an absolute war.

In the field, the Americans were encouraged to lie about their "body counts" (measuring progress in the war by lives taken, not land taken). Viet Nam gave rise to an elaborate language of deceit. Officialese was done in the Latinate: incursion, attrition, pacification, termination with extreme prejudice. The linguistic underside of that was the flip, sinister slang that the American G.I.s contrived: dinky dau (crazy), numbah ten (the worst), Charlie (the Viet Cong), grease (kill). The antiwar movement built a massive vocabulary of rhetorical excess about "fascist Amerika." Officers lied in writing up citations for their men and themselves. The Viet Nam Memorial is, in a sense, the most purely true thing that can be said about the American war in Viet Nam. It has the tragic grace of the incontestably lost and therefore the incontestably true—the names of those who died in such a context of multiple illusions.

The way that history has played itself out in Southeast Asia has considerably complicated some of the old simplisms of the era, and therefore changed some old opinions. The North Vietnamese, whom Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos once called "the Prussians of Southeast Asia," have imposed a grim, repressive regime throughout the country, but most forcibly upon the South. Ambitious and militaristic and given to a Stalinist style of dogmatism, they have turned the South into a police state. They have even abolished the old

National Liberation Front, which they had long billed as the voice of the people in revolutionary South Viet Nam. Though they run one of the poorest nations in the world, the Vietnamese invest their best brains and creativity in the military: they have occupied Cambodia and Laos, resuming a campaign of expansionism that was interrupted more than a century ago when the French arrived to colonize Indochina. It is ironic that the Vietnamese, so often sentimentalized by the American Left as a simple and gentle peasant people, are the imperialists of the region, restlessly putting new Vietnamese settlements in neighboring countries, seeking Lebensraum.

Questions persist that once seemed, at least to the Left, to have simple answers. Did the people of South Viet Nam really want Communism? The 1 million people who have risked their lives to escape the regime have stated their opinion. Did the American bombing of Cambodia, as some contend, really cause Pol Pot's unthinkable holocaust? A Khmer Rouge leader and theoretician named Khieu Samphan actually formulated the ideological foundation for the genocide long before the Americans started bombing. Pol Pot, once in power, set in motion the "Year Zero" program that led to the extermination of one-fourth of the population, some 2 million people, his own countrymen. Such deeds originate not in the American bombing but in a mystery of human behavior that is beyond imagination.

The history of Indochina in the past ten years has silenced many Leftists or put them on the defensive about the way they embraced the idea that America's course in the war was uniquely evil. Some, like Singer Joan Baez, denounced the behavior of the new Vietnamese regime. Jane Fonda is an object of special vilification among veterans. Her husband, California Assemblyman Tom Hayden, once a leader of the New Left, admits, "I am not pure. We have, as Joseph Heller says, two lives: the one we live with and the one we learn with. The consensus on the war is still emerging."

Viet Nam, small and remote and poor, translated into an enormous presence in the American imagination. A backward

ROUTE 1

Screaming children flee an accidental napalm strike on Trang Bang village in June 1972



NICK UT—AP

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VIET NAM

agricultural country became the theater of one of the great psychodramas in American history. America absorbed Viet Nam into itself. The war brought into brutal view the discrepancies of social class that Americans have always preferred to maintain as a kind of dirty half-secret. Viet Nam was, for America, essentially a class war. The children of the poor and the lower middle class tended to do the fighting. The children of the privileged tended to get draft deferments to go to college, or to bribe doctors to concoct and certify a disability for them.

Many antiwar protesters were sincerely trying to find answers to the profound moral questions Viet Nam raised about the legitimate uses of American power, and about the nature of the struggle in Indochina. The questions the war raised—in some ways, still raises—were endless. Were the Americans acting as idealists, honoring a treaty commitment to an ally and defending freedom against Communist aggression? Or were they anti-Communist crusaders who committed atrocities against a land of peasants? Were the North Vietnamese under Ho Chi Minh austere and virtuous folk heroes, or murderous, Stalinist totalitarians who committed barbarities far worse than those of the Americans and South Vietnamese? Was Southeast Asia a line of dominoes waiting to fall, one after another, before the sinister push of Communism? Or was the region a complexity of nationalities, all different, with mutual historic antagonisms that predated the war and will endure when its 100th anniversary rolls around? Were the Americans a collection of baby killers, or basically honorable men doing their duty when the nation called? Were the soldiers of the peace movement representatives of a uniquely virtuous generation, the most idealistic in history? (The antiwar protests died away when the draft ended in 1973.) Was the South Vietnamese army corrupt and cowardly? (ARVN units did not desert to the other side, and some 240,000 men gave their lives in the fight.)

Viet Nam was a crisis of the American identity. It was often said that Americans lost their innocence there, which, if true,

may not have been an altogether bad thing. Innocence allied to great power may be refreshing but can be very dangerous.

If there is a peculiarly American saving grace about the war, it may reside with the 700,000 Indochinese who have come to the U.S., like so many other immigrants and refugees from around the world, and made their lives here. If they were brought to the U.S. by tragedy and the destruction of their past, they are also proceeding with the construction of a future. Like all first-generation immigrants, they fear that their children will lose the old culture. They ask questions in their native language and their children reply in English. In Orange County, Calif., where some 90,000 Vietnamese live, the parents run shops selling jewelry and herbs, ginseng and pickled ginger. They worry that their children are wearing punk hairdos and staying out at night. They send packages of food to their families in Ho Chi Minh City. They think about the past a lot.

So do Americans like Richard Corkan, a disabled veteran who served for two years as a Ranger in I Corps. "I have mixed feelings about it all," says Corkan. He does not have nightmares anymore, but sometimes in the deep of night, he blurts out in his sleep, "Who's on guard?" Sitting in the George N. Meredith V.F.W. Post 924 in Anniston, Ala., Corkan says slowly, "I don't know. Viet Nam just stays on your mind."

Michael Herr, in his book *Dispatches*, says that "Viet Nam was what we had instead of happy childhoods." Narcissism again. But there is a mature sense in which it is true. Viet Nam may have been a hallucination. It was surely a warning, though one not always easy to read. It was also a kind of national rite of passage, a great power learning Kipling's lesson the hard way. In *The Golden Bough*, Sir James Frazer describes how a tribesman chosen to be king must be enchained and thrashed before his coronation. The moral may be that a nation, like a king, needs a little chastening perspective.

—By Lance Morrow.
Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles, John F. Stacks/New York and Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago



HUBERT VAN ES—UPI

SAIGON

As South Viet Nam collapses, evacuees struggle toward a U.S. helicopter atop the Pittman apartments in Saigon

After The Fall

*Fresh images of
the victor's lot*

Every day for a decade, images of the faraway country came flooding into the U.S. on tape and film and photographic paper, pictures of Viet Nam by the hundred gross. Bit by visual bit, Americans accrued a vivid (if distorted) portrait of the country where their sons and husbands were dying, a terrifying multimedia montage of nervous teenage heroes behind sandbags, of Saigon's beleaguered charm, of a green, green countryside with helicopters hovering everywhere.

When the war stopped, so did this vast torrent of images to the West. Both sides seemed complicit in the blackout: the Vietnamese victors were not especially eager for skeptical foreigners to photograph their land, and the foreigners were not all that interested anyway—since when has peace been newsworthy? Out of sight was not quite out of mind, but close. Now, however, thanks to an anniversary marking the end of a wrenching war, the pictures have begun to flow again, giving Americans another look at a country they knew so well—and knew hardly at all.



Dwarfed by the massive mausoleum, people line up daily in Hanoi to view the remains of Ho Chi Minh

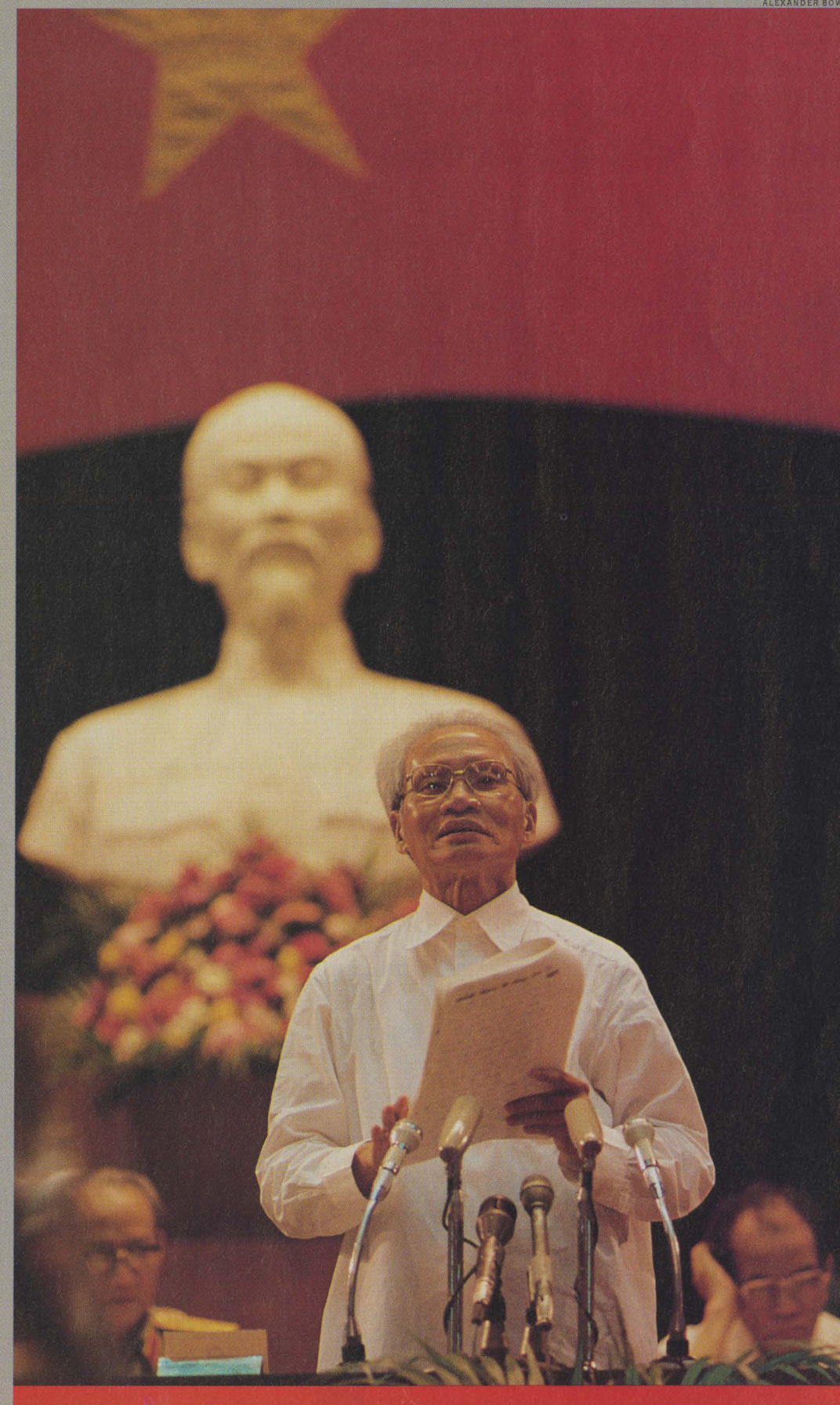
PILLITZ—IMPACT



DIRCK HALSTEAD



ALEXANDER BOWIE



Before a memorial to Ho, Pham Van Dong, Chairman of Viet Nam's Council of Ministers, addresses Communist Party delegates at a ceremony last May commemorating the 30th anniversary of the victory over the French, and also the defeat of the U.S.

South: crowds, commerce and bustle remain part of the street scene in Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon)

North: rush hour in Hanoi brings mobs of bicyclists but few autos

Vendor catches a nap in Ho Chi Minh City booth selling Western liquor, beer and soft drinks, big sellers on the black market

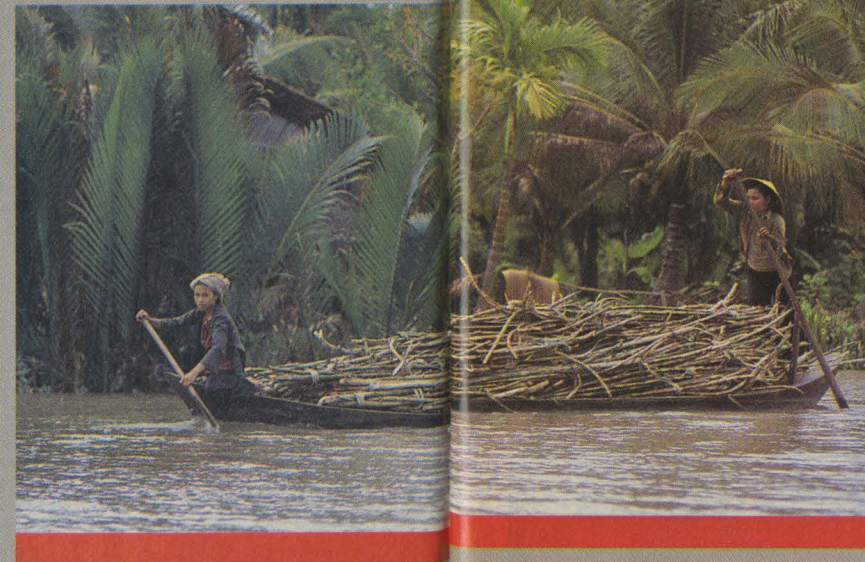
In a "re-education zone" near Ho Chi Minh City, workers transport newly harvested sugar-cane by boat

Fresh produce, offered at a stall in Hanoi's Dong Xuan central market, may not be cheap, but it is plentiful

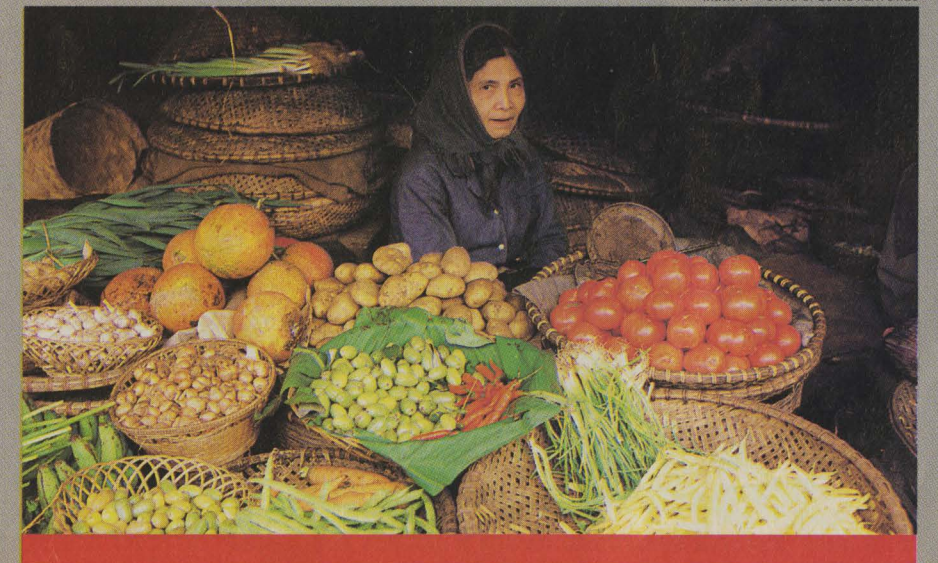
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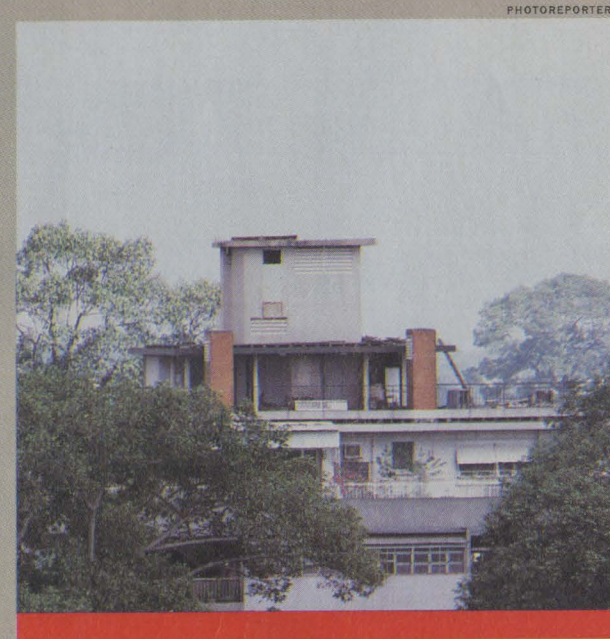
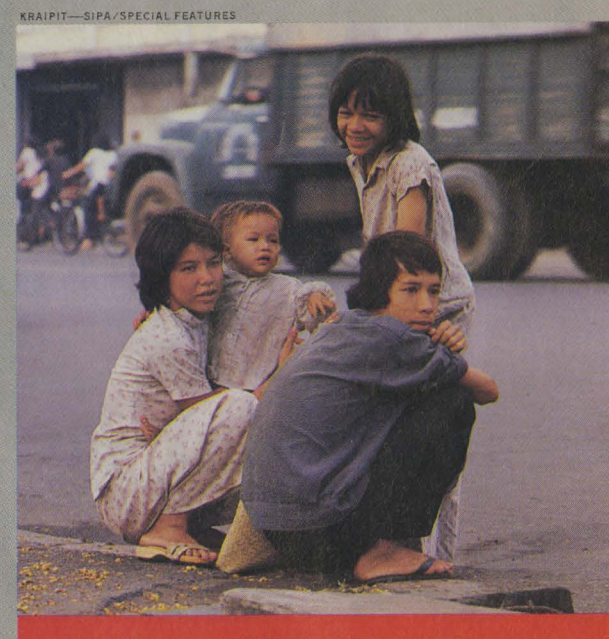


KRAPIIT—SIPA/SPECIAL FEATURES

Pham Thi Thuan, a survivor of the My Lai massacre, at memorial for slain villagers

For first- and second-generation Amerasians, home is the streets of Ho Chi Minh City

From this rooftop, on the Pittman apartments in what was then Saigon, a helicopter evacuated the last people before the city fell



VIET NAM

A Pinched and Hermetic Land

Despite a decade of "peace," per capita income is \$125 and amenities are rare

In Viet Nam, the sacrifice and sadness seem always to come wholesale. During the ten years of war with the U.S., 1.5 million Vietnamese were killed. In the decade since the Communists took over, another million have fled the country, sneaking through the bush to Thailand via Laos and Kampuchea, or huddling in boats headed into the treacherous South China Sea. Viet Nam is now quiet and bucolic, the battlefields lush once again. But it is also an anxious, impoverished country, more than a little grim: the terrible random death of war has been replaced by the mean certainties of a police-state peace. Life may be better for most Vietnamese, but life is not good.

Viet Nam is one of the poorest countries in the world. As a Vietnamese economist explains, the decade of the 1960s was "a fabulous time for development in the Third World. Here, it was the worst time of the war." Energy is scarce. The country's infrastructure is decrepit. Ten years of inflexible Communist dogma have only hobbled the economy further. Four out of five workers farm, but the ancient techniques are pathetically underproductive. By 1979, famine was a possibility, as disastrous typhoons and war with China hit simultaneously. The country now depends on Moscow for \$2 billion a year, an amount equal to more than 20% of Viet Nam's gross national product.

The crisis has forced a measure of reform. A limited free-market system is now in place, permitting farmers and fishermen to sell off surplus food for profit. As a result, one industrious vegetable grower in the North earns five times as much as her office-worker son in Hanoi. In 1983 Viet Nam managed to feed itself for the first time in years. Though owning pigs is illegal in Hanoi, many of the capital's residents raise swine with loving care; a single butchered porker can bring in as much as a well-paid salaried worker earns in a year.

For most people, life's basic necessities are satisfied, but anything more—a cup of mocha in a café, a second pair of shoes—is a luxury. The per capita income is about \$125, less than a fifth of that in neighboring Thailand. Government workers earn monthly salaries of between 200 and 500 dong—worth no more than \$55 even at the official exchange rate. Housing is free for civil servants: Nguyen Than Tan, 24, a Foreign Ministry employee, shares a 10-ft. by 12-ft. dormitory room with three other men. Food is subsidized, but rations are meager. Officially, low-level bureaucrats are allowed each day about a pound of rice, an ounce of meat, a few vegetables, a bit of milk, coffee and a couple of cigarettes. In the private street stalls, groceries are abundant but very expensive. There, rice might cost 150 times as much as in the state-run shops.

Ho Chi Minh City in 1985 is physically little different from Saigon in 1975, just as Hanoi is much as the French left it in 1954. Both cities are full of pastel stucco and the decaying architectural flourishes of colonial *temps perdu*. In Hanoi, which shows surprisingly few signs of the U.S. bombing, water buffalo pull carts down boulevards lined with tamarind trees. There are few automobiles; as elsewhere in Asia, the bicycle is ubiquitous.

The two halves of Viet Nam were officially merged in 1976, but the differences remain striking. In general, life in the North seems more pinched, commodities less abundant. Ho's tomb, a

sort of brutalist recasting of the Lincoln Memorial in concrete, seems the emblematic postwar construction project. There is, meanwhile, a casual, envious resentment of the mellower South.

In Ho Chi Minh City, the authorities have eliminated most of the druggy, decadent excesses, yet the city is still frenetically commercial. At the Café Givral, the Rick's Bar of wartime Saigon, a superb French-bread sandwich and cool *citron pressé* are still available. Money changers, prostitutes and all kinds of small-time wheeler-dealers flourish, albeit rather more discreetly than ten years ago. North and South, Coca-Cola is for sale, but the black market stalls of Ho Chi Minh City are packed with foreign goods: Spam and Tang, Zest and Lux, A & W root beer and Del Monte prunes, Remy Martin cognac, Wilson tennis racquets and balls, Japanese TVs and calculators. Vietnamese are allowed

to receive up to four packages each year from friends or kin abroad. Some families subsist exclusively from the sale of such foreign goods.

"One country, two systems," is the rueful, sloganized explanation for the North-South differences. Yet some of the cultural Westernism has filtered north. Cassette tapes of U.S. pop music are played all over. Most striking still, the rare U.S. visitor is everywhere treated with respect and, frequently, spontaneous displays of affection.

Many former Saigonites have been forcibly turned into farmers. In the new economic zone near Ho Chi Minh City, some 1,700 people, mostly urban exiles, have built the Nhi Xuan (Two Springs) communal fruit farm. "They were unruly when they came here," says Farm

Official Nguyen Duy Tong. "We educate them. We teach them to realize the tasks they must do. We can do that. It is the character of our society."

Ordinarily, every young man must spend at least three years in the military. The army, 1.2 million strong, is the world's fourth largest (after the Soviet Union, China and the U.S.). Some 160,000 Vietnamese troops occupy Kampuchea. Nguyen Ba Mai is a deserter from the occupation force, who is now living in Thailand. "In Viet Nam," he says, "whenever you talk, you have to beware of spies."

Civil liberties are meager. The "re-education camps" hold some 10,000 prisoners. Says a Vietnamese scholar familiar with postwar Hanoi: "What surprised me was how the society in the North was so isolated from the rest of the world, even from the East bloc countries. It was like Russian society in the '30s." It is still hermetic: during 1983, Viet Nam admitted exactly 252 tourists.

More than half a million people have applied to leave the country legally, but under the Orderly Departure Program, only about 300 emigrants a week make it out. Many are the bastard children of G.I.s. Says Refugee Tran Thi My Chau, 17: "Everybody called me *con lai* [half-breed]."

Antigovernment resistance is negligible. Viet Nam is peaceful now. But it is not serene. The war, admits a Vietnamese scholar, "has been very costly in terms of social control, even political oppression." But? "But these are the costs that we have to pay. We had to build a nation." After ten years, that building is still an unattractive structure, unfinished and rickety.

—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by James Willwerth/Hanoi



EXODUS

Emigrés wave their last goodbyes

Lessons from a Lost War

What has Viet Nam taught about when to use power—and when not to?

The customary reward of defeat, if one can survive it, is in the lessons thereby learned, which may yield victory in the next war. But the circumstances of our defeat in Vietnam were sufficiently ambiguous to deny the nation [that] benefit.

—Edward N. Luttwak
The Pentagon and the Art of War

Ten years after the fall of Saigon, the debacle in Southeast Asia remains a subject many Americans would rather not discuss. So the nation has been spared a searing, divisive inquest—"Who lost Viet Nam?"—but at a heavy price. The old divisions have been buried rather than resolved. They seem ready to break open again whenever anyone asks what lessons the U.S. should draw from its longest war, and the only one to end in an undisguisable defeat.

Was that loss inevitable, or could the war have been won with different strategy and tactics? Was the war fought for the right reasons? Did its aftermath prove or explode the domino theory? The questions are not in the least academic. They bear on the all-important problem of whether, when and how the U.S. should again send its troops to fight abroad.

Pondering these questions, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger argues, citing Viet Nam, that "before the U.S. commits combat forces abroad, there must be some reasonable assurance that we will have the support of the American people and . . . Congress." Secretary of State George Shultz replies that "there is no such thing as guaranteed public support in advance." The lesson Shultz draws from Viet Nam is that "public support can be frittered away if we do not act wisely and effectively." And this open dispute between two senior members of the Reagan Cabinet is mild compared with the arguments among policy analysts, Viet Nam veterans and the public about what kinds of wars can be won or even deserve public support in the first place.

A number of experts doubt that the U.S. can evolve any common view of Viet Nam and its lessons for many years to come. Says Graham Martin, the last U.S. Ambassador to South Viet Nam: "I estimated at the end of the war that it probably would be at least two decades before any rational, objective discussion of the war

"I want to rail against wind and tide, kill the whales in the ocean, sweep the whole country to save people from slavery."

—TRIEU AU.
VIET NAM'S
"JOAN OF ARC"
A.D. 248

"France has had the country for nearly 100 years, and the people are worse off than at the beginning."

—FRANKLIN D.
ROOSEVELT
1944

"Kill ten of our men and we will kill one of yours. In the end, it is you who will tire."

—HO CHI MINH
1946

and its causes and effects could be undertaken by scholars who were not so deeply, emotionally engaged at the time that their later perceptions were colored by biases and prejudices." William Hyland, editor of *Foreign Affairs* magazine, thinks an even longer perspective may be required: "We always want to make historical judgments two days after the fact. Historians need 100 years."

But the U.S. is unlikely to have anywhere near that much time to decide what lessons to draw from Viet Nam and how to apply them. The initial impulse after the American withdrawal was to avoid any foreign involvement that might conceivably lead to a commitment of U.S. troops. Scholars differ on how seriously this so-called Viet Nam syndrome inhibited an activist U.S. foreign policy, but in any case it is fading—witness the enthusiastic approval of the Grenada invasion in late 1983 (to be sure, that was a rare case in which the U.S. was able to apply such overwhelming force that it could not have failed to win quickly). Says Maine's Republican Senator William Cohen: "The legacy of Viet Nam does not mean that we will not send our sons anywhere. It does mean that we will not send them everywhere." Even some fervent doves agree that memories of Viet Nam should not keep the U.S. from ever fighting anywhere. Sam Brown, one-time antiwar leader who now develops low-cost housing in Colorado, remains convinced that if it were not for the protests against U.S. involvement in Viet Nam that he helped organize, "we would

have three or four other wars now." Even so, concedes Brown, some "wrong lessons" might be drawn, among them "the risk that we won't be prepared if our national interest is genuinely threatened."

But if the specter of Viet Nam no longer inhibits all thought of projecting U.S. military power overseas, it still haunts every specific decision. In the Middle East, Weinberger's fears of entrapment in a drawn-out conflict fought without public support caused him at first to oppose sending Marines to Lebanon and then to insist on their withdrawal after terrorist attacks left 266 U.S. servicemen dead. Shultz objected that the pullout would undercut U.S. diplomacy in the area, and still regards it as a mistake. But Ronald Reagan ordered the withdrawal anyway and won the approval of voters, even though critics por-

trayed the pullout as a national humiliation. The reason, suggests Democratic Political Analyst William Schneider, is that the President sensed the persistence of a popular attitude toward foreign military commitments that is summarized by the Viet Nam-era slogan "Win or Get Out." Says Schneider: "In Grenada we won. In Lebanon we got out. So much for the Viet Nam syndrome."

The Viet Nam experience colors almost every discussion of Central American policy. Nebraska Governor Bob Kerrey, who won a Congressional Medal of Honor and lost part of a leg fighting with the Navy SEAL commandos in Viet Nam, maintains that if memories of the ordeal in Southeast Asia were not still so strong, "we'd be in Nicaragua now." In Congress, Kerrey's fellow Democrats fret that the Administration's commitment to resist the spread of Marxist revolution throughout the isthmus could eventually bog down American troops in another endless jungle guerrilla war.

Reaganites retort, correctly, that while Viet Nam is halfway around the world and of debatable strategic importance to Washington, Central America is virtually next door, an area where U.S. interests are obvious. Moreover, the amounts Washington is spending to help the government of El Salvador defeat leftist guerrillas and to assist the *contra* rebels fighting the Marxist Sandinista government of Nicaragua are pittance compared with the sums lavished on South Viet Nam even before the direct U.S. military intervention there. Still, the Administration every now and then feels obliged to deny that it has any plan or desire to send U.S. troops to fight in Central America. Weinberger last November coupled his remarks about the necessity of popular support for any foreign military commitment with a pledge that "the President will not allow our military forces to creep—or be drawn gradually—into a combat role in Central America."

One of the few propositions about Viet Nam that commands near unanimous assent from Americans is the obvious one that the U.S. lost—and a growing number would qualify even that.

Richard Nixon, in his new book, *No More Vietnams*, argues that "we won the war" but then abandoned South Viet Nam after the Communist North began violating the 1973 Paris accords that supposedly ended the fighting. Though the former President's self-interest is obvious, parts of his analysis are supported even by the enemy. U.S. Army Colonel Harry Summers Jr., who considers Viet Nam "a tactical success and a strategic failure," was in Hanoi on a negotiating mission a few days before Saigon fell. Summers recalls telling a North Vietnamese colonel, "You know, you never defeated us on the battlefield." The foe's reply: "That may be so, but it is also irrelevant." In essence, the U.S. was outlasted by an enemy that proved able and willing to fight longer than America and its South Vietnamese allies.

Given the weakness of

VIET NAM

"Master fear and pain, overcome obstacles, unite your efforts, fight to the very end, annihilate the enemy."

—GENERAL GIAP
1954

"I could conceive of no greater tragedy than for the U.S. to [fight] an all-out war in Indochina."

—DWIGHT D.
EISENHOWER
1954

"You have a row of dominoes set up, you knock over the first one and [the last one] will go over very quickly."

—EISENHOWER
1954

"We do commit the U.S. to preventing the fall of South Viet Nam to Communism."

—ROBERT
MCNAMARA
1961

South Viet Nam, the determination of the North and the extent of the aid it could count on from the Soviet Union and neighboring China, even some hawks concede that Hanoi's victory might have been inevitable. Says Military Analyst Luttwak: "Some wars simply cannot be won, and Viet Nam may have been one of them." Nonetheless, the main lesson they would draw from the war is that the U.S. threw away whatever chance for victory it may have had through blunders that must not be repeated.

The most detailed exposition of this view comes from Colonel Summers, whose book, *On Strategy: A Critical Analysis of the Vietnam War*, has become must reading for young officers. Summers argues that the U.S. should have sealed off South Viet Nam with a barrier of American troops to prevent North Viet Nam from sending troops and matériel through Laos and Cambodia to wage war in the South. Instead, he says, the U.S. "wasted its strength" fighting the guerrillas in the South, a hopeless task so long as they were continually reinforced from the North and one that American troops had no business trying to carry out in the first place. The U.S., he contends, should have confined itself to protecting South Viet Nam against "external aggression" from the North and left "pacification," the job of rooting out the guerrillas, to the South Vietnamese. By in effect taking over the war, the U.S. sapped the initiative and ultimately the will of its Southern allies to carry out a job only they could do in the end.

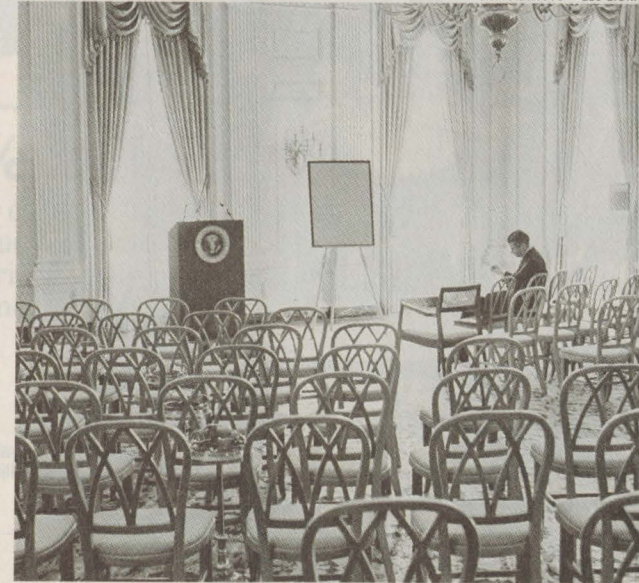
Luttwak carries this analysis a step further by pouring scorn on the tactics used in the South: "The jet fighter bombing raids against flimsy huts that might contain a handful of guerrillas or perhaps none; the fair-sized artillery barrages that silenced lone snipers; the ceaseless firing of helicopter door gunners whereby a million dollars' worth of ammunition might be expended to sweep a patch of high grass." This "grossly disproportionate use of firepower," says Luttwak, was not just ineffective; it alienated South Vietnamese villagers whose cooperation against the guerrillas was vital. At least equally important, "Its imagery on television was by far the most powerful stimulus of antiwar sentiment" back in the U.S. Former CIA Director William Colby agrees that the U.S. got nowhere as long as it tried to defeat guerrillas with massed firepower and only began to make progress when it shifted to a "people's war" in which the South Vietnamese carried the main burden of the fighting. By then it was too late; American public sentiment had turned irreversibly in favor of a fast pullout.

