



LIFE

The Love and Terror Cult

The man who was their leader
The charge of multiple murder
The dark edge of hippie life

Charles Manson,
cult leader

DECEMBER 19 • 1969 • 40¢



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Founded 1749*

J&B Rare Scotch

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IT'S A FACT: Our small car has scored a big success. And the reason is simple—solid value. **FACT:** Maverick rivals the imports in gas mileage. **FACT:** Maverick gives you lots of leg, hip and headroom... plus 10.4 cu. ft. of trunk space. **FACT:** Maverick is easier and less expensive to maintain than an economy import. **FACT:** Now enjoy all the features you've ever wanted in a car—at a 1960 price that lets you stop worrying about rising costs.

*Ford's suggested retail price for the car. White sidewall tires are not included; they are \$30.00 extra. Since dealer preparation charges (if any), transportation charges and state and local taxes vary, they are not included, nor is extra equipment that is specially required by state law.

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For more information about these cars, see your Ford Dealer or write: Maverick Catalog, Dept. N-14 or Torino Catalog, Dept. N-15, P.O. Box 1503, Dearborn, Michigan 48121.



FAIRLANE 500 2-DOOR HARDTOP

FORD



Your Ford Dealer fights the price rise

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

New York Life Insurance Company



In praise of unhung wreaths and love

I had wanted to make this Christmas a "nice" Christmas, for my husband and for our baby and for everyone who came to our house in Los Angeles, and, because such plans tend always to involve an element of self-congratulation, a way of perceiving oneself in a new and flattering light. I suppose most of all for myself. I saw a house full of candles and star jasmine. I saw myself in a long Paisley caftan. I imagined a season of improbably good will during which the baby and I would make a crèche together, would do together so many small things as to imprint indelibly upon her memory some trace of the rituals of family love. We would make pomegranate jelly and wrap the jars in red Cellophane. We would sit at the piano and pick out carols together. There would be no harsh words spoken in our house, no trouble mentioned. We would spend two weeks in some special focus, a Christmas portfolio by Irving Penn.

Instead I find myself in New York, in a bleak hotel room over a nightclub. Musicians in dinner jackets take their break in the lobby. The night clerk asks my husband if we checked in with luggage, and addresses me pointedly as "Miss Didion." We share the elevator with Puerto Rican girls on call dates, men with failed eyes and worn Chesterfield coats, women with valiant 1942 make-up and gentled little hats and containers of cottage cheese for their dinner, an entire cast who somehow missed the call for whatever theatrical the rest of the country has been playing these past few years. It seems a peculiar time all over New York. Fathers and sons skate gravely around the Wollman rink, as if acting out some dutiful misapprehension of what fathers and sons are supposed to do. The windows along Fifth Avenue appear full of the same gold *minauderies* and drifts of white baste that have been in Christmas windows for as long as I remember. I no more want a gold *minauderie* than I want to go ice skating, but I begin to

feel obscurely anxious about it, almost derelict. The season of doubt is upon us.

I suppose that it is some specter of failed love, some chasm between the idea and the reality, that makes us wonder, come Christmas, if indeed we have been doing anything right. On the whole I do not think much about other people's expectations of me, but I do at Christmas. I tell myself that I need only to see the baby, who is in another city. I tell myself that I need only to see my mother and father, who are in still a different city. For an instant I want to be 10 again, or 16, and start over.

In that part of California where I grew up it always rained at Christmas, a hard cold rain that darkened the sky at 4 o'clock and threatened the levees and provided a table topic, at my grandmother's house on Christmas afternoon, to which we could all contribute without fear of making our emotions too manifest. It seems to me now that those Christmas afternoons in the rain were somehow "better" than any since, but of course I am lying to myself. Then as now, mothers and daughters misunderstood each other. Fathers and sons did not speak. I remember my mother telling me, after such an afternoon some years ago, that Christmas used to be "better," that lately we all drank too much and gave one another too many presents.

I walk very fast past F.A.O. Schwarz and try not to think about that. My husband and I see our lawyer, who tells us that because of a movie in which we are involved he has incorporated us in the state of Delaware. I abandon the attempt to understand why and wonder instead if we could give away shares in this phantasmagoria as Christmas presents. In the evening I telephone the baby, who tells me that she has a new dress. I ask about the dress but her attention has already waned. She has to go. She says, with an inflection I recognize as my own, that she is "working." Again I

feel that rush of dereliction, wish for a moment that I had grown up a different kind of woman, a woman who might even now be hanging a holly wreath on her door in Fairfield County. I have no wreath for my door in Los Angeles. I do not even know when I will next see my door in Los Angeles. The movie we are writing is about heroin users and my husband is already moving our clothes from the room above the nightclub to a room on upper Broadway, where the action takes place. There we will spend the next week with two junkies. Tomorrow we have an appointment with a dealer in a Blimpie Burger on a desolate West Side street. "I'll be there around noon," the contact says. "Or anyway between noon and four."

Because I am behind a couple of deadlines I spend most of the night in a deserted office where the only suggestion of human life is the faint clatter of an unintended AP wire. I watch the wire for a while and I think about that fantast hanging her wreath in Fairfield County and I think about sitting in the Blimpie Burger between noon and four and I begin to cry. I tell myself that I am crying because the baby told me in November that she wanted a necklace for Christmas, and instead of stringing beads by firelight I am watching an AP wire in an empty office.

But of course that is not why I am crying at all. Watching an AP wire in an empty office is precisely what I want to be doing; women do not end up in empty offices and Blimpie Burgers by accident, any more than three-year-olds and their mothers need to make pomegranate jelly together to learn about family love. I am crying because I am tired and feeling sorry for myself and because the abstract that is Christmas seems always to heighten the capacity not only for self-pity but for self-decision, seems ever to make me forget that we design our lives as best we can. There is something about Christmas, not the private mystery of it but the coercive public celebration of it, that victimizes us all. The baby will not be bereft on Christmas, nor will she ever know whether I string her beads myself on the first of December or bought them on the twenty-fourth. Now I am going to wash my face and finish the work I like to do. The baby will know something about family love on Christmas because she knows something about it today, and she will also know something about its complexities.



Walking at Christmas time, one's visions are one's own.

This Christmas, give a friend something he can call his own.

Chances are, you have a friend who's raised the cocktail to astonishing heights of mediocrity. Why not get him Calvert's to pass off as his own?

Each and every one—the martini, manhattan, daiquiri, whiskey sour, gin sour, vodka martini, tequila sour, and margarita—tastes as if it came straight from a bartender's shaker. Because we start with whole fresh fruit and add our nationally known Calvert brands of liquor.

And each takes no time to prepare. All your friend does is shake or stir with ice.

Come to think of it, why don't you get Calvert's? Your friends probably aren't that wild about your cocktails either.

**They're Calvert's Cocktails,
but you can call them yours.**



© 1994 Calvert's Cocktails, Inc. New York, NY





GALLERY

In 1899 Frances B. Johnston was commissioned to create a portfolio of photographs of the Hampton Institute, a Virginia school for Negroes and American Indians. She had to work with a ponderous view camera, without the aid of modern lighting equipment, requiring her subjects to stay motionless for several seconds before their images could be fixed on glass plates. Her pictures—shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1900—survive now not only as delightful historical documents, but as sharp-edged social commentary. Miss Johnston was an early fighter for the rights of women and minorities, and her photographs reflect a deliberate irony. In *Class in American History* (left), Indian students in uniform confront an Indian in tribal dress, who stands before a stuffed American eagle. Behind the class hangs a Remington painting of the Indians' old nemesis, the U.S. Cavalry.





Stairway of Treasurer's Residence: Students at Work

The horse is better than most 1970 cars.

We are not joking. The run-of-the-mill 1970 car is an affront to progress.

It's too expensive to buy. And too expensive to run. It's almost impossible to park, and maneuvering it through city traffic would try the nerves of a saint.

You'd be better off with a horse.

Which is sure-footed, inexpensive, maneuverable and it eats hay. Nice, cheap, hay.

We, at Renault, are one of the few automakers to make a car that's better than the horse.

The Renault 10.

Since it gets 35 miles to the gallon, it is cheap to run.

And since it has independent suspension and disc brakes, it is sure-footed and easy to stop.

And since it is maneu-



verable, it is easy to park.

And since it costs \$1,725* it is easy to buy.

And it is also more comfortable than the horse.

RENAULT 



Visit a Renault showroom, fill in a coupon for the chance to win an all-expense paid vacation for four at a famous Colorado Dude Ranch.

Give the luck of the Scotch.



Johnnie Walker Red
So smooth-world's best selling Scotch

Bleached Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

Critic's Roundup

At the holiday season the movie industry reminds me of some rich old uncle unsure of what to send the nieces and nephews he never did know very well and who have changed a good deal since he last saw them. His solution is always the same—he spends too much and sends too much. The result is always the same, too—a great heap of stuff under the tree, little of which will be taken to heart. Some of this year's loot:

John and Mary are, in fact, Dustin and Mia, together for the first time, but just the way you've always loved them. Their vehicle could not be more fragile: a boy and a girl meet in a singles' bar, go quickly to bed, after the modern fashion, then spend the next day getting acquainted, with the result that they really fall in love. This reversal is about all the movie has to offer in the way of novelty, but under Peter Yates's tactful direction, it turns out to be a mildly chic, mildly engaging little thing, played with admirable believability by its principals. It is aimed precisely at the squishy, romantic hearts of the under-25 set who now dominate the movie audience and it will surely provide them



Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow

with some innocent pleasure. Unlike *The Graduate*, it is unpretentious and will do no harm to any of their elders should they happen to drop in.

I sometimes think Hollywood has invented a special lens for looking back on turn-of-the-century America—one that makes everything seem tinged with golden hues and slightly out of focus. It can be, in moderation, a pleasant effect, and there are moments in *The Reivers*, based on William Faulkner's last novel, that are very likable. It is, however, a rambling and pointless mess in which a white man (Steve McQueen) and a black man (Rupert Crosse) borrow a snazzy car from the leading citizen of a small Mississippi town and induce that worthy's young grandson (Mitch Vogel) to join them on an excursion to Memphis. There they introduce

him to the perils and pleasures of manhood, coax him into jockeying for them in a horse race they must win if they are to retain grandp's car, and teach him how painful and troublesome high-scale praveication can be. Screenplay and direction strive so hard to recapture that old-time lei-



Steve McQueen in *The Reivers*

sureliness that our interest in the events of the story is reduced to minimal levels. *The Reivers* evokes occasional comfortable chuckles but never the laughter that is a way of acknowledging a film's relevance to an audience. Perhaps part of our trouble is our present-day disbelief in the film's insistence on such gentle, albeit Faulknerian, treatment of a rambunctious Negro in the South of 1900.

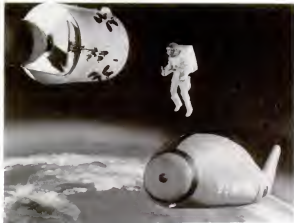
Gaily, Gaily, based on Ben Hecht's autobiographical sketches about going to Chicago in 1910, and the destruction of his country-boy idealism by that gaudy city's political and journalistic life, is also an exercise in nostalgia. It is a good deal more frantic in style than *The Reivers*, and rather more intrinsically interesting, since we don't get many movies about the central fact of American life in the early days of this century: the creation of the modern urban milieu. Director Norman Jewison strives for oxymoron—bawdy innocence—and occasionally achieves it, but despite the film's lividuous energy, it doesn't really work. Screenwriter Abram S. Ginsus has not succeeded in stitching Hecht's short pieces into a truly dramatic narrative, and seems after seven peters out without achieving either comic or dramatic resolution. Jewison gets some nice isolated moments out of Beau Bridges in the leading role, but from several of the supporting actors, but none achieves a really complete characterization, possibly because it wasn't called for—indications being sufficient to the director's very broad purposes. Again, it is a likable movie, but an unsatisfying one.

If your taste in flops runs to ambitious ones, you can do no better than Writer-Director Richard Brooks's *The Happy Ending*. It was his admirable intention to examine seriously the institution of middle-class marriages that have attained a certain age—a subject taken up all too rarely by American moviemakers. But the result is disgusting. The real issues between a man and a woman who have been married for a while are subtle, very often unspoken, perhaps undramatizable. To evade this defect Brooks has concocted a melodramatic travesty of a relationship in which a gin-guzzling wife (Jean Simmons) and dull-witted mate (John Forsythe) have at it for a couple of unpleasant hours. Their friends are equally vapid, without saving grace in style or intellect. I came to loathe all of them impartially, but I came to find Mr. Brooks even more contemptible. Following the basically sound fashion of making a highly personal statement on film, he has run afoul of Catch 22 in the new esthetic, which holds that if you should by mischance possess a coarse, insipid and pretentious mentality the film will reflect these qualities. Mr. Brooks finishes in a dead heat with Elia Kazan for creating more cringes per linear foot of film than anyone else in 1969. Considering the year it has been, that is no mean achievement.

The commercial intent of *Marsonee* is to place on the great screen before you a common current nightmare—that a group of astronauts are someday going to get hung up in orbit. The film plausibly places them on that sky hook, then proceeds to detail a possible, if not entirely plausi-

Russian space shot there. And John Sturges, who likes to make movies about shiny gadgets (*Les Spation Zebus*, *The Saturn Bug*), somehow keeps the suspense building, right up and over the feeble dialogue and the wooden acting. The special effects are swell and I ended up feeling nice and tense despite myself. Any father who refuses to take his little boy to *Marsonee* during school vacation deserves no better than a dull narrown necktie for Christmas.

For adults, something very good indeed has arrived from abroad. It is called *Z* and it is based on the historical record of the assassination of a political liberal in Greece in 1963. The kill was made to look, by its right-wing perpetrators, like a traffic accident, and we see now that not only was it not an accident, it was also a harbinger of the dictatorship that was to come to that unhappy nation. Why it's so good about Director Costa-Gravas' simple, forceful reconstruction of the event is its understatement. There is almost no preaching, just a steady piling up of clues, a slow revelation of the lies with which the criminals attempted to cover their tracks. There is a fine performance by Jean-Louis Trintignant as the judge who patiently investigates the incident and puts his career on the line when he is forced to the conclusion that the conspiracy involves the most powerful elements in the nation—police, army, government. It seems almost irrelevant to speak of direction and acting when you are dealing with a film of this kind. Of course it is a superior *police*, expertly entertaining. But it is also a powerful statement about how easily any establishment



In astronaut performs some EVA in *Marsonee*

ble, attempt to detach them from it. Frightfully weak on characterization, its people created apparently by riffling through old copies of *Wings* and *Outstanding Stories*, *Marsonee*'s script nevertheless twists fate, if not characters, in interesting ways—an inconceivable hurricane here, a convenient

can turn vicious. It requires only a little laziness, a little willed blindness, a little corruption for it to have its own way. On film decease triumphs, but we know that in less than five years it had lost out in reality. And that knowledge chills our satisfaction as we leave the theater.

by Richard Schickel



Photography: Art Wolfe for American Express

Engagement.

A time when mind and heart and all the beauty in the world beat as one.

A diamond is forever.



Ask your jeweler to explain how cut, color, clarity and carat weight determine the value and price of an engagement diamond. Many have the booklet "The Day You Buy a Diamond."

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Igor's Saga, Volume Six

RETROSPECTIVES AND
CONCLUSIONS
BY IGOR STRAVINSKY
and ROBERT CRAFT
(Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.) \$7.95

By my count, this book is Volume Six of a saga which began years ago when Igor Stravinsky, then as now the world's most illustrious composer, and Robert Craft, his young American aide-de-camp, filled in their spare time on concert tours by reminiscing, in question-and-answer form, about Stravinsky's past. I, for one, ardently pray there will always be a sequel. Not a musician myself, I nonetheless cannot think of any books I reread of tenor or laugh over with greater delight or simply trust—blind spots and all—more implicitly. I am addicted to them, in fact, as I once was addicted to Buck Rogers and Sherlock Holmes. At the same time, as rationally and objectively as possible, I believe that they constitute the work of contemporary biography most likely to be cherished a century from now, as

today we cherish Boswell's *Johnson*. In part this is due to their celebrated subject matter: an enormous segment of European culture after 1900 is contiguous to the musical invention and creator psychology of Igor Stravinsky. It is also due to the exceptional literary art of the books themselves. Their language is relentlessly dapper and there is a live nervous system pulsing in every sentence.

Even so, this might make them merely good, or historically important, books. What makes them delicious, to be owned and scribbled in and doted on, is their basic story, in which a trio of zealous free souls enacts on what, for years, I have thought of as the larkest living soap opera in the Western world. Call them the Stravinsky Trine, or the Musical *Misogynist-Trois* or the *Three Ways Marriage-of-True-Minds*. Their names are "Eager" (as Madame S. pronounces it), a *monstré sacré* who is also a tart-tongued, tax-harried but immensely endearing *Wanderergrüß*; "Verusha," his blue-eyed, ever-wise, passionately loved consort; and "Bolinakny," their best friend, first lieutenant, proxy son, and hardest water-cher.

In their latest episode, they continue to jet around the world, to Greece, Paris, Zurich (with a difficult page on how to conduct a num-



Igor Stravinsky

bered bank account). New York and points west. Along the way, as before, they meet luminous and numinous people, die heroically, read omnivorously, exchange dogmatism. They speak half a dozen languages and relish ten-dollar words. They begin over with sane good humor, intelligent malice and childlike curiosity. They are also healthily tough. Perhaps because they love each other so securely, they enjoy a candor which is unafraid of the unflattering side of the truth.

Consequently the gossip is shrewd and adult—French, in fact, the sort of thing we rarely get in print here in timorous, unanalyzed America. Mr. Craft, especially, can be winningly frank, even indiscreet, and so we learn why Isherwood was once unwelcome at Chaplin's house; what Eliot drank before, during and after a dinner;

Auden "burst into tears" on September 5, 1951. There are glimpses of Marianne Moore, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, Somerset Maugham, Duchamp, a dozen others. Edith Sitwell "enters the room peeling long black gloves and remarking that once a gorilla . . . watched her do this, then tried to do the same with his hands, failing in which he kissed her. . ."

But even that "Eager's" life is not all fun and games. A long central section describes a nearly fatal thrombosis suffered in 1967, and even if you do not know a bar of Stravinsky's music these pages will churn your marrow. You may just weep, too, though not because the events are frightening, but because Mr. Craft's account is so graphic, so truly seen and unflinchingly told.

The fact is, "Bolinakny" has turned out to be not only a first-rate musician and an individually lively friend, but one of the best writers—*tant c'est*—of his generation. And among other things, thanks to him, *Retrospectives and Conclusions* is as tender and precise a love story—of Love Entirely Required, that is—as we are likely to get this year.

Mr. Phelps is a novelist and critic who edited *Earthly Paradise*, an autobiographical anthology of Colette.

by Robert Phelps

A Boyhood Lost at Sea

A FALL FROM ALOFT
by BRIAN BURLAND
(Random House) \$4.95

Young innocence assailed by brutal maturity—the subject is common enough in our literature. But there's an aspect of it less common than it should be: I mean the impact on a young and impressionable mind of an enforced life among men who, though fundamentally decent in peace, have been deprived and animalized by war. The young Rimhaud, for example, was thrown among rough soldiers during the Franco-Prussian struggle. The poem which commemorates his experience is one of the most terrible he ever wrote—terrible less in its realism than in its restraint.

Rimhaud wrote his poem while undergoing his ordeal. Brian Burland, a novelist capable of flashes of poetry, has waited 25 years to fictionalize his own youthful baptism of agony. In 1914, as a raw and sheltered schoolboy, he was put on a freighter bound for England from



Brian Burland

Bermuda to continue his education. Burland has made a novel of his experience instead of dishing it up as an uncooked autobiography. Fiction lets him objectively compress, and to move his experience forward two years to the worst period of the war at sea. It also universalizes the particular, so that the boy, James Berkeley, may serve as a symbol for all the bewildered young who have enough to do coping with the inner battles of pubescence without the irrelevant outside horrors of war.

Burland could have published his novel 10 or more years ago (he is already 38) but hardly in this unassuming form. His method requires a total naturalism which would not, till recently, have been easily tolerated by those who delight in snell-

ing out actionable obscenity. Life as it was lived "all the way across the Atlantic shovled up the arc of a great tin whale" has to be presented mostly in terms of physical frustration. The sailors are neither coxist nor queasy, but they all want a woman. They talk in below-decks euphemisms for homosexuality, but there is not one pedester in the whole crew. Berkeley is luckier than Rimhaud.

Nevertheless he has enough agonized preoccupations to fill his days and nights in the fo'c's'le. His family is Bermudian-gentle; his messmates are deck-scrappers. They jere at him and call him "Lord Fauntleroy," and he is given the violent seasickness "cure" of salt water. There is no sympathy, no compassion, no *rapport*.

Inside, he has his self-induced agony of pubescent sexual guilt, all mixed up with pubescent chivalry. The erotic reminiscences of the sailors both excite and disgust him. He wants both to protect women and to ravish them. He is a sinner, but it is hardly fair that his hell should come so soon; it is a subversion of decent theology, which teaches that hell comes in the next world, not now on the sick, jering, U-boat-ridden Atlantic.

The boy, inevitably, sometimes cries with self-pity, but Burland does not acquiesce in the tramp etics: he

is pretty cold, fairly objective. He concentrates on externals—the smell of vomit, the crumpled unchanged clothes, the gross feeding, the paucity stations. Most of all, he concentrates on the language of low sailors, men at sea in more than one sense. I have never before met such meticulous reproduction of the idiom of the lower deck, in all its picturesque banality.

There is no plot beyond the slow trundling eastward of the convoy, the squall and the apprehension. At length James Berkeley is put on the London train at Glasgow. The song of the rails is: "Lost at sea, lost at sea. . . heard no more. . . no more of him, no more of him, no more. . ." It is true; he has been wrenched out of his boyhood; the boy has gone overboard. As in Blake's *Book of Thel*, experience has come in like a "voice of sorrow breathed from the hollow pit."

Burland is a tough, bearded man with an American accent but a British passport. He is a mid-Atlantic man whose roots are less in country than in the Anglo-American language. That he can handle that language well, and is soon going to handle it superbly, this first novel impressively, and movingly, attests.

Mr. Burgess's most recent book, published last spring, is *Urgent Copy*.

by Anthony Burgess

Instead of just Scotch give a Tradition.



The White Horse Cellar



EST. 1742

White Horse. The difference between ordinary and legendary.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY - 80 PROOF - FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C., N.Y.

CLIP THIS AD

Now then. Give it to your husband as a reminder of what you'd really like for Christmas.

And don't forget to tell him why you'd much rather have a Hamilton than any other washer and dryer. Tell him they're built to last. So they'll be easier on his paycheck. And the budget. Tell him they're also built to make life much easier for you. So you'll have more time for him. And the children. Hamilton. The no-nonsense washer and dryer. Each with a unique suspension system that minimizes noise, wear, and repairs. And that won't nickel-and-dime you to death with a lot of service nonsense. By next Christmas. Or the next. Or the next.

Hamilton
The no-nonsense washer and dryer.



HAMILTON APPLIANCE DIVISION
FRANKLIN & MANUFACTURING CO.
ST. CLOUD, MINNESOTA 56301

LIFE THEATER REVIEW

Where the Joke is On, In and At TV

GROOVE TUBE

When can a case be made for lawdiness in public entertainment?

This question is raised by a little show, *Groove Tube*, that is running now off Broadway in a theater called Channel One, also in Chicago and is hooked into a dozen institutes of high learning, starting this month at Cornell University. *Groove Tube* is a bunch of skits put on video tape and projected by closed-circuit TV onto three monitors.

The show is the brain child—or brain litter, if you like—of two young graduates of Bard College, Kenneth Shapiro and Lane Sarasohn, who have been tinkering underground with video shows for three years. Now they have surfaced with a new theater and have spliced together their most popular items for wider exposure. In this private dart game the main target is television, and *Groove Tube* finds plenty of malicious fun in steamy commercials and the lofty expertise of some news and sports announcers.

A pair of Olympic sportscasters, for example, guide us through the final event of the "34th annual sex games." Curt and Christina, the West German team, must win another 19 points against the aggressive Canadians. We watch them on the TV screen, represented by a scratchy oldtime sex-py film that blacks out at crucial scenes. The cool announcers bid us appreciate "the classic frontal embrace which is favored by most European teams," followed by "a sweep, a false pass, a curl and a probe." All this nonsense, far more comic than erotic, makes us laugh at the phony aplomb of the commentators who have a glib word—for anything.

The basis of most *Groove Tube* humor is incongruity. We see it again in *Kramp TV Kitchen*, which without benefit of ribaldry reduces audiences to more aching laughter than I have heard on Broadway this year. As the camera closes in on a pair of busy hands at a kitchen table, the Voice of Authority instructs the housewife how to make an awful meal called Fourth of July Heritage Loaf. Casseroles are rubbed with Kramp Easy-Lube shortening. Apples are peeled and smeared with Easy-Lube. The housewife is told to put a big glob

of mashed potato on her palm, stick an onion in the middle and squeeze it in her fist. Chaos prevails. The Voice rattles on. And the Heritage Loaf finally emerges from the oven, ugly and hard as a brick, to be coated with fake whipped cream. Frankly, I don't know why this should convulse an audience—it did me—unless it releases some old childhood glee in making mud pies. Or does it remind us of all the brainless blather we hear in the face of calamity?

As an interlude, *Finger Ballet* shows close-up shots of a man's two fingers prancing and pirouetting across a hilly landscape that turns out to be a woman's body. Lewd? Yes. But also imaginative, humorous, and rather preposterously lyrical.

TV-spoofing is resumed with a medley of commercials for beauty and hygiene, deodorant sprays, shampoos, unguents, soaps, salves and lathers, with shots of gorgeous females shaving their legs and young mothers ushering their little girls into this seductively sudsy world, all to a



Shapiro and his groove tube

background of velvety organ music and a flow of verbal Vaseline. A similar visceral approach is kidded in a pitch for a new motor car, which begins by implying that a man who buys this vehicle will gain greater sexual potency, and ends with a promise that here is "the car that supports the illusion that you are important."

Groove Tube may prove offensive to some people, and should be avoided without shame or embarrassment by anyone who is leery of such goings-on. But, in most cases, I found its dips into ribaldry justified by their humor and inventiveness. It never sinks to the mirthless level of New York's big skin show, *Oh! Calcutta!*, nor does it, like that show, feel bound to be hardy every minute. Its finest moment for me, in fact, shows a newscaster winding up with a rapid little anecdote just before the camera leaves him. Only, instead of leaving, the camera remains riveted on him, minute after minute, while he sits miserably at his desk with nothing to do but stare. The empty face of television was never better personified.

by Tom Prideaux
LIFE Theater Editor



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FORD'S



CORTINA

Posthumous Stardom for a Once and Future Lord

THE LORD BUCKLEY PHENOMENON



Can you imagine a comedian making his debut 10 years after his death? Not as a once-famous performer coming back from the grave, mind you—like W. C. Fields or Lenny Bruce—but as a complete unknown coming out of nowhere to posthumous fame? Can you imagine this old bird—a white man who looks like Colonel Blimp—breaking up today's kids with imitations of Negro speech that were considered tasteless and bigoted even 25 years ago? Can you picture this Great Unknown, in this man without a face, without a story or even a crown of thorns, lending his name to rock groups and fashionable boutiques, bringing out "new" records on half a dozen labels and becoming a legend as this generation's superfunny father figure? If you can't handle this mental overload, you obviously aren't ready for the Lord Buckley Phenomenon, a far more bizarre than Tiny Tim, more baffling than Marshall McLuhan's latest book.

Let's start with the basic facts. Many years ago, during the Depression, there was a comic named Richard Buckley, who worked the Walkathons, tent shows and speakeasies of the Mid and Far West. A strapping six-foot-one, 185-pound redwood topper, this lanky lumberjack won the affection of the Mob by ridiculing the suckers in Chicago's murkiest dives. Eventually, he opened his own club in Sin City and hired every famous Negro jazzman of the day. Digging the whole black scene, the jazz, the jive talk, the joy-living, this hearty, handsome son of the pioneers became that terrible thing, "a nigger lover."

Imitation being the highest form of flattery, Richard Buckley soon took to impersonating Negroes onstage, though never in blackface. Standing before his audience in a tuxedo and pith helmet, with his lobster eyes and imperious waxed mustache giving him the look of an appoplectic English lord, he would open his thin waxy lips and out would pour the thickest, blackest, funkiest stream of slang ghetto jive talk ever heard on an American stage. What made the act even more bizarre was the use to which he put this low-down gutter language. Buckley's monologues invariably concerned religious themes, like the life of Jesus (his most famous routine was *The Naz—* or *Nazarene*) or the story of Jonah and the whale. Far from burlesquing these sacred subjects, he exalted them anew by pouring into them all the enthusiasm and chullience of his own extravagant temperament.

Like the oldtime stump preachers and evangelists, Lord Buckley was possessed by the Spirit as soon as he spoke the Word. His eyes flashed, his muscular body rocked, his mighty voice—an organ of operatic range and power—swung and soared like a drunken American eagle. When the theme really exercised him, as in his narrative of the miracles of Jesus, he reached Shakespearean heights of eloquence and passion. On the other side of his seitz, he could get so far into his black bag that not only did he convince you of his essential negritude, he did something much more remarkable. He got down to that black bedrock where Negro speech

and Negro music are one and the same thing: where jive and jazz, salt and sass come welling out of the ground in a pungently mixed stream. Patterning his words and sounds into powerfully propulsive licks and riffs, Lord Buckley proved himself to be the first and only successful jazz comic in the history of American show business.

Probably the greatest of his routines is *The Hip Gun*, a chant-fable about Mahatma Gandhi that breathes love and joy through every pore as Lord Buckley invigates a great convocation of Indian musicians gathered in a feast of thanksgiving for their spiritual leader: he of the love-beaming spectacles and clean white dhoti. Reeling off the epic catalogues and professional scenes of this mad Mother Indian temple frieze, Buckley rhapsodizes up to the limits of language and then beyond as he swings into the spectrum of sound and music. The monologue's punch line is pure jazz. Mr. Rabahde, the although player, has asked the "Gan" which instrument has played the best; when his "sweet double-bipness" replies that his favorite instrument has not been included in the festive symphony, Mr. Rabahde bursts into tears, demanding to know which one is missing. The answer comes in a string of rhythmic riffs (Buckley breathlessly seat-singing) that spell out the triumphant rejoinder—"The spinning wheel!"

More than the sunny humor or the jazzy virtuosity of this piece, what strikes one listening to it today is its amazing harmony with the spirit of love and joy and cosmic aspiration which is animating the current youth generation. Buckley, dead at 51 in 1960, appears to have vaulted over his own and the intervening age to land smack down in the middle of these Aquarian times. Too healthy for sick humor, too Western for New York humor, too gentle for Jewish humor, too generous for sardonic and too ebullient for satire, in fine, a total anachronism in the old days, Lord Buckley is today the only comic who is perfectly in tune with what is happening.

Whether you look at the man as a master mixer of the media, a poyeared bard of blackness or the first great surfer on that sea of Eastern mysticism that is engulfing our youth, Buckley checks out as beautiful and contemporary. Everything that once might have seemed forced or false in his art suddenly rings true. Now you want to be with him, digging the man's indomitable gusto, his wild and whirling words, his vocal boops and heats—digging everything right down to his low hoary chuckle and ripely flutulent Bronx cheer. What is there left to say? The only good comic these days is a dead comic!

Mr. Goldman is a critic who frequently reviews the popular scene for LIFE.

by Albert Goldman



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LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

Bleeps in the Night

HELP! HELP! THE GLOBOLINKS
by GIAN CARLO MENOTTI



Three floating Globolinks surround an earthbound school bus

Children," says Gian Carlo Menotti, "are the only really candid audience left—one which comes to the theater without esthetic preoccupations, which cares little for who the composer is and asks no questions."

In 1951, Menotti wrote an operatic classic for children, *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, which through countless television and stage performances has become the most successful Christmas opera since Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. Now, nearly 20 years later, he has written another remarkable children's opera, a satiric yet tender space-age masterpiece called *Help! Help! The Globolinks*. It turns up next week at the New York City Center on a double bill with *Amahl* for 19 performances (starting Dec. 22) and is scheduled for 30 other productions throughout the country during 1970. It deserves every one of them. It is one of the most enjoyable and provocative musical works of the last decade.

Menotti has become more popular with the public than with the critics. Essentially a conservative composer whose music begins about where Puccini's leaves off, he has been particularly disparaged by those well disposed to the avant-garde.

Beneath the genial, childlike facade of *Help! Help! The Globolinks*, Menotti clearly is paying his respects to some of his detractors. Even more: he's having his say about the whole business of electronic music, synthesizers and computerized composition. And in so doing he has written a musical parable about the entire mechanization of our times. Consider what happens in the opera. A broadcaster announces that an army of space invaders called Globolinks has landed on the earth. Guns, cannons, tanks—nothing can stop them, and anybody they touch will turn into a Globolink himself within 24 hours. But the one thing the Globolinks cannot abide is the sound of music—solid,

melodic, old-fashioned music, produced by real instruments and played by real people. When they hear that, they scatter and flee.

The Globolinks themselves are electronic-music people. They converse by means of hips, lips and squiggles; in this opera buzzing, whooshing sounds fill the auditorium whenever they appear. Even if he doesn't like electronic music he knows how to compose it.

Opposition to the Globolinks is spearheaded by a group of schoolchildren trapped in a school bus by the invaders. For a time, the sound of the bus horn is enough to scatter the weird-looking space creatures, and Mr. Menotti has provided a harmonious but klaxon induced, which emits the notes G, E, C, G—in no coincidence, the notes of the C-major triad, one of music's basic patterns. Equally important in defeating the Globolinks is a little girl named Emily, who takes up the theme on her violin, playing it heavily as she wanders among the electronic invaders like Orpheus among the Furies. By the end of the 70-minute opera the meaning is clear: art is emotional, not intellectual, and music stops being music when it is all brain and no heart.

But *Help! Help! The Globolinks* needs no allegorical significance to make it enjoyable. The Globolinks themselves are creatures of fun, whirling devices that resemble top hats stacked one atop the other, spinning about in dizzying dancer patterns. The children are a lively gang, and the school they attend has one of the most bizarre and diverting faculties ever gathered under one educational roof. With his new opera Menotti will probably not put his critics out of business, but he thumbs his nose at them with an artistry that the merest child can appreciate.

Mr. Kupferberg, a music critic, wrote *Those Fabulous Philadelphians*.

by Herbert Kupferberg

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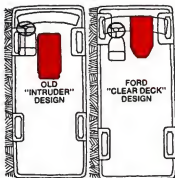
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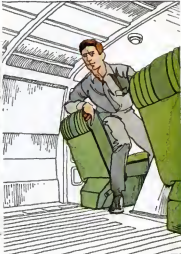
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PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

Sirs:

I'm primarily a social and industrial photographer, but I occasionally do newspaper sports photography. I took this picture of football players performing an arabeque during the Whittier College-Cal Western game.

Wenseslao Diaz

Whittier, Calif.



Sirs:

This photo was taken at a high school football game by my 16-year-old son Jeff, who, ever since he was in the fifth grade, has taken almost all the sports pictures for the weekly *Tribune*, of which I am publisher. I thought it was somewhat apart from the usual football picture.

Virgil M. Smith

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Bob Dawson

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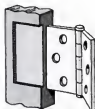
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SINGAPORE: *Maria Clark.* CANBERRA: *Hugh Greenwood.* TOKYO: *Edwin Renegard.*
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE U.S. MAILS

Sirs:
There is something to be said for your story ("The U.S. Mail Mess," Nov. 28)—particularly since it would not have come to my attention had the magazine been delivered to the address instead of me, a nonsubscriber!

ROBERTA A. WARD
Billerica, Mass.

Sirs:
My copy of LIFE arrived one day early this week.

HARRY D. CUTCHALL

Chambersburg, Pa.
Sirs:
Why not be fair and admit that over 99% of the nation's mail is properly and expeditiously delivered?

CHESTER R. DAY
National Association of
Letter Carriers, Branch 24
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:
Whatever flaws the postal service has, the idea of converting it into a private corporation isn't the solution. Trying to deal with a corporation on pay matters and fringe benefits without the right to withhold our services would be like trying to argue with a robber who has a gun at your head.

DALE WAINWRIGHT
Arlington, Va.

Sirs:
What better six-cent bargain is there? First-class mail is the only direct benefit that so many of us tax-paying consumers get from the federal government. Now, in the interest of efficiency and profit, we are told that we must give up this "subsidy" while other segments of our society continue to receive theirs.

JOSIAS J. GIRO
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Sirs:
Has anyone stopped to figure the increase in postal rates if the system is turned over to private enterprise? The system runs in the red now, so the rates would have to be increased at this point just to break even!

KEITH M. MCLAVIN
Fort Worth, Texas

Sirs:
Even with abolition of bureaucratic "shoe-leather-and-pigeonhole" methods, a new postal system may understandably grind to a halt if something is not done to contain the Niagara of "junk" or unsolicited, unwanted mail now choking private mailboxes.

J. DELANEY

Washington, D.C.
Sirs:
What the Post Office Department needs most is a good public relations

department to inform the public the service is not as bad as most magazine and newspaper editors seem to think it is.

CARL L. KERR
Letter Carrier 231
East Camden P.O.
Camden, N.J.

MORATORIUM

Sirs:
I wish I had such strong faith in mankind that I could join the ranks of the peace demonstrators ("The Moratorium—a View from the Inside," Nov. 28). But that is a luxury item I can't afford. Yes, a large percentage of people the world over are "beautiful, soft 'n' different" (to use their phraseology), but I can't believe that wars are going to disappear from the face of the earth on this basis. There will always be power-hungry demagogues around to take advantage of such naivete. I am afraid the peace movement is an attempt to buy time for which we will ultimately pay an extraordinary price.

ROSE MARIE WONG
Goleta, Ga.

SPIRO AGNEW

Sirs:
Two pages of Spiro Agnew ("I Did It on My Own," Nov. 28) and eight pages promoting the Moratorium.

Your publication is fast becoming a glaring example of what the Vice President is talking about.

GARY D. COOPER
Ferguson, Mo.

Sirs:
Protests have become so commonplace and "newsy" that the American public has become overly tolerant of their existence. Mr. Agnew's thought-provoking exposition refreshes our minds by reaffirming protesting's basic nonconstructive thrust, its negative implications and the prevalence of hopeful alternatives to such efforts.

KENDRICK B. MELROSE
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:
If Mr. Agnew fears the men on the barricades, I fear the police state; the Weimar Republic was destroyed from the right, not from the left.

LUCYVAITH C. RAMPTON
Salt Lake City, Utah

Sirs:
Liberal tendencies can be excused. Even the absence of any really conservative commentator on the national networks could be forgiven. But the philosophy of despair in which you Eastern intellectuals of the news media are drowning yourselves is too much. Your obsession with filth is too much. Your reporting of the lowering of the

human spirit to the animal level is too much. Your outlook on life—more than your political philosophy—is badly in need of repair.

HUGH T. MATTHEWS
Dallas, Texas

MUSIC REVIEW

Sirs:
Tom Prideaux, a writer I generally admire, really blew it in his review "The Rise of the Sci-Love Song" (Nov. 28). The songs he refers to, notably, *I've Gotta Be Me*, are not narcissistic ego trips, but, on the contrary, represent a very real contemporary desire for the discovery of a meaningful identity and existence in an often chaotic and contradictory world.

DAVID W. HAMMOND
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Sirs:
I've Gotta Be Me isn't self-praise at all, but a simple and plaintive cry for freedom of expression. "To think one self is true," said Shakespeare. Would Prideaux damn that as hedonistic?

HOWARD JAY FRIEDMAN
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:
There is a song from my childhood that started out, "I love me, I love me, I'm wild about sweet me." That was 45 years ago, and the disc may have been years older. Old stuff, self-love; mere revival, but amusing article.

J. D. HALE
Tempe, Ariz.

PUTNEY SWOPE

Sirs:
You've done it again! Glorified and glamorized an obscene, vile movie as though every good American loves it ("Robert Downey Makes Vile Movies," Nov. 28).

When Downey gets his Christ film made you say it will be vile, offensive and blasphemous, all of us know who will give it a nice rap. Sorry, I won't be reading that one.

DONALD VOELKER
Columbus, Ind.

Sirs:
When one considers the indignities man has heaped upon Christ in the past 2,000 years, it seems likely that He will also survive one of Downey's cinematic onslaughts.

MYRTLE F. TEE
Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:
We of the A.S.P.C.A. are not only proud of our work but we are proud of our facilities. It makes us cringe a little, therefore, to read of our headquarters building on 92nd Street (not yet 20 years old) being described as "a moldy warehouse." It is just not true.

WILLIAM MAPEL
Administrative Vice President
A.S.P.C.A.
New York, N.Y.

AFRICAN ANTELOPE

Sirs:
Thank you for the article "African Antelope" (Dec. 5). John Dominici's photographs of these beautiful, free creatures were pleasing to the soul as well as the eye.

MRS. R. LEATHERMAN
Carpinteria, Calif.

Sirs:
Absolutely beautiful. The fragile gerenuk has beauty beyond my vocabulary, but they are all so tender and alive. We must save these pictures because in fifty years these animals will probably all be extinct.

LINDA DRUMMOND
Kansas City, Kan.

COLUMN

Sirs:
Joan Didion's "A Problem of Making Connections" (Dec. 5) is a work of rare courage. For, on an individual plane, she has articulated the dull pain of the confusing apathy that afflicts so many of us. Stunned by daily exposure to news of "alleged" war crimes at Mylai, of one third of college students on drugs, of privation and violence in the ghetto, and of violence, we are numbed; nothing seems to matter.

And yet, small comfort that it might be to Joan Didion, it does seem to matter to her that nothing matters. Maybe that is a beginning.

TANA SIBELLO
Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:
Between Joan Didion and me it is still a missed connection; she comes through pretty murky. One thing is for sure, she is not your average housewife worrying about stubborn stains in the kitchen sink.

JAMES MCGRATH
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:
Strange fruit for LIFE, the family magazine, that page by Joan Didion, with its dark perception of the "arrested vacuum out there just beyond our eye's range." And when we turn to the Mylai massacre the darkness grows so that we begin to question the very idea of moral man.

FRANKLIN COFF
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:
Mrs. Didion's article keeps you awake nights; it, like her, so barely glued together yet so devastating.

I suggest you give her the TIME-LIFE Building.

RICHARD DUNNE
Cambridge, Mass.

FOR COMMENT ON THE
MYLAI MASSACRE (DEC. 5)
SEE PAGE 48

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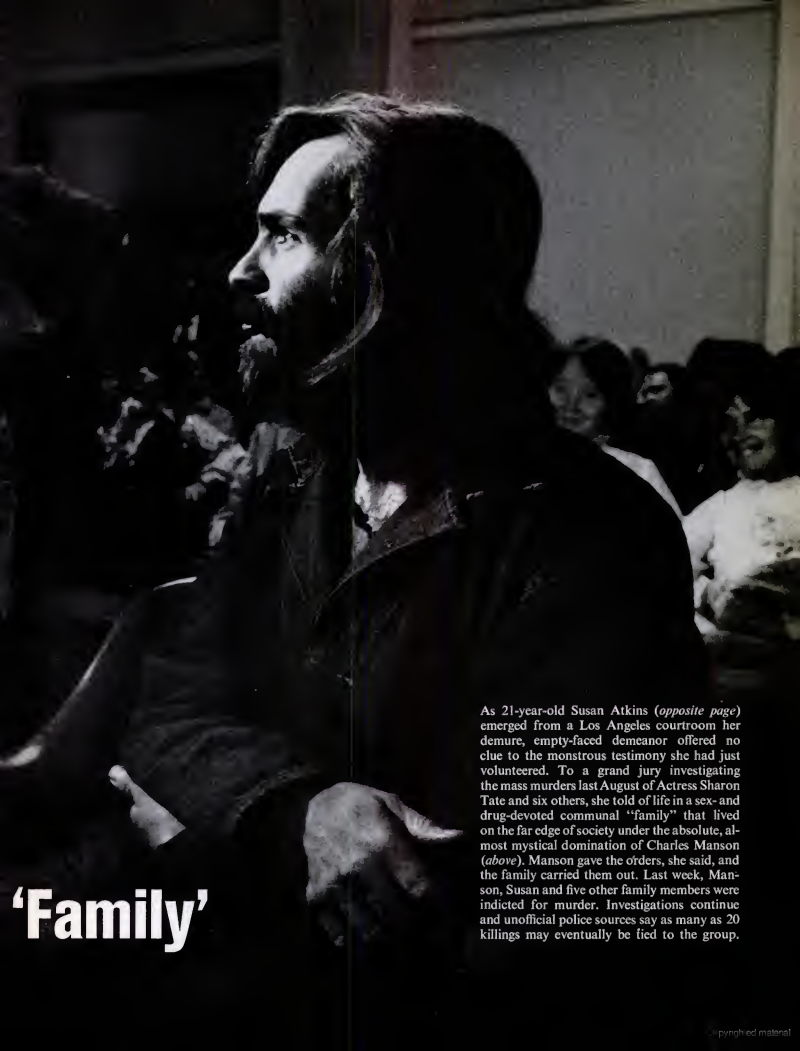
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LIFE

Vol. 67, No. 25 Dec. 19, 1969



The Wreck of a Monstrous



'Family'

As 21-year-old Susan Atkins (*opposite page*) emerged from a Los Angeles courtroom her demure, empty-faced demeanor offered no clue to the monstrous testimony she had just volunteered. To a grand jury investigating the mass murders last August of Actress Sharon Tate and six others, she told of life in a sex- and drug-devoted communal "family" that lived on the far edge of society under the absolute, almost mystical domination of Charles Manson (*above*). Manson gave the orders, she said, and the family carried them out. Last week, Manson, Susan and five other family members were indicted for murder. Investigations continue and unofficial police sources say as many as 20 killings may eventually be tied to the group.

Flattery, fear and sex lured his girls into

The following article is based on reporting done in California by LIFE Correspondents John Froom, John Fried, Judy Fayard, Colin Leinster and Jack Fincher, and Dale Wittner in Chicago. LIFE stringers Robin Lloyd in Texas, Matt Heron in Alabama and China Altman in Boston also supplied material.

by PAUL O'NEIL

Long-haired, bearded little Charlie Manson so disturbed the American millions last week—when he was charged with sending four docile girls and a hairy male acolyte off to slaughter strangers in two Los Angeles houses last August—that the victims of his blithe and gory crimes seemed suddenly to have played only secondary roles in the final brutal moments of their own lives. The Los Angeles killings struck innumerable Americans as an inexplicable controverson of everything they wanted to believe about the society and their children—and made Charlie Manson seem to be the very encapsulation of truth about revolt and violence by the young.

What failure of the human condition could

produce a Charlie Manson? What possible aspects of such a creature's example could induce sweet-faced young women and a polite Texas college boy to acts of such numbing cruelty—even though they might have abandoned the social and political precepts of their elders like so many other bearded and bell-bottomed mother's children of 1969? Some of the answers seemed simple enough if one weighed Charlie Manson on the ancient scales of human venality. He attracted and controlled his women through flattery, fear and sexual attention and by loftily granting them a sort of sisterhood of exploitation—methods used by every pimp in history. He sensed something old as tribal blood ritual which most of us deny in ourselves—that humans can feel enormous fulfillment and enormous relief in the act of killing other humans if some medicine man applauds and condones the deed. But Charlie was able to attune his time-encrusted concepts of villainy to the childish yearnings of his hippie converts—to their weaknesses, their catchwords, their fragmentary sense of religion and their enchantment with drugs and idleness—and to immerse them in his

own ego and in idiotic visions of apocalypse.

It is hard not to wince while considering Charlie Manson's childhood. He was born to a teen-age prostitute in Cincinnati on Nov. 12, 1934 and was raised until he was 11 by an aunt and uncle in Charleston, W. Va. His life thereafter was one of rejection and delinquency. His mother farmed him out to homes and schools until he was taken, as a delinquent of 14, to the last and most permanent of them, the Indiana Boys' School. He "ran"—as juvenile authorities term escape—repeatedly and stole cars and committed burglaries during his periods of freedom. He was released from prison when he was 20 and went back to West Virginia an accomplished car thief. He married a local girl, Rosalie Jean Willis. Rosalie became pregnant and gave birth to a boy. But Manson had already left for Los Angeles in a stolen car and soon found himself behind bars at Terminal Island. He posed as "producer" when he got out again, ingratiated himself with teen-age girls and moonlighted as an occasional procurer. McNeil Island's federal penitentiary took Charlie in after that because he cashed some stolen U.S. Treasury checks. He

CONTINUED

In 1968 Manson photographed three of the girls in his "command vehicle," an armor-plated dune buggy with fur rugs that camouflaged a gun mount



a sisterhood of exploitation



"If you don't get uptight," Pat Krenwinkel, 21, told friends in Mobile, "nobody can ever use you." She was indicted for murder.



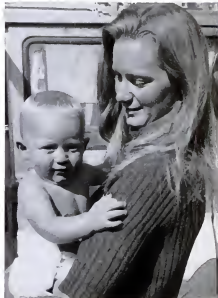
An amateur photographer met Susan Atkins briefly in Endocino, Calif. in 1968 and took her picture while his friend played the recorder. Indicted for murder, she testified to the grand jury.



Leslie Van Houghton, 19, of Monrovia, Calif., was indicted with the others for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Leno LaBianca.



Policemen praised the "soft beauty" of Linda Kasabian, 20. She is twice married, a mother, pregnant, and indicted for murder.



One of Charlie's girls, known only as Mary, holds her son, named Pooh Bear. Nancy Pittman (below) testified, was not charged.



Family members Lynn "Squeaky" Fromme, 21, and Sandra Pugh, 26, who brought her 2½-month-old baby, Ivan, to court, said they knew nothing of the Tate mur-

ders. They were not charged, though Sandra faces trial for possession of a stolen pistol. "Manson was magnetic," she says. "His motions were like magic."



A 'roving minstrel' from reform school

CONTINUED

had never gone farther than the seventh grade; now he read the Bible and tracts on the quasi-religion Scientology, decided that the Book of Revelation had predicted the Beatles, learned to play the guitar and assumed he could compose music. One of his lyrics consisted solely of the words, "You know, you know, you know..." He left prison in March 1967, ready to give new meaning to the old saw: a little learning is a dangerous thing.

Criminals and ex-cons have discovered a new sort of refuge in the last couple of years: they grow hair, assume beads and sandals, and sink—carnivores moving in with the vegetarians—into the life of hippie colonies from the East Village to Big Sur. Charlie Manson went to San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury and, with an exquisite sort of diplomatic skill, adopted the local coloration as a means of controlling, utilizing and dominating the impulse-ridden, alienated, drug-directed "kids" he discovered there. Most of the kids were female—who had come to escape a cynical society or to seek "reality and freedom." Charlie billed himself as a "roving minstrel" come to fulfill their dreams with magic, strike off the chains of male chauvinism and lead them to the promised land—although in fact he regarded them as squaws, treated them like cattle and excommunicated those who complained. "I was hitchhiking to San Francisco once with Charlie," says a girl who used to know him, "and we had these two big packs. He wanted me to carry both of them. I refused. I said I'd share, but I wouldn't carry both. He got more and more angry and finally said I had to carry both bags and walk 10 steps behind him. When I wouldn't do that, he took my guitar from me and smashed it into little pieces against a post."

Most of Charlie's girls, in the opinion of a San Francisco psychiatrist who encountered them, were "hysterics, wishful thinkers, seekers after some absolute" who came to regard Charlie as a high priest, "all-powerful, all-knowing."

Charlie was a fast talker with a glittering eye. He initiated new girls by taking them to bed for day-long sexual marathons. He broke down their "inhibitions" by directing them in erotic group carnivals or ordering them to carnal activity with other men—and commanding them to do so in the same tones in which he sent them into the streets to panhandle. Charlie was no hippie; the very name made him angry. He was an entrepreneur. He gave people things—drugs, his own shirt—to get things back. He gave girls—often a naked, giggling, caressing gaggle of four or five of them—to men from the "straight" world. He shaved and cut his hair—even, at times, after retreating to the desert—to facilitate dealing with "the Establishment." He boasted of 3,000 friends. One gave him a grand piano which he traded for a camper truck which he then traded for a bus with which he transported his harem to south-



In 1949 an Indianapolis newspaper ran this picture of Manson as a bright-eyed 14-year-old along with a story optimistically headlined "Boy leaves 'sinful home' for new life in Boys Town." He stayed there three days. At right Manson, his eyes still bright—this time from drugs—is led to court in Independence, Calif.

ern California and their eventual rendezvous with the fruits and fallacies of his delusions.

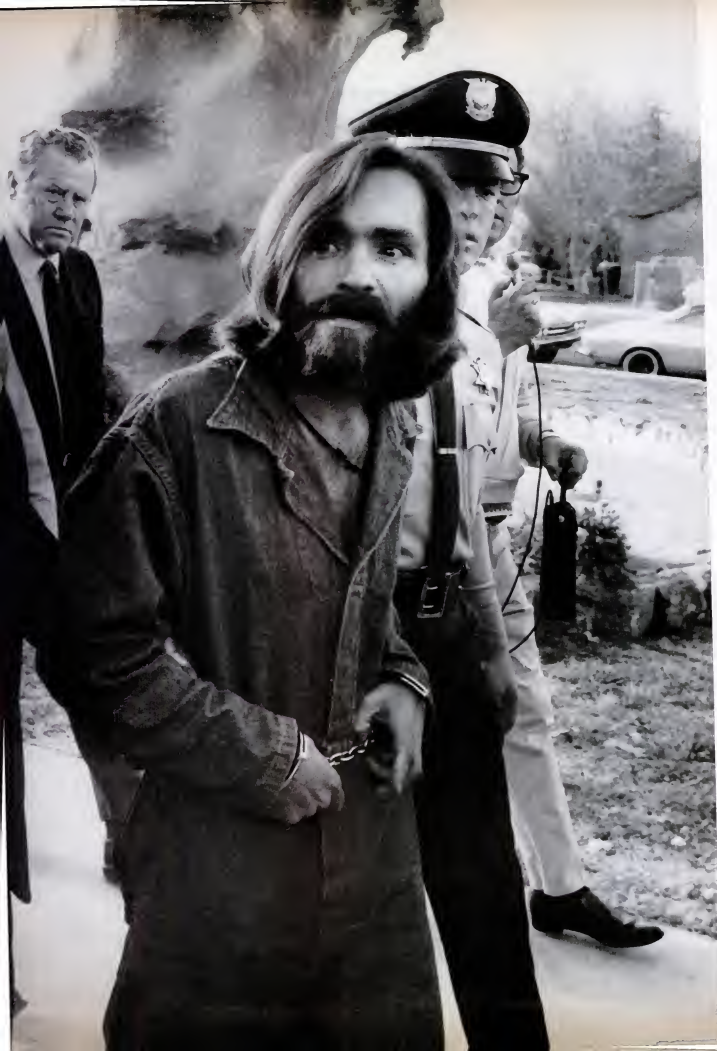
The delusions do not seem to have blossomed in his mind before the trip in the spring of 1968—a leisurely trek during which he met, sponged on and grew to resent Los Angeles Musician Gary Hinman, and was rejected, in a plea for help with his own musical aspiration, by Doris Day's son Terry Melcher, then the occupant of the big house in which Sharon Tate and her friends were to die. Charlie preached a confused but vehement philosophy. Everything in the world belonged to all its people—thus there could be redistribution of valuables, but no theft; all humans were part of some homogeneous and mystic whole—thus there could be no real death. The varying mob of long-haired girls and ragged young studs

who clung around him in southern California were indoctrinated with Charlie's views after they settled at the first of their two outposts, a Western movie location once owned by silent star Bill Hart but now operated as a riding stable called the Spahn Movie Ranch.

But one can wonder how those who were to be indicted for murder got there in the first place:

► Photographs of Charles Denton ("Tex") Watson at high school in Farmersville (pop. 2,021), Texas reflect an all-American boy: a big, good-looking kid who starred in football, basketball and track, got only A's and B's and went to the Methodist church near his father's little grocery and gas station. Watson went on to North Texas State University, 55 miles from home, turned away from sports, sank scho-

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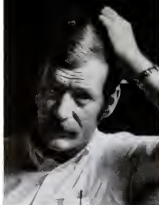
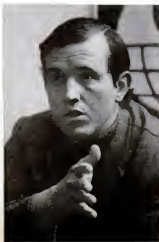
A doctor and a parole officer remember Manson

During the year that Manson and his "family" lived in or near San Francisco, they regularly visited the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic which was founded by Dr. David Smith. Dr. Smith's views are based not on a patient-doctor relationship with Manson, but on his personal observations.

Charlie's group was unlike any other commune I've known. They called themselves a family, but most family communes are monogamous sexually. The members pair off and don't indiscriminately change partners. A new girl in Charlie's family would bring with her a certain middle-class morality. The first thing that Charlie did was to see that all this was torn down. The major way he broke through was sex. Charlie's girls were expected to have sex with any men around, anytime. If they had hangups about it, then they should feel guilty. That way he was able to eliminate the controls that normally govern our lives. Sex, not drugs, was the common denominator.

The violence was not the kind of sociopathic "escape" violence we see in the Haight but a psychotic, Rasputin-type violence. If you believe God is on your side, anything is justified. The communal thing is very spiritual. Belief in magic, astrology, cosmic consciousness—that explains everything. One of the characteristics is to have a spiritual leader and, violence aside, Charlie Manson as a spiritual leader is probably more typical than we care to believe. Charlie appealed to too many people to say that just a few nuts were attracted to him. He would probably be diagnosed as a schizophrenic, but ambulatory schizophrenics were very much looked up to in Haight-Ashbury because they could hallucinate—without drugs. If we're going to pin a psychiatric label on Charlie's girls, then we'd have to say there are hundreds of thousands of kids in this country who are also mentally disturbed.

DR. DAVID SMITH



DR. ROGER SMITH

Manson's parole officer, after his release from prison in 1967, was Dr. Roger Smith, a research criminologist who had launched the drug treatment program at the Haight-Ashbury Free Clinic. He speaks of Manson here out of his extensive unofficial contact with him.

Charlie was the most hostile parolee I've ever come across. He was totally up front about it. He told me right off there was no way he could keep the terms of his parole. He was headed back to the joint [prison] and there was no way out of it. In another era, I think Charlie would have been back in prison in short order. But now the patterns have changed. You have a very transient, mobile delinquent population, and many of them end up in scenes like this. They pick up the rhetoric and sort of blend in and exploit and manipulate the scene. I think that's where Charlie fit in.

In a sense I think Charlie was really sort of shaken by it all—by the fact that people were friendly, open and willing to do things with him. The first night he was in the Haight, the chicks were willing to go to bed with him. They didn't care whether he had just gotten out of the joint. That was a real shocker for him.

Drugs give you something but they also take. In the case of Charlie, he redefined what reality was. He began to drift farther and farther away. He certainly wasn't operating on anything vaguely related to reality. He did become more articulate, began to develop a distinctive kind of philosophy. He no longer seemed angry or hostile, only more intense.

Or they talk about the hypnotic kind of state he was able to produce. Always in the back of my mind I felt he was a con man. Charlie's rap was always a little bit too heavy, a little bit too polished. Tenderness toward girls? Not a damn bit. I never sensed he had any real warmth toward the girls. They were his possessions.

There are a lot of Charlies running around, believe me. He's just one of several hundred thousand people who are released from prison after a shattering, soul-rending experience, not prepared for anything except to go back on the streets and do more of the same—bigger. You get them back in the community and there's no place for them to stay. I couldn't get Charlie into a halfway house because the only one was too small. I couldn't get him training because somehow he didn't meet the state requirements. The only place he was accepted was Haight-Ashbury, and doesn't that say a hell of a lot about the system.

He collected

CONTINUED

lastically and, after three years, dropped out. But his old college sweetheart, airline stewardess Terry Flynn, reveals far more about the value judgments of Texas girls than about any emotional trauma he may have endured. "He treated me like a queen and he shaved three times a day—there was never a hint of 5 o'clock shadow—but he became too possessive." When she saw him in Los Angeles last December after an unexpected flight to California "I just couldn't believe his long hair. But he still opened car doors for me."

► Maine-born Linda Darleen Kasabian, 20, grew to "sweet and pretty" adolescence in her divorced mother's white clapboard house in Milford, N.H. She quit school as a sophomore to marry a local boy but was divorced a year later. Larry she was in Los Angeles with another husband, Bob Kasabian, and her baby daughter Tanya; a young friend who had inherited some money was going to take them on a trip to South America. Gypsy, oldest of the girls in Charlie's family, spotted her in a Topanga Canyon restaurant and took her to the ranch. She came back the next day and then only to steal \$5,000 in \$100 bills from the friend's camper truck. When the boy followed her to the ranch to protest, Charlie "showed me this big knife and said, 'Maybe I should kill you just to show you there's no such thing as dying,' and I felt fear and split." Linda did a lot of cooking for the family; she is now five months pregnant, and crochets.

► Brunette and busty Susan Atkins, 21, had "a very disorganized relationship with her family in San Jose," worked as a topless dancer and fell in with Charlie in San Francisco. Charlie renamed her "Sadie Mae Glutz." Susan is the girl who spilled the story of the Tate murders to a cellmate while being held in the Santa Monica jail on charges of having helped one Bob Beausoleil kill Musician Gary Hinman for Charlie. Susan told the grand jury that Charlie was a "beautiful guy."

► Brown-haired Patricia Krenwinkel, 22, is the daughter of a hard-working Los Angeles insurance agent and lived in a cream-colored stucco house near Loyola University. She was chubby and shy but "quite a little daddy's girl" and devoted to stamp collecting. Her father left wife and daughter when she was in her teens, however, and Patty began to go with "guys who hung out at Bob's Big Boy Drive-In at Fort Park." Patty's mother took her to Canoga Lauderdale. She had a half year of college in Mobile, Ala., came back to Los Angeles, got a job in an insurance agency—and then, suddenly, ceased being ordinary. She abandoned her car in a Manhattan Beach parking lot in September 1967, quit her job without picking up her paycheck and went off with Charlie Manson. Charlie changed her name to Katie. Her job at the ranch was the "garbage run," picking through refuse cans behind nearby stores to salvage food for the family. The pickings, one witness recalls, could

knives—'Everybody is afraid of getting cut'

be good: "They got a whole Volks full of apples, plums, lettuce, avocados and candy out of two or three bins of trash."

The family stayed at the movie ranch for 12 months. Charlie gave its blind old owner, George Spahn, \$5,000—perhaps the same bills donated by Linda Kasabian. He also terrorized George and got a good deal of it back. One night, Spahn says, Charlie forced him to sit in a chair for three hours, held lit matches before his eyes and swung punches within an inch of his face to discover whether he lied about his sightlessness. (After it was all over Spahn heard the door open and close and sat there in the dark for an hour. He couldn't hear a breath. Then he reached around—and put his hand right on Manson's head. "That's right, George, I'm still here.")

Ranch hands remember Charlie provided for everybody, sometimes by instructing girls to work their families for money. He passed out marijuana—if he felt like it. He had a plastic Baggie full of LSD tablets; these were for visitors from whom he wanted gifts or favors or recruits he wanted "to capture." There were seldom more than six or seven male members and usually four times as many girls. The boys got girls—as gifts from Charlie. Charlie had any girl he wanted. The family slept on communal mattresses, but Charlie and his choice of the evening slept in a room of their own. Charlie's word was law; he carried and fondled a Bowie knife, his scepter. "He really loved knives," recalls an acquaintance. "He used to say, 'Man, everybody in this world is afraid of getting cut.'"

He also collected guns and ammunition. The family, he prophesied, was one day going into Los Angeles to set off the apocalypse foreordained for them in Revelation, Chapter 9: "They were given the power of scorpions . . . the noise of their wings was like the noise of

many chariots . . . and they have as king over them the angel of the bottomless pit." There was no doubt who was king. Charlie Manson talked about it to visitors: "He was going to shoot all the white people he saw, all the established people; then the black people would get enthralled and destroy everybody while he would retreat into the desert." Charlie did not just talk. He took incredible pains, with the aid of the family's males, to prepare for the day.

They stole Volkswagens, stripped them and turned them into reinforced dune buggies, some with machine gun mounts. The Spahn Movie Ranch lies only a few miles north and west of Burbank, but beyond it are sere, rugged and unpopulated hills and beyond them, eventually, the Mojave Desert. Charlie cut the padlocks off fire road gates and substituted locks of his own. He and his dune buggy drivers snarled, skidded and ground their way up the roadless draws and gulches and laid out caches of food, gasoline, tires and sleeping bags across an astonishing area. One youth who was almost but not quite "captured" was told—and believes—that Charlie got two Army half-tracks and burned them out establishing a roadless route, 300 miles long, across the Mojave and into hills edging Death Valley. This was the site of the so-called Barker Ranch, a huddle of abandoned shacks, a last, remote hole-up which Charlie had gotten on a sort of loan from a rich Burbank widow.

The apocalypse did not occur last August despite the fact that the newspapers were black with news of the Tate murders. There is no knowing yet just what part Charlie played in trying to set off his Armageddon. Susan Atkins told the grand jury that he planned the attack on the house in which he had been slighted by Terry Melcher, but took no part in murdering Actress Tate and the others who died

as a result. Linda Kasabian, on the other hand, told a friend, and may well have told the jury, that he actually led the raid. Either way, however, Charlie and his helpers spent the next 48 hours with a welding machine, "popping benches" to get on with the job of conditioning the desert buggies. Even though the blacks did not arise to begin the destruction of Los Angeles—and his secret desert route was thus unnecessary—he loaded up trucks, cars and the bus and took the family on a roundabout trip to the mesquite-dotted hideout above Death Valley.

The Barker Ranch is all but inaccessible except for a route in from Nevada, but the family's encampment in its abandoned shacks, the naked girls' sunbaths by its crude swimming pool, lasted hardly more than a month. They camouflaged the buggies, set up a defense perimeter with two field telephones and put lookouts on watch, but two raids by state police and Death Valley National Monument rangers—instigated by complaints of local car thefts—scooped up 26 of them. The police took them to Independence, the seat of Inyo County, and put them all in jail on charges of theft. The girls, many of whom were later released, did not lose faith in Charlie Manson. They demanded that their jailer supply them with peanut butter and honey for a "purification ceremony" and insisted on going naked. Forced to wear dresses, they took to raising them over their heads when exercising outside. Charlie did not forget them, either: he yipped like a coyote in his cell—and they yipped back in chorus. But last week as authorities considered the Los Angeles crimes, and police investigated other deaths—a boy killed last July near the movie ranch, a girl's slashed body found in the Death Valley hills—there seemed to be scant chance that Charlie Manson would ever again put the family beneath his spell.



A popular "all-everything" at high school in Farmersville, Texas, Charles Watson (at left in picture at right) ushered at graduation in 1964. Above, Watson after his arrest for murder.



Keeping house



For a year the Manson family, which sometimes grew to 30 or more, lived in this derelict building on a rundown "movie ranch" near Los Angeles.

Here in the evening, Manson played his guitar and lead the group in songs he had composed—but couldn't sell. With sex open and partners inter-

changeable, most of the family slept on mattresses clustered together. But Charlie's bed, one visitor recalls, "was always separate from the others."

on a movie set, on a bus, in Death Valley



"The girls did most of the work," says a neighbor. "Their sole purpose was to serve the men." Above, a girl prepares a meal in the kitchen of the Barker Ranch, the family's Death Valley retreat.

Below, some of the girls celebrate a birthday inside the family's psychedelically decorated bus. "I'm like a tree, a bird," one girl used to say. "I'm here to beautify the countryside, to be loved."



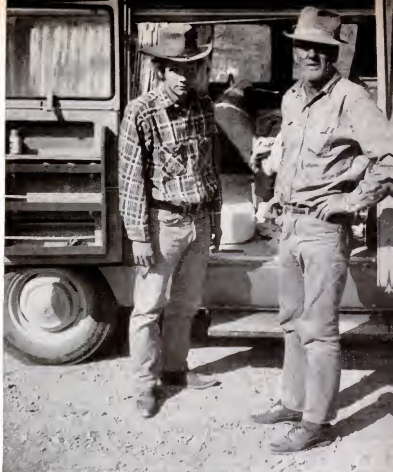
The Last Homestead



When police raided the Barker Ranch on suspicion of auto theft last August, they couldn't find Manson—until they noticed his hair dangling from under the sink as left. He had squeezed himself into the 12x16-inch cupboard but then couldn't quite close the door.

Clean-shaven and outfitted more like a local prospector than a mystic, Manson (in plaid shirt) prepared for an outing with a fellow resident of Death Valley. He had let his hair and beard grow in the last few months.

The family's final home was the deserted Barker Ranch on the desolate edge of Death Valley, 20 miles from the nearest paved road but reachable by dune buggy and by the family bus, which is still parked in the front yard.



Police found this mock grave of stones piled near the ranch house at Death Valley, apparently as a grisly family joke. The shoes at top are empty. How many real graves lie undiscovered in the Manson family's wake may never be known.





The spritely crew of We Just



PETE CONRAD: 'I couldn't see our landing area at all from 100 feet on down. It was just one big gray blanket of dust'

We went whistling down to that moon right on the numbers. I usually get pretty excited, but I was as cool as I've ever been. Looking back on it I guess I did laugh and hum and hi-dee-dee a bit, but I wasn't aware of it at the time. Al Bean said he thought I'd lost my mind for a while there, but he knew I was just having a ball.

Every astronaut who makes a flight looks at it as the culmination of a long, long effort, but flying Intrepid that day had a special meaning for me: that funny-looking "bug," the first true space vehicle, is partly my baby. One of my first jobs when I came into the space program seven years ago was working on the displays and control systems for the LM. I was in on a lot of design decisions: to take out the original seats and fly it standing up; to build an overhead window to sight through at docking; to replace a circular hatch with a bigger, rectangular one. We never would have gotten out of that thing on the lunar surface, wearing the backpack, if we had had that original circular door.

Everything went so well before launch that I was beginning to get worried. I'm superstitious; I figured we needed a glitch somewhere just to rattle everybody's cage. Well, two days before the flight Al and I were polishing off a lunar landing practice in the simulator when Deke Slayton poked his head in the door with a long face and told us about a hydrogen leak in the service module. Deke looked worried; Al didn't say a thing, which means he was worried; I was the only guy with a smile on my face. Here was our glitch, and I thought it sounded like something

Before lightning struck it, the first manned rocket ever launched in the rain takes off from Cape Kennedy. Unusual effects are due to droplets on camera lens.

Apollo 12 describes 'having a ball up there'

Went from Storm to Storm

the launch team could handle. The only ill omen I ever saw on the horizon was when the weather man cleared his throat and said that a cold front was coming through the night before launch but that it would be very dry and probably all we'd notice would be a change in temperature and a little wind shift. And I thought to myself, I'll bet my bottom dollar that it's raining cats and dogs on launch morning.

Well, the flight was normal for about the first 36 seconds. Then we got hit by lightning. I was sure we were hit because I heard it, I felt it and I saw a sudden brief illumination out my window. Then I heard the master alarm and there were lights all over the panel. Dick always tells Al when a warning light comes on and then Al takes action. All I can remember hearing from those two guys is Dick saying with an awed voice, "Al, they're all on," and Al saying, "But we've got power on the buses, we've got power on the buses."

Nobody even thought of aborting the flight at that point. I didn't get scared or anything, but I was a little heartbroken there for a while because I thought we'd been zapped hard enough so we weren't going to the moon. I was afraid we were just going to do a couple of revs of the earth and come home that afternoon.

We hustled around in there getting things back in order, and as soon as we determined that we had suffered no real damage we all laughed and joked about it. We were sure nothing as wild as that could happen on the rest of the flight, so it was the best kind of start.

Going out to the moon we had time to look at the earth and look at the moon and talk to the ground. We got a lot of practice crawling in and out of the LM, too, making sure it had survived the lightning bolt okay. It had; it performed outstandingly for us. When we started our powered descent, at about 50,000 feet, I suddenly remembered a day five years ago when I was standing in a wooden model of the LM, looking at an "instrument panel" which was nothing but pieces of paper pasted onto the consoles. Workmen had installed some test cockpit lighting that day and I stood there and grabbed that whummy hand controller and just imagined myself drifting around the dark side of the moon...

Now there I was, the computer was flying us, we were on our backs and feet first. At about 7,000 feet we pitched over, to take a look. Al and I had been studying landmarks for months and we were aiming at a crater pattern we had nicknamed the Snowman. I craned out my window and I didn't recognize anything—not a thing. I had about two seconds' worth of complete panic.

We have a handy thing called the LPD, the landing point designator, which shows us where the computer is planning to take us. My window,

on the left, is calibrated so if I look through it at the angle the computer tells me to look, I'll see where we're headed. I took a proper-angle look that way and there, right where he should have been, was the Snowman.

I made a few little corrections to the automatic guidance on the way down and then at about 1,000 feet I looked out and I thought we were going to be short. We had to get pretty close to that crater where our target, the unmanned moon probe Surveyor 3, had landed in April 1967 or we weren't going to be able to walk to it. First I told the computer to steer us a little farther, then I decided we were going to be long and I didn't like the looks of the landing area it was taking us to. I looked up at the crater we were headed for, and right between that one and the one Surveyor was supposed to be in was a big flat place and I thought to myself, there, right there. So I grabbed the controls and flew us in manually.

We were high and we were fast, so I let Intrepid stay pitched up, to slow it, and I flew it right around the side of the crater, and banked around to the left, and leveled off at about 300 feet. By that time I knew exactly where I wanted to go and I got the forward velocity stopped and came into a hover at about 200 feet. It's a good thing I did, because the dust started to blow. That struck me as unusual because I knew Neil (Armstrong) hadn't got any dust that high. We had ourselves a different piece of moon and it was a lot dustier than his. I couldn't see our landing area at all from 100 feet on down—it was just one big gray blanket below us. Al was calling out the numbers, the rate of descent and altitude, and I was looking at the gages myself, since there wasn't any point in looking out the window. The instant the lunar contact light came on I shut off everything and we just plunked in, a nice soft crunch, from about three or four feet. I suppose I did only a minute and a half's worth of real flying in that baby of mine, but during those 90 seconds I needed everything I had learned in 20 years of piloting.

Then we couldn't wait to get out. I was pretty sure I had landed just about on target, but it was funny, once we were on the ground everything looked small to us, probably just because we were closer to it. Al and I kept craning out at a crater right in front of us which I knew should be Head Crater, the head of the Snowman. But it looked much smaller than I had pictured it from the maps and photographs. We discussed it and Al convinced himself that it wasn't Head Crater at all. I convinced myself that it was. If it was, then that Surveyor Crater had to be around in back of us. We couldn't see it out the windows.

Finally we got our chores done inside so I

could get out on the porch and I still couldn't see Surveyor. Then I went down the ladder and told Al to wait a minute and I went around behind Intrepid and took a look and there it was! I guess I would have rubbed my eyes, if I'd been able to. It was just sitting there on the side of the crater, right where it should be, a beautiful sight.

Already I knew we were in good shape; we would be able to walk over to Surveyor easily. I was sure we'd get to do both our EVAs and I was pretty exhilarated. Even without the exhilaration I would have gone bounding around on the moon. That's the way to go, out there. You don't even want to walk normally. The first thing I noticed was how easy it was to do everything. It took about 10 minutes to get used to; at first the ease, the lightness, gave me an uneasy feeling that I might fall over. That feeling passed, and it became pure pleasure. After that, when I wanted to move I just took off. Even if it was just one step, I just hopped, just leaped off.

Even falling over was fun. I didn't really fall flat. It is impossible to lean very far in that environment without losing your balance and the suit won't let you really bend. So, to pick up rocks, what we did was take a shovel and stick it down into the ground, out in front of us, and then sort of lean down on it and reach with the other hand. I was reaching for a rock and I rolled over to my left. Rather than slog around and burn up a lot of energy and get all dirty, I let Al give me a little push under the shoulder and I was right back up again.

It became apparent to us very early in the game that we were going to get very, very dirty. We had a very dusty spot and there was no way to stay clean and still get our work done. We couldn't even brush off the dust; brushing at it only ground it deeper into our suits. Our only problem was that the time passed too fast. We would have been happy out there for hours more.

AL BEAN: 'Pete set it down with a firm crater. We were ecstatic. No wonder Pete dum-de-dum-dummed when we got there'

As we lay in our couches during countdown, the thought that was uppermost in my mind was the one I had lived with for the past three years: that Pete, Dick and I would fly the best mission that could be flown. At T-minus-one minute, Pete extended his hand and he, Dick and I held hands for a moment. Pete does not generally do things like that, but to me it was a perfect way to start this most incredible trip.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

The \$29.95 Colorpack II.



**You may not see this camera
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**This is a Polaroid Land camera.
Color pictures in a minute. \$29.95:**

Automatic exposures.

**Electric eye and electronic shutter.
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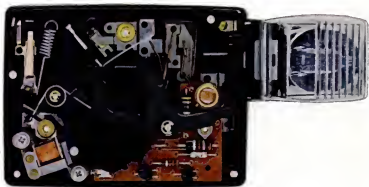
**Unique face-in-the-square
viewfinder. And a built-in flash
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**That's what you're giving.
But don't wait forever. You could
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Top. The viewfinder. Shoot when the face is in the red square. **Bottom.** Sharp 3-element lens.



Electronic shutter sets exposure automatically. Flashcube gives you 4 shots, stops at an angle when bulb is dead.



Easy drop-in pack film. No need to shoot whole pack to see one shot.



'Maybe the stars had gone out. Or maybe

CONTINUED

We didn't stay in earth orbit long. Pete and Dick were aware that we were going to be there only a short time and they helped out by saying, "Al, look out now, we're getting ready to have a sunrise," or, "Look down there, those lights are campfires in Africa." I wondered if other rookies on their first flights had had such good guides.

The translunar insertion burn took 344 long, long seconds. The whole lunar mission depended on it, and it was a real beauty. After we separated from the third stage of the rocket and turned around and docked with Intrepid, I looked out the window. The earth's horizon had become

more curved. Then the earth became a ball. I had thought about this moment many times and wondered how I would feel, but nothing can really prepare you for the moment when you look out a window and realize that down there is everything you know and love. Now you are getting ready to leave it all.

From day to day the earth slowly got smaller and the moon got bigger, until finally we were

there. Then we undocked and separated Yankee Clipper and Intrepid and actually started down to the moon. I was uptight, but Pete was so cool and spring-loaded as I'd ever seen him. I hope when I'm a crew commander that my LM pilot has as much confidence in me as I had in Pete. I've always felt that he was the best seat-of-the-pants, stick-and-rudder astronaut in our entire office.

My job during descent was supporting Pete by reading out the computer calculations, and I looked out the window only once, for about five seconds. The brightest crater in the field was Surveyor. It was a wonderful sight. When we got near the ground, Pete flew the spacecraft around looking for a suitable landing site and set it down with a nice firm crunch, a good Navy landing. We were ecstatic. Many men had labored months, days and hours to put us up there. We had spent the best part of the past year training for exactly what we would do when we got out the hatch and down the ladder. No wonder Pete dum-ded-dum-dummed when we finally got there.

Everything was going great on the surface until I tried to transfer the nuclear fuel element from its carrying cask into the generator which would provide power for the scientific experiments package, the ALSEP. The element wouldn't budge. That could have meant that all the ALSEP experiments would be wiped out, although I never felt for two seconds that we weren't going to get it out of there if we really

put our minds to it. We used the only simple tool available, the hammer. Pete beat on the side of the cask and I pulled just enough to provide a positive force. He pounded so hard that he fractured the graphite case. We were not going to be denied, even if he had to dismantle the thing with a hammer! It came out a little with each blow until it was extended about one inch, then it slid out freely. The case was about 1,400° Fahrenheit and I was surprised that I could feel the heat through my suit.

Both Pete and I had a good night's sleep in our hammocks on the moon. I recall looking at Pete and noticing that the hammock didn't sag very much in the middle, but on the moon he weighed only 35 pounds even with his suit on.

The second EVA was as exciting as the first. Because the suit does not want to bend at the joint, where the leg attaches to the lower body, we had learned to run keeping our legs straight, landing flat-footed, then pushing down hard with our toes to gain speed to move on. It seemed natural to move about on the moon about twice as fast as normal on earth. Our legs never seemed tired, even though we used our toes a lot.

Just before we lifted off from the moon, I thought about the 3,500-pound thrust ascent engine and the men who had put it together and checked it out. These are the times, like launch, when you have to have a lot of confidence in these men. It is one of the magnificent accomplishments of the space program that so many complicated parts work so well. This means a lot to a man who has only one way of getting home—that seven-minute-14-second burn of Intrepid's ascent engine.

There was a loud bang at lunar lift-off, as the pyro separated the ascent stage from the descent stage. At the same time, the engine started. We were standing up looking out the windows, and I kept thinking we were going very high, very fast. In about 12 seconds we pitched over 40 degrees, and I could see the descent stage right below us.

Inside the spacecraft it was so quiet it seemed strange that we were moving. I've lived with engines all my life, and it seems odd to keep moving without the sound or the pulse of an engine. The spacecraft was oscillating a bit, but with the forces against your feet the characteristic is not objectionable at all. Once we got into orbit I was busy and I didn't look out the windows more than two times until we had almost completed the rendezvous. Suddenly Pete said, "Look, we're right on the tracks, why don't you quit fooling around with the computer and all those charts and enjoy the rendezvous?" So I did. I watched Dick going into the dark and coming into the light; I watched the moon going beneath or above us on the long arc up to Yankee Clipper. This was one of the most memorable experiences of the flight, and except for Pete I would have missed it.

When we joined Dick, back in Yankee Clipper, he was as happy as I've ever seen him. He just couldn't do enough to help us get things just away. There was a comradeship among men there that I've never experienced before. I'm not the type who is close to many people, but right there I loved those two guys.

When you fly in space you have an opportunity that is not available to many men, and I felt that the experience should enlarge my own horizon. I felt I ought to be able to extrapolate some of what I had seen and experienced so I could have a better understanding not only of the direction of space flight but also some fundamental truths about man, God, the universe, and their relationships. This hasn't happened yet, and it is my single private disappointment concerning the mission. Maybe it takes time, and reflective thought. I tried to think about these things during the mission, but I personally found it difficult to think about anything other than what had to be done that day or what we were to do tomorrow.

For seven years I've thought about flying in space, wondering what there was to see, how it would feel. I'm convinced now that it is unimaginable. Seven years is a long time, but I would gladly sacrifice it again just to go through the launch, or the reentry, or that first orbit around the moon, or the landing, seeing the eclipse, the lunar surface work. . . . Put all those experiences together, and it's worth any risk, any number of years, anything you have to do.

DICK GORDON: 'It's like reaching out and not being quite able to touch. Someday I want to go that last 60 miles down to the moon'

I've been calling our flight "from storm to storm." We hit a pair of them pretty well on the nose. The first one of course was during launch when we got hit by lightning, the second was our Surveyor target in the Ocean of Storms. In all our training, we never had seen as many alarm lights as went on inside that spacecraft shortly after lift-off. If they had given us something like that in the simulators, we would have said, "What are you trying to do? This is impossible."

The best thing to do, when you don't know exactly what happened, is nothing. That's just what we did until after staging, when we could gradually get things sorted out. Once we got into orbit, the ball game depended on getting our inertial guidance platform back in shape, and that was my job. I crawled down into the lower equipment bay and tried to sight on some stars to realign the inertial guidance platform. I looked through the telescope and couldn't see a single star. I kept talking to Al, saying there wasn't anything in the "scope, and for a moment I really



ALAN BEAN

somebody had turned them off'

began to wonder what was going on: maybe the stars had gone out.

Actually we were just in a poor part of the sky for seeing stars, and in my anxiety I hadn't allowed myself enough time to get dark-adapted. You go pretty fast from light to dark in a spacecraft. If I had closed my eyes, or put my hand over them for a moment, I would have dark-adapted a lot faster. We got out the star charts and Al called out that the constellation Orion should be coming up. I caught a glimpse of just the bottom of it, but I sighted on Rigel and on the brightest star in the sky, Sirius, and we were back in business. I relaxed, because now Pete and Al wouldn't be all over me.

After that there really were no problems. I had my eyeballs in those optics for a lot of hours during the flight, and I saw some spectacular things. My biggest moment was when I actually saw Intrepid and Surveyor down there on the surface. Before descent orbit injection, when Pete and Al were over in the LM but still docked with me in Yankee Clipper, I had tracked a crater near Surveyor which we call Landmark 193, to make sure our orbit was accurate for separation and descent. Then I cut them loose and they prepared to start down while I went on around. When I flew over them the next time I tracked old 193 and they tracked my position above them. We fed this information to the ground, they passed up a good fix on Intrepid's position and the next time around I thought I'd have a good chance to see them.

First I found the Snowman through the telescope, and I put the crosshairs right on the crater where Surveyor should be. Then I transferred to the sextant, which is 28-power. Once you've got your target in the 'scope, you can switch for a close view. As soon as I looked into the sextant there was this bright shiny object, just a pinpoint of light, at the northwest corner of the Surveyor Crater. It was casting a long, pencil-thin shadow. It was the only long shadow in the area, and I knew it had to be Intrepid. As I came directly overhead I looked down in the big shadowed portion of Surveyor Crater and, lo and behold, there was a tiny bright spot smack in the center of the shadow. It just had to be Surveyor. I never really expected to see that, and I can remember hollering "I see it, I see it" and jumping up and down in the spacecraft—if you can jump up and down in zero gravity.

Before the flight I had given a considerable amount of thought to the fact that I was going to be all alone up there for 30-some hours. That's a long time, and some of those hours I'd be around the back side of the moon out of contact with anything or anyone.

There was an awful lot of activity, a lot of things I could do to support Intrepid. There were three lunar passes which involved tracking them, and that ate up six hours. There was photographic work, and I had to get ready to make a

plane-change burn. This had never been done before alone in lunar orbit, because it hadn't been necessary, but I had to do it to adjust my orbital plane for later rendezvous. Then there was a certain amount of housekeeping to do. When I finished everything I had been pretty active, and pretty excited, for about 19 hours. I thought, well, this is the time to sit down and think up fancy prose and tell everybody what it's like to be the lonely, lonesome man up here. But the truth was that I was so tired I was glad just to go to bed.

On the subject of loneliness, there is a point which I am reluctant to discuss but which lurks in the back of all our minds and is in some ways peculiar to the job of the command module pilot. That is the question of how you would feel if something happened and you had to come home alone. It was a factor in the Gemini program, too: what if, on an EVA, the suit leaked badly or you ripped it? There wasn't anything the other man could do about it; there was no way he could help you. What if something happened on the moon? The same. All of us know the facts. We don't like them or dwell on them, but they are there. On this mission if anything had happened to the LM, or during EVA, I would have lost two of the best friends I've ever had. Those three days coming home would have been the loneliest, the most unhappy of my life.

Some guys have said the spacecraft seemed big to them when they were alone in it. It didn't to me. I had to have my pressure suit on when we fixed the tunnel for undocking the LM, and at that time I had the center couch lowered so I'd have more room to move around. The more I thought about the next 32 hours by myself, the more I thought, this is a bum rap. So I took the suit off. It's not easy to get it on or off by yourself, because the zipper starts at the small of your back where you can't reach with the suit on. I had some lanyards in my pocket and I hooked them onto the zipper and got out of the suit. Then I put on in-flight coveralls and got nice and comfortable and got the couches back up and it was just a normal, cozy configuration again. I even played some music. We had a little tape recorder that did double duty through the whole flight. There's a word for the kind of music Pete likes, that Country and Western, but after he got out of there I played my own tapes, to suit my mood. Some funky blues, a little soul music. . .

The second day went as fast as the first, then I was busy with rendezvous and docking, and we were together again. Those two were probably the dirtiest playboys in the world. I was fusing at them the whole time about getting my nice clean spacecraft dirty. When I got the hatch and probe out and looked into the LM, there was nothing in there but a big gray cloud and two dim figures floating around in the dust. They got undressed in the LM and passed their suits over



RICHARD GORDON

and we bundled them up like very soiled laundry and stuffed them in stowage bags. We kept the oxygen flow going from the command module toward the LM to keep the dust out. This worked very well, but the equipment they passed to me was really dirty. The crew of Apollo 11 said their dust stuck to the floor or went away somewhere and hid, but ours flew all over the place. We were afraid it would get into the film. There was dust on the camera magazines when we stowed them, but when we got them out in the mobile quarantine facility they were clean. That dust was just so fine it must have dislodged itself in the zero-G atmosphere and leaked out through the pouch zippers, although we really don't know.

The most profound, the most awesome thing I saw on the flight was the eclipse of the sun by the earth. No human being had ever seen that before, because you've got to displace yourself far enough from the earth so that it can come between you and the sun. When the sun was totally behind the earth, you could see amazing detail. We were 25,000 miles from the earth and its globe looked black, but in that blackness we could see outlines of land masses. We picked out India, and parts of Africa. We could see the outline of clouds, and thunderstorms, and flashes of lightning; we could hardly believe it all.

The eclipse lasted for about an hour and then the sun came back out again and we were looking at just a sliver of earth. Only about 1/20th of it was illuminated and it looked pretty small. We did some interesting navigation then. When future crews go to lunar sites farther to the west, they'll come home to what you might call a whole new earth. It won't be that blue and white globe hanging out there, it will be just a little bit of illuminated horizon because the sun will be so far behind it. We did some star sightings, to define their proximity to the sun, and the proximity of the sun to the sliver of earth we could see, and we discovered that we could have navigated ourselves home that way if we had had to. Hopefully that system will never have to be used, but it's there if anyone ever needs it.

We had a very happy flight. We all thoroughly enjoyed what we were doing, and we have known each other a long time and work well together. I, personally, have one frustration: that last 60 miles I didn't go. It's like reaching out your finger and not quite being able to touch. Some day, I want to go that last 60 miles down to the moon. ■

The daring, sharp-tongued legend
behind a new Broadway musical

THE REAL COCO



The earliest known portrait of Coco shows the 19-year-old country girl (left) posing with her youthful Aunt Adrienne during a 1902 trip to Vichy, then an international spa.



Gabrielle ("Coco") Chanel, the 86-year-old doyenne of 20th Century fashion, will achieve a kind of immortality this week. Coco, a lavish new musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn and starring Katharine Hepburn, opens on Broadway. With the help of 263 resplendent costume changes, it captures the highlights of a life rich and piquant enough for a dozen musicals.

When Coco first arrived in Paris in 1906 (on the arm, it is said, of an Argentine playboy), she found the world of fashion trussed up in the Belle Epoque, an era of lace and ruffles and elaborate hats, of constricting corsets and whalebone. "I sensed that women were tired of ludicrous trimmings and fussy bits and pieces," says Coco, "and the answer was bone-simple clothes." So she rented a little shop, and began a revolution in fashion. With the tricot sailor frock, the little black dress, the distinctive Chanel suit, turtleneck sweaters, bobbed hair, costume jewelry and even slacks, she gave women an emancipated, casual look which still dominates fashion today.

With a tongue as sharp as her talent, Coco captivated social and artistic circles in the years between the wars. In her salon she counted Cocteau, Stravinsky, Diaghilev and Dali. Picasso said she had more sense than any woman in Europe. Elsa Maxwell described her as "saturnine, sarcastic and vitriol-tongued, with a rapier wit and a smoldering sadness in her eyes." Though she never married, her love affairs with the famous were always the talk of Paris.

By 1930 she was a millionaire many times over, partly because of her immensely popular Chanel No. 5 perfume. Then in 1938, almost overnight, the fashionable world deserted Coco for a flamboyant Italian designer, Elsa Schiaparelli. Coco retreated, disillusioned, first to Vichy, then to Switzerland. But in 1954, at the age of 71, she staged a dramatic comeback—which serves as the main plot of the musical. Clinging to the simplicity and elegance of her pre-war style, her first showing was a disaster. But women defied the critics and came in droves to buy the new designs. Once again, she became the haughty queen of the Paris couturiers. On these pages pictures from a singular personal album capture the exuberant world of Coco Chanel.



Dressed in boys' clothes for a fancy dress ball in 1907, Coco displayed what would become three of her hallmarks, the white collar, the little-boy jacket and the jaunty hat.

The belle of the Belle Epoque shattered fashion tradition



Draped in a man's coat, Coco stands at the rail of a horse track in 1910. Her early beaux all had a passion for horseback riding, and she quickly caught their enthusiasm.



In the midst of a sporting grandstand crowd, Coca (rear right) and her Aunt Adrienne (second from left) followed a horse race. Between them is a formal chaperone.



When young Coca first appeared at the race track with her hair braided in a simple ponytail (above), she shocked her fashionable friends. But by 1920, her influence was so great that when she appeared at the opera one evening with bobbed hair (right), she started a new fashion craze overnight.





Coco (right) and her Aunt Adrienne pose in front of Coco's first shop, a millinery, which she opened in Deauville in 1914. From this outpost in the provinces she launched her initial attack on the fashions of the day with

a successful campaign against the grotesque hats of the period. "How can the brain function under those things?" she asked. Within five years she had become a force to be reckoned with in France's world of fashion.

She was a darling of French high society, and her beaux were dandies and dukes

By 1913, Coco's unique, vibrant personality had already won her a secure place in Parisian society. On a trip to the race track, she clowned with Leon de Laborde, who was one of the most famous dandies of the time.



Wealthy, handsome Étienne Balsan, a dashing cavalry officer, met Coco in Vichy and swept her off to Paris, where he introduced her to society and taught her horsemanship, including playful donkey rides.





Coco was courted for a decade by the Duke of Westminster, who took her on Mediterranean yachting trips. During the duke's absences in London, the couple often kept three couriers busy dashing back and forth

across the English Channel, bearing their passionate correspondence. Coco finally rejected the thrice-divorced nobleman's proposal of marriage. "Everybody marries the Duke of Westminster," she sniffed.



Coco met the Grand Duke Dimitri, who was a first cousin of Czar Nicholas II, when he escaped to Paris after the Russian Revolution. They become close friends, and held hands at a formal Monte Carlo party in 1938.



Coco met Boy Capel, an international polo player, in Deauville. He helped her finance the milliner's shop she opened there. Some friends said later he was "the only man she really loved." He later died in a car crash.



In her salon Coco energetically demonstrated the comfort of her fashions, freely swinging her arms and crouching to the floor (left). Above, she showed how a movie star just would wreak havoc with the elegant lines of her famous Chanel jacket.

When her 1938 fashions were displayed in her Paris showroom, Coco watched majestically from her traditional vantage point on the curving mirrored stairway, where she could see everybody, and everybody could see her.

After a sparkling career, a new Coco shines on the mirrored staircase



After the first showing of her 1957 fall and winter collection, Coco (in white hat) went backstage to join the traditional champagne party and share a glass with her models.





On the Broadway stage set which duplicates Coco's Paris showroom, Katharine Hepburn adopts as regal a pose as Coco herself. Hepburn, who didn't even sing in the shower before, managed to satisfy Lerner

at her tryout with a chorus of *Auld Lang Syne*, then proceeded with singing lessons. Producer Frederick Brisson is an old friend of Coco, and the two of them have chatted for 15 years about a musical based on her life.

Americans speak out on the massacre

Americans last week reacted to the massacre at My Lai—with horror, shame and shock, but also with disbelief, uncaring acceptance and even benumbed lack of interest. In interviews with LIFE correspondents and in letters to the editor, many saw My Lai as an inevitable consequence of war. Others blamed this particular war. Few were willing to place the entire burden of guilt on men of Company C who, by their own accounts, took part in the mass slaying of old men, women and children. Some accused the press of exaggerating the event or questioned whether it ever really happened. Seldom did My Lai actually receive a person's feelings about the war; it served only to intensify views already held. Many were apparently so saturated with the horrors of the war that one more shock, even this one, left them with little new to say. Others, busy with their Christmas shopping, said nothing at all. In the following excerpts, persons identified by age and occupation spoke in LIFE interviews. Other excerpts are from letters commenting on the photographs and eyewitness accounts of My Lai, which appeared in the Dec. 5 issue of LIFE.

I've had two brothers over there. They tell me the kid you give a candy bar to in the day is shooting at you at night. I don't condone mass murder. I don't know who is to blame . . . just the war itself.



CHARLES BAX, 32
Kansas City policeman

As I read the description of the inescapable horror, I would glance, briefly, at the photographs with half-shut eyes, thus blurring my vision . . . seeing and not seeing. . . . Halfway through the article I felt as if I had been holding my breath and, with the ultimate exclamation, I involuntarily voiced a loud curse: "God damn them!" I finished the article, but I have yet to read the rest of the magazine. Maybe I never will.

HELEN L. AUSTIN
Rye, N.Y.

Everyone takes the human element out of it. You're supposed to be above it all. When you're running around with a gun in your hand, brother, then you're going to make a mistake. I don't care who you are. So if you give guns to 500,000 men, things like this are going to happen.

THOMAS MCCARTHY, 31
Chicago policeman

As I weep for them, I feel like shouting and screaming for someone to say STOP!! But no one in Washington hears the sound of anything but their own voices making speeches, speeches, speeches, speeches, speeches, speeches.

MRS. ROBERT BARRON
New York City

It's not a game. If you're going to fight, fight. The responsibility is on the Vietnamese people. They are alike, they

are alike and look alike. When they are trying to kill you, well, if it had happened, it had to happen.

JAMES JONES, 22
Vietnam veteran and Phoenix student

We as a people are also on trial and should not try to placate our conscience by scapegoating any or all of those directly connected with the alleged act. Every German I met right after the Second World War said he fought on the Russian front and Hitler was to blame for everything. If the My Lai massacre proves to be true, it will be further evidence of what this war is doing to all of us, not just the soldiers.

MARK HATFIELD
U.S. senator, Oregon

What happened was a part of the American military policy. It was a result of the policy in that war. I don't feel guilty about it because I consider the government that did this to be an enemy of mine. The anger is aroused in me made me think more about evolution than peaceful, nonviolent.

RON MILEWSKI, 22
Chicago student

We have a thousand My Lai's every day right here in America. I am talking about the brutalization of individuals in the everyday life of urban communities where people are killed by other people every single day. Yet our society goes on its frenetic way with hardly a second thought to what is happening. We are accepting killing, the killing of civilians in Vietnam and the killing here in Chicago of the head of the Black Panthers, as something that really doesn't affect us. It can grow into a way of life. I am absolutely agonized by this kind of window-shade response.



JULIE LOHN, 53
Chicago business executive

If the principles of the Nuremberg war trials mean anything at all—if America means anything at all—then these men who killed women, children and old men should never be allowed to hide behind the excuse that "I was just following orders."

TRUMAN R. CLARK
Cromohokoehn, Pa.

My first reaction was utter mortal fright at an episode so contrary to the American ideal, where we have thought of ourselves as protecting women, children and the oppressed. I got so I didn't want to read more of the massacre. I feel as sorry for our men in it as for those who are dead.



MRS. CARLINO DINKLER, JR., 46
Miami socialite

I don't think people should be subjected to the slander and innuendos until it is brought out in court. Several lives have been ruined over this, whether the people are cleared in court or not.

RICHARD PAWLUK, 27
Phoenix fireman

Even in the Civil War there were outrageous atrocities—and it's taken the South 100 years to get over them. You can't ignore these things for the sake of the country. But I'm not surprised. We had a medic in our town, a Vietnam veteran, who told us about things that happened. I'll tell you one thing—this country's getting too militaristic.

CHARLES DAINS
Benton, Ark.

Yes, it is terrible, but history repeats itself and this is *not* the first time that American soldiers have cruelly murdered women and children. To name one instance, how about Wounded Knee, South Dakota on Dec. 29, 1890?

WHITE WATER
Harrisburg, Pa.

If the time should come that my sons, too, must fight for their lives and in the course of that battle civilian lives are lost (or taken) in order to save theirs, so be it. My child, be 16, 26, or 106, is much more precious to me (and should be to every fellow American) than the life of any enemy, no matter what their age or condition.

MRS. JEANIE HUDSON
Fort Lauderdale

Those pictures will haunt me the rest of my life. Maybe it will prevent more of the same. I weep for the children murdered, and I weep for the man that murdered them.

MRS. STELLA SWAN RICO
Los Angeles

I think the whole thing has been blown

up of all proportion. I believe the credibility gap is the inability of people to believe the TV commentators. There is an obvious campaign waged to show the United States as immoral.

HARRY FLETCHER, 44
Montgomery, Ala. professor

As a nation we can deplore our mistakes. But I do not believe that our national conscience should make us hang our heads in shame. That would be blaming all for the actions of a few.

ERIC JOHNSON
Mayor of Dallas

I hope the soul-searching these pictures cause will shake up the "silent majority" on which Nixon so desperately counts. We must get out of this war before it destroys us.

KATHERINE W. FARRIS
Pullman, Wash.

I can speak from experience as a company commander in Vietnam that, given discipline, an American military unit could never be involved in the atrocities that have been alleged. Discipline is hard to instill in men, and the military of today has been severely criticized in peacetime for utilizing methods which have been proclaimed as being "brutal" and "inhuman" in an attempt to foster this required discipline that would have prevented this incident.

CAPTAIN THEODORE BRYAN, USMC
Monterey, Calif.

The main fault is where the orders came from. It's just human nature that they wouldn't act like that if they were acting on their own—there's just too much natural instinct and pride and bringing up for that. I never saw a war with so much two-sidedness to it.



GORDON WILLIAMS
Brighton, Colo. foreman

For the week ending Nov. 27, 1969 the Vietcong killed, wounded or kidnapped 334 South Vietnamese civilians. This is a weekly toll, not an isolated incident. For the 1969 year so far, the toll is 5,938 killed, 14,915 wounded and 6,049 kidnapped. The American public is dismayed over the 109 civilians our soldiers killed. Surely, to be consistent, we should be at least three times as outraged for the Nov. 27 toll alone.

OLGA C. MANSON
Trumbull, Conn.

Having been a Marine, a devoted American, a true believer in our great country, I took the massacre as one would the death of his child. The picture in your issue was like a knife in my heart.

ROGER R. ECKERT
La Mesa, Calif.

at Mylai

Your Mylai issue set back the President's peace efforts two years, and will be responsible for many more deaths among our boys.

LAURETTA L. KIDMAN
Ogden, Utah

It just reinforces the horror that I've always felt about the Vietnam war. I don't blame the soldiers. They've been brainwashed or they wouldn't be able to shoot anybody over there. They're guilty, but no more than every person in the United States who allows our government to carry on the war.



Mrs. KAY HOBBS, 35
Oklahoma City housewife

There is something very strange about the public posturing—the assumption that things were all right before. The fault goes back to John Foster Dulles and Eisenhower, to the "domino" theory and their protestations of righteousness, which I think were very wrong. We have been sending off people to do the dirty work for us, and then we don't want to face up to the consequences.

JOHN HATCH, 30
American teacher, London

As Agnew said so accurately, the press can make national issues overnight. I now see other reports of so-called tragedies popping up. I believe a new Communist tactic is occurring and they know they can rely on the liberals in the press as suckers.

JOHN A. MALAGRIN
Baltimore

For the first time I destroyed a copy of LIFE before my children got hold of it, not because I feel LIFE was wrong in publishing the pictures but because it would have been too difficult to answer the questions they provoked.

SVBIL KELLEGG
Aurora, Ill.

Is it because they weren't white, round-eyed Americans that their deaths are so unimportant to so many?

SHERRI SOLTOW
Killeen, Texas

Several years ago I sent a letter to you that was published and in which I stated, "Thank God for American soldiers that are fighting to end such agony." I had reference to a picture of a Vietnamese woman and her dying baby. Oh, dear God, how things change.

ELAYNE S. WHITCOMB
Bartlett, Ill.

We have to remember what happened on the atom bombs were dropped during World War II. Many civilians were killed, wounded and impaired from the cause of a decision that was

made by the President of the United States. I don't recall hearing of any criticism that was made concerning the dropping of bombs on the two cities.

PAUL CALDER, 73
Grapevine, Texas

Whose side are you on?

S. LEE
Beaver, Pa.

The news media weren't satisfied until the story was told over and over and the whole world knew of it and had their comments published. I believe that the public does not have to know every detail. I vote to send competent politicians to Washington to run the affairs of the government. I applauded Vice President Agnew and now hope he says more about television, radio and magazines.

Mrs. NORRIS BREAUX
Crowley, La.

War is hell, as I know very well, having fought in two of them, including a year in Vietnam. But I know, and you know, that even if this incident happened as alleged, it is an isolated incident and not American policy.

COLONEL RAY H. SMITH, USA
Fort Sill, Okla.

The Army will not try those who are really responsible. The buck will be passed down and not up. The real question is: who set the tone in the American Division? There are outfits where a tone of violence, and inexcusable violence, is established. It is not just that the men above knew what had happened and did nothing about it—but that they set the tone that made such a thing happen. We really fool ourselves if we think there isn't a little SS in every army—just waiting for some fat-headed colonel or general to bring it out.

TOM CARMICHAEL
Ajijic, Mexico

Pope Paul has said "no more war." The church universal has been saying that for a long time. Perhaps many feel that the pulpit should thunder forth its condemnation of the mass killings in holy righteousness. Personally, I do not feel moved to thundering. Inside, I feel more like crying.



REV. J. RICHARD WAGNER, 43
Cedar Rapids minister

A lot of people really don't care, don't want to get involved in it. A lot of people don't want to believe it, either. It seems to me the government is not letting people in on what's going on.

MARINO MICHELLI, 19
Seattle cook

We judged the silent majority in Ger-



many when it insisted it did not know about the concentration camps and bloodbaths. Our newspapers are not yet censored, nor our radio and television muzzled. What will be the excuse for those who remain silent today?

Mrs. NENA RIEGGER
Oxon Hill, Md.

The whole world is guilty—the Army as an institution and the government as representative of the American people. I feel bitter about it. It lowers the image of America throughout the world. It lowers whatever we strive for in Vietnam. I think they will try to whitewash it over by saying one guy is responsible for the massacre when the whole problem came from getting into Vietnam in the first place. I've a brother in Vietnam. I hate to think he's a part of any sort of organization in which this could happen and be condoned.



GLEN BUTLER, 21
Omaha student

It's part of this goddamned war, part of the whole mess. We have to get it over with and get back to positive, constructive work with people in the fight against poverty and ignorance. The President wants to get us out with honor and his program deserves support. Certainly, human nature is taxed under terrible conditions—like war or slums—and we must do everything within our power to eradicate these conditions. But we still have to maintain standards of conduct and punish persons for their crimes.

JOSEPH BLATCHFORD
Peacorp Corps Director
Washington, D.C.

When, in the same year, we can slaughter children at Mylai and also prove that we are capable of flight beyond the stars, then there is something wrong with our society. We had better forget

about the computers and magnificent technical feats, and concentrate on reading and trying to understand better a book called the Bible.

HAROLD SNYDER, JR.
York, Pa.

This actually shouldn't change anybody's attitudes. It's reprehensible, of course, what happened, and must be dealt with. But we should win the war.

E. V. RICHARDS IV
Past president, New Orleans
Young Republicans

There is no longer any excuse for anyone to remain silent. Our President and Vice President, the Senate, all should be flooded with letters demanding that the real culprits, those that made the policy we followed in Vietnam, those that suppressed the evidence of this massacre for almost two years should be exposed for what they are.

Mrs. JULIA THOMASON
The Bronx

I'm old enough to remember how we talked about the terrible Hun in World War I. I don't think you can blame any individual or even the government. It's just the outgrowth of a long, dirty war.

BERT ENGLAND, 64
Wichita grocery owner

LIFE's exposure of the grisly event will only add more fodder for the Communist propaganda media.

WILLIAM NORAKA
San Mateo, Calif.

Under no circumstances do I think a person placed in the situation of being required to kill should be punished because he killed the wrong people.

JERRY CRAMM, 19
Oklahoma City student

There will still be the two extremes—those who want immediate withdrawal and those who want to drop the bomb. The people in between still don't give a damn about the whole thing.

RICHARD L. McMILLAN, 25
Vietnam veteran and University of South Carolina student

One feels a need to place the blame for this latest horror. All we need to do is look in our mirror.

Mrs. VIRGINIA APREY
New York City

I think we'll forget all about it as soon as another crisis comes along. We don't have very long memories as a nation.

Mrs. BETTY WICKERS, 51
Montgomery, Ala. housewife

Last Mountain Man? Not If He

'Don't destroy the outdoors,' Paul Petzoldt urges his students. 'Learn how to enjoy it'

BY JANE HOWARD

If I could choose somebody to be stranded with on a desert island, or to get me out of any dilemma from a flat tire to the charge of an enraged bull moose during a lightning storm, I would instantly and confidently ask for Paul Petzoldt.

I'd have good reason. For one thing, Petzoldt is reassuring just to look at, reminding one as he does of Santa Claus, Falstaff and Hercules. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 240 pounds and has gigantic circumflex brows over slightly slanted blue eyes. He is also transfixing to listen to, using words like *alpenglow*, *timberline* and *scarfily* to tell of nearly 62 years of adventures—set not only in Wyoming, where he lives, but the Himalayas, the Alps and even flatlands and offices.

More to the point, Petzoldt would get us both out of there, wherever "there" might be, with more finesse than anyone I know of. We'd end up safe, warm, and a little sorry it all was over, because adventure is to Petzoldt what hymns are to a choir-master. It has been not only his livelihood but his delight ever since 1924, when the first pair of dudes hired him to guide them up the Teton mountains. "I guess I've never been afraid to try anything," he says, and I guess he's probably right.

But he is not merely intrepid. Besides his gusto for skirmishes with the elements, he has a militant reverence for the natural world, as those whom he ushers into the wilderness soon learn. Once he made two boys walk back 12 miles to pick up a couple of pieces of tinfoil.

Petzoldt legends abound. He holds the world record for spending the longest continuous time at an altitude of more than 20,000 feet without artificial oxygen. He has invented a widely used system of signals for rope climbers, started the first mountaineering guide service in the United States, and probably made more first ascents of mountains than anyone in this country.

He knows the Tetons and the Wind River Mountain Range the way a good cabbie knows The Bronx. Once, when nobody else dared climb to the top of the Tetons to investigate a plane crash, he and a ranger made a three-day ascent in a whiteout blizzard, to discover 23 corpses. Another time, when a hapless parachutist had been trapped for a week atop a 5,117-foot volcano plug, Petzoldt led the rescue.

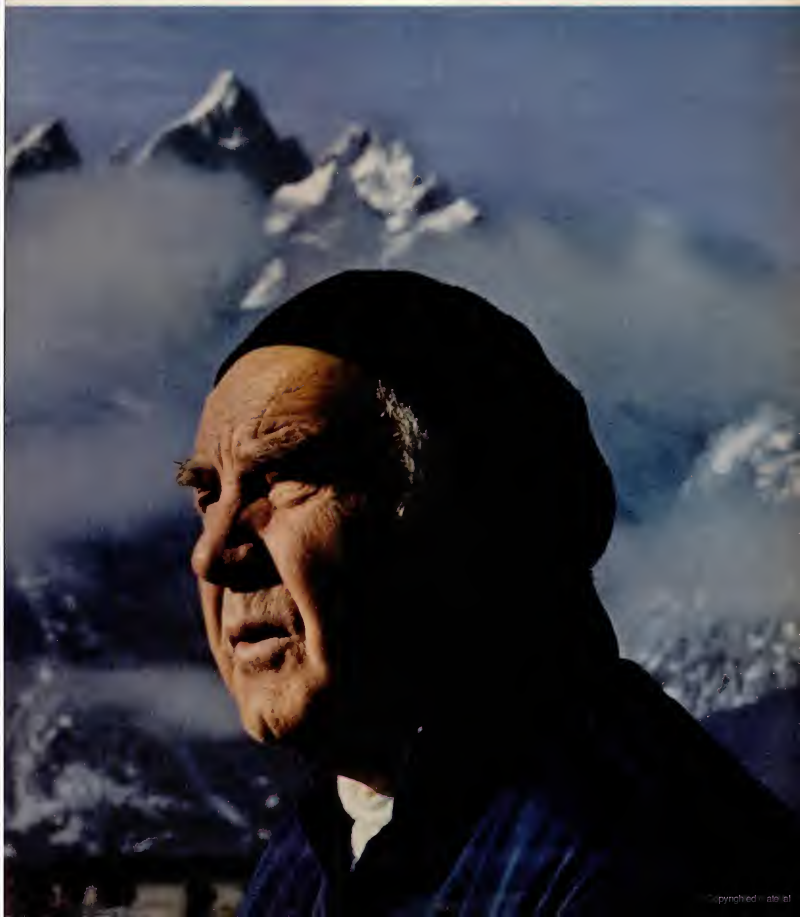
Once he skied seven days in howling winds and -30° weather, to dig through 10 feet of snow in search of uranium, only to find himself the victim of a hoax: the rock sample that had sent him off turned out to be from the Belgian Congo. Once he stayed in an Arizona canal all day to avoid walking barefoot on

CONTINUED



Can Help It

Massive himself, Paul Petzoldt stands before the majestic profile of the Teton range, where he has climbed oftener than any other mountaineer.





"Our main purpose," Paul Petzoldt tells students at a campfire, "is to teach judgment as a basis for decisions. Lots of college-age kids have never had to make a serious decision."

**A horse named
Appendicitis
changed his mind
about rodeo riding**

CONTINUED

the sizzling rocks. He has also been known to kill an elk with a pocketknife, walk a tightrope, and disguise himself as a Sikh potentate during an anti-Western street riot in Calcutta. He has played water polo and football, raised alfalfa, hopped freights, and been a chef, a fur trapper, a downhill and slalom ski champion, a traveling lecturer, a golfer, a used car salesman and a dude rancher.

"Once," says an old friend, "Paul and Gene Tunney nearly came to blows in my living room in an argument over Chinese politics. I had to strain to keep them apart, because I wasn't at all sure Gene would win." Once Petzoldt bicycled all the 400 miles from Basle to Antwerp without a centime in his pocket. Once he gave some thought to running for Congress. Earlier he yearned to be a rodeo rider, "but a horse named Appendicitis changed my mind about that." Never mind. If someone told me Petzoldt had a blue ox named Babe or could literally leap tall buildings with a single bound, I wouldn't be too surprised.

Now, at a point in life when most men face retirement, Petzoldt is plunged into an involving new venture. His National Outdoor Leadership School, founded in 1965 and affiliated with the University of Wyoming and Kansas State Teachers College, is growing so fast it keeps him in the mountains all but four or five nights every summer and absorbs his year-round attention. The NOLS campus, in Wyoming, is the rugged Wind River Mountain Range, some of which has never been accurately mapped.

NOLS students, mostly in their teens and twenties, flock by the hundreds from all over the country and the world for five-week courses. Divided into pa-

trols of 12, they carry everything they will need in backpacks that can weigh more than 40 pounds. There is no weaving of lanyards, no compulsory singing of jolly songs around campfires. The students eat what they carry and find and catch, sleep in tents, and read topographical maps so they can plot their own 100-mile itineraries up and down through arctic and tundra zones, learning as they travel to recognize mushrooms, wildflowers and trees. They never even see the rear end of a jeep, much less a newspaper or a franchised root beer stand.

A handful of them, each summer, turn out to be "lookers and readers instead of doers." Two or three usually drop out, "because they suddenly decide their mothers need them at home"—a neat trick when they have no communication whatever with the world. The majority, however, find astonishing reserves of strength. Petzoldt keeps saying he is no missionary, but somehow he transmits an evangelistic message: you are more and better and stronger than you ever thought you could be. You didn't think you could rappel your way down that cliff, or sleep comfortably outside in a blizzard, or swing by a rope across a furious river, but guess what: you can. The students emerge with a self-reliance useful even back in the overcivilized world where problems are murky and abstract and solutions more so.

To get a glimpse of what he is about, I spent a few days with Petzoldt. We flew over the Wind Rivers, which for all their majesty looked about as habitable as a bank of clouds, as if they'd just been sprinkled with some giant Claes Oldenburr shaker of powdered sugar. Then we went camping in the Teton, which in profile resemble the growth graph of

CONTINUED

Raise somebody's standard of living this Christmas.



Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.



*When Nervous Tension
And Fatigue Bring On*
"Housewife Headache"...

The busy mother and homemaker has many repetitious tasks she must perform daily to make life pleasant for her family. And it's understandable how tensions and fatigue can build up during the day and result in what is now known as "housewife" headache. For this type of headache you need strong yet safe relief. So next time take Anacin®. Anacin gives you 100% more of the strong pain-reliever doctors recommend most for headaches as the other leading extra-strength tablet.

Minutes after taking Anacin, your headache goes, so does its nervous tension and fatigue. Anacin lets you feel better all over—able to carry on. Despite its strength, Anacin is safe taken as directed. It doesn't leave you depressed or groggy. Next time take Anacin Tablets!



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Map-reading is a skill Petzoldt continually emphasizes. "Miles don't matter as much in the mountains," he says, "as time and energy do. Sometimes it takes a day to go a mile."



CONTINUED some highly erratic corporation. We heard, once in a while, what must be the most primeval noise in the world: the bugling of male elks, in many-syllabled cries ranging over an octave. They sounded a little like inept Boy Scouts trying to play taps and a little like rusty door hinges, but not really much like either.

This gentle trip was no flirtation with peril. Even when frost covered our tents at night we were plenty warm with two sleeping bags apiece. My only trouble was trudging a steep quarter-mile uphill through tangled knots of sagebrush, but I did what Petzoldt advised and took a breath with each step to save wind. We made coffee from Jenny Lake water, cooked potato pancakes, used sage leaves as napkins and wished trout weren't out of season. When the time came to reload our packs I felt sad to go back down. Even Wyoming, one of the few states to have lost population in late years, seemed too crowded.

Brief as it was, this excursion showed me how Petzoldt is to outdoorsmen what Heloise is to housewives: an endless and bountiful source of useful tips and hints. My notebook was a jumble of miscellaneous outdoor lore. Fir needles are flat, spruce needles are square. Bottles and cans don't belong in the mountains at all. There are at least 13 ways of cooking trout. Salt is much more essential in cold weather than people realize. The quietest place in the world is a snow cave (a handy thing to know how to dig now that winter camping is getting to be as promisingly popular as skiing was 30 years ago). Fiber-glass saddles are better than leather ones, but horses mar the wilderness even more than jeeps do, pawing at roots of trees, tearing up flower beds, and giving trail dust a lingering manure smell.

Dacron is better than down for sleeping bags and jackets; down is too warm if you wear it uphill and takes far too long to dry. A foam-rubber product called Insulite is much better than an air mattress to put under a sleeping bag. Most books on survival are phony and impractical because they teach you to whistle wooden spoons instead of what you really need to know, like reading maps and dressing right.

**When he says
proper dress
he means four
layers of wool**

Europeans and cowboys dress worse than anybody. "We almost consider it sinful," Petzoldt said, "to take young people into the hills shivering in Levis, letting their feet get bloody with blisters and sleeping cold all night." Proper dress means four layers of wool, to be added or removed as the sun and body heat change. Thermal socks aren't good, "because they're made principally of nylon and cotton,



not wool. Electric socks? They're warm, sure, but who wants to carry batteries around?"

Good outdoorsmen travel light. Bad ones "accumulate so much arctic and Himalayan stuff they practically need a moving van to carry it around. All you really need to do, to be practical and warm, is scrounge around your own basement or attic. Before you leave you should make two piles: things you'll absolutely *have* to have and things you think you might need, and throw all the 'might needs' away." Good outdoorsmen needn't spend much money on food, either. "Even at today's prices you can eat well—two pounds and 3,500 to 4,000 calories—on \$1.25 a day, if you buy stuff like Bisquick, dried soups, cereals and dried milk cheap at supermarkets.

"Some of the great mountaineers don't know how to camp or fish or swim or even start a fire," Petzoldt said. "A big percentage of people who go into the wilderness—even those who think of themselves as great conservationists—ruin what they came to enjoy. We do less damage taking 100 people into the wilderness for 35 days than some parties of four camping out for two nights. It doesn't follow that if you've climbed K-2 or Everest you're a good outdoorsman."

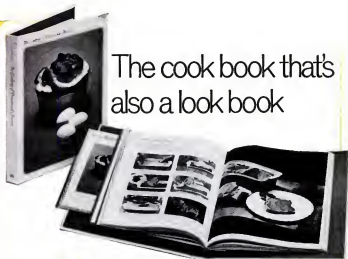
Petzoldt's school is not for sybarites. Even in July the weather can be far from clement, with snows, lightning and rainstorms that can last a week. "And at the beginning of the course we generally kill a couple of cows—shoot them, cut their throats, de-gut them and have the girls butcher them. It's a good way to learn how to dress game. Inevitably someone faints and accuses us of cruelty, but we say, 'Where do you think your steaks come from? They aren't manufactured at the supermarket, you know.'"

His students, Petzoldt thinks, hunger for reality. "Much of what they see around them," he says, "is phony. All through society they find people who talk one thing and do another. If they have a brain in their heads they can see that something is radically wrong." So, at NOLS, raw honesty is encouraged. "If somebody makes you mad in the mountains (where you have to pay, sometimes immediately, for every rationalization and mistake) you don't beat around the bush. You tell him about it."

But back in civilization, where half-truths are sometimes a necessity, such candor can lead to trouble. "When I tell my friends at Rotary or the Elks Club what I honestly think of youth and long hair and a few other things, they make me feel like a god-

CONTINUED

The cook book that's also a look book



Must a cook book be a mere melange of tsps., tbsps. and oz.? Certainly not. Food, after all, isn't just fuel. It's sensual and visceral, visual and gastric. It sets moods. It can be a token of love. A well-made dinner can nourish one's ego as well as one's body.

For the imaginative person the editors of Foods of the World have created imaginative cook books. Recipes, of course, are its core: there are more than 100 in each book, gathered from a major cuisine of the world. And the recipes are wrapped in careful, no-nonsense instruction and step-by-step photographs in *full color*.

Other color photos take you into inns and auberges, majestic hotel kitchens and peasant cottages and bistros to make a country's cooking fragrantly and vividly real. Then the world's great gastronomes spice each book with helpings of lore, history and bits of delicious curiosa that make reading about food as delightful as eating it.

Mrs. M.F.K. Fisher has sprinkled her book on *The Cooking of Provincial France* with morsels like "it is still the custom in little French villages to take dishes to the bakery to be roasted (a stew, even a suckling pig or turkey)." Waverly Root in *The Cooking of Italy* remarks that "tagliatelle (a pasta) was first served to a nobleman whose cook was inspired by the flaxen hair of the principal guest—Lucrezia Borgia."

Out of the 1,340 cook books in print, your bookseller has decided to stock all the books from our Foods of the World series. Each makes an inspired gift because it comes in a presentation case in which a pocket holds a spiral-bound recipe booklet. The price-per-package at your bookstore: only \$6.95. Little enough indeed for a cook book that is also a look book.

FOODS OF THE WORLD Volumes at your bookstore

Each is about 205 pages, hardbound in cloth, 8½" x 11", hundreds of full-color photographs, drawings, tables, how-to graphics. Over 100 recipes in each book. With recipe booklet in a presentation case.

The Cooking of Provincial France
The Cooking of Italy
The Cooking of Scandinavia
The Cooking of Vienna's Empire
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The Cooking of Germany
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The Cooking of the British Isles
The Cooking of Spain and Portugal
The Cooking of Japan/*forthcoming*
Middle Eastern Cooking/*forthcoming*
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TIME
BOOKS

**'Steaks aren't
manufactured at
the supermarket,
you know'**

Give the Party Starter to a friend. You'll never hear the end of it.

It's a portable tape unit that plays 8-track stereo cartridges (just like the ones for a car tape player) in vibrant monaural sound. It runs on six "C" batteries.

And, its tough molded plastic case comes in a crazy color combination—Yankee Grey and Confederate Blue. See the Party Starter at your RCA Dealer. No friend should be without one.



CONTINUED

dam effete intellectual. Out here there's an open season on Democrats." Even Petzoldt's wife Dottie is an ardent Republican, and an indoorswoman at that. She would rather work at the CBS radio station in Lander, of which she is co-owner, than rappel down a mountain. "But she has terrific humor," says her husband, "and we get along fine."

He is nobody's father but a vociferous champion of young people, "maybe because I was a protesting kid myself in the Depression. The world is changing so fast the old mores don't have a chance. Most judgments against kids are wrong. Suddenly they've become the type of Christians we were always told to be—their brothers' keepers. My generation says you're just supposed to talk about such things. I've always distinguished between Christianity and churchianity, which hides a lot of hypocrisy and evil."

Petzoldt was born in Iowa, the last of nine children, and raised on a farm in southern Idaho. When he was 14 his widowed mother returned to the Midwest, and he decided he'd rather set forth on his own than live with her or his married older siblings (one of whom became a champion jockey). "I wasn't running away from anything, but toward something," he says—the something of course being adventure. By thumb, rail and whatever means he could devise, he made his way all around the country, busing dishes, waiting tables, guiding dudes and playing poker. "I'm a good card player," he admits. "No, that's wrong. I'm a very good card player."

'Because it's there' didn't strike him as a good rationale

Horatio Alger could have written a book about Petzoldt's early years. Once, after he guided the dean of the chapel at Windsor Castle through the Tetons, the good dean bade him spend a year in England as his guest, studying and traveling. Petzoldt went, and stayed on to investigate most of Europe, including of course the Alps, where he didn't like the way guides were treated. "I never allowed myself or my guides to be treated like Swiss guides," he says. "We'd treat our people as our equals, even if we didn't think they were, and expected the same of them." Nor did he much like traditional explanations of why men climb. "I never could see the sense of going to the top of the goddam mountain just because it was there," he says. "If that's all, you might as well stay at the bottom in a bar."

The freighter that brought him back from Europe docked in New Orleans, and Petzoldt enrolled for a year at Louisiana State University. Later he studied at the universities of Idaho, Utah and Wyoming. He never did get a degree, which oversight bothered him only in establishing NOLS. "Then I finally realized that if you don't have a degree you're like a car going around without a taillight. If you do have one you have to prove you're stupid, and if you don't you have to prove you're smart."

Could any opium eater have had it better?

Nobody questioned his brains during World War II, when he managed lend-lease programs for food shipped to Russia, devised medical evacuation methods for the Army's 10th Mountain Division and was later assigned to the Control Council in Berlin. Then he worked with the Chinese Nationalist Relief Administration in Shanghai and made his second excursion in the Himalayas, after which, for a time, he helped run a cold cream factory in India.

There he came to wonder about a practice nowadays known as transcendental meditation. "First I was convinced they were all a bunch of cultists lying to each other," he says, "but after practicing

CONTINUED

NIGHT OF THE GRINCH

CBS-TV

SUNDAY NIGHT-DEC. 21

DR. SEUSS'

"HOW THE GRINCH STOLE CHRISTMAS"

FROM

YOUR LOCAL FULL SERVICE BANK

LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOLOF SERVICE

A FULL SERVICE BANK



Imperial
makes the giving great
...either parties or presents.
Gift wrapped...no extra charge.

The extra step whiskey that's just a sip smoother than the rest.

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Problems. Problems. Our Managing Director recently pointed out that Christmas won't fall on a Tuesday until 1973.



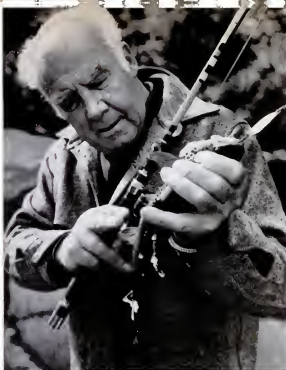
And the entire world now knows (he continued) that we have selected Tuesday as the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

Are we possibly depriving some good people (he pursued) of one of the traditional joys of Christmas?

Well, look at it this way, sir (we hazarded). Through a peculiar bit of luck, Twelfth-night will fall on a Tuesday this year. By celebrating Twelfth-night somewhat in advance—say December 25th—all inconvenience should be avoided.

The Old Gentleman appeared considerably relieved and has authorized the publication of the above. Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la!

Teacher's Scotch



As addicted to fishing as to mountains, Petzoldt de-hooks a trout and talks of the marvels of the Wind River country, where "in 35 days we never need to fish the same lake twice."

CONTINUED

what they called "concentration" for two months, eight or 10 hours a day, I got the idea. It was a beautiful sort of trance. I don't think any opium eater ever had it any better. It was so pleasant, physically as well as mentally, that I quit, because I was afraid I might get hooked and withdraw from the world."

Instead he went back to Wyoming to raise certified alfalfa seed. But the elevator in which he deposited his crops took bankruptcy, and he ended up broke. He struggled to recoup his losses until 1963, when he was asked to teach at the Colorado branch of an international program to accustom young people to outdoor adversity, called Outward Bound. Later he became chief instructor.

"I owe a great debt to Outward Bound," he says. "I disagree with their emphasis on toughness for its own sake, because I think toughness should only come through doing things that are fun. But I think Outward Bound is great, and it convinced me of the importance of something further—something I'd had in the back of my mind all along: giving people proper technical training to take kids outdoors (which is plenty tough, all right, but plenty of fun, too). All the organizations that tried to do this—the YMCA, the Scouts, the church groups—meant well, but they were stymied because they just didn't have the know-how. Not that you aren't doing a city kid a great favor if you take him to the country and say, 'Look, this is a tree, this is a flower, this is a rabbit.' But I saw a need for something more—something that might require more stamina and energy than Outward Bound, and yet be more fun."

Hence NOLS. "We started the school from scratch without one penny of financing," Petzoldt says. "Maybe it's a good thing the school doesn't have any angels: it makes us operate more efficiently. I wish we could give more scholarships, so more poor kids and black kids could come, but to *beg* them to come and be our token Negroes would be pa-

CONTINUED

PALL MALL MENTHOL 100'S

U.S. Government figures show they're lower in "tar" than the best selling menthol king.



**He works to
blend stamina
and energy
with fun**

Longer-yet milder



Isn't our new family portrait wonderful?

We hope so. But the three words, "A KODAK Paper" on the back tell you that the color portrait on the front is made on the best photographic paper the photographer can buy. Look for the two sides of color picture quality on snapshots, enlargements, and school pictures, too. If you see "A KODAK Paper," your finisher has used the finest.

Kodak

CONTINUED

tronizing and insulting. We do give a few scholarships—some to kids who are getting out of penal institutions. The school is a great transition place for the return of criminals to society—for them just as for kids from rich prep schools in New England, all that counts is what you *do*, not what you were."

Those who get scholarships are expected eventually to pay the school back the \$400 each course costs, and so far most have. Petzoldt doesn't regret his financial status. "Once I could have bought a cheap option on the Jackson Hole ski resort," he says, "but that I didn't is probably the most fortunate thing of my life. If I had a lot of money I'd get into all kinds of trouble. I'd probably weigh 300 pounds or be an alcoholic, or both."

Will public comfort stations desecrate the wilderness?

Instead he has taken arms against the desecration of the wilderness, even as he leads more people into it. Critics find this paradoxical and say that even the best-taught, best-intentioned of visitors can only help sully such relatively untouched places as the Wind River Mountains. They foresee a glum day when public comfort stations and hot dog stands will mar places where, so far at least, few men have ever set foot. As somebody said in Jackson Hole, "It's a matter of numbers. As the population keeps exploding everybody professes to hope that the hordes of kids now growing up will dig the outdoors and the mountains, sure, but not *my* mountain—try that one over there." Some long for the old pre-Petzoldt days when cowboys, squinting at the awesome peaks and doubtless speaking for most other people, would say, "I ain't lost nothin' up there; why should I want to go up?"

But now that masses of people do want to go up, Petzoldt figures it's all to the good if they go up prepared. He thinks, in fact, that nobody should be allowed into the wilderness who hasn't demonstrated—perhaps to the satisfaction of some governmental agency—that he can read maps, has proper equipment, and knows what he's doing. The last thing he wants to do is keep people from savoring the outdoors, the best arena he knows of to slake thirst for adventure—"maybe even better," he suggests, "than marijuana or LSD." Aware of the Peter Principle dangers of his school's getting too big for its own good, he nevertheless contemplates establishing a branch in the East, and welcomes all imitators.

Home in Lander after a summer outdoors with his school, Petzoldt relishes hot baths and clean clothes, reads, listens to music, and takes Dottie out for a six-course *haute cuisine* dinner. "I have no desire to wear a hair shirt," he says. "I like comforts and civilization as much as anybody." But it's never very long before he has vanished again, for a while anyway, up into the mountains. ■

Paul Petzoldt and the National Outdoor Leadership School are the subject of "Thirty Days to Survival," the first TV special of the 1970 "Alcoa Hour" series, sponsored by Aluminum Company of America and produced by the Editors of LIFE. Check local listings beginning January 18 for exact time and station.

Doctors Find Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

And Promptly Stop Itching,
Relieve Pain In Most Cases.

Science has found a medication with the ability, in most cases—to stop burning itch, relieve pain and actually shrink hemorrhoids.

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The answer is *Preparation H*®—there is no other formula like it for hemorrhoids. Preparation H also soothes inflamed, irritated tissues and helps prevent further infection. In ointment or suppository form.

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Sewer clogged? Drains slow? Call your local Roto-Rooter Company for prompt service. The Roto-Rooter man Razer-Kleens® any sewer or drain—kitchen, bath, basement or laundry. Leaves 'em like new. No mess, no fuss. Call the company millions depend upon... Roto-Rooter. There's only one... you'll find yours listed in the phone book.



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Facts. Figures. Data. Reel after reel after reel. Wouldn't it be nice to have an Escape Machine?



It's here! 1970 Olds Cutlass Supreme, a totally new idea in elegance.

You and Cutlass Supreme, what a couple you'll make. We know because we checked it out on our computers. Here's what we found: You really go for elegant looks. *Check.* Those deep-comfort, double-padded seats—choice of buckets or bench. *Check.* That agile coil-spring ride. *Check.*

The no-draft Flo-Thru Ventilation System. *Check.* The anti-theft steering column lock. *Check.* The smoother, longer-lasting Rocket V-8 performance of Oldsmobile's exclusive new Positive Valve Rotators. *Check.* What do they do for you? They rotate the valves constantly—providing

better valve seating and perfect sealing for longer, more efficient engine operation. *Check.* And a price that will easily fit your budget. *Check. Check.* See your nearest Olds dealer soon and check out a Cutlass Supreme Escape Machine. It could be the start of something great.

Oldsmobile: Escape from the ordinary.

Protects you with energy-absorbing padded instrument panel, sideguard beams and stronger, longer-lasting bias-ply glass-belted tires, side marker lights and reflectors, anti-theft steering column. **Pampers you** with luxurious interiors, rotary glove box latch, easy-to-read instruments. **Pleases you** with Oldsmobile's famous quiet ride, responsive power, and contemporary styling.





Authentic.

"Tis Christmas here. And I will tell you the cold of a Scottish winter is a nasty affair in the Highlands. But we've made a Scotch that's warmed many a man. And with it we send good cheer."

John Dewar



Dewar's never varies.



Passion play village is nestled in the remote valley of the Ammer in the Bavarian Alps

Uproar in Oberammergau

by RICHARD B. STOLLEY



Hans Schwaighofer left under duress as director of Oberammergau passion play and returned to his wood-carving school to brood about reform.

OBERAMMERGAU
 In 1663 the Plague struck this idyllic little Bavarian mountain village and swiftly wiped out a third of its population. The survivors gathered to make a bargain with the Lord: if spared, they would celebrate His charity by offering up a passion play, celebrating the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, every 10 years.

The dying stopped, and Oberammergau has faithfully paid off its obligation more or less every decade for the past three centuries.

Preparations are even now under way for the 1970 version. The cast of 1,700 has been chosen and rehearsals begun. Seamstresses are at work on the biblical wardrobe, sturdy enough to last 100 seven-hour performances on the outdoor stage, where Alpine cloud bursts lend a touch of divine realism. The town's hotels and pensions are spilling up for the half million tourists who will spend \$9 million here next summer—not bad for a town of 6,000. The commercial success of the passion play is indisputable. Little else about it is, however. Almost from its inception, the drama has been under some kind of religious, political or artistic assault, suspended at times by kings and popes, scorned by agnostics, even ridiculed by believ-



Former Christ Anton Preisinger, a hotelkeeper, was named new director. He is scornful of charges that the play contains anti-Semitic passages.

CONTINUED

Judas proposed a new text

CONTINUED

ers as "tedious" and "a cultural monstrosity."

And today, as if by tradition, the play continues to be even more of a hotbed of bickering, petty intrigue and dispute. Much of the recent furor has centered on its rather ferocious anti-Semitism. Simply put, its present version, virtually unchanged for over a century, seeks to spread blame for Christ's murder on all Jews, past and present, a view that is not only erroneous but, above all, obscenely inappropriate in postwar Germany. (Small wonder Hitler pronounced it "true people's art," when he saw it in the '30s.)

A wood carver named Hans Schwaighofer, who—oh divine irony!—was Judas in the 1960 play and then was promoted to director of the 1970 production, had the nerve to propose that the old text be scrapped entirely and an 18th Century allegory of good vs. evil substituted. His new play, he said, would also eliminate the Crucifixion itself (the actor Christ hangs from a cross for 26 minutes) and even the Resurrection (he is propelled skyward on a platform rising from the stage), scenes which Schwaighofer found "gruesome and crude."

Incredulous wrath greeted his proposal, especially among the Oberammergau businessmen. Not very tactfully, Schwaighofer suggested that they were defending the old play for financial not spiritual reasons. In mid-clamor, Herr Schwaighofer quit—or was fired from—the prestigious director's job, and reduced to an extra in next year's play.

Schwaighofer's martyrdom, nonetheless, persuaded the town fathers to ask a local Dominican priest, Father Stephan Schaller, who is a specialist in German passion plays, if he

CONTINUED



Next year's Virgin Mary, Beatrix Lang, an art teacher, finally got the part, but only on condition that she stay out of the local *Branshaus*, lower her hemlines and quit smoking (right) in public.



Bona fide Dominican priest, Father Stephan Schaller, tried to amend the offensive and outdated passion play script, but was outmaneuvered.



Next Christ, Helmut Fischer, will have to memorize 7,000 words and stay onstage for nearly five hours. He expects role will boost his law practice.



Runner-up Virgin Mary, Irmi Dengg, lost out in the long dispute over selection of the cast, but gracefully. "Heaven has made its choice," she said.



It took one hundred and eleven men twelve thousand hours to create this Corgi miniature. A miniature precise in detail, magnificent in execution.

Its hood covers a tiny engine. Rear and side doors open at a touch. Inside a complete instrument panel.

There are tilting bucket seats and an ingenious fastback device that converts biggame space to seats.

Its heavy die-cast metal body is finished like crystal. And there is spring suspension throughout. It's the E Type Jaguar and it's just four and

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a half inches long.

This Jaguar is typical of over 100 miniatures made by Corgi. Each spectacular in its way. Each with its particular reasons to be owned. Collections of them may be started for as little as \$1.25.

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Same look. Same feel. There's just one little thing, they're half the size. This Porsche Carrera is one of more than forty. Corgi Juniors. Realistic. Prices begin at a mere fifty-five cents.

... Something else is new. Stubby, husky, tough. Turbo Trucks.

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Mostly for children under six.

They're bright and colorful and built for rougher play. A special metal all Corgis are made of makes them rust proof and stronger than anything around. They're safe. Edges are rounded and their pneumatic tires can't come off.

They're wholesome and rugged and they'll play harder than any other truck you'll find. Quality Turbo Trucks. Under \$2.00.

turbo trucks

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'Did we want a B-girl or a Holy Mary?'

CONTINUED

thought revision of the text was advisable. Did he ever. He removed every anti-Semitic line in the text and the choral lyrics. He modernized the language, and mercifully shortened the play by an hour. He, too, recommended doing away with the Resurrection airlift.

The omnipotent play committee, composed of 24 dyed-in-the-loden conservatives from the Oberammergau establishment, duly took the revised text under consideration. Then in early October the official 1970 script was sent to Father Schaller. "Mein Gott!" he cried out in his monastery office, striking his surpliced breast in dismay. "Two years' work, all in vain."

That is not quite accurate. A few of the more hair-raising lines about the bloodthirsty Jews were indeed dropped. But otherwise, the priest's text had been dismissed by Anton Preisinger, a hotelkeeper who will direct the 1970 play, as "bad poetry." Preisinger, who was a Nazi during the war, had played Christ in both the 1950 and 1960 plays.

The same committee also chooses the cast from among the villagers, and this is a particularly medieval exercise. To qualify for feature roles, for example, women have to be under 35 and virgins. Tryouts were held this year in August, and the greatest tumult surrounded the choice of the Virgin Mary.

The daughter of a souvenir shop proprietor, Irmi Dengg, had received rave notices as Irmi in 1960, and was considered pretty much a shoo-in to repeat in 1970. Indeed, like a fair number of other maidens with aspirations to stardom, she had fulfilled the primary offstage obligation by remaining unmarried throughout the decade. But this spring Irmi astounded everyone by withdrawing her name from competition for reasons of health. It subsequently became apparent that director Preisinger favored an unknown to replace her, a 21-year-old arts and crafts teacher, Beatrix Lang.

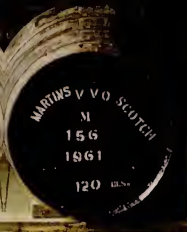
Then only three days before the committee was to gather in secret session to select the cast, Irmi Dengg—apparently under severe pressure from friends who did not fancy the tall, shapely Beatrix in the part—announced publicly that she had changed her mind. Irmi wanted to be Mary again. The committee deliberations dragged on for two full days. Irmi is being a prima donna, some members were reported to have shouted. Beatrix wears miniskirts, came the reply.

Hundreds of townspeople waited in the rain for the results to be chalked on a blackboard in front of city hall. Beatrix won, as was learned later, by only two votes.

Though Irmi was gallant about her defeat, some of her supporters were a little grumpier. Copies of a picture of Beatrix smoking a cigarette were passed around town anonymously, with the caption, "Is it a B-girl we wanted, or a Holy Mary?" On orders from the play management, Beatrix has now given up smoking in public, visiting saloons, dating local boys. She is also forbidden to wear a bikini, a minor deprivation this time of the year in the Bavarian Alps.

"This village is hell before the play," says Carl Bauer, Oberammergau's tourist director for 40 years, raising his eyes to a nearby mountain, the Kofel, on whose 4,500-foot summit his pious townsmen have erected a giant cross. "But when the curtain rises, the peace of heaven settles on Oberammergau." ■

8-year-old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Imported by McKesson Liquor Co., N.Y., N.Y.



Christmas '61



Christmas '62



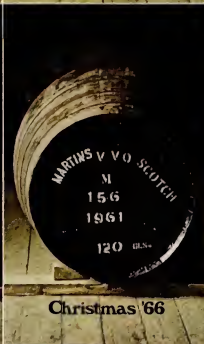
Christmas '63



Christmas '64



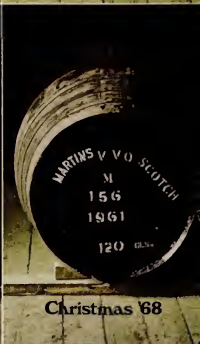
Christmas '65



Christmas '66



Christmas '67



Christmas '68



Christmas '69

Every whisky we blend into Martin's VVO has spent the preceding eight Christmases resting undisturbed in oak. Maturing, growing up, acquiring a round, soft, incomparably smooth taste, while eight holiday seasons come and go.

Now it is ready. In the sleek new decanter* or the gift-wrapped* fifth or quart, Martin's VVO is Grown-Up Scotch. One sip and you'll know: eight is old enough to drink.

And to give.

Grown-Up Scotch: Martin's V.V.O.

*Available at no extra charge

Pity the poor martini man:
friends keep giving him scotch.



He'd like gin better...and White Satin best.

White Satin is the gin martini men want. For good reasons. It's made here in an imported British still, to a 200-year-old British formula. That way, you're giving the imported British taste, without paying import duties.

So if you haven't already done so, order a bottle of White Satin, in a richly embossed holiday carton, for every martini man on your list. And if you feel you aren't spending enough, order two.

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 50 PROOF, DISTILLED FROM GRAIN, THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



'Seeing' with the Skin of the Back

This young woman, blind since birth, is demonstrating how a new electronic system enables her to "see" a telephone with the skin of the back. The TV camera by her right shoulder picks up the image of the telephone on the distant table and converts it into the pattern of dots shown on the TV monitor in the foreground. Then, hundreds of tiny Teflon-tipped cones (not visible here) vibrate against her back allowing her to feel the dot pattern—illustrated in this photograph by fluorescent paint—and thus perceive the image of the phone.

Already in view, a true electronic eye



Panel on the subject's chair contains the tiny cones, arranged in 20 rows of 20, that enable her to feel the image pattern. When activated by the TV signal, the cones jut forward and vibrate against her back. Below, a TV monitor displays another dot pattern—a man's right hand. At right, while Dr. Bach-y-Rita looks on, Dr. Collins demonstrates how a portable version of the equipment could be worn on the head.



The new "seeing-eye" system was developed at San Francisco's Pacific Medical Center by Dr. Paul Bach-y-Rita, a neurophysiologist, and Dr. Carter Collins, a biophysicist. In less than 10 hours they can train blind subjects to "see" simple objects. Working mostly with college students, they first teach them to discriminate between vertical, horizontal and curved lines transmitted by the equipment. A student progresses to geometric shapes (circles, squares, triangles) and then learns how to recognize objects—a pitcher, a toy horse, a watering can. Soon he forgets the tactile image on his back and begins to think in terms of what's in front of him, the object itself.

Eventually students even learn to gauge distances in the same manner as people who can see, by judging the sizes and relative positions of objects. The doctors can test for this ability by changing camera lenses. "When we use the zoom lens to move in on objects," Dr. Bach-y-Rita says, "the student ducks because he thinks the object is moving at him."

The doctors are now trying to develop a lightweight, portable model which would be battery-powered. The blind person would carry a small TV camera mounted on his head like a miner's lamp (below) and wear underneath his clothing a special vest containing electrodes. The electrodes would transmit the image-conveying dots onto his back in the form of thousands of tiny electrical impulses. Such an outfit might cost about \$1,000.

Some researchers already are talking about the ultimate refinement of such a system, a true electronic eye—TV cameras so miniaturized that they could be implanted in the eye sockets and hooked up directly to the visual center in a blind person's brain.



Give your cigarette a little something for Christmas.



Put Tareyton's activated charcoal filter on your cigarette, and you'll have a better cigarette. But not as good as a Tareyton.

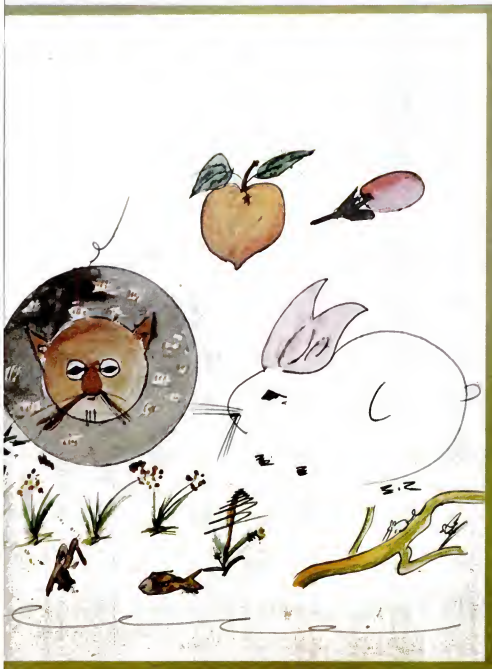


"That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"

100's or king size



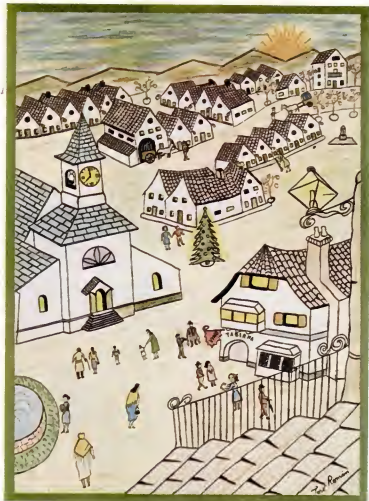
Charles Lendsberry, 13, a Creek Indian from a strife-torn home, calls his Christmas painting "Hanging Up Weapons for Peace." He lives in a Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school in Hartshorne, Okla. because his parents were too poor even to feed him.



Michiko Kokube, 5, of Tokyo, whose parents are poor and together, painted a happy dinosaur celebrating Christmas with bright balloons. His father is a cook and his mother does odd jobs. The Family Helper project enables Michiko to go to school and live at home.



Fang Mei-Mei, 10, lives with her hard-working mother in Yilan, Taiwan. Her painting is dedicated to her proposition that "All created things which are bamboo, rabbit, fish, flower and vegetable celebrate Christmas too." She won a second-prize \$300 scholarship.



José Roman, 14, from a children's home in Madrid, pictured yule in his home village. "People enjoy themselves at Christmas as they can," he wrote. "Some go to church, others to the public house."



Winston Postoak, 14, a resident of the Hartshorn, Okla. academy, is of Cree-Seminole descent. His picture of a Pueblo Indian Christmas gathering won first prize, a \$500 scholarship and a trip east.



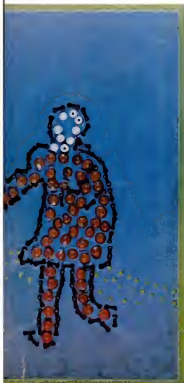
In city, village and pueblo— a single theme

Oh Eun Sook, 12, of Seoul, Korea, who is fatherless, painted city children setting up a crèche. In selecting her picture for a special merit award and a \$400 scholarship, Norman Rockwell wrote that he chose it "because it tells so much and I love its spirit."





Klaus Wolkenstein, 13, of Berlin, whose parents are refugees, pictured an idyllic mountain Christmas. "All windows are illuminated," he wrote. "From the church tower carols were played."



Wong Kwae Haeng, 7, in a school for the blind in Penang, Malaysia, pressed glass chips and beads and bright red berries into blue Platicene to capture "the beautiful colors of Christmas." She won a second prize. (Three were awarded in a triple tie.)



Josiane Schenese, 11, of La Famille home in Anduze, France, in the hills of the Languedoc, painted a bustling scene of snowy Christmas night. "It snows," she wrote. "But the villagers still go to the ceremony of the tree."

Indulge
someone.



There are times to scrimp and save and economize, but this is the season to give the best. Your choice of the decanter or

the regular bottle in either gift carton. Red gift wrap holds 86 Proof . . . Blue, 100 Proof.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 Proof & 100 Proof

Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

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PARTING SHOTS



Mad Dogs,
Horses and
Englishmen

PENSION PLAN

Horses of the queen's cavalry (left) now will retire to country homes (below) rather than packing houses. Chief Veterinarian Iain Cochrane-Dyett (below left) is mightily relieved. "It was always a heartbreaking decision," he says. "The horses became close friends."



Next to warm beer, cold toast and the queen, the British love animals best. They make pets of almost anything, and pamper them mercilessly. And any vague hint of animal cruelty can turn the iciest Englishman ruddy with rage. Better to kick your grandmother than your dog. Most recently a national uproar was provoked by the revelation that retirement-age horses from the queen's proud Household Cavalry were being sent to foreign markets and eaten. And by *Frenchmen!* To placate an outraged citizenry, the government hemmed ("Retired horses wouldn't be happy") and hawed ("Horsemeat fetches 18s. a pound") and finally recanted. From now on, government horses will be pensioned off to pasture on the rolling English countryside.



A CASE OF RABIES

Nothing terrifies animal lovers like rabies. When a case broke out at Camberley, all the town's pets were muzzled and kept indoors, while hunters from the Agriculture Ministry shot every last bat, badger, fox and ferret in the surrounding woods. The immediate danger has now passed, and Patrick Hensley (right), whose rabid mongrel dog started the scare, has a new pet, a guinea pig named George.



PARTING SHOTS



DOG-SIZE BED

Eighteen months ago Rex was so tiny that Ernie and Julie Judd let him sleep between them in bed. Next week Ernie is finally going to buy Rex a bed of his own.



BEST FOOT FORWARD

When paw prints six inches long began showing up in rural Surrey, residents bolted their doors and chattered apprehensively about li-

ons. Pshaw, says Mrs. Pam Taylor, