



LIFE

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Wooden ships, iron men and some tall stories

Littered with the wrecks of centuries, South-West Africa's Skeleton Coast would seem to be loaded with enough lore about desperate castaways and abandoned treasure to make it a natural storybook favorite. But the coast hasn't been much written about by romancers, adventurers—or journalists. For one thing, the region is almost inaccessible. For another, the South African government, which administers South-West Africa, is suspicious of most foreign journalists, fearing they will write hostile stories about the politics of the territory's black homelands. Photographer George Silk found this out when he arrived to photograph the story that begins on page 54. "At first," he says, "they thought that all my talk about the Skeleton Coast was merely a ruse to do a political story."

From the very outset, Silk heard tales and legends about wrecks along the coast, and as soon as he got clearance he began checking out some of the stories. "I explored as much of the 1,000-mile coastline as I could by Land-Rover, but I didn't have much luck. Even when the stories sounded plausible, I'd often find nothing. The sea storms and the shifting sands are constantly burying the old wrecks—and occasionally uncovering new ones."

Silk's luck changed when he met a French pilot from Algeria named Migeatte, who "knew more about the coast than anyone I'd met." Together they explored over half the coast in Migeatte's charter plane, while Silk photographed wrecks, old ghost towns, and the region's sparse vegetation. Migeatte proved to be a great storyteller, although most of his tales provided nothing for Silk to photograph. "He told me once that he had flown a geologist to the coast for a survey," says Silk. "The man found a shack built from old boat



GEORGE SILK

timbers, and poking around inside he discovered skeletons and the remains of the high leather boots worn by the early Spanish conquerors. The tops were shredded, clearly showing human teeth marks where the victims had been gnawing in their last desperate moments." Migeatte would wave his hand expansively at the coastline. "There are dozens of stories of treasure ships foundering here. In the 18th century an East Indian man left India loaded with the jewels and riches of the Great Mogul, one of the greatest fortunes ever to have been shipped by sea. The ship went aground on this coast, and it is thought the crew buried much of the treasure. One of the three survivors produced a map when he reached London. But all efforts to find this cache have been useless."

One day, Migeatte showed Silk the tip of a mast sticking out of the sand. "That's the *Cowdr Castle*," he said. "Her hull's 60 feet under. She went aground about 70 years ago with a cargo of whiskey. Miners from a nearby town were drunk for weeks. When they saw she was sinking in the sand they salvaged as many of the cases as they could and hid them near a well-marked dune. Later, when the thirst hit again, they returned and were appalled to find that the shifting sands had formed an immense new dune, burying their cache beneath thousands of tons of sand. Someday," Migeatte concluded, "when the sands shift again, some lucky traveler is going to be in for a hangover no one will believe."

Ralph Graves
RALPH GRAVES, Managing Editor

This One



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The Beat of Life



In a black area of Gwelo, Rhodesia, rioting residents jeer at a white policeman and his snarling dog. The British government and Premier Ian Smith's all-white Rhodesian regime had reached

tentative agreement on constitutional provisions to increase black political rights gradually. But the blacks, long oppressed and suspicious, derided the plan—and many reacted violently.





It might have been Prime Minister Edward Heath's finest hour. Having campaigned successfully for Britain's entry into the Common Market, he was entering the austere precincts of Brussel's Egmont Palace to sign

the treaty that would make it all official when SPLATI a large well-aimed glob of black ink caught him just under the right ear. His assailant was a 31-year-old German woman living in England named Karen Cooper.



Questioned later, she did not dwell on the Common Market, but seemed very upset about a London redevelopment scheme she claimed had been plagiarized by government authorities. Police removed her, Heath




sent off to the embassy for a clean suit, a charlady appeared with a mop and, beneath the slightly stunned gaze of a young guard, dignity, blemished but intact, reasserted itself again at the Egmont Palace.



With spatters of snow floating by the floodlights, firemen and police in Hamden, Conn., haul 15-year-old Brad Crerar out of Peter's Pond. A little hockey after school seemed like a fine idea—until the ice broke.

In a bare grim chamber in Willowbrook State School on Staten Island, a mongoloid boy squats his life away. At seven each night he is put to bed in a ward with 69 others, at seven each morning he is put here. If he doesn't make a noise or dirty himself—and even if he does—he might not be moved, or spoken to, or touched until night. Willowbrook is the world's largest mental institution. Right now, because of severe budget cuts and legislative indifference that allowed funds to be frozen, it is among the worst. Vastly understaffed (40 patients to one attendant, against the proper ratio of four to one) and overcrowded (capacity 4,500, actual patient count 5,200), Willowbrook is no longer able to relieve suffering, much less to help the handicapped live up to their potential. In response to public protest, New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller has released some already-allocated funds.



An aerial photograph captures a group of skydivers in mid-fall, arranged in a loose line. They are wearing various colored jumpsuits and helmets. The background shows a landscape with agricultural fields, a road, and a canal. The skydivers are positioned vertically, with one diver at the top and others following below. The image is oriented vertically on the page.

Plunging through the air at approximately 125 mph, 6,500 feet above Perris, Calif., these sky divers are about to set a new world record for a group jump—once the three stragglers catch up. They succeeded in staying together for three seconds, then broke apart, pulled ripcords and drifted safely to earth.



The peace quest: one more try

The angry arguments about Vietnam peace proposals have gone on almost as long as the war. And even now, in the wake of President Nixon's disclosure of a secret peace proposal which he says North Vietnam ignored for many months, the outcry from political contenders and sideline critics will no doubt go right on.

It is an odd ritual they go through—dissecting phrases and interpreting moods—and it has been virtually meaningless for a long time. The cry for a settlement has been sincere, out of the anguish of this war, but almost anyone who bothered to pause and listen to the White House came away with a feeling of the hopelessness of making any kind of reasonable deal with Hanoi.

There have been papers and parts of books written about what might have been negotiated way back in Lyndon Johnson's time if he and Secretary of State Dean Rusk had just opened their eyes. But in large part these were exercises in fantasy. Johnson struck his Alamo pose mainly for domestic consumption and maybe he never quite said the peace words just the way his antagonists thought he should. But he was there at the end of one of several dozen telephones night and day—"open as a brood sow," as he delicately put it. Anybody worth a damn in diplomacy, East or West, knew that he was the original compromiser and the coiner of the pithy aphorism: "Half a loaf—hell, I'd ac-

cept a slice." Nobody even offered a slice.

It is true that Nixon and his assistant Henry Kissinger came in breathing new hope that somehow the North Vietnamese were reasonable people—as, often to our sorrow, we persistently believe the Russians to be. That raised anticipations again. Nixon sat up in his room with his yellow legal pad and thought maybe a little saber-rattling from the old Communist fighter would do the trick. And Henry Kissinger, when he used to be in the humble basement office, paced his narrow quarters and chopped the air with his hands and could almost taste that moment when the news would be flashed around the world that Hanoi had seen the light, had at last been convinced of the unity of the American spirit behind Richard Nixon's plan to end the war and wanted to stop the fighting and make a real deal. That didn't work any better. And again, if one stopped to listen and look, one could detect the slow anguished collapse of these dreams. In the last months, not even Kissinger—by this time in a grand new office above ground—brought up the issue very much, although he never really gave up that last bit of hope that some miracle might materialize. If his guests raised the question of negotiations, he would take off his spectacles and give them a polish, hold them up and peer through them at the light, then say in a very low voice,

"When the record of this administration is known, you will see that we tried everything humanly possible to negotiate a settlement." More of the record is known now and he is not far off.

Have we reached the end of the illusion at last? Not quite. The popular criticism is that Nixon has dealt with the domestic politics of peace but has done nothing to end the Indochina fighting. The record by now should show even the most casual observer that the idea of reaching a negotiated settlement never has been much more than a domestic political gambit. Was there really ever much logic in the assumption that the North Vietnamese would sue for peace back in Johnson's time when they were winning the war? Of course not. Was there any more real sense in the notion that Hanoi would be so impressed by our plans for Vietnamization and pacification that they would come to the table rather than have the Americans stay around one extra minute? Not much more. Vietnamization may in the end work out better than many have thought, but the returns are a long way off.

We come back to the fact of life in 1972. The American involvement in Vietnam is ending. It is not ending as Nixon and Kissinger wanted it to end, cleanly and neatly, with a signing ceremony in Geneva. It is not ending as soon as the critics wanted it to end, nor is all the fighting in Indochina going to stop as everybody would like. But given who Richard Nixon is, and whence his political strength comes, and the state of international politics, it is not a bad outlook.

Nixon himself has made the prisoner-of-war issue far more of an obstacle to America's final exit than it should have been. But not even that seems big enough now to halt the inexorable grinding down, the inevitable departure of virtually all United States troops from Vietnam, the end to American casualties by summer. The armchair generals contend that if North Vietnam launches a major attack, as the real generals have been predicting for two years, then Nixon will have to respond with continuous and massive air assaults and even stepped-up American ground action.

The large truth, however, is that if that happens, we will more likely than not have a new President next year who will end our involvement. If there was ever a man who understands that, it is Richard Nixon.





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Future shock and family affairs

THREE PROBLEMS IN COMMUNICATION

For a director like Stanley Kubrick, a novel like Anthony Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange* must have seemed an irresistible challenge. Kubrick is essentially a daring imagist, yet he has twice before been tempted by projects that pose powerful problems of language for the film maker. One was an attempt, largely unsuccessful, to translate the dazzling and delicate literacy of Vladimir Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading*. The other was a largely successful attempt, in 2001, to make a quite complex metaphysical argument without resort to any but the most banal vocabulary.

In the Burgess novel, Kubrick confronts a work that depends very little on plot or characters to sustain our interest, and a great deal on a unique



"Droogs" get kicks from tormenting an old man

verbal conceit—an imagined teen-age slang ("Nadsat") of the near future in which Alex, the protagonist, narrates the key fragment of his autobiography. Composed mostly of transliterated Russian words that we are asked to believe have unconsciously penetrated English, this language is easy enough to understand on the printed page. It would probably have been incomprehensible as spoken dialogue, however, and so Kubrick used only a few pinches of it. His problem, therefore, is to make up for its absence by finding some visual equivalent.

This he entirely fails to do, and the loss is profound. In Burgess's 1962 novel, the richness and wit of the invented language provide an ironic counterpoint to the impoverished imaginative life of the mildly socialist and totalitarian society where the story takes place. They also serve to distance us from the violence that is the only activity in which Alex and his "droogs" find real (i.e., sexual) pleasure, and to prevent us from sharing pornographically in that pleasure. Most important, it is the very existence of this language that allows Burgess to demonstrate implicitly, without resort to special pleas, Alex's virtue as a human being. It, along with his odd passion for Bach and Beethoven, suggests an aesthetic awareness and a creative potential for which the materialistic state can offer no outlet. Thus, when the state undertakes his forcible reduction through a combination of

drug therapy and behaviorist reconditioning, we understand that his loss of the capacity to do evil is a minor tragedy, for it implies a loss also of the creative capacity which the artist closely equates with the ability to do good. Cut men off from the extremes of the behavioral scale and you doom them to the grayness of alienation and anomie.

Kubrick works hard, not to say desperately, to compensate for the absence of Burgess's language, but it doesn't work. Deprived of their gift of tongues, his adolescents become just another gang of toughs—the Amboy Dukes in future shock. The rapes, beatings and murders they commit are still perhaps "horrorshow" ("good" or "fun" in Nadsat), but are comprehensible to us only in the traditional meaning of the term. Indeed, these activities, handled briefly by Burgess, are lingered over by Kubrick, partly out of necessity (there aren't that many truly cinematic sequences in the novel) and partly out of commercial cynicism. The rather cold and clinical manner in which he handles them simply heightens our queasiness.

Having no access to the principal means through which Burgess had enlisted our sympathetic interest in Alex's fate, Kubrick must resort to cruder devices. In the leading role, Malcolm McDowell is directed toward cuteness at every possible opportunity: the spirit of the Bowerly Boys lives on in his performance. Worse, his victims and those who victimize him all turn out to be either homosexual or neutered somehow, by age, by physical grotesqueness or by some powerful sublimating force such as careerism. In short, it is a viciously rigged game. We are never for a moment allowed even a fleeting suggestion of sympathy for anyone else, never permitted to glimpse any other character of personal magnetism, wit or sexual attractiveness comparable to Alex's. As a result, the film, though surprisingly faithful to the plot line of the novel, is entirely faithless to its meaning. It is no longer a cautionary tale about how the bureaucratic rage for order creates a hopelessly banal social order and a mindlessly murderous youthful rebel class. It is, instead, yet another parable of the war between the generations. And perhaps the most dishonest one we have yet had, copying a plea for its chosen people not through direct statement but through film technique, what used to be called director's "touches." Happily, Kubrick's hand is slower than the reasonably educated eye, and most people will see *A Clockwork Orange* for—well, a clockwork orange, an imitation of a living object, given a semblance of animation by mechanical means.

This is a prime example of what goes wrong when moviemakers get to thinking that they are intellectuals or social philosophers when they aren't. Far too many of the "big pictures" of recent months are flawed by this kind of hubris. I find myself dreading the thought of other im-

Mimie and Moskowitz, not in that order



The made-for-each-other Bolognas

portant (read self-important) directors laying their most impressive ideas on us. Such pleasure as one can find in the movies these days is more often found in films that have only the most modest intellectual aspirations. A good recent example is John Cassavetes's *Mimie and Moskowitz*, which stars his wife Genia Rowlands, his friend Seymour Cassel and just about all the director's relatives. It is about a thirtyish man at once too direct and too desperate in his need to find love to be effective in its pursuit, and a divinely opaque girl who is the perfect mate for him. Only a loud, ingenuous fellow could hope to break through her enigmatic reserve. It is a warm, lovable, exuberant yet somehow un sentimental movie, a succession of strong scenes strung on a loose story line and distinguished—as are all the films of our finest actor-director—by daring, inventive performances. In it, Mr. Cassavetes has given his wife the most difficult role of her career, and it is delightful to see what this lovely lady does to bring a snow queen to life. Even when the story thins out, all the actors keep bouncing along, succeeding without seeming to try. But after *Clockwork* the nicest thing about *M and M* is its refusal to generalize or to impose a meaning on the humble, familiar people it makes us care so much about.

Made for Each Other is likewise a family affair, starring Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, who also wrote the apparently partly autobiographical script. It, too, is about a troubled courtship, though in this case both protagonists are loud, egocentric, and less good-natured in their neuroses than Cassavetes's crew. They are, however, very funny—she in her desperate desire for show-biz success, he in his aggressive defense of what he takes to be the masculine principle. If *Mimie and Moskowitz* is a comedy about failures of communication, this is one about excessive communication. Nobody can hold back anything in it, including the bad or insufficiently worked-out gags. Even so, it successfully captures the nervous rhythms of a certain kind of hard-charging, restraining urban life, and some of its set pieces—a group analysis session, the troyout of an awful new nightclub act, the dreadful Christmas dinner when the tough Jewish princess is presented to his multitudinous Italian family—are rough-cut, crudely set gags. They are honest, artless and strangely moving, perhaps because they evoke laughter touched by the bitter universal experience.

by Richard Schickel

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BBC'S "SEARCH FOR THE NILE"

Finally, NBC is getting into the act of BBC imports, following the lead of CBS (*The Six Wives of Henry VIII*), which followed the lead of public television (*The Forsyte Saga*, *The First Chancellors*, etc.), which tells us something cheerless about our domestic disinclination and/or inability to produce a dramatic series worth a damn. We're very good at things like Leonard Bernstein's inflicting himself on Beethoven, or proving that Andy Williams has a family, at least every Christmas. But when it comes to mounting an ambitious presentation of a historical epoch or a major novel, we borrow from the British, perhaps because they know how to act.

NBC has borrowed *The Search for the Nile*, six hour-long looks at as motley a crew of Victorian malcontents as you would hope to find outside of Lytton Strachey's nightmares. Sir Richard Burton, John Speke, Samuel Baker, James Grant, Henry Morton Stanley, even Dr. David Livingstone—unlovely characters every one, wheeking and dealing their way across central Africa for the greater glory of God, the Royal Geographical Society, the *New York Herald* and their memoirs. What they were after was the source of the world's longest river, which runs over 4,000 miles north from its Kagera headstream to the Mediterranean. What they left behind was a colonial wedge through which imperialism pushed its presumptions to ultimate disaster.

Fortunately for BBC producer Chris Ralling, the Victorian explorers scribbled about everything they saw everywhere they went. By editing that 19th-century "splendid long-windedness" (the phrase is Thomas Mann's, who should know) down to six hours and matching it with breathtaking location shots of Egypt, Zanzibar, the Kalahari Desert, Aden, Lake Victoria, Ujiji, Murchison Falls, etc., the BBC has achieved a documentary that unfolds at the leisurely pace of a novel from the same era. James Mason is the omniscient narrator.

Like a Victorian novel, *The Search for the Nile* moves slowly. Like a Victorian novel, too, the romantic scenes—especially between Richard Burton and Isabel Arundell—are embarrassingly silly, complete with averted glances and dolorous violins.



Burton and Speke at Lake Tanganyika

Unlike a Victorian novel, just about everybody is villainous. Burton, who spoke 27 languages "including pornography" and wrote books on everything from military science to reptiles, seems to have been singularly unpleasant, as though obnoxiousness were the only antidote to Victorian hypocrisy. Speke, who first theorized that Lake Victoria was the origin of the Nile, developed the bad habit of betraying his colleagues. Stanley, of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" renown, was said to journey across Africa like "a red-hot poker drawn across a blanket" and to sleep on a pillow of blood. Isabel Arundell proved to be one of those widows who an-

noy historians by destroying their late husbands' manuscripts. Only Baker, who planted vegetables everywhere he went and refused to trade his blond Hungarian wife to King Kamrasi of the Sudd swamp, appears to have been reasonably decent.

Watching *The Search for the Nile* is like swimming in history, even as that history drains through a crack in the bottom of our consciousness. These were the heroes of yesteryear's imagination; the world was their Silly-Putty; the BBC is to be congratulated for not prettifying them. (American television would have superimposed someone like Gregory Peck on Burton, and squashed the character with earnestness.) Today's heroes, inasmuch as we admit any, have "the skin of machinery," are adjuncts of technological know-how, ride gadgets to the moon, possess personalities carved out of Wonder Bread, never sever the umbilical cord to Houston Control. We may actually be better off with our contemporary confusion about the idea of the hero, the notion of glory—other people are always getting in the way of heroes and suffering for it—but dog-paddling in the waters of the past refreshes and provokes second thoughts. Why did I go to the refrigerator? Because it was there.

by Cyclops

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LIFE FOOD REVIEW

A book of grapes without wrath

WINE KEPT UNSIMPLE

A thousand pious frauds assure us today that we need suffer no slightest confusion when we turn to the subject of wine. Motel dining rooms allow the tourist to order ice-cold claret by pointing to a number on the menu if, indeed, he wishes to stray from such hearteningly pronounceable slates as cold duck, or is moved to abandon "the supreme experience in dining," Lancer's Crackling Rosé. Pop wines with names like Zapple, Ripple, Love, You and Strawberry Hill present the young with reassuringly familiar flavors—among them grape, cola and lemon-lime. Importers offer the hostess special "selections" from the vineyards of Europe, encourage her to forget those stodgy ideas about matching red wine and red meat, and imply that they will beam with approval if she serves their brand of Liebfraumkitch with her Hawaiian Beef, Kidney and Papaya Ragout. Comes now *The World Atlas of Wine* by one Hugh Johnson—an astonishingly knowledgeable Englishman of 34—to give the bastards pause.

The *World Atlas* is not, as it is wistfully billed by Simon and Schuster, "the greatest wine book ever published"—although it is certainly several cuts above other "greatest wine books ever published" which have been hurried lately into print. Neither is it, really, a book for the dabbler or neophyte (although it cannot possibly do them harm) since it does not discuss individual vintages so much as their sources—the soils, the climates, the grape varieties, the people and methods of viticulture by which they are produced in every wine country in the world. It is a big, heavy volume—one could knock a sommelier flat with one swipe of the damned thing—and it is packed with complex and informative maps, with color illustrations and spreads of text which discuss a vast subject in infinite detail.

The book contains maps not only of the Côte de Beaune and of Pail-

lac and St. Estèphe—showing the locations of hundreds of vineyards, large and small—but of places like Portugal's Minho and Dão, California's Cucamonga district and South Australia's Barossa Valley. It bulges with fascinating disclosures: how many oenophiles are aware that the Merlot grape—so minor a part of the great growths of Medoc—constitutes 80% of the mix from which are produced the wines of St. Emilion and Pomerol? Who among you out there can estimate relative wind speeds and possible sunshine (in kilocalories per square centimeter) in Germany's Rheingau? Simply turn the pages of the atlas and the information will eventually be yours.

The Wine Nut should welcome the book and applaud its author, and not simply because it will help him zap another WN who may attack him with references to "nose," "breed" or "bouquet with an underlying aroma of truffles." The man who tries to know wines and to predict their natures—like the man who tries to know cats, women, common stocks or trout—must expect to be beleaguered by doubt even as he is electrified by expectation. Wine, Dionysus be praised, offers him a better return on his cash and his cunning than these other means of venture. A bottle may fail his taste buds and offend his intellect, but warm his gullet nevertheless. But he should not only endure uncertainty; he should press it to his bosom, for it makes the game and illuminates his moments of triumph. So ancient and mysterious a phenomenon as wine is demystified by those who would try to make it simple; it ought to be confusing. *The World Atlas of Wine* not only refutes the simplifiers but exposes the error of their ways; nothing published in years has been so calculated to complicate a naturally complicated field of thought and indulgence or to provide worshippers of the grape with more of those imponderables upon which their obsession feeds.

by Paul D'Neil

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29 YEARS AGO IN



This week 29 years ago, LIFE's cover showed a young navy flier on a date in Casablanca. The issue itself was filled with grimmer scenes from early 1943: GIs fighting in the jungles of Guadalcanal, and dimouts and weapons-making on the home front. One little story, however, stood out gaily against the dark hues of war. Movie actress Carole Landis—Hollywood's "Ping Girl" (right)—flew to London to marry the third of her five husbands, a handsome, dashing ex-Eagle Squadron captain named Thomas C. Wallace. They cut an austerity wedding cake made of cardboard and after a few days parted, Carole to continue her USO tour, Wallace to return to his squadron. Two years later they were divorced, and in 1948 Carole died of an overdose of sleeping pills.





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29 YEARS AGO

CONTINUED

Fuss over a pair of Flynnns

"The U.S. scene," said LIFE, "was more than usually confused last week by two Flynn cases which were getting headline readers awfully mixed up." One Flynn was Edward J., a Democratic machine politician. The other was Errol, a movie actor. President Roosevelt wanted to send Ed Flynn as his ambassador to Australia, and that Flynn (right) was trying to convince a Senate subcommittee that he was not just a ward heeler who had "misused New York City paving blocks." A U.S. district attorney wanted to send Errol to jail for statutory rape. Photographer Peter Stackpole's picture of him, below, shows Errol on his yacht at the time he was frolicking with underage nymphets. Errol beat the rap. Big Ed did not get his embassy.



Third day free.

Washington's Birthday Weekend Sale. Every Holiday Inn throughout the United States is having a unique sale during this 3-day weekend (Feb. 18-21, 1972). You pay for your room on two nights, and on the third night you stay free. That's a savings of one-third off the regular room rates.

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THE RIGHT TO DIE

Sirs: I want to compliment you on Paul Wilkes' article "The Right to Die" (Jan. 14). There is so much purposeless, inhumane suffering in our country, thanks to "Christianity" and modern medicine, that I hope you will keep the idea of merciful euthanasia before the public eye until reference to it becomes as commonplace as allusion to the RCP in population control. Pictorial coverage of some of our nursing homes and mental institutions might well lessen the process.

A. T. CULBERTSON

Austin, Tex.

Sirs: Your article doesn't even discuss euthanasia, though it plainly becomes a threat in the case of Tara Obernauer. Euthanasia is the putting to death by painless means. And that definition does not differ whether it is defined by theologians or men of science. In the cases mentioned, no one is "put to death," but each is allowed to die as the result of the infirmity.

There is nothing new, nor has there ever been, in Catholic theology which requires any human being to be kept alive by extraordinary means.

My own state has struggled with this matter of allowing persons to die natural deaths with dignity. It will again come up in our state legislature this year. But no one here confuses that with euthanasia. Euthanasia remains a criminal act, no matter how well-intentioned the "trigger man"; and it will always be morally wrong. Many intelligent Catholics in this state will join forces with those who also believe that a human being has a right to accept with dignity the apparent fate of death that results from his physical condition.

RT. REV. JOHN J.

CANON HURSTREY, V.G.

Pinellas Park, Fla.

Sirs: We must learn to respect the God-given life force, no matter how deformed or diseased a life may be. If we don't, extremism being the nature of man, eventually no life will be safe.

STEPHEN B. LAMKEN

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs: I don't see how the story of the mongoloid baby relates to the other two about adults who lost their will to live. Tara Obernauer has the will to live. To survive all she has from her rude birth on, it is obvious she is fighting for her life and her biggest enemy is not her affliction but her own mother who feels nothing but her own self-pity.

MARIANE DANIEL

Richmond, Va.

Sirs: Though one must sympathize with the Obernaurs, whose problems were compounded by the birth of Tara, I find it incredible that these parents cannot find in their hearts some love for this helpless infant. If Mrs. Obernauer's husband's father was in a concentration camp and she knows "to

what extent "merciful killing" can go," she would know, too, the value of sparks of compassion wrought miracles, even in the darkest days. How much of a miracle, medically, love could work here is a moot point, but the love itself which is denied this baby could perhaps work a miracle for her mother and father. I wish for them that miracle.

AILEEN BROECKING

Darien, Conn.

Sirs: After reading Mrs. Obernauer's story, I have decided that she does not meet my personal standards of what I think a human being should be. Does this give me the right to put a pillow over her head?

ISABEL SULLIVAN

New York, N.Y.

Sirs: Mrs. Obernauer has now advertised in a nationally circulated magazine that she has come close to murdering her child, and that she will have her killed if the opportunity presents itself. That the county or state would allow the child to remain in the Obernauer home is incredible to me.

SUSAN SPIERAW

San Gabriel, Calif.

Sirs: I can hear it all now—the outraged parents against Mrs. Obernauer—of parents of perfectly normal, healthy children! Only those of us with severely retarded children of our own will quietly wipe away our tears and sorrowfully agree with her.

They dare to judge Mrs. Obernauer, these self-righteous paragons of virtue, and yet they turn their heads and close their eyes and allow our state institutions for the retarded to exist where our children will spend their lives in unspeakable, subhuman existence.

LORNA A. O'BRIEN

Randallstown, Md.

Sirs: My child was stricken by spinal meningitis at four months. Now almost four, Nicky does not walk, talk, crawl, sit up, understand or hold up his head. The doctors say he does not have the intelligence of a newborn and will never progress more than he already has. A tragedy? Admittedly he is extra trouble to feed and change, and it hurts not to see him running and playing with his brother. But if Nicky were normal, he could not find in a million years have influenced more good. A child like this seems to draw the best out of people—my husband and me, our friends and neighbors. His life is not in vain. As for the Obernaurs, the only tragedy I see is not baby Tara, but Mrs. Obernauer's attitude. And I'm a heck of a lot younger and I've borne the "problem" a heck of a lot longer.

Mrs. SOTIRIOS HOLEVAS

York, Pa.

Sirs: Whether Tara lives or dies is not as important as what the Obernaurs have done to themselves.

Mrs. JOHNS W. DAVIS

Hickory, N.C.

Sirs: Mrs. Obernauer's inability to love unconsciously is a greater hindrance to being fully alive than any combination of birth defects.

PAUL ROEBM

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs: The Obernaurs' feelings toward their baby are astonishing but I will neither judge nor censor them.

My husband and I would like to adopt their baby if they are willing. We have one daughter with Downs syndrome and two normal sons, so we are aware of the future difficulties involved.

DIANNE H. BAUGERMAN

Omaha, Neb.

Sirs: After reading this article, my husband and I and our five children held a family council meeting and made the decision that we would love and welcome little Tara Obernauer as a permanent member of our household.

In our opinion, she would be loved and wanted because she is a child of God and we see and understand her as such. We are also making our request for this child known to her parents in hope that they will feel relieved of the child morally and financially.

Mrs. LEWIS S. FRANCK

Richmond, Va.

Sirs: The amount of mail and phone calls I have been receiving is fantastic. I love these people and deeply appreciate their taking time out to write and call me.

My main purpose in having this article published was that I deeply feel evictive, if they can, must decide and help their own destiny and no bureaucracy should step in and mess up one's life. If before I die I have succeeded in having euthanasia passed, then I shall rest in heaven.

The Bible Belt writes me that EVERYTHING IS HERE FOR A PURPOSE. I truly believe this. My bar mitzvah speech was the same. My purpose is to fight for euthanasia.

PHYLLIS OBERNAUER

Chester, N.J.

DON McLEAN

Sirs: Your article on Don McLean "Memorable Song for Our Times" (Jan. 14) was pretty good, but I wish that people would stop making a fuss over *American Pie* and start listening to his other songs which are so beautiful.

MILLY IATROV

Astoria, N.Y.

Sirs: I'm very proud of the fact that Don McLean "got his start" at the Calfe Lena. My faith in him and his faith in me resulted in many subsequent appearances over the years. During the 12 years of the Calfe's existence many topflight performers "got their start" here and have come back whenever possible. Pastors Dave Van Ronk, Arlo Guthrie, Rosalie Sorrels, Hedy West, Frank Wakefield, Loudon Wright III, yes, even Bob Dylan plus

many others, great and near great, all respected names in the field of folk music. I'm very grateful that the Calfe Lena was mentioned in the article on Don. However, it is in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., not in Syracuse.

LENA SPENCER

Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

NOSTALGIA

Sirs: Your new section of old pictures from *LIFE* ("35 Years Ago in *LIFE*," Jan. 14) will delight many of us. Our family recently completed collecting every issue of *LIFE* from the first in 1936. What we now have is surely the most fascinating, unique panorama of history to be found.

EVA SARA WRIGHT

Portland, Ore.

Sirs: My father was working at Fisher Body in Flint at the time of the sit-down strike. Afterward he got a sterling silver medal that showed men sitting around a press. Inscribed on it: "For valor in action in the great sit-down strike of 1937."

VECTOR VAN ETTON JR.

Traverse City, Mich.

THE POLISH JOKE

Sirs: Bravo to Ed Piskel and his "One-Man Crusade against the Polish Joke" (Jan. 14). As proof of Polish humor, probably the best joke on the Poles was told by the great Paderewski. Scholars at an international university had to write a thesis on the elephant. The Frenchman chose for his subject "The Loves Life of the Elephant." The Englishman wrote "The Elephant and How to Hunt Him." The German scholar wrote "An Introduction to the Study of the Elephant in Seven Volumes." The Polish scholar wrote "The Elephant and the Polish Question."

J. T. KAZMIERSKI

Fort Lee, N.J.

Sirs: You deflated the purpose of the article because you couldn't resist telling a Polish "joke" yourself. Hwas, and you are, disgusting.

J. P. JONAK

Buffalo, N.Y.

Sirs: American humor, including ethnic humor, requires that we be capable of laughing at ourselves, and to be unable to do so is an unfortunate deprivation. To attempt to impose such an affliction "The Loves Life of the Elephant." It seems to be too high a price that Mr. Piskel is asking of us to make a point that no one seriously questioned in the first place.

WAYNE A. HOREK

Panorama City, Calif.

Sirs: It would be remiss if we did not mention one of the truly great Polish athletes of our time, Stan Musial.

HARRY MILVID

St. James, N.Y.

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With pride but no passion,

AIR



navy pilots fight on

CARRIER WAR

The fliers in Vietnam—men like Lt. Commander Jim Ruliffson at left—will be there a while, no matter who else goes home. The jet that Ruliffson drives can plaster any target in Indochina at a hint of enemy stirring. He and his counterparts—the air force's B-52s from Thailand and fighters from South Vietnam—are almost the sum of U.S. military potency. There are only 139,000 U.S. troops in Vietnam today, and one reason the fliers remain is to protect the ground withdrawal. Ruliffson does his job with pride, but the missions he and his men fly are against increasingly deadly air defenses. They take casualties, lose comrades as prisoners of war and wonder—many of them—whether what they are doing is worth it.



In a cloud of catapult steam, above, a jet moves into launch position aboard the *Coral Sea*. At left, Lt. Commander Jim Ruliffson fills out a mission report form after returning from a strike.

Photographed by MARK GODFREY

'Either you do what they want, or you

by JOHN SAAR

Aboard the Coral Sea

The target was North Vietnam: nobody expected a milk run. High and way out ahead of the carrier-launched strike force, two Phantom jets with a garish sunset motif painted on their tails blasted into hostile airspace. They were decoys, with the mission of drawing MiG and SAM fire away from the bomb-bloated dive bombers behind. Pilots call the technique "trolling for MiGs."

The catch this time was SAMs—Russian-built surface-to-air missiles—and too many of them. The 28-foot "flying telephone poles" burst through the billowing cloud layer and homed on the two Phantoms. Jinking and diving, the leader escaped the ambush, but his wingman was trapped in a thicket of missiles, maybe as many as 15 in a few seconds. "There were just too many for him," said a pilot on the raid, "and one took him from below and exploded."

Aboard the 63,000-ton carrier *Coral Sea* a few hours later, the other 28 fliers in the Sundowners Squadron heard the news that two more of their comrades faced indefinite imprisonment in North Vietnam. The *Coral Sea* had gone operational in the Seventh Fleet's Tonkin Gulf cruising ground—always called Yankee Station—in mid-December, and the first routine missions to the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos had been beguilingly uneventful. The raids over heavily defended North Vietnam were another matter, and the loss of an aircraft jolted the air crews. "Hops over the beach" could cost lives.

In the low-ceilinged ready room beneath the *Coral Sea's* flight deck, someone discreetly removed a seat back embossed with the missing flier's name, but his picture was still there to be seen at the bottom row of the squadron's gallery of formal portraits—a young black smiling shyly from under a big white cap. Before his capture he shared his cramped cabin, his daughter's letters and a lot of laughter with another quiet-spoken lieutenant junior grade, Bill Freckleton. "The night before, we spent two hours working on the plans of a mountain house he wanted to build—couldn't decide on the roof. . . . I miss him. Then the very next day, they moved another guy in with me even while his things were still there." Freckleton's expression was a puzzled grin.

Naval aviation remains an admirably professional service. The loyalty and sense of duty that the army partially mislaid in the paddies of Vietnam still prevail. The overall mood is hard to gauge precisely since, whatever their personal feelings, most fliers feel obliged to obey commands from above with maximum efficiency and minimum discussion. In the presence of outsiders they button up tighter than a self-sealing fuel

tank. But the question is there, nonetheless: is what they're doing worth it?

At breakfast a lone Phantom pilot is scaling a mound of grits with a fork. "Going back and bombing the North? There are strong feelings for and against. I think it was dumb, but I'm not going to tell you what I really feel because I signed on. Either you do what they want," stabbing the air with the fork, "or you go turn in your wings."

Still, the mission lies in the back of every flier's mind. The question for now and until someone says "stop" is to fly as hard as ever to cover the withdrawal of our forces from South Vietnam. But the days of silk scarves and "let's go get the bastards" are over. Years of confusion, compromise and ambivalence over the Vietnam war have sapped the gung-ho spirit which flowed from the conviction of right and might. Even the hawks also have no more fervor for the fray. The war goes virtually unmentioned. The dangerous missions go on, but the motivation to defeat a detested enemy is gone. The fliers find their satisfaction in the superlative execution of flying, which is

both passion and profession for most of them, and perhaps the chance to test their skills against a MiG. Of anger or vengeance I found none.

One of the squadron's senior pilots: "Well, it makes you wonder what it's all about. The war is supposed to be over, but they are asking us to go out and risk our asses. It's hard to get people up for that—especially the younger guys. They talk about 'downing' planes [declaring them technically unflyable]. Of course they won't do it, but it's hard for them to understand."

One of the handful of senior officers who run the flight deck: "The navy will never just quit like the army, but I think most people are fairly fed off about it—risking their lives without really achieving anything. Now if they could hit where it hurts. . . but it's just a holding action for a graceful withdrawal."

What disturbed some pilots most about the decision to go back over North Vietnam was their feeling that political rather than tactical considerations governed the timing of the strikes. A solid cloud screen laid by the northeast monsoon blan-



In a briefing room beneath the *Coral Sea's* flight deck, Jim Ruliffson briefs squadron members on a coming mission. Behind them, closed-circuit TV shows jets landing on the carrier.

go turn in your wings'

keted North Vietnam. Phantoms without remote bombing systems were as reliant on planes with target-acquisition radar as blind men are on Seeing Eye dogs. And the overcast, pilots claimed, left them especially vulnerable to SAMs, a costly lesson learned five years ago at the price of many lives. Said an angry veteran, "If you can see the ground you can pick them up easily at launch. When they come through cloud the booster is burned out and they're almost impossible to see. In 1967 we stopped bombing through overcast because there was no way of avoiding a fast-moving SAM. It's crazy to go through it all again."

When news that one of his planes was down reached Commander Bob Pearl, he sprang from his "chief-of-the-herd" seat in the ready room and ran for the flight deck, breaking a piece of equipment clean off the first plane he climbed into. He yanked the surprised pilot out of another plane and drove the Phantom away on afterburners in a vain but moving rescue attempt.

The records say that Bob Pearl is 38 years old and that he has had four tours and 400 missions over Indochina since 1965. Bob Pearl has become an elder statesman. He more than holds his own in banter with the ready-room crews but remains aloof, a trifle melancholy, his expression and feelings masked.

In his cabin he keeps a teak plaque with several brass nameplates. "These are the people killed with the squadron. . . . There are some more to add now. . . . That's why it's not hanging up yet."

Pearl has seen and been through too much to play political ducks and drakes with a reporter's questions: Were the raids on the North worthwhile?

"All we can see are our losses and no fruits for our efforts. Why was it necessary to go in? It's a good question. I think people find it hard to agree with the party line about covering the withdrawal. . . . It was a show of force certainly, and in that it was effective. But with the weather I think we weren't too effective on the ground.

"We are flying a lot of missions and we have a

CONTINUED

Lt. (jg.) Clark Van Nostrand, below, is Ruliffson's flight partner, navigator and radar intercept officer. Lt. (jg.) Bill Freckleton, bottom, has the same job with Ruliffson's wingman.



'The war has changed but our role hasn't'

CONTINUED

good handle on the trails, so I think we are pretty effective. It must be a tremendous effort on their part to keep the trails open."

Commander, if 500,000 ground troops and even more air power than we have now couldn't stop that supply route in five years, how can you succeed now?

"Yes, well, frankly it does look like a never-ending task to me." Long pause. "I don't see we are gaining a great deal by continuing the bombing except to protect the withdrawal."

Lt. Commander Jim Rulifson is no average Phantom pilot—he's a lot better than that. He joined a Yankee Station carrier for his first cruise in 1965 and at 32, with 2,000 hours in his log book—liberally interspersed with green entries for combat—he qualifies as what in another age was called an air ace.

Rulifson grew up in and grew out of Storm Lake, an Iowa township of 9,000 people, fell incurably ill with the flying microbe at college and was an NROTC graduate in '62. He notes in passing that many of his fellow graduates have taken the five-year option and left the service because of Vietnam. "Well, you could take the reverse and

argue the rest of us are nuts," he says, with an I'm-putting-you-on grin.

The snouts of the Sundowners' planes are painted with gaping ruby mouths and gleaming white teeth. Rulifson is one of those individuals whose face and physique, however inaccurately, convey aggression. His immense shoulders seem to come up around his ears. The illusion as he mounts a Phantom is of a bulldog climbing into a shark.

Some days after the raids on the North, Rulifson leads a routine two-plane strike on the Ho Chi Minh Trail near the depot town of Tchepone. His briefing is careful because his wingman, Gary Weigand, is anxious to learn. A flight suit zips up over his Mickey Mouse T-shirt. Around his body he wraps a G-suit, survival gear and parachute harness. Against the worst contingency of all, he carries a fearsome bowie knife and a mountaineer's carabiner, which he says he hopes to find a rescue helicopter to clip onto.

Lt. (jg.) Clark Van Nostrand, Rulifson's back-seat man, spends a careful five minutes "preflighting" the Phantom—no rivets popped from stress, armament fused and secured okay. It is not mere

routine: the Sundowners' planes are ten years old and need 80 man-hours of maintenance for every one in the air. They carry many patches, suffer from salt water corrosion and other ills which require the systematic pillaging of aircraft in the hangar deck below to supply spares.

Rulifson stokes his afterburners to yard-long tongues of white heat. The catapult officer exchanges salutes with him, then quite deliberately turns away and points to the bleakly short bow. The cat stroke is an unforgettable outburst of raw, brutal power: in 227 feet and two seconds that jar the pilot's eyes out of focus, 25 tons of airplane are flung from the ship at 155 knots.

The Phantom makes a clear-away turn from the path of the *Coral Sea*. The two afterburners—blazing, baleful eyes—glare back as the plane lances the gray envelope of sea and sky surrounding the carrier.

In the first five minutes the two monstrous engines gulp more than a ton of fuel. Rulifson and his wingman climb to 20,000 feet and top off at a waiting tanker.

Rolling in over Laos from 15,000 feet, his eyes glued to the prismatic gunsight in front of him,



Ruliffson hears Weigand say that he's taking antiaircraft fire. Ruliffson plummets on straight as a die and "pickles" his four 500-pound bombs right on the smoke-marked target. Weigand and his navigator, Bill Freckleton, under fire for the first time, make a slight error on their dive, which earns them a schoolmasterly address by Ruliffson on return. "Bill says he had one eye on those puffs of smoke," he says. "Well, when you're in the run, the most important thing is you fly and you take no notice of what's coming up at you."

Is it worth it?

Like most pilots, Ruliffson has only rarely seen an actual target rather than a pre-marked spot in the jungle. But he believes the bombing of the trail has been effective: "I couldn't do this at all well if I didn't believe in it. Sure it's harder to get excited about a suspected truck park—roadside picnic areas, I call them—than say the Paul Doumer Bridge in downtown Hanoi. But the experts in Saigon say we're stopping traffic better than ever before."

"Politics," Ruliffson agrees, "are changing the war. It was pretty cut-and-dried for me in 1967. They were firing at us like mad and it was pretty easy to convince ourselves that practically anything was a military target. It's not the same now—they aren't as mobilized.

The war has changed but our role hasn't."

A good litmus question for pilots is how they dispose of unused ordnance. A Sundowner pilot says that if he could not make the target he dropped his bombs "safe." "Before, we'd drop it anywhere. We had no friends over there." Ruliffson, who said he would drop his bombs out at sea, agreed there had been abuses in the past: "One squadron was fired on from a small town *once*. From then on, they always saved a bomb and dropped it on that town."

Ruliffson and other pilots don't see the *Coral Sea* and the other attack carriers keeping up the bombardment indefinitely. "There isn't a guy here that doesn't think we ought to get out. A couple of years ago the idea used to be quickly and honorably. Now I think it's just quickly. . . . I think our raids are going to be stopped."

And he adds quite candidly that he really doesn't care about the fate of South Vietnam—"I think the Communists will take over this whole peninsula someday."

As with all the navy pilots I spoke to, the return of the prisoners was never far from Ruliffson's mind. He wears an ID bracelet issued by a California student organization. It carries the name of an old friend, Lt. Bill Metzger, who was captured May 19, 1967. Not until Metzger is returned to his family will Ruliffson take it off. "The Commu-

nists have the upper hand because they have the prisoners. The overriding consideration back in the States is to get those pilots back. We want those guys back." The memory of those flak-plagued raids of five years ago and the years of imprisonment endured by close friends since then have unavoidably influenced Ruliffson's attitude toward the Sundowners' recent loss: "We notice a feeling of bewilderment among the junior guys that we older guys didn't seem to care about those two not coming back. But this is nothing to the old days, when we lost a lot of people." Then with those amazingly clear 20-20 eyes fixing his listener: "We shed all the tears we were going to then. We don't have any left."

So, it seems that the attack carriers of the Seventh Fleet, doomed to act as floating mail-order houses for high explosives, will sail on and on, Flying Dutchman-fashion, until—as the joke has it—they run aground on their own accumulated garbage. Meanwhile, Jim Ruliffson has to answer his 8-year-old daughter Lisa's question, "Daddy, are you fighting?" ■

A catapult on the *Coral Sea* flings an A-7 fighter into the air—a jarring burst that in two seconds brings the aircraft's speed to 155 knots.



The Hughes Affair, starring

The announcement on Dec. 7 that McGraw-Hill would publish Howard Hughes's autobiography, with excerpts to be published in LIFE, set off a furious succession of events. As they unraveled day by day and even hour by hour, the man at the center of developments was not the mysterious billionaire Howard Hughes, but the curious figure of a minor writer named Clifford Irving, who claimed that Hughes had collaborated with him on an autobiography.

I first met Clifford Irving last April, introduced to him by McGraw-Hill's Executive Editor Beverly Loo. She had told me about the Hughes project only after extracting a pledge of total secrecy. At that time the book was only in the talking stage; there was no manuscript of any kind to read. The property belonged outright to McGraw-Hill, but LIFE was invited to participate in world magazine and syndication rights. I had never heard of Irving before and did not recognize his name, but I had heard of his most recent book, *Fake!*, the story of an art forger named Elmyr de Hory.

Cliff Irving's account of his first meeting with Hughes was elaborately complicated. At a lunch with me and Beverly Loo, he showed a handwritten letter purportedly from Hughes, on lined yellow paper, thanking him for the copy of *Fake!* that Irving said he had mailed to Hughes at the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. An exchange of letters led to phone calls from Hughes to Irving's writing studio in Ibiza, Spain. Finally the first meeting was arranged to discuss possible collaboration on a book. Irving was told to come to the Buckingham Hotel in New York City. There he had several phone calls from Hughes at odd hours, and eventually was told to go to an American Express office and pick up a plane ticket that would be there in his name. Irving and Beverly Loo went together. Yes, there was a ticket for Mr. Irving. It routed him through New Orleans and Mexico City to Oaxaca.

When he checked into his hotel at Oaxaca, a man who identified himself only as Pedro, telephoned to say that he would take Irving to "Oxtavio." It was the first Irving had heard of this pseudonym, which was to become the code name for the book project. At dawn "Pedro" (a young Mexican) drove Irving up to Monte Alban, the ruins of the ancient Zapotec civilization on a mountain outside Oaxaca. There, sitting in a solitary Volkswagen at the edge of a parking lot, was Howard Hughes.

This is the story Clifford Irving told me when we met. It is a story he has told repeatedly, and swore to in an affidavit filed in the New York Supreme Court. According to Irving, if any word leaked out, Hughes would drop the whole thing. This secrecy provision was later written into LIFE's contract with McGraw-Hill: "knowledge of the terms and/or existence of these agreements shall not be made known to anyone except an absolute minimum of responsible Officers of Life."

I was skeptical about anything involving Howard Hughes, for reasons familiar to all journalists, but I felt relaxed because there was a contractual clause that said if Hughes failed to authorize the book, LIFE was released from its agreement with McGraw-Hill, which would refund to LIFE all sums paid for the property. Another clause stated that if we were not satisfied with Irving's complete notes for the book, we were free to withdraw.

I was right to be skeptical—and certainly wrong to feel relaxed.

During the late spring and summer months I saw little of Cliff Irving, but his publishers reported progress. Irving was getting interviews on tape and they were being transcribed. If McGraw-Hill and LIFE were pleased with the material, we would make the decision to go ahead. If not, we would call it all off. In mid-September it still seemed as simple as that.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of Sept. 13 three McGraw-Hill editors and two LIFE editors met at Cliff Irving's two-room suite in New York's Elysee Hotel. Cliff Irving was there with his "notes"—almost 1,000 pages of transcribed conversation. We spent two days going through the boxes of paper, passing batches of pages down the line from one reader to another.

It was marvelous stuff. Outspoken, full of rich and outrageous anecdotes, as well as detailed accounts of Hughes's youth, his moviemaking, his career in aviation, his business affairs, his private life, his opinions and crotchets. He explained why he phoned people on business matters in the middle of the night (he kept strange hours anyway, and it caught them at their weakest moment). He explained his philosophy of business negotiation (one man always plays lion, one man plays donkey, and it is always better to be the lion and eat the donkey). He told business yarns ranging from high finance in TWA to the time a high-ranking corporate friend was caught swiping a box of cookies from the supermarket. Even the boring parts were persuasive: Howard Hughes has always been fascinated by the minutiae of aircraft design and performance, and the transcript had lots of it. I think we had all sat down to read with hope but with severe doubts. We finished with the conviction that these 1,000 pages of talk were authentic.

Since then, more than two dozen other people have read the book manuscript and have invariably found it convincing. Some of the readers knew a good deal about Hughes; all thought that the tone of voice, style and substance were not only convincing but beyond the likelihood of invention. Dell bought the paperback rights and Book-of-the-Month bought the book club rights, both for extremely high figures.

Excitement over the transcript was, however diluted by two events. Irving reported that Howard Hughes suddenly wanted more money than

the contract called for, and that if he didn't get it, he was prepared to return the entire advance payment and take his book elsewhere. McGraw-Hill was understandably stunned and angry, but finally agreed to increase its payment. Nobody was very fond of anybody else at that point. Irving returned to Ibiza to edit the transcript into a reasonably orderly book.

The other event was a rumor, soon confirmed, that another "authorized" Hughes book was going the rounds of publishers, this one by a man named Robert Eaton. McGraw-Hill asked Irving to get in touch with Hughes and see if they could speed up the announcement of the book.

Irving had always said that it was Hughes who did all the calling, so there was no guaranteed way to reverse the process this time. But a few days later he said Hughes had called him independently in Ibiza and, after hearing the problem, agreed to write McGraw-Hill.

Sure enough, a letter arrived from the Bahamas addressed to Harold McGraw, president of McGraw-Hill Book Company. Dated Nov. 17, it was a nine-page handwritten letter full of fulminations and instructions. It gave permission to announce the book as soon as McGraw-Hill made its final payment of \$325,000 required by contract. This was done.

McGraw-Hill began work on a press release. We had a manuscript that we all believed in. We had a set of drawings and paintings of Hughes (see cover) which had been prepared by Irving's artist friend David Walsh on the basis of Irving's supposed sketches and observations. McGraw-Hill had signed contracts, and a guarantee from a Swiss bank that H. R. Hughes had endorsed and deposited their check. Clifford Irving was hard at work, converting tape transcript to book manuscript, and we thought Howard Hughes was sitting back, wherever it is he sits, waiting for his authorized autobiography to be announced. That was how things stood until Dec. 7, the day of announcement.

Officials of the Hughes Tool Company, notably Chief Counsel Chester Davis, said instantly that the book had to be a hoax. Davis and others kept saying that we had been taken in and they could prove it. Legal action was threatened. And Howard Hughes said nothing to call off his people.

With the project no longer secret, McGraw-Hill and LIFE began collecting evidence which eventually included every scrap of authentic, officially accepted Hughes handwriting. This was given to the New York handwriting analysis firm of Osborn Associates, an organization highly respected in the study of disputed documents, whose testimony is regularly accepted in court cases as expert. The Osborns compared the accepted Hughes documents with all the Hughes handwriting in McGraw-Hill's possession, including letters and the H. R. Hughes signatures on checks and contracts. The Osborn

Clifford Irving

by RALPH GRAVES *Managing Editor of LIFE*

firm reported the evidence was "overwhelming" that everything was written by the same hand.

On the afternoon of Dec. 14 an old Hughes associate telephoned Frank McCulloch, Chief of the New York Bureau of the Time-Life News Service. McCulloch knows Hughes as well as any living journalist and was, in fact, the last reporter to interview Hughes face to face (in 1958). The message was that Howard Hughes wanted to talk to McCulloch, who could be trusted to recognize his voice. There was one condition: Chester Davis would have to place the call.

McCulloch, Time Inc. Lawyer Jack Dowd and Time Inc. Vice-President Donald Wilson were present for the call, which McCulloch hoped to tape. Chester Davis arrived with supporting lawyers and placed a long-distance call by credit card, dialing so that no one present could tell what number he was calling. The connection was bad, so Davis asked the other party to call back. After this was done, Davis turned the phone over to McCulloch.

McCulloch then held about a 30-minute conversation with a voice that he believes, in his best judgment, belonged to Howard Hughes. At the beginning McCulloch asked to tape the call, but the voice refused. The voice denied ever meeting Irving or working on the book.

After Chester Davis and his lawyers left, McCulloch reported to us. Irving had arrived in New York and knew the call was imminent. When he phoned in for a report, McCulloch told him about the voice's denial of both book and author and the fact that a lawsuit was threatened. Irving's response, McCulloch said, was consternation: how could that possibly be Hughes? And how could he possibly have said that?

The phone call from Hughes, if that's who it was, shook everybody. Convinced as we were that the manuscript was authentic, the only explanation for Hughes's denial that made sense to us went like this: when Davis and the other Hughes executives first learned of the book through the McGraw-Hill announcement, they persuaded Hughes that the existence and outspoken contents of such a book jeopardized Hughes's vast business interests; therefore he must deny it.

McCulloch himself approached the Hughes manuscript with real skepticism, but his reading of it convinced him that it was absolutely authentic: it was Howard Hughes talking. During the next few days McCulloch had several long sessions with Clifford Irving about his meetings with Hughes. He was impressed by Irving's detailed account and his descriptions of Hughes's behavior and mannerisms.

On Jan. 7 a group of seven reporters held the celebrated—and later televised—three-hour conference call with a voice they all identified as Howard Hughes. Afterward Irving insisted that it could not have been Hughes talking, and he worked up a list of discrepancies that proved to him it must have been someone else.

Irving certainly acted confident. He was willing and eager to talk to any reporter who called him. He made an appearance on the CBS show *60 Minutes* and discussed the book at length with Mike Wallace.

Meanwhile during the first week of January McGraw-Hill and LIFE had set in motion an investigation of the Swiss bank account in which the three checks to "H. R. Hughes" totaling \$650,000 had been deposited. Since the Swiss banking laws provide many layers of secrecy for depositors, information was extremely difficult to get, but this investigation proved crucial.

On the morning of Jan. 19 our lawyers were actually in court in New York, arguing against a temporary injunction to prevent our publication. While proceedings were in progress, preliminary information arrived from our investigations in Switzerland: it appeared likely that Howard R. Hughes the industrialist was not the H. R. Hughes who had opened the account and endorsed at least two of the checks. (It was to come out later that H. R. Hughes was "Helga R. Hughes," an attractive woman in her mid-30s.)

No one had ever assumed that Hughes had gone in person to Zurich to open an account, but we had believed that the account had been opened in a legitimate way and that the check endorsements had come from Hughes himself. Our lawyers promptly went back and told the judge we were voluntarily postponing publication until these new questions about the account could be answered.

One day later, on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 20, a meeting took place at McGraw-Hill. For two hours Clifford Irving went over the new developments with top McGraw-Hill officers, Frank McCulloch and me. If somebody else, not Howard Hughes, had opened the account and endorsed those checks, Irving said he could see only three possibilities: (1) he had been dealing all along with an impostor posing as Howard Hughes; (2) Howard Hughes, for reasons of his own, had used a trusted agent to cash the checks in a way that would obscure the transaction; (3) Irving was an impostor who had perpetrated a consummate hoax. Irving said: "I discard the third possibility and I hope you do too." He then explained why the first theory was absurd: a Hughes impostor would have had to be 6' 3", very thin, appear to be in his 60s and look like Howard Hughes. He would have to know every detail of Hughes' life, be an excellent actor and also a master forger, because several of the McGraw-Hill documents had been written in Irving's presence. Irving couldn't believe in such a super impostor, so that left only the trusted agent theory, Irving argued.

But there was at least one other major possibility that Irving did not mention: the manuscript might be genuine Howard Hughes, but the material might not have reached Irving in the way

he claimed. Hughes is reported to have kept voluminous records and tapes of his conversations over the years, and a disloyal or greedy employee could have stolen copies.

The next day Irving flew back to his family and home in Ibiza. Just before he left, McCulloch had another long talk with him. One other person was present: William Lambert, a Pulitzer Prize-winning investigative reporter who had been on the LIFE staff for the last eight years. Both reporters had long experience exposing phony stories. After the session, McCulloch and Lambert agreed that if Irving was a con man, he was the best that either of them had ever met.

After a quick few days in Ibiza, Irving returned to New York City last week, bringing his wife Edith and family. Trouble was waiting for him in large quantities. A New York State grand jury summoned him to testify in an investigation of possible fraud. A federal grand jury was also lying in wait. With the help of McGraw-Hill and LIFE, U.S. postal inspectors were investigating the possibility of fraud. And more crushing than everything else, it was learned last week that the woman who appeared at the Swiss bank as "Helga R. Hughes," disguised by wigs and makeup, was actually Mrs. Clifford Irving. ■



At their home on Ibiza last week, Clifford Irving (above left) and his wife Edith entertained reporters and their neighbor Elmyr de Hory (standing at right), an art forger who was the subject of Irving's 1969 book *Fake!* Below, they read about themselves.





Come to

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100's 22 mg "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug 71

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Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.



"I've worn jeans in all my movies. Now I have a chance to be glamorous at last," says Liza Minnelli. In the film *Cabaret*, she plays a bed-jumping nightclub performer (right) in 1930 Berlin.

Every now and then, in the tilt of a head, the glance of an eye, in the edged poignancy of a lone figure on a spotlight stage, Liza Minnelli reminds the world of someone it has never forgotten: her late mother, Judy Garland. Through three films and years of nightclub performing (next page), Liza has been pursuing the gleam of her own stardom. Now she has found it, unmistakably. As Sally Bowles, a three-quarters-pretty drifter in pre-Hitler Berlin, she is funny and stirring in the forthcoming movie version of the Broadway hit *Cabaret*. While Germany slips into madness in the background, Liza dances, croons smoky three-in-the-morning melodies and bitter ballads, and acts with the easy authority of someone born to style. At 25, Liza Minnelli is still Judy's daughter, but now she is her own woman.

In 'Cabaret'
a second-generation
star finds her own
strong voice

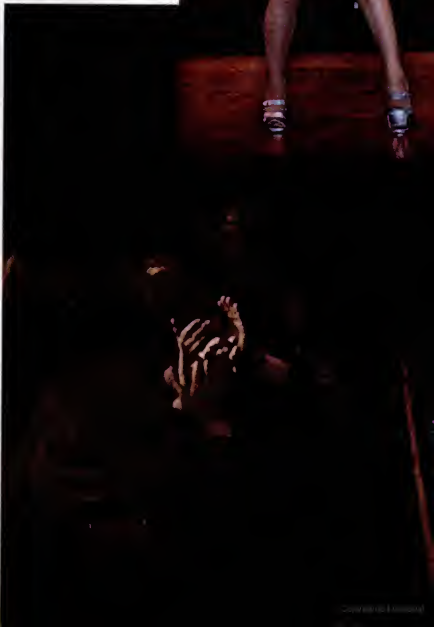




Belling, torching, swinging sensuously, Liza goes through her nightclub act in a San Juan, Puerto Rico hotel. At the end, bathed in sweat and submerged in applause, she squats on the stage (below right) and joins in the clapping. At far right, a cast member kisses her. Below, she puffs a calming cigarette during a rehearsal session.



She's a veteran of six tough years



The scene is not the Berlin of the '30s, but the Puerto Rico of the '70s. The Club Tropicoro of the Hotel El San Juan, jammed with relaxing crapshooters, is a little more modern than the nightclub floor Liza Minnelli commands in *Cabaret*. What's more, a well-behaved pop-rock group, American Sunshine, is on hand to support Liza with a rumble of contemporary songs. But when you get right down to it, Liza's act is practically a one-woman show, a sweaty, pounding emotional dialogue between a live audience and a lively performer. Her show runs about 70 minutes, which is unusually long, moving from socko showstoppers like Al Jolson's *My Mammy* to swooning torch songs. Six years of professional nightclub work, much of it in the jaded showrooms of Las Vegas and Lake Tahoe, still haven't extinguished Liza's affection for what she calls "the schlockiest business in the whole world. But the loot is good." She will follow *Cabaret* with more film roles, including, she hopes, the part of Zelda Fitzgerald.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43



onstage—'but the loot is good'



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Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
100 s. 19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '71

Liza grows up. The first picture was taken when she was 2, the second at 3, the next two at 9 and 13. As a teen-ager (third row) she began singing and made her stage debut, off-Broadway, at 17 in *Best Foot Forward* (right). At 19 she won a Tony in *Flora*, the *Red Menace* (fourth row left), then made *Charlie Bubbles*, her first movie, when she was 21. *The Sterile Cuckoo* (bottom left) brought an Oscar nomination. At bottom right, she appears in *Cabaret*.



In 1950 for her fourth birthday, Liza was presented with a French paddle from her mother and father, Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli. Her famous parents were divorced the following year.

Coping with 'fairy tales about Mama'

While most performers can concentrate their energies on their own careers, Liza always has to reserve some to cope with what she calls "all those fairy tales about Mama." The endless questions about Judy Garland, what she was really like, and what it is like to be her daughter, have not ceased in the two and a half years since her death. Mickey Deans, Judy's last husband, recently sent Liza a copy of his book about her mother with a note saying "I hope you like it." Before reading the book, Liza recalls, she felt like sending back a note saying "What if I don't?"

Yet in her own conversation, Mama—and her father, Vincente Minnelli, the film director—crop up frequently. "I live for the present but I've spent my life building memories," Liza says. "My childhood may have been awful but it was truly exciting. Looking back, I wouldn't want it any other way." She was shuffled between more than 20 schools, depending on the state of her mother's fortunes, and she remembers wearing clothes that weren't nearly as nice as the ones other kids had. At 13, she weighed 165 pounds. "But all the greats of Hollywood

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CONTINUED

came calling. I was always thrilled by the people I met."

Liza's head is filled with anecdotes about her mother, lovingly—but realistically—recalled. "Once I was closing in New York and Mama thought it was terrible that no one had planned a closing night party. So she decided to give me one, at the Waldorf. I went over to see what was happening. There was caviar, champagne, tons of hot hors d'oeuvres. Then it got to me. Mama didn't have any money, and she had charged the whole thing to me. But she got her party."

After the famous joint Judy-and-Liza concert at the Landan Palladium in 1964, Liza realized that her mother could be very competitive. "I wasn't Liza. I was another woman in the same spotlight. It was just too hard for me to cope with." But shortly thereafter, she remembers, "Mama's competitiveness just disappeared," and what followed was, unexpectedly, "a period of unparalleled motherhood."

Even so, however, Judy was "always colling for attention, but in a glomorous way." Liza explains her mother's suicide attempts as an example of this. "They were silly, half-hearted

but glamorous. She never took her suicides that seriously. I knew her well enough to know that when she died it was an accident and that's why I demanded an autopsy. If all the people who keep a spot in their hearts for my mother's tragedies knew the truth, they would be disappointed. She had a good life, she had fun. Everything was like an enormous party. If there was a calm, she couldn't stand it. She'd make things happen. I loved her for that. She educated me, you know, she educated my initiative. My father gave me my dreams but my mother gave me my drive."

Early one morning, after she has belted out a few songs to bolster the sagging act of an old friend, a comedian working a second-rate hotel, Liza is stopped in the hotel lobby by a woman who gushes, "You sing better than your mother!" Liza turns to her friends. "Did you hear what she really said?" she asks. "What am I supposed to say?" But during the standing ovations at the end of her own nightclub act, when someone always shouts "Sing Over the Rainbow" Liza knows what to say. She shouts back, with a proud, loving smile, "It's been sung."

JIM WATTERS

On a side street in old San Juan, Liza hugs her favorite dog, a mutt named Ocha. She found him several years ago in the same area and takes him—and her three other dogs—everywhere she travels.



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No use for illusions



An English class at Teaneck High in the New Jersey suburbs: students are suddenly more concerned with the practical than the idealistic

by SARA DAVIDSON

They cannot remember a time when there was no Vietnam war. They were 8 when John F. Kennedy was shot. Some of them recall it with eerie precision, not because it was shocking to them, but because of the depths to which it disturbed the adults in their world. The assassination signaled the atmosphere in which they would grow up: an atmosphere of violence and suddenness, in which unforeseen events could wipe out what, seconds before, had been certainty.

They were 10 when the antiwar movement grew to national proportions. At 12, drugs were avail-

able to them. At 14 or 15, sex became an issue in their relationships. They lived through everything, if not directly, then vicariously through television: the Chicago convention riots, the starting of communes, sensitivity groups at Esalen and the killings at Kent State.

They are 16 and 17 now, in the last years of high school. They are the generation that many of us expected to be so advanced that by the time they came of age, they would be ready to leap beyond the ground just broken, into reaches where we would be at a loss to keep up. Instead, it seems that what they want at this moment is not newness, experiments and more change, but rather,

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security, stability, personal fulfillment and material comfort. Having tried activism, many are now uncertain about what it is possible to achieve through mass protest.

I have always felt uncomfortable making generalizations about people. But in the past three months, I have been talking with high school students at more than a dozen schools, mainly around San Francisco and New York, areas which, in the recent past, have tended to be in the vanguard of political and social movements. While I found a great range of personality differences, there emerged, again and again, perceptions that were similar, feelings and reactions that uncannily mirrored one another. I had not intended to conduct a survey, but was looking for one school, one group of young people I could get to know over a stretch of time. After visiting four or five places, though, I began to feel that the common themes which kept bobbing up were more intriguing than any single group.

What is so interesting about all the young people I met is that they have a high awareness of ambiguity, shading, irony and contradiction. They do not leap with blind passion; they are suspicious of extremes. They are not seekers, nor do they believe in utopia. They have no heroes or villains because they see only people, who are, by nature, imperfect. They are not much interested in communes or the collective experience, and while they have an open approach to sex, they are not hedonists, and want honest commitments. They don't take a condescending view of their parents. "That's just another thing they hand you down—to be a youth you have to hate your parents," Allen Veloria, a student in San Francisco, said. "We don't feel that way—that it's 'us' against 'them.'"

They are not dazzled by promises and they are skeptical of the slogans of the counterculture as well as the Establishment. Example: Billy Harvey, 16, lives in Pound Ridge, N.Y.; long blond hair, lanky grace; alert, misanthropic. He is not attracted, he says, to radical politics, dropping out, communes or spirituality. "They used to tell everybody their life should be like this: college, job, marriage, children, and a split-life in the suburbs. Now it's: 'Son, when you turn 16, you drop out of school, go live with 30 people, dope yourself silly and have a different girl every night.' Well, that's a lot of bull, too." Billy cares about music, art, his friends, his family and money. "I'd really like to have a lot of it, as long as I enjoyed what I was doing to earn it." He went to a rally at which radical lawyer William Kunstler spoke. "Kunstler told us, everybody quit school and we won't have any more Vietnam. I listened, but I knew it was garbage. If it was really going to work, I'd do it, but I knew it was unrealistic."

It is easy to misread this statement and jump to the conclusion, as have Senator Edward Kennedy and others, that the mood of youth is "uncomfortably reminiscent of the Silent Generation of the '50s." But it is not that at all. The young people I spoke with still feel strongly opposed to the war in Vietnam and the draft, and many say they would risk jail rather than serve in the army. They have an abhorrence of violence and a sen-

I don't know what can be gained by activism'

sitivity to injustice that would have been totally foreign to the insular, complacent cocoon in which students, and perhaps everyone, passed the '50s. What is being mistaken now for apathy seems, instead, an exhaustion with the techniques of dissent and a refusal to invest further energy until there is greater chance of positive return.

Beyond this, young people differ greatly from those two decades ago in their attitudes toward sex, morality, drugs, the environment, and particularly in their view of women. They have not bought the ethos that went unquestioned in the '50s—the narrow definition of loyalty and patriotism, the sanctity of the nuclear family, and the illusion of representative democracy. A student in Connecticut says, "In history we study about our rights and our voting power, and then we read in the paper about the junk Congress did. We're powerless! Nobody represents us at all."

No area in the country has been so affected by the social storms of the last decade as San Francisco. The newscasters on television have shoulder-length hair, the telephone operators say "Far out" when a line comes through, teachers in public schools wear fatigue jackets and jeans, and everywhere there are alternative institutions.

For a year and a half, though, there have been no political actions or underground papers in the high schools around San Francisco. The people who are teen-agers now were 9 or 10 when everything began. And while it was difficult not to be swept up by the infectiousness of marches, music, exotic clothes and celebrations in the parks, they received it all secondhand. They did not make the counterculture, but became involved in it because their friends or family were, because it was exciting, or simply because it was there. They were too young to understand what it really meant.

Suzette Curran, 16, who went to junior high within sight of People's Park in Berkeley, says, "I used to dread walking down Telegraph Avenue because I was afraid of looking too straight. I was dressing and talking and doing things for them. I didn't know why I was doing any of it." I was to hear this repeatedly, on the East Coast as well: "We were doing things without knowing why." Dan Bach, a senior in Berkeley, says he started going to demonstrations six years ago because "a lot of my friends did. Later I wanted some better excuse, so I thought about it and came up with reasons. But after three or four years, when I saw nothing getting done, I got disillusioned and quit altogether."

Because the actions came before the under-

standing, these young people are now hypersensitive to the faddish element in trends such as vegetarianism, meditation or building bombs. They want to be sure that, as was expressed in a song by the Who at the top of the charts this fall, "We don't get fooled again."

What they are seeing in the cold afterglow is the outer trappings of a movement without experiencing the motivation out of which it grew. Most of the high school people with whom I've been speaking do not feel a strong desire for inner liberation, or a consuming need to strive for collective solutions to people's problems. So they look at some of the institutions and rituals which developed as expressions of such needs and find them, to their puzzlement, hollow.

But that is not the whole picture. Let's listen to the views of a 16-year-old girl in New Jersey, Eve Borenstein, who, as long as she can remember, has always been "running around doing everything, trying to experience as much as possible." She is active in student government at Teaneck High School, serves on every youth advisory board in the town and plays clarinet in the school band. Eve has long, dark, curly hair, parted in the center, and despite a low voice and a taste for sloppy clothes, a decidedly soft, reachable quality.

In the fourth grade, Eve began writing protest letters to politicians, and later sent an abusive message to President Nixon. In the ninth grade, she and three friends organized a strike in their junior high on Moratorium Day. It was a high moment: sitting on a hill, watching the school empty and a thousand students stream into a park for a rally. "It convinced a lot of kids the war was ridiculous, and we got kids to work after that."

In a short while, though, Eve began veering away from politics, partly out of dismay at the rising mood of violence. "The polarization of the country really scared me. When people started saying, 'When the revolution comes,' I thought the revolution would simply be everybody killing off everyone else. Any goals and ideals would have been the first things lost. I personally got fed up. Who wants a messy revolution that just sets up another government that's self-serving to those who brought it about? I'm not going to drop dead politically. I'd love to change people's opinions. But I don't know what can be gained through the activist movement."

This sense of frustration was voiced again and again: "I lost faith."

"My priorities changed—I have other things to worry about, like getting into college."

"I got disgusted—the last peace meeting I went to turned into a fist fight."

"I tried for two years and saw it was impossible to change things."

I could not help pointing out, at these moments, that all political struggles require long efforts. Figures like Lenin and the men who brought about the American Revolution would have scoffed at giving up after two years. (It was significant, I think, that when I mentioned Lenin, people usually thought I was referring to John Lennon.)

"Maybe they had a real problem. Maybe we don't," said a boy in New York.

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Girls at Teaneck High admire a friend's engagement ring. Most now consider experiments such as group sex and group marriage "ridiculous."

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"Maybe Lenin didn't start when he was 12 years old."

"Maybe we're not that dedicated."

Andy Groom at Balboa High in San Francisco said, "Really being a radical is a big hassle and maybe we're not willing to go that far just for a fad."

Out of the 120 young people I talked with—which is offered only as the most subjective sample—I did find a handful who had not lost faith and planned to work for a socialist revolution. I also found a handful who said they thought President Nixon "hasn't done a bad job." Almost all the students, even those who distrust the political process and believe there is no such thing as a good government, say they plan to vote because, as one put it, "there definitely is a lesser of two evils."

Most of us do not carry about the exact memory of what high school was like. But one visit can instantly turn back the years. This happened to me on a fall afternoon, driving up to the tree-lined entrance to Teaneck High. It was the end of lunch period, and clusters of girls were standing on the grass, taking quick, exaggerated puffs on their cigarettes, which they held with two fingers, the wrist flicked back in a pose of confidence. Boys in khaki army shirts gunned their cars in the parking lot, the radios turned high and Don McLean's voice soaring out the window: "Bye, bye, Miss American pie." On the steps, kids were eating hamburgers wrapped in transparent paper, and drinking milk from cartons. Inside, there was the

'Really being a radical can be a big hassle'

steady clank clank of hall lockers. The clothes were different from a decade ago when I was in high school, but the postures, the unwritten codes and manners—the gestalt—is absolutely unchanged.

What comes back so painfully is how rigid and restricted the high school world is—very nearly a caste system. The same small groups eat together each day, always meet at the same place on the grounds and would never dream of trying, for a change, to spend an afternoon with people from another group. When I asked students how they liked their schools, one of the first comments was invariably, "There are too many cliques."

At Teaneck High, Andy Brotman is one of those golden people—there are a few in every grade—to whom everything seems to come easy. Tall, with large brown eyes and dark wavy hair, he is self-assured, bright, well-liked and admired.

He would be described as really "cute"—the word high school students bestow on both sexes as a measure of physical desirability. Yet Andy told me he was unhappy with "the social tracking system we have, where divergent cliques develop. I think this is the worst problem among youth in the entire nation. Students are not together—that's a myth. It's a matter of status which group of kids you go around with, and the groups keep people out unless they pass certain standards."

The major divisions at Teaneck, which were the same at other schools I visited, are: the freaks or hippies; the "jocks," who have short hair, go out for sports and are politically conservative; the "greasers," who work on their cars, drink, and often have skirmishes with blacks; the "academic types"; and "social club types." There is almost no mixing between races and religious groups. At Teaneck there is a "black door" where the black students congregate, as well as separate doors for the freaks and the greasers.

The fact that these divisions are so powerful and intimidating, despite the great stress placed by the counterculture on love and the collective spirit, suggests that a tight social system may be serving a universal need of this age group—the need for structure, boundaries and clear lines of authority. I could not understand, at first, why so many of the young people I met were talking about the importance of security, when only a few years ago teen-agers were running away from home, dropping out of school and drifting about the streets in epidemic numbers. But a psychol-

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ogist, Barry Sherman, who works with adolescents and is writing a book called *The Transitional Man*, pointed out that "the ones who ran away thought they were running into a movement. They were escaping a chaotic, insecure situation at home for what they thought would be a new 'family.'"

Now, of course, there is no movement for teenagers to run to. The communes don't want them, the East Village and the Haight-Ashbury have burned out, and no major leftist political groups have been formed since the fragmenting of SDS. This leaves young people planted in their hometowns, where they complain "there's nothing to do." But they are not all that anxious to submerge themselves in the flux; they have come to associate with life "out there." Tom Mayer, 16, who lives in New York, told me, "Your generation was eager to leave the home. But in our generation there are people old enough to leave home who don't want to. My own family acts well as a unit and I feel insecure about leaving it."

Because they grew up knowing only the turbulence of the '60s, security has taken on heightened meaning. Dani Schulz, a slender, spirited blond who goes to school in Riverdale, N.Y., said, "My boyfriend wants to be a farmer, but I want a source of income, a sense of security that if the crops fail, I'll have something to fall back on." When a boy in her class said he planned to travel and work at odd jobs, Dani asked, "Wouldn't you like a home base? Wouldn't it be really hard having no roots, just roaming about in a trailer?"

Financial security was a great concern. Unlike the last generation, which recoiled at the sterile affluence of the suburbs, these young people want enough money to "have a certain amount of luxuries." Matthew White of Mill Valley, Calif., who considers himself a revolutionary, believes, however, that he'll end up living in a suburb. "I'd like to say money doesn't mean much to me, but I'd like enough to live in the way I'm accustomed. Marin County's awfully nice."

There was a deep fear of there not being enough wealth in the country to go around. I spent an evening with five boys in Tenafly, N.J., a suburb where many teen-agers have their own cars and take going to college for granted. But they were troubled about the recession and the scarcity of professional jobs. Jack Malick, who is 17 and has lived in Chile as an exchange student, said that after college he would like to take a few years and just float, "but I'm tied down to responsibility. You have to save, to be ready for an emergency. You have to deal with practical things."

I had difficulty concealing my dismay. "If you're so cautious when you're 21, if you don't feel free then, when will you?"

Jack said, "You might not. It's idealistic to think you can just live free. If you want to travel, go skiing and have nice clothes, you need money."

After a time, I found myself increasingly disinclined to compare these young people with any previous groups. I felt they should be viewed solely in their own context. I began to suspect that the illusions of progress and moral advancement with

'I want to love the person I go to bed with the first time'

each generational cycle may be simply that—an illusion. That patterns of behavior and values swing back and forth with no moral or aesthetic implications. Left-right, puritan-libertine, romantic-classical. In short, that there is no getting higher, merely to the other side.

Yet each time I talked with another set of students, I felt an almost reflexive impulse to recall what my own views had been at that age. Late one night, I dug out a battered red notebook called "My Private Life," in which, from the age of 13 to 16, I wrote about my friends, family, books, TV programs, food ("I hate most vegetables"), problems and dreams. To my amazement, I read, on a page headed "Plans and Goals," what I had envisioned for my future at the age of 15: "I plan to go to college, study dancing, take up modeling, join a sorority and have fun. Either I will be a dancer and have my fame, or a teacher. Then I want to marry a rich professional man and settle down, possibly doing part-time work, and raise a family of three." I stared at the page, wondering what the connection was between the girl who wrote that and me. Had I really been that naive?

I asked a 16-year-old in Berkeley, Susannah Temko, what she thought she would be doing in five or ten years. Susannah is a lissome, open creature with honey-colored hair that falls to her waist. She seemed to me enormously sophisticated and wise. She had been embroiled in politics before she was 12, was exposed to drugs, tried yoga, "faked meditating," attended an encounter session and became highly sensitized to the aspirations of Third World people. She thought a few minutes about my question.

"Four years from now I'll be 20. I'd like to be going to school part-time and be in a dance company, maybe being supported by a modeling job. I would live with a guy, probably in Europe, spending summer in the country and winter in a city. In ten years, I'll have a steady job back in this country. I think it's really important for a woman to be financially independent. I'd like to be an architect, or if I'm a dancer, I'll be performing. I'll be at least 26 before I get married—if I do. And I'll wait till I'm about 30 to have kids."

There it was, the same innocent unawareness of how a life works out, the lack of understanding that certain choices exclude other possibilities, and if you're going to be a dancer you're not going to be an architect, living in four places simultaneously. Yet the key difference between Susannah's forecast and mine is that she does not have the illusion that all her energy and striving will evaporate and all her

needs be fulfilled at the magic moment she accepts marriage and motherhood. My friends in high school all were terrified that if they didn't get married by 24, they would be (just saying it froze our blood) old maids. By contrast, not only Susannah but every young girl I met said there was no hurry to get married. Many felt no need to marry at all unless they wanted children.

I did not find much enthusiasm for women's liberation, however; it was seen as another movement someone else started and therefore was mistrusted. "I'll liberate myself," Rosemary Reiss, a New Yorker, said.

The easing of sexual codes has created an awkward situation where teen-agers absorb a great deal of information about sex long before they feel the need for it. Vicky Devany, 17, of Teaneck, says, "At 13, I knew more from reading all these phenomenal things about sexual practices than I had experienced. I think our generation will be really blessed not to have guilt about sex—just to see it as a natural, beautiful thing."

But the majority I spoke with do not take sex lightly. "I'm not for jumping into bed after the first hour," many of the boys said. A girl in New York who has had a steady boyfriend for six months said, "My mother told me the only argument against premarital sex was that you might not be mature enough to handle the emotions. That's all she said and left it up to me. I was impressed with her statement that I decided, thinking about my own maturity, that I didn't know myself well enough. I'm only 16, so why rush into it just because it might be fun?"

The range of individual solutions varied, from girls who, at 15, were living with their boyfriends in apartments paid for by their parents to people who were 17 and believed that virginity was important.

Julie Whiteener, from Coalinga, Calif., said, "In my head right now I'm scared of sex. I want to love the person I go to bed with for the first time. I don't want him to walk out the next day and say, 'Ha ha, I used you.'"

Tim Webber, a friend of hers, interrupted: "If I go to bed with some chick, I'm in the same position as you. But if she rejected me afterward, I'd think it's her loss."

Julie: "You're not half as emotional as a chick."

"I probably cry as much as you do."

It was interesting that almost all the boys as well as the girls said casual sex was undesirable. This was a direct reversal of what I heard from teen-age boys only four years ago, at a school outside Boston which had just initiated sex education programs. The boys, at that time, said they wouldn't touch a girl if they respected and loved her. If they wanted sex, they tried to pick up girls they considered "not nice," whom they would never see again.

The students I met this year also emphasized fidelity. "It should be natural that if you love a person, you don't go out and have other scenes on the side." Group sex, group marriage and almost all kinds of experimenting were dismissed as "ridiculous." "If it's hard for a couple to make a marriage last, six people would break up even

faster," a boy in Mill Valley said. "There would be six times as many problems."

There was strong prejudice against groups, and a fierce desire for privacy. Loretta Ewing, a black student in San Francisco, said, "I think communes are a real drag. I want my own money, my own things and to be my own individual. If I have a man, I want just the two of us to be together."

Experimenting with drugs also seems to have peaked. While marijuana is ubiquitous and in many places smoked on school grounds, acid and hard drugs are not being sought. A boy in New York said, "When we were 13, we were militant about taking drugs. I went through a stage of dropping acid every day. Now things have cooled. We respect people who say they aren't smoking. Before, we would have thought them outsiders."

Many times in recent years, but especially while working on this piece, I have been overcome with curiosity to know what happened to the people I went to high school with. The fantasy was to have them flash on a screen, like miniature *Person to Person* sketches. There would be X, sitting at dinner with his wife and children, and his emotional state would somehow be revealed through the tableau. Click—there's Y—click—there's Z—click, click. The point, of course, was that I wanted to see them all in varying degrees of misery, to be satisfied that I had come out better and thus even the score. For I had the idea, during those years, that I was the only one who suffered much. Everyone else had an easier time of it.

The fallacy of this was demonstrated beyond question by the experience of listening to teenagers: hearing attractive, talented young people say they are worried because they have few friends, and are frightened about their future, their capabilities and even their sanity. Adolescence has always been a rocky time and, even worse, it seems, a time of fear that one is different from the others,

'Being happy is the only reason I'm alive'

more tormented, more crazy. The interviews tended to turn into psychological discussions, because the students were usually more concerned about their personal feelings than about public issues. They were always surprised to learn others had the same problems. One girl, who was going through a period of painful self-criticism, said, "I don't want to tell my parents because they'll get alarmed, and I'm afraid to tell my friends because they might agree with my criticism and drop me."

Some of them spoke nostalgically about their early years. "I'd like to be six again." "I'd want to be seven or eight." "Ten was a great year."

"No! By ten you were getting too serious." Andy Brotman said he felt completely deprived of his childhood, "because we were thrown into social problems at such an early age. We never had a time of innocence when we were unaware of these large issues."

Despite their worldliness, however, much of their thinking is tentative and paradoxical. Their views will change markedly in the next few years, and I wonder if they will be as shocked to come upon them in print as I was to read the entry in my diary. What will be their perspective? There are in-

dications that values are shifting. Many of the teenagers I spoke with said their younger brothers and sisters are more conservative and cautious than they are. Two or three years ago, students in the high school underground marveled that their younger siblings were more radical and politically involved than they had been in junior high.

It would be interesting to try to measure the psychological effect of the turning of the decade. While there was no rational basis for it, the general expectation was that the end of the '60s would mean the attrition of the movements and tensions which gained force during that period. As a teenager in San Francisco related, "New Year's Eve of 1970 was really traumatic for me. I could see all the events of the '60s so clearly in my head. But I had the feeling it was like everybody was graduating, and whether we wanted it or not, time was going to move us somewhere else."

The cumulative weight of everything I had been hearing did not hit me until one starless night, when I was driving across Berkeley with Angela Mackey, a black student who is extraordinarily sensitive and strong. She will be the first person in her family ever to graduate from high school, and she plans to work her way through college and become a psychiatrist. We had spent the evening talking about books, babies, the Black Panthers, the end of the world, and then we had fallen quiet. "I hope your article gets across to people," Angela said, stepping out of the car, "that we're not so different from all of you."

It occurred to me, at that moment, that I had assumed for some time that the pace of social change would accelerate unchecked for the rest of my lifetime. That each year would bring new movements, new demands and questions, new pressures and shocks that would cause me to alter my thinking and adjust my habits. And I had been happy about this, for I believed that when change stopped, one grew old.

Now, driving alone through the fog lights of San Pablo Avenue, I considered the possibility that the future would not go according to my assumptions. And I was neither elated nor depressed. I remembered being told once by a friend that because I am an Aquarius, I would experience a major life change every 30 years, whereas he, a Sagittarius, would have one every three years. When I protested, he said, laughing, "There's no need to be dissatisfied, because that's all the change you'll need."

Before falling asleep, I leafed through my notebooks, looking for an interview I recalled vaguely. When I found it, I could hear the squeaky singsong in which a boy in New York had said, first, that nothing would probably change when his generation came to power, and, second, that things were going to get a lot better slowly. "I don't know which is right," he had said, and pushed his long red hair off his face. "But last year, when I realized how frustrated I was getting about politics, I decided that being happy is the only reason I'm alive on this earth. Once I'd said that, I felt better. Now I'll see what there is—realistically—that I can do. I want to help others, but my own happiness counts also. I'm just taking things as they come." ■

Eve Borenstein, 16, remembers she was "always running around doing everything." Now she feels there is little to be gained through militant protest.



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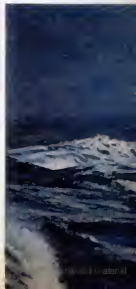
Sherwin-Williams. More than a paint store.



Where ships and men come ashore to die

From the time of the early Portuguese explorers, the gale-swept coast of South-West Africa has been known as one of the most perilous shorelines in the world. A deadly combination of driving southwesterly winds, shifting undersea sandbars and dense morning fog has left centuries of ships—galleons, clippers, whalers and fishing vessels—scattered along the thousand-mile stretch of sand and rock. Their battered remains explain its grim nickname, the Skeleton Coast. Even today some half-dozen ships die there each year, adding to this mighty marine graveyard: in 1969 the Portuguese coaster at right went aground in the fog. Shipwrecked men face the impenetrable barrier of the great Namib Desert, a 40- to 80-mile-wide wilderness of rolling dunes, sand-blasted flatlands and dry river courses lying between the sea and the habitable inland plateau of South-West Africa. "I am proceeding to a river 60 miles north," reads a message dated 1860, scratched on a slate with a nail, "and should anybody find this and follow me and give me food and water—God will help him." On this desolate coastline, the message was not found for 82 years.

he





Skeleton Coast



Photographed by
GEORGE SILK

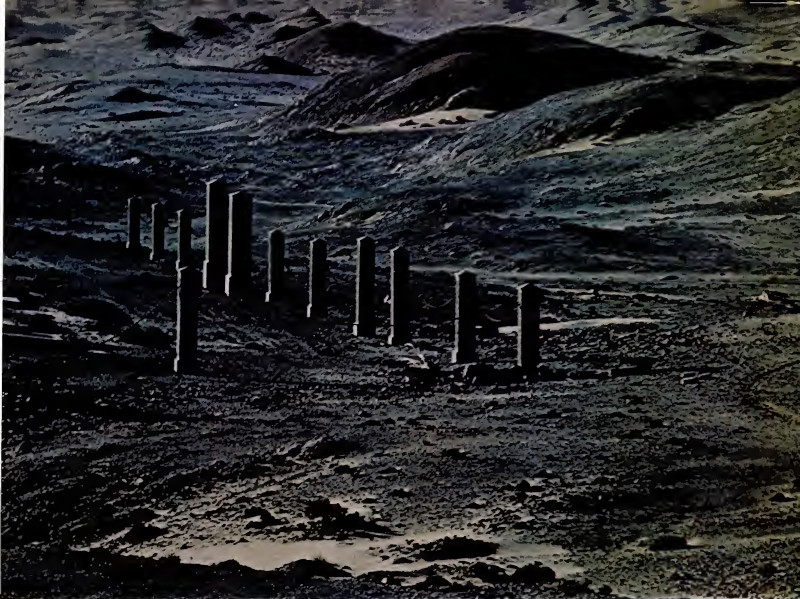


In a lonely graveyard (above) close to the ghost town of Pomona lie the remains of a dozen men who came to the desert diamond fields seeking their fortunes. Today this diamond-rich region of the Namib is

forbidden territory, guarded by jeep patrols, searchlights and helicopters. But illegal prospectors still slip into the desert, and some still die there in the hot winds which endlessly rake the dunes (below).

Ghostly remains





of adventurers who dreamed of riches



Today little is left of Pamana but crumbling masonry eroded by blowing grit (left), and a

few gaily wallpapered houses of the old diamond workers, now half filled with sand.

Gaunt tombstones in the midst of desolate dunes, and the half-buried remains of crumbling ghost towns, bear witness to the Skeleton Coast's single, and often deadly, lure—diamonds. When diamonds were first discovered near the fishing port of Luderitz in 1908, hordes of fortune seekers poured in by boat and overland from the Cape to stake a quick claim. Early arrivals didn't even have to dig. They picked up stones on the beaches, or delicately flicked them out of the sandy surface of a dune with the point of a knife. Mining towns sprang up in the desert. Fan dancers performed in casinos and girls took baths in wine. One town near the coast even sported a swimming pool. But the easy pickings were soon gone, and big finds became rare. Men wandered farther into the desert and some died of thirst. Soon the big South African diamond companies moved in, and most prospectors were happy to sell off their small holdings. Today the whole southern territory (almost a third of the Namib Desert) is controlled by the De Beers company, to which it yields vast riches: \$56 million in stones each year, one-fifth of the world's total production of gem diamonds.

The prevailing southwesterly wind has carved a stark grandeur out of the tumble of sandhills and racky crags that edge the Skeleton Coast. It blows ceaselessly at 30 to 40 mph for six months of the year across same regions, laden with abrasive sand and mica that can strip the point off metal in a few hours. This wasteland shelters life in surprising variety—birds, jackals, hyenas, even antelope—but the absence of water is crucial. The welwitschia, a plant that lives for some 1,500 years, may send a tap root 60 feet into the ground to reach moisture seeping through the sands from the interior mountains. Less adaptable vegetation cannot survive. The beauty of the Skeleton Coast is the terrible beauty of death.



Shown here about life-size, red garnet crystals lie among quartz pebbles in the sand. "Where you find diamonds you always find garnets," say prospectors.



Blown sand has scoured this soft siltstone (above) over thousands of years, and gracefully shaped a sand dune overnight (right). In a brief time it may ob-

literate the antelope's delicate tracks, and perhaps completely bury the dying trees. In this southern region of the desert, some dunes rise to a thousand feet.

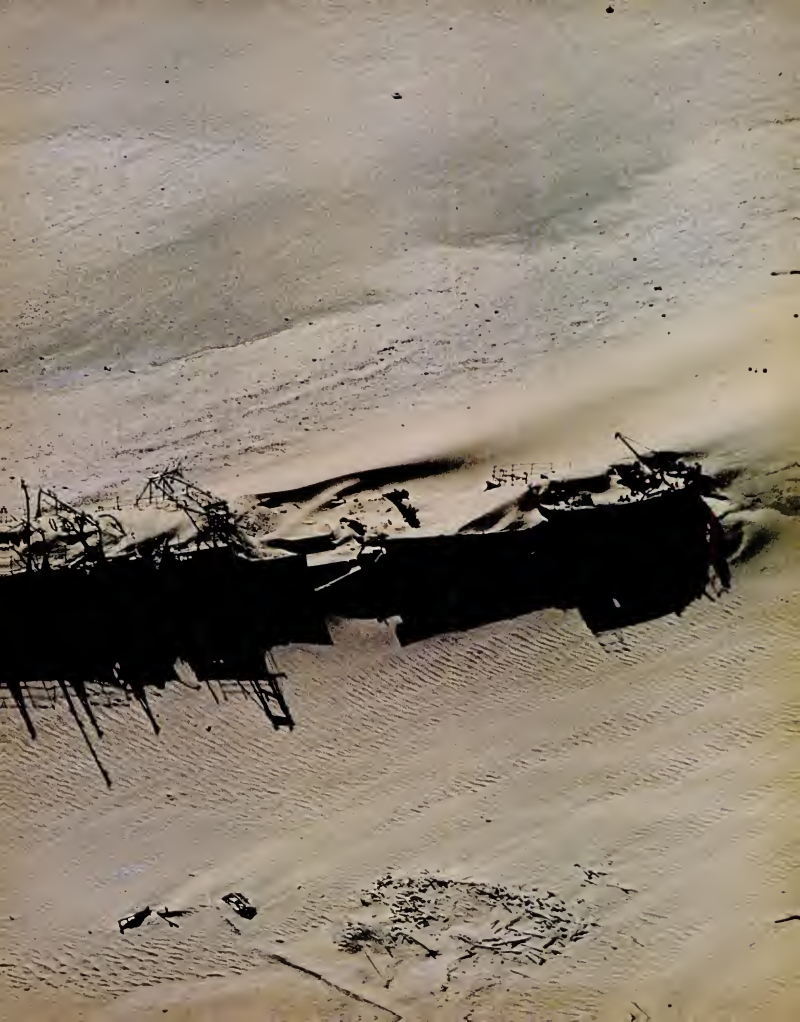


a scouring wind, traces of elusive life



Stranded a quarter mile inland by the shifting shoreline, a German liner that struck a sandbar in 1909 lies half buried in the desert sands. The wreck occurred within 20 miles of a mining settlement, and passengers and crew were able to row safely ashore.







A Cochran brother and his sisters
make up 21.5% of the U.S. ski team

The Olympics Become

Down the hill they come, the remarkable offspring of Mickey and Ginny Cochran of Richmond, Vt. (pop. 1,200). There is Bobby, one of America's top two downhill skiers. And Marilyn, the U.S.'s best in the special slalom. And Barbara Ann, No. 1 in the giant slalom. And Lindy, the youngest of the Cochrans but potentially the best of them in another four years. Four world-class skiers from one tight-knit family: the achieve-

ment of a benevolent but hard-driving father-coach and a hill that rises straight up from their backyard—complete with rope tow and a 20-gate slalom course.

Brothers and sisters racing together on the ski circuit are not that uncommon. In the 1964 Olympics, for example, the Goitschel sisters of France each won a gold and silver medal. But on the eve of these Winter Olympics, the Cochran family



Bobby Cochran, who is 20, kneels behind his sisters—Lindy, 18, Barbara Ann, 21, and Marilyn, who will be 22 on Feb. 7, while she competes in Sapporo.



Beneath the memorabilia of ski victories, the Cochran family starts dinner, a hearty and informal affair which proceeds, buffet-style, amid ski talk and TV.



a Family Affair

stands unique. Three of them (Lindy didn't make it) are members of the 14-man U.S. team. In 1968, the Americans failed to win a single medal. If they are to win any at Sapporo, the chief hope seems to lie in the Cochran sisters and in 21-year-old Tyler Palmer, who comes from yet another ski family in Kearsage, N.H. Neither Cochran girl made the '68 Olympic team, but at the 1970 world championships, Barbara Ann was

second in the special slalom and Marilyn third overall. Barbara Ann won two World Cup races last year while Marilyn became the first American ever to win the French championships. Brother Bobby, meanwhile, may still be overmatched in the downhill, though his courage is unchallenged—he has been skiing all season with painful torn ligaments in his right ankle, which holds up only when encased in a ski boot.

Mickey taught



Barbara Ann, Marilyn and Bobby were in grade school (left) when they began winning local "lollipop" races. On a week-end several years later the Cochtrons brought home 12 trophies, mugs and silver plates. Mickey, their father, loves to talk skiing. At right he demonstrates a point about weight shift—"to the downhill ski"—and the proper use of ski poles—"out in front of your body, not trailing behind."



Mickey demands a tough regimen. Above center, the kids climb the hill by their house. Then they will run back down through the slalom gates, using their poles as if they

were on skis. Above, Bobby holds Marilyn's feet as she does 50 sit-ups with a 12-pound weight. At training camp in Bend, Oreg., right, Marilyn runs before breakfast.



them on a backyard slalom course

The Cochran kids have skied a lot of great slopes in Europe and North America, but ask Marilyn which mountain is her favorite and she'll tell you, "The Cochran Hill." In 1960, Mickey Cochran scouted northern Vermont for a place where he could build a training course for his four kids and finally found exactly what he wanted: a two-story frame house at the foot of a sharply pitched hill that could be skied as fast as almost any slalom course. The whole family helped clear the land, Mickey built a 400-foot rope tow, and next year his kids were barreling through the slalom gates every day after school, until they could handle the hill at top speed. "We learned more on our little course than we could have anywhere else," says Marilyn. "On a regular mountain you waste time on the chair lift. Here we made a run every couple of minutes."

Mickey and his wife, Ginny, were both

avid skiers—he once raced nationally—and all of their kids were on skis by the age of 5. "We didn't have money for baby-sitters," says Ginny, "so we brought them along."

The young Cochrans' racing careers began informally in local "lollipop" events, named for the prize given to any kid finishing the course. When they moved to the new house, Mickey started a training program, beginning with simple calisthenics and a 20-pound weight bar. As the kids became more and more interested in racing, conditioning became a year-round thing and Mickey installed lights on the course so they could train at night.

"When we started, I just wanted them to have a ball going through the gates, without any pressure to win," says Mickey. He made it clear to his kids that if they didn't enjoy themselves, "We'll forget about skiing in a hurry." As they progressed, the de-

sire to race came naturally. "I literally had to drag them off the hill at night."

Mickey brims with enthusiasms and ideas. He has the right instincts on how to handle each of his kids—let each develop his own style. Barbara Ann, a compact 5'1", "scoots" through the slalom gates almost effortlessly, whereas the 5'7" Marilyn flails away, her arm flying, driving off every turn. "When she really cuts loose," says U.S. women's coach Hank Tauber, "nobody in the world can touch her."

Mickey won't be going to Sapporo, but Tauber knows the value of his contribution. "People are always looking for gimmicks to explain the Cochrans," he says, "but it's really their whole environment: the close family, the father, the hill, the kids with the talent and their desire to work. They work harder than anybody on the team."

WILLIAM BRUNS



PARTING SHOTS



**Now you can
shimmy like your
sister Kate**

Until now, American belly dancing has always had a certain seedy aura about it, seldom suggesting anything more refined than a county carnival hootchie-cootchie. But these days belly dancing is enjoying a remarkable surge in popularity, appealing to thousands of perfectly respectable women across the country as a dandy way to exercise, and maybe raise their husbands' eyebrows a notch or two. Enrollment at New York's Stairway to Stardom is currently 600, double last year's, and includes grandmothers, schoolteachers, a lady stockbroker and at least one grimly determined women's liberationist, who undergoes the bone-twisting routine once a week be-



cause "it's something men can't do." The new breed of belly dancer usually avoids the stage, performing instead in front of family or close friends—if she performs at all. Most women take the lessons merely for the exercise, which tightens up the abdomen, legs and ankles. New York's leading instructor is a veteran named Serena, who once performed in a nightclub but prefers the more academic life. She stresses respectability. "We are trying to create something," she chides a class that has been showing more bosom than belly. "Your costumes may be revealing, but they must have an air of mystery. Now tighten up your bras and let's start class.

Belly-dancing instructor Serena conducts a class in a mirrored hall so her students can follow their movements. She is working up a series of TV films to teach belly dancing as a new form of morning calisthenics.

During a beginners' class, Serena teaches Mrs. Jayne Squires, right, a grandmother, "an undulating torso movement" which helps to firm up the stomach.



Finger cymbals, which are being demonstrated above, are clanged together loudly during the fast part of the dance.

Serena, below, leads an intermediate class through Indian head movements, helpful in eliminating double chins.

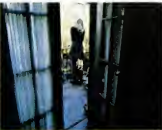


PARTING SHOTS

A dare encouraged Cassie to shake off her reserve

Six months after Cassie Kernan began her belly-dancing lessons (she is at extreme left on page 66), she was at a costume party in her jewel-spangled \$135 harem outfit. "If you can't do the dance, you shouldn't wear the outfit," a friend challenged. Cassie took the challenge, and now the 27-year-old New York socialite and mother of two has become an accomplished and enthusiastic dancer. She happily agreed, with her husband's approval, to demonstrate the art (below) at a recent party at the U.N.





We have very few things in common.
 I love French food. He loves steak. I like spending money.
 He likes to save it. He's very outgoing. And I'm sort of quiet.
 But when it comes to basic things, like what we
 want out of life, we always agree. What we want is each other.

A diamond is forever.



Ask your jeweler to explain how cut, color, clarity and carat weight determine the value and price of your engagement diamond. Many have the booklet "The 4 Cs: How to Buy a Diamond." As a guide to price, color, clarity and carat weight, jewelry is sold in Chicago, 1971. © 1971, De Beers Group of Companies. Photographs by Gail Fendler for De Beers Group of Companies. All rights reserved.





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