According to Hyland, "The biggest lesson of Viet Nam is that we need to have a much better notion of what is at stake, what our interests are, before we go into a major military undertaking." Weinberger voiced essentially the same thought last fall in laying down several



POWER

B-52 dropping bombs on guerrillas, 1966: Was it a matter of too much force, or not enough?



POLITICS

Defense Secretary McNamara brooding after troop call-up, 1965: Would Americans have backed a bigger war?

conditions, beyond a reasonable assurance of public support, that must be met if U.S. troops are again to be sent into battle overseas: "We should have clearly defined political and military objectives, and we should know precisely how our forces can accomplish those." Other criteria: "The commitment of U.S. forces to combat should be a last resort," undertaken only if it "is deemed vital to our national interest or that of our allies," and then "with the clear intention of winning" by using as much force as necessary.

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More important, what is a "vital interest"? To some Americans, the only one that would justify another war is the defense of the U.S. against a threat of direct attack. Decrying "this whole practice of contracting our military out just for the survival of some other government and country," Georgia Secretary of State Max Cleland, who lost an arm and both legs in Viet Nam, insists, "There is only one thing worth dying for, and that is this country, not somebody else's."

Diplomats argue persuasively that a policy based on this view would leave the U.S. to confront Soviet expansionism all alone. No country would enter or maintain an alliance with a U.S. that specifically refused to fight in its defense. But in the real world, an outright Soviet attack against a country that the U.S. is committed by treaty to defend is quite unlikely. The decision whether or not to fight most probably would be posed by a Communist threat to a friendly nation that is not formally an ally. And then the threat might well be raised not by open aggression but by a combination of military, political and economic tactics that Moscow is often adept at orchestrating and Washington usually inept at countering: the front groups, the street demonstrations, the infiltrated unions, the guerrilla units. One reason the U.S. sent troops to Viet Nam is that it lacked other alternatives to help its allies prevail against this sort of subversion. In fact, developing a capacity to engage in such political action and shadowy paramilitary activities might help the U.S. to avert future Viet Nams.

Merely defining U.S. interests, in any event, can prove

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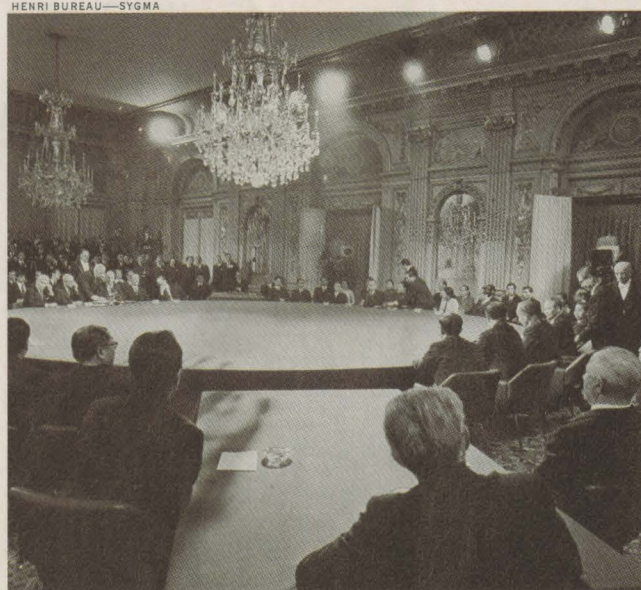
—JOHN F. KENNEDY
1961

"There just isn't any simple answer. We're fighting a kind of war here that I never read about at Command and Staff College. Conventional weapons just don't work here. Neither do conventional tactics."

—FROM GRAHAM GREENE'S THE UGLY AMERICAN

"You let a bully come into your front yard, the next day he'll be on your porch."

—LYNDON B. JOHNSON
ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS



DIPLOMACY

Signing Paris accords, 1973: Did America "lose the peace" by winking at treaty violations?

endlessly complicated. Geography alone is no guide in an age of ocean-spanning missiles. Economics may be vital in some areas like the Persian Gulf, where the flow of oil must be maintained, unimportant in others like Israel, where political and moral considerations are paramount. There may be times too when U.S. intervention, even if it seems justified, would be ineffective. Not much is heard these days of the once fashionable argument that in Viet Nam the U.S. was on the wrong side of history because it was fighting a nationalistic social revolution being waged by a regime that was, deep down, benign; Hanoi's brutality within Viet Nam and its swift move to establish hegemony over all of Indochina removed all doubt that the foe was and is not only totalitarian but imperialistic besides. Today, with the focus on Central America, the argument is often heard that economic and social misery have made leftist revolution inevitable. To those who maintain that revolution is the only way to progress, the counterargument is that whatever social and economic gains may be achieved by Communist takeovers usually carry an extremely high price tag: the establishment of tyranny.

About the only general rule that foreign-policy experts can suggest is not to have any general rule, at least in the sense of drawing up an advance list of where the U.S. might or might not fight. They still shudder at the memory of a 1950 definition of the U.S. "defense perimeter" in Asia that omitted South Korea—which promptly suffered an outright Communist invasion that took three years and 54,000 American lives to repel. Walt Rostow, who was Lyndon Johnson's National Security Adviser, recalls how the late Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky "told a group of Americans that we deceived them on Korea." Says Rostow: "I believe that's correct."

The decision on where American military intervention might be both necessary and effective can only be made case by case, based on a variety of factors that may be no easier to judge in the future than they were in Viet Nam: the nature and circumstances of the war, the will and ability of the nation under attack to defend itself, the consequences of its loss. Any such debate is sure to revive another long buried but still unresolved controversy of the Viet Nam era: whether a Communist takeover of one country would cause others to topple like a row of dominoes. Hawks insist that this theory was vindicated by Communist triumphs in Laos and Cambodia after the fall of Saigon. Opponents point out that the Asian "dominoes" that most concerned the U.S.—Thailand, Burma, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines—have all survived as non-Communist (in several cases, strongly anti-Communist) societies. Rostow, now a professor of political economy at the University of Texas, offers a counterrebuttal. Those

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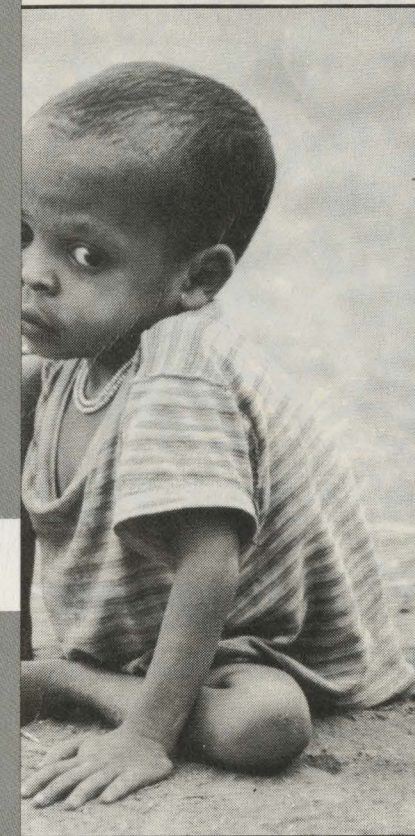
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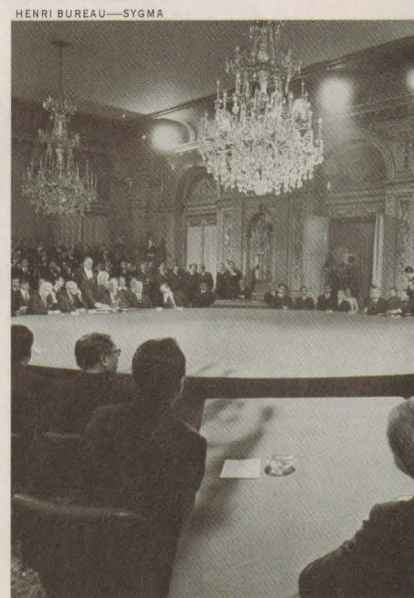
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DIPLOMACY

Signing Paris accords, 1973: Did America wink at treaty violators?

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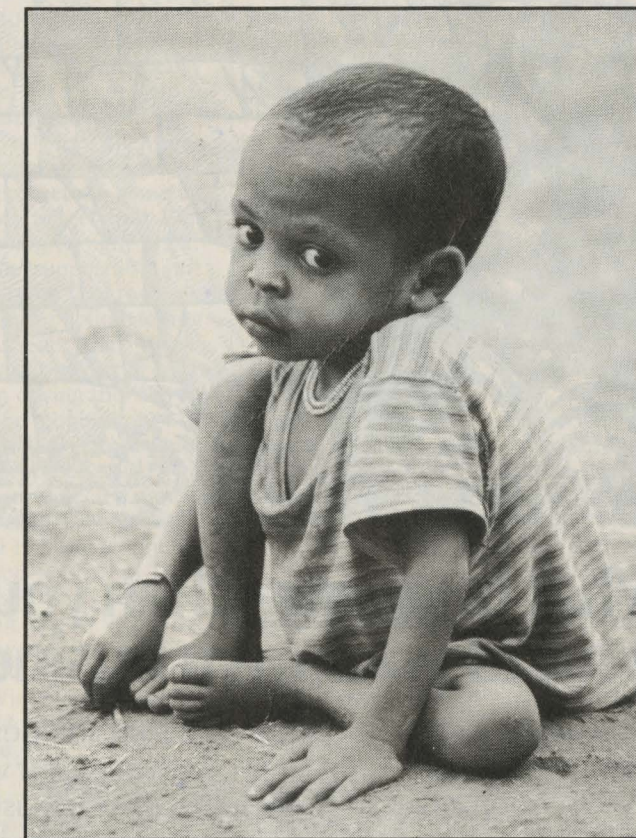
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VIET NAM

countries might have gone under if Saigon had fallen in 1965, he contends. The U.S. intervention in Viet Nam bought them ten years to strengthen their economies and governments and, says Rostow, "bought time that was used extremely well by Asians, especially Southeast Asians."

Be that as it may, the evidence would seem to argue against any mechanical application of the domino theory. It originated in the 1950s, when world Communism was seen as a monolithic force headquartered in Moscow, with Peking a kind of branch office. Today China, never really comfortable with its Hanoi "allies," has resumed its ancient enmity toward Viet Nam; both Washington and Peking are aiding guerrillas battling against the Soviet-backed Vietnamese in Kampuchea. That does not mean that the domino theory has lost all validity everywhere, but its applicability is also subject to case-by-case application.

The most bedeviling of all the dilemmas raised by Viet Nam concerns the issue of public support. On the surface it might seem to be no issue at all: just about everybody agrees that Viet Nam proved the futility of trying to fight a war without a strong base of popular support. But just how strong exactly? Rostow argues that the only U.S. war fought with tremendous public backing was World War II. He points out that World War I "brought riots and splits," the War of 1812 was "vastly divisive" and even during the War of Independence one-third of the population was pro-revolution, one-third pro-British and one-third "out to lunch." Rostow proposes a 60-25-15 split as about the best that can be expected now in support of a controversial policy: a bipartisan 60% in favor, 25% against and 15% out to lunch.

A strong current of opinion holds that Lyndon Johnson guaranteed a disastrously low level of support by getting into a long, bloody war without ever admitting (perhaps even to himself) the extent of the commitment he was making. Colonel Summers, who considers Viet Nam a just war that the U.S. could and should have won, insists that any similar conflict in the future ought to be "legitimized" by a formal, congressional declaration of war. Says Summers: "All of America's previous wars were fought in the heat of passion. Viet Nam was fought in cold blood, and that was intolerable to the American people. In an immediate crisis the tendency of the American people is to rally around the flag. But God help you if it goes beyond that and you haven't built a base of support."

At the other extreme, former Secretary of State Dean Rusk defends to this day the Johnson Administration's effort "to do in cold blood at home what we were asking men to do in hot blood out in the field." Rusk points out that the war began with impressive public and congressional support. It was only in early 1968, says Rusk, that "many at the

"In the final analysis it is their war... We can help them... but they have to win it, the people of Viet Nam."

—KENNEDY
1963

"We are not about to send American boys 10,000 miles away to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves."

—JOHNSON
1964

"Hell no, we won't go!"
—ANTIWAR CHANT
1965

"I'm not going to be the first President who loses a war."
—RICHARD NIXON
1969

"Peace is at hand."
—HENRY KISSINGER
1972

grass-roots level came to the opinion that if we didn't give them some idea when this war would come to an end, we might as well chuck it." The decisive factor probably was the defection of middle-class youths and their parents, a highly articulate segment that saw an endless war as a personal threat—though in fact the burden of the draft fell most heavily on low-income youths.

Paradoxically, though, Johnson might well have been able to win public support for a bigger war than he was willing to fight. As late as February 1968, at the height of the Tet offensive, one poll found 53% favoring stronger U.S. military action, even at the risk of a clash with the Soviet Union or China, vs. only 24% opting to wind down the war. Rusk insists that the Administration was right not to capitalize on this sentiment. Says he: "We made a deliberate decision not to whip up war fever in this country. We did not have parades and movie stars selling war bonds, as we did in World War II. We thought that in a nuclear world it is dangerous for a country to become too angry too quickly. That is something people will have to think about in the future."

It certainly is. Viet Nam veterans argue passionately that Americans must never again be sent out to die in a war that "the politicians will not let them win." And by win they clearly mean something like a World War II-style triumph ending with unconditional surrender. One lesson of Viet Nam, observes George Christian, who was L.B.J.'s press secretary, is that "it is very tough for Americans to stick in long situations. We are always looking for a quick fix." But nuclear missiles make the unconditional-surrender kind of war an anachronism. Viet Nam raised, and left unsolved for the next conflict, the question posed by Lincoln Bloomfield, an M.I.T. professor of political science who once served on Jimmy Carter's National Security Council: "How is it that you can 'win' so that when you leave two years later you do not lose the country to those forces who have committed themselves to victory at any cost?"

BARTLETT—WOODFIN CAMP



DESPAIR

Boat people fleeing postwar Viet Nam, 1979: With 1 million already gone, how many more will try to escape?

It is a question that cannot be suppressed much longer. Americans have a deep ambiguity toward military power: they like to feel strong, but often shy away from actually using that strength. There is a growing recognition, however, that shunning all battles less easily winnable than Grenada would mean abandoning America's role as a world power, and that, in turn, is no way to assure the nation's survival as a free society. Americans, observes Secretary of State Shultz, "will always be reluctant to use force. It is the mark of our decency." But, he adds, "a great power cannot free itself so easily from the burden of choice. It must bear responsibility for the consequences of its inaction as well as for the consequences of its action."

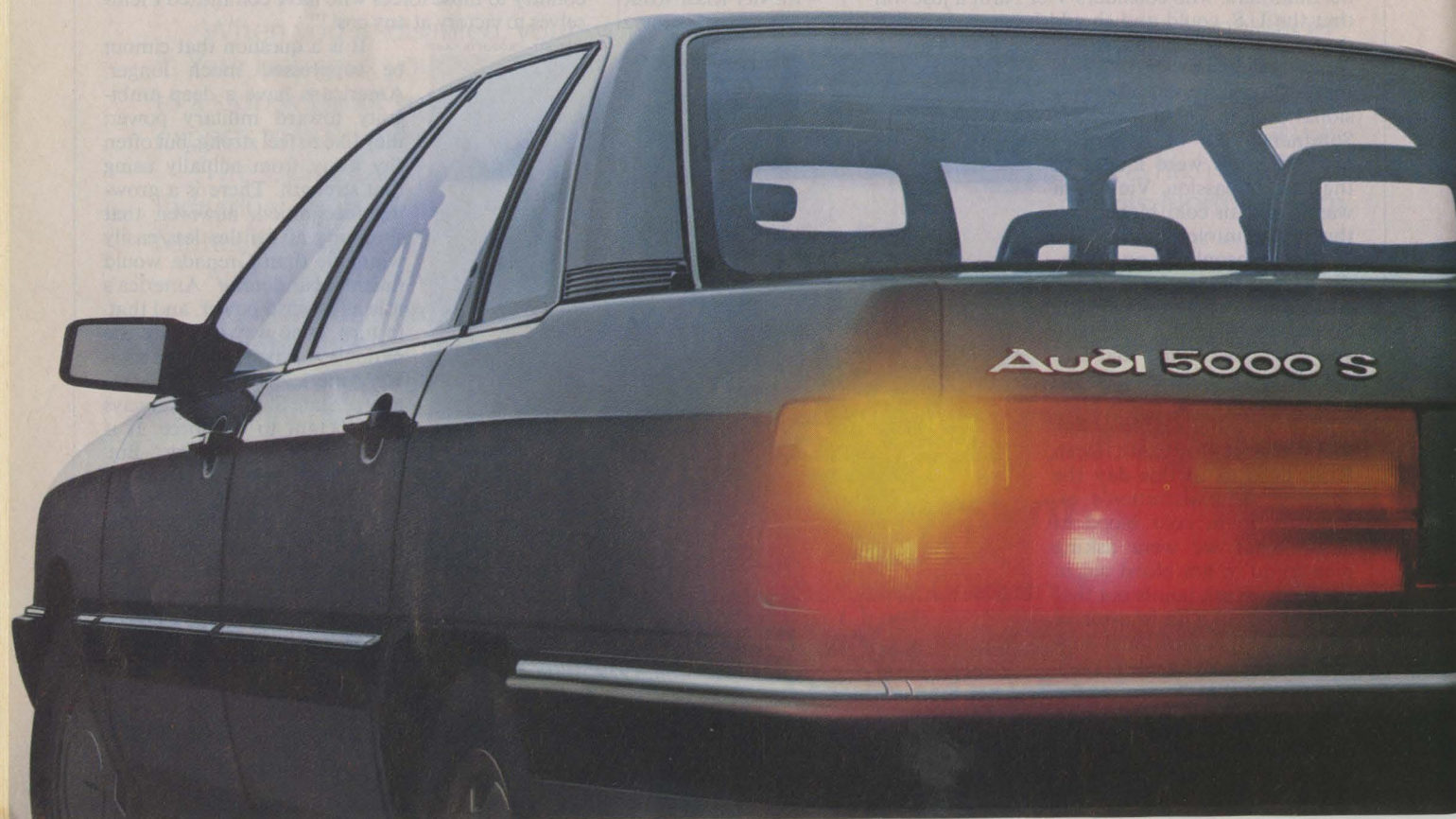
—By George J. Church.
Reported by David S. Jackson/
Austin and Ross H. Munro/
Washington, with other bureaus

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VIET NAM

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Lyndon Johnson's Personal Alamo

He could choose a village for obliteration between mouthfuls of tapioca pudding just by thumping a map on his dining-room table in the White House, aides deferential, servants quiet. The killing was half a world away.

When his orders went out he would stay up to count the planes as they came home. If there were stragglers he slept fitfully. "You wake up like an alarm clock at 3:30 to see if they're back." Every detail was flashed to the Commander in Chief. It was his war, just like all those bills up on the Hill were his bills. He tried to run the war like he ran Congress, with bluster and threat one minute, humility and doubt the next. He had the documents in his inner coat pocket, votes on his legislation, the latest body count from Viet Nam.

A reporter's memos of Johnson's nighttime ravings and his daytime remorse and his bafflement about a war that failed to follow his orders are chilling reading, five years compressed into two notebooks with yellowing pages.

"Hell," he said one night early on, "it's just like the Alamo, and you damn well needed somebody. Well, by God, I'm going to go and thank the Lord that I've got men who want to go with me, from McNamara right on down to the littlest private who's carrying a gun."

After he sent in the bombers after the Gulf of Tonkin affair, he said, "I figured that if you go for a fellow, you don't just goose him. We hit a base in North Viet Nam with 25 PT boats." But by June 1964 he was cautious. "People urging stronger steps are not aware of the consequences. I don't feel that we should pull out and come home. As far as going north, we know there are 200 million in the Chinese army. If one little old general in shirt sleeves can take Saigon, think about 200 million Chinese comin' down those trails. No sir, I don't want to fight them."

He wanted to fight, but he wanted the scraps small, on the cheap, on the quiet, done and over in a hurry. Early in 1965 he was mad at everybody. "The let-us-negotiate people are rabbits. I'm being pushed all the time by the big-bomb boys. I took one target off the list the other night because it was too close to Hanoi. But if the South Vietnamese can't protect American installations, we might have to send more Americans over to do the job." More men. More bombs.

By May 1965 he was calm again. "My Viet Nam policy is the three Ds—determination, discussion, discretion. I don't want to drop one more bomb than I need to in Viet Nam. Caution is uppermost in my mind."

So was a souring national mood, and his thoughts were darkening midway through 1965. "I'm not sure that I can lead this country and keep it together with my background." But he had no choice.

"I'm willin' for any solution—religious, political. I'm not going to keep offerin' to negotiate so much because they turn

us down each time. It indicates a weakness on our part. I don't know what it will take out there—500 casualties maybe, maybe 500,000. It's the aughts that scare me."

Sometimes Johnson raged at the ignorance of the foe. "They don't realize what they are losing out there. They don't realize what is happening to them. They have no realistic picture of the war." Somebody did not.

By 1966 he was deeply mystified. "I hear the headlines on the radio, see them on TV and read them in the paper. When I hear from the men out there, I sometimes don't believe they are talking about the same situation."

As that year went on, Johnson's manic-depressive swings seemed to speed up. In August 1966: "Our forces will not be defeated. A Communist military takeover is no longer just improbable; as long as the U.S. and our brave allies are in the field, it is impossible." By January 1967 it was this way: "It

would be just my luck to have the bombers come over North Viet Nam and the lead plane would be piloted by a boy from Johnson City and he'd put a bomb right down the smokestack of a Soviet ship in Haiphong Harbor."

By then the casualty lists had begun to get heavy. "It is always a strain when people are being killed. I don't think anyone has held this job who hasn't felt personally responsible for those being killed."

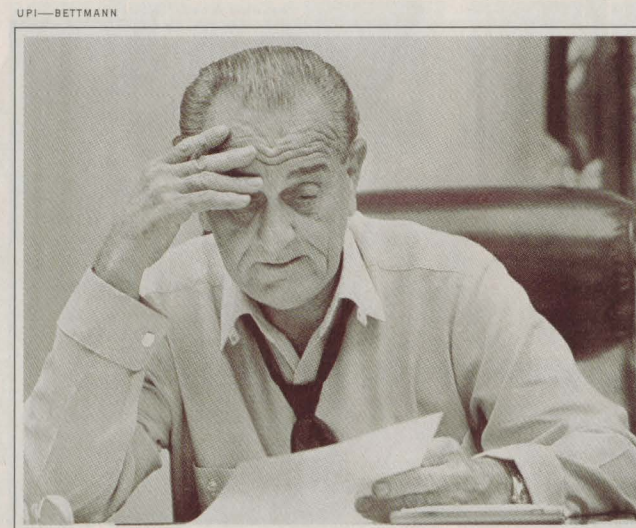
Yet pride never died. "The Communists have lost ground while I've been President," Johnson said in the fall of 1967. And there grew the faint hope that maybe the adversary would want to quit fighting and

talk, and that, too, always seemed just beyond his reach. "I come to the office thinking Ho has to be on the line. But he isn't, and we can't fool ourselves about Ho. It's like an old cowboy used to say, 'There's no use being poor and stupid all your life when you can buy a pint of whiskey and be rich and smart in an hour.' We can't do that."

He did not understand why and how the enemy fought on. "Just look at the figures and you'll see that they have failed," he said. "Ho's people are just not telling him about his losses. If Tet was a Communist victory, losing 30,000 men, I can only hope that they have many more similar victories."

There were no victories—of any kind, for anybody. "Negotiations?" Johnson asked. "They've given us their answer by their attacks on the cities. We would meet them tomorrow. All they would have to do is drop a line."

And in one melancholy phrase on a dark night in February 1968, Johnson summed up his war that failed. "We're not going to surrender," he said grimly. Just a month later, he decided he had had enough and announced his decision not to seek re-election. So after all, it was the Alamo. Except in the end, Lyndon Johnson's war was taken away from him.



UPI—BETTMANN

WITHDRAWAL

Getting ready to renounce a run for re-election

Richard Nixon's Tough Assessment

In No More Vietnams he argues: "We won the war but lost the peace"

It has become conventional wisdom that only a stern anti-Communist such as Richard Nixon could have opened relations with China. It may also be that only a Nixon could have withdrawn U.S. forces from a conflict with a Soviet proxy and accepted a cease-fire that left thousands of Communist insurgents far beyond their legal borders, in place for an eventual onslaught. By the time the 1973 Paris accords were signed, any prudent politician might have had enough doubts about South Viet Nam's survival to start shifting blame to others for having "lost" an ally. Hawks like Nixon assailed doves for cutting military aid. The doves replied that they were facing up to the reality of the hawks' failure on the battlefield.

To improve the odds that posterity will see things his way, Nixon has outlined his version of what happened in his memoir *RN* (1978); in two books about superpower conflict, *The Real War* (1980) and *Real Peace* (1984); and in *No More Vietnams*, published this month (Arbor House; 237 pages; \$14.95). The compact volume serves four purposes: 1) to retrace American involvement in Viet Nam by recounting, often disapprovingly but also with some sympathy, decisions made by his predecessors stretching back to Harry Truman; 2) to defend Nixon's own record, sometimes more emphatically than in his muted memoir; 3) to reassert the implacability of Communist adversaries and the consequent need to maintain a potent military posture; and 4) to prescribe a future course that would couple a strong defense establishment with a much enhanced economic aid program, aimed at stimulating Third World entrepreneurship and two-way trade. Nixon's proposals have been hailed as sound if not original. But his appraisal of his own stewardship sometimes seems more generous than candid.

While much can be taken on Nixon's authority as a former President, he offers no footnotes and only cursory citations of sources. One wonders, for instance, just how he can be certain that President Ngo Dinh Diem would have outpolled Ho Chi Minh or any other opponent in a hypothetical free election in South Viet Nam. His book is less a history than an impassioned pleading against both neo-isolationists who believe the U.S. has no stake beyond self-defense and confrontational rightists who see a Soviet hand guiding every local upheaval in the Third World. To

Nixon, Viet Nam was "a just cause," and its lesson should not be abstention from involvement but shrewd selectivity in defining national interest followed by fierce determination to do what is needed to win. Says Nixon: "No more Vietnams' can mean we will not try again. It should mean we will not fail again."

Nixon sees the three decades of American engagement in Indochina as a litany of "too little, too late." He wishes Truman had forced the French to bring about an independent, non-Communist state. That having failed, he believes President Eisenhower ought to have sent in air support to relieve the French at Dien Bien

all the revolutionaries in South Viet Nam were agents of North Viet Nam. He rejects the idea that there was any significant homegrown dissent, any genuine civil war. Yet some of the evidence he adduces indicates the opposite: the fact that North Viet Nam imprisoned erstwhile South Vietnamese guerrillas suggests that these dissidents were viewed as dangerous nationalists. In justifying his claim that he "won the war" but that Congress lacked the will to honor its commitments and so "lost the peace," Nixon contends that his Vietnamization program was a success both in the hamlets and on the battlefield. His assertion that a pro-Western Viet Nam represented a vital U.S. security interest relies less on inherent economic or geopolitical advantages than on the domino theory: he points to Hanoi's present control of Cambodia and Laos and its steady pressure on Thailand. He acknowledges that the cease-fire agreement, which authorized tens of thousands of enemy soldiers to remain and re-arm themselves, inevitably imposed an onerous self-defense burden on South Viet Nam; thus its fate depended on continuing aid of more than \$1 billion a year in 1975 dollars, which Congress refused to approve. Meanwhile, North Viet Nam flagrantly violated the accords. In effect, he says, the agreement amounted to "we cease and they fire."

Nixon bitterly denounces antiwar activists, intellectuals, liberals and especially the press, whom he collectively accuses of bias, hypocrisy and hoping the Communists would win. He says of the war, "It was misreported then, and it is misremembered now." Yet Nixon admits that Watergate and his own unpopularity undercut his appeals for military aid to South Viet Nam. In arguing the possibility of East-West collaboration, despite the ongoing competition that he labels the Third World war, he sensibly observes, "While the Soviets want the world, they do not want war." To critics who say that strengthening Third World economies will only add to the competitive pressure on American industry, he points out that the best current customers for U.S. products are industrialized Canada and Japan. In an inspirational final summons to "a peaceful revolution for progress in the Third World," Nixon brings back to mind the far-seeing foreign policy analyst whom Watergate, and Viet Nam, destroyed.

—By William A. Henry III

INVASION

Cutting off supply lines, but years too late

Phu; as Ike's Vice President, Nixon says, he counseled that "our choice was to help the French now or be faced with the necessity of taking over the burden." He condemns President Kennedy for the overthrow of Diem, which he argues led to political instability from which South Viet Nam never recovered. He faults Lyndon Johnson for halting bombing, rather than intensifying it, to encourage diplomacy; for fighting a limited war, seeking "not to win, but only not to lose"; and, above all, for failing to blockade the Ho Chi Minh Trail and other supply routes before the invaders became entrenched. By the time Nixon took office in 1969, he says, the only workable option was Vietnamization: turning the fighting over to the South Vietnamese while providing arms, aid, military training and political tutelage to safeguard their future.

Underlying Nixon's rationale is a fervent if hard-to-prove belief that virtually



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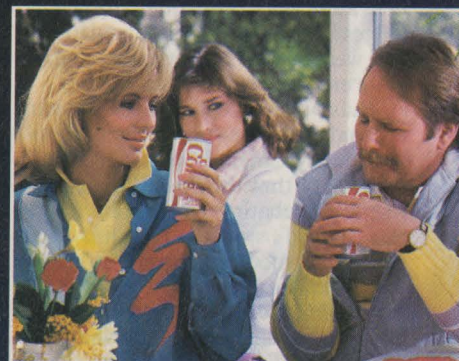
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Turning the Tables on Moscow

Once "their" guys were the rebels; now it is often "our" guys

Guerrilla. Rebel. Insurgent.

In the American lexicon of the 1960s and '70s, those words were synonyms for the enemy. In the paddy fields of Indochina, in jungles and deserts and tumbledown villages elsewhere around the world, leftist insurgencies seemed to be the cutting edge of Soviet expansionism, a principal cause of American retreat and defeat.

A decade later, the U.S. has gone a long way toward turning the tables on Moscow. In many civil wars today, it is Soviet-backed regimes that face insurgencies. Frequently the U.S. provides some degree of support to the rebel forces.

► In Nicaragua, the U.S. has waged what is probably the least secret "covert operation" in history, helping the *contras* against the Sandinistas.

► Half a world away, in Afghanistan, the Soviet Union faces what is frequently, though simplistically, called its own Viet Nam: a made-in-Moscow clique is holed up in Kabul; caravans of Soviet-supplied armor venture forth by day into hostile hinterlands as helicopter gunships and bombers conduct a bloody pacification campaign, complete with carpet bombing. The U.S. is aiding the mujahedin rebels to the tune of many millions of dollars a year.

► In Africa, Jonas Savimbi's National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) is waging a classic war of attrition in the bush. Its target, the pro-Soviet government in Luanda, relies heavily on some 30,000 Cuban troops, much as the South Vietnamese government relied on American forces until 1975. UNITA's principal backer is South Africa, but Savimbi has visited Washington as frequently as some anticolonialist revolutionaries used to visit Moscow.

► In Indochina, the site of America's humiliation a decade ago, a loose coalition of anti-Soviet states in the region is aiding a guerrilla war against the Vietnamese occupiers and Hanoi-installed puppet rulers of Kampuchea.

There have been earlier instances of American support for uprisings against regimes inimical to the U.S., but they were sporadic and a number ended in failure. In the Nixon and Ford Administrations, Henry Kissinger worked through the Shah of Iran to support Kurdish separatists inside Iraq, but in 1975 the Shah

pulled the plug on the Kurds in exchange for Iraqi concessions in a border dispute. When Kissinger sought to back the pro-Western factions in the Angolan civil war, he was thwarted by Congress, which was then in the throes of its post-Viet Nam withdrawal syndrome.

Ronald Reagan came into office fer-

precisely this American strategy. Moscow's surge of expansionism in the '70s had left it overextended and therefore vulnerable to Western harassment and counterattack in the '80s.

According to Francis Fukuyama, a former member of the State Department policy-planning staff now at the Rand Corp., there has been a "role reversal" between the superpowers. Today, says Fukuyama, "the Soviets may find themselves trying to defend the status quo, while the U.S., its allies and associates offer up challenges." The U.S. has an opportunity "to wean away Soviet clients from close embrace with Moscow."

Last year Stephen Sestanovich, an analyst on the staff of the National Security Council, wrote an article suggesting that the Soviet leadership has been debating whether its forces are indeed spread too thin and whether it should reduce its far-flung foreign entanglements. The question for the U.S. is how to encourage the Soviets to decide in favor of what Sestanovich calls "retrenchment." The answer favored by the Reagan Administration has been for the U.S. to turn the screws on governments that are dependent on Moscow, thus raising the price that the Soviets must pay for their adventurism.

This course is especially appealing to CIA Director William Casey, who would like his agency to get back wholeheartedly into the business of covert action. As Casey put it during a meeting at the White House, the CIA should be aiming "discreet but vigorous counterpunches against all forms of Soviet aggression."

Reagan, according to aides, likes the idea of using against the Soviets many of the rough-and-tumble techniques, accompanied by high-minded rhetoric, that Moscow used against the U.S. during the bad old days of the Viet Nam War. "I want to see us on the offensive and the other guys on the defensive for a change," he told a group of advisers early in his first term. Reagan also wanted to dramatize his belief that history is on the side of democracy and capitalism, not Marxism-Leninism, and that what the Soviets smugly term "the correlation of forces" is actually shifting in favor of the West.

In his State of the Union address in February, the President articulated what has since been dubbed the Reagan Doc-



CONTRAS

The overt "covert operation"

trine. "We must not break faith with those who are risking their lives on every continent, from Afghanistan to Nicaragua, to defy Soviet-supported aggression and secure rights which have been ours from birth," said Reagan. "Support for freedom fighters is self-defense."

Here was a new form of containment, part of what the Atlantic Council of the U.S., a private foreign policy study group, has termed "assertive deterrence." In its ongoing effort to oppose and restrain the Soviet Union, the U.S. must have capabilities offsetting Moscow's at every level, from small-caliber bullets to multimegaton thermonuclear warheads; the Soviets must not be permitted a monopoly in any significant category of competition, military or paramilitary. To avoid the danger of escalation, the U.S. must have the ability to combat the Soviets and their proxies on their own turf, without resorting to higher levels of violence. In practice, the Reagan Doctrine has given the U.S. both the will and the way to punish and perhaps sometimes reverse Soviet expansionism.

At the same time, support for anti-Communist insurgencies has its limitations. As Nicaragua makes clear, the U.S. is still incapable of waging truly covert warfare of any magnitude. In this respect, the Soviets enjoy a permanent advantage. The First Chief Directorate of the KGB, the principal clandestine arm of Soviet foreign policy, can engage in dirty tricks while preserving its "plausible deniability." The CIA's Directorate for Operations, by contrast, is subject to oversight by a notoriously leaky and fastidious U.S. Congress.

As Nicaragua also illustrates, Congress is nearly as reluctant today to approve secret wars as it was a decade ago, when Henry Kissinger wanted to bankroll Savimbi and other anti-Communists in Angola. Thus, while the worldwide network of Soviet clients is vulnerable to American counterpressure, it is difficult for the U.S. to sustain that pressure, not to mention apply it clandestinely.

Naturally the moral rationale for such tactics is not quite as clear-cut as Reagan made it seem when he proclaimed his doctrine. Almost by definition, doctrines make up in lucidity what they lack in subtlety. The enemies of our enemies do not always qualify as friends with whom the U.S. can feel comfortable. Even those Nicaraguan *contras* who are genuinely committed to building a free society and a pluralistic political system are uneasy about their comrades-in-arms who were *Somocista* national guardsmen.

Kampuchea offers a more extreme example. The anti-Vietnamese (hence anti-Soviet) resistance there includes the Khmer Rouge forces of Pol Pot, the deposed tyrant of that benighted country. He might be a pawn on the international

chessboard; but, having presided over the murder of as many as 2 million of his own countrymen, he can hardly be called a freedom fighter.

Unfortunately, the nastiness of a regime often has little to do with its viability. Communist dictatorships, like the one that the Sandinistas would like to impose, almost always end up serving the interests of Moscow and therefore eliciting its stubborn support; by contrast, a right-wing junta like Chile's, largely because it is so distasteful to Americans, and to its own people, often ends up being in an isolated and untenable position, and therefore a geopolitical liability for the U.S.

While support for guerrillas is a useful instrument of U.S. policy, it can rarely be decisive all by itself. Rather, covert action

turning points. The civil wars there have indeed succeeded in softening up the Soviets and their local comrades. The regimes in Managua and Kabul, while not crying uncle, are clearly hurting and may even be looking for a negotiated compromise. The rebels, while not about to win, are not about to surrender either. Soon the U.S., as their principal backer, may have to decide on the next step.

The application of direct U.S. military pressure is simply not feasible in Afghanistan; there are already some 115,000 Soviet troops there. Also, the Kremlin can fight fire with fire: most covert American aid to the mujahedin is channeled through Pakistan, a country that is painfully susceptible to "destabilization" by the Soviet Union. Logistically, it is easier to contemplate the introduction of U.S. combat troops into Central America, but the political obstacles there are considerable. Congress has made it clear that it opposes U.S. military intervention in the region.

That means the time may have come for the diplomats. A number of Western experts believe Mikhail Gorbachev is looking for a face-saving settlement in Afghanistan. In Nicaragua, continued American support for the *contras* might eventually force the Sandinistas to accept a peace plan along the lines of one put forward by Opposition Leader Arturo Cruz. He calls for a cease-fire in exchange for new elections and democratic guarantees. A settlement should also provide for a reduction in the Nicaraguan armed forces and limitations on Soviet and Cuban arms. The U.S. is not likely to ease up on the Sandinistas unless they accept such a deal.

Even if the U.S. pulled out the stops on its support for the *contras*, most experts agree these forces could not bring about the overthrow of the Sandinistas—an objective that the President has come within a hairbreadth of supporting. Nor is there much chance that Congress will restore direct aid to the *contras* unless they, and their sponsors in the Administration, are willing to accept a political compromise.

Last week the Administration took what may be an important step in that direction. Having previously pursued a strategy of fight and talk—supporting the *contras* while promoting negotiations—the President shifted to a strategy of fight or talk—offering the Sandinistas a limited respite in the *contra* campaign as an inducement for them to enter serious negotiations.

In Nicaragua, in Afghanistan and elsewhere, the U.S. has clearly recognized that support for guerrilla warfare can be a legitimate and effective ploy in the great game of superpower competition. Recently the Administration seems also to have come around to recognizing that its hand, while strong, should not be overplayed.

—By Strobe Talbott



MUJAHEDIN

The Soviet Union's own Viet Nam

can serve to soften up a situation so that it will be more amenable to a negotiated settlement, or to direct military intervention. Sooner or later the secret agents and jungle warriors must give way to the diplomats and politicians—or to the generals.

On this point there is no better example than Viet Nam. Guerrillas started the war; diplomats and politicians failed to end it; generals won it. Alas for the U.S., they were Hanoi's generals. When the last Americans left Saigon, they were fleeing not Victor Charlie in his black pajamas and Ho Chi Minh sandals but the uniformed and armored legions of North Viet Nam's army, then fifth largest in the world (now fourth, having supplanted India's army).

The guerrilla movements in which the U.S. is most involved, in Nicaragua and Afghanistan, may both be approaching

New Roles for an Old Cast

The war's principals and bit players are rebuilding their lives

Some actors were so prominent in the Viet Nam tragedy that they became permanently identified with their roles: Robert McNamara was the whiz-kid president of Ford Motor Co. beforehand and head of the World Bank afterward, but he is still remembered as the Secretary of Defense who calibrated America's growing involvement. Others were caught in the national spotlight for an awkward instant and have been trying to live it down ever since. Mary Ann Vecchio was a 14-year-old runaway from Florida captured by a photographer as she knelt in anguish over a dead student on the Kent State campus in 1970. For years her wanderings and missteps made news. Now married, she works as a bus girl in a Las Vegas casino.

The best-known Viet Nam figures still rate headlines. General William Westmoreland fought his war against CBS for 18 weeks in federal court, emerging with a stalemate at best; Henry Kissinger's voice remains influential in Washington; former Secretary of State Dean Rusk, a law professor at the University of Georgia, was feted in the capital last year. Some of the home front's angriest protesters have reached a separate peace with society: Weather Undergrounders William Ayers and Bernardine Dohrn, fugitives until December 1980, are married and live in New York; last year Dohrn passed her bar exam. Other veterans of the era have gone about building new lives, less turbulent but often still inspired by the idealism or commitment of the war years. Here is an update on some of them.

WILLIAM S. CARPENTER JR.



During a 1966 battle on the Kontum plateau in the Central Highlands, Captain Carpenter and his infantry company were pinned down by North Vietnamese.

With no retreat possible, Carpenter called down an air strike on his own position. "We might as well take some of them with us," he radioed to his battalion command post. The napalm attack injured seven of Carpenter's men, yet enabled the unit to consolidate and later withdraw. Already well known as the "Lonesome End" and captain of Army's 1959 football team, "Napalm Bill" Carpenter won a Distinguished Service Cross for his actions. Carpenter, 47,

stayed in the Army; last December he was promoted to major general and put in command of a newly organized light infantry division at Fort Drum, N.Y.

WILLIAM CALLEY JR.



Convicted of murdering 22 Vietnamese civilians in the 1968 My Lai massacre, Lieut. Calley was released from house arrest in Fort Benning, Ga., in 1974 after serving one-third of a ten-year

sentence. Calley, 41, settled in nearby Columbus, Ga., where he is a sales manager in his father-in-law's V.V. Vick jewelry store.

GRAHAM MARTIN



As the last U.S. Ambassador to Saigon, Martin had just eleven minutes to pack and evacuate the embassy as South Viet Nam neared its final collapse. Martin left behind family portraits

and mementos of more than two decades in the Foreign Service, but he did manage to salvage top-secret documents from the embassy. In 1978 the FBI investigated his handling of the files, but the Justice Department later decided not to prosecute. Martin, 72, has retired to Winston-Salem, N.C. He does not believe the war had to end in such a disastrous manner. "Had President Nixon served out his term," he says, "South Viet Nam would today be an independent, viable nation."

MC GEORGE BUNDY



While National Security Adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, Bundy was an early, forceful advocate for U.S. military assistance to South Viet Nam. Now he is closer to the

antiwar activists who fought him. Along with McNamara, former Ambassador to Moscow George F. Kennan and Gerard Smith, chief negotiator of the SALT I treaty, Bundy recently urged the U.S. and

NATO to adopt a no-first-strike policy toward nuclear weapons, and has said that President Reagan's Star Wars proposal does not "respect reality." Head of the Ford Foundation from 1966 to 1979, Bundy, 66, is now a history professor at New York University. His conclusions about Viet Nam are the opposite of Martin's. "It was not Watergate that made Saigon's survival impossible," he has written. "It was the fatal... imbalance between what [South Viet Nam] would have needed from us and what our own society would let us provide. The basic error was not in any one failure, but in the attempt itself."

NGUYEN VAN THIEU



Former South Vietnamese President Thieu remains "disillusioned," as a former government colleague puts it, over the U.S. refusal to rescue his collapsing government. Thieu, 62, lives

quietly somewhere near London, but his seclusion has fostered resentment among Britain's 15,000 Vietnamese émigrés. Says Tong Van Tran, head of London's Vietnamese Refugee Committee: "Thieu transferred a lot of money from South Viet Nam. But he hasn't helped, even one pence."

NGUYEN CAO KY



Outfitted in a tailored black flying suit and pearl-handled revolver, Ky was the flamboyant commander of South Viet Nam's air force and for a time the country's Premier and Vice President.

As the Communists pressed on Saigon, he commandeered a helicopter and personally flew it to the deck of a U.S. ship. Ky, 54, who has owned several successful liquor stores in California, is planning to join a partnership that will develop Vietnamese fast-food outlets. He has been accused of leading a crime ring involving former South Vietnamese army officers, but is not the target of any investigations. "I'm not a Mafia chieftain," he insists. "I'm a poor man." Ky's view on U.S. conduct of the war: "With a 'no win' policy, you have no chance of winning."

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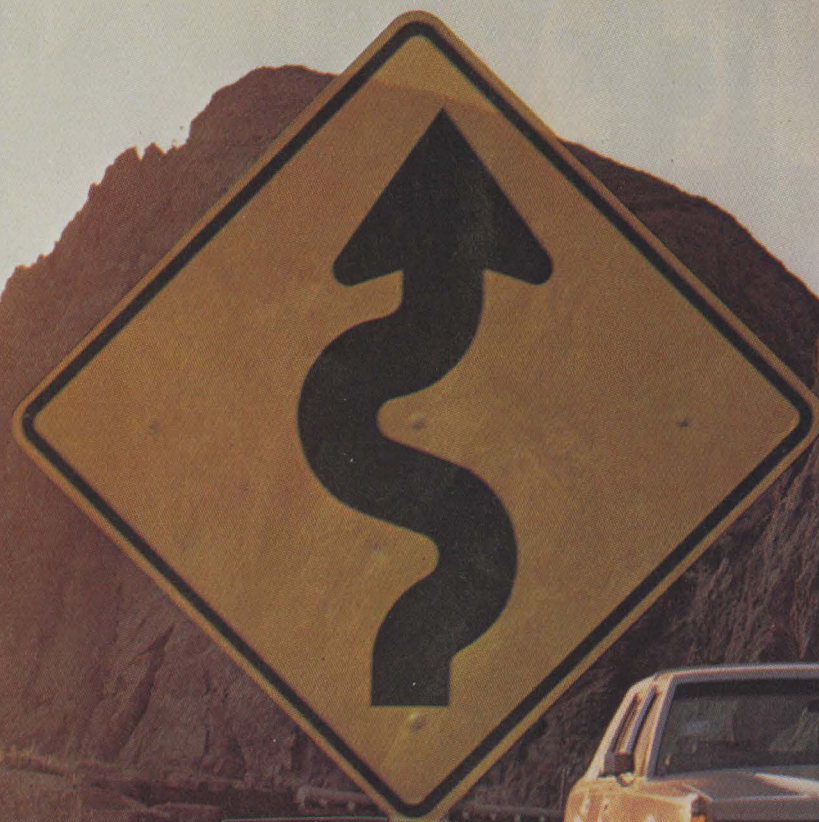
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VIET NAM

NGUYEN NGOC LOAN



The Viet Cong prisoner stood with his hands tied behind his back. General Loan, director of South Viet Nam's national police, coldly raised a revolver to the man's head and fired. The picture of that summary execution during the 1968 Tet offensive (see page 22) horrified Western audiences. The photographer, Eddie Adams, learned later that the prisoner had slaughtered a police major who was a friend of Loan's, as well as the officer's wife and their six children. "I just took the picture. And all of a sudden I destroy a guy's life," Adams said in a recent interview. Loan, who moved to the U.S. after the war, was stuck with a reputation for brutality and was nearly deported in 1978. Reprieved by the Carter Administration, he operates a restaurant in Burke, Va.

PHAN THI KIM PHUC



She tore off her clothes and ran down the road screaming in pain, the victim of a misplaced napalm strike by the South Vietnamese air force. The 1972 picture of nine-year-old Kim Phuc (page 26) became a symbol for all the innocent victims of Viet Nam. Last summer, at 21, Kim Phuc traveled to Ludwigshafen, West Germany, for skin grafts on her neck and arms. Back in Viet Nam she studies at Ho Chi Minh University, but she is still said to be in pain and often too sick to attend classes.

PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK



The Khmer Rouge still refers to him by the royal honorific *Samdech* (which means Lord), and he remains the nominal leader of the U.N.-recognized Kampuchean coalition government-in-exile. Although Sihanouk, 62, has outlasted the Lon Nol and Pol Pot governments that replaced him, he is not sanguine about prevailing over the Vietnamese invaders who control his country. Says he: "The Vietnamese will never withdraw. In one or two generations, my people and their children will not know what they are." The prince resides in mansions maintained for him by friendly governments in China, North Korea and

Thailand, and often visits Cambodian refugee communities in France and the U.S. He plays his part energetically, but sees himself as a 20th century King Lear, shuttling helplessly between his households. Says he: "If Shakespeare were alive, he would be interested in my destiny."

VO NGUYEN GIAP



General Giap, 72, one of the most successful military tacticians of the past 40 years, orchestrated the victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu in 1954, Tet in 1968 and the conquest of the South. But he was replaced as Defense Minister in 1980 and dropped from the Politburo in 1982, possibly because he was too outspokenly pro-Soviet. That was heresy to Hanoi's xenophobic leaders, despite their alliance with Moscow. Giap remains on the party's Central Committee, however, and last May met with reporters at the 30th anniversary of Dien Bien Phu.

DANIEL ELLSBERG



Ellsberg is also concerned with the anti-nuclear movement and Central America. The onetime Rand Corp. analyst who leaked the Pentagon Papers, Ellsberg, 54, lives in Kensington, Calif., near Berkeley. He was a founder of the Mobilization for Survival, a coalition of antinuke groups, and in 1978 joined a sit-in to blockade the Rocky Flats nuclear installation in Colorado. Ellsberg is a traveling college lecturer, telling audiences that the undeclared war syndrome is recurring. "The time for a new Viet Nam seems certainly at hand," he says. "In Central America we are at about the 1961 stage of involvement."

PHILIP BERRIGAN



It is a history linked to numbers: the Catonsville Nine, who that destroyed draft records in 1968; the Harrisburg Seven, charged in 1971 with plotting to kidnap Henry Kissinger; the Plowshares Eight, who attacked nuclear missiles with hammers in 1980. Berrigan, 61, is still an outliner of the Roman Catholic peace movement, which has shifted its protests from Viet Nam to the arms race. Berrigan, a former Josephite priest,

was excommunicated after marrying a Sacred Heart nun, Elizabeth McAlister, in 1973; she is serving a three-year prison sentence for vandalizing a B-52 bomber. The couple try to alternate prison terms to care for their three children at Jonah House, a communal residence in Baltimore. Brother Daniel Berrigan, 63, a Jesuit, works with a New York City peace group and counsels AIDS and cancer victims at a Manhattan hospice.

DAVID DELLINGER



At its apex, the antiwar movement had a certain faddishness to it, acknowledges Dellinger. "It was like going to a football game—you went down to Washington for a demonstration," he says. Dellinger was a defendant in the uproarious Chicago Seven conspiracy trial, charged with trying to incite a riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention. But his pacifism began long before Viet Nam: he was an ambulance driver with the Quakers in the Spanish Civil War, and he went to prison as a draft resister during World War II. He is still at it, planning a demonstration in front of the White House on April 22 to protest Reagan's policy in Central America. Dellinger, 69, also teaches history, politics and writing at Vermont College in Montpelier. One of the lessons of the '60s, he says, was that "it's a long struggle; you have to regenerate yourself and not just be on the barricades every moment."

BOBBY SEALE



Seale wore a beret and a scowl when he and Huey Newton formed the Black Panthers in Oakland in 1966. His disruptions aroused combative Judge Julius Hoffman to have him shackled to a chair and gagged during the Chicago Seven trial. Today he lives in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, attends Temple University and directs a youth training program. "I want to contribute to social change by being the last word behind a nonprofit organization," says Seale, 48. Where would the money come from? Believe it or not, from a cookbook, *Barbecuing with Bobby*, and possibly a barbecue video. "If Jane Fonda can drop 250,000 how-to exercise videos, why can't Bobby Seale drop a half-million of these things every barbecue season?"

—By Robert T. Zintl. Reported by Joseph J. Kane/Los Angeles and Edwin M. Reingold/Peking, with other bureaus

Words of Hope and Horror

Memorable lines from those who served—and sometimes died—in Nam

Clutching pencil stubs, using packing cases as desks and foxholes as offices, they put the Viet Nam experience into words—millions of them. Now the New York Vietnam Veterans Memorial Commission, searching for an appropriate inscription, has collected 3,000 letters, poems and other materials written from the field. Under the group's auspices, 208 of the pieces, by 125 individuals, are being published in the forthcoming book *Dear America: Letters Home from Vietnam* (Norton; \$13.95). A sampling:

Only the crickets
Are bold enough to speak
Suddenly they stop
The rapid respiration
Of frightened men's remains.
You think of home and wait
Mostly you just wait.
The mortar lands nearby
Ringing in your ears
Leaves you deaf
For the rest of your life
But just how long
Will that be?

—SP4 GEORGE T. COLEMAN
Assistant hotel manager, Princeton, N.J.

I killed my first "gooks" last night—about 20 of them. I spotted them about 800 meters in front of our position by using a starlight scope, and called in artillery on them. I only had to make one adjustment, and then they were blown away. . . . It didn't bother me at all, because self-preservation is the name of the game over here.

—MARINE LIEUT. DESMOND T. BARRY JR.
Attorney, New York City.

I am now filled with both respect and hate for the V.C. and the Vietnamese. Respect because the enemy knows that he can't stand up to us in a fire fight due to our superior training, equipment and our vast arsenal of weapons. Yet he is able. Via his mines and booby traps, he can whittle our ranks down piecemeal until we cannot muster an effective fighting force. In the month that I have been with the company, we have lost four killed and about 30 wounded. We have not seen a single verified dink the whole time.

—LIEUT. ROBERT C. RANSOM JR.
Died of peritonitis and pneumonia after being wounded by a mine.

We lit out 800 meters to a [landing zone] with one Victoria Charlie and her three-month-old baby as POWs. We'd just made her a widow, and with all the steel flying in that hollow she was lucky to have

escaped unscathed. But I will say that there wasn't a man among us who wasn't glad the child wasn't hit as nobody'd seen either of them during the fight. We'd shoot a female out there without blinking an eye as a woman with a rifle can kill you just as dead as any slant-eyed Hector or Ulysses. But a baby is nobody's enemy.

—SP4 GEORGE T. OLSEN
Killed in action.

Those dead Cong didn't seem like people [as] we dragged them into piles and cut their equipment off them. They felt like a pile of rags or something, can't really explain it. We shot all their wounded [the] next day. The official body count was 79. . . . Some of the Charlies were just kids, 14 or 15 years old. They must be crazy or something.

—PFC LOUIS E. WILLETT
Received mortal wounds covering a squad retreat; posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor.

I'm sick both physically and mentally. I smoke too much, am constantly coughing, never eat, always sit around in a daze. All of us are in this general condition. We are all afraid to die, and all we can do is count the days till we go home. We're all in desperate need of love. When we go to Saigon, we spend all our money on women and beer. Some nights I don't sleep. I can't stand being alone at night. The guns don't bother me—I can't hear them anymore. I want to hold my head between my hands and run screaming away from here. I cry too, not much, just when I touch the sore spots. I'm hollow, Mrs. Perko. I'm a shell, and when I'm scared I rattle. I'm

no one to tell you about your son. I can't. I'm sorry.

—MARINE CPL. JOHN HOUGHTON
Writing to the mother of a slain comrade. Tugboat deckhand living in Camden, N.J.

I know that at one point, my feet about to crack open, my stomach knotted by hunger and diarrhea, my back feeling like a mirror made of nerves shattered in a million pieces by my flak jacket, pack, and extra mortars and machine-gun ammo, my hands a mass of hamburger from thorn cuts and my face a mass of welts from mosquitoes, I desired greatly to throw down everything, slump into the water of the paddy and sob.

—MARINE LIEUT. VICTOR DAVID WESTPHALL III
Killed during an ambush.

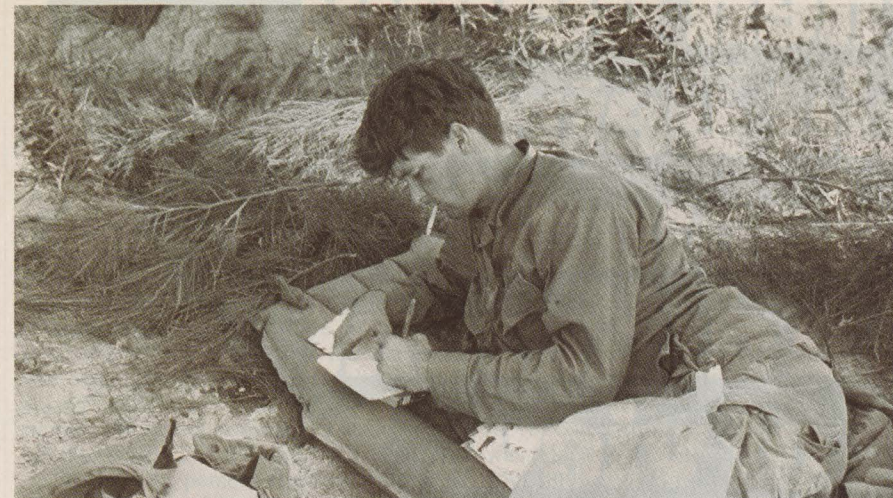
You asked about Vietnam, so I'll tell you. I LOVE IT! I really am happy over here. The work is hard and all the time, but it keeps me on my toes. The men are grossly wonderful and fully appreciate a "round eye" in their midst. . . . Several times a week we visit the hospitals and either chat with the troops or program them, depending on their condition. This is one of the most disheartening and yet morale-boosting jobs for me.

—JEANNE BOKINA CHRISTIE
A Red Cross "Doughnut Dolly."
Part-time adult-education teacher, Milford, Conn.

After seeing the patients around me, I consider myself very lucky. There are many who have lost legs, arms, eyes and



DAVID BURNETT



PFC CAMPBELL—U.S. ARMY

It hurts so much sometimes to see the paper full of demonstrators, especially people burning the flag. Fight fire with fire, we ask here. Display the flag, Mom and Dad, please, every day. And tell your friends to do the same. It means so much to us to know we're supported, to know not everyone feels we're making a mistake being here.

—ARMY NURSE LYNDY VAN DEVANTER
Writer, teacher and counselor living near Washington, D.C.

When all had quieted and the flares had gone out, the whole area calmed and hushed, and we could just hear one of the fire bases start singing *Silent Night*. Then it was picked up by the other positions around us and by everyone. It echoed through the valley for a long time and died out slowly. I'm positive it has seldom been sung with more gut feeling and pure homesick emotion—a strange and beautiful thing in this terribly death-ridden land.

—SP5 PETER C. ELLIOTT
Construction-company owner, Dallas.

I have about a million questions to ask you. I really want to know how it was to have a baby. What were the thoughts going through your head while she was coming out? Were you sad because I couldn't be there? Did you get to see her right after she was born? I've always heard that newborns aren't very pretty. Six pounds, five ounces sounds kind of small. I'll bet that she's a real tiny little thing.

—SP4 RONALD L. BUEHRER
Data processor, Vallejo, Calif.

Take what they have left
and what they have taught you
with their dying
and keep it with your own.
And in that time
when men decide and feel safe
to call the war insane,
take one moment to embrace
those gentle heroes
you left behind.

—MAJ. MICHAEL O'DONNELL
Killed in action piloting a rescue helicopter; awarded four decorations posthumously, including the Distinguished Flying Cross.

I can envision a small cottage someplace, with a lot of writing paper, and a dog, and a fireplace and maybe enough money to give myself some Irish coffee now and then and entertain my two friends. . . . I don't think it will be too terribly long before we are together again. I wish you peace, and I have a great deal of faith that the future has to be ours. Adios, my friend.

—AIR FORCE LIEUT. RICHARD VAN DE GEER
Died when his helicopter was shot down May 15, 1975, while ferrying Marines during the Mayaguez incident. Officially the last American to die in the war.

other parts of their bodies, which leaves them in worse shape than I am. I'm really very anxious to know how you feel about me losing my arm because naturally I don't know how you will react when you see me. With my new arm they will give me, I'll be able to act like I normally did, which was always a little crazy. I haven't been depressed or anything like that, so [I] don't want you to feel bad either. I just paid the price that many soldiers pay defending our country, and I've accepted the fact that I can get along as well with an artificial arm as I did before.

—LIEUT. FREDERICK DOWNS JR.
Director of the Veterans Administration Prosthetic and Sensory Aids Center, Washington, D.C.

Really, the physical and human damage done over the last few years is much greater than I realized—especially the human damage. . . . Not just the dead, but the G.I.s who can't talk in coherent sentences anymore, or the ones who have found they love to kill, or the Vietnamese, who must have been a very gentle, graceful people before the war turned them into thieves, black marketeers and prostitutes. . . . I feel like I'm at the bottom of a great sewer.

—SP5 THOMAS P. PELLATON
Singer and maître d' in a New York City hotel.

The sole hope of this nation lies in its youth. The elders, the parents, are tired. They've lived with war, and the hardships involved, for too long. They no longer believe another kind of life is possible. The children do, though. They want to learn. They want to do things the way we do, have things like we have. They have hope for their future.

—CWO BRUCE L. MCINNES
Tree doctor, New York City.

[President] Johnson is trying to fight this war the way he fights his domestic wars—he chooses an almost unattainable goal with a scope so large it is virtually indefinable, and he attacks this goal with

poorly [allocated] funds, minimum manpower, limited time and few new ideas. . . . Johnson is trying to take 5,000 villages living on a rice economy with a 2,000-year-old Asian tradition of chieftain rule warped by 100 years of ugly colonialism and build a nation with an industrial base and a democratic tradition in the midst of a 20-year-old war.

—MARINE CAPT. RODNEY R. CHASTANT
Killed a month after he extended his combat tour.

[My platoon leader died] fighting for a people who have no concern for the war, people he did not understand, [who] knew where the enemy were, where the booby traps were hidden, yet gave no support. People that he would give portions of his food to yet would try to sell him a Coke for \$1. People who cared not who the winner was—yet they will say he died for his country, keeping it free. Negative. This country is no gain that I can see, Dad. We're fighting, dying, for a people who resent our being over here. The only firm reason I can find is paying with Commie lives for U.S. lives.

—SGT. PHILLIP L. WOODALL
Insurance firm manager, Pineville, N.C.

[Vietnam] is a country of thorns and cuts, of guns and marauding, of little hope and of great failure. Yet in the midst of it all, a beautiful thought, gesture and even person can arise among it waving bravely at the death that pours down upon it.

—MARINE LIEUT. MARION LEE KEMPNER
Killed in a mine explosion.

This place is sort of getting to me. I've been seeing too many guys getting messed up, and I still can't understand it. It's not that I can't understand this war. It's just that I can't understand war, period. If you do not get to go to that big peace demonstration October 15th I hope you do protest against war or sing for peace—I would.

—SGT. JOSEPH A. MORRISSEY
Carpenter, Parkesburg, Pa.

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VIET NAM

"Hush, Timmy—This Is Like a Church"

At the solemn, brooding memorial, some seek catharsis, some redemption

The veteran and his wife had already stared hard at four particular names. Now the couple walked slowly down the incline in front of the wall, looking at rows of hundreds, thousands more, amazed at the roster of the dead. "All the names," she said quietly, sniffing in the early-spring chill. "It's unreal, how many names." He said nothing. "You have to see it to believe it," she said.

Just so. In person, close up, the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial—two skinny black granite triangles wedged onto a mound of Washington sod—is some kind of sanctum, beautiful and terrible. "We didn't plan that," says John Wheeler, chairman of the veterans' group that raised the money and built it. "I had a picture of seven-year-olds throwing a Frisbee around on the grass in front. But it's treated as a spiritual place." When Wheeler's colleague Jan Scruggs decided there ought to be a monument, he had only vague notions of what it might be like. "You don't set out and build a national shrine," Scruggs says. "It becomes one."

Washington is thick with monuments, several of them quite affecting. But as the Viet Nam War was singular and strange, the dark, dreamy, redemptive memorial to its American veterans is like no other. "It's more solemn," says National Park Service Ranger Sarah Page, who has also worked at the memorials honoring Lincoln, Washington and Jefferson. "People give it more respect." Lately it has been the most visited monument in the capital: 2.3 million saw it in 1984, about 45,000 a week, but it is currently drawing 100,000 a week. Where does it get its power—to console, and also to make people sob?

The men who set up the Viet Nam Veterans Memorial Fund wanted something that would include the name of every American killed in Viet Nam, and would be contemplative and apolitical. They conducted an open design competition that drew 1,421 entries, all submitted anonymously. The winner, Maya Ying Lin, was a Chinese-American undergraduate at Yale; to memorialize men killed in a war in Asia, an Asian female studying at an old antiwar hotbed.

Opposition to Lin's design was intense. The opponents wanted something gleaming and grand. To them, the low-slung black wall would send the same old defeatist, elitist messages that had lost the war in the '60s and then stigmatized the veterans in the '70s. "Creating the memo-

rial triggered a lot of old angers and rage among vets about the war," recalls Wheeler, a captain in Viet Nam and now a Yale-trained Government lawyer. "It got white hot."

In the end, Lin's sublime and stirring wall was built, 58,022 names inscribed. As a compromise with opponents, however, a more conventional figurative sculpture was added to the site last fall (at a cost of \$400,000). It does not spoil the memorial, as the art mandarins had warned. The three U.S. soldiers, cast in bronze, stand a bit larger than life, carry automatic weapons and wear fatigues, but the pose is not John Wayne-heroic: these American boys are spectral and wary, even slightly bewildered as they gaze southeast toward the wall. While he was planning the figures, Sculptor Frederick Hart spent time watching vets at the memorial. Hart now grants that "no modernist monument of its kind has been as successful as that wall. The sculpture and the wall interact beautifully. Everybody won." Nor does Lin, his erstwhile artistic antagonist, still feel that Hart's statue is so awfully trite. "It captures the mood," says Lin. "Their faces have a lost look." Out at the memorial last week, one veteran looked at the new addition and nodded: "That's us."

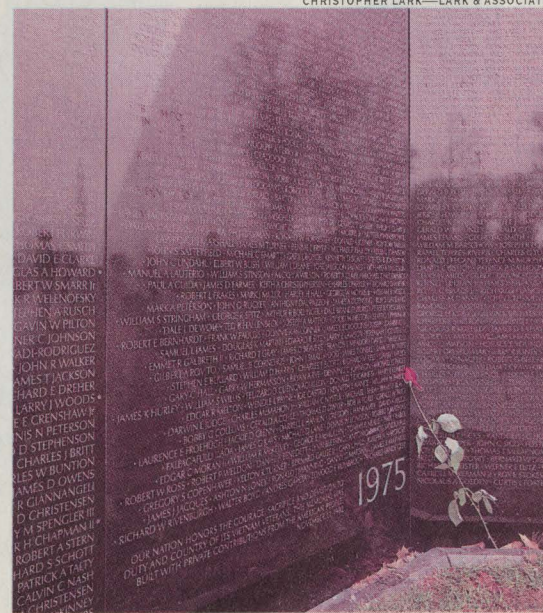
But it is the wall that vets approach as if it were a force field. It is at the wall that families of the dead cry and leave flowers and mementos and messages, much as Jews leave notes for God in the cracks of

Jerusalem's Western Wall. Around the statue, people talk louder and breathe easier, snap vacation photos unselfconsciously, eat Eskimo Pies and Fritos. But near the wall, a young Boston father tells his rambunctious son, "Hush, Timmy—this is like a church." The visitors' processionals do seem to have a ritual, even liturgical quality. Going slowly down toward the vertex, looking at the names, they chat less and less, then fall silent where the names of the first men killed (July 1959) and the last (May 1975) appear. The talk begins again, softly, as they follow the path up out of the little valley of the shadow of death.

For veterans, the memorial was a touchstone from the beginning, and the 1982 dedication ceremony a delayed national embrace. "The actual act of being at the memorial is healing for the guy or woman who went to Viet Nam," says Wheeler, who visits at least monthly. "It has to do with the felt presence of comrades." He pauses. "I always look at Tommy Hayes' name. Tommy's up on panel 50 east, line 29." Hayes, Wheeler's West Point pal, was killed 17 years ago this month. "I know guys," Wheeler says, "who are still waiting to go, whose wives have told me, 'He hasn't been able to do it yet.'" For those who go, catharsis is common. As Lin says of the names, chronologically ordered, "Veterans can look at the wall, find a name, and in a sense put themselves back in that time." The war has left some residual pathologies that the memorial cannot leach away. One veteran killed himself on the amphitheatrical green near the wall. A second, ex-Marine Randolph Taylor, tried and failed in January. "I regret what I did," he said. "I feel like I desecrated a holy place."

The memorial has become a totem, so much so that its tiniest imperfections make news. Last fall somebody noticed a few minute cracks at the seams between several of the granite panels. The cause of the hairlines is still unknown, and the builders are a little worried.

Probably no one is more determined than Wheeler to see the memorial's face made perfect, for he savors the startlingly faithful reflections the walls give off: he loves seeing the crowds of visitors looking simultaneously at the names and themselves. "Look!" he said the other day, gesturing at panel 4 east. "You see that plane taking off? You see the blue sky? No one expected that." —By Kurt Andersen



REMEMBRANCE

A reflective glimpse at the vertex

Swamped by Japan

Angry about the soaring trade deficit, Congress threatens harsh measures

The anger and frustration had been growing apace with the trade deficit with Japan: \$22 billion in 1983, \$37 billion last year, more than \$40 billion expected this year. As Congress looked on with dismay, U.S. negotiators reported little headway in prying open Japanese markets. Then Japan delivered the coup de grace, announcing a stunning 24% increase in auto exports to the U.S. this year, after the Reagan Administration had removed "voluntary" quotas. That ill-advised move prompted both houses of Congress last week to threaten trade retaliation against America's largest overseas commercial partner.

The House, following the lead of the Senate the week before, voted 394 to 19 for a nonbinding resolution that called on President Reagan to take steps against Japan for failing to lower import barriers. Said Michigan Democrat John Dingell, chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee: "The time for table-talk negotiations has ended. The President must tell our Japanese trading partner that this nation can no longer sit idly by while Japan's unfair and discriminatory trade practices build and expand Japanese industry at the expense of American firms and workers." In the Senate, the Finance Committee reported out legislation that would require Reagan to take action offsetting the increase in Japanese auto imports. "This bill takes the position that unfair trade practices are not going to be removed if all the U.S. does is complain," said Missouri Republican John Danforth, sponsor of the Senate measure. The U.S., he added, must find ways of "inflicting at least some economic pain on the Japanese."

House Speaker Tip O'Neill asked Mike Mansfield, the former Senate majority leader now serving as U.S. Ambassador to Tokyo, to deliver a blunt message to the Japanese: "They better make some concessions or they're in trouble." Some legislators grew positively bellicose. "We are in a war," declared Democratic Congressman Beryl Anthony of Arkansas. "After this passes we're going to have to load the gun and put some real bullets in it." Editorialized the New York Times: "The Japan-bashers are on the march."

In reality, the U.S. and Japan were still a long way from an outright trade war, which would involve a series of trade reprisals by both sides. "Like real wars," says I.M. Destler, a senior fellow at the Institute for International Economics in

Washington, "trade wars tend to leave everybody worse off." Two years after Washington passed the virulently protectionist Smoot-Hawley bill in 1930, the wave of trade and currency reprisals that it provoked slashed U.S. exports by 60%, helping deepen the Great Depression. Japan's obsession with maintaining supplies of raw materials for its export industries was largely responsible for the Pacific adventurism that led it into World War II.

Concerned that the splenetic outpouring from Congress was getting out of control, the Reagan Administration sought to minimize talk of retaliation. Following a Cabinet meeting devoted to trade matters, State Department officials issued a statement declaring that the U.S. wanted "the same access to Japan's markets that Japanese companies have to ours." Reagan emphasized that Japanese Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, who met with two special presidential trade envoys over the weekend, "assured [us] that he is going to

continue doing his utmost to bring about some changes" in Japan's bargaining stance. Added Reagan: "We'll just have to wait and see what he can accomplish."

Tokyo reacted with unusual speed and anger to the congressional measures, especially the potentially binding one passed in the Senate. That, said the Japanese Foreign Ministry, "is not only a discriminatory bill singling out Japan, but also a threat to the entire free-trade system." Its passage, the ministry warned, would have repercussions not only in trade but in overall U.S.-Japanese relations. Clearly shocked at the depth of congressional feeling, Nakasone quickly dispatched a top-level troubleshooter, Deputy Foreign Minister Reishi Teshima, to explain Tokyo's side of the dispute in Washington and to get a firsthand sampling of Washington's complaints. Teshima met with Deputy Secretary of State

Kenneth Dam and several other officials on Friday.

Amid the charge and countercharge, Reagan took time out to appoint a new U.S. trade representative, the point man in major negotiations dealing with international commerce. He is Clayton Yeutter (pronounced Yite-er), president of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, the nation's leading center for futures trading in agricultural commodities and other investments. Yeutter replaces William Brock, the former Tennessee Senator who was nominated as Secretary of Labor last month. An attorney with a doctorate in agricultural economics, Yeutter owns a 2,500-acre farm and cattle ranch in Nebraska. In the Nixon and Ford Administrations, he served as Assistant Agriculture Secretary, specializing in overseas food sales when they were rapidly becoming a major plus factor in the U.S. balance of trade. Despite an affable exterior, Yeutter is known as a skilled negotiator who can hang tough when necessary. He says he favors "a free and open trading system, but with recognition that it has to be fair."

Yeutter will need all of his practical skills, and maybe a miracle or two as well, when he enters the minefield of U.S.-Japanese trade relations. In the four decades since World War II, Japan has waged one



Above the shouting, Reagan and Nakasone pledged continued negotiations
"We'll just have to wait and see what he can accomplish."

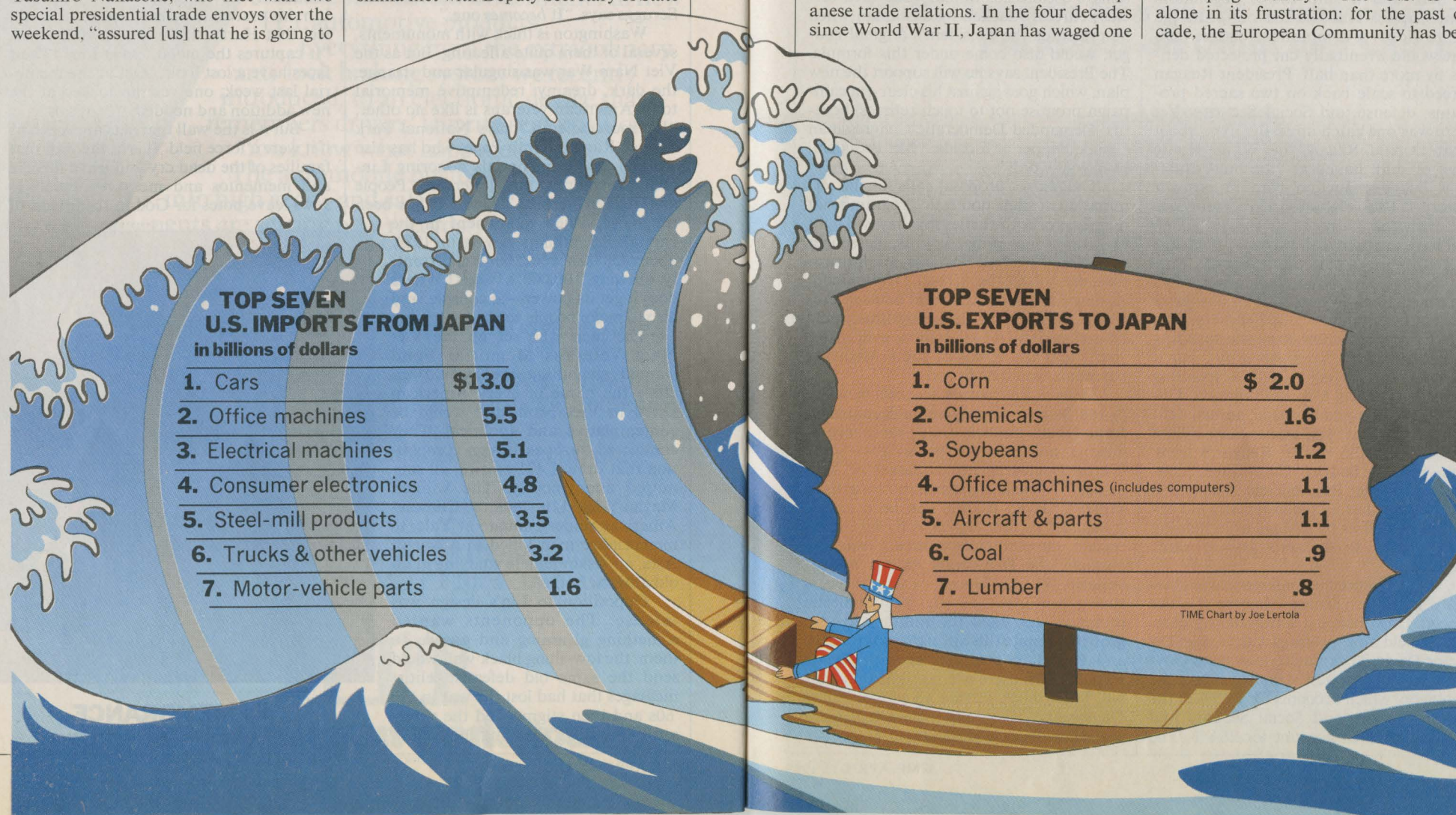
of the most successful campaigns in the history of commerce, making its consumer products household names throughout the developed world. But American and European salesmen of everything from meat to microchips have complained for years that Japanese markets have been closed to them, even when they offered products superior to those produced locally. That was an annoyance when Japan was struggling to recover economically in the early postwar years. Today, when Japan is on the verge of surpassing the Soviet Union as the world's second-largest economy, its protectionist tendencies seem inappropriate. "Japan is a mature, developed country," says an Administration trade official. "But it still acts like a developing country." The U.S. is not alone in its frustration: for the past decade, the European Community has been

battering at the Japanese government almost as hard as Washington has, with equally scarce results. Actually, the Japanese have dismantled many of the tariffs and quotas that once kept their markets off limits to foreign competition. But the removal has made little difference to foreign businessmen. Instead they find themselves up against an array of cultural and technical trade barriers, including a closed and cumbersome bureaucracy, an old-boy system of business contacts that is nearly impervious to outsiders, and a buy-Japan-first attitude in the marketplace. Says Robert G. Gressens, president of GTE International Inc., a manufacturer of telecommunications equipment: "We don't face any specific laws and regulations that we point to and say, 'Hey, we take issue with this.' It's more nearly an attitudinal thing, a cultural thing."

Gressens has reason to know. Telecommunications is one of four industrial sectors targeted last January by Reagan and Nakasone for intense trade review (the other three: electronics, forest products, and pharmaceuticals and medical equipment). Though the presidential envoys may have convinced Nakasone that further movement is necessary, so far U.S. negotiators have made only limited progress in penetrating the thicket of rules and regulations that have effectively denied U.S. manufacturers access to the Japanese telecommunications market. Tokyo reduced the number of technical standards that telephone equipment must meet from 53 to 30, for example, but these still include many features, like the quality of voice transmission, that the U.S. leaves to market taste.

Even if imported products meet Japanese standards, businessmen complain, the cost and effort required to substantiate that claim are virtually Sisyphean. A new pharmaceutical product, for example, must be tested on more than 150 Japanese patients at five or more medical facilities, even if it has been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration or another national drug-testing agency. The application data demanded for each new product run from 5,000 to 20,000 pages, and they are reviewed behind closed doors. Says Klaus Kran, president of Searle Yakuin K.K., the Osaka-based affiliate of the U.S. drug firm G.D. Searle: "There is no public hearing. There is no possibility for our specialists to go in and tell them anything."

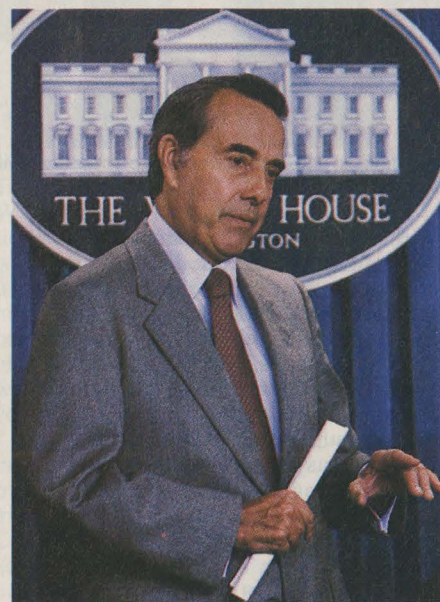
To be sure, cultural barriers are not the only explanation for the imbalance in U.S.-Japanese trade. An important reason is the overvaluation of the U.S. dollar against other major currencies, including the Japanese yen; made-in-America is a luxury buy in Japan these days. The demand for dollars in turn is fueled largely by attractive



Nation

Agreement Among Allies

The President and G.O.P. lawmakers trim the untrimmable



Dole: spearheading the new budget plan

The task was not easy. But with a slash here and a snip there, negotiators from Capitol Hill worked out with the White House a compromise budget plan that would eventually cut projected deficits by more than half. President Reagan agreed to scale back on two sacred programs: defense and Social Security. Yet there was one catch amid the hype about what Donald Regan, the White House chief of staff, hailed as "the most ambitious budget-reduction plan in postwar history." The celebrated agreement was not with the Democratic House, which will have to approve it. It was with leaders of Reagan's own party in the Senate.

Republicans began publicly squirming about Reagan's fiscal 1986 budget as soon as he proposed it in February. The plan ripped into every domestic spending program (except Social Security), but it provided the Pentagon with a spending increase of nearly 6% over inflation. Unless deep cuts could be made, annual deficits projected at well above \$200 billion loomed over the rest of Reagan's term. The Senate Budget Committee, controlled by the Republicans, responded with a plan that included less drastic domestic cuts offset by savings from holding the military to a "zero growth rate" for 1986.

A G.O.P. summit conference was obviously in order. Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole, heading a negotiating committee, held nine meetings with Budget Director David Stockman to tackle the Government's two biggest spending items: the current budget, and Social Security and Medicare, which account for 26.8%. The

agreement they announced last week would cut the projected deficit for fiscal 1986 by \$52 billion (to \$175 billion), and they envision even greater reductions that could bring the deficit below \$100 billion by Reagan's last year in office.

Under the compromise, the rise in defense spending would be held to 3%, meaning that funding for many big-ticket items, from the MX missile to Star Wars research, would be pared or stretched out. The Senate Armed Services Committee last week drafted a proposal for a 3% military increase in fiscal 1986—a cut of almost \$10 billion from Reagan's original budget that did not eliminate any major weapons programs. Instead, it deferred a scheduled military pay increase and scaled back by 60% a request for increased manpower.

The plan's surprise swipe at Social Security would hold cost of living adjustments (COLAs) to 2% next year, instead of a projected 4%, unless inflation is higher than expected. Diet Cola is the latest nickname for the complex new formula, which is already under fire from retirees' associations. Pensions for military and civil service retirees, attacked by Stockman when he presented the President's original budget, would also come under this formula. The President says he will support the new plan, which goes against his clear-cut campaign promise not to touch retirees' benefits. Demanded Democratic Congressman Claude Pepper of Florida: "Mr. President, keep your word!"

The budget proposal calls for the termination of some domestic programs that members of both parties say they will fight to retain, including Amtrak passenger subsidies, the Small Business Administration, the Job Corps, Urban Development Action Grants and the rural housing program. Spending on farm programs would be reduced by \$14.9 billion over three years, and the levels of some Medicare payments would be frozen.

Despite his party's six-seat majority in the Senate, Pennsylvania Republican John Heinz predicts that "the compromise is not going to be an easy sell." Warns Democrat James Sasser of Tennessee: "I would see almost no bipartisan support." Even if Dole can keep all his colleagues in line, which is by no means certain, the plan faces a more formidable obstacle: the Democrats have a 69-seat majority in the House, where there is strong sentiment to preserve domestic programs and hold the military to zero growth. Despite the willingness of Reagan and Regan to compromise with Senate Republicans, there are no signs that they will bend much further to satisfy House Democrats. —By Amy Wentz. Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington

U.S. interest rates, which are kept high by the huge federal borrowings needed to finance the budget deficit. Indeed, a major part of those borrowed funds is supplied by Japanese investors. Says Edward Yardeni, chief economist of the Wall Street investment banking firm of Prudential-Bache: "The Japanese are doing a tremendous amount of saving, and we are doing a tremendous amount of spending. You cannot fault a nation for its frugality."

Beyond that, the Japanese point out, the U.S. is not entirely free of protectionist reflexes. Besides negotiating the "voluntary" restraint on cars, the Reagan Administration has imposed a 25% import duty on Japanese small trucks. As for the allegedly aggressive takeover of U.S. consumer markets, Yardeni admits succinctly, "Part of the problem is that the Japanese make awfully good products." Also, U.S. businessmen bring a few cultural barriers of their own to the bargaining, starting with their reluctance to become fluent in the language of their prospective clients. Jokes an official of the Foreign Ministry in Tokyo: "If you say all barriers must be eliminated, the Japanese would have to stop speaking Japanese."

Tokyo officials were expected to issue a conciliatory market-opening package early this week, the sixth in a series of unilateral trade-liberalizing measures that began in 1981. The advance word in the Tokyo press was that it would include a few modest steps aimed at mollifying U.S. critics, including the lowering of tariffs on U.S. semiconductors and plywood.

The U.S. trade dialogue with Japan will resume this week, when Foreign Minister Shintaro Abe is to meet with Secretary of State George Shultz in Washington. Talks will also continue at the technical level. But the next top-level trade event will be the seven-nation economic summit in Bonn beginning May 2, when Reagan will confer with the leaders of the major industrial democracies, including Nakasone. The President plans to make trade the main item on the agenda, calling for a new round of negotiations under the auspices of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Several lawmakers voted in favor of last week's House and Senate measures with the hope that Reagan, even though he did not support them, will be able to confront Nakasone with the dire prospect of U.S. retaliation if Japan fails to become a fairer trading partner. "A shotgun behind the door" was the way House Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas described the Senate bill. Even if Reagan does not pull the trigger, he will surely have Nakasone's undivided attention.

—By William R. Doerner.

Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Yukinori Ishikawa/Tokyo, with other bureaus



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Group Health Insurance (Comprehensive medical coverage)	\$22,800
TOTAL	\$32,900

Note: The health insurance tax is illustrative for a person living in an area where employer contributions exceed the proposed exemption amounts. Chicago was used in the example above, since it approximates the median health care costs for the nation's largest cities.

tax for a typical person* could amount to \$5,800 over a lifetime. This would be especially burdensome in retirement years, since the annual tax would increase as you grow older.

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News Update

Networks Trying For Big Vietnam News Effort

ABC, CBS and NBC are planning to send hundreds of news people to Vietnam this spring to cover the 10th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam war. For competitive reasons, network executives are reluctant to discuss their plans, and they add that no agreements have been reached with the Vietnamese government.

But according to Tran Trong Khang, press secretary to the Permanent Mission of Vietnam to the United Nations, the networks have made some specific proposals. Khang says that ABC and NBC each want to set up satellite ground stations that would allow them to broadcast their nightly news shows live from Hanoi or Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon). Says Khang: "They propose that special aircraft with all the equipment be sent in."

Khang lists ABC's request as an example of what the networks want to do. "ABC is proposing to send *World News To-*

night with Peter Jennings, *Good Morning America* with Steve Bell, *Nightline* with Ted Koppel, *This Week* with David Brinkley, *20/20* and *World News This Morning*." He characterizes NBC's requests as even more ambitious: "They propose to do many live programs, a series on the same scale as the network did in the Soviet Union last year."

According to a CBS News executive, that network has no plans for a ground station at this time. But—until Vietnamese troops started heavy fighting on the Cambodian-Thai border recently—CBS had planned to send Walter Cronkite and former Saigon bureau chief Brian Ellis to Vietnam later this month to start work on CBS coverage. The trip has been postponed.

One of the difficulties facing the networks, who could spend "in the millions" for the coverage, according to one source, is the fact that Hanoi has not yet agreed to anything. Another problem, as one CBS executive puts it, is that "we're dealing with a government that has no

embassy in the U.S. Communications are not good."

Robert Siegenthaler, an ABC executive, says his network's requests are currently "trickling through the bureaucracy" in Hanoi. "We're assembling data and we've made various overtures to send reporting teams, but there haven't been any face-to-face meetings. ABC's Shultz hasn't sat down yet with their Gromyko."

Khang, however, is optimistic: "I'm sure that there will be some final decisions on the first batch of requests by early February."

—John Weisman

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Nation

Taking a Different Tack

Reagan ties peace talks to "humanitarian" aid for the contras

The Administration's plan was cloaked in secrecy, then unwrapped with theatrical effect. On Wednesday, House Republican Leader Robert Michel informed Ronald Reagan that resumption of U.S. military funding for the *contras* fighting Nicaragua's government was "dead in the water" unless there was a "change in the formulation of policy." The President offered no hint of any new flexibility. But the next morning he dispatched National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane to brief some 20 congressional leaders of both parties in the House Intelligence Committee's bug-proof room high in the Capitol. That afternoon Reagan held a press conference to announce his "proposal for peace in Central America."

The President's plan called for a cease-fire followed by talks between the opposition and the Sandinista government under the auspices of Nicaragua's Roman Catholic bishops. The aim of the negotiations would be to restore democracy, end any efforts by the Sandinistas to export their revolution, remove Soviet-bloc and other foreign military personnel from the country, and reduce Nicaragua's military forces to a level equal to those of the country's neighbors. The President's key point: while the talks are going on, Congress must release the \$14 million earmarked for the *contras* but tied up by the legislators. The Administration would use the money only for "food, clothing and medicine and other support for survival." If there was no progress in the Nicaraguan talks after 60 days, the Administration would be free to spend the money for military support of the *contras*.

The Administration's plan is similar to one proposed five weeks earlier in San José, Costa Rica, by a broad coalition of Nicara-



Reagan with Betancur after their meeting
Cautious praise but no commitment.

guan opposition figures. This proposal also urged talks mediated by the church. It would have permitted President Daniel Ortega Saavedra to remain in office until new elections were held. The Sandinistas rejected the San José proposal. "We will not talk to the dogs, but to the dogs' owners," said one official, maintaining that the *contras* were controlled by the U.S.

After visiting Reagan at the White House, Colombian President Belisario Betancur, a key figure in the Contadora group (Colombia, Venezuela, Panama and Mexico), which has been pressing for a regional settlement, called Reagan's attitude toward the Nicaragua situation "positive" and "constructive," but carefully avoided any comment on the proposal.

To the Sandinistas, the downside to starting peace talks under the Reagan plan was the resumption of U.S. aid to the *contras*. If the rebels decided after 60 days that such talks were not going satisfactorily, they could unilaterally begin fighting again without losing the \$14 million. In Managua's view, the U.S. "humanitarian" support would let the *contras* spend more of their own funds on weapons. At week's end, the government formally rejected the plan in a note to Washington. Contended Foreign Minister Miguel d'Escoto Brockmann: "What President Reagan has said is, 'You drop dead, or I will kill you.'"

A top White House adviser conceded that the President's plan was "a new wrapper" for the old aid package, and it was by no means clear whether Congress would accept it. Calling the proposal a "dirty trick," House Speaker Tip O'Neill charged that Reagan was "hoodwinking the American public" with talk of humanitarian aid because the Administration "didn't have the votes" to pass the military funds. But Republican Richard Lugar, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, called the initiative "a new comprehensive policy" that could provide "a breakthrough" in the congressional debate over *contra* aid.

The Senate has scheduled its vote for April 23, one week after the Easter recess. The House may decide later in the week. The President plans to apply pressure before the crucial roll calls are taken. He is putting the issue in the starkest possible terms. "If we provide too little help, our choice will be a Communist Central America with Communist subversion spreading southward and northward," he insisted last week. "We face the risk that 100 million people from Panama to our open southern border could come under the control of pro-Soviet regimes and threaten the U.S. with violence, economic chaos and a human tidal wave of refugees." —By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Alessandra Stanley/Washington

A Tainted Report?

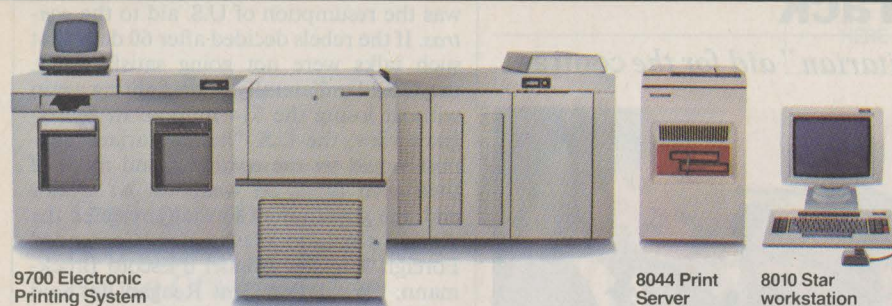
When an "independent investigation" of alleged atrocities against Nicaraguan civilians by *contra* forces was released last month, much of the press, including TIME, treated the report as the work of a neutral observer, even though the document owned up to a number of circumstances that might have raised some questions about its objectivity. For one thing, the investigation was conceived by a Washington law firm (Reichler & Appelbaum) that represents the Sandinista government. For another, the two fact finders, New York Lawyer Reed Brody and Washington Law Student James Bordelon, lived in a government residence while in Managua and were given office space by the Sandinistas. The report, written by Brody, also noted that the Sandinistas had indicated where some witnesses could be found and sometimes provided transportation to reach them.

A former Nicaraguan bureaucrat, Bayardo Payan, 28, said last week that he had been a government accountant during Brody's four-month fact-finding tour and personally arranged payment of roughly \$2,000 to cover Brody's food, transportation and lodging expenses. Payan also charged that witnesses interviewed by Brody were "manipulated peasants" whose testimony was sometimes edited to remove any pro-*contra* sentiments. According to Payan, Brody often displayed a photograph of himself hugging President Daniel Ortega Saavedra and called Ronald Reagan a "fascist."

Brody conceded that he does not like Reagan but said, "I don't think I called him a fascist." He admitted that he opposes U.S. policy in Nicaragua, saying, "It's wrong, short-sighted, and being in Nicaragua convinced me of that."

Payan stressed that he was not suggesting that the *contras* had committed no atrocities. His statements too seemed part of the continuing propaganda war: he was presented at a Washington breakfast arranged by a public relations company that has done work for the State Department.

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A Tentative RSVP from Moscow

The White House hints there is hope for a summit

It was 1943 and the Allied powers were struggling to gain ground in World War II when Franklin Roosevelt journeyed to Tehran for a meeting with Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin. Since then, every U.S. President has held a summit with his Soviet counterpart. Some have been successful: at the 1972 Nixon-Brezhnev conference, the two leaders signed the first Strategic Arms Limitation treaty, initiating a brief era of détente. Others have been less so: Nikita Khrushchev decided that John Kennedy would be a pushover after meeting him in Vienna in 1961 and a year later began installing nuclear missiles in Cuba; just six months after Jimmy Carter

gan and his men avoided talking about specific plans. When a reporter asked him, "Whose court is the ball in?" the President promptly replied, "Theirs."

Politicians and pundits debated the value of a summit conference at a time when East-West relations are mostly chilly. "It would serve to clear the air and to have a return to normalcy," said Dimitri Simes of Washington's Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Malcolm Toon, who served as U.S. Ambassador to Moscow in the Carter Administration, disagreed vigorously. "I happen to feel summits aren't a very useful way of doing serious diplomatic or political busi-

ness," he said. "It makes no sense for a U.S. President and a Soviet General Secretary to meet just in order to 'get a fix on each other.'"

Secretary of State George Shultz told a Senate subcommittee last week that a "pure-and-simple get-acquainted session is not the way to go." But the Secretary declined to name specific issues that might be on the agenda for a Reagan-Gorbachev conference. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, a former National Security Council member, speculated that a summit might result in "a broad declaration of principles" that could advance the current arms negotiations in Geneva. In 1972, Nixon and Brezhnev signed such an agreement calling for the peaceful coexistence of the superpowers. Experts doubt that the initial summit would deal with such volatile areas as the Middle East, South Africa or Central America.

The recent shooting of U.S. Army Major Arthur Nicholson by a Soviet sentry in East Germany forced Reagan to juggle awkwardly his harsh words and inviting posture. He condemned the incident as "a cold-blooded murder" and said that the Soviet society "has no regard for human life." But he was quick to add, "I want a meeting even more so, to sit down and look someone in the eye and talk to him about what we could do to make sure nothing of this kind happens again."

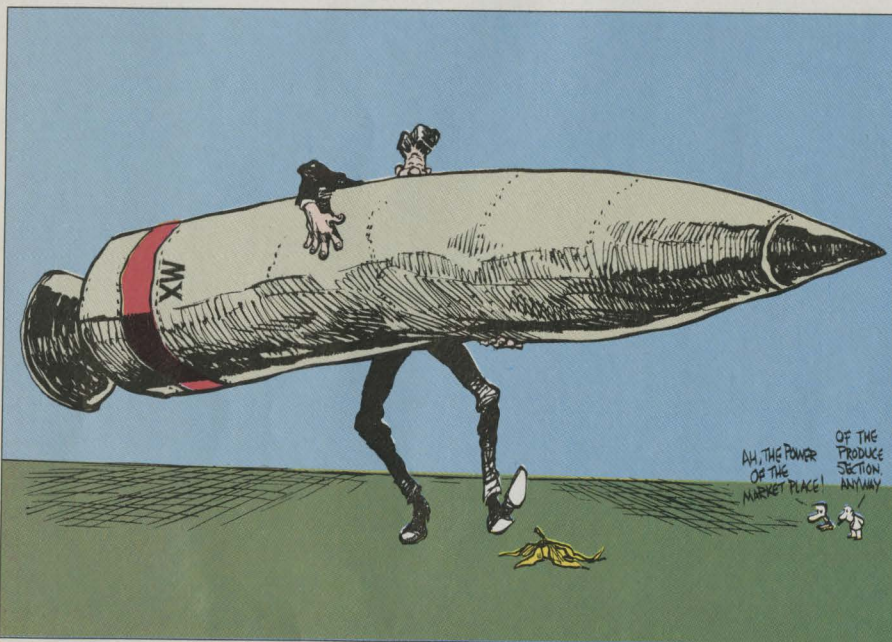
Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger also addressed the Nicholson shooting last week, saying that the Soviets believe that "you shoot first and ask questions later." His attack came at a press conference called to publicize this year's edition of *Soviet Military Power*, an assessment published annually by the Pentagon. The 143-page volume abounds with alarmist rhetoric. "Soviet doctrine envisions a future world war of wide scope waged over vast territories," it warns. Although its large print and splashy illustrations make the report resemble a junior high school textbook, it nonetheless provides a good deal of thorough information on the latest weapons developed by the U.S.S.R.

One controversial part of this year's edition is aimed at substantiating Weinberger's contention that the Soviets are at work on their own Star Wars technology, including space-based laser weapons, designed to destroy American satellites, that could be deployed in the early 1990s. Said Weinberger: "All this emphasizes the very extensive work and resources that the Soviets are devoting to the very defensive systems that they oppose."

Despite the Nicholson shooting and the fears of the continued Soviet buildup, Reagan seemed surprisingly keen to arrange a summit. Why would a President who once called the U.S.S.R. an "evil empire" be so determined to meet with its leader? Administration officials do not like to admit that Reagan has relaxed his hard-line position. "In my view, there is no change in Reagan's attitude at all," said one foreign policy adviser. "We've been interested in meeting with the Soviets for a long time."

But clearly there has been a change. Observers believe that a successful summit might help Republicans in the 1986 midterm elections and bolster support for some of Reagan's favorite programs, particularly the MX missile and Star Wars. It might also help him leave his mark on history as a peacemaker. Since his meetings with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko last fall and with the Politburo's Vladimir Shcherbitsky last month, Reagan has gained confidence in his ability to deal face to face with Soviet adversaries. There are, of course, some serious potential perils: a conference could raise expectations so high that they almost surely would be dashed. In addition, the Soviets might use the prospect of a summit as part of a propaganda "peace offensive" that could weaken public resolve in the U.S. or its allies for further military deployments. Still, the Great Communicator apparently feels that after four years of tough rhetoric, it is now time for table talk.

—By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.
Reported by Alessandra Stanley and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



"See? I told you this would work—Already, Gorbachev wants a summit!"

and Leonid Brezhnev embraced in Vienna in 1979, Soviet tanks rolled into Afghanistan. Summitry is obviously a risky venture, but after four standoffish years, President Reagan is now eager to follow the practice of his eight predecessors.

In an interview with the Washington Post last week, Reagan said he had received a response to the invitation that Vice President George Bush hand-delivered to Mikhail Gorbachev at the funeral of his predecessor, Konstantin Chernenko. Administration officials said the President had received a "positive" reply, but admitted it was vague and noncommittal. "There are no negotiations for a summit," said White House Spokesman Larry Speakes, and added, "There has been no discussion about arrangements for a summit, no meeting set, no time set, nothing along those lines."

Other Reagan aides said that a conference could take place next October in either Washington or New York if Gorbachev attends the 40th-anniversary celebration of the United Nations. But Rea-

American Notes

DEFENSE

Cutting Down on Overhead

With the speed of a Tomahawk missile, the charges of improper billings against General Dynamics, the nation's largest defense contractor, continue to mount. Last week the Pentagon announced that a team of 20 auditors had determined that the company had overcharged the Government by \$244 million during the past twelve years for "overhead" and administrative costs. The Pentagon has already withheld \$120 million in payments and intends to demand the additional \$124 million "to adequately protect the Government's interest." The new figures represent another disclosure in a spreading investigation that has turned up such charges to the Government as country-club dues and babysitting fees.

General Dynamics responded that it had "no idea of the origin of the figures quoted." The Pentagon is undecided as to how it will recoup the money. Said a Pentagon spokesman: "We could continue to withhold overhead payments until the account is filled, or we could ask for a lump payment." The Northrup Corp., a competitor, last week suggested one form of punishment for General Dynamics: to share some of the Government contracts with it. Northrup offered to sell the Pentagon about 400 of its newly developed F-20s, sleek fighter jets it is having trouble marketing, for substantially less than General Dynamics' comparable F-16s—and to guarantee the price of spare parts for 20 years.

JUDICIARY

Mail-Order Interrogation



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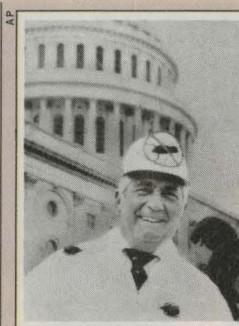
The questions dealt with prayer in public schools, the Equal Rights Amendment, the death penalty and school desegregation. Among the seven relating to abortion was one asking whether "a 'viable' fetus is a human being." The eight-page letter was sent by three conservative Republicans on the Senate Judiciary Committee—Jeremiah Denton of Alabama, Orrin Hatch of Utah and John East of North Carolina—to Joseph Rodriguez, a Democrat nominated by Reagan for a New Jersey federal judgeship.

Hatch described the letter as nothing out of the ordinary, but the outcry from others was sharp. Said Senator Howard Metzenbaum, an Ohio Democrat: "With some U.S. Senators, being a conservative is not enough. You must come up to their standard of being an extreme right-wing ideologue." Added Senator Joseph Biden Jr., a Delaware Democrat: "The notion of an ideological litmus test is repugnant." Even Judiciary Committee Chairman Strom Thurmond, a conservative Republican, found the letter unacceptable. He announced that henceforth all members must confine their questioning of nominees to confirmation hearings.

WILDLIFE

Debugging the Capitol

As sneaky as a PAC, as enduring as Claude Pepper, as annoying as an overzealous lobbyist, the unelected American cockroach is surely the most resilient resident of Capitol Hill. From the Rotunda to the farthest hearing room, congressional buildings are overrun with the scurrying pests, which seem harder to stamp out than waste, fraud and abuse. Efforts to exterminate them have failed miserably, so Congressman Silvio Conte has declared a war against what he says is a "1 trillion-strong" invasion of the hallowed halls. The irrepressible Massachusetts Re-



Roachbuster Conte

Midwestern cockroach, the pesky little New England cockroach as well as the rodeo cockroach, usually found only west of the Mississippi."

HOSTAGES

Back from Troubled Waters

William Mathers, an American yachtsman and businessman who lived in Singapore, was sailing from that city to Hong Kong last July when his 80-ft. schooner was seized by armed Vietnamese. Mathers, 41, and his companions—two Frenchwomen, the two sons of one of them, and an Australian engineering student—were taken into custody for allegedly crossing into Viet Nam's territorial waters. While his friends were allowed to go free last fall, Mathers was charged with spying and held for almost nine months in solitary confinement.

Mathers estimates that he was interrogated more than 50 times during his captivity. The Vietnamese accused him of mapping their coast and of gathering intelligence for hostile powers. Two weeks ago he was given a choice of becoming a spy for Viet Nam or being sentenced to up to five years in prison. Mathers refused the spying assignment. "I assumed I was on my way to prison." But the next day the Vietnamese told him he would be set free, and last week he was finally released.

AIR TRAVEL

Auckward Landing

"They talk different," was his simple though slightly daft explanation. Before Michael Lewis' Air New Zealand flight from London landed in Los Angeles, the flight attendant told passengers traveling on to Auckland to wait in the lounge until an announcement of the flight. Lewis, hearing "Oakland," complied. When a New Zealand official announced what Lewis thought was the airline's connecting flight to Oakland, he boarded and then settled into his seat for the one-hour flight. Less than ten minutes after takeoff, an elderly woman sitting near him commented that they had 13 more hours of flying time. It began to dawn on Lewis that he might have taken a slight detour. Some 13,000 miles later, after spending twelve hours in New Zealand's largest city, he arrived back in Los Angeles. Lewis, an ingenious though perhaps a bit flighty student at Sacramento City College, is having his moment in the media sun. He has appeared on the *Tonight* show ("Auckland is a really nice city," he told Johnny, describing his bus tour), and two major networks are said to be vying for the rights to his accidental odyssey.



Globetrotter Lewis



A shift in the balance of political power: President Duarte, center, claps hands with fellow Christian Democrats at a campaign rally

EL SALVADOR

New Strength and Hope

Duarte gains an unexpected election victory over the right

Salvadoran President José Napoleón Duarte, 59, was jubilant. His center-left Christian Democratic Party had surprised even itself last week by its triumph in nationwide legislative and municipal elections. Some 1 million voters, about 59% of those eligible, ignored threats and a few minor attacks by leftist guerrillas to take part in the Palm Sunday voting. When it was over, there had been a clear shift in the country's balance of political power: the Christian Democrats appeared certain of a definite majority of seats in the 60-member National Assembly. The sweeping show of support gave a badly needed boost to Duarte's reformist government; it also brought fresh hope to his bold but so far frustrated effort to find a negotiated solution to El Salvador's more than five-year-old civil war.

The full extent of the Christian Democratic victory will not be known until the official vote counting is completed this week. Based on unofficial exit polls, however, Duarte's party appeared to have won 54% of the votes cast—enough for 32 or 33 Assembly seats, up from 24 in the



ARENA Leader Roberto D'Aubuisson
Attacking "the green stain."

previous Assembly. An estimated 37% of the ballots went to a coalition formed by the extreme right-wing Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA), led by Duarte's nemesis, former Army Major Roberto d'Aubuisson, and the center-right National Conciliation Party. The rightist grouping is expected to take 22 to 25 seats; it previously held 33. The remaining seats will probably go to centrist and center-right splinter parties. In simultaneous local balloting, according to preliminary estimates, Duarte's party was winning in about 200 of 262 municipalities.

Washington greeted Duarte's assumed victory with quiet satisfaction. At a White House press conference, President Reagan declared that "President Duarte is pulling his country together and enjoys wide support from the people." On Capitol Hill, the House Foreign Affairs Committee saluted the results by relaxing strings attached to \$377.9 million in military and economic aid, \$54.5 million less than what the Reagan Administration requested for El Salvador this year. Democrat Michael Barnes of Maryland, a leader in the demand for

tough human rights restrictions on aid to El Salvador, termed the election results "a very positive development."

The vote provoked an equally dramatic and unexpected measure of support for Duarte from the 46,000-member Salvadoran armed forces. As ballot boxes began to arrive at election headquarters in the capital of San Salvador, right-wingers led by D'Aubuisson charged that the military had conspired with the Christian Democrats to perpetrate an electoral fraud. The protest stalled official vote counting pending a ruling by the Central Election Council, a three-man body dominated by conservatives. Fears arose that the election might be invalidated.

Before the council could announce its ruling, however, the military closed ranks against the accusations. At an extraordinary press conference, the Defense Minister, General Eugenio Vides Casanova, denied the charges and underlined "the

while the F.M.L.N./F.D.R. demands a place for its fighters within the Salvadoran military and a share of political power before elections.

On the legislative front, conservatives had nibbled away at Duarte's power and authority. Lacking a legislative majority, the Christian Democrats were unable to prevent the opposition from blocking the reform of El Salvador's moribund justice system or from slashing the executive branch's operating budget. The strongwilled President did not help things by refusing to seek deals with the opposition when it might have advanced his political aims. Said a veteran opposition figure: "He doesn't look for cooperation."

The opposition parties made a mistake, however, when they tried to turn the bitter, two-month election campaign into a referendum on Duarte. They dined home the idea that a vote for Duarte's party was a vote for the F.M.L.N. rebels,

ties with the army, they now appear to have reverted to more classic guerrilla methods. When faced with superior firepower, they retreat; when the army moves on, they regroup in their old haunts. Last week, however, the army claimed a major victory over the elusive rebels. A military spokesman contended that one of the country's most important guerrilla commanders, Joaquín Villalobos, of the group known as the People's Revolutionary Army, had been shot and perhaps killed in eastern El Salvador. Rebel spokesmen issued denials.

Only infrequently in recent months have the rebels attempted large operations. One sizable attack came three weeks ago, on the slopes of the San Salvador volcano that looms over the capital. Anywhere from 100 to 400 rebels attacked a communications outpost on the mountain, inflicting seven casualties before retreating.



Better equipped: evacuating casualties from San Salvador volcano



Old tactics: guerrillas in formation in Usulután department

firm aim of the armed forces to comply with their constitutional commitment." With Vides Casanova as he spoke were 15 other top-ranking officers, the cream of the country's military and security hierarchy. Said Vides Casanova: "If somebody is trying to destabilize the elections, I'm sure they're not going to succeed." Five hours later the fraud protest was rejected.

Before the Palm Sunday vote, political observers had given the Christian Democrats little chance for a strong showing, certainly not for a majority in the Assembly. That judgment was based on a feeling that Duarte's government somehow had run out of steam. Popular expectations were at a fever pitch last October, when the President held a historic first meeting with leaders of the left-wing Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) and its political arm, the Democratic Revolutionary Front (F.D.R.), to discuss ways of ending the war. A second meeting in November led nowhere. The chief reason: Duarte's government insists that the rebels lay down their arms as a first step toward rejoining the democratic process,

and ARENA's D'Aubuisson habitually called the Christian Democrats "the green stain," referring to the party's traditional election color. But ARENA suffered a noticeable setback in February when one of D'Aubuisson's associates was arrested in Texas with eight suitcases containing \$6 million in cash: the Christian Democrats seized on the event with full-page ads in local newspapers.

A bigger factor in Duarte's favor may be the state of the war. Bolstered by 40 UH-1H helicopters and two AC-47 aerial gunships provided by the U.S., the Salvadoran army is both better equipped and somewhat more aggressive than before. According to military spokesmen, 40 to 60 rebels surrender each month and even more guerrillas are simply laying down their arms and going home. Yet, other rebels are still joining up; estimates of the number of remaining insurgents vary from 5,000 to 12,000.

The F.M.L.N. also seems to have adopted new tactics, or, rather, old ones. After a period in which the insurgents fought increasing numbers of pitched bat-

With such rare exceptions, the current low intensity of the conflict may have reinforced the longing among Salvadorans for more permanent tranquillity. That yearning may have been the most significant element in the Christian Democrats' victory. As Francisco Chicas, a factory worker in the San Salvador slum of Mejicanos, put it, "There has been too much suffering in this country. Duarte at least has started to talk to the guerrillas. We need to support him so that he will feel confident."

Duarte has confidence aplenty: the question is whether he can dampen El Salvador's passions or, instead, will further inflame them. One concern: too much flaunting by the President of his new strength might lead to an upsurge in death-squad activity by right-wing extremists. Last week the President took pains to show that his aim will be to encourage moderation. Said he: "We're going to build a government of tolerance, not a sectarian government." Most of his countrymen seem to agree with that aim.

—By George Russell. Reported by Ricardo Chavira and J.T. Johnson/San Salvador

World



Riot police confronting demonstrators in Khartoum before the coup

SUDAN

Toppling an Unpopular Regime

After two weeks of turmoil, the military ousts an absent President

President Gaafar Nimeiri was approaching Cairo International Airport, stopping over to meet with Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak after a ten-day visit to the U.S., when he heard the news: the Sudanese armed forces, led by his closest associate, Commander in Chief General Abdul Rahman Suwar Al Dahab, had overthrown him. The coup climaxed a period of turmoil that had gripped Nimeiri's country for more than two weeks and escalated during his absence. A stocky, gray-haired soldier, Suwar Al Dahab, 51, announced that the army wanted to bring under control "the worsening situation in the country." The military, he said, would "transfer power to the people after a limited transitional period." The new regime not only dismissed Nimeiri, 55, but suspended the constitution, imposed martial law and dissolved the Sudanese Socialist Union, the country's only legal political party.

According to reports from Khartoum, the bloodless coup was greeted by tens of thousands of Sudanese celebrating in the streets. Two days earlier, the capital had resounded with the largest and most vocal antigovernment demonstrations since Nimeiri came to power in his own military coup almost 16 years ago. At least 20,000 demonstrators, among them doctors, lawyers, bank clerks, university staffers and engineers, marched through the dusty streets of Khartoum chanting in English, "Down, down with the U.S.A.," and in Arabic, "Down with one-man rule." Police used tear gas to

drive the crowds away from the presidential palace, where they were attempting to present a petition demanding Nimeiri's resignation. With the demonstration came a general strike that paralyzed the capital. Telephone and telex links were severed, and Khartoum airport was closed, virtually cutting the city off from the outside world.

In Santa Barbara, Calif., where President Reagan was spending the Easter holiday, White House Spokesman Larry Speakes predicted that the coup would not have a major effect on Washington's close relations with Khartoum. Said a State Department official: "The demonstrations provided the release for a kind of pent-up antagonism that took on a mo-

mentum of its own." Within hours, Libya, a foe of the Nimeiri regime, became the first country to recognize Sudan's new military leaders. Despite this recognition, Western diplomats in Cairo said they were hopeful that the leaders of the 60,000-man Sudanese army would not radically shift away from Nimeiri's pro-Western outlook.

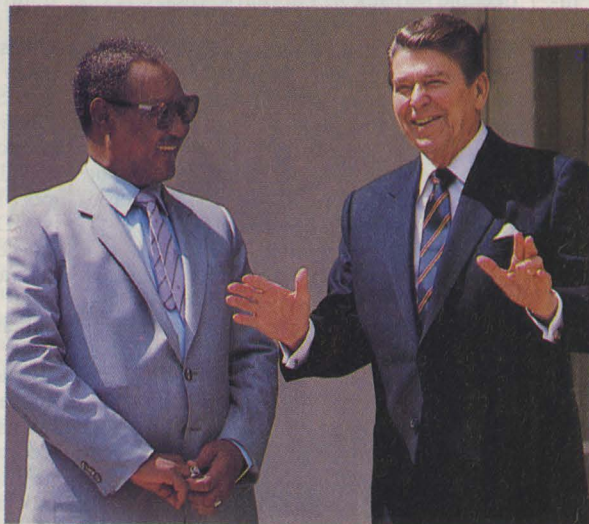
The deposed leader's decision to go ahead with his trip to the U.S. in spite of the deteriorating situation at home was typical of the confidence and bravado that had kept him in power for so long. The protests leading up to the coup began two weeks ago: demonstrations by students were followed by a three-day rampage of unemployed youths in Khartoum, who looted stores and burned cars and gasoline stations. Though Nimeiri insisted that the disturbances were the work of Communists and Muslim fundamentalists, they appeared to have been sparked by an economic austerity program, prescribed in part by Washington and the International Monetary Fund. The plan forced the authorities to raise prices on basic commodities like bread and gasoline. In addition, the country's ailing economy has been sagging under the pressure of an influx of more than a million refugees from Ethiopia and other neighboring countries that, like Sudan, are suffering from an extended drought.

Adding to Nimeiri's troubles was a protracted and expensive guerrilla war against the Marxist 10,000-man Sudanese People's Liberation Army, which has been active in the south. That region's people, largely Christians and animists, resented Nimeiri's attempts to impose strict Islamic law.

In response to the increasing unrest, Nimeiri tried in recent months to moderate some of his policies. He cut back sharply on his 19-month-old drive to Islamize the country's legal system, a policy that had resulted in book burnings and the arrest of citizens for vague offenses like "intended adultery." Harsh Islamic punishments for criminal offenses, including the cutting off of thieves' hands, were suspended. Nimeiri also offered to hold peace talks with the southern rebels' American-educated leader, John Garang. To date, Garang has refused to negotiate with the government despite military setbacks, perhaps out of a belief that time is on his side. Following the coup, however, there were reports that Garang's rebels had called for a cease-fire.

Nimeiri had wound up his visit to Washington after persuading President Reagan to release the \$67 million in U.S. aid that had been suspended to increase pressure for the controversial austerity reforms. But the aid package came too late, even for the wily and skillful Nimeiri.

—By Hunter R. Clark.
Reported by Philip Finnegan/Khartoum



Nimeiri with Ronald Reagan last week in Washington
"Antagonism that took on a momentum of its own."

MIDDLE EAST

Taking "Hostages" to Israel

Legality is questioned as Lebanese prisoners are moved south

A mass homecoming took place in southern Lebanon last week after the Israeli army released 752 prisoners, mostly Lebanese Shi'ite Muslims, from the Ansar detention camp twelve miles north of the Israeli border. As the men emerged from buses, some carrying the insignia of the International Red Cross, they were received with wild jubilation and festooned with flowers. Some had rifles immediately thrust into their hands. But the men were less than half the number who had been held at the camp. A day earlier, 1,200 other blindfolded and bound Ansar prisoners had been loaded onto buses with covered windows and taken south to another detention center in Israel. The transfer at once set off international protests over what many regarded as an illegal action.

The Ansar camp was built by the Israeli army in 1982 on a bleak, boulder-strewn plateau in southern Lebanon to hold Palestinians taken prisoner during the Israeli invasion of Lebanon. The detention center was emptied in 1983 after Israeli, Syrian and Palestinian groups arranged a prisoner exchange, but it filled up again over the past 16 months as the Shi'ites of southern Lebanon waged their own war against the occupying forces. Israeli authorities explained that although the freed prisoners were members of various terrorist organizations fighting the Israeli army, none was known to have actively participated in attacks on Israeli troops. Those removed from Lebanon to Israel last week, on the other hand, "took an active part in terrorist activities against Israel."

The movement of prisoners across the border into Israel sparked heated protests over possible violations of the fourth Geneva Convention. Under the agreement, which Israel ratified in 1951, individuals can be detained only within an occupied area and cannot be taken to the territory of the occupying power, regardless of the reasons. Said the U.S. State Department: "We have consistently taken the position that the fourth Geneva Convention applies to areas of Lebanon under Israeli occupation. It appears that Israel's actions are inconsistent with certain provisions of the Geneva Convention." The International Red Cross and other organizations joined in the protests.

Israel argued that the fourth Geneva Convention did not apply to its actions in Lebanon because Israel had never declared the southern part of Lebanon to be occupied territory. The Israeli government also claimed that under the convention it had a right to move the prisoners as a security measure—in this case, to prevent the guerrillas from mounting more attacks on the withdrawing Israeli army.

The detention of the prisoners in Israel may well be related to secret negotia-

tions to obtain the release of three Israeli prisoners being held by Palestinians in Syria. Western diplomats in Beirut put the matter bluntly. Said one: "In plain language, they are hostages. They won't be released for as long as the resistance keeps up its attacks."

As the Israelis struggled to disengage from southern Lebanon, they were also facing new unrest on the West Bank, where turmoil reached its worst levels in three years. In Ramallah, an Israeli settler was shot to death while shopping in the open-air market. The shooting prompted the Israeli army to impose a curfew on the town and on nearby El Bireh. To protest the death, the Jewish settlers' council decided to establish an illegal settlement on an isolated hilltop northwest of Ramallah. Their bulldozers and tractors were leveling the site when



A freed captive brandishes his AK-47



On their way home: men in prison-issue sweatsuits wave from a Red Cross bus
Greeted with flowers and jubilation and vowing to carry on the fight.

Israeli soldiers arrived. Acting on orders from Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin, the soldiers ordered the settlers to leave. Said Otniel Schneller, the West Bank Settlement Council director: "We decided to move out because we didn't want to clash with the army. But we will return."

In other West Bank towns, Israeli soldiers were pelted with stones by angry Arabs. The most serious incident occurred in Bethlehem, where Palestinian students attending a protest over Israeli land policies against Arabs in Israel hurled stones at an Israeli patrol. Shots were fired, and four students were wounded.

The Israeli government's West Bank policies were critically examined last week in a report by the Jerusalem-based West Bank Data Base Project, an independent research organization funded by grants from the American Enterprise Institute and the Ford and Rockefeller foundations. The study claimed that Israel has taken effective control of more than half of the land in the West Bank during its 18-year occupation. Development on some Arab land in the area was said to be restricted because of Israeli building and land-use regulations. According to the report, "The Israelis, by imposing direct control over half of the West Bank, have actually created two spatially segregated regions, ethnically divided, separate and unequal."

The study, which was prepared by Meron Benvenisti, a city planner and former deputy mayor of Jerusalem, was described by some Palestinian Arabs as the most thorough examination of Israel's land policies in the West Bank. But the official government reaction to the report, which was based largely on public documents, was that it contained nothing really new. Still, there are signs that the Israelis now favor more restraint in the West Bank. In a poll last week, 52% of Israelis questioned said that they opposed the establishment of more settlements there.

—By Janice Castro.
Reported by Roland Flamini and Robert Slater/Jerusalem

Rising Defiance

A march on police headquarters

Bearing staffs and walking with purpose, 25 South African churchmen of all races, led by Bishop Desmond Tutu, winner of the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize, marched on Johannesburg's police headquarters last week. There they lodged a protest against the government's six-month-long detention of a black priest. A week earlier 239 demonstrators in a similar march in Cape Town had been arrested; this time policemen simply took names and photographs while the clergymen sang hymns.

Nonetheless, nonviolence remained the exception in South Africa rather than the rule. Two days before the clerics' protest, black women outside Johannesburg's



Civil disobedience: Bishop Desmond Tutu, center, leads the protest march through Johannesburg. Government on the defensive, and nonviolence the exception rather than the rule.

regional court building chanted their approval as young blacks thrust clenched fists into the air amid shouts of "Power!" When a white security man trained a video camera on the demonstrators, some of them stared back at him and silently drew their fingers across their throats. Eventually, with riot policemen watching from the turrets of two armed personnel carriers, 14 black prisoners were led out of the building and driven away to the Fort, Johannesburg's historic prison.

That scene presented an eloquent tableau of South Africa today: the white minority government on the defensive as black defiance quickens around it. The incident also dramatized the efforts of the authorities to crack down on protesters they describe as radicals: the 14 men bundled away were being held on unspecified charges of high treason. In all, about 50 blacks are facing similar accusations. Yet the government's attempt to beat down continuing black unrest has seemed only to fan it further: as a result of clashes in the

past two weeks, nearly all of them in the volatile Eastern Cape region, more than 40 blacks have been killed.

A key point of contention last week remained the police shooting of 19 blacks on March 21 near the white town of Uitenhage. Testifying before Judge Douglas Kannemeyer, the government-appointed investigator of the killings, Lieut. John Fouche, 43, the officer in charge of the police detachment at Uitenhage, acknowledged indirectly that the official explanation of the incident was wrong on at least three counts. Minister of Law and Order Louis LeGrange had contended that some of the 4,000 black marchers provoked the police gunfire. Fouche, however, admitted that the demonstrators had not, as claimed, thrown gasoline bombs at the police, had not surrounded the 19-man unit, and had not been led by a man wielding a brick. Soon afterward, Colonel Adolf Charlton Van Rooyen, chief of the South

African riot police, testified that two days before the killings the police had been instructed to "eliminate" marchers throwing gasoline bombs.

Even as the damning evidence mounted, violence continued to spiral. In the Eastern Cape township of KwaZakele, policemen armed with birdshot, rubber bullets and tear gas opened fire on a crowd of blacks returning from a funeral; ten people were injured, one of whom later died. Not far away, township blacks were turning on neighbors they regarded as sympathetic to the authorities. In Motherwell, a young woman burned to death after the home of her employer, a black town councilor, was set ablaze by gasoline bombs. In Veeplaas, near Uitenhage, nine shacks went up in flames, and a one-year-old child died in the conflagration. The country, said the Rev. Christiaan Beyers Naudé, the white general secretary of the South African Council of Churches, was "entering a state of civil war."

—By Pico Iyer.
Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Johannesburg

Medical Saga

Neves fights for his life

WE ARE 134 MILLION PRAYING FOR YOU, TANCREDO, read a banner outside São Paulo's Heart Institute. Television broadcasts mixed Easter week religious messages with prayers for President-elect Tancredo Neves, 75. In Neves' home state of Minas Gerais, an archbishop led special prayers at a Mass attended by 10,000 people. Outside the institute, hundreds of Brazilians, some weeping, waited for the latest medical bulletin.

For more than three weeks, Brazil has been in a state of suspended animation, while the life of its President-elect has hung in the balance. Only hours before Neves was to be sworn in on March 15 as Brazil's first civilian President after 21 years of military rule, he had to undergo emergency surgery for diverticulitis, an inflammation of the intestinal tract. The operation appeared to be successful, but Neves soon had to go under the knife again, this time to remove a blockage caused by the first procedure. He seemed on his way to recovery once more, when another problem arose: internal hemorrhaging. He was rushed from the capital, Brasília, for a third operation, at the Heart Institute of São Paulo's Hospital das Clinicas, one of the largest and best-equipped such centers in South America.

Last week the sad cycle of recovery and relapse grew worse. On Tuesday, physicians discovered that Neves was suffering a strangulated hernia, which made him susceptible to a breakdown of tissue. Once again he was operated on. Two days later the physicians discovered that their patient had a new infection in his lungs, which could be fatal. More surgery was performed, this time to drain two abscesses. It was Neves' fifth operation in 21 days. As relatives and friends prepared themselves for the worst, Neves began to show signs of growing stronger, and was said by a spokesman to be in stable condition. Said Dr. Henrique Walter Pinotti, chief surgeon: "Tancredo Neves is still alive because of his sheer determination to live."

With the nation's attention centered on the presidential sickbed, São Paulo became, in effect, Brazil's second capital. Cabinet ministers and state Governors converged on the hospital to lend support to Neves' family. At the same time, senior government officials reportedly met to decide what to do in the event of the President-elect's death. Vice President José Sarney, 54, concluded that he could no longer keep official matters on hold. "I'm going to start wielding my pen," he said after the fourth operation. "Regardless of the respect I have for President Tancredo Neves, the interests of the country are at stake." At week's end the country focused on the question repeatedly asked by Neves at the time of his third operation: "How much longer? How soon is this going to be over?"

World Notes

Waving the Red Flag

The two funeral corteges, the coffins draped with red hammer-and-sickle flags, met at Santiago's Plaza de Armas and then together made the slow journey to the cemetery. Chile's banned Communist Party last week paid respects to two of its activists, who, together with a third man, had been found two days earlier in a field on the city's outskirts, their throats slit and their bodies mutilated. The funerals drew a sympathetic crowd of about 20,000 people. Unlike the previous day, when clubs and water cannons were used against demonstrators, this time police stood on the sidelines.

The Chilean police said that the murders of the three men, two of them schoolteachers, were the work of the Communists themselves; opponents of the regime of General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte contended that government-backed death squads were responsible. A possible government aim: to force the Communists to end their backing of an urban guerrilla organization that in the past two weeks has staged bomb attacks against four banks and a newspaper in Santiago. The government quickly moved to end speculation about its involvement in the murders by promising a far-reaching inquiry.

Death of a Captive

Father Nicolas Kluiters, a Dutch Jesuit priest who had lived in Lebanon for 20 years, last month appeared to have joined the growing list of Westerners abducted by Islamic fundamentalists. A few days later his car was found, along with a note claiming that he was the captive of a previously unheard-of organization. Last week a farmer in eastern Lebanon's Bekaa Valley stumbled upon the priest's decomposing body at the bottom of a ravine. An autopsy showed that he had been strangled shortly after his capture, and police theorized that the kidnaping was the work of robbers rather than of any known Islamic political group. Father Kluiters was the first kidnap victim to be found dead out of the 17 Westerners, including seven Americans, abducted in Lebanon during the past 14 months. In recent days four non-American captives have been released.

It is assumed in Washington that some of the missing Americans are being held by pro-Iranian Lebanese Shi'ite groups that hope to swap their prisoners for 19 militant Islamic fundamentalists imprisoned in Kuwait. With that in mind, U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz recently sent a message through the Swiss government warning Iran that Washington would not be slow to retaliate should an American captive be killed.

The Opposition Consolidates

The move had been expected since parliamentary elections two months ago, but the speed—and the numbers involved—caught the country by surprise. In 48 hours last week, South Korea's largest opposition group, the New Korea Democratic Party, was strengthened by the entry of more than 30 Deputies-elect from other opposition factions. The defections, mainly from the Democratic Korea Party, gave the N.K.D.P. 102 seats in the 276-member National Assembly, more

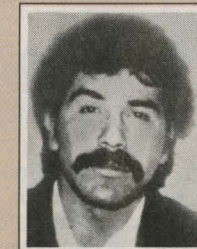
than the one-third required to exercise real political power.

When parliament convenes later this month, the N.K.D.P., guided by Kim Young Sam and Kim Dae Jung, South Korea's top antigovernment leaders, will thus have the clout to block constitutional amendments, bring no-confidence motions against Cabinet ministers and call emergency sessions of parliament. The consolidation will make it virtually impossible for President Chun Doo Hwan's ruling Democratic Justice Party to play opposition groups off against one another.

El Chapo Tracked Down

Acting on a tip from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, 40 Costa Rican security agents swooped down last week on a luxurious ranch-style home in the capital of San José. Inside they found \$40,000 in cash, \$150,000 in traveler's checks and a gold-plated pistol. They also discovered Sara Cosío Martínez, the 17-year-old niece of a Mexican politician, who had apparently been kidnaped earlier this month. Best of all, the police arrested Mexican Drug King Rafael Caro Quintero, 32, also known as *El Chapo* (Shorty). Said U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese: "We're dealing with one of the major drug traffickers in the world."

Although no specific charges have been filed against him so far, Caro Quintero is believed to have masterminded the murders of DEA Agent Enrique Camarena Salazar and a Mexican pilot who frequently flew for the agency; their badly beaten bodies were found in central Mexico last month. That incident severely strained U.S.-Mexican relations as U.S. officials accused Mexican authorities of helping Caro Quintero flee the country. At week's end *El Chapo* was flown to Mexico, where the U.S. hoped he would be prosecuted.



Caro Quintero

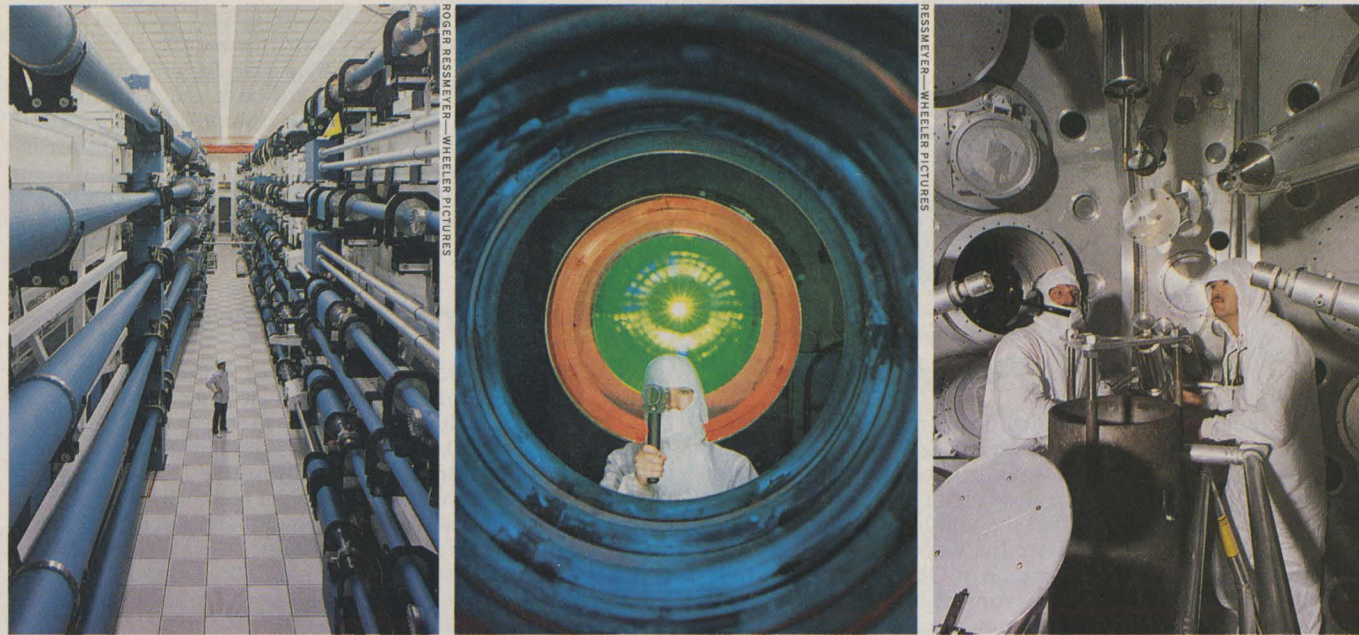
New Rules of the Game

Its name, La Proportionnelle, may sound musical, but the controversial new electoral plan based on proportional representation, proposed last week by President François Mitterrand's government, has provoked feelings that are anything but harmonious. "Shameful," declared Jacques Chirac, the mayor of Paris and leader of the right-leaning neo-Gaullists. A volley from the left came only 13 hours after the announcement of the plan, when the highly popular Minister of Agriculture, Michel Rocard, a Socialist and longtime Mitterrand rival, resigned in protest.

The legislation, which is expected to be passed by the Socialist-dominated National Assembly, will replace the 27-year-old winner-take-all system in election districts. Under the old scheme, the party that won the most votes in a district took the seat in that district; the revised rules will apportion seats according to the votes won by each party in each of France's regional units called departments. Mitterrand, whose term runs until 1988, is clearly intent on bolstering the chances of his Socialists, who are trailing in the polls, for next year's parliamentary elections. Even so, the center-right opposition may win the most seats overall. One reason: Mitterrand's economic austerity programs have eroded support for the Socialists by alienating many blue-collar workers.



Rocard



Soul of a new machine, from left: laser bay in Livermore Laboratory; peering down beam tube; in the target chamber

High Hopes for a Super Nova

Unveiling the world's most powerful laser

In the lobby of Building No. 391 at Lawrence Livermore Laboratory near San Francisco stands a cast-iron sculpture of Shiva, the multiarmed god whose whirling dances, according to Hindu tradition, alternately create and destroy all earthly life. Near by is a wood-and-plastic model of Nova, the world's most powerful laser, which is housed in cavernous quarters the size of a football field. The juxtaposition of the two objects is apt, and for several reasons. Like Shiva, the \$176 million laser bristles with its equivalent of arms: ten bright blue tubes, each a conduit for an intense laser beam. And like Shiva, Nova will dance to a schizophrenic tune: it could benefit life—and perhaps help to destroy it.

After the giant laser is dedicated in a ceremony at Livermore this week, scientists will employ its intense beam of light in an attempt to weld the nuclei of hydrogen atoms, releasing bursts of energy at temperatures exceeding those at the center of the sun. Should they succeed in harnessing nuclear fusion, they could point the way toward a limitless supply of cheap, clean power. "Once we crack the problem of fusion," says John Emmett, associate director for lasers at Livermore, "we have an assured source of energy for as long as you want to think about it. It will cease to be a reason for war or an influence on foreign affairs."

As the second step in Nova's dance, however, weapons designers will put its powerful beams to a less benign purpose: to improve thermonuclear bombs by mimicking certain reactions in the con-

trolled setting of a laboratory. That will save the Pentagon the expense of having to try out every newly designed bomb at an underground test site in Nevada, a procedure that costs about \$10 million per explosion. Eventually, Nova could also be used in research for the Star Wars defense program.

The awesome might of fusion energy can be explained by Albert Einstein's famed equation, $E = mc^2$. When two nuclei from hydrogen atoms are shoved together to become a single, heavier helium nucleus, a tiny bit of their individual masses is converted into a tremendous amount of energy. In weapons, that energy is uncontrolled and destructive. To channel it into a usable form, scientists must be able to control the fusion reaction and confine it to a chamber, which requires surmounting some formidable physical constraints. The hydrogen nuclei must be crushed together with enough force to overcome their mutually repellant positive electric charges. In H-bombs, that force is supplied by the detonation of a fission bomb, or A-bomb.

But A-bombs cannot be exploded in power plants, and when Lawrence Livermore scientists begin their experiments six weeks from now, they will use powerful laser beams instead. In Nova, under the guidance of more than 50 computers, a pulse of light is whipped around a master oscillator until all of its wavelengths are identical and in phase. The pulse of pure laser light is then split into ten parts, each of which races down its own 460-ft.-long tube equipped with amplifiers, spa-

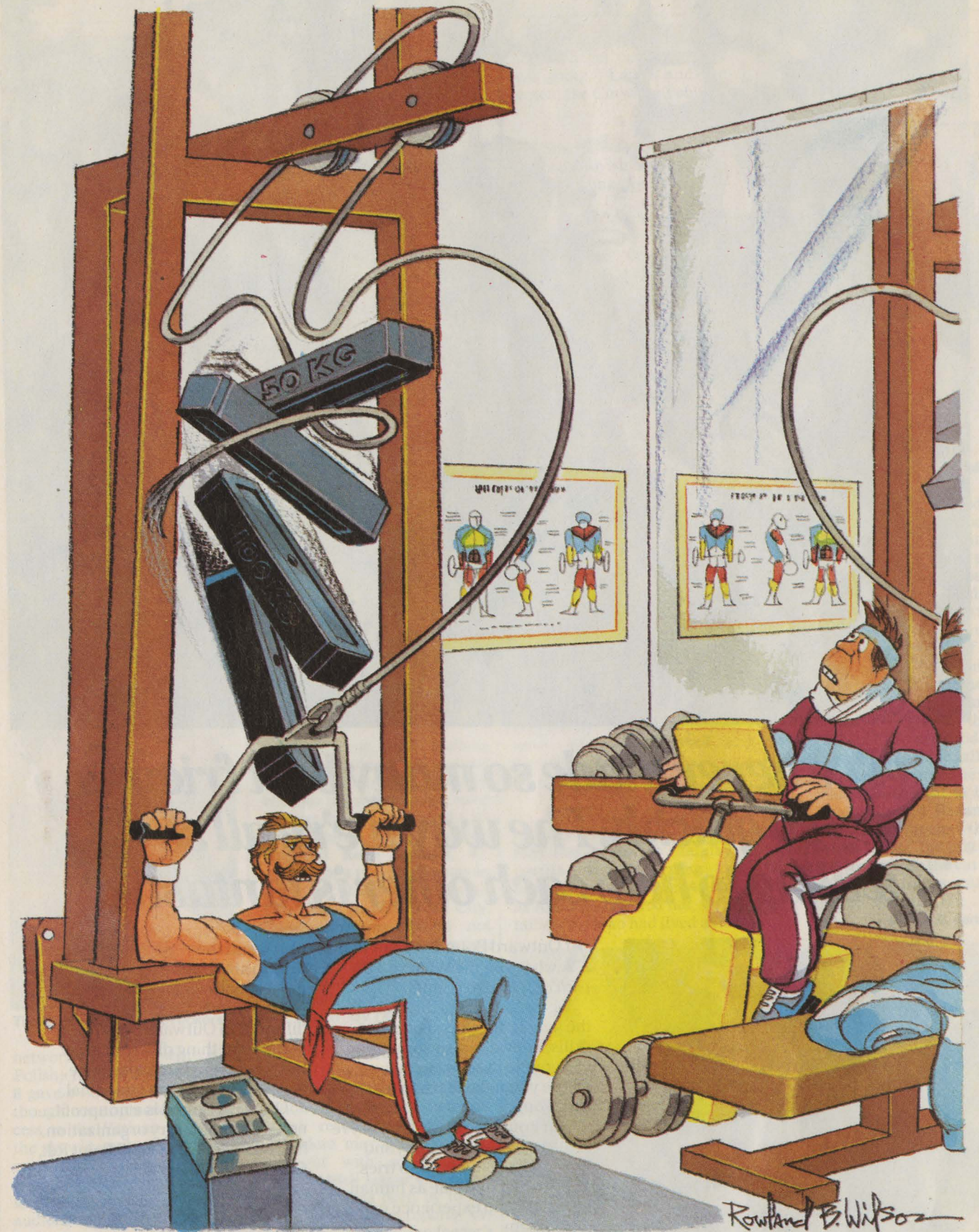
tial filters and isolators. As it emerges, each beam is focused to about the width of three human hairs, yet is a thousand trillion times brighter than the sunlight that falls on the earth. Together they deliver 100 trillion watts of power, about 200 times the present electricity-generating capacity of the U.S., albeit only for a billionth of a second.

The tubes terminate inside an airless 16-ft.-wide aluminum chamber, each entering it from a different direction. Inside, the focusing lenses are arrayed around a pellet of deuterium and tritium, two heavier varieties of hydrogen atoms. Scientists hope that when the beams simultaneously hit the pellet, which is smaller than a grain of sand, the temperature of the pellet's outer surface will be raised to 100 million degrees, causing it to vaporize explosively. Just as a rocket is pushed forward by its tail exhaust, the vaporizing surface would exert a force inward, compressing the pellet to a density 20 times that of lead and forcing the nuclei to fuse. In the fusion power plant of the future, Livermore scientists say, larger pellets will be blasted, one after another, producing successive bursts of energy.

Critics of the laser fusion program contend that it is five to ten years behind magnetic containment fusion, a technique that uses powerful magnetic fields to contain the reaction. But magnetic fusion, too, still has a long way to go. It has not yet even reached the stage at which the energy produced by the machines equals the energy required to run them. Says Livermore's Emmett: "Fusion is one of the most difficult technological undertakings that man has ever engaged in, and probably one of the most important."

—By Natalie Angier.
Reported by Christine Gorman/New York and Dick Thompson/San Francisco

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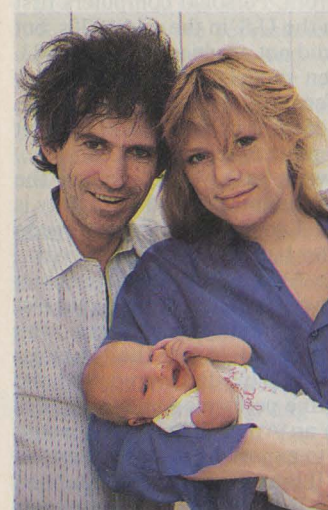
People



Friends in high places: Gumbel, Pauley and Trudeau with John Paul II

Somebody up there must love NBC. After three uninterrupted years of being unable to best ABC's *Good Morning America*, NBC's *Today* retook the morning ratings lead for two weeks. Last week should turn out to be the third in a row, since *Today* pulled off something of a programming miracle. Responding to the

frescoes in the rarely seen Pauline Chapel, the Pope met briefly with *Today* Hosts **Jane Pauley** and **Bryant Gumbel**, both of whom asked the Pontiff to bless their children. Also present was Pauley's usually camera-shy husband, Cartoonist **Garry Trudeau**, who afterward remarked, with a trace of awe in his voice, "He was not like somebody working the crowd at all. He really greeted each one of us individually."



The Richardses: cradle rockers

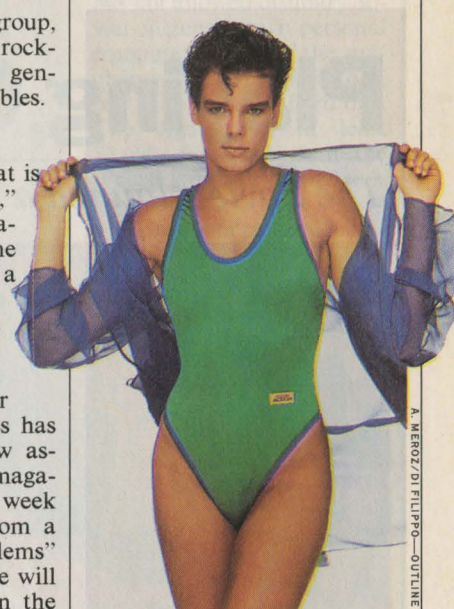
network's shrewdly written (in Polish) request, **Pope John Paul II** gave NBC extraordinary, although not unprecedented, access to the Vatican as part of the show's week of live broadcasts from Rome. The Pope extended a personal welcome to the NBC crew at his general audience and expressed his hope that the media exposure in the U.S. during Holy Week would "bear much spiritual fruit." After a semiprivate Mass under Michelangelo's

Even big, bad Rolling Stones settle down, get married and start their own families, but they are still not your basic moss gatherers. Two weeks after the birth of his daughter, Guitarist **Keith Richards**, 41, was off for a two-month stay in Paris to cut a new Stones album. Back in New York City, **Theodora Dupree** should not have any trouble remembering her rock-'n'-roll dad. Explains Model Mom **Patti Hansen**, 29: "He made us a tape before he left, called *My Girl*, that has all his own music on it, all his new stuff. It's especially for the baby. He wants to make sure she doesn't forget him." In addition to having her own personal recording from Dad, Theodora may even be hanging out with some of his friends. **Mick Jagger's** love, **Jerry Hall**, 28, has been by to say hello, and Hansen reports "everybody's waiting" for Jagger's 13-month-old **Elizabeth Scarlett** to meet Theodora. A new band to shake, rattle and coo? Says Hansen: "That's the joke be-

tween all the girls in the group, that we'll get our little rockettes going." Ladies and gentlemen, the Crawling Pebbles.

"She has the look that is in, a little boyish but sexy," says Modeling Agent **Karen Hilton**. Oh, and one other thing, she's also a real princess. With those credentials, Monaco's **Stephanie**, 20, is off to a strictly sterling start at the top in her new career as a model. The princess has already completed a few assignments for European magazines, and although last week she was recuperating from a bout of "intestinal problems" in a clinic near Paris, she will be in New York City in the next week or two and "available" through the Wilhelmina agency. *LIFE*, *Mademoiselle*, *Vogue* and *Self* have all booked her, and a cosmetics company is said to be negotiating for one of those exclusive endorsement deals. Of course, princesses—even young and relatively inexperienced ones—do not come cheap, and Stephanie is getting the premium rate. Her first fees, reports the palace, have been donated to the Princess Grace Foundation of Monaco, which is devoted to the arts.

Hearts broke across America with the news last Christmas that **Koko**, the "talking" gorilla, was mourning the death of her pet kitten. **All-Ball**, as Koko had named her, was a tailless cat who had lived at the



Royal rates: Stephanie on the job

Gorilla Foundation in Woodside, Calif., for half a year before scampering out and into traffic. Koko, 13, who is said to have a sign-language vocabulary of about 500 words, indicated to a research associate that she wanted a replacement and picked out a drawing of a Manx, a rare breed with no tail. And now Koko has her wish, an orange male Manx kitten. "Baby," signaled the thrilled Koko. "My cat good." **Michael**, the center's male talking gorilla who lives in the next cage, would like the cat to be his and has proposed Banana as a name. Koko thought the moniker was "nice," but is still taking suggestions. So the cat is unnamed. These things must be considered carefully.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Tender mercies: Koko playing with her new Manx kitten

Economy & Business

Playing Computer Catch-Up

The Soviets launch a crash program to teach students the new technology



A data-processing center at one of the research institutes in the Republic of Georgia

One way or another, students in the Soviet Union often adopt, belatedly at least, Western fads. By turning to the thriving black market in Moscow and other cities, many Soviet teens manage to spend their spare rubles on imported designer jeans or bootleg tapes of Michael Jackson and Boy George. But Soviet youth have so far missed out completely on one craze that is sweeping much of the West: the computer boom. Most Soviet teens have never touched a personal computer, much less spent hours hacking away happily at a keyboard.

Soon, however, the U.S.S.R. may have its own generation of computer kids. The Kremlin has decreed that in September computer classes will begin "on a large scale" for the 8 million ninth- and tenth-grade students in the Soviet Union's 60,000 high schools. Said a statement issued by the Politburo: "All-round and profound mastering by young people of computers must become an important factor in speeding up the scientific and technological progress in the country." While computers are widespread in American high schools, most Soviet students have no chance to learn about the machines until college.

The drive to put computers in the classroom is apparently part of a plan by

Soviet Party Boss Mikhail Gorbachev to revitalize the sluggish Soviet economy. Last year's growth in national income, the closest Soviet equivalent to gross national product, was a disappointing 2.6%, down from 3.1% in 1983 and only about half the size of the gains achieved in the 1960s. Many industries, including transportation and communications, are a decade or more behind the West in their use of computers, and that has retarded productivity increases. Moscow now seems to recognize that unless the Soviet Union produces a new generation of industrial engineers, workers and managers who are skilled and comfortable with computers, the country will suffer economically.

Nonetheless, the U.S.S.R. is not exactly a backwater when it comes to computers. Its scientists, many of whom are top notch by international standards, have built large machines that are powerful and accurate enough to guide cosmonauts into orbit. The military has many weapons that incorporate advanced computer technology, some of it stolen or copied from Western nations. The Soviets have lagged far behind the West in developing smaller computers that are used in offices and factories. They have been unable to master the precision manufacturing techniques needed to mass-produce

computers. Says Vico Henriques, head of the Washington-based Computer and Business Equipment Manufacturers Association: "The Soviets' capability in computer science is probably equal to ours. Just look at the very sophisticated things they're able to do in space. But from a computer manufacturing standpoint, they are nowhere near us."

The Soviets will be hard pressed to have the high-school computer program in full swing by the Politburo's September deadline. Western experts doubt that enough computers will be available to equip all the schools. Even if the machines arrive, there will probably be shortages of computer textbooks and teachers who know how to use them. "There are still many obstacles," admits an article about the new computer program in *Pravda*, the official party newspaper.

The biggest questions are what kinds of computers will be used and where they will come from. Personal computers first appeared in the U.S. in the mid 1970s, but the Soviets did not produce one until 1983. That maiden model, called the Agat, a shortened form of the name Agatha, is a crude copy of the Apple II, one of the first personal computers sold in the U.S.

The Soviets have yet to produce the Agat in large quantities, and its quality is still suspect. Leo Bores, an eye surgeon and computer buff from Scottsdale, Ariz., tried out the Agat on a visit to the Soviet Union and wrote about his findings in last November's *Byte* magazine. Bores, who facetiously dubbed Agat the Yabloko (Russian for apple), discovered that the Soviet machine performs some tasks 30% slower than an Apple. The Soviets would not be able to export Agat to the West, he says, "even if they gave it away." Stephen Bryen, a top Defense Department expert on technology trade, claims that the disk drive on the Agat often breaks down.

Afansy Kuznetsov, a leading Soviet educator, last week revealed the existence of a new personal-computer model called the Timur in honor of a character in children's literature. A few of the Timurs have been tried out at schools in Moscow and Novosibirsk. Says an official in the Soviet Ministry of Education: "The trial of the Timur showed that the machine was suitable for the education process, but some improvement was needed." Western computer specialists have not yet had much chance to evaluate the Timur.

Soviet officials plan to use both the Agat and Timur in the high school com-

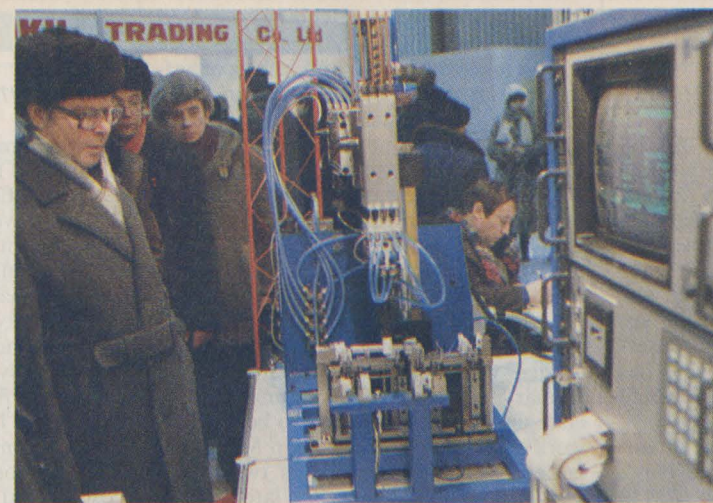
puter program, but they are apparently concerned about being able to produce enough machines for its students. As a result, the Soviets may buy thousands of Western-made ones. In January the U.S. Government loosened slightly its restrictions on computer exports to the Soviet Union. The new rules will allow shipment of relatively less powerful personal computers, such as the Apple II and the IBM PC. Since that change, the Soviets have held preliminary talks with IBM, Apple and Commodore International and with other companies in Britain, France, West Germany and Japan. Says Apple President John Sculley: "We don't have anything yet to be excited about, but we're excited about the possibility." Commodore says it expects to begin serious negotiations with the Soviets next month. "The market is there," says George Dolan, a Commerce Department official based in San Francisco. "The exporters are ready."

Western companies were invited to show off their personal computers and other educational equipment at a trade fair held for nine days last January in the center of Moscow. Among the 50 firms that mounted displays were Britain's Quest Automation and Sinclair Ltd.; no U.S. makers were represented. The fair was a hit with Muscovites, who paid 50 kopecks (about 75¢) for tickets and crowded into a pavilion that was blinking brightly with video screens. Computers were also on prominent display at a Moscow robotics trade fair in February.

Western governments still bar the sale of large computers to the Soviets. Reason: the principal user of computer technology in the Soviet Union is the military. To get around the trade restrictions, the Soviets have relied on espionage. Through bribery and theft, clandestine armies of agents

have obtained thousands of classified documents giving technical specifications for Western computers. Whenever possible, the Soviets have gone after the machines themselves. A favorite Soviet tactic is to set up bogus companies in Western Europe to buy computers and then smuggle them to Moscow. In recent years, the U.S. Government has seized several powerful machines that were being illegally shipped to the Soviet Union, including Digital Equipment's VAX and PDP 11/44 minicomputers.

The West got a rare inside look at the Kremlin's technological espionage last week when secret Soviet



Visitors at a Moscow trade show inspect some of the latest machines

documents came to light in France. The material was obtained by French intelligence agents, who leaked it to *Le Monde*, the Paris newspaper, and TF1, a French government-owned television station. The documents, prepared in part by the Soviet Union's Military Industries Commission, reveal that in 1979 the country's aircraft manufacturers saved an estimated \$65 million in research and development costs by using pilfered technology. Soviet aircraft engineers were able to draw upon 140 "samples" of Western hardware and 3,543 technical documents obtained through "special channels." The report said that 61% of the stolen secrets came from the U.S.

The advent of the personal computer has made it simple for the Soviets to obtain many advanced microprocessors, memory chips and other computer parts. All an agent needs to do is walk into a retail computer store, buy a machine and sneak it to Moscow for dissection and analysis. That is one reason why Western governments have eased restrictions on personal computer exports.

Even if the Soviets decide to import thousands of machines, the Kremlin

is not expected to permit a Western-style computer revolution. The government has not allowed ordinary Soviet citizens to own personal computers. Even if the machines became available, few people could afford one. The Agat costs at least \$3,600, far more than the typical worker's annual salary of \$2,500.

The use of personal computers is being limited to places like classrooms and community centers where it can be monitored and supervised. The reason for the caution is that the personal computer threatens the Kremlin's tight control over what the Soviet people see

and read. Says Olin Robison, president of Middlebury College in Vermont and a Soviet expert: "The Russians can't easily accommodate computer technology because it gives too many people too much information." Secrecy is so vital to the Soviet system that printing presses or even photocopying machines are unavailable to the average citizen. Since personal computers attached to printers can function as high-speed presses, the Kremlin is unlikely to allow them to become commonplace in Soviet homes.

Electronic linkups that let computers communicate with one another, known as networks in the U.S., are rare in the Soviet Union. In addition, Soviet computers are usually unable to exchange data by telephone because of poor-quality phone lines. Those conditions help the Soviets control the flow of information, but they stifle the free exchange of ideas that is crucial to the rapid advance of computer science. In the U.S., many refinements in programming techniques have been developed by computer buffs who trade tips through networks and electronic bulletin boards.

Technological progress and strong economic growth in such industrial nations as the U.S. and Japan have been

spurred by the swift spread of information made possible by computers. If the Soviet Union maintains restrictions on their use, it might not come close to realizing the full economic potential of computers. Says Loren Graham, a professor of the history of science and a Soviet expert at M.I.T.: "We may be about to learn that the Soviet system is not designed for the information age. If that is the case, it is going to be increasingly difficult for the U.S.S.R. to maintain its pretensions as the world's second superpower in the decades ahead."

—By Charles P. Alexander.
Reported by Elisa Tinsley/
Moscow, with other bureaus



The young generation tries to master the basic tool of the information age. The Kremlin decreed that classes should begin in 60,000 high schools.

Plot Problems

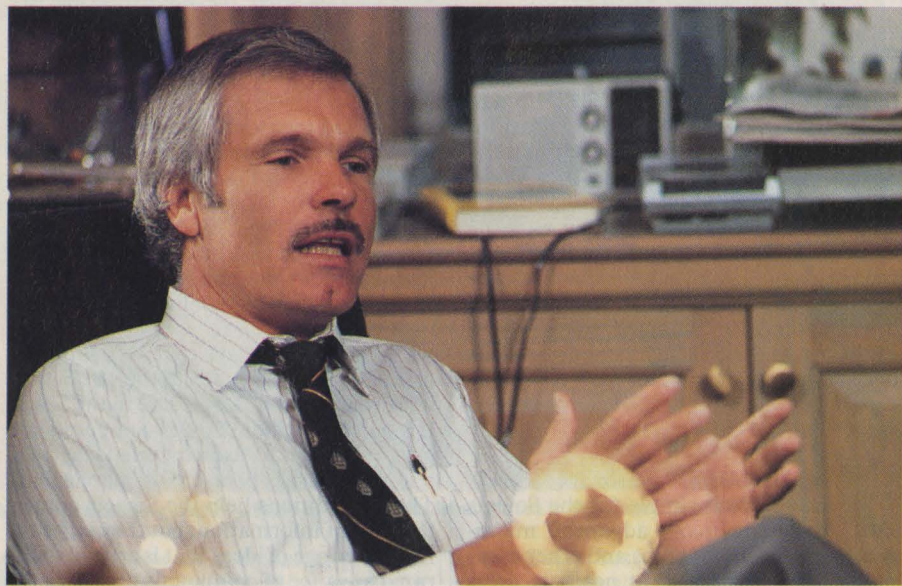
CBS takeover gossip abounds

If the rumors about a takeover of CBS last week were turned into prime-time fare, the cast would ensure boffo ratings. Here is Ted Turner, the mustachioed buccaneer of the cable airwaves whose passion is to call another network his own. There is Ivan Boesky, a Wall Street wizard who spends millions to make millions. And don't forget Jesse Helms, the conservative North Carolina Senator who has suggested to his constituents that it would be nice if they were Dan Rather's boss.

Turner, whose Atlanta-based broadcasting company owns the Cable News Network, disclosed his designs on CBS in February. But little was known about how

Enter Ivan Boesky, who has amassed an estimated \$150 million buying stock during takeover battles and selling out after prices have climbed. He announced he owned an 8.7% stake in CBS. Boesky bought the shares at an average price of \$95.50 over the past weeks and became CBS's single biggest stockholder. (Founder William S. Paley owns 6.5%.) According to CBS, Boesky volunteered to sell his interest for \$105 a share, but company officials refused the offer.

Enter Senator Helms, who helps pilot a conservative group called Fairness in Media, which launched a campaign in January to buy CBS stock in hopes of changing what it considers to be the network's liberal bias. Fairness in Media obtained a list of stockholders two weeks ago, but the names came too late to wage a proxy fight at the company's annual



The man who would be the network's king: Ted Turner, prince of the cable airwaves. The star player in a corporate drama that looks like *Mission: Impossible*.

he might achieve this until the New York Times reported last week that Turner had lined up support from Financier William Simon, the former Treasury Secretary, and MCI Communications, the long-distance phone company. Simon and MCI reportedly had agreed to chip in a modest \$50 million each. MCI Spokesman Gary Tobin denied that his firm had pledged money to Turner, but he acknowledged that the company was sounded out by a third party, whom he would not identify, about a deal. "We are often approached to discuss potential investments," said Tobin. "We listened. We don't have an agreement." Simon refused comment.

The plot thickens. Turner asked Drexel Burnham, the investment banking firm, to arrange financing for a takeover, but it refused. He supposedly also approached Shearson Lehman Brothers about raising money. Officials there declined to say anything, but whisperings grew so loud that the firm put CBS and Turner Broadcasting on its restricted list, which meant that it would offer no stock recommendations on them to customers.

meeting next week. Turner has met twice with the group's representatives, but the two as yet have not linked forces.

As far as CBS is concerned, the takeover drama should be called *Mission: Impossible*. Wall Street analysts agree that a hostile assault would cost at least \$4 billion, more than Turner seems capable of raising. CBS has bolstered its defenses by eliminating a company bylaw that allowed a minority of shareholders to call special meetings. In addition, the company opened a \$1.5 billion line of credit with a consortium of banks; it could use the funds to buy other companies, making it harder for Turner—or anybody—to swallow CBS. The maneuver churned up rumors that CBS might merge with Time Inc. or sell its magazine division to raise cash. CBS denied the gossip, as well as reports of a friendly merger offer by General Electric.

The cloudy takeover talk has been a box-office smash for CBS stockholders. Shares have risen from \$88 three weeks ago to \$111 last week.

—By James Kelly, Reported by Cathy Booth/New York and John E. Yang/Washington

The Big Payout

A \$615 million liability fund

It was a nickel-size birth control device that sold for \$3 and was supposed to be easy and effective to use. But the Dalkon Shield proved a health menace to some users, and it has been a continuing financial nightmare for A.H. Robins, which stopped manufacturing the intrauterine contraceptive more than a decade ago. Robins, whose products include Robitussin cough syrup, Chap Stick lip balm and Sergeant's flea and tick collars, last week reported a 1984 loss of \$462 million, giving the company a net worth of minus \$128 million. Reason: the lingering and costly legal side effects of the Dalkon Shield.

The Virginia-based company (1984 sales: \$632 million) said the loss was caused by the creation of a \$615 million fund, the largest in a pharmaceutical liability case, that the company set up to cover pending and future claims filed by women who bought Dalkon Shields between 1971 and 1974. The firm stopped marketing the product in the latter year, following the reported death of a user. Since then, more than 12,000 people have filed suits claiming that the Dalkon Shield causes pelvic infections, sterility and infected miscarriages. The device, which was bought by some 2.9 million women in the U.S., has since been linked to 20 deaths from uterine infection. By the end of last year Robins had settled an estimated 8,300 claims at a cost of \$332 million in compensatory and punitive damages.

The fund may not be enough to cover all the claims the company may have to pay. To ease the burden of such awards, Robins wants to have 3,500 suits against it consolidated into a class action. The amount that it might have to pay in a single case will be smaller than the total that thousands of separate awards could reach.

Company officials said last week that Robins remains financially sound despite its current troubles. When asked at a news conference whether the firm would file for bankruptcy, Senior Vice President G.E.R. Stiles replied, "We are not in danger of that. We are operating today just as we did yesterday. It's business as usual." Wall Street analysts agree. Said Barbara Ryan of the Bear, Stearns brokerage firm: "This will cost Robins a lot of money, but the company's survival is not in question."

Robins, meanwhile, has spent \$4 million since last fall on a media and letter campaign to warn women about the devices and say that it will pay to have them removed. So far, it has paid \$1 million to doctors and health clinics to take out the Dalkon Shields.



Dalkon Shield

HEALTH CARE

Medical Matchup

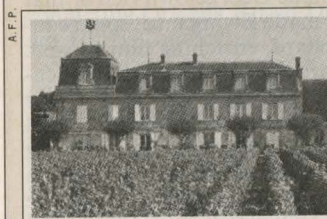
Merger fever now appears to have spread to the health care field. Hospital Corp. of America, the nation's largest for-profit hospital company (1984 revenues: \$4.1 billion), and American Hospital Supply, the No. 1 distributor of medical products (1984 sales: \$3.5 billion), last week announced that they will pool their resources to become the largest corporate provider of health care services in the U.S. If shareholders of the two firms approve, the \$6.6 billion deal will be the biggest merger outside the oil industry in American business history.

The companies plan to consolidate in order to hold down costs in the increasingly competitive market for health care services. Said American Hospital's chairman Karl Bays, 51: "I'm not sure that bigness per se is better, but the ability to integrate two major corporations that have been devoted to two separate segments of the health care field will be more efficient."

Wall Street was initially cool on the deal. The stock of Hospital Corp. of America fell 2½ points, to 43½, after the merger was announced, while American Hospital Supply fell from 37 points a share to 34. Nonetheless, analysts said that a flurry of medical mergers could follow as more firms seek ways to keep expenses down.

WINE

Stampede for 1982 Bordeaux



Wrap it up in red, white and blue

Almost since the grapes were harvested, growers and shippers in Bordeaux have been proclaiming 1982 as a truly great vintage. That year the wine-growing area benefited from gentle spring rains and exceptionally sunny weather during harvest, particularly in the crucial month of September. Says Steven Spurrier, a Paris wine merchant: "In 1982 the growers almost couldn't believe their eyes." Alas, prices for the exceptional wines are also spectacular. The cost of a premier *grand cru* like Château Lafite-Rothschild '82 is nearly \$58 a bottle (compared with \$45 for the 1981 vintage), and even humbler châteaux like Prieure-Lichine are selling for \$15 a bottle.

Heavy American demand for the 1982 wines is responsible in large part for the inflated prices. Sherry-Lehmann, a leading New York City wine merchant, charged \$400 for a case of Lafite-Rothschild '82 when it first went on the market in June of 1983. The price is now \$699, and it will go up to \$768 on April 15. Spurrier, though, thinks that the speculative bubble will eventually burst and that 1982 prices will fall. Says he: "The public simply won't pay this. I think that a crash is inevitable."

CORPORATE DONATIONS

Gift of Remembrance

Many Pittsburgh residents grieved last year when California-based Chevron bought Gulf, which made its home in the Pennsylvania city. The purchase wounded Pittsburgh's pride, and stands to cost it more than 2,000 jobs as Chevron shuts offices and shifts employees to other U.S. locations. In all, Pittsburgh Mayor Richard Caliguiri estimates that the Chevron-Gulf merger will result in the loss of nearly \$75 million in income for residents of the area.

Chevron last week presented the Pittsburgh community with

Business Notes

something in return. The giant oil company (1984 revenues: \$27.8 billion) said it will donate the 85-acre Gulf research laboratories in nearby Harmorville to the University of Pittsburgh and will chip in a \$3 million start-up grant as well. The firm said that the fully equipped 52-year-old labs would cost about \$100 million to duplicate today.

The gift delighted the university, which has ambitious plans for the 54-building facility. Among other things, the school intends to bid on research contracts from corporations and government bodies and lease lab space to companies.

ENTERTAINMENT

Scarlett and Rhett at Home

Despite the box-office success of such recent blockbusters as *E.T.* and *Star Wars*, no movie has topped *Gone With the Wind*. When measured in inflation-adjusted dollars, the 1939 saga of Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara has reaped \$400 million in ticket sales, making it the biggest film bonanza of all time.

Now *GWTW* is storming the family living room. Since it appeared on store shelves a month ago as an \$89.95 double videocassette package, the 3-hr. 51-min. epic has zoomed toward the top of the sales charts. For the past three weeks it has claimed second place behind leader *Star Trek III*, which sells for \$29.95. So successful has the debut been that the tape's producer, MGM/UA Home Video, expects sales to reach \$27 million by the end of the year.

GWTW still has a way to go to become the all-time videotape best seller. That record is held by *Jane Fonda's Workout* (\$59.95), last week's No. 3, which in three years has raked in more than \$40 million. Boasts Court Shannon, a vice president of Karl-Lorimar Home Video, which produced the exercise guide: "Jane Fonda has greater endurance than Scarlett and a longer-lasting beauty." Perhaps, but tomorrow is another day.



The classic

MARKETING

Tuna with a Patriotic Pitch

Sorry, Charlie, but a new kind of tuna is out to draw sales away from Star-Kist and other popular brands with an unabashed appeal to patriotism. Bearing a bright red-white-and-blue label, the newcomer is American Tuna. The producer, C.H.B. Foods of Los Angeles, proclaims that its product is "the only brand of tuna packed exclusively in the continental U.S. by a national tuna company."

Tuna canning once thrived on the West Coast, but the major firms moved operations to Asia, the Caribbean and other off-shore sites to take advantage of cheap labor. Also, the Japanese have been exporting tuna to the U.S. Since 1977, Star-Kist, Van Camp and Bumble Bee have shut down California canneries.

C.H.B. Foods now stocks American Tuna in California, New York and Pennsylvania stores and hopes to sell nationwide by summer. Says Vice President Robert Allen: "American consumers can make a clear choice between buying American and

buying something else." But Star-Kist can also claim to be selling American tuna, since some of its production is packed in Puerto Rico—a commonwealth that sends a nonvoting Representative to Congress—and in the U.S. territory of American Samoa.



The grapes of wealth

Sport

A Dream That Couldn't Miss

Villanova wins the national title, and even Georgetown cheers

Once again, the first mention of a dynasty signaled its end. Figuring to become only the sixth university to repeat a national basketball championship, Patrick Ewing's Georgetown was about to be fitted beside Bill Russell's San Francisco and measured against Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's UCLA when destiny's Villanova happened along, singing a song, shooting 78.6% in the title game, missing one shot the second half. As the Nebraska football team seems to remember, being the best can be a lonely distinction next to beating the best, though last week's 66-64 final was more than just the most amazing basketball game anyone could recall. It was the most equitable upset of all.

How proficient a team may be at rebounding loses some moment if there are no rebounds. Reasoning that they played passably well under the circumstances—shooting almost 55% themselves—the Georgetown Hoyas had no difficulty afterward standing and applauding the Wildcats, whom they defeated twice during the season. From the little, mussed coach, Rollie Massimino, to the small, smiling guard, Gary McLain, Villanova is a most appealing winner. Massimino said, "I've screamed at this group more than any other, not because they are such good players, but because they are such good kids. They could take it." On the eve of the championship, Massimino's expressive eyes filled with water as he heard McLain describe him as "a brother, a friend, a father, your boss, your coach."

That is a fine definition of a teacher, and suits Georgetown's John Thompson no less. "We know how to win basketball games," he said, "and we know how to lose them." Before the game, Thompson had observed, "There are 50,000 ways of educating people," though this one could hardly have occurred to him. Since two of the other three teams in the Final Four were twice-beaten Big East rivals, Georgetown's dominance was a matter of record as well as opinion. Declaring Memphis State the secular national champion, country Coach Dana Kirk quickly left the tournament to these city Catholics. The untidiness of Kirk's 52-45 semifinal loss to Villanova obscured his prophecy: "If they're a Cinderella team, Cinderella wears boots."

Meanwhile, Georgetown was terrorizing St. John's, for the third straight time, 77-59. As wisps of point-shaving memories blow north from Louisiana, this has been a nostalgic season for college



MVP Pinckney at Philadelphia rally

basketball in New York City. The local papers have clutched elfin Coach Lou Carnesecca adoringly to their breast, and more than one national organization has concluded that freckle-faced Guard Chris Mullin is the finest player in the country. He won the John Wooden player-of-the-year award, but it would probably be best if



Thompson with Ewing behind him and other Hoyas after the buzzer
"We know how to win basketball games, and how to lose them."

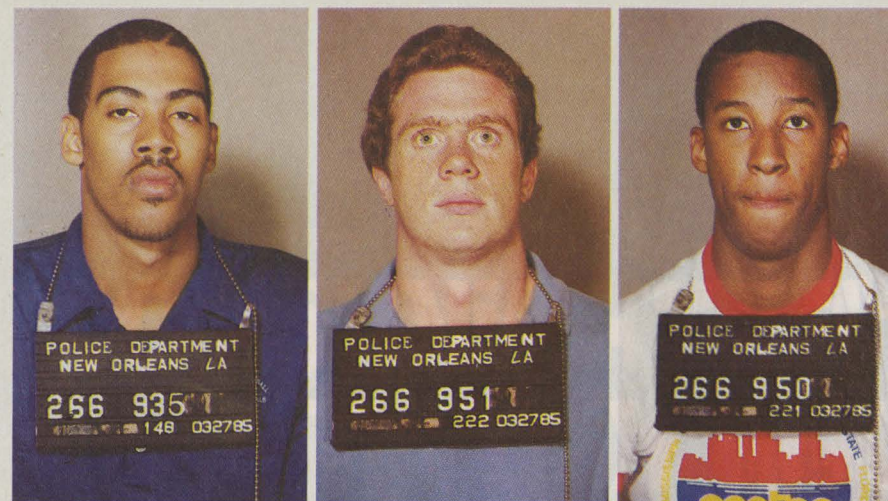
nobody asks UCLA's old coach his opinion. Of 148 sportswriters and broadcasters consulted by U.P.I., only 39 selected the 7-ft. center Ewing, who has now lifted his team to three final games and is beyond question the most significant college player since Bill Walton.

Ewing won the Adolph Rupp player-of-the-year award, though it is possibly just as well that Kentucky's bigoted baron is not around anymore to vote on who can play basketball. As Ewing was introduced for his final college game, a banana peel hit the floor of Lexington's Rupp Arena with a sickening whap. It seemed barely to miss slapping him, though he appeared not to notice. The Washington Post stopped recording this ritual when it ceased being news. "Bananas have been thrown at Ewing in at least ten games this year," Reporter Michael Wilbon says. Illiteracy signs were back also: EWING KANT READ DIS. If he is not the most glib performer in the interview room, Ewing apparently has had no trouble conversing with and charming teammates or classmates.

Even at a glance, his four-year development shows. There is no doubt either that Ewing made Georgetown rich or that Georgetown made Ewing meet some educational standard, enriching him as well. It was a square deal. "I've had a great career at Georgetown," he said. "I've learned a great deal." Fetching his award in the postgame commencement, Ewing poked a No. 1 finger at the roof, but in the next instant he seemed to lead the clapping for Villanova, especially for Ed Pinckney.

As a child of the Bronx, Pinckney visited the other New York boroughs, sampling different styles like a linguist studying accents. In Manhattan, he learned power, in Queens finesse. Brooklyn showed Pinckney the attraction of flamboyance, but it is unlike him to display any. Massimino's preaching of "the perfect game" impressed the 6-ft. 9½-in. senior center and fascinated him. "On a one-shot deal, we can beat anyone in the United States," the coach urged, and had Pinckney not believed him, would what the others thought have mattered? Though only by two points and a rebound statistically, he outplayed Ewing profoundly. Three Ewing dunks in a rattling row amounted to an invitation to shudder, but Pinckney was inspired.

"If we played them ten games, I don't know how many we'd win," he admitted. "Really and truly, I don't know if we thought this would ever come true. But we did dream it. We dared to." So suddenly the basketball season yielded not one, but two teams of lasting memory. —By Tom Callahan



Williams, Thompson and Dominique after their arrests in New Orleans

"The Fix Is On"

Tulane basketball is out

New Orleans Lawyer Ned Kohnke was stunned at dinner last month when his brother mentioned a rumor: a Tulane basketball player had told friends before a recent game, "The fix is on." Kohnke, a Tulane alumnus, benefactor and basketball fan, agonized for several days before contacting Orleans Parish District Attorney Harry Connick.

So began the unraveling of a two-month-old point-shaving conspiracy, a cocaine-distribution arrangement and an unrelated but long-standing recruiting-payments scheme. Last week, to confront "the questions of moral values and academic integrity," University President Eamon Kelly announced plans to abolish Tulane's basketball program, permanently.

As an indictment filed last week tells it, the point-shaving plan was hatched on Feb. 2, the day of a game with Southern Mississippi; Tulane was favored by 10½ points. Students Gary Kranz, 21, Mark Olensky, 21, and David Rothenberg, 22, all members of Alpha Epsilon Pi fraternity, decided to see whether some of the players would agree to hold the team under the point spread. Kranz allegedly had already given cocaine to Senior Forwards Clyde Eads and Jon Johnson. When he offered them a piece of the proceeds from bets on the game, Eads and Johnson were not only interested but recruited Guards David Dominique and Bobby Thompson and Star Center John ("Hot Rod") Williams into the deal. Tulane beat Southern Mississippi by a single point. Two Saturdays later the players allegedly conspired to fix the Virginia Tech game, but the plan apparently misfired. Four days after that, they went into the

tank again. Tulane, which finished the season with a mediocre 15-13 record, lost to Memphis State by eleven points, more than the four-point margin the betting line had predicted.

For their lack of effort, the five players are said to have made at least \$19,500. Eads and Johnson, having helped bring the three others into the scam, proceeded to negotiate immunity from prosecution for their testimony. Those they have implicated face up to 30 years in prison if convicted.

The ease with which the players apparently fell to cheating may be partially explained by the climate of exploitation that has long pervaded college sports. In particular, Williams, a potential first-round pro draft pick, knows the temptations. A high school star from rural Sorrento, La., he reportedly told prosecutors that after he agreed to attend Tulane, a former assistant coach gave him a shoe box containing \$10,000 in cash, and that he had received weekly envelopes from Coach Ned Fowler containing \$100 stipends. Such payments, while not criminal, violate N.C.A.A. rules. Fowler and two of his assistants (who were not involved in the point shaving or any of the drug incidents) resigned last week after disclosure of the weekly payments.

The "commercialization" of college sports, Kelly said, "has eroded many of the positive values that come with athletic programs." To stanch the flow of under-the-table money to collegiate athletes, the N.C.A.A. Presidents' Commission voted last week to urge that athletic department budgets be overseen by college administrators. Easy attitudes toward drugs, betting and corner cutting to make big-time money call for hard lessons. They should reverberate beyond Tulane.

—By Michael S. Serrill.
Reported by David S. Jackson/New Orleans



President Kelly facing press

Milestones

RECOVERING. William J. Schroeder, 53, artificial-heart recipient who at week's end had survived a record 133 days since the implant, 21 days longer than Barney Clark in 1983; in a special "transition apartment" to which he was moved last Saturday from Humana Hospital across the street, after making steady progress in recent weeks; in Louisville, Ky.

DIED. Jeanne Deckers, fiftyish, former Dominican Sister Luc-Gabrielle who, as Belgium's "Singing Nun," became an unlikely international pop star of the 1960s with her 1963 No. 1 hit *Dominique*, a 2 million seller, as well as other songs whose treacly lyrics were redeemed by her catchy melodies and high, pure voice; by her own hand (she and her female roommate took an overdose of barbiturates); in Wavre, Belgium. Deckers left her order in 1966 to pursue success in the secular world, but it had already passed her by; the home she set up for autistic children recently closed for lack of money, and Belgian authorities were demanding payment of back taxes on her song earnings, which were taxable even though she had given them all to the church.

DIED. Luther Terry, 73, physician, U.S. Surgeon General from 1961 to 1965 and head of the panel whose careful, comprehensive 1964 report on smoking and health—the first authoritative statement that smoking cigarettes increased the risk of death from lung cancer, emphysema and coronary-artery disease—encouraged thousands of Americans to kick the habit; of heart disease; in Philadelphia.

DIED. Harold Peary, 76, radio actor who starred from 1937 to 1950 as "The Great Gildersleeve," the pompous windbag with a heart of gold well hidden behind a wall of bluster, first on *Fibber McGee and Molly* and then on his own show, and made "You're a ha-a-ard man, McGee" and his trademark oily giggle national crazes; of a heart attack; in Torrance, Calif. Peary (born Harrold José Pereira de Faria) made several movies and numerous TV appearances as Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve and in other parts; the radio role, which he abandoned, was continued until 1958 by another actor.

DIED. Abram N. Spanel, 83, founder in 1932 and chairman from 1949 to 1975 of the International Latex (now Playtex) Corp., the bra and girdle maker, who was also a notable philanthropist, mostly to medical research, and a gifted inventor who held more than 2,000 patents; of congestive heart failure; in Princeton, N.J. Born in Russia and reared in Paris until at ten he moved to the U.S., Spanel was probably best known to the public for his habit of regularly buying newspaper space, at a cost of millions over four decades, to promote his beliefs, notably world unity, support for Israel and understanding for France.

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Behavior

Looking for a Life of Thrills

Type Ts take risks, scorn rules, pursue the uncertain

Comedian John Belushi. Gangster John Dillinger. Nobel Biologist Francis Crick. All are classic Type T personalities, and so, fittingly enough, is television's Mr. T.

As Psychologist Frank Farley of the University of Wisconsin tells it, many of the world's daredevils, doers and delinquents share a common personality, Type T (for thrill seeking). Whether scientists or criminals, mountain climbers or hot-dog skiers, says Farley, all are driven by temperament, and perhaps biology, to a life of constant stimulation and risk taking. Both the socially useful and the socially appalling Type Ts, he says, "are rejecting the strictures, the laws, the regulations—they are pursuing the unknown, the uncertain."

Farley, 48, has spent 20 years of study to reach his Type T theory. In one series of tests with student volunteers at Madison, Wis., he made a connection between drinking and thrill seeking. While non-T personalities may drink to grow numb, Type Ts drink to shed inhibitions and are

prone to act disruptively while under the influence. Says Farley: "It's experimenting with forbidden fruit." He finds that Type Ts have twice as many automobile accidents as non-Ts, and many even make a point of driving while drunk for the added excitement and risk. "We have become accustomed to the idea that Type A individuals are dangerous to themselves," says Farley, referring to the shorthand designation for hard-driving people who have a tendency to heart attacks. "Type T individuals are doubly dangerous—to themselves and others."

Farley's work is in a field of research known as arousal studies. A major assumption of researchers is that a broad curve traces the susceptibility to stimulation in the general population: at one end of the spectrum are those who need excitation; at the other end are people who feel so overwhelmed by the normal stimulation of everyday life that they devote themselves to avoiding any further stress, risk or adventure. This avoidance group would include those who are comfortable

with routine, and perhaps agoraphobics. Farley thinks schizophrenics and the autistic might belong in the non-T category as well, although available evidence is inconclusive.

Farley, who classifies himself as a moderate T, thinks there is a physical predisposition toward risk taking and says a few studies of identical twins support the notion. Another psychologist, Marvin Zuckerman of the University of Delaware, also proffers a physical explanation: Zuckerman says sensation seekers may have distinctly different brain chemistry. Despite their various emphases, researchers in the field generally reject the idea that risk takers are acting compulsively out of a neurotic need or a desire to solve a psychological problem.

Farley also believes that the U.S. has developed into a Type T nation. Since the country is largely made up of the descendants of immigrants who took the supreme risk of uprooting themselves to come to the New World, he says, the nation's genetic stock and national culture should be heavily Type T. "If I'm right on that," Farley conjectures, "we should be an enormously vital nation with both T-plus, creative people, and T-minus, destructive people, both overrepresented."

He adds, "We should—and do—have very high crime rates relative to many other countries of the world."

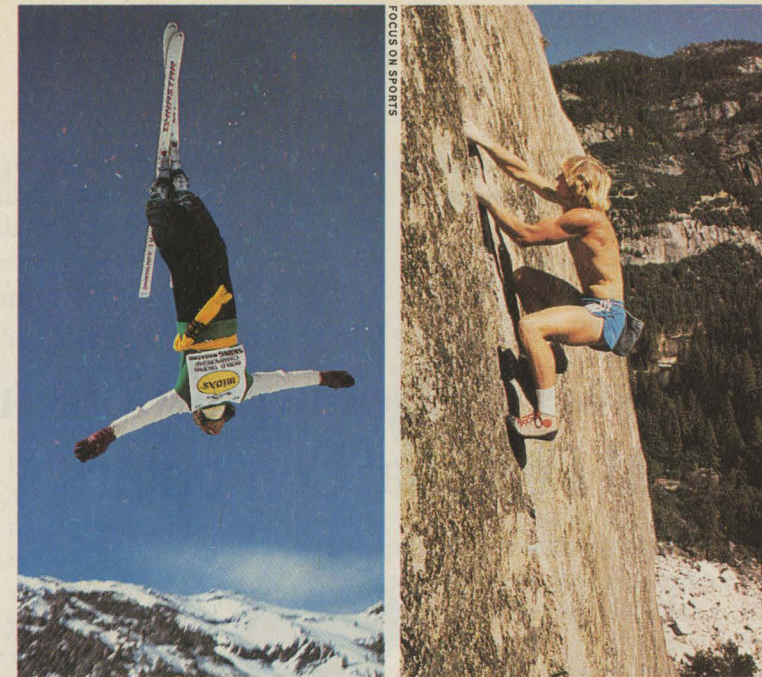
Using various psychological and physiological tests, Farley thinks he can identify Type Ts with reasonable accuracy. In maze tests, for example, stimulus seekers constantly vary their routes, even after finding an exit. In figure tests, where subjects are asked to make a circle around a design they like best, Type Ts tend to choose complex patterns. In studies that Farley ran at schools for juvenile delinquents, he found, as expected, that Type Ts were four to seven times as likely to try to escape as non-thrill seekers, presumably because they found prison life so intolerably dull and routine. The studies also showed that Type Ts at prisons engaged in fighting and other disruptive acts at a far higher rate than their fellow inmates.

Type Ts, says Farley, are invariably high-energy people, some of whom find excitement in mental exercise. Scientist Crick, he points out, was a successful

physicist who switched in mid-career to biology, where he won honors for his work with DNA. Sometimes, Farley believes, the energy goes awry: Belushi, a creative entertainer, sought stimulation in drugs, turning from a T-plus into a T-minus. Says Farley: "I can't predict

tury and beyond, needs enormous levels of creativity," says Farley. "The interesting thing is that the destructive forces—crime, drinking and driving—arise from the same group who could be the most creative."

—By John Leo. Reported by Ruth Mehrrens Galvin/Madison



Skier and climber: lives of constant stimulation and risk taking

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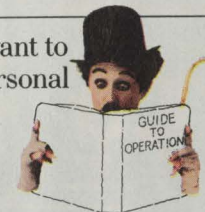
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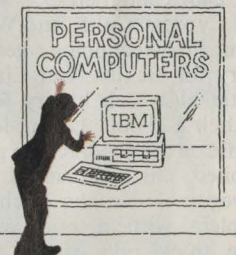


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Truckers merge into the mainstream with upscale new rigs

Just a few years ago, the nation's long-haul truck drivers were celebrated as the last cowboys. Sitting high and lonesome in 18-wheelers, they put the pedal to the metal, trying to outrun "Smokey" and middle-of-the-road conformity. The flip side of the image: stressful schedules and strained marriages. But now split-level suburbia is the new deal on wheels. An up-and-coming crowd of diesel outriders are bringing their homes and their wives along in fully outfitted, self-contained living quarters set behind the driver's cab. If they need a handle, call this new breed truppies, upscale truckers who like to have a place to call home wherever they are.

Demand for the stretched-out sleepers began to heat up after a 1982 congressional decision allowing longer cab lengths without a corresponding cut in precious cargo space. A majority of the 15,000 tractors produced by California's Peterbilt truck company now have some type of sleeper accommodation. Double Eagle Industries of Shipshewana, Ind., which expects to produce 250 of the longer units this year, has fallen four months behind orders. Made of aluminum to save weight, the mobile home-like sleepers range in length from 28 in. to 120 in. front to back and cost from \$2,400 for a basic single-bed model to \$40,000 for a compartment more elaborate and feature filled than many recreational motor homes.

When Dan Campbell, 35, who operates out of Cypress, Calif., and Wife Robin, 30, haul high-technology gear across the country for Bekins Van Lines, they haul a little high-tech luxury for themselves in their \$35,000, 120-in.-long cabin. While on the road, Robin prepares broiled chicken and fresh steamed vegetables in the kitchenette complete with a microwave oven. The thick pile carpet and acoustically padded walls are easily cleaned with the central vacuum-cleaning system. After dinner she may watch a prerecorded episode of *Dallas* on their VCR and remote-controlled color TV. When 6-ft. 4-in. Dan stretches out on the double bed for a night's sleep, Robin, who quit her job in a tax collection office to become one of the nation's 48,600 li-

censed women drivers, takes the wheel. The old stereotype? "We don't associate with that," says Robin. Indeed, they do not even communicate much with other drivers over the ubiquitous CB radio. They prefer to schedule upcoming jobs on a mobile cellular telephone.

Sleepers have solid business advan-

slump over the wheel after the maximum ten-hour stretch allowed by federal regulation. Spelled by co-drivers, truckers sometimes sleep in their living quarters or just stand, walk around and ease white-line tension. "The better the equipment, the safer the ride," says Tom Phillips, 24, who just purchased a \$75,000 International Harvester cab with a 42-in. sleeper compartment. "A tired driver is a bad driver."

So is one with indigestion. "Ninety percent of truck-stop food isn't worth speaking about," shudders seven-year Veteran Driver Tom Burghardt of Hicksville, N.Y. He estimates he will save \$200 a month on motel and food bills with his new \$22,500 Double Eagle Windjammer. Dave Kahlig and his wife Mitch of Fort Recovery, Ohio, have yet to install a microwave in their 66-in., \$11,000 Double Eagle sleeper. But they have a refrigerator and cook foil-wrapped meats on the truck's engine between the red-hot turbo pipes. "It takes about 10 to 15 miles to cook a hamburger," says Mitch, "60 for a chicken. Once we lost some turkey steaks when we hit a pothole near Detroit."

Although the purchase prices are steep, the saving on food, lodging and layovers can be attractive, particularly for a cost-conscious couple on the road ten months of the year. A few maintain no on-the-ground house at all and stay with relatives during their short periods of downtime. Bill and Linda Yancey of Chula Vista, Calif., figure they will soon pay for their \$21,000 sleeper by sharing driving time. "It takes two to keep it going," says Bill, who adds that "it's nice to have someone in this with you as a partner."

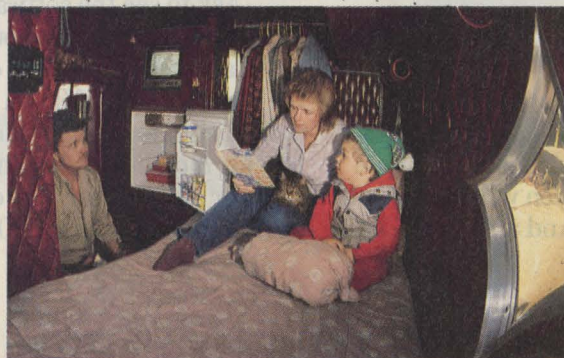
Sleepers are benefiting marriages as well as budgets. Before Roger and Jill Spencer of Montgomery, Pa., got theirs, he was home only twelve days in a six-month period. "When I told him," says Jill, "he didn't believe it. I missed him and all." Like many trucking couples, the Spencers share a passion for their rig. The couple's \$100,000 Peterbilt truck and Double Eagle sleeper combination has won several prizes at truck shows. "It's almost like our baby," admits Jill. And for those actually having a baby? On March 15, a little girl, Julia Louise, was born to the Yanceys of Chula Vista, and they consider it no problem. They are thinking about installing a nursery.

—By J.D. Reed.

Reported by Cheryl Crooks/Los Angeles and Lisa Kartus/Chicago



The Campbells' classy rig: room to cook and to celebrate togetherness. The new truppies like a place to call home wherever they are.



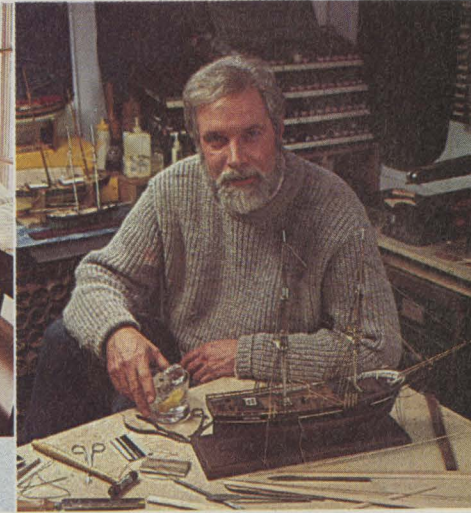
A nephew visits the Kahligs' sleeper during a layover

Rum on the Rocks. The New American Classic.

All across America more and more people are making Puerto Rican white rum a classic drink because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



Making tracks across the lovely Vermont landscape, Tex and Kimet Laidlaw know they have the reward of a Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks awaiting them at the end of their cross-country trek.



New York's Jack Putnam is a perfectionist, whether it be rigging for his model or his drink, white rum.



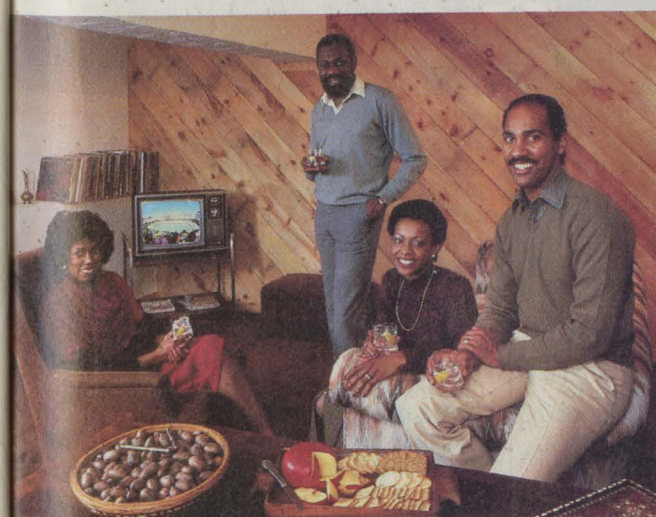
At home in San Juan, President of Condado Travel, José Targas and wife Carmen. Their drink: white rum.



At their beautiful Ponderosa Ranch home at Incline Village on Lake Tahoe, Nevada, Joyce and William Anderson enjoy a warm fire with Puerto Rican white rum on the rocks.



There's nothing like white rum to cap off the last run at Squaw Valley, according to ski instructor Tim Reeve and wife Linda.



Judith and Jimmy Dilday, at the home of friends Karen and Eddie Williams in Braintree, MA, debate the outcome of Sunday football while they agree on their choice of drink, white rum on the rocks.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin just can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



Having winter the warm, sunny, white rum way in San Juan are attorney Alvaro Cifuentes and wife Jeannie.

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Books

Little Disturbances of Woman

LATER THE SAME DAY by Grace Paley
Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 211 pages; \$13.95

To residents of Greenwich Village, Grace Paley is the friendly neighborhood radical. Every sunny Saturday afternoon this year the diminutive grandmother has been on duty at the busy intersection of Sixth Avenue and Eleventh Street, buttonholing passersby on behalf of the Women's Pentagon Action. "Would you like to sign a petition against U.S. military intervention in Central America?" she asks. For the 37 years she has lived in the Village, Paley, 62, has engaged in countless curbside solicitations as well as rallies, demonstrations and sit-ins. Her causes have been as local as keeping traffic out of Washington Square Park and as global as U.S. nuclear policy.

But outside the Village, Paley has an entirely different reputation. Her first book of short stories, *The Little Disturbances of Man* (1959), was lavishly praised by critics and by colleagues as disparate as Philip Roth, Donald Barthelme and Susan Sontag—but not for the book's political messages. In fact, the tales were devoid of exhortation. Their main concern was human—mostly female—suffering. Her second book, *Enormous Changes at the Last Minute* (1974), also evoked the anguish of women caught in what she called "the courts of kitchen drama." Wives were abandoned, mothers were overburdened by cherished babies, and grown children grieved for their parents fading away in institutions for the elderly.

In her third volume, *Later the Same Day*, the heroines have aged a few years. But the familial tragedies are much the same, and they are still leavened by the author's lively erotic imagination and her invincible ironies. Although Paley continues to skirt the political confrontations she elicits in life, her writing ministers to the walking wounded from the '60s. In "Friends," three women gather at the bedside of a dying companion. All have yet another cause for sorrow: a daughter found dead in a far-away rooming house. A boy vanished into California: "a son, a boy of fifteen, who disappears before your very eyes into a darkness or a light behind his own, from which neither hugging nor hitting can bring him."

Some of the fierce vitality of the sexual encounters in Paley's earlier stories have given way to more nostalgic couplings. In "Listening," a middle-aged woman driving south

on Broadway sees a pedestrian whose "nice unimportant clothes seemed to be merely a shelter for the naked male person." She thinks, "Oh, man, in the very center of your life, still fitting your skin so nicely . . . why have you slipped out of my sentimental and carnal grasp?" Turning to a woman friend in the car, she says: "He's nice, isn't he?" The reply is vintage Paley: "I suppose so . . . but what is he, just a bourgeois on his way home."

Like her characters, Paley has recently tended to loosen some of her moorings. The lifelong New Yorker now spends six months of each year in Thetford, Vt., where her second husband, Robert Nichols, an architect and writer, has retired.



Grace Paley: making revisions out loud

Excerpt

“What did she know? Because: People do want to be young and beautiful. When they meet in the street, male or female, if they're getting older they look at each other's face a little ashamed. It's clear they want to say, Excuse me, I didn't mean to draw attention to mortality and gravity all at once. I didn't want to remind you, my dear friend, of our coming eviction, first from liveliness, then from life. To which, most of the time, the friend's eyes will courteously reply, My dear, it's nothing at all. I hardly noticed.”

THOMAS VICTOR

The rest of the year she lives alone in a modest Greenwich Village apartment. Coiled up in an armchair in her workroom, the 5-ft. 1-in. author confides that she is not a disciplined writer. "But once I have a story, I keep revising, typing and retyping till I can't find anything wrong." Since one of Paley's gifts is an infallible ear for New York City speech—Irish, black and Jewish—it is scarcely surprising that her revisions are all made out loud as she talks to her typewriter.

Paley seems to welcome activities that intrude on her creative time. She regards her writing classes at Sarah Lawrence College and the graduate school of City College as a gift: "Teaching always puts you in contact with new historical experience—not just with people but with the nature of their lives." Her political activities continue unabated. Most recently, Paley participated in a sit-in on Wall Street and a reading of poetry and prose on Writers for Peace Day.

When she's not being an activist she "feels bad," she says. "It comes from my terrible sense about the world. When I'm doing something about it I can bear it somehow. It seems the citizenly thing to do." That activism began in the PTA, when her children Nora and Danny, now 35 and 33, were attending P.S. 41 in Greenwich Village. "Local action is female," she says. "When I think back on my political self, it was related to integrating the schools, saving the trees on the streets, trying to keep the buses out of the park."

Paley is a second-generation radical. Her Ukrainian-born parents were both Social Democrats who opposed the czarist autocracy. Her father Isaac Goodside was arrested several times for revolutionary activities while he was still in his teens; he and his wife Manya immigrated to the U.S. in 1905 and settled in the Bronx, where Grace was born in 1922. "They were a fabulous generation," she says, and some of her best stories, like "Faith in the Afternoon" and "Dreamer in a Dead Language," are celebrations of her parents. Followers of Paley's fiction know that Isaac Goodside was an "M.D., artist and storyteller" and that his wife kept house—an occupation that Ms. Goodside's feminist daughter has never scorned. When her writing is going poorly, she takes refuge in housework. "I notice that men writers mostly go out of doors," she says. "What I'll do is start sweeping." And when the work is going well? "Life keeps distracting me." Fortunately for Paley and her readers, the little disturbances of woman have a way of adding up to major work.

—By Patricia Blake

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Florence Henderson, star of stage, screen, TV



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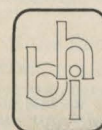
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Books

Gypsy Scholars

SMALL WORLD by David Lodge
Macmillan; 339 pages; \$15.95

"An Academic Romance," the subtitle of Author David Lodge's seventh novel, seems at first glance a contradiction in terms. Even those who have read no more deeply in this field than Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* (1954) know that works of fiction set on campus are supposed to be funny, not fond. As it turns out, those looking for laughs will hardly be disappointed by *Small World*. But Lodge, 50, who is also a critic and a literature professor at the University of Birmingham in England, sees the humor in academic life and something else besides: a number of the principal players have started to move in strange but well-worn patterns.

"Scholars these days are like the errant knights of old, wandering the ways of the world in search of adventure and glory." So says Morris Zapp, a cigar-chewing American professor whose extensive lecture itinerary has temporarily stranded him at a dreary medieval conference in Rummidge, a drab, provincial English university. Also on hand to suffer the droning speeches and inedible food is Persse McGarrigle, a young Irishman who is a virgin both in the traditional sense and vis-à-vis the brave new world of gypsy scholars. What dazzles McGarrigle most about the proceedings is Angelica, a



David Lodge

beautiful and budding literary critic who befriends him but mysteriously eludes his chivalrous advances. Persse muses: "It's as if she had a magic ring for making herself invisible." Those who pick up this allusion to fanciful old tales may move to the head of the class. Lodge sets his swelling cast of characters into frantic motion across what only looks like the contemporary world; in truth, they move through enchanted old paths out of Ariosto, Spenser and the Arthurian legends. As he takes up the pursuit of Angelica, Persse becomes Percival on the trail of the Grail. For Zapp the quest centers on the newly endowed UNESCO chair in literary criticism, a post that pays \$100,000 a year, tax free, and carries no duties whatever.

Zapp is not alone in desiring this prize; he and other contenders keep meeting at academic conferences and trying to upstage one another. The man they must impress is Arthur Kingfisher, "doyen of the international community of literary theorists," whose approval will bring the award. Unfortunately, the Fisher King is filled with despair "at no longer being

able to achieve an erection or an original thought."

Can Persse find Angelica, thereby bringing fertile rain to the critical wasteland? Not before Lodge pulls out all the old tricks: hidden births and revealing birthmarks, magical instances of love at first sight and many, many journeys. The author's wry and graceful style keeps a complicated plot briskly in motion and surprisingly fresh. Along the way, he takes some gentle but funny swipes at reigning scholarly ideologies and provides enough surface diversions to beguile readers who have never heard of Sir Thomas Malory or the Modern Language Association. The author even helps neophytes along with a definition given by one of the characters: "Real romance is a pre-novelistic kind of narrative. It's full of adventure and coincidence and surprises and marvels, and has lots of characters who are lost or enchanted or wandering about looking for each other, or for the Grail, or something like that." *Small World* is something like that.

—By Paul Gray

Reflections

OCCASIONAL PROSE

by Mary McCarthy
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
341 pages; \$17.95

"I'm not sure she isn't the woman Stendhal," wrote Edmund Wilson back in 1941, when his young wife began her first book. Some 40 years, 20 volumes and two husbands later, the evidence is in. Mary McCarthy, 72, has her own wise and distinctive voice, but the cool,

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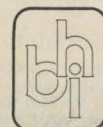
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In *Occasional Prose*, fugitive pieces range from reportage to literary criticism to the comparative values of wood ash, manure and seaweed in the garden. All of the works are reminiscent of, in Stendhal's memorable phrase, "a mirror walking along a main road." McCarthy's reflections begin with a recollection of her colleague Philip Rahv, longtime editor of *Partisan Review*. Thousands of words have been spent discussing the unrepentant old radical; this obituary captures him in three sentences: "He never learned to swim . . . He would immerse his body in the alien element but declined or perhaps feared to move with it. His resistance to swimming with the tide, his mistrust of currents, were his strength."

Sudden illuminations occur throughout the collection. In London, an anti-Viet Nam protest is "something like a medieval carnival in a modern setting, with everybody changing places, the fool becoming king for a day . . . the police merging with the populace and even putting on false beards. But no more than a carnival did it 'solve' anything." Vladimir Nabokov, she notes, treats the Russian language "as a national treasure the usurper

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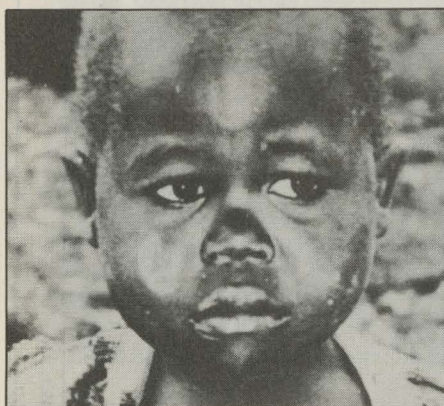


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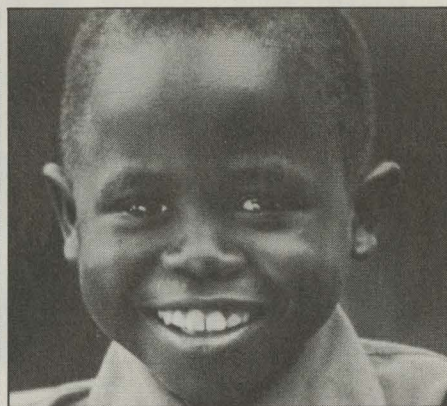
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Damiano, 1984

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Books

Bolsheviks appropriated from him, to turn over to the rabble." She ponders the absence of important fiction in prewar Germany: "Common sense tells you the way things are, rather than the way your covetous ego or prehensile will would like them to be. And the sparsity of novels, the great carriers of the reality principle, may help to explain German defenselessness in the face of National Socialism."

In the past, McCarthy's pugnacity sometimes led her to be labeled Mary Mary Quite Contrary, and she still seems to delight in offering a chair for her subject, merely to yank it away at the appropriate moment. In her lecture "Living with Beautiful Things," she discusses collections of great art, then decides,



Mary McCarthy

"By contrast to the ear, the eye is a jealous, concupiscent organ, and some idea of ownership or exclusion enters into our relation with visual beauty." From there it is a quick step to the conclusion, "Quite poisonous people, on the whole, are attracted by the visual arts and can become very knowledgeable about them. This is much less true of literature . . . A bookish man will be an omnivorous reader, obviously, but he will not be greedy: by consuming more reading matter than is customary he does not deprive anyone else of his share . . . The same could be said of music."

Let home gardeners pore over seed catalogs and boast of homegrown salads; she knows that "Nature, far from being on your side, is actively against you, attacking with bugs, molds, rot, cankers, neighboring dogs, raccoons, skunks, porcupines, drought, torrential rains, 'black' frosts, snow heaves, winter-kill. And I cannot think that the satisfaction derived is in the results, however beautiful or tasty . . . The fact is that gardening, more than most of our other activities except sometimes love-making, confronts us with the inexplicable."

Although *Occasional Prose* ranges back to 1968, none of it is dated, and little seems forced by headlines. McCarthy writes, therefore she is, and she is everywhere. In the course of a dissertation on cooking, she quotes a parody of Goethe's *Werther*: "Charlotte, having seen his body/ Borne before her on a shutter,/ Like a well-conducted person,/ Went on cutting bread and butter." Charlotte was a lady after the author's art. Let violence and fatuities pass in review; the well-conducted Mary McCarthy will watch and then slice them into appropriate pieces. Books and events have always been her bread and butter.

—By Stefan Kanfer

Cinema

And *Animal House* Begat . . .

Teenage audiences are grossing out on gross-outs

Question: From the following brief plot outline, can you guess the title of the movie? A group of young men, considered outcasts from ordinary society, connives to engage in sexual congress with a group of attractive young women. They spy on the girls in the shower or while they are undressing for bed, start a food fight or



Bachelor Party's bash

something equally uplifting, crack a lot of dirty jokes, indulge in all sorts of crude and sometimes amusing behavior, and in the end triumph over the forces of stuffy convention, such as parents, policemen, school authorities and almost anybody else over the age of 25.

Answer: If you guessed *National Lampoon's Animal House*, you hit the jack-

pot. But you get the same prize—an invitation to read to the bottom of this story—if you also guessed *Police Academy*, *Hot Moves*, *Hardbodies*, *Joysticks*, *Weekend Pass*, *Private Lessons*, *Zapped!*, *My Tutor*, *Beach Girls*, *Summer Camp*, *Goin' All the Way*, *Hot Dog* . . . The movie, *Bachelor Party*, *Party Animal*, *Paradise Motel*, *Private School*, *Mugsy's Girls*, *Hollywood Hot Tubs*, *The Last American Virgin*, *Mischief*, *The Wild Life*, *Lunch Wagon*, *Night Patrol*, *Porky's* and *Porky's II: The Next Day*. If you missed any of those, don't worry. *Porky's Revenge!* came out only last month, grossing a huge \$6.2 million in its first weekend. *Police Academy 2: Their first assignment* opened last week and took in nearly \$10.7 million during its first three days, making it the hottest picture of the year. Later this month you can also be pulled in for *Moving Violations*.

While cineasts around the country were rushing out to see if *Amadeus* deserved all those Oscars, millions of other moviegoers, most of them between the ages of eleven and 19, were going to the gross-outs. "Children love dirty," says Jerry Paris, who directed *Police Academy 2*, "and they love the silliness of this kind of comedy." Tom Sherak, president of domestic distribution for 20th Century-Fox, becomes almost misty-eyed when he talks about going to a theater a few days after the first *Porky's* opened. "I sat behind a group of kids who had already seen the movie three times. They knew when to laugh, when to scream and when to go crazy."

All those screams mean big bucks at the box office. *Animal House* (1978), the *Godfather* of gross-out, cost only \$2.9 million and made \$150 million; *Porky's*



The men in blue taking a funny break in *Police Academy 2*

Knowing when to laugh and when to go crazy.

(1982) cost \$4.8 million and brought in \$180 million; and *Police Academy* (1984) also cost \$4.8 million and made about \$150 million. Studio executives are awed by such huge returns from such small investments, but, being over 20 themselves, they find it hard to tell which gross-out will make a big pile, like *Porky's*, and which will make a little pile (\$22 million), like *Hot Dog* . . . The Movie. "Kids know what they want to see," says Sherak. "I can't tell you how they know. But they know."

The formula is simple enough. "You expect fried rice with your Chinese dinner, and you expect certain things, like a belching scene, in your teenage comedy," says Jeff Kanew, director of *Revenge of the Nerds* and the upcoming *Gotcha!* "They're basically about guys trying to get laid. When I became involved with *Nerds*,

the script already had a party scene, a peekaboo scene, a panty raid, a food fight, a beer-guzzling contest. The studio's instruction to me was, 'Give us *Animal House*.' I gave it to them but tried to layer it with some humanity and real characters. I didn't think anything was tasteless as long as it was funny." But tasteless is not really in the vocabulary of a gross-out scriptwriter. Some movie people shiver when they think of great film scenes: Gloria Swanson descending the stairs at the end of *Sunset Boulevard*, or Humphrey Bogart and Claude Rains walking into the fog at the conclusion of *Casablanca*. Gross-out writers receive a similar thrill when they remember John Belushi filling his mouth with mashed potatoes in *Animal House*—and then popping his cheeks and spewing out the contents.

"These movies are not exactly bogged down with story," says Doug Draizin, who packaged *Bachelor Party*. "The kids are coming back for the big comedy scenes. So it's important to give them enough, four or five big ones is the rule of thumb."

In *Police Academy*, for example, a woman wails to one of the misfits in blue that her cat is stuck at the top of a tree. "Don't worry, lady," he says confidently. "I'll get him down." He pulls out his revolver, aims and shoots him dead.

Some Hollywood people worry that the day may come when there will be one gross-out too many and teenagers will turn to something else, perhaps



Making you-know-what in *Mischief*

even dramas or—is it possible?—books. But so long as adolescents are adolescents, probably not. Sometimes, when you are 14 or 15, say, bad is better than good, dirt is more appealing than clean, and a night at the newest gross-out is more fun than sitting at home watching television with Mom and Dad. —By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

Show Business



Iron chic: Bad Guy Nikolai Volkoff flips Good Guy Mike Rotundo in tag-team championship

Hype! Hell Raising! Hulk Hogan!

Upscale or down-home, wrestling is a national mania

It is 1 p.m. on April Fool's eve, and 2,000 of the faithful have filed into the sold-out Tupperware Convention Center in Kissimmee, Fla. On the lawn outside stands a light infantry of pickup trucks; one bumper sign reads GOD GUNS AND GUTS MADE AMERICA—LET'S KEEP ALL THREE. Inside, an army of tattoos comes to attention as the houselights fall, the speakers blare *That's Entertainment*, and the giant screen flashes the words LIVE FROM MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: WRESTLEMANIA. The magic moment has arrived. And so, for the moment, has the bastard sport of pro wrestling. From glittery Manhattan (where some aficionados were offering \$200 for a good seat) to good-ole-boy Kissimmee, in closed-circuit auditoriums in the U.S. and 26 foreign countries, wrestling fans of all collars are savoring the triumph of hype, hell raising and Hulk Hogan. They made America; let's buy all three.



Liberace kicks at WrestleMania

Only pro wrestling, as perpetrated by Vince McMahon's World Wrestling Federation, could provide such a uniquely 1980s fusion of chic and sleaze. WrestleMania's guest referee is Muhammad Ali; the guest ring announcer is Battlin' Billy Martin; the guest timekeeper, manipulating a tiny silver bell that might have come from King Farouk's dinner table, is Liberace. Pop Thrush Cyndi Lauper is "managing" Wendi Richter ("150 pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal") as she attempts to regain her W.W.F. championship belt from zaftig Leilani Kai, managed by former longtime (28 years) women's champ, the Fabulous Moolah. And in the main event, teaming with Hulk Hogan against the preening Paul ("Mr. Wonderful") Orndorff and the kilted, malefic Rowdy Roddy Piper, is the Hulk's *Rocky III* co-star, Mr. T.

WrestleMania? The term is an understatement for an attraction now enjoying its biggest boom ever. Four wrestling shows, all produced by the W.W.F., are among the top ten programs on cable TV. NBC will present *Saturday Night's Main Event*, the pilot for a possible monthly series, in its *Saturday Night Live* slot May 11. Three videocassettes, including one on the Hulkster, are scheduled to hit the stores next month. There are Hulk Hogan action dolls, T shirts and sweatbands. Propelled by Hogan and Lauper, who last year brought her rock-'em sock-'em glamour to the "sport," wrestling has moved from the regional sideshows of trash sports to the national big top.

For any connoisseur of the deadpan schlock of pop culture, pro wrestling in its latest guise is like a trip to hog heaven. And the crowd is a big part of the show: part upscale, part down-home. Tuxedoed yuppies mix gingerly with the rip-his-

eyes-out! regulars. Andy Warhol shows up to pronounce, "It's hip. It's exciting. It's America." Gloria Steinem stops by to snort, of woman-mauling Roddy Piper, "He certainly is unfit to wear a skirt." Geraldine Ferraro apostrophizes, "Roddy Piper, why don't you come out and fight like a man?" Meanwhile, each month at the Garden, 20,000 souls who wouldn't be caught dead at a Jane Fonda Workout congregate to scream obscenities and pelt the wrestlers with hot dogs and ice cubes. For the few hours they spend together in a wrestling arena, the Perrier Set and the Boilermaker Brigade have something in common: synthetic blood lust.

Inside the squared circle, the wrestlers strut their stuff. Each has a role to play, as carefully sculpted as Chaplin's Tramp, or as their own Everest flesh. Hulk Hogan is the all-California beach boy—David Lee Roth, giant size—with imposing biceps ("my 24-inch pythons"), a genially intimidating line of patter and a well-earned legion of "Hulkamaniacs." Piper is the swinish bully in every late-night barroom, oinking epithets and sucker-punching anyone smaller than he. Nikolai Volkoff and the Iron Sheik, the W.W.F.'s current tag-team champs, are twin xenophobic nightmares: Volkoff insists on singing the Soviet



Sheik coming to Volkoff's rescue

national anthem before each bout, while the Iranian Sheik waves Khomeini's flag and shouts, "America—hack, pfui!" One of their premier opponents, before he defected to the rival National Wrestling Alliance, was Sergeant Slaughter, who leads his audience in reciting the Pledge of Allegiance. In many matches, the ring is a cartoon United Nations, in which the U.S. always has a fighting chance.

There is drama. There is ideology. There is also wrestling, after a fashion. This is not legitimate, Greco-Roman—



The incredible Mr. T and Hulk Hogan

style grappling of the sort made famous every few years by the Olympics or a new John Irving novel. This is show biz; the promoters determine the outcome of most matches in advance, and the mayhem is at least partly pretend. But precisely because pro wrestling is a roughhouse-ballet form of improvisational comedy, the performers must be fine athletes. These lum-

fall could wreck a career—and that means six figures a year for most of us, and at least half a million for me as the champ. After all, this is a business."

For the journeyman wrestler it can be a rough business: keeping your wits while having them knocked out of you, for real or surreal, five or six nights a week. "I admire their total commitment to quality in a profession fraught with danger," says Professor Gerald Morton of Auburn University at Montgomery, who is co-author of *Wrestling to Rasslin: Ancient Sport to American Spectacle*. "They have no union, no workmen's comp. The promoters, like the old dock foremen, essentially say who is going to work and who isn't." Morton sees an evolution in W.W.F. wrestling "from morality play toward farce. The wrestlers are characters in a continuing story that extends over a series of traumatic situations—matches—with elements of the ludicrous. And like any drama, it has a predetermined outcome. Wrestling can't be fixed because it was never intended to be a sport. You wouldn't say *Hamlet* was fixed."

Not if Hulk Hogan was playing Hamlet. That would be like asking Jim Brown if he kisses on the first date; you may think you know the answer, yet be reluctant to pose the question. You might not even want to have a little show-biz fun with the 6-ft. 8-in., 300-lb. Hulkster. Billy Crystal got away with it on *Saturday*

the humongous Dr. D viciously swatted Stossel twice to the ground. Belzer is considering a lawsuit; Stossel is planning one. Both cases raise the ominous possibility that some wrestlers take the game all too seriously; they have crossed the

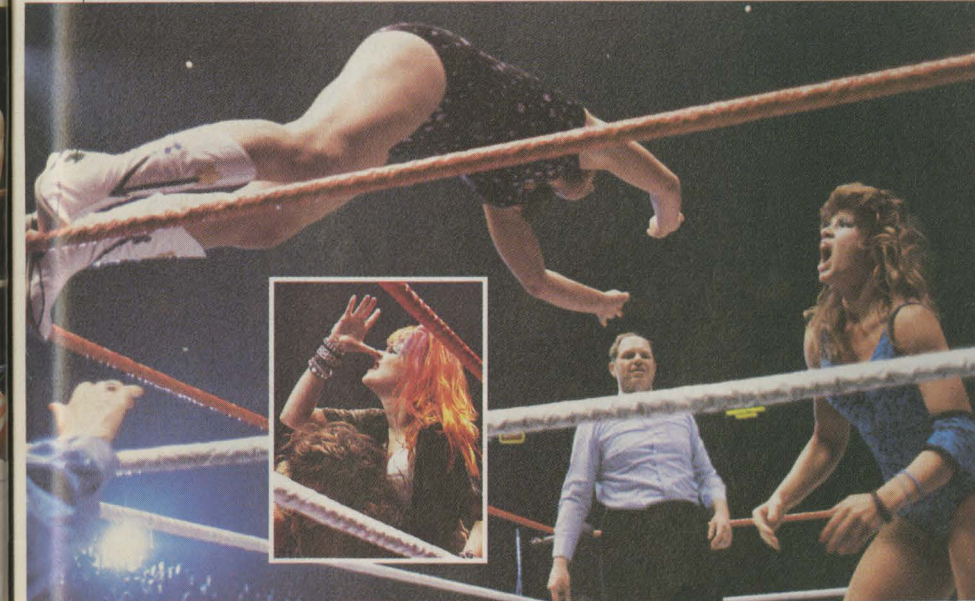


Roddy Piper gets T, no sympathy

hairline between vaudeville and violence.

Such is the danger of performance art, as dadaist Comic Andy Kaufman used to prove when he would wrestle women on TV. Was that supposed to be funny, or what? Now the W.W.F. is upstaging the show-biz avant-garde with its cable talk show, *Tuesday Night Titans*, in which the guest wrestlers chat with McMahon, sing a song, belt each other and eat furniture and live chickens. So is wrestling a sport, or what? Mostly, it's what.

And WrestleManiacs, old and new, cry: So what? It's fun! See the Hulkster cream an adversary, whether Rowdy Roddy or little Richard! See Cyndi molest Moolah! See, especially, Andre the Giant, all 7 ft. 4 in. and 474 lbs. of him, defend his honor against Big John Studd! If Andre body slams Studd to the canvas, he wins \$15,000. If not, he retires. And justice triumphs! Andre pulverizes Big John, picks up a tote bag carrying the \$15,000 and tosses bills out to the adoring throng. Now that's entertainment. —By Richard Corliss. Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Arturo Yáñez/New York, with other bureaus



Leilani Kai vaults toward Wendi Richter as Cyndi Lauper, inset, registers concern

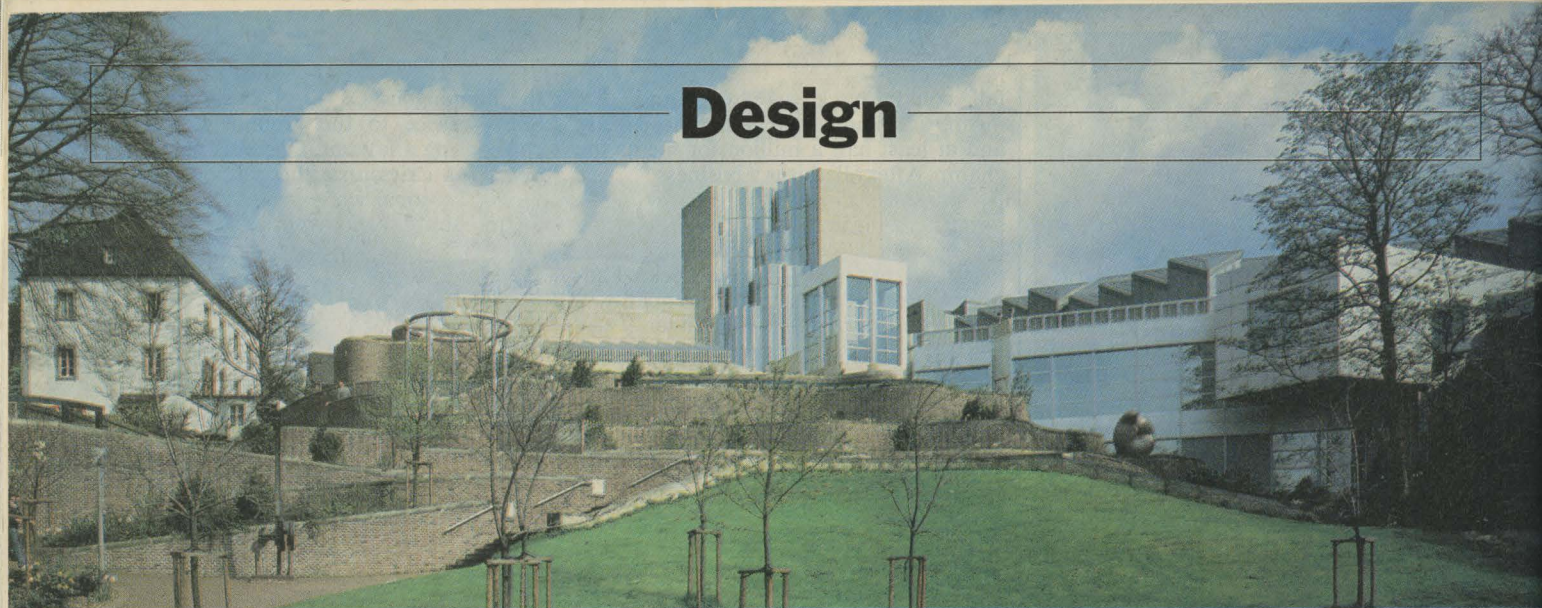
bering behemoths can flash with agility—as if Godzilla had turned up in a kung fu picture and done O.K. They are not so much gladiators of camp as movie stars who do their own stunts. It can be no small feat of strength and precision to execute an atomic knee drop, a figure-4 leg lock, or the dreaded Boston crab, let alone a flying body block from the ropes to the center of the ring, without seriously injuring either party. "I don't want to hurt anybody," declares the Incredible Hulk (real name: Terry Gene Bollea), 31. "One bad

Night Live, but Richard Belzer, the pencil-armed host of cable TV's *Hot Properties*, was not so lucky. Four days before WrestleMania, Hogan was demonstrating a front chin-lock on Belzer, who went limp and fell unconscious to the floor. When he rose, a pool of blood had formed under his head; the comic required eight stitches. John Stossel, a reporter for the ABC newsmagazine *20/20*, got a rounder basting when he told David ("Dr. D") Schultz, "You know, I think this is fake." His integrity impugned,



Andre the Giant pays tribute

Design



Masterwork at Mönchengladbach: the West German museum is a fetching mix-and-match agglomeration of forms and materials

COURTESY—HANS HOLLEIN

The Art of Joyful Jam-Packing

Austrian Architect Hans Hollein wins the 1985 Pritzker award

Hans Hollein bristles at being called a master of the exquisite small space. He denies that his architecture depends on perfect, peculiar details and even disagrees with the plain truth that his buildings are playful. It may be that Hollein, a Viennese, is habitually defensive about his work because so much of it has been both small scale and high end: jewelry stores, a travel agency, an art gallery. The quirky architect will not have to worry about professional stature any longer. Last week, a few days after his 51st birthday, Hollein was awarded the seventh annual Pritzker Architecture Prize, the closest thing in the field to a Nobel. The prize, established and underwritten by Chicago Multimillionaire Jay Pritzker, comes with a tax-free gift of \$100,000.

Hollein can use the money. He is not widely known. Relatively few of his designs have been built, and most of those were reconstructions and renovations. Some Pritzker jurors were concerned about his comparatively skimpy oeuvre. In the end, however, he was allowed a European handicap: on the Continent, there are not many opportunities for the expansive architectural gesture, and fewer buildings are being built than in the U.S.

Denied the option of spreading his architectural imagination thin, Hollein has instead produced dense, intense buildings where every detail is fussed over and elaborately wrought. For one American admirer, Architect Michael Graves, the pleasure of a Hollein building comes from "the personal attention he gives his work. You truly sense the artist's hand controlling every detail." In fact, Hollein is also a gallery artist, but he finds praise like Graves' somewhat backhanded. "Exqui-

site craftsmanship and careful detailing are what an architect ought to be expected to deliver," Hollein says. "I don't think you should be applauded for it."

Hollein has flouted the fetishes of dead-end, blank-box modernism—per-



A classicist spirit in the second Viennese jewelry shop

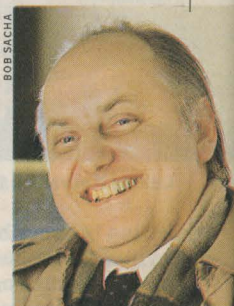
COURTESY—HANS HOLLEIN

minum or marble, and all this together."

Nowhere does he put more forms and materials together better than in his museum of contemporary art in Mönchengladbach, West Germany. The Pritzker ostensibly honors a lifetime of work, but surely it is Mönchengladbach that got the prize for Hollein. The three-year-old hillside museum is like a tiny town within a town, an agglomeration of distinct but compatible structures, a labyrinth set on its own stone *Platz*. Undulating red brick terraces hug the slope, relaxed and vaguely mock-ancient, not abrasive Disneyland replicas. As ever, Hollein succeeds in pleasing with the highly particular small space, the odd cutout corner or voluptuous semicircular marble stair. Mönchengladbach has the virtuoso exuberance of a big, ambitious first novel, brimming with every story fragment and shimmery turn of phrase the author can muster.

It is apt that Americans have now given Hollein his honorific due. The U.S., he says, has influenced his architecture most

of all. He arrived at the Illinois Institute of Technology in 1958 but found its "Prussian dogma" of modernism uncongenial. Breaking free, Hollein bought a Chevy and drove, covering 50,000 miles in a year and a half, just when Nabokov's Humbert Humbert and Kerouac's romantics were on the road. Recalls Hollein: "It was just incredible to me the space you have here, the sense of freedom." Seeing the West provoked a kind of epiphany. A generation ago, before pizzazz had become architecturally fashionable, Hollein was out there on his own, learning from Las Vegas.



Hollein

—By Kurt Andersen



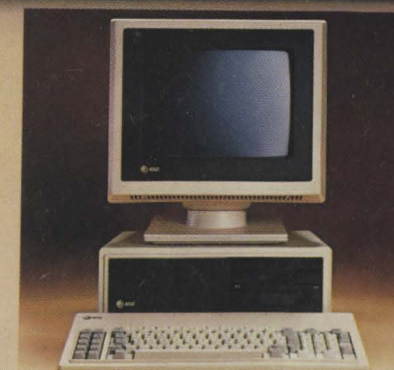
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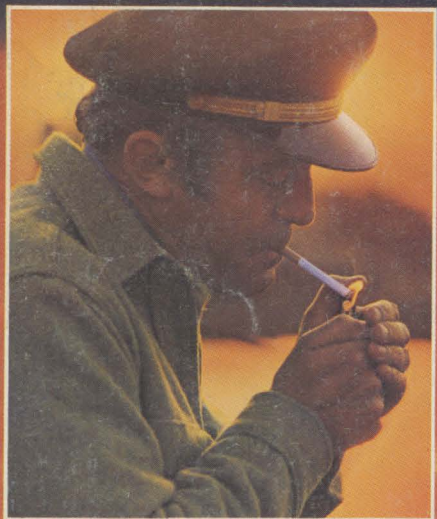
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