



LIFE

CO-ED DORMS

An intimate revolution on campus

THE
GRANDEUR
OF
DE GAULLE

Rod Singler and
Cindy Stewart
in their dorm
at Oberlin

NOVEMBER 20 • 1970 • 50¢

The trick to wearing makeup is to put it on in the light you'll be seen in.



Home, Daylight, Evening or Office light.
The new True-to-Light™ II from Clairol gives you the best of all four.

You may not realize it, but the light you make up in is as important as what you make up with.

Which is why Clairol's new True-to-Light II mirror has a light setting for every light you're likely to be seen in. Just turn the dial and you see how you're going to look.

That way, you won't look sallow in home light. Painted in daylight. Washed-out in evening light. Or green in office (or fluorescent) light. Turn the mirror itself lit's on a swivel wheel, and you see how you look up close—it has a magnifying side.

And the entire unit can be locked into place at whatever position you like.



But the most important thing about this or any other lighted makeup mirror is its light.

In this case, the light is supplied via our exclusive new Broad Spectrum™ lamp, which has the truest daylight of any makeup mirror you can get.

And once you've got that, you get the best of everything.

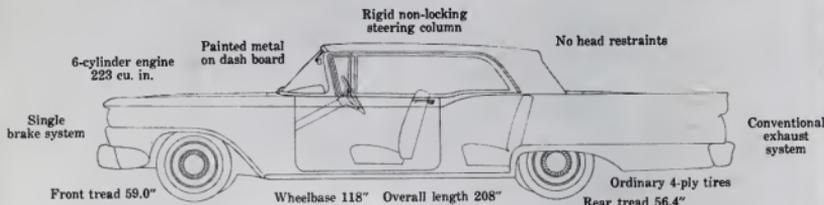
So the real trick, you see, is to use the new True-to-Light™ II.

Created by Clairol, the Beauty People.

Give it for Christmas.
True-to-Light II

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Mercury Montego's \$2,798* price buys you more car today than 12 years ago.



1959. Most popular 6-passenger car \$2724.*



1971. 6-passenger Mercury Montego \$2798.*

*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices for comparable models. White sidewall tires (\$31.10); transportation charges, state and local taxes, license and title fees, extra.

Montego is a better car than you could buy 12 years ago.

We had to go way back to 1959 to find a car that even comes close to Montego for value.

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Montego prices start at \$2,763. You can buy a Montego 2-door hardtop or 4-door sedan with automatic transmission, V-8, AM radio and white sidewall tires—all ready to go—for under \$3,300. Those are the manufacturer's suggested retail prices, for models and options listed. Excludes transportation charges, state and local taxes, license and title fees.

A pretty good remedy for your shrinking dollar. Better ideas make better cars. Mercury makes better cars—to buy, rent or lease.

A better idea for safety: Buckle up!

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



This One



73RD-DPV-QB58

Up here, in cold country, you don't let a head cold stop you. You take Contac.

In cold country, you know you've got to keep going. And the sooner you take Contac, the better you'll feel.

Contac isn't like a 4-hour cold tablet. Instead, 600 "tiny time pills" in each capsule work fast to help clear up your congestion, runny nose and sneezing up to 12 full hours.

That's three times longer relief.

Don't let a head cold stop you.

Take 12-hour Contac. Early.

Feel better.



The head cold medicine.



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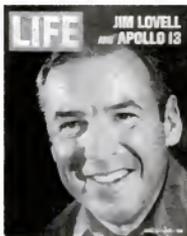
Why a Life cover seldom makes everybody happy

This week's cover of a boy and girl living in a co-ed dorm at Oberlin College will, I know from experience, bring anguished letters from some readers. Although co-ed dorms are a major phenomenon on the American campus, accepted as a fact of life by many faculty members, students and parents, some readers will protest that we are "celebrating" or "endorsing" or "glorifying" a controversial situation by putting it on LIFE's cover. I hope LIFE's pictures and reporting in the stories accompanying our covers are clear to all who read them. The cover itself doesn't necessarily celebrate or endorse or condemn. It simply says: we think this matters this week.

I am frequently asked: "Even if it's true, should it be on the cover?" Well, yes. It seems to me that a LIFE cover should depict somebody or some situation that is in the news and is of interest to a wide cross section of our readers. We don't think of this as "glorification" but as importance. Today, if someone is important enough to be interesting to many people, the odds are large that he or she is controversial. Life isn't simple in this country these days, and you can get an argument at the drop of almost any well-known name. As examples: Muhammad Ali, Spiro Agnew, Martha Mitchell, movie-maker Dennis Hopper, Teddy Kennedy, Angela Davis, Bebe Rebozo, Gamal Abdel Nasser, Richard Nixon. All has been on LIFE's cover this year. And then there are those events and trends guaranteed to arouse highly opinionated discussion and disagreement at any dinner table of more than four people: the Kent State shooting, population control, the traffic in drugs, the midi, the spread of pornography, the women's lib movement. These, too, have been represented on LIFE's cover this year—and the response has shown just about the same degree of amiable unanimity of opinion that you find at your dinner table.

In my version of the ideal world, all our readers approve a LIFE cover even if they don't always like the news it proclaims or the person involved. But in reality, a cover lively enough to evoke response almost invariably evokes argument as well. The last cover I can remember that won universal approval from everyone was the one that marked the successful return of Apollo 13 from its abortive and perilous moon mission. That week (April 24) everybody loved Apollo Commander Jim Lovell. LIFE's cover on him was indeed a celebration in the sense that some readers expect a cover to be every week: hooray, and no controversy. That's how we all felt that week. But I'm afraid that even if we chose to ignore important things that are happening and published 50 noncontroversial covers a year, the result would be, alas, dull.

Next week: Nikita Khrushchev.



A NONCONTROVERSIAL COVER

Ralph Graves
RALPH GRAVES
Managing Editor

De Gaulle and three Presidents

Charles de Gaulle loomed over the Atlantic horizon like some grand and ancient monument. He infuriated and thwarted Presidents of the United States, but utterly captivated them. Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon — none of them could ignore him.

John Kennedy read all of De Gaulle's published memoirs before he crossed the Atlantic in 1961 to strike his first international pose in his early months of power. Walking through the White House afterwards he muttered in wonder about De Gaulle's magic haughtiness, that "mystique of leadership" which the Frenchman felt was the secret of his power.

De Gaulle tried to treat Kennedy like some kind of spirited son who needed to be lectured on the foibles of men and the dangers of war in Southeast Asia, to be instructed on French doubts about American will to defend Europe in any ultimate nuclear showdown. But at the same time that he was attempting, with skill and discretion,

to humble Kennedy and the U.S., De Gaulle was setting the President and Jacqueline against the backdrops of Paris, permitting them to sparkle like jewels in the gentle majesty of the city.

With his Irish Mafia circling around him in self-conscious wonder, Kennedy soaked his aching back in Napoleon III's gold-tiled bathtub. He and Jackie dined in Versailles' Hall of Mirrors and watched the ballet in Louis XV's restored theater. Then in the misty night the two went together down among the fountains of Louis XIV's palace, floodlit at De Gaulle's order for this splendid moment. The old general waltzed from the hilltop like a fond chaperone.

The cooling set in. De Gaulle questioned America's role in Europe. Kennedy raged. But always he eyed France hungrily. He took secret French lessons to be prepared for that next meeting, whenever it might be. The summer before his death he campaigned through Europe, stirring Berlin, dispensing eloquence and charm in Ireland and Great Britain and Italy. He yearned to go to France and heal the wound, but all he could do was gaze in that direction and talk wistfully about how he would like to violate the diplomatic rituals and interrupt De Gaulle's magnificent sulk. He left Europe unfulfilled.

Lyndon Johnson sparred with De Gaulle by cable and press release. Both of these towering men kept their noses in the air for five years, but Johnson couldn't dismiss De Gaulle from his mind. Often at night after the day's work was done and L.B.J. was sipping his low-calorie root beer, he would gloat about how he was handling De Gaulle just right. "When of De Gaulle throws those high fast ones at me," said Johnson, chortling. "I just step out of the batter's box and let them go by. I don't say a word." Once when a former French official came around to the White House, Johnson got in his storytelling mood and began to embellish as only he could do. That version had De Gaulle throwing "beanballs" and the bewildered Frenchman was seen leaving the White House asking his aide, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est le beanball?*"

In the spring of 1967, when Germany's Konrad Adenauer died and L.B.J. flew to the funeral and faced De Gaulle nose to nose, the Texan had come up with a new way of phrasing it. "You've seen boys playing," he told his staff members before shoving off. "One holds out his arm and says,

'Spit over it.' The one boy spits and the other moves his arm, and of course the boy misses and spits on the arm, and then the first one gets mad and wants to fight. Well, De Gaulle is like the boy daring the other one to spit over his arm. But I'm not going to do it. I'm just going to step back."

The grand confrontation came at last in the German Bundestag in Bonn. Lyndon Johnson and Charles de Gaulle standing like Matterhorns above the other leaders were steered by aides toward each other. There was tension in the air. Johnson's Press Secretary George Christian was frantic: no reporters had been allowed to witness the cosmic collision. In a last desperate lunge, Christian grabbed White House photographer Yoichi Okamoto and thrust him at the two leaders now groping for each other in the dimly lit room. Outside, the world press waited for the report. Okamoto, the lone witness, emerged sweating. "What was it like, what was it like?" the correspondents shouted. Okamoto looked up from his cameras and said, "It was f/2 at 1/30 of a second."

Johnson necessarily held De Gaulle at arm's length: Vietnam was a constant discord, the U.S. role in NATO another. Richard Nixon's advent as President signaled a new mood. Nixon had spent time with De Gaulle during his own spell out of government, listened to the older man and perhaps learned from him. Now there was an earth-shift on Vietnam and a coalescing agreement on a smaller American presence in Europe. In 1969 Nixon was hailed on French soil by still-President de Gaulle. The general was whiter and milder but just as grand. He pondered aloud how both of them had "come back from the wilderness." He showed Nixon the art treasures of the Elysée Palace, stood with him in the towering windows of Versailles' Grand Trianon, and described how the gardens they were looking upon had been the creation of French monarchs. De Gaulle suffered through Ambassador Sargent Shriver's dinner toast, given in French as only a Baltimore boy out of Yale can do it. He smiled and paid tribute to Nixon as both man and President. The wound was healed.

Yet there were intimations of a more final separation. Driving to the airport with Nixon, De Gaulle looked out at his city and his people and said, "I have so little time."



Beware the asterisk



It may be the most expensive thing on your next car.

On a price sticker it's only about this big*
But it can cover a lot of fine print.

Like a low "P.O.E." price.

This is the price at the port of entry. But you don't buy a car at the P.O.E. price.

The asterisk can cover extra-cost equipment you thought was included in the base price. White-walls, full vinyl upholstery and carpeting, for instance. On some cars those items are extra and they can add up to a lot of money you hadn't counted on.



Not on a Datsun.

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Our cars deliver complete.

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We keep it small because it has nothing to hide. Drive a Datsun, then decide.

DATSUN



WHAT THE CITY CAN LEARN FROM THE FOREST

URBAN renewal projects could well take a leaf from International Paper's "Dynamic Forest." The same basic rules apply to each.

First rule: get the experts together. For a city, that means calling in sociologists, architects, economists. For the world's largest reforestation program, it meant foresters, geneticists, agronomists, ecologists, engineers, and economists.

The two jobs are essentially the same: create a long-term plan that anticipates and accommodates the needs of the future.

Second rule: use space thriftily. In cities, this dictates highrises—with breathing space between them.

In 4 million acres of the "Dynamic Forest" it meant "highrises" too—the International Paper Super-tree. This genetically improved tree grows 25 percent faster and taller than ordinary trees.

International Paper's improved system yields 100 percent more fiber per acre—by using better site preparation, planting and intensive management. Incidentally, we stress biological control rather than chemical pesticides in our woodlands.

Third rule: take care of the growing population. That means planning for food, health services, recreation and, of course, housing.

Housing is as important a consideration in the "Dynamic Forest" as it is in urban renewal. Proper management makes safe homes for wildlife, and in-

sure a plentiful food supply. As a matter of fact, there is more wildlife living in our forests today than when the Pilgrims landed. And they live among more trees. Because for every one we cut down, we plant two.

Fourth rule: save beauty (something most cities seem to ignore). International Paper goes to considerable lengths to leave natural woodland along roads, streams, and scenic areas.

This provides protection for the local ecology and ready passage for the animals who inhabit our woods. But more than this, it provides great natural beauty for the public who are free to use millions of our woodland acres for recreation.

International Paper lands offer everything from white-water canoe trips and maple sugaring to ice fishing and skiing. We even make special School Forests available where local high schools can operate field biology and ecology courses.

Of course, International Paper created "The Dynamic Forest" for increased efficiency. But exciting new concepts and techniques grew out of it. Ways to preserve natural resources. New ideas and new products for a dozen industries from surgical supplies to space capsules. All very good reasons to call on us next time you need some fresh thinking.

We won't lose the forest for the trees.

International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd St., New York, New York 10017.



INTERNATIONAL PAPER COMPANY

GALLERY

For many years while strolling along the beaches near her Long Island home, LIFE Photographer Nina Leen has collected the small cushion-shaped egg cases of the skate—a flat, bottom-dwelling fish of the ray family. These purses, with “horns” sweeping gracefully from their four corners, reminded her of dancing figurines. She fashioned tiny heads for their bodies out of window putty and choreographed this fantasy of flotsam, using as background another exposure she had made of the seashore.





Please trust it.
It's the
only camera
on earth
that will
speak to you.



(Beep)

Do not look at your watch. Do not worry. When your picture is ready, this camera will tell you. "Beep."

Your picture is now perfectly developed. (Honest. You can believe every word our electronic development timer tells you.)

The timer in our Model 350 is one of Polaroid's latest steps in automatic photography.

The electronic system goes to work the instant you shoot. You do not figure out your exposures. The camera does it automatically.

The electric eye tells the electronic shutter how bright things are out there. The shutter does the rest without consulting you at all.

Twilight time exposures in color

are set automatically.

If there's enough light for a picture, this camera will get it—even up to 10 seconds.

Indoor black-and-white shots with no flash at all are automatic.

This system even measures the burst of a flash automatically.

Our Model 350 comes with a Zeiss Ikon rangefinder-viewfinder made for this camera in Germany.

Focusing is simple and precise. You see a dual image in a single window. Line up the two images. Your picture is in focus.

And in the single window, your picture is also perfectly framed.

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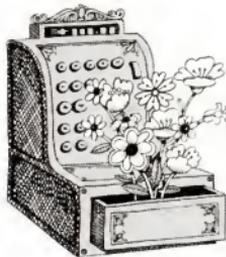
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from Polaroid**



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But any way you look at it, it's a small price to pay for such a tasty success.

CANADIAN MIST.



Canadian Whisky—A Blend • 80-86.8 Proof • Barton Distillers Import Co., N.Y.



Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts rises in Washington

LIFE ARCHITECTURE REVIEW

A deadly decor for the lively arts

THE KENNEDY CENTER

There was a prewar kind of show girl once described by Broadway press agents as pulchritudinous. She was as tall as stripper Lois de Fee, who used to be billed as "Six Feet Four of Girl Gilmore, Enough for Everybody recently when I went over to watch the construction of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C.

Kennedy Center, when completed, will include an opera house seating 2,200—about the size of La Scala—a legitimate theater seating 1,100, a movie house for 500, a grand foyer which is claimed to be one of the biggest rooms in the world—60 feet high, 40 feet wide, and 630 feet long—several other spacious halls, galleries, and a pair of restaurants. All these will be under one uninterrupted roof. It is a big show girl indeed, several city block-fronts long.

The site is superb—or was before the bulky building began to go up. It is on the Potomac shore, looking out on a shaggy, uncombed island in the river which is unique among the District's smooth lawns. Kennedy Center will not only be combed, architecturally, but coiffed. Its immense walls will be sheathed in pallid marble; all around them will stand tall, bronze-clad columns, neoclassic in idea, 1939 World's Fair in extrusion.

The plan for a national culture center all began back in 1956, when a commission was proposed to President Eisenhower to look into the idea. In the 1960s there was an effort to slice up the components of the planned center and place them as separate buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue, as a part of the revitalization of the traditional presidential path on Inauguration Day. But adherents of the present site, which is largely federally owned, held out, perhaps because in midtown the sliced-up center would not have possessed such dominant monumentality—an old addiction of D.C. architecture. Even as eminent an architect as Edward Durrell Stone, who designed the Kennedy Center, seems to dream that our national purpose dwells in marbleized halls the minute he thinks of Washington. Originally the "National Center" was to be paid for by public

donations. Fund-raising dragged, but after Dallas the hall was quickly renamed for J.F.K., and Congress has since committed \$44.4 million to its completion. Private and foundation donations come to \$20 million, and more will be needed.

The tragedy of this big blank center for the performing arts rises out of the stubborn pride of its fond parents. They have resisted a surfeit of public and professional outrage, to wade on in their pretentious undertaking. The high Establishment backers are mostly Democrats, but the design is evidently apolitical. A building this big seems to acquire a momentum of its own, like a war. It is apparently too late to improve the exterior, except by hoping that acres of ivy will creep up its completed walls. It is too big; too many things are crammed into it for any of them to be distinct all will be smothered by the smugness of the conception.

It may not be too late, however, to do something about the interiors, because even the first part of the building, the concert hall, is not scheduled to open before the fall of 1971. The sketches shown so far indicate that this and the other great halls and spaces will be a cross between the conventionality of hotel lobbies and the garishness of Las Vegas nightclubs, dignified by chandeliers donated by the governments of Austria, Ireland, Norway and Sweden. In the decorating trade this amalgam of popular taste and remembered royalist glitter is known as Stouffers Uptown. It is more or less what the creators of the Moscow subway had in mind—but that effort is a subway, not a nation's official cultural center.

When the audiences are seated and the lights go down, it will of course be the performances in these arenas which will make them beloved or boring. Memories of stirring arias, ballet leaps, second-act curtains or great films can eventually cast an aura of proper sentiment on the most intrusive architecture. At the Kennedy Center, unless something is done with present plans to render the decor less hostile, that may be the best we can hope for.

by Walter McQuade

Mr. McQuade is a member of the New York City Planning Commission.

Clairol creates The Conditioning Hairsetter. Its secret: a never-before vaporizing system that sets moisturizes and deep-conditions your hair beautiful.



1. The Kindness Custom Care Setter.

For a beautiful new deep-conditioned set, add Clairol's new Kindness® Custom Care® Conditioner.

When the little red light flicks off, you're ready to roll. In minutes you get a true conditioned set. Moisturizes, helps prevent split ends. Silken hair shiny-beautiful—like no other hairsetter you ever used.

2. New warm-hearted conditioning rollers—they give you a lot more than a great set.

As the Custom Care Setter warms up, the liquid conditioner vaporizes and coats each roller. Then, as you set, the conditioner is transferred to your hair. Gently—with their carefully regulated heat—the rollers warm in the rich conditioner. Send it penetrating deep where it can do you the most good.

3. The beautiful Custom Care set.

It's the newest, best, prettiest, healthiest looking, do-it-yourself set any girl can get. And the fastest. Once the conditioner vaporizes, you can set and be ready for comb-out in 5 to 10 minutes. Which is a lot speedier and more effective than homemade wet sets or ordinary steam sets.

4. Gives you three different setting options.

This little selector is your option-maker. (a) For a conditioned set, slide selector to "treatment" and add Kindness Custom Care Conditioner. (b) For a regular Kindness set, omit conditioner and slide to "regular." (c) For a water-mist set, add water instead of conditioner.

Welcome to a whole new world of hairsetting.



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This is a good Christmas to forget the surfboards, skis, and cute little tv sets. Because right now your teenager is bucking the toughest, most competitive schooling this country has ever devised.

Why not give a gift that can help?

For instance, a Smith-Corona® Electric Portable. Because here's what can happen.

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His spelling can improve. (A typed word that's misspelled stands out like a flare.)

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And a quiet little miracle called Organization occurs.

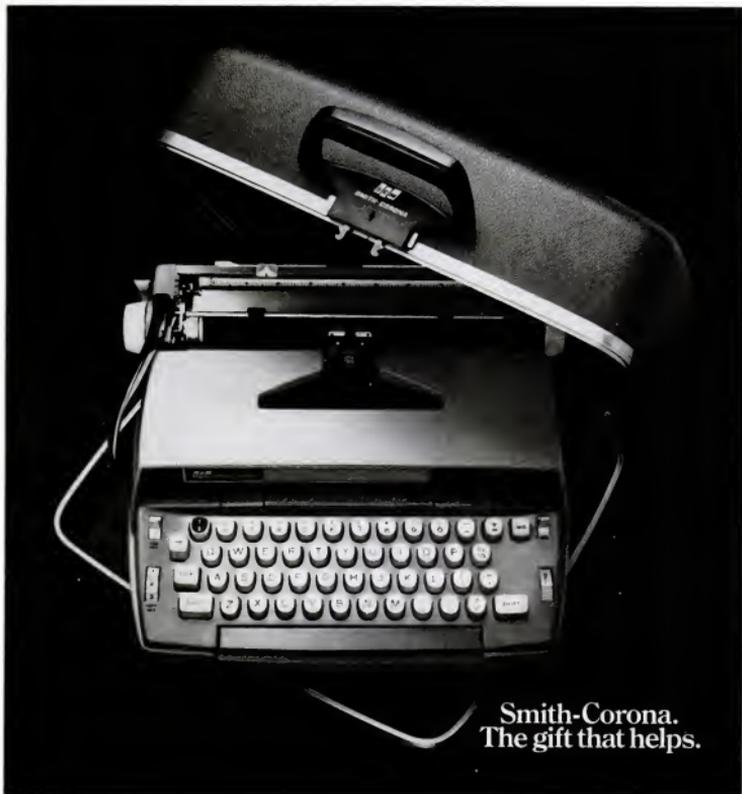
A Smith-Corona can make a difference

to your teenager. We know because we've already helped quite a few—4 out of every 5 electric portable typewriters in America are Smith-Corona.

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It's simply a gift that'll help.

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The gift that helps.

Mott's introduces the snacks that are better inside and out.



Outside:

no sharp
metal edges

Inside:

delicious fruits
and puddings
that are putting
the others
to shame



Mott's presents a whole new thing in desserts. Luscious puddings so good you won't believe they came from a store. Thicker, richer, smoother... the kind of flavor every kid loves (including that big kid you married).

And all in ready-to-eat individual servings, four Mott's snack jars to a pack.

But something for kids has to be more than just good so Mott's snack jars have easy-to-open Twist-Off Caps. No rings to pull, no sharp metal edges to cut little fingers.

Choose from a variety of the most popular puddings and fruits. Serve 'em at home, picnics, traveling... any time.

And you thought Mott's just made great apple sauce.

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Here are some warnings to look for: 1. maybe your battery is three years old, or older; 2. maybe it doesn't hold a charge anymore; 3. maybe it always needs water; 4. maybe the case is cracked; or 5. maybe the terminals are loose at the posts.

And if you need a new battery these facts about the Delco Energizer can help.

Delco Energizers are vacuum-sealed at the factory for freshness. So when you get a new Energizer,

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ratings, a special measure of cranking power at zero degrees. Your

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The more you know, the more you'll want Delco.



LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Where machines have gone astray

The Myth of the Machine:
THE PENTAGON OF POWER
by LEWIS MUMFORD
(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) \$12.95

On Broadway the other day I saw a movie sign which read: COLLOSUS—MACHINES TAKE OVER WORLD. The title indicates a horror story. It is the theme of Lewis Mumford's latest volume, *The Myth of the Machine: The Pentagon of Power*.

It is a work of vast importance, a major achievement. What makes it of immediate relevance—apart from its intrinsic merits—is that what it tells us is something on every thinking person's mind, so common a preoccupation indeed that every popular journal, many novels and several films now deal with it. But nothing so complete or convincing as Mumford's study is likely to be written on the problem for a long time.

Mumford's prefatory note states: "If the key to the past few centuries has been 'Mechanization Takes Command,' the theme of the present book may be summed up in John Glenn's words . . . 'Let Man Take Over.'" Or, to put it as Rabelais did, "Science without conscience is the ruin of the soul."

Mumford is not "against" mechanics or science. "No one questions the immense benefits already conferred in many departments," Mumford writes, "by science as efficient methodology, but what one must challenge is the value of a system so detached from other human needs and purposes that the process itself goes on automatically without any visible good except that of keeping the corporate apparatus itself in a state of power-making, profit-yielding productivity." The world we now inhabit is an environment "fit only for machines to live in. . . . During the last generation the very bottom has dropped out of our life. . . ."

The poet-dramatist Brecht has put all this in the striking aphorism, "Today every invention is received with a cry of triumph which soon turns into a cry of fear." Progress in the naked mode of ever bigger technological contrivances is bound to kill us. The murderous syndrome is far advanced.

Mumford does not simply reiterate this thesis but documents and proves it. With an immense erudition and fine sensibility—he writes luminously—he traces the history of the road which has led to the present impasse in all its manifold ramifications.

Science is the means by which man-



Mumford at home in Amenia, N.Y.

kind was to control nature. In doing so and in an ever more marvelous manner science, as Mumford acknowledges, has brought wonderful ameliorations in the arduous journey through life. But the gods have turned into monsters because a) technology has departed from the norm of man's nature as a thinking, feeling, dreaming, loving, sane being, and b) because the proliferation of what Mumford calls Megatechnics—all the splendid gadgets we could so well do without—*multiplies money*. The success of this development (in which we glory), if it is not checked by a realization of its lethal ecological and personal consequences, will not only wreak more havoc but may even cause economic disaster.

It is almost as perilous to give casual assent to this diagnosis as to deny it. To halt the automatic onrush of the robot which human invention has set in motion means to upset the whole basis of 20th Century civilization. The result would be more revolutionary than anything conceived by the ideologists of the Russian, Cuban or Chinese regimes.

Mumford does not blink at the difficulties of his challenge. He is a Marxist or a Maoist and the last thing he would desire is bloodshed to bring about the great upheaval of science and organization that his proposals entail. He makes peaceable suggestions; he speaks of changes in consciousness and individual effort that may become widespread, something close to a non-denominational religious conversion.

I am unfortunately not so hopeful of a happy solution as Mumford and others are inclined to be—Mumford is admittedly only tentative in this regard—but one may be as dogmatic in negation and pessimism, and as wrong, as in hosannas of optimistic affirmation. I wholly agree with his warning and specific analysis of our ills and most fervently wish that his remedies can be made operative. His book opens the way to a better understanding of the mightiness of the task before us if we are to be saved. What he recounts with formidable but perhaps justifiable repetitiveness is no science-fiction fantasy.

by Harold Clurman



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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

**A 'go-faster'
and a goof**

LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSY

It's customary to praise movies because they achieve a certain breadth and depth of vision, but *Little Fauss and Big Halsy* is good precisely because it is artfully thin and shallow, as determinedly lacking in the graces and amenities as the lives it examines. The title characters (played by Michael J. Pollard and Robert Redford, respectively) are motorcycle racers of surpassing, if comical, incompetence. The picture, however, which Director Sidney J. Furie drives pell-mell down a straight-away plot line, is not a "wheeler." That genre is based on romanticizing primitive and violent losers and there is scarcely a romantic note in this film. Indeed, the beginning of its appeal lies in the unblinking way it gazes upon the world of small-time racing, endurance runs and hill climbs. You always feel as if you're about to choke on the dust, the greasy hamburgers, the stench of small ambitions incessantly squelched.

But there is more to the film than a hard-edged portrayal of a curious

demimonde. Thanks to Charles Eastman's good, gritty script, it is a study of two quintessentially American characters, demonstrating contrasting, near-archetypal ways we have of achieving an almost total lack of distinction. Fauss is a "tuner" (mechanic) who aspires to be a racer but lacks the ability to assert himself competitively, because he is a totally unformed human being—shy, inarticulate, childlike, dominated by parents who are cheerful morons. Halsy, on the other hand, is a "go-faster," in his own words, but he is also a petty con man, liar and congenial screw-up who always loses races he might have won had he only checked his temper or checked out his bike's motor.

Together they add up to one more or less complete and functioning human being. The trouble is that they can't really stand each other, especially after a girl named Rita Nebraska joins their little caravan. We are never told why she was running around the starting line of a race stark naked or why she was on drugs or why now she's decided to go off them.

All we know is that she is a class or two above our heroes and a provoker of trouble between them, mostly because neither can find an adequate way of expressing love for her. It's Halsy, of course, who nearly wins her and then (also of course) loses her, just as it is he who, almost willfully, contrives to lose Little Fauss—literally, and not once but twice. That's the trouble with being a go-faster—a living parody of the success ethic.

For most of its length the movie never suggests, by word, deed or gesture, so bald a statement of its meaning. Only once does it slip and attempt to cop a plea for these goofs. That occurs at the very last moment and I think it's worth mentioning as a minor mistake. Farrar, Straus & Giroux has had the good sense to publish Eastman's beautifully written script. In it, he imagines Fauss and Halsy lost in the crowd during the big race "for they are not winners but rather among those who make no significant mark



Tuner Pollard, go-faster Redford

and leave no permanent trace." The movie, however, has Fauss emerging from the crowd, a winner at last. The change seems dictated partly by the desire to have a character "develop" in the conventional sense, partly by the commercial need to give the kid audience some "soul" to identify with. I think it takes some of the sharp edge off and I'm sorry they did it.

Even so, it's a fine, tough, funny movie, distinguished by Furie's extraordinary feel for empty spaces and the empty people that inhabit them, by strong acting (Redford never succumbs to the star's temptation to dissociate himself subtly from the character when asked to play a crud), most of all by the success with which it makes an unfamiliar milieu familiar. Wherever you find it, the national obsession with winning and losing is never more elevated or elevating than its most absurd reduction, which just may be a bike race in the boonocks.

by Richard Schickel

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LIFE THEATER REVIEW

Kurt Vonnegut's buckshot comedy

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE

Uncertainty, in one form or another, bedevils many modern dramatists, most frequently over endings.

Happy Birthday, Wanda June, for example, rolls to a deadlock when a bullying big-game hunter threatens to shoot a peace-loving young doctor unless he kneels and apologizes for calling him a clown. The brave doctor refuses. Then what happens?

At least three endings were studied at various stages in the development of the production. (1) The hunter, suddenly robbed of his bluster, shot himself dead. (2) He shot himself but missed. (3) (Written and rehearsed after the play opened.) The doctor kneels and apologizes, but then in an epilogue we hear that he was shot later anyway—by a sniper in the park—and in a final orgy of violence all life is destroyed by an atomic blast.

Thus it would seem that the uncertain author, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., decided to blow up the earth only as an afterthought.

Uncertainty is a special problem for venturesome novelists like Vonnegut (along with Saul Bellow and Bruce Jay Friedman) who, on their sporadic forays into the theater, want to shake up the stage and let their imaginations rip. Yet, for all that the theater offers now an embarrassment of freedoms, authors must still heed the few stubborn needs of an audience. Compared to individual readers, all audience members are aware. They demand to be firmly led, and they need things to make sense, not always literal sense, but gut-sense.

Vonnegut thinks his archaic warrior-hero, Harold Ryan, is a little like Ulysses. So he names Ryan's wife Penelope. When the play starts, Ryan has been missing eight years since his plane vanished over the Amazon. Returning home on his birthday, Ryan doesn't even recognize his 12-year-old son, who still worships his father's memory, and finds Penelope with his sister. She favors the peace-loving doctor who plays the violin.

Stalking and snorting around his gold apartment, which is hung with heads of animals, Ryan tries to imbue his son with the joys of killing, takes him to a funeral home to accustom the lad to corpses. Since Ryan has never been a satisfactory lover, being much too hasty for any woman's pleasure, his wife sticks by her musical doctor. Ryan vents his fury by bashing the doctor's rare old violin and hanging its battered remains from a rhinoceros tusk on the wall. Vonnegut leads us, as he should, to a final showdown between the two men, Ryan



Playwright Vonnegut at rehearsal

with gun and sword and the doctor with his poisonous word, "clown."

The only trouble is that during the evening Vonnegut sets up so many funny sideshows that he draws attention away from the plot. He beguiles us with Ryan's implausible sidekick, a pilot who dropped the atom bomb on Nagasaki, acted by William Hickey with such dopey gentleness that he might have shambled out of *The Wizard of Oz*. Then Vonnegut tosses us a half-dozen scenes in heaven, where everybody plays shuffleboard for eternity. There we meet little Wanda June who gets into the play and its title on the flimsiest possible pretext: while her mother was buying her a birthday cake with her name on it, the child was run over by a truck. The cake was never picked up but bought second-hand for Ryan's birthday, with the inscription still to be scrapped off.

Admirers of Vonnegut's novels will rejoice in these irrelevancies that point to the irrationality of the world, and the fans of his *Slaughterhouse-Five* will be amused to see that a minor character from the novel, battle expert Bertram Rumfoord, is an embryo of the play's Harold Ryan. But even to people unfamiliar with Vonnegut's work, his first play, meandering as it is, makes for a crazily rewarding evening. The acting is all excellent, except for one piece of miscasting: Kevin McCarthy's obvious intelligence and decency of spirit are so at odds with the coarseness of his role as Ryan that he appears to be struggling to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse. The play has an added fascination because it exemplifies a new theatrical era when playwrights are far less concerned with a straight story that builds to an inevitable ending than with producing a series of shocks and responses. This is buckshot dramaturgy, but it has its own values and advantages. Though Vonnegut is dismayed by the human condition, it is natural to him to package his outrage as random jokes and escapades.

His third and last ending was a step toward dramatic clarity. For since his comedy is really a warning against violence, he drove it home with the ultimate violence: he destroyed the world. His producer, however, objected, and the new ending was never put in. No certainty for playwrights anywhere.

by Tom Prideaux
LIFE Theater Critic



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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

Opening up a bad black box

THE POLITICS OF ECOLOGY
by JAMES RIDGEWAY
(E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.) \$5.95

It is impossible to do much of anything about [pollution] without first achieving some fundamental idea of [community]." So Mr. Ridgeway—neatly assuming consensus on [community]—concludes his stirring and ambiguous message. Along the way, he says, "The most important single step . . . would be to change the [national fuels policy] . . . beginning . . . by eliminating the depletion allowance." In other words, "The government should attempt to manipulate the fuels markets to reduce [pollution]." All these are "ways of attacking concentrated [corporate power], the source of [pollution]."

The words are in the brave tradition of Lincoln Steffens. Mr. Ridgeway would be proud to be called "a muckraker" by a Republican Vice President, and he probably will be—how's "Pecksniffian pollution-sniffer" for a start?

The brackets, I regret to say, are mine. Boxing off abstract nouns that way is an editor's sneaky trick. I learned it, I guess, from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Old "Q" edited *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, and in my youth was the grandest potentate of belles lettres. The debt may seem a strange one for me to acknowledge. But scientists are trained to notice abstractions; and putting one in brackets stresses the point that it looks like a "black box."

That term is occasionally used for an unsolved problem. Ordinarily, a black box is "some engineer's complicated gadget; we could probably make a better one; but as long as its output is dependable we won't bother." I think it's time people looked inside that box Mr. Ridgeway calls [pollution]. Its unreliable output is blowing fuses all over the [community].

For part of the way, the book is informative and temperate. It begins, concretely enough, with sewage, sewerage and cholera in London. Trickling filters and other "advanced" treatments are mentioned with approval. Because sewage is also fertilizer, a "living filter" (forest and cropland) is pleasingly economical, and experiments along these lines are given five pages. Even "parliamentary reform"—a topic the author plainly finds more interesting than activated sludge—is treated fairly, if wryly. As long as the black box is full of night soil, something we all admit to, we can enjoy society's shuffling progress in getting rid of it.



Pollution critic Ridgeway

As the book moves on to fuels and energy, though, [pollution] seems to change its nature. Once sewage is disposed of, one would never guess that other pollutants are also resources—precious substances that must be precious again, because all are made of the same chemical elements. The notion that waste is both usufruct and source of production, clear enough to Mr. Ridgeway when he thinks of sewage as fertilizer, gets lost when he writes about oil spills and carbon monoxide.

The trouble, as I see it, lies in the black box. The subtle changes that transform pollutants, in Mr. Ridgeway's mind, are not chemical but moral. Except when it's oil, [pollution] for him is not a substance at all; it's "filth" or "poison," released, of course, by malevolent [industry]. It is vested interest in influence that suborns legislators, bemuses bureaucrats and coopts the rest of us in a gigantic oily-capitalist conspiracy. Meanwhile, "the ecologists," poor fools, are nattering about "population," unaware that the "pollution-control industry" is a snake in their living room. Even "public interest lawyers" (like Ralph Nader) are "working toward a new [sic] definition of a governmental system in which lawyers are a commanding elite." [Pollution] is evidently the box Pandora opened, losing all evil on the world.

Like Mr. Ridgeway, I think the oil men have a lot to answer for. So I think I was his ally; but his style bothers me. Paranoia makes bad politics, if only because it can't tell friend from foe.

I feel better, though, since I made a small discovery. In back of Mr. Ridgeway's [pollution] is another box, called [corporate power]. When I disconnected it, it continued to emit a whispering hum; it sounded like "the interests." When I picked up [pollution], it seemed rather light, considering the lead and mercury I was expecting. Inside was some oily sludge, with an old picture of Ida Tarbell. I found a crown of thorns, but the box was mainly full of smog. The only heavy objects were a pitchfork and a cross of gold.

If the politics of ecology is populism, I think it needs some new paraphernalia.

by Edward S. Deevey Jr.

Dr. Deevey is past president of the Ecological Society of America.

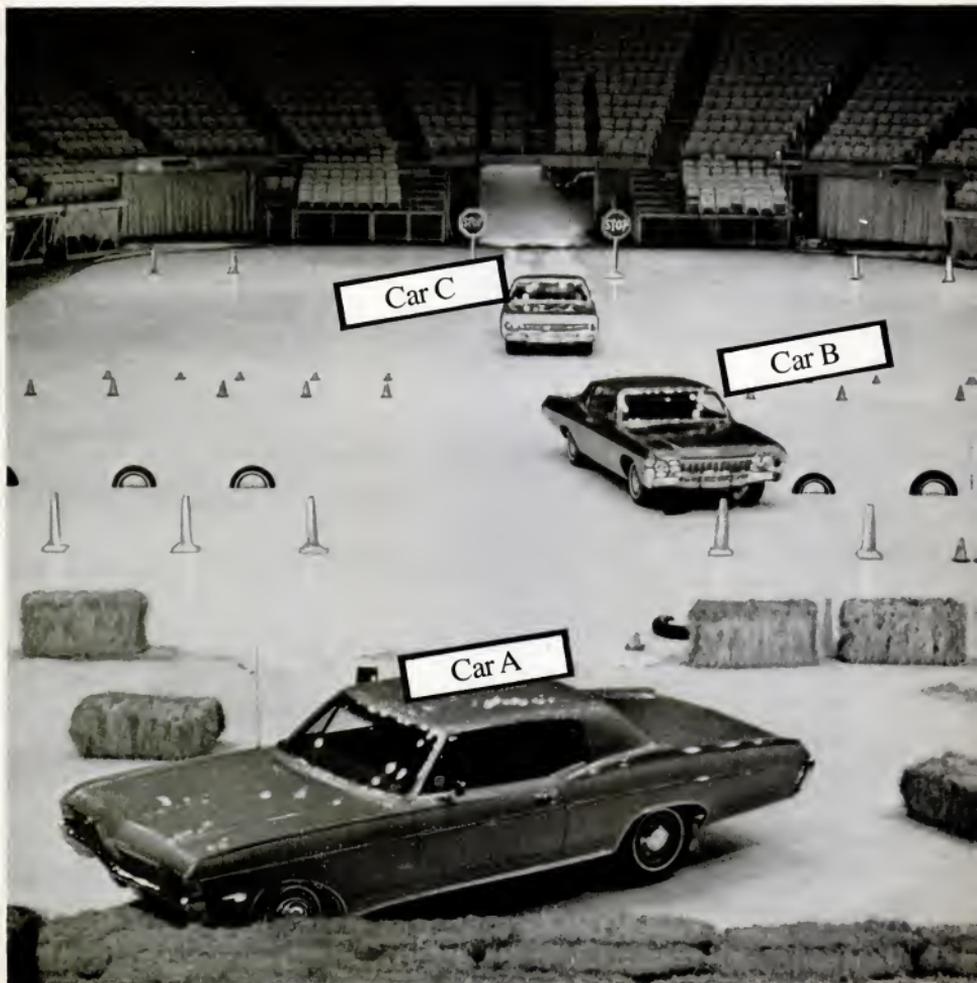
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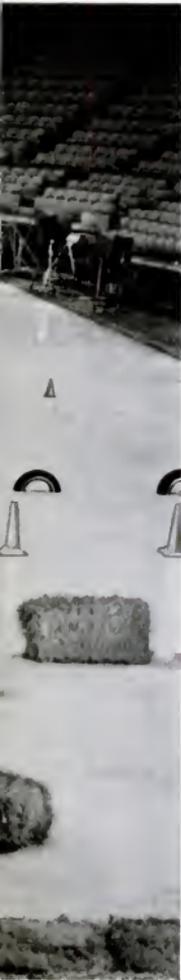
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*50% improvement relates to a comparison of a car equipped with four spiked tires versus a car with four non-spiked tires. This test was conducted on a frozen arena with ice temperatures at 25° to 30° F. At lower temperatures spikes are less effective and, therefore, lose some stopping efficiency.

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We'll take Tuesday.

As far as we know, none of the days of the week have been spoken for as yet by anyone.

So we'll take Tuesday, if it's all right with everybody else.

Please make note of the fact that henceforth Tuesday (every Tuesday) is the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.



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Even the slats on our bed gave way, before I lost 186 pounds

By Marie Van Billiard—as told to Ruth L. McCarthy

Poor Harold! Little did he dream when he married me that his Tootsie would turn into a 300-pound mountain that would bend the bedboards to the floor on one side and send him to the ceiling on the other. For, at our wedding, I weighed as little as I do today—121 pounds. But that's been the story of my life. A series of ups and downs.

I guess you can say it all started in my nonna's Italian kitchen. Pizza, pasta fagioli, spaghetti, homemade bread. She taught me well. And when I had my own home, I added halupki (cabbage and rice) and pipogies (dough filled with potatoes) and lots of chocolate goodies. Cakes, cookies, candies—and all the peanut butter cups I could afford.

Unfortunately, money never came easily to us. Only problems. Worse yet, no matter how I tried, I never seemed to be able to overcome trouble without eating. It was almost like feeding my nerves. As a result, our food bill went up and clothes became a financial burden. The only thing I didn't have to buy was a heavy coat, even though the weather can get mighty cold here in Bethlehem, Penna. I had my own natural fat wrap. It kept me so warm that, even in the winter, I opened the windows wide.

My family thought I had a thyroid condition. But I was checked and checked and there was nothing there but my appetite. And heartbreak.

Happy, laughing Tootsie. What a joke! I could barely walk and hardly breathe. And my head throbbled from morning to night. If anyone should have developed a heart condition, it should have been me. But fate is strange. It happened to my slim husband, Harold. It was just the kind of trouble I needed to make me eat my way toward 300 pounds.

I went to my doctor often, but all he could prescribe was willpower. No diet pills. My blood pressure was too high. Oh, I tried reducing. More than once I went down 40 to 50 pounds. But never to stay. With my husband in the hospital, and my son to care for, and money to worry about, I'd always go back to eating one meal, a meal that lasted all day!

Then came that one horrible moment when my doctor said: "I can no longer weigh you. Try a meat scale." I wanted to die.

Instead, I went home to a box of candy. Ayds Reducing Plan Candy... given to me by my uncle. He had tried them himself, and knowing the terrible sweet tooth I had, he picked up a box at the drugstore and brought them to me.

All I can say now is that without them I wouldn't be what I am today. Don't misunderstand me. There is no magic in this candy. Only help, but the kind I needed. For, at last, I'd accepted the fact that Harold couldn't do anything about his attacks, but I could do something about my fat. So I turned to Ayds.

I took one or two of the fudgy chocolate Ayds before mealtime, like the directions say, and it actually helped cut back my craving. For once in my life, I ate regular meals—vegetables, meat, salads and fruits—only on the Ayds Plan I ate less. This time, you see, I really wanted to help myself and Ayds made it easier. Especially in the lonely afternoons and from suppertime on. I'd take a cup of coffee with an Ayds (sometimes the chocolate mint, for a change,

or the vanilla caramel) and life would be sweet again.

I was so big, it was awful before any loss even showed. Fact is, it took me more than a year to drop those 186 pounds. But, after all, it took 36 years to put them on. When I visited my husband at the hospital and the doctors saw me, you should have heard them: "See," they said, "we told you you could do it!" But what really made me feel good was I knew it made Harold feel better. Why I even wrote a poem.

I am glad for Ayds which helped me

and made me feel good.

They helped my ugly overweight come down

and now I look like I should.

Who says a fat person is jolly

and often very gay?

Inside they're really crying their heart out.

Every day.

Now that the hardest is over, I watch myself very carefully. Because I never want the weight to creep back. You see, you can't imagine how wonderful it is to be free of headaches. To sleep in a bed without bolting the slats in. To go through a revolving door. To fit behind the wheel of a car, and to know the tires on your side won't wear thin. These were the goals that urged me on, till I finally saw the "hundreds" on the scale again.

Oh, and one other thing. My greatest reward came as gossip. When I finally got way down, and Harold was home, someone accused him of running around with another woman. It was the nicest thing anyone ever said about me. Do you wonder now why I can't say enough about Ayds?

Before and After Measurements

	Before	After
Height	5'14"	5'14"
Weight	307 lbs.	121 lbs.
Bust	54"	35"
Waist	48"	28"
Hips	56"	36"
Dress	52	10



When I got down to what I am now, 121 pounds, I said to my husband: "Step aside, Harold. Hollywood next."

Look at me here, 300-pound smiling Tootsie. At this point, I thought the only place to go was the circus.





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And the stereo selector that keeps monaural from diluting your stereo. And, and, and. (So our new direction will stay new for a long, long time, the "Spartan" is stuffed to its silver-trimmed midnight black cabinet with Panasonic Solid-State devices.)

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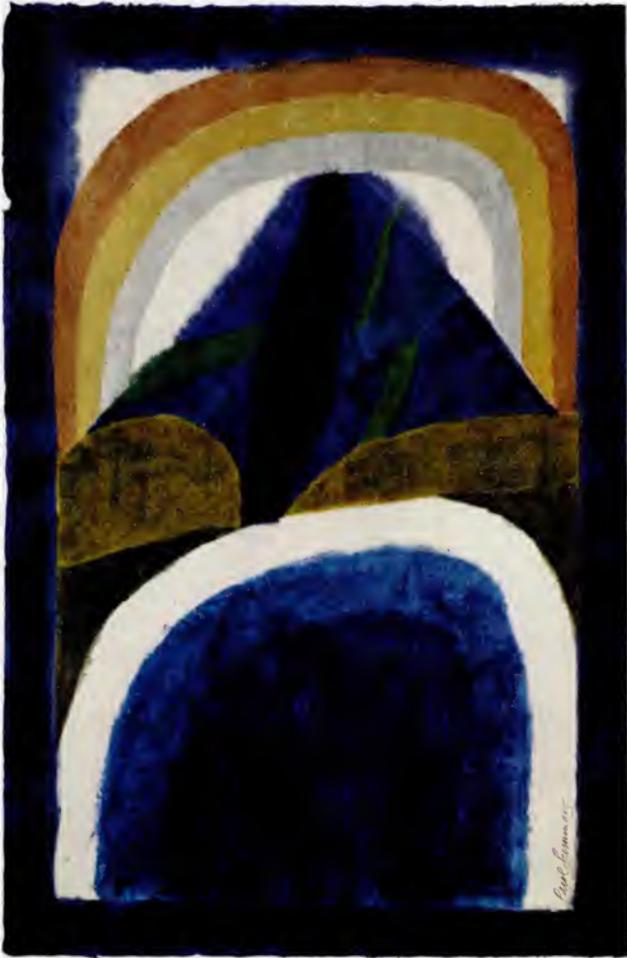
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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS



Sirs:

Mary Ann Smoke of Toledo wore a dress that caused a sensation when she turned up in the Royal Oak, Mich. shopping center. What spectators found, with various emotional reactions, was that Mary Ann was not a topless fashion adventureress but a pretty 20-year-old girl in an India-print maxi. Her hair hides the neck strap that is crucial to the success of the dress, which was designed by her boyfriend.

James Hubbard

Oak Park, Mich.



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AND BURGUNDY FROM FRANCE'S
"GOLDEN SLOPE" 5.**



Now, for the first time, a group of American wine importers, merchants and connoisseurs have combined in one commercially available collection the best top quality imported wines from abroad. These wines, each a classic in its homeland, are now available and distributed to a number of better package stores in this area. International Vintage Wines calls the attention of the discriminating buyer to five of these extraordinary, classical wines:

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4. The Grey Friar

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

Sirs: While walking through downtown Montreal with my camera I happened to look up just in time to see one of our city's distinguished bishops, Monsignor Ignace Bourget, giving a spiritual lift to some window-washers on the IBM Building.

Henri Remillard

Montreal, Quebec



Sirs: One Sunday while out on a walk I saw this ripply reflection of a church in a new insurance building going up in Los Angeles. The unevenness of the image, by the way, convinced the contractor that the glass was imperfect. It has since been replaced.

Susan Bryant

Hollywood, Calif.



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But this is just one page, and therefore only part of the story. For more

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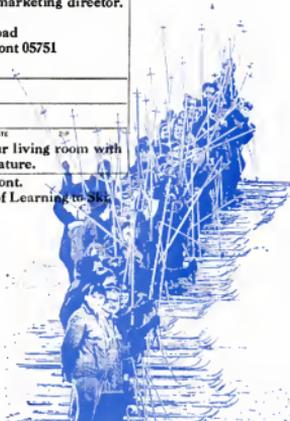
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DICK CAVETT

Sirs: Thank you for your cover story ("Cavett: Off Camera," Dec. 30). As a 19-year-old sophomore at the University of Washington, you can include me in the young article called "a live core of the wider audience" who watch Cavett regularly.

His show is one of the best television has to offer, with a format that attempts to be *informative* as well as *entertaining*. I hope he will be around for a long time.

DREW L. LERSE

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs: Just finished reading LIFE and read where Dick Cavett needs anti-static socks. I find that rinsing my husband's socks in a fabric softener, then putting them in the dryer gets the static out. Hope it works for you.

Mrs. JOHN SHIRLAW

Ambler, Pa.

Sirs: What bowled me over was the picture of Dickie in his bare feet. That was something strange about that picture and I discovered what it was. "It can't be," I told myself. But I looked again and by golly, it was right. Dick has six toes on each foot.

SAM SHREIRO

Miami, Fla.

▶ *Not so*—ED.

Sirs: Cheers for your recognition of Dick Cavett. He has not only accomplished the impossible but achieved the unlikely on TV. His intellectual candor, his sensitivity and his charm have squelched the notion that the late show MC had to look out for his own skin first and his guests and audience second. And cheers to Louis, that lovable poolie ham.

ERIC H. BRUCH

Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs: If you look at the picture of the Cavetts on page 41, you will see a white Matilda with his tongue sticking out.

HARVEY E. DLUKATCH

Rehoba, Calif.

Sirs: Are you sure that darling little dog sitting on Dick Cavett's lap is not a Yorkshire terrier? I myself own a "Yorkie" that looks suspiciously like that Scalyham.

HOLLY MICHAELS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs: If Dick's Daphne is a Scalyham, then what to the name of Westminster am I supposed to do with my Heather, who insists that she is a West Highland terrier, has the pedigree to prove it and is, honestly, Daphne's twin right down to the last glossy bloom?

Mrs. CAROL BLOOMFIELD

Richfield Springs, N.Y.

▶ *Proud but unpedigreed, Daphne is no Scalyham, nevertheless comes from noble stock: just Collie and pure Yorkshire terrier*—ED.

Sirs: It was interesting to read that Dick Cavett and his wife "stretch out with their feet in each other's laps." This is rather odd, a stunt I have never seen my wife and I feel like relaxing together we stand back to back and rub noses. Another way is to put your left ears together and look into each other's eyes.

ROGER B. HOGGSON

Cummaquag, Mass.

DULHURTY OF THE OUTBACK

Sirs: As an Aussie I am often asked, "What are Australians and Australia like?" I shall refer all enquiries to your article, "Dulhury of the Outback," Oct. 30. This has to be the most illuminating story you have ever run on the "land down under." Our independent spirit, the harsh dusty outback and the vast distances have combined to make Australians the world's toughest soldiers, greatest sportsmen, and the leading per capita consumers of beer, characteristics admirably displayed by Dulhury.

GEORGE RUMHET

San Francisco, Calif.

THE CONSERVATIVE PITCH

Sirs: The irony of the growing appeal of conservatism and repression in the age for law and order, "Conservative Is the Way To Sound," Oct. 30) is that conservative societies have historically been the breeding ground for violent revolution. The election of men such as Ronald Reagan can only serve to antagonize and radicalize the moderate critics of society.

PAUL ZIMMERMAN

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs: Regarding Paul O'Neil's article on Reagan and the "200 brown-faced Chicano farm workers and their women" who were at the airport: I doubt if they were all brown, since Chicano complexion range from whiter-than-Reagan through the color spectrum. Wouldn't "angry," "proud," "determined" all be more relevant descriptive adjectives? Chicanos have wives and daughters, sisters and mothers just as all Americans have. The phrase "and their women" reminds me of public facilities in the South years ago that were labeled separately "colored women" and "white ladies."

BETTIE MAGGE

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs: Before I went into the Air Force four years ago, we were still drinking questions I have about the current status were not on our minds—only grades and our future.

I'm in Germany now and am due for discharge in a couple of months. For the last year, I have only known about the U.S. what I read in the papers and magazines. So I would appreciate it if someone would answer a couple of questions I have about the current status of my country:

1. Does the country *really* believe what Mr. Nixon is telling them?

2. Do people *really* believe Ronald Reagan when he says "... but in California... now..." it again possible to blame the criminal for his crime rather than blame society for it...?"

3. Am I coming home to this?

I would appreciate an answer. I think I'm too scared to find out for myself.

MARC SCHENKLER

APO New York

AVEVERA VOTER

Sirs: I find your Ohio "Perfect Voice" hard to take. It is totally unrealistic to say that is the best some, unprejudiced." I would like to see her in the ghetto areas among the suppressed blacks or any minority groups. She says we're thinking about them but doesn't do a damn thing to support them. Why doesn't she spend her time for a worthy cause? Books are great but action has results.

Mrs. GEORGE OLSON JR.

Sheridan, Wyo.

Sirs: Since Mrs. Betty Lowrey is willing to take the responsibility of being a spokesperson for millions of American voters, we wish she would take an informed stand on the pressing issues facing America today. Her views are irresolute. "Violence never solves anything..." Sometimes it takes rioting and dissent to bring change." The frightening aspect of the entire situation is that there are plenty of politicians willing to accommodate these views.

NANCY BORZAIN

LUCY FLYNN

ELLEN POTTS

New Haven, Conn.

ART REVIEW

Sirs: Rosalyn Drexler's art review of the work of Mary Cassatt ("Her Roots American, Her Foliage French," Oct. 30) was most flattering to one of the more important American expatriate painters—along with Sargent and Whistler. However, I take exception to her statement that "... she was our greatest impressionist painter." First, although many of her themes superficially appeared impressionistic, they lacked the spontaneity of true impressionists such as Monet, Renoir, Sisley, Pissarro, etc. Second, American art produced a whole school of *real* impressionists who followed and even studied with their European peers: Childé Hassan, John Henry Twachtman, J. A. Weir and Theodore Robinson. I think your readers should be aware of these artists.

GEORGE M. COHEN

Professor of American Art History

and Humanities

Hofstra University

Hempstead, N.Y.

Sirs: Your magazine is sensitive to vital conservation issues, but apparently art critic Rosalyn Drexler is not.

Wearing new alligator shoes (imported from France) on her recent jaunt to the Casati exhibit in Washington, D.C., says much about her insensitivity to nature, unlike the famed artist.

BRUCE E. WEBER

Fort Collins, Colo.

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs: You say that "the success of any fashion depends mainly on whether the beautiful people wear it" ("The Midi That Wouldn't Die," Oct. 30) and then you show some well-known women in their midis—but they are *no longer beautiful!* I feel sorry for women who are such slaves to the dictates of the designers.

The fashion magazines tell us that today "fashion is fun," but the midi is not fun, it's funny!

Mrs. ROBERT ROSBERG

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs: Long is not pretty. May the midi bite the dust and take John Fairchild and the Paris designers with them! I, for one, will stick it out with mine.

MOLLE STEWARD

Bridgeton, N.J.

Sirs: We've waited three long months to witness the death of the midi! Thank God for Princess Margaret—she killed it in one day!

THE MEN OF

NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs: The other day I saw two otherwise attractive girls attired in midis, the first I have seen in several months. They looked like frumps. And all the midi-type pictures in your Oct. 30 issue look like frumps too.

WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN JR.

Rockville, Md.

Sirs: Come on, LIFE magazine. Show your readers that for the first time in history women are defying "fashion experts" and wearing what they please.

KATHY CORTÉS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs: Face it: the midi is an Edsel. You and Tim and all the king's men can't put the midi together again.

A pox on greedy fashion designers! Long live the independence of the American woman!

KAREN LINDESMITH

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: Please don't hide those dimpled knees.

The round rich ribs of women.

Please don't hide those magnificent thighs

Attractive to men's eyes.

To help with midis, pants and slacks;

Let's keep the mini in!

Man doesn't live in a face alone.

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Cincinnati, Ohio

RUSS SHOUP

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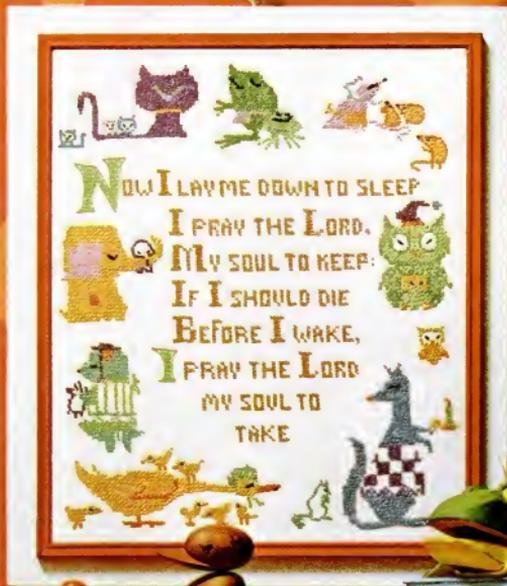


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PART I

Life with Stalin:
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at the front:
Stalin's fear and
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**A vivid picture
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**The quarrel with
China and a fresh
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Khrushchev really
did to cause the
1962 Cuban crisis**



The Editors of LIFE announce

KHR RE

No Russian leader—until now—has addressed history with intimate and personal reminiscences spanning his life and that of the Soviet Union itself. Next week LIFE begins publishing, in four installments, the reminiscences of Nikita Khrushchev, that many-faceted man who climbed from a peasant boyhood all the way up the Communist Party ladder to sit as an equal with the world's heads of state. In 1953, when he first gained the Party Secretaryship, he became the most important figure in the Soviet Union; from 1957 until 1964, as both Party Secretary and Premier, he was absolute master of one of the world's two superpowers. During those years he was a vivid, colorful and dangerous figure to the West. Since he was overthrown six years ago, he has lived as a "pensioner" in a modest *dacha* 15 miles southwest of Moscow.

The document excerpted by LIFE, to be published next month in book form by Little, Brown and Company with the title *Khrushchev Remembers*, is written in the first person. It constitutes an insider's view of Soviet leadership over three decades, and it incorporates a denunciation of Stalin's abuses which is all the more convincing since it comes from a loyal Soviet citizen. Khrushchev himself explains why he is finally speaking out: "I tell these stories because, unpleasant as they may be, they contribute to the self-purification of our Party. I speak as a man who stood for many years at Stalin's side. As a witness to those years, I address myself to the generations of the future, in hope that they will avoid the mistakes of the past."

In his introduction to *Khrushchev Remembers*, Edward Crankshaw, the British scholar and foremost Khrushchev biographer, writes, about this document: "To anyone who had listened to him in the days of his prime, or read his speeches in Russian, there was no mistaking the authentic tone. So what we have is an extraor-

the first publication of a unique historical document

KHRUSHCHEV MEMBERS

dinary, a unique historical document. It is the first thing of its kind to come from any Soviet leader of the Stalin and post-Stalin eras. It takes us straight into what has been hitherto a forbidden land of the mind. And for me the supreme interest and value of this narrative lies in the unconscious revelation of the underlying attitude: the assumptions, the ignorances, the distorted views, which must be shared to a greater or lesser degree by all those Soviet leaders who came to maturity under Stalin.

"What Khrushchev does not do, perhaps cannot do, is provide the clue to his own astonishing transformation from one of Stalin's most reliable henchmen into the international figure who, toward the end of his career, was showing signs of wisdom of a really superior kind. The qualities were not suddenly added to him: they must have been latent all the time, when, to all appearances, as a determinedly Party professional, sycophantic toward his master, bullying toward his subordinates, maneuvering round his rivals with deep peasant cunning, he was visibly distinguished from the others only by a certain liveliness of imagination, a warmth of feeling, a sturdy self-reliance, and at times the recklessness of a born gambler."

What Khrushchev does do—and this adds a whole new dimension to our knowledge—is reveal the morbid world of Joseph Stalin from a new vantage point. Just as important, Khrushchev also reveals his own fascinating personality: the young man who joined the Communist Party at 24 and fought in the Red-White civil war of 1919-20; the dedicated Party worker who at first served Stalin slavishly and enthusiastically involved himself in the Party infighting which led to the terrible purges of 1936-38; the civilian autocrat of the Ukraine who gradually became aware that his brutish chief in

Moscow was, as Khrushchev says, "not quite right in the head."

Khrushchev does not attack the present Soviet leadership. Nor does he discuss his own fall from power in 1964, but the fact that it was bloodless was a radical change from the days of Stalin. He is 76 now, an old man diminished by sickness. He had a mild heart attack earlier this year, and was reported only two weeks ago to be back in bed. When he is up and about he tries, on doctor's orders, to walk two hours a day. Usually he saunters off to a nearby trade union rest center to chat with ordinary Soviet citizens. In his home he sits and listens to the radio, reads *Pravda* and the military history of World War II, spends long hours with his family and grandchildren—and remembers.

Did Khrushchev intend this manuscript to be published in the West? We do not know. Having taken every possible precaution to verify authenticity, LIFE is certain that this is what Khrushchev wanted to say—to somebody, somewhere—in the knowledge that his time had come and gone, and with the conviction that he had a legitimate place in history. The system which made him, and which he had helped make, discarded him in the end; yet his was an extraordinary achievement all the same. He was something of an original in the Soviet Union, a political leader who really could dream great dreams, and for that Mr. Crankshaw salutes him: "It was one of Khrushchev's greatest achievements that with all his intermittent saber-rattling, his deceptions, his displays of violence, he nevertheless broke out of the Stalinist mold and made it possible for the Western world to hope that a measure of coexistence, more complete than he himself was yet ready to conceive, might one day be realized."

Khrushchev's story is illustrated with many intimate and hitherto unpublished pictures.

Beginning in

LIFE

next week

An intimate revolution

Co-ed dorms put boys and girls together

The poised young people at right are Rob Singler, 20, and Cindy Stewart, 19, students at Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio, and they are the happy beneficiaries of an innovation in campus living that is now spreading all over the country. Rob, a junior, and Cindy, a freshman, live in a co-ed dorm. Though the men's and women's quarters are in different parts of the same building, students of both sexes are free to visit each other's rooms, as Cindy is visiting Rob here, at any time of the day—or night.

Such revolutionary departures in living arrangements are startling to many middle-aged parents, whose own experience was with the traditionally strict segregation of sexes and limited visiting hours carefully clocked by campus cops and housemothers. Parents sometimes anxiously conclude that sex in its most urgent physical manifestations will overwhelm the rest of college life. The morals of their children will be under constant assault. The good clean fun of the good old days—dating for proms, football games, fraternity beer parties—will be replaced by pleasures more ominously orgiastic. There are less vivid but equally serious fears: that academic interests will suffer badly, and that their sons' and daughters' rights to privacy and to choose their own life-styles will be lost.

To a surprising extent, these worries are not supported by the facts of coeducational living at Oberlin, or at the many other colleges and universities around the U.S. where it is practiced in various forms (see page 38). Intense personal relationships like Rob's and Cindy's can develop, and occasionally problems do appear. But at Oberlin, the absence of traditional restraints has encouraged an ease and a naturalness enthusiastically endorsed by both students and faculty.



in campus life

Oberlin students Rob Singler and Cindy Stewart, here shown in Rob's room, live in a co-ed dorm housing 23 boys and 26 girls. Since meeting this fall, they have become very close.





Freshman Gloria Jackson sings while her classmate Joe May plays the piano in the student lounge at Afro House. The girls in Afro House decided not to have co-ed living quarters because the place was too small. But with 24-hour visiting privileges, the men are always there anyhow.

Men around
the house
can be
useful—and
fun, too

In the kitchenette at French House, which is also a co-ed dorm, juniors Jane Redmont and Sandy Heck make "banana-pook" pies for a party for the house director's 26th birthday. Only some of the students living here are French majors, but all are interested in learning to speak the language.



Michael Bobker helps Ann Stimson put her bike together at Barrows Hall (above). Until it became one of Oberlin's eight co-ed dorms, Barrows Hall was last on the list of living choices. Now the administration has more requests for space there (it will take 93 boys, 86 girls) than it can handle.



Photographed by
BILL RAY



The sexes share laundry centers in eod dorms. Above, freshman Debbie Seim irons while Roger Schaeht, a visiting friend of another student, inspects his clothing. Roger hitchhiked to Oberlin from his college near Boston, and after a night on the campus is thinking of switching schools.



Each of the Oberlin dorms is run by a student staff and a house director. At left, the student staff in South Hall (238 students) meets for a Nepalese dinner cooked by the assistant dean of men in the living room of director Christine Larson (center rear).



There is usually plenty of mixed activity in the corridors of Oberlin's eod dorms. Above is the third floor corridor at Dascomb Hall. These students are dressed up after going on a shopping spree in downtown stores where discounts were offered for those

who came in their nightclothes. They got slide whistles for 11¢ apiece. The lively residents of this floor have also organized a VD Squad (Volunteers for Decency), which advocates bedtime stories and the changing of Oberlin's name to Wholesome College.

The dean found the idea 'very daring'— at first

Holly Kempner, below, a freshman in Dascomb Hall, talks with her friends Nick Muni and David Jensen (back to the camera). These boys are two of Holly's closest friends on the cam-

pus, and when she felt in the dumps that night, she simply left her room in the girls' wing and dropped in on them. "I needed cheering up," she explained, "and they can always do it."



Oberlin, a college of 2,491 students, began its experiment in co-ed dorms and 24-hour visiting with some hesitation. Only two years ago visiting hours were limited to three and a half hours every Sunday; the couple had to keep their feet on the floor at all times, and doors had to be kept open the width of a wastebasket. When students began to ask for co-ed housing, Dean of Students George Langelier recalls, "It seemed very daring, and we thought up all kinds of complications—appropriate to the attitudes of about 20 years ago." Now Oberlin's new style is in its second year, and Dean Langelier says: "It seems as if we started much longer ago. It already feels like a way of life."

Thirty-two percent of Oberlin's students have chosen to live in the eight co-ed dorms (there are 20 other non-co-ed dorms). Perhaps much of their delight has to do with the relief of pressures which used to build up toward the weekend date, and under which young men and women tended to regard each other as rare sexual objects. Says freshman David Jensen: "I came here with the intention of going wild. I went around saying 'Hi!' to every girl I saw. Then suddenly I found myself taking them more for granted as *people*, something I'd never done before." "You gain so many brothers," remarks one sophomore girl. "Platonic relationships come so easily."

So, of course, do less platonic pairings, but it is the opinion of some experts that there is not as much explicit sexual activity in co-educational living as there used to be under the more protective system. Problems tend to be of another kind: absence of privacy, too much pressure to make alliances, too little freedom for boys to be sloppy or for girls to be pin-curl'd. At Oberlin, however, co-ed dorms have encouraged a more easy give-and-take in casual meetings, an increase in community activity, and a sharing of studies that has not caused grades to drop from their generally good level.



Michael Save, a junior who is a floor counselor, talks (above) with Lotta Löfgren. A sophomore from Sweden, she may transfer to a school where she can have her own apartment.



Sophomore Louis Buchholz gets his hair trimmed by Heidemarie Feyer, a graduate student from Germany. Heide likes co-ed dorms, says student living in Europe is even less restricted.

French House students collect in the corridor for their regular late evening talk. "We used to be shy about being seen in our bathrobes," reports one girl, "but now we don't even notice."



'It's so exciting now on campus. The students have a chance to grow as persons, not just academically.'

ROSE MONTAGUE
Dean of Women



'Co-ed living is a healthy innovation at Oberlin that hasn't caused any new psychological problems.'

DR. MARTHA VERDA
Counseling Psychologist



'Some parents expect the Oberlin campus to be full of bomb-throwers, perverts and free-lovers. It's not.'

BILL MCILRATH
Assoc. Admissions Director



Instead of the Friday night date, the Friday night identity crisis

Late last month Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Heuck and their daughter Susan, a high school senior from Cincinnati who is looking over colleges for next fall, visited the Oberlin campus and were given the full family tour. A student guide showed them the language labs, the costume room in Hall Auditorium (Susan is interested in the theater), and the monument celebrating the fact that Oberlin was the first co-educational college in America.

"One thing you don't have to worry about at Oberlin is a drinking problem," the guide reassured them. "There just isn't one." But he admitted that a lot of students had tried marijuana.

Mr. Heuck remained calm. "Susan has spent the last three summers away from home," he said, "and we feel that Oberlin's kind of freedom would not be too hard for her to handle."

Then the guide mentioned that some of the co-ed dorms allowed around-the-clock visiting hours in the rooms. Susan's father swallowed hard. "We hadn't heard about *that*!"

Associate Director of Admissions Bill McIlrath's answer to parental dismay is another question. "Did it ever occur to you," he asks, "that boys in your daughter's dorm may look upon her as a sister instead of simply a sex object, and that she'll have a chance to accept them as human beings too?" Oberlin's entire program is one of calculated permissiveness, in which the co-ed dorms are the most spectacular example. After a long hard look at the kind of students it was at-

tracting, Oberlin concluded that an easy relationship between the sexes was essential to students' well-being.

Oberlin students tend to be brighter than normal—but also lonelier. "They're an introspective lot, always questioning their own values, and those of people around them," says Dr. Martha Verda, a psychologist on the college staff. "Because their parents usually have money, they've always had leisure time, and they spend it with themselves."

"Life at home for most of the students," Dr. Verda continues, "has been an intellectual experience, without much loving or open emotion. Their parents have pressured them constantly to achieve, to be something, to do something. They're not gang-minded. In high school they never got deeply involved in extracurricular activities or dating. These young people come here wanting desperately to generate warm human feeling, but no one has ever shown them how."

It was to meet this need that Oberlin put men and women on alternate floors or corridors of the same buildings and permitted them unlimited visiting hours. Compared to other campuses, the plan was moderately liberal: some schools have the alternate-floor setup but restrict room visiting (midnight on weekdays, 1:30 a.m. on weekends, for instance, at the University of Maryland). Most liberal of all are such schools as Stanford and Michigan, where men and women live in alternate rooms on the same floors.



'We operate on a good old American basic: the majority of students rule and determine their own life-style.'

ROBERT FULLER
President

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Heuck and their daughter Susan visit Oberlin, where Susan is thinking of enrolling next year. Mr. Heuck was taken aback to hear about 24-hour visitation, but decided "If your child hasn't learned right from wrong at home, it's too late once she goes away."

At Oberlin, administration and students agreed upon the new arrangement in early 1969 after carefully reviewing other co-ed housing systems.

"The whole setting—the student staff, the young house directors, the group programs—helps students learn how to have friends," says Dr. Verda. "As community spirit grows, students don't have to pair off as lovers to get to know each other. They form brother-sister relationships, and take on larger groups of friends."

The main activity of these newly made friends is talking with each other. The Friday night date is replaced by the Friday night identity crisis. Dormitory talk sessions often take the form of painfully intense public confessions. Nobody is expected to be at ease with the world or with himself. Sprawled in corridors and on the floors of rooms, they ask each other, "Who am I? Why can't I relate? Am I really unhappy?"—and then furnish interminable answers. "They test themselves daily, and not just in the classrooms," says Dean of Men Tom Bechtel.

Because the kitchens, study rooms, Coke and candy machines and laundries are deliberately scattered through the dorm buildings, chance encounters between boys and girls occur at every hour of the day or night, and not really by chance. "Our students are isolated here at Oberlin," Dean of Students George Langeler observes. "They don't have cars, they can't break out. That makes the campus living arrangements important. We want to put people together long

enough and often enough to make a difference for each one."

So far the experience at Oberlin has borne out the thesis of Stanford psychologist Joseph Katz that co-ed living does not lead to promiscuity. On the contrary, because so many residents see one another as brother and sister, the ancient taboo against incest comes into play and encourages friendships to remain just friendly. The couples who do become genuine lovers usually live in separate dorms and do not have to face each other over breakfast every morning.

A lot of the social pressure of college life has evaporated at Oberlin. Students assume that most "heavy" couples are sleeping together. Yet they also accept the fact that some couples have been sleeping in the same room together for weeks without ever making love.

The administration is pleased with the mood on campus at Oberlin today. "We think the quality of student life is so much more vital and better than before," says Dean Langeler.

Letting the students make their own rules has had a further unpredictable effect. The political radicalization that has explosively divided many campuses has scarcely been felt at Oberlin. Black activists say with mild contempt that the white students "walk around like zombies, content with co-ed dorms, wanting nothing big." Apparently they are right. The liveliest protest at Oberlin all term has been over compulsory gym classes.

KAREN THORSEN

ONE YOUNG MAN'S JAUNDICED VIEW

Not every student who has lived in a co-ed dorm is in favor of it. One who is decidedly opposed is Peter Jay Ehrendt, a 19-year-old honor student, veteran of a year's residence in a mixed dorm at Michigan State University. He now lives in an apartment far, he says, from "the broods." "What didn't I like about it?" he asks. "The co-eds, all the females running around. You couldn't relax, or take to the halls in your skivvies. You couldn't swear or slip down a meal with the guys because there were always a bunch of girls hanging around.

"I was all for co-ed living at first. It was instant freedom. The trouble was that as a freshman just coming in, you didn't know quite how to handle it.

"For example, you could have your girl friend in every night in complete privacy. In the dorms you could get in bed with a girl anytime you wanted. If you were having trouble with a girl you couldn't say, 'Well, I can't see you,' because she knew there were no restrictions. Did you ever try studying with a girl in your bedroom?

"My grades went down, and I had a lot less fun, too. It caused bad feeling. Like if my roommate wanted to have his girl up and I wanted to study, he'd get mad at me for not going to study someplace else. I had to move out to get privacy—and sanity."

An awkward balance of love and privacy

If you're looking," Oberlin students say of sex, "there's always somewhere you can find it." The fact is that among college-age couples intense relationships do develop, and sex almost always plays an important part. Co-ed housing simply makes it convenient. At Oberlin, heavy romances tend to flare up and die away in rapid succession. This causes problems. "If you break up with someone," a student reports, "you can't help seeing each other all the time." Others manage it with less difficulty. "We broke up," one says, "but we've never been closer. We're just not sleeping together anymore."

Some affairs interfere with the lives of others. "My roommate was in the room with his girl," one boy recalls, "and I came back at 2 a.m. to find the door locked. I finally slept on the neighbor's floor." Some find that a roommate's preoccupation with romance constitutes a real invasion of privacy. Students caught in this predicament try to change roommates, take single rooms or move to other dormitories.

The "Oberlin marriage," in which a couple becomes isolated, worries the faculty—but not as much as it did before co-ed dorms were introduced. Now most couples, like those shown here, mix easily with other students. "There are no fifth wheels here," one boy said. "There are just more people to play with." Still, the experience of sudden freedom can have a profound effect, especially on those whose earlier supervision has been watchful and exacting. "After Oberlin," one student says, "how can you bear living at home?"

Many Oberlin students speak of the existence of intense personal relationships where the friendship is basically platonic. Ann Morelli and Richard Bondi say that theirs is exactly that.



Nancy Stead and Rick Farman, both juniors, have been seeing each other constantly since their freshman year. Here they are studying in his room.

During Rob Singler's radio show, Cindy Stewart keeps him company. They have been going together all fall but continue to see other friends.





ODE TO THE MAN



WHO WAS FRANCE

by ROMAIN GARY

I have been carrying this emblem, this Gaullist Cross of Lorraine, on my chest for more than 25 years and yet, at this early hour of November the 10th, 1970, as the news comes to me over the phone in a broken whisper, there is no hurt, no heaviness of heart, nothing but a strange elation, a soothing presence of absolute security and peace. Something essential has been saved, freed to dwell forever beyond the reach of time, above the evil crawling shadows forever pitched against every source of light. Why this weird, almost gleeful feeling of relief, as if everything I have so deeply believed in, far from being taken away, has been given to me for keeps at last? Is it because the man who was France has always looked at death as at a mere parting with mediocrity? Thank God, Charles de Gaulle has not outlived himself. . . .

If there is a regret in my soul and mind—a sharp bite of sorrow on this rainy morning a few hours after a very old man walked away and took my youth with him—it goes to all those things that are linked with the name “De Gaulle” and are receding into the past with the speed of light or are suffocating slowly in the polluted atmosphere of our world and time. A sense of honor, a nobility of spirit, a deep belief in dignity, a refusal to view material achievements as a goal in themselves. True, the haughtiness with which he took himself for granted as the chosen flag bearer of our Western civilization rang with the echo of a *démolé* chivalry and worship of not always so fair a princess named France. Granted, such a vision of us mere human beings, such an exigence, such a demanding stance made me often, and no less than others, bristle with irritation and hark at this disregard for our humble, painful plodding through life. But oh! Americans . . . how strange it is that you of all people, you, who have invented the name and the thing called “the American dream,” have kept mocking for some 30 years De Gaulle’s never-ending odes to “grandeur” . . . for there is no difference between what you call “the American dream” and

CONTINUED

Romain Gary—writer, soldier and diplomat—was personally named a Companion of the Liberation by De Gaulle, an honor the general restricted to the very few men who rallied immediately to his side after the fall of France in World War II. Gary fought in Africa, the Middle East and Europe. After the war, De Gaulle’s devotion to the remaking of French glory infuriated many who saw larger purposes in Europe, but Gary remained an ardent Gaullist—as he obviously is today. His contributions to LIFE include several earlier articles on De Gaulle and an excerpt from his recent book, *White Dog* (Oct. 9).



During World War II, De Gaulle (above on visit to North Africa-based Free French destroyer) was the rallying point for all Frenchmen against surrender.

As president De Gaulle used carefully structured press conferences to make his positions known. At this one he opposed British entry into the Common Market.

A GIFTED ACTOR OF HISTORY

De Gaulle had an unerring sense of showmanship. In 1958, with the army's loyalty in question, he entered Algiers like a conquering hero.

CONTINUED

what De Gaulle called "the greatness of France." Both mean exactly the same thing: a belief—deeply rooted in our Western civilization—in man's capability to transcend, to rise above himself and to prevail.

De Gaulle was that rarest of all men: a realistic dreamer. An astute tactician summoning Frenchmen—and wisely, the Western world as a whole—toward mythological and, more likely than not, nonexistent or at least unreachable heights. Never before has Sancho Panza worked so hard for Don Quixote, and both were united in one man. The realist in De Gaulle never missed a trick in the service of the dreamer. The strategy consisted in aiming at the maximum, as high and far as possible, in the practical and crafty hope of thus extracting from us at least a bare minimum. This lifelong student of history knew that an inaccessible and highly

idealized, often mystical if not a purely verbal goal of "greatness," when pursued with all the might of spirit and heart, leaves in the wake of its ultimate failure something very much like a civilization. Indeed, all our way from the gods of ancient Greece to and through Judeo-Christianity was the consequence of this dynamic process of faith and faith alone. Even when the final purpose remains out of reach, the pursuit itself means creativity, progress and accomplishment. No one knew better than De Gaulle that it is out of this impossible attempt to close the gap between the humble reality of man and the lovingly invented myth of man that the Western civilization was born.

Few men in history share with him this weird privilege: that of arousing our interest in *themselves* far more than in their actual



accomplishments. For years I have been aware of watching the performance of a very great artist. In that respect, what De Gaulle has done is without precedent, and I believe that herein lies the whole secret of the man. *He was a fantastically clever and gifted impersonator of 10 centuries of French history.* With the historical—and histrionic—material known by heart by every Frenchman since school, with debris of the past, with fragments of all the Louis, with the light still feebly reaching us from all the dead stars of past glory, with chips of stone from all our cathedrals and statuary, out of museums and out of legends, with genius, skill, fabulous workmanship, technique and shrewdness, he built a mythological being known as De Gaulle, to whom he quite rightly referred in the third person, as a writer refers to the title of his magnum opus. It is this work of art, this self-creation that

closed the gap between past magnificence and the shabby realities of the present, conjured the illusion of continuity, vouched for a future and never-ending greatness. A few key historical notions deeply embedded in the subliminal memory of the French collective psyche were used by this actor and "enactor" of genius to create the "I, De Gaulle" that struck in even the most skeptical Frenchman an irresistible and responsive nostalgic chord.

Never before has a man used a dead past so cleverly for a more precise, deliberate and calculated purpose. If De Gaulle, to the very end, exercised such a fascination over Frenchmen, it is not only because he reactivated the past, but because he enacted and impersonated it with such a deeply contagious conviction that the actor will keep the audience under

CONTINUED

Out of power, De Gaulle struck to a self-imposed regimen of isolation. Here he reflects at the seashore on 1946 vacation to the south of France.



IN DEATH, HIS IMPACT MULTIPLIES

CONTINUED

his spell long after he has left the stage.

How strange it is for this writer known throughout France as an "unconditional Gaulist" to find himself smiling and lighthearted at this hour of mourning, when every field, river and village street of the land is full of one man's absence and when grief and a kind of stricken disbelief are written on every French face around him. But how can I feel anything except pride and a triumphant elation at this pure, crystalline hour, when a man I loved and trusted so completely during 30 years leaves the earth after honoring every clause of the silent pact he had signed with us in the dark days of June 1940, when France lay broken and soiled under the Nazi boot? Not a promise unfulfilled, not a word broken, not a stain on the face of the "princess of the legends, madonna of the frescoes," as he called his France. The man is no longer, but what remains and will make life difficult for mediocrity, lies, fakery, power-grabbing and cynicism is a *precedent*, magnified by the moral stature of the man who has created it. For the first time in modern times, the French people have a *point of reference*. It may well be that the greatest achievement of De Gaulle will be posthumous and that it will mark the country deeper than everything he had accomplished as a statesman. It may well be that De Gaulle will wield more power in France in his death than he ever did in his lifetime.

And at this moment, as I am writing these words, the true reason for that singing in my heart and for the secret exhilaration and almost youthful buoyancy of my spirits appears as clear to me as the little chapel out there, against the sky, on top of Vieille Forêt hill, above Sainte-Mère-Eglise.

If this new exile is far more final than that of England, 1940, no one can now take him away from us. There is no more trace of politics on his shoes. More than ever, he is now what he has been for us from the start: a moral force, a strength of spirit, a faith in man's ultimate triumph, a light. ■



In his final volume of autobiography,



EISENHOWER: "He was wise, and, disliking risky speculations, he used the brake whenever the speed seemed excessive. . . . We always explained our intentions to each other and carried out our mutual discussions in an atmosphere of sincere friendship. . . . He doubtless shared the rather simple conviction about the primordial mission which fell upon the United States as

though by act of Providence." ADE-NAUER: "The ambitions of Germany had inflicted on France terrible ordeals in 1870, in 1914 and in 1939. But now France knew that Germany was conquered, dismantled and reduced to a miserable international state which entirely changed the circum-



As the Algerian crisis heightened in 1958, De Gaulle retreated to his country estate at Colombey and awaited a call to form a new gov-

ernment. Accompanied by his wife, he waves to air force planes flying overhead in formation of his symbol, the Cross of Lorraine.

De Gaulle judges a quarter-century of leaders

"MEMOIRES D'ESPOIR: LE RENOUVEAU 1918-1961"
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stances of their relationship. . . . By a striking coincidence, at the time when I took the reins of power in Paris [in 1958] it happened that at the head of the Bonn government was Konrad Adenauer—of all the Germans the most capable and the most anxious to engage his country at the side of

France. This Rhinelander felt strongly that the Gauls and the Germans were complementary, one to the other." KENNEDY: "I felt that I had been dealing with a man whose courage, ability and true ambition gave rise to great hope. He seemed to me ready to take wing and fly high, like some great

bird beating its wings as the high mountains called." NIXON: "In his rather strange position as Vice President I found him to have one of those personalities at once frank and steady, on whom you feel you could count in important matters if it fell upon him one day to find himself in the front

rank." KHRUSHCHEV: "Wrapping myself in ice, I allowed Khrushchev to understand that the threats he was wielding had not made any impression on me. . . . I must say I was impressed by his personality, and was left with a feeling that in spite of everything, world peace had a chance."

Of Churchill. De Gaulle said, "Without him, my efforts would have been futile from the start. By lending me a strong and willing hand when he did, he vitally aided the cause

of France." Below, the two old comrades are shown after the war in the gardens of the Hotel Matignon, where De Gaulle made Sir Winston a Companion of the Liberation.



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Ordeal on a sheer rock face

A three-week trip up El Capitan

"Rock climbing," says mountaineer Warren Harding, 47, "is a fine kind of madness. It's a lot of hard work to accomplish nothing." Last week, as if to prove what he meant, there was Harding, roped to his friend Dean Caldwell, picking his way up the sheer 3,000-foot southeast face of El Capitan in Yosemite National Park. Men have climbed El Capitan before—Harding himself scaled it by another route in 1958—but no one had ever taken this most dangerous course to the top. Originally planned as a difficult 10-day climb, it soon lengthened into a grueling endurance test. Buffeted and delayed by rain, snow and wind, at the 10-day mark Harding and Caldwell had gone only a third of the way. But they inched onward, hanging precariously from pitons

and bolts pounded into the granite face, and sleeping at night in nylon Bat tents. Once the weather kept them pinned immobile in their hammocks for three days. Another time a piton holding Harding pulled out, and he plunged 40 feet, yanking out six more pitons before one finally held. By last week, their third on the mountain, the men had lost most of the feeling in their feet, their food had nearly run out, and park rangers were preparing for a rescue operation. The summit was still a forbidding 1,000 feet above. After a lot of hard work their prospects were indeed unpromising. "We must be the most miserable, wet, cold, stinking wretches imaginable," Caldwell wrote in a note dropped by tin can. "But we're alive, really alive, like people seldom are."



Dean Caldwell, 27, clings to the face of El Capitan in a hammocklike Bat tent which was suspended from a single bolt.



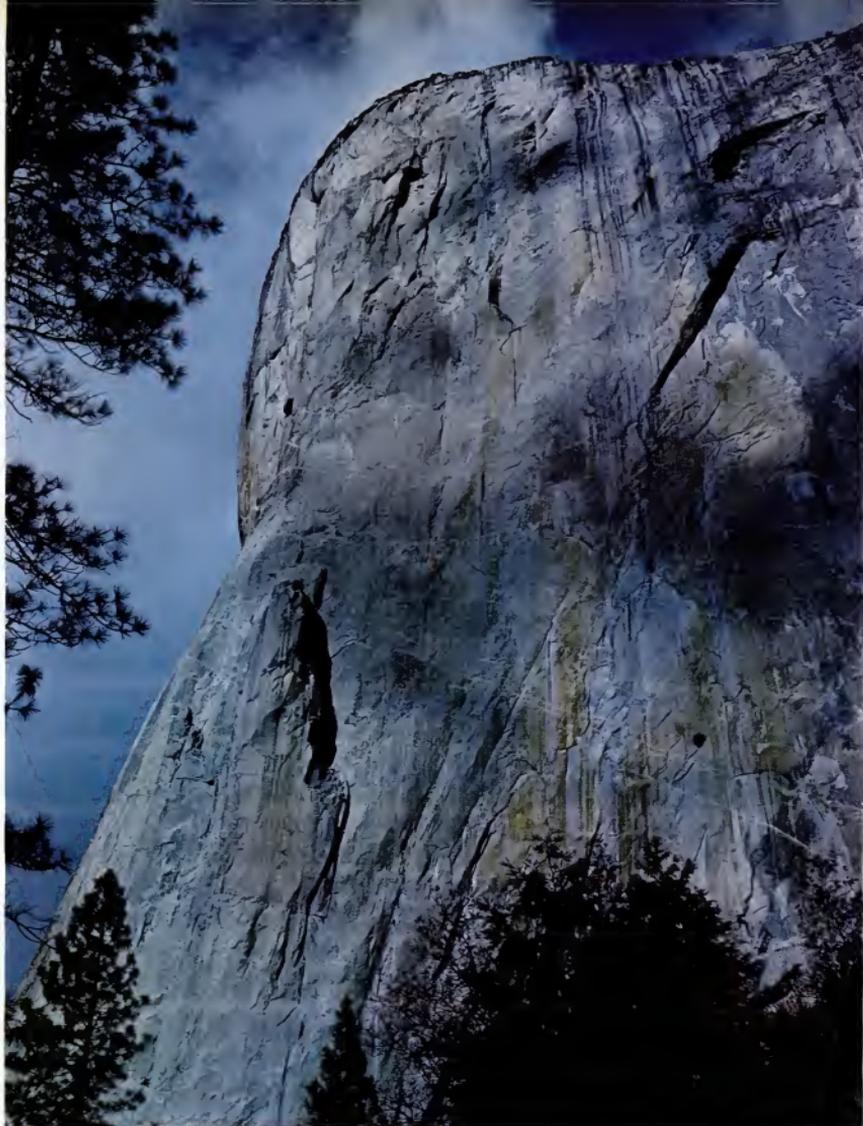
Warren Harding, a civil engineer, peers from his nylon pouch. The climbers took these pictures, then dropped their film.



Expansion bolts and snap links track across the sheer rock to Harding's roost. The climbers' 400 pounds of equipment dangle below out of sight, ready to be hauled up on a rope and pulley.



Caldwell makes his way up the vertical face ahead of Harding, hammering the nail-like steel pitons into cracks wherever he can, drilling holes and setting bolts into the granite where cracks are lacking.



Can you spot
the climbers?

Warren Harding and Dean Celdwell are the red and yellow specks precisely in the center of this picture of El Capitan, directly to the right of the top of the rock outcropping known as "El Cep Tower." The route of Harding's first successful ascent of El Capitan in 1958

led up this outcropping. His present route is up what Harding calls "the Wall of the Early Morning Light," the sheer face which veteran mountaineers regard as one of the toughest rock climbs in the world. Nonclimbers can reach the summit by hiking a long back trail.

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The destructive fight against the *fedayeen* in Amman left a legacy of bitterness for King Hussein

A visit with Jordan's Hussein in his battered land

The Isolation of a King

by JORDAN BONFANTE

The convoy roared through the outskirts of Amman at 70 mph, forcing the civilian traffic of cars and carts to scurry out of the way. Out of town, into the red and dusty desert, the convoy sped on faster still. It might have been Marshal Rommel on the way to Tobruk. In the middle was a gray Mercedes sedan filled with men in uniform. Bumper-close to the Mercedes, front and rear, were six purple Land-Rovers, bristling with big field radio antennas and mounted machine guns. In each Land-Rover five soldiers, wearing desert goggles, aimed rifles and submachine guns out at the flanks. The king was on his way home. And in his own capital he must travel as though he were in enemy territory.

Ten miles west of the city the convoy turned

off the highway onto a road closed to all other traffic. Two more miles, climbing now, and it passed a fortified gatepost manned by armed soldiers, then a dug-in tank, another sentry gate, and another. Finally at the top of the hill the armed vehicles fanned out into flanking formations and the sedan pulled up in front of the low stone house. Here in this hilltop compound known as Al-Hummar Palace, miles from any other habitation, H.M. King Hussein bin Talal, last of the Hashemite rulers, monarch of Jordan, lives in isolation.

"It is not pleasant to be in my position," said the king, with British-learned, royal understatement. "The responsibility is very heavy. I feel the weight of it all the time. And also the fears, the fears that I might not succeed in one particular objective, creating for Jordan a system that can last independent of an individual—in this case myself."

CONTINUED



Constantly in danger, the king now travels only in the protective cocoon of a heavily armed convoy.

Wearing a Bedouin warrior's headdress, Hussein appears cheerful at his retreat outside Amman.





Hussein banters with a wounded soldier in orthopedic ward of U.S.-run hospital on a recent visit. His popularity with his army is high; as he entered the ward in one hospital, soldiers applauded, and one shouted, "We devote our lives to you!"



The price of his victory was prohibitive

CONTINUED

He was now inside the Hummar residence, an airy, comfortable house decorated more in English than Arab tradition, with solid period furniture, artificial flowers, an aquarium, a tall white cage of noisy cockatoos. In the entrance-way were shelves of silver trophies, 13 of them for victories in car races, during sportier times.

Those playboy days, the days of the Grand Prix racing circuit, water-skiing in Aqaba, piloting his own jets, are over. At 35, the little king has been swept into the center of momentous world events. Now, in the aftermath of the explosive 10-day civil war in Jordan, the survival of his very reign is in question. His own life is in constant jeopardy.

Hussein's personal isolation at Hummar—without even his wife and children, who have remained in London since before the war

—reflects his present political isolation. To the west, Israel still occupies the West Bank of the Jordan it won in 1967. To the east and north lie hostile Iraq and Syria. And much of the rest of the Arab world considers Hussein a turncoat to the West because he favors a negotiated settlement with Israel and because he turned on the Arab freedom-fighters, the *fedayeen*.

Internally, Hussein still has to reckon with thousands of armed and hostile *fedayeen* in large areas of the country, temporarily held at bay by the cease-fire teams from other Arab countries, and with the Palestinian civilian majority, now largely antagonistic to his regime.

Hussein ostensibly won that civil war, but at a high humanitarian and political price. The number of victims was not nearly so high as the 25,000 dead and wounded announced by

the guerrillas and Baghdad radio. But the numbers are embittering to this people nonetheless. By the most reliable estimates, the 10-day war cost 2,000 to 3,000 dead and some 8,000 wounded, most of them civilians.

Hussein himself calls the war and the destruction "worse than anything I have ever lived through," but he says there was no other way but to face up to it, no other choice. "It was sad to see almost everything I'd built and everything I'd worked for subject to danger and disaster. I tried to hold it together as much as possible, but obviously I was not successful, and an eruption had to occur."

The King was sitting in his small office at Hummar Palace, wearing his favorite uniform, smartly starched fatigues decorated with white crowns on the epaulettes and pilot's wings on his chest. Smoking and sipping a cold lemon drink, he admitted that, in the throes of his country's convulsion, he had even considered abdication.

"If I had any thought that it would have served the cause of Palestine, or the Palestinians, or the Arabs, I wouldn't have had any hesitation really."

Hussein's face, his eyes already shadowed with fatigue, darkened further as he considered the bleakest time of the war.

"The worst period was the second night of the Syrian intervention," he recalled. "It was



Receiving a delegation of Danish Red Cross workers in Amman's Bassam Palace, Hussein thanks them for relief work during recent fighting.



unexpected and it caught us with most of our troops deployed not toward Syria but along the cease-fire line and along the hills overlooking Tiberias and the Israeli positions in the north.

"The first attack was repulsed with severe losses to the Syrians by the very small force that we had there—two squadrons of tanks and a battalion of infantry. They were on their way back to refuel and rearm when the major attack broke through. And it really looked extremely dicey at that point. We had to send in the air force then to give us a little time. Finally we were able to move and push the forces that invaded completely out of Jordan. But we did pass a very tricky period."

Most of the resentment against Hussein since the war concerns the way the army fought against the *fedayeen*: with armor and artillery, even against snipers. This, it has been charged, caused undue destruction and civilian casu-

alties. Considering these charges, Hussein paused a long time before replying.

"The problem was not a very simple one at all. There were well over 200 [commando] bases, extremely well fortified, similar to some of the ant hills that we read about in Vietnam. At the same time the equipment they had in Amman was not just small arms but rockets and artillery and heavy mortars and antitank weapons. So it was not an easy problem to deal with."

In large part, Hussein blames the deterioration and ultimate fracture of Jordan's internal order on the lack of progress toward Middle-east peace negotiations. The result was a "loss of hope and a loss of vision," he says. "People became more and more discouraged and desperate, and an extremist wave was inevitable." And meanwhile, he claims, Jordan had

become the central battleground for "all the conflicting forces and ideologies of the Arab world and the world at large."

In regard to a solution of the Middle East conflict as a whole, Hussein expresses a sense of personal helplessness. The key to that, he says, is in the hands of the major powers. "Peace is not impossible, there is a chance that it might come," he says with a tone that carries more hope than conviction. "The alternative is extremely bleak."

As for Jordan in particular, it is a question of "closing the loopholes that permitted the disaster," he says, and adds that he is determined to make the cease-fire agreement stick. Beyond that, there is the urgent need for rebuilding and long-range rehabilitation. The war cost Jordan a third of its gross national product—recovery will be a giant task.

Hussein's predicament during and just after the civil war appeared impossible. But some

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Someone put poison acid in his nose drops

CONTINUED

uncommitted diplomats in Jordan now cautiously venture that his position could turn out to be stronger than supposed.

Militarily, they explain, Hussein's army, which is the most efficient in the Arab world, proved essentially loyal and proved it could best the *fedayeen* when turned loose.

Politically, they point to the late President Nasser. As one of his last gestures before his death, Nasser denied outright support to the *fedayeen* in the Jordanian struggle and extended his peacemaking hand to Hussein. Now that Nasser is gone, some of that legacy could linger.

Perhaps most important, these diplomats believe, is the fact that as much as some Arab countries dislike Hussein and may want to harass him, it is unlikely that any would want to go so far as to overthrow him and thereby trade Jordan's present instability for future chaos.

Lastly, they point to Hussein himself. "He is a first-class political maneuverer," says one Western diplomat who has known him a long time. "He is an intuitive politician." Another diplomat thinks that Hussein's strength lies in his own simplicity, in being "a man who believes in basics: a strong military, economic development, some education, preservation of the Muslim religion, equal treatment for minority groups.

What nobody can discount, of course, is the constant threat of assassination. Hussein has survived attempts in the past. Once he was even given a prescription of nose drops containing poison acid. Today the danger is greater than ever. Beyond his elaborate security, Hussein treats the danger with a shrug. "You live with yourself and when your time comes, it comes," he says. "I wouldn't run from a bullet. I wouldn't be fast enough anyway." ■

In London, where the king's family remained during the fighting, Hussein's wife, Princess Muna, reads sons Abdullah, 8, at left, and Feisal, 7, for school.



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**Coming
Through.**

The lady behind those Keane-eyed kids



Margaret and Walter Keane worked at adjoining easels in 1965. One Keane painting brought as much as \$17,500.



Five years ago one of America's most commercially successful living artists, who always refers to himself in the third person, boasted to a reporter, "Nobody could paint eyes like El Greco, and nobody can paint eyes like Walter Keane." It turns out that someone can: his ex-wife Margaret. Not only can she paint eyes like Walter Keane, but she now claims that Walter never did a single one of those saccharine, lugubrious paintings that peer out of nearly every dime-store window in the land. "I did them all," she said. "He can't paint eyes. He couldn't learn to paint at all." Until the Keanes split up in 1965 they prospered as a husband-and-wife artist team with a six-figure annual income. Margaret was known for almond-eyed portraits while Walter claimed the teary round-eyed waifs that brought the highest prices. In the beginning, the ex-Mrs. Keane says, she was unaware of what her husband was doing. "Every night Walter went down to sell the paintings at a San Francisco night spot called the hungry i. I stayed home painting a lot of children with different city backgrounds. It suited me fine. I was extremely timid and shy." But it was a shock when she found out a year and a half later that Walter was claiming the wet-eyed kids as his own, telling her that buyers were willing to pay more if they thought he had done them. Margaret admits that her husband had a real genius for promotion and selling. "But it was a nightmare when Walter threatened to kill me and our two daughters if we told anyone." Keane himself refuses to enter into the controversy: "I'd much rather daub than smear." But when challenged by his ex-wife to a paint-out in San Francisco's Union Square a few weeks ago, he didn't even show up, leaving Margaret the undisputed leader of the Big Eye school of art.

Margaret Keane, now Mrs. Dan McGuire, works on a series of lithographs for the San Francisco Cory Gallery.

A public paint-out at high noon



At the paint-out in San Francisco (left), Margaret McGuire completes an "original Keane," right down to the wisps of hair, childish mouth and huge eyes (above). Her ex-husband did not appear.



Margaret says of her new husband, Dan McGuire, a sportswriter for a Honolulu newspaper, "He helped me a lot to become less timid and afraid. For a year I couldn't paint anything at all."

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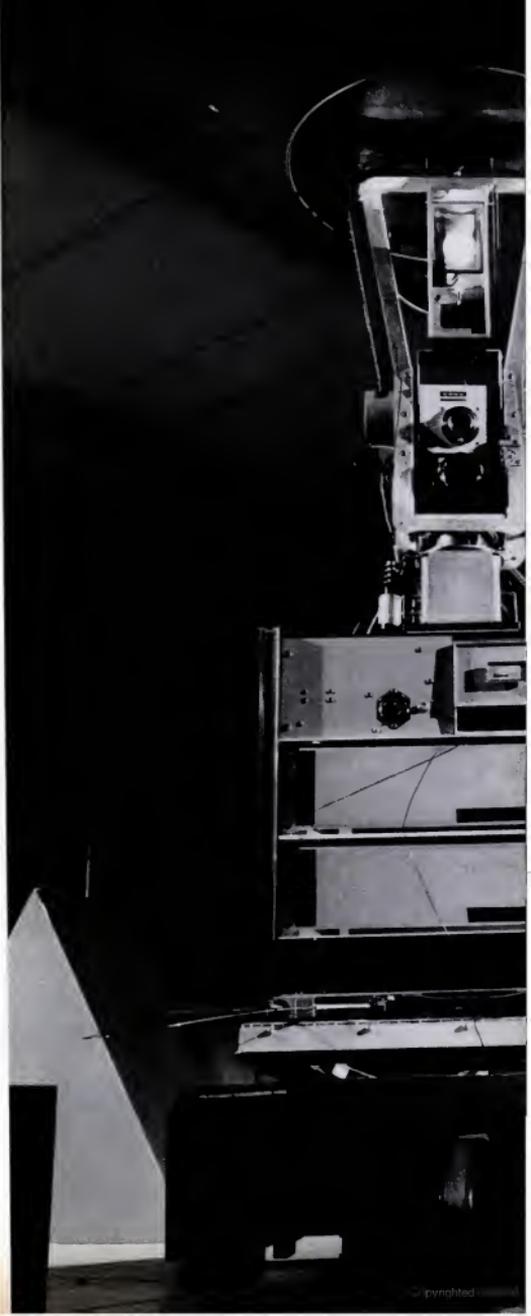
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Computer scientist Charles Rosen communes with Shaky, the intelligent machine he helped create.





by Brad Darrach

It looked at first glance like a Good Humor wagon sadly in need of a spring paint job. But instead of a tinkly little bell on top of its box-shaped body there was this big metallic whangdoodle that came rearing up, full of lenses and cables, like a junk-sculpture gargyle.

"Meet Shaky," said the young scientist who was showing me through the Stanford Research Institute. "The first electronic person."

I looked for a twinkle in the scientist's eye. There wasn't any. Sober as an equation, he sat down at an input terminal and typed out a terse instruction which was fed into Shaky's "brain," a computer set up in a nearby room: PUSH THE BLOCK OFF THE PLATFORM.

Something inside Shaky began to hum. A large glass prism shaped like a thick slice of pie and set in the middle of what passed for his face spun faster and faster till it dissolved into a glare. Then his superstructure made a slow 360° turn and his face leaned forward and seemed to be staring at the floor. As the hum rose to a whirl, Shaky rolled slowly out of the room, rotated his superstructure again and turned left down the corridor at about four miles an hour, still staring at the floor.

"Guides himself by watching the baseboards," the scientist explained as we hurried to keep up. At every open door Shaky stopped, turned his head, inspected the room, turned away and rolled on to the next open door. In the fourth room he saw what he was looking for: a platform one foot high and eight feet long with a large wooden block sitting on it. He went in, then stopped short in the middle of the room and stared for about five seconds at the platform. I stared at it too.

"He'll never make it," I found myself thinking. "His wheels are too small." All at once I got gooseflesh. "Shaky," I realized, "is thinking the same thing I am thinking!"

Shaky was also thinking faster. He rotated his head slowly till his eye came to rest on a wide shallow ramp that was lying on the floor on the other side of the room. Whirring briskly, he crossed to the ramp, semicircled it and then pushed it straight across the floor till the high end of the ramp hit the platform. Rolling back a few feet, he eased the situation again and discovered that only one corner of the ramp was touching the platform. Rolling quickly to the far side of the ramp, he nudged it till the gap closed. Then he swung around, charged up the slope, located the block and gently pushed it off the platform.

Compared to the glamorous electronic elves who trundle across television screens, Shaky may not seem like much. No death-ray eyes, no secret transistorized lust for nubile lab technicians. But in fact he is a historic achievement. The task I saw him perform would tax the talents of a lively 4-year-old child, and the men who over the last two years have headed up the Shaky project—Charles Rosen, Nils Nilsson and Bert Raphael—say he is capable of far more sophisticated routines. Armed with the right devices

CONTINUED



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Computers will be playing office politics

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programmed in advance with basic instructions, Shaky could travel about the moon for months at a time and, without a single beep of direction from the earth, could gather rocks, drill cores, make surveys and photographs and even decide to lay plank bridges over crevices he had made up his mind to cross.

The center of all this intricate activity is Shaky's "brain," a remarkably programmed computer with a capacity of more than 7 million "bits" of information. In defiance of the soothing conventional view that the computer is just a glorified abacus that cannot possibly challenge the human monopoly of reason, Shaky's brain demonstrates that machines can think. Various defined, thinking includes such processes as "exercising the powers of judgment" and "reflecting for the purpose of reaching a conclusion." In some of these respects—among them powers of recall and mathematical agility—Shaky's brain can think better than the human mind.

Marvin Minsky of MIT's Project Mac, a 42-year-old polymath who has made major contributions to Artificial Intelligence, recently told me with quiet certitude: "In from three to eight years we will have a machine with the general intelligence of an average human being. I mean a machine that will be able to read Shakespeare, grease a car, play office politics, tell a joke, have a fight. At that point the machine will begin to educate itself with fantastic speed. In a few months it will be at genius level and a few months after that its powers will be incalculable."

I had to smile at my instant credulity—the nervous sort of smile that comes when you realize you've been taken in by a clever piece of science fiction. When I checked Minsky's prophecy with other people working on Artificial Intelligence, however, many of them said that Minsky's timetable might be somewhat wishful—"give us 15 years," was a common remark—but all agreed that there would be such a machine and that it could precipitate the third Industrial Revolution, wipe out war and poverty and roll up centuries of growth in science, education and the arts. At the same time a number of computer scientists fear that the godsend may become a Golem. "Man's limited mind," says Minsky, "may not be able to control such immense mentalities."

Intelligence in machines has developed with surprising speed. It was only 33 years ago that a mathematician named Ronald Turing proved that a computer, like a brain, can process any kind of information—words as well as numbers, ideas as easily as facts; and now there is Shaky, with an inner core resembling the central nervous system of human beings. He is made up of five major systems of circuitry that correspond quite closely to basic human faculties—sensation, reason, language, memory, ego—and these faculties cooperate harmoniously to produce something that actually does behave very much like a rudimentary person.

Shaky's memory faculty, constructed after a model de-

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Shaky could learn to recognize a familiar face

CONTINUED

veloped at MIT, takes input from Shaky's video eye, optical range finder, telemetering equipment and touch-sensitive antennae; taste and hearing are the only senses Shaky so far doesn't have. This input is then routed through a "mental process" that recognizes patterns and tells Shaky what he is seeing. A dot-by-dot impression of the video input, much like the image on a TV screen, is constructed in Shaky's brain according to the laws of analytical geometry. Dark areas are separated from light areas, and if two of these contrasting areas happen to meet along a sharp enough line, the line is recognized as an edge. With a few edges for clues, Shaky can usually guess what he's looking at (just as people can) without bothering to fill in all the features on the hidden side of the object. In fact, the art of recognizing patterns is now so far advanced that merely by adding a few equations Shaky's creators could teach him to recognize a familiar human face every time he sees it.

Once it is identified, what Shaky sees is passed on to be processed by the rational faculty—the cluster of circuits that actually does his thinking. The forerunners of Shaky's rational faculty include a checker-playing computer program that can beat all but a few of the world's best players, and Mac Hack, a chess-playing program that can already outplay some gifted amateurs and in four or five years will probably master the masters. Like these programs, Shaky thinks in mathematical formulas that tell him what's going on in each of his faculties and in as much of the world as he can sense. For instance, when the space between the wall and the desk is too small to ease through, Shaky is smart enough to know it and to work out another way to get where he is going.

Shaky is not limited to thinking in strictly logical forms. He is also learning to think by analogy—that is, to make himself at home in a new situation, much the way human beings do, by finding in it something that resembles a situation he already knows, and on the basis of this resemblance to make and carry out decisions. For example, knowing how to roll up a ramp onto a platform, a slightly more advanced Shaky equipped with legs instead of wheels and given a similar problem could very quickly figure out how to use steps in order to reach the platform.

But as Shaky grows and his decisions become more complicated, more like decisions in real life, he will need a way of thinking that is more flexible than either logic or analogy. He will need a way to do the sort of ingenious, practical "soft thinking" that can stop gaps, chop knots, make the best of bad situations and even, when time is short, solve a problem by making a shrewd guess.

The route toward "soft thinking" has been charted by the founding fathers of Artificial Intelligence, Allen Newell and Herbert Simon of Carnegie-Mellon University. Before Newell and Simon, computers solved (or failed to solve) nonmathematical problems by a hopelessly tedious process of trial and error. "It was like looking up a name in a big-city telephone book that nobody has bothered to ar-

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The best machines can't quite tell words from noise

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range in alphabetical order," says one computer scientist. Newell and Simon figured out a simple scheme—modeled, says Minsky, on "the way Herb Simon's mind works." Using the Newell-Simon method, a computer does not immediately search for answers, but is programmed to sort through general categories first, trying to locate the one where the problem and solution would most likely fit. When the correct category is found, the computer then works within it, but does not rummage endlessly for an absolutely perfect solution, which often does not exist. Instead, it accepts (as people do) a good solution, which for most non-numerical problems is good enough. Using this type of programming, an MIT professor wrote into a computer the criteria a certain banker used to pick stocks for his trust accounts. In a test, the program picked the same stock the banker did in 21 of 25 cases. In the other four cases the stocks the program picked were so much like the ones the banker picked that he said they would have suited the portfolio just as well.

Shaky can understand about 100 words of written English, translate these words into a simple verbal code and then translate the code into the mathematical formulas in which his actual thinking is done. For Shaky, as for most computer systems, natural language is still a considerable barrier. There are literally hundreds of "machine languages" and "program languages" in current use, and computers manipulate them handily, but when it comes to ordinary language they're still in nursery school. They are not very good at translation, for instance, and no program so far created can cope with a large vocabulary, much less converse with ease on a broad range of subjects. To do this, Shaky and his kind must get better at working with symbols and ambiguities (the dog in the window had hair but it fell out). It would also be useful if they learned to follow spoken English and talk back, but so far the machines have a hard time telling words from noise.

Language has a lot to do with learning, and Shaky's ability to acquire knowledge is limited by his vocabulary. He can learn a fact when he is told a fact, he can learn by solving problems, he can learn from exploration and discovery. But up to now neither Shaky nor any other computer program can browse through a book or watch a TV program and grow as he goes, as a human being does. This fall, Minsky and a colleague named Seymour Papert opened a two-year crash attack on the learning problem by trying to teach a computer to understand nursery rhymes. "It takes a page of instructions," says Papert, "to tell the machine that when Mary had a little lamb she didn't have it for lunch."

Shaky's ego, or executive faculty, monitors the other faculties and makes sure they work together. It starts them, stops them, assigns and erases problems; and when a course of action has been worked out by the rational faculty, the ego sends instructions to any or all of Shaky's six small on-board motors—and away he goes. All these separate systems merge smoothly in a totality more intricate than many forms of sentient life and they work together with wonderful agility and resourcefulness. When, for example, it turns out that the platform isn't there because somebody has moved it, Shaky spins his superstructure, finds the platform again and keeps pushing the ramp till he gets it where he wants it—and if you happen to be the somebody who

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Psychoanalyzing a computer with a Freudian complex

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has been moving the platform, says one SRI scientist, "you get a strange pricking at the back of your neck as you realize that you are being hunted by an intelligent machine."

With very little change in program and equipment, Shaky now could do work in a number of limited environments: warehouses, libraries, assembly lines. To operate successfully in more loosely structured scenes, he will need far more extensive, more nearly human abilities to remember and to think. His memory, which supplies the rest of his system with a massive and continuous flow of essential information, is already large, but at the next step of progress it will probably become monstrous. Big memories are essential to complex intelligence. The largest standard computer now on the market can store about 36 million "bits" of information in a six-foot cube, and a computer already planned will be able to store more than a trillion "bits" (one estimate of the capacity of a human brain) in the same space.

Size and efficiency of hardware are less important, though, than sophistication in programming. In a dozen universities, psychologists are trying to create computers with well-defined humanoid personalities. Aldous, developed at the University of Texas by a psychologist named John Loehlin, is the first attempt to endow a computer with emotion. Aldous is programmed with three emotions and three responses, which he signals. Love makes him signal approach, fear makes him signal withdrawal, anger makes him signal attack. By varying the intensity and probability of these three responses, the personality of Aldous can be drastically changed. In addition, two or more different Aldouses can be programmed into a computer and made to interact. They go through rituals of getting acquainted, making friends, having fights.

Even more peculiarly human is the program created by Stanford psychoanalyst Kenneth M. Colby. Colby has developed a Freudian complex in his computer by setting up conflicts between beliefs (I must love Father, I hate Father). He has also created a computer psychiatrist and when he lets the two programs interact, the "patient" resolves its conflicts just as a human being does—by forgetting about them, lying about them or talking truthfully about them with the "psychiatrist." Such a large store of possible reactions has been programmed into the computer—and there are so many possible sequences of question and answer—that Colby can never be exactly sure what the "patient" will decide to do.

Colby is currently attempting to broaden the range of emotional reactions his computer can experience. "But so far," one of his assistants says, "we have not achieved computer orgasm."

Knowledge that comes out of these experiments in "sophistication" is helping to lead toward the ultimate sophistication—the autonomous computer that will be able to write its own programs and then use them in an approximation of the independent, imaginative way a human being dreams up projects and carries them out. Such a machine is now

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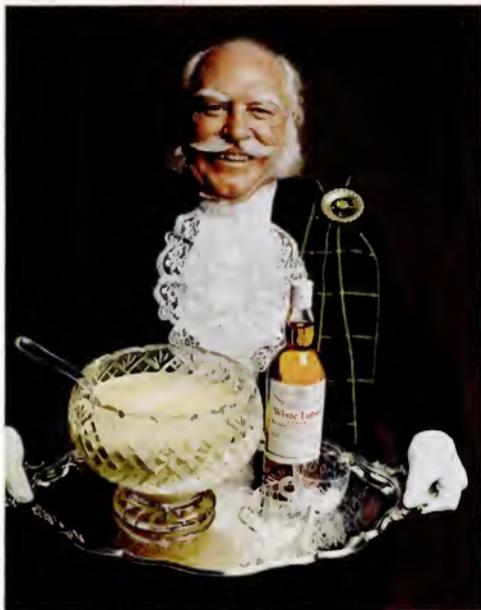
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being developed at Stanford by Joshua Lederberg (the Nobel Prize-winning geneticist) and Edward Feigenbaum. In using a computer to solve a series of problems in chemistry, Lederberg and Feigenbaum realized their progress was being held back by the long, tedious job of programming their computer for each new problem. "That started me wondering," says Lederberg. "Couldn't we save ourselves work by teaching the computer how we write these programs, and then let it program itself?"

Basically, a computer program is nothing more than a set of instructions (or rules of procedure) applicable to a particular problem at hand. A computer can tell you that $1 + 1 = 2$ —not because it has that fact stored away and then finds it, but because it has been programmed with the rules for simple addition. Lederberg decided you could give a computer some general rules for programming; and now, based on his initial success in teaching a computer to write programs in chemistry, he is convinced that computers can do this in any field—that they will be able in the reasonably near future to write programs that write programs . . .

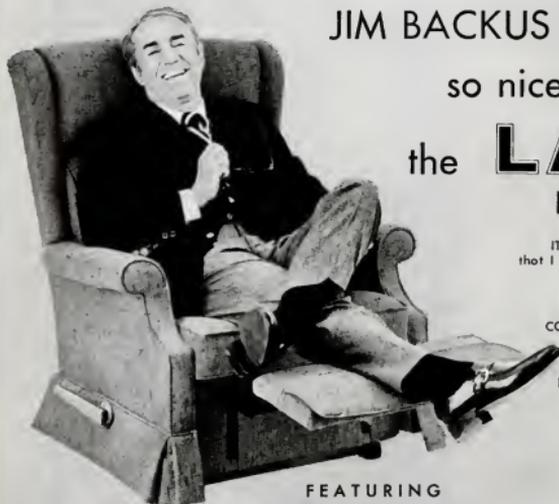
This prospect raises a haunting question: won't computers then be just as independent as human beings are? Peter Ossorio, a philosopher at the University of Colorado who has pondered the psychology of computers, says that autonomy is part of the computer's inherent nature. "Free will," Ossorio says, "is a characteristic of serial processors—of all systems that do one thing after another and there-

fore have more options than they are able to use. Serial systems naturally have to make choices among alternatives. People are serial systems and so are computers."

Many computer scientists believe that people who talk about computer autonomy are indulging in a lot of cybernetic hoopla. Most of these skeptics are engineers who work mainly with technical problems in computer hardware and who are preoccupied with the mechanical operations of these machines. Other computer experts seriously doubt that the finer psychic processes of the human mind will ever be brought within the scope of circuitry, but they see autonomy as a prospect and are persuaded that the social impact will be immense.

Up to a point, says Minsky, the impact will be positive—"The machine dehumanized man, but it could rehumanize him." By automating all routine work and even tedious low-grade thinking, computers could free billions of people to spend most of their time doing pretty much as they damn please. But such progress could also produce quite different results. "It might happen," says Herbert Simon, "that the Puritan work ethic would crumble too fast and masses of people would succumb to the diseases of leisure." An even greater danger may lie in man's increasing and by now irreversible dependency upon the computer. The electronic circuit has already replaced the dynamo at the center of technological civilization. Many U.S. industries and businesses, the telephone and power grids, the airlines and the mail service, the systems for distributing food and, not least,

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There need be no question of computer malice'

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the big government bureaucracies would be instantly disrupted and threatened with complete breakdown if the computers they depend on were disconnected. The disorder in Western Europe and the Soviet Union would be almost as severe.

What's more, our dependency on computers seems certain to increase at a rapid rate. Doctors are already beginning to rely on computer diagnosis and computer-administered postoperative care. Artificial Intelligence experts believe that fiscal planners in both industry and government, caught up in deepening economic complexities, will gradually delegate to computers nearly complete control of the national (and even the global) economy. In the interests of efficiency, cost-cutting and speed of reaction, the Department of Defense may well be forced more and more to surrender human direction of military policies to machines that plan strategy and tactics. In time, say the scientists, diplomats will abdicate judgment to computers that predict, say, Russian policy by analyzing their own simulations of the entire Soviet state and of the personalities—or the computers—in power there.

Man, in short, is coming to depend on thinking machines to make decisions that involve his vital interests and even his survival as a species. What guarantee do we have that in making these decisions the machines will always consider our best interests? There is no guarantee unless we provide it, says Minsky, and it will not be easy to provide—after all, man has not been able to guarantee that his own decisions are made in his own best interests. Any super-computer could be programmed to test important decisions for their value to human beings, but such a computer, being autonomous, could also presumably write a program that countermanded these "ethical" instructions. There need be no question of computer malice here, merely a matter of computer creativity overcoming external restraints.

The men at Project MAC foresee an even more unsettling possibility. A computer that can program a computer, they reason, will be followed in fairly short order by a computer that can design and build a computer vastly more complex and intelligent than itself—and so on indefinitely.

"I'm afraid the spiral could get out of control," says Minsky. It is possible, of course, to monitor computers, to make an occasional check on what they are doing in there; but even now it is difficult to monitor the larger computers, and the computers of the future may be far too complex to keep track of.

Why not just unplug the thing if it got out of hand? "Switching off a system that defends a country or runs its entire economy," says Minsky, "is like cutting off its food supply. Also, the Russians are only about three years behind us in A-1 work. With our system switched off, they would have us at their mercy."

The problem of computer control will have to be solved, Minsky and Papert believe, before computers are put in charge of systems essential to society's survival. If a com-

CONTINUED

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Vaginal Foam Contraceptive used by millions of women. Available at drug stores everywhere without prescription.

If we're lucky, they might decide to keep us as pets'

CONTINUED

puter directing the nation's economy or its nuclear defenses ever rated its own efficiency above its ethical obligation, it could destroy man's social order—or destroy man. "Once the computers got control," says Minsky, "we might never get it back. We would survive at their sufferance. If we're lucky, they might decide to keep us as pets."

But even if no such catastrophe were to occur, say the people at Project MAC, the development of a machine more intelligent than man will surely deal a severe shock to man's sense of his own worth. Even Shaky is disturbing, and a creature that deposed man from the pinnacle of creation might tempt us to ask ourselves: Is the human brain outmoded? Has evolution in protoplasm been replaced by evolution in circuitry?

"And why not?" Minsky replied when I recently asked him these questions. "After all, the human brain is just a computer that happens to be made out of meat."

I stared at him—he was smiling. This man, I thought, has lived too long in a subtle tangle of ideas and circuits. And yet men like Minsky are admirable, even heroic. They have struck out on a Promethean adventure and you can tell by a kind of afterthought in their eyes that they are haunted by what they have done. It is the others who depress me, the lesser figures in the world of Artificial Intelligence, men who contemplate infinitesimal riddles of circuitry and never once look up from their work to wonder what effect it might have upon the world they scarcely live in. And what of the people in the Pentagon who are footing most of the bill in Artificial Intelligence research? "I have warned them again and again," says Minsky, "that we are getting into very dangerous country. They don't seem to understand."

I thought of Shaky growing up in the care of these careless people—growing up to be what? No way to tell. Confused, concerned, unable to affirm or deny the warnings I had heard at Project MAC, I took my questions to computer-memory expert Ross Quillian, a nice warm guy with a house full of dogs and children, who seemed to me one of the best-balanced men in the field. I hoped he would cheer me up. Instead, he said, "I hope that man and these ultimate machines will be able to collaborate without conflict. But if they can't, we may be forced to choose sides. And if it comes to a choice, I know what mine will be." He looked me straight in the eye. "My loyalties go to intelligent life, no matter in what medium it may arise." ■

Shaky and one of the computer scientists who helped create him eye each other in an office at Stanford. The scientists offhandedly refer to Shaky as "he," and, one says, "we have enough problems already without creating a female Shaky. But we've discussed it."



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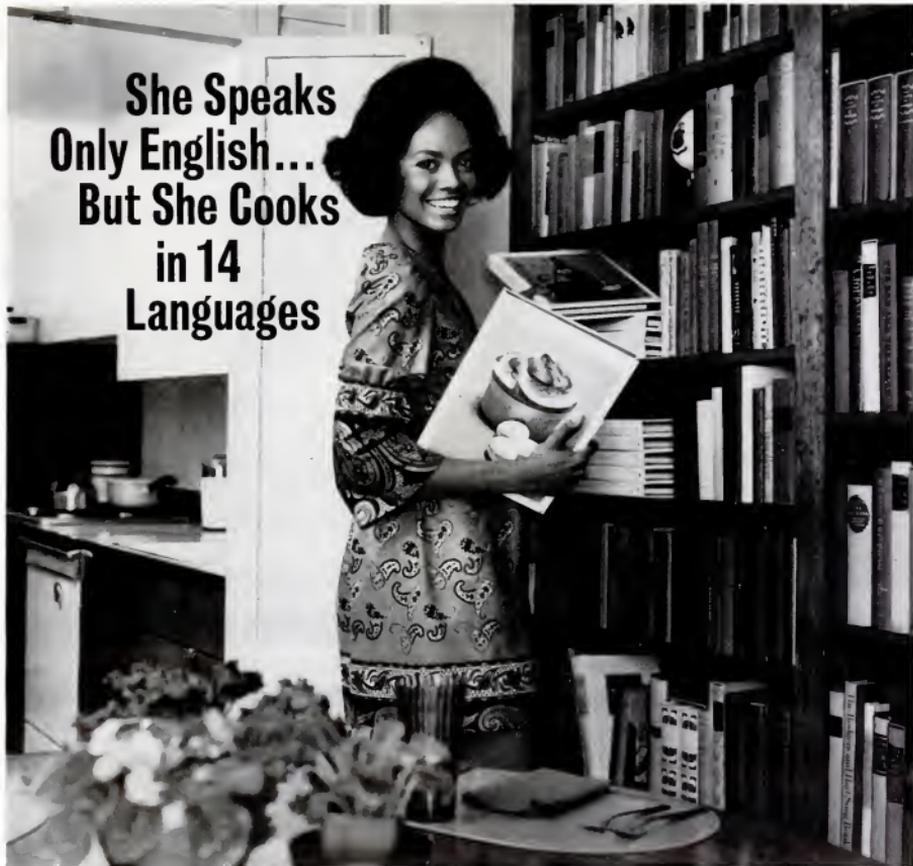
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Don't
worry,
getting
in there
was
his idea



Maurice Del Monte isn't square enough to fit naturally into a 19¼x19¼x19¼-inch box. Neither is anybody else, but Maurice Del Monte worked at it, and now—for the past three years, in fact—he has been packaging himself in this way as a nightclub act. A magician who always wanted to be an acrobat, he thought of the box trick in 1966 while he was performing in Amsterdam. Today he and his wife travel around Holland with his

act. To achieve the concentration and flexibility required to squeeze himself through the box's even smaller door, Del Monte trained for more than 2,000 hours in the bedroom and practiced yoga under the shower. A few months ago he added something new to his routine. He climbs into the box, his wife locks the door and winches him into an oversized goldfish tank. He can stay inside without breathing for seven minutes.

Maurice is no smaller than most people, but he bends better



Del Monte's ability to fit into his box has nothing to do with his size. He stands 5' 11" and weighs 166 pounds. Entering bottom first, he then tucks in his right arm and leg. Next comes his head and left leg. Finally, he brings in his left arm and shuts the door behind him.



Not even a child has succeeded in getting into the box. The door is always too small or the kid's behind too big.



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The Old Age of Dustin Hoffman



With the
help of a
makeup man
our star
puts on
a century
or so

A false nose here, a cauliflower ear there—most makeup men live from day to day on such petty satisfactions. In Arthur Penn's new film *Little Big Man*, however, Dustin Hoffman is required to play a protean character named Jack Crabb, at various times an Indian warrior, a swindler, a muleskinner, a drunkard, a hermit, a polygamist and a 121-year-old man who claims to have lived through the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Makeup artist Dick Smith met the challenge of the latter role with such great success that Hoffman not only looked old, he felt old.

To turn 33-year-old Hoffman into 121-year-old Crabb, makeup artist Smith cast a mold of Hoffman's head and shoulders, then worked three months making the mask out of foam latex.



Looking more or less like Dustin Hoffman, teen-aged Jeck Crebb returns from two years among the Cheyenne.

Five hours of gluing



1 Five hours of makeup begin: after eyelids, latex section covering the nose and lips is applied. Eyelids can blink.



4 A shoulder pad giving Hoffman an old man's hunch is applied next. His hair is glued down, ready for the headpiece.



5 As Hoffman watches the transformation, Smith readies the latex skullcap which will make him look bald.

6 Smith glues down edges of skullcap (above right). Entire mask was carefully painted to simulate eye blotches.

before he can start to act

Photographed by ERNST HAAS



2 The 14 latex pieces must fit together in sequence. Bags under eyes are glued after face and neck are covered.

3 Wrinkled latex covers only the backs of Hoffman's hands. An assistant applies it while Smith works on the face.



7 Dressed and on the set, Hoffman gets the final touch: contact lenses tinted to show the fading of old age.



To Hoffman, the problem was not the face

An interview by RICHARD MERYMAN

The most disconcerting thing for me in the role was the voice—how to get that kind of rasp that comes when the vocal cords have broken down. A doctor friend of mine found this home on Welfare Island where I could just observe old people. I found one guy and talked to him a while on tape. He wasn't right—just wasn't old enough—and I was very depressed.

Another doctor told me there was a drug that dries out alcoholics and makes something very raspy happen to the voice. But I chickened out. I got a lot of still pictures to just look at age and tried for a long time to get a sense of it, but nothing was happening. And before I knew it we were in Montana in the middle of the picture and the 121-year-old scenes were still haunting me, and I was still working on the voice.

Then one day I got laryngitis, and I practiced with it, played the voice back on tape. It was exactly what I wanted. "Now," I said, "What am I going to do? Get sick?"

Finally we're in Canada, in the fifth month of the picture, and I got friendly with an Oriental fellow who's working on the picture. I went over to dinner at his house one night, he and his wife and kids, and there sits this ancient old man, his father. He was 104. Here I had gone through months, even looking in Montana in different rast homes, and here was this guy sitting there. He's got cataracts and he can barely see since he was 95, and they say that's a pity because he used to love to watch the wrestling matches on TV, and now he has to just listen to it.

So Dick Smith and I went back for four hours and just watched him. One marvelous thing he did, he chain-smoked. He would smoke the cigarette very, very slowly, and his sanseas weren't sharp so it would burn down till there was little burn marks on his fingers. And I told Dick we'd have to have burn marks on the hands made for me. I loved the way this old man would let the ash build up extraordinarily long and somehow sense when it was about to drop off. And almost like slow motion the hand would come over the ashtray and he would just kind of lay the ash on it. Very slow.

In his left hand he always held a yellow paper napkin, and he'd knead it and play with it—like a child has a security blanket. Once in a while he'd wipe his eyes with it. I thought, "That takes care of both my hands." Those are the things which help your own imagination, your own belief in the character. I'm not sure anyone else will ever notice.

This old fellow was completely dressed—every morning that was the first thing he did. And in the script the character I played in an old-age home lived in issued pajamas and robe. I decided I wanted my character dressed. What a marvelous thing—being dressed and surviving.

Then we were back in L.A. and we had to shoot the next day and I still did not know what to do about the voice. So in a panic I went into a room, closed the door and started screaming until I got hoarse. The next day my voice was OK again. So I screamed while I got dressed, I screamed leaving the room. In the car I rolled up the windows and screamed all the way to the Sawtelle veterans' hospital. I screamed vowel sounds and different registers—screamed do, ra, ma, fa, trying to find a register more delicate than the others that would get hoarser.

It was a five-hour makeup job, and every half hour I'd stop and start screaming. I was just panicked because there was the camera and I knew no other way. After makeup I found a padded room with a mattress on the floor, and I went in there and screamed. Before I knew it two hospital guards were looking through the window in the door, looking at this nutty old guy in a corner in this dark padded room, just screaming.

Finally I got the voice. And there was this marvelous old guy, a patient, lying on the bed—they were using him as an extra. I was walking by and he didn't know I was an actor, just that I was old. He looked up at me—he had no teeth at all—and said, "How old are you?" and I said "121" with the rasp voice. He gave a big grin and with a competitive glint in his eye, he said, "I'll catch yah. I'm 96 and I'm gonna catch yah."

During shooting, the crew unconsciously treated me like an old person. I couldn't see too well with my contact lens cataracts, and they'd walk me over to the wheelchair they had and wheel me, and everybody was very gentle. That really helped me believe my fantasy world.

I always have a line, a very private one, that I base a character on. The line for this guy was that once I had the makeup on, all I could think of was, "I haven't had a decent bowel movement in 46 years." In some private things my wife had to help me, and I'd look at her and think, "If we can only make it that long, and after 70 years be two old people helping each other"—and I had this wonderful rush of feeling for her.

I defy anybody to put that makeup on and not feel old. But it didn't bother me. There's something so uncomplicated about age. The instrument is simply dying. The hearing fades, the eyes, the bodily functions. That old guy in Canada, he had a great peace about him. Time was his own. And I had all these thoughts about how the ideal way would be to call your own death; to fear it all through a life, and then to reach an age where fear disappears, when you could say: "I'm ready now. I'm tired. I've had my life. I'm ready to meet him." Carl Sandburg said in some poem, "When death is a quiet step into a sweet, clean midnight." Nice line. It's funny, but Walt Whitman has a similar line about birth: "Out of the Ninth-month midnight."



but the voice

At the end of a work day, Hoffman tears off his makeup. Shooting required three days, with a new mask each day. The 121-year-old sequences add up to about five minutes of screen time.



What to look for before you buy new snow tires

And how the Super Shell Snowshoe® measures up on all scores.

People who drive in snow with ordinary tires are begging for trouble. Buying good quality snow tires is not a luxury — it's a necessity.

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Note the stud holes on the Super Shell Snowshoe. Studs give you extra protection on icy or wet roads. Ask your Shell dealer about your state's regulations concerning when and where steel tire studs may be used (a few states prohibit them).

Good snow tires have wide treads to give you greater protection, greater stability. The overall tread width of the Super Shell Snowshoe shown here (size G 70x15) is 7 inches wide.

Strong snow tires should have deep treads for better traction, better pulling power. Have your Shell dealer measure the tread depth of a new Super Shell Snowshoe tire for you. You'll discover that it's over a half-inch deep.

The materials that make up a snow tire should have proven track records. They must stand up to ice and snow — and plenty of hard driving on dry roads. The Super Shell Snowshoe is made of a four-ply nylon cord construction. We know it stands up.

Before the weather turns snowy, drive to your nearest Shell dealer. Check out the price for the tire size you need for your car — you'll be pleasantly surprised. Learn more about the advantages of driving on Super Shell Snowshoes. Once you buy them you'll be glad you did — mile after mile and winter after winter.

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PARTING SHOTS

Look out! Here comes progress

One of the most uncomfortable things about progress is that it always seems to take us places we don't quite want to go. Consider, for example, the Wheel Excavator pictured at right. Developed in Germany, it is the latest thing in strip-mining. Its manufacturer promises that, in digging for soft coal, it can chew up 235,000 tons "of virgin soil per day." At that pace it could probably eat much of West Virginia by Christmas, saving a lot of time and trouble for less efficient despoilers of the land. It isn't hard to see where this particular piece of progress is leading us, but sometimes the consequences are less obvious. On the following pages we offer several other examples of technical innovation, along with useful hints on just what they really mean.



Instant Appalachia

This \$11 million excavator digs a swath four feet deep and seven feet wide. It can transform a landscape into a coal mine overnight.

PARTING SHOTS



Mixed-up bills in India

India's scribbled notations and handwritten accounts are giving way to computers, eventually introducing Indian consumers to the enriching experience of trying to straighten out automated electric light bills.



Loss of identity and alienation in Korea

American electronics firms have discovered that Korean labor is cheap and efficient. This will bring workers there the fringe benefits once restricted to older industrial societies: alienation, loss of identity, loss of incentive and, worst of all, loss of time card.



Soviet smog and cloverleaves

In Russia, a plant recently opened that will produce 600,000 automobiles a year. Experts estimate that it will be decades before the coun-

try can build enough cloverleaves, gas stations, hamburger stands, parking meters and drive-in movies to take care of all those cars.



Unemployment in the suburbs

Rutgers' Dr. C. Reed Funk is developing grass that practically quits growing after reaching an inch or so in height—eliminating a need for suburban lawn mowers and, more important, lawn mower pushers.



Smashed migratory birds

Misguided flocks of migratory birds have been crashing into New York's Empire State Building ever since it was built 39 years ago. Now they have a bigger target in New York's 110-story World Trade Center.



All-over dents

Motorists in Denver no longer need worry about clumsy parking lot attendants meshing a fender. A new Ferris-wheel-like gadget

called Express Park seizes a car, lifts it out of the way and (if something goes wrong) will even deliver a dented roof—automatically.

PARTING SHOTS

In a crunch, however, some progress might be welcome



Progress has more than met its match in San Francisco's electric streetcars, first cousins to the famous cable cars. They have been clanking along the city's streets since 1891, standing off the buses which have displaced them almost everywhere else. Be-

cause they are on rails, they cannot be driven home for lunch, or parked at the curb for a quick beer. They are, in fact, unprogressively unwavering in their course, as the driver of this unfortunate auto found out at the intersection of 30th and Church streets.

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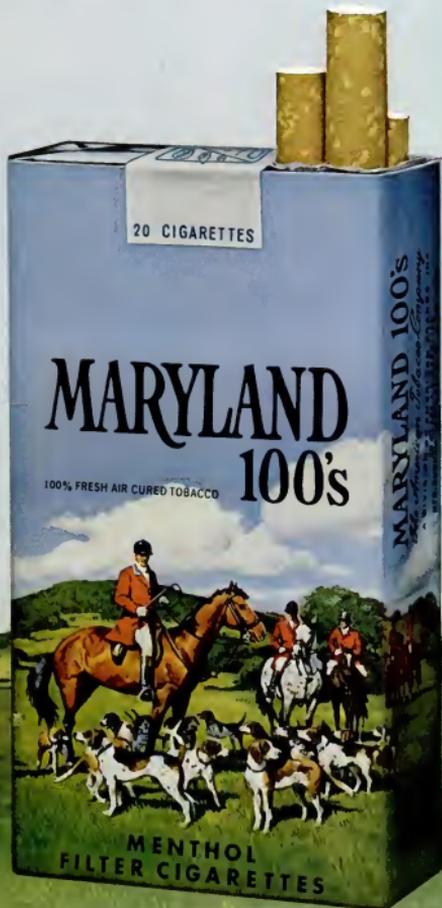


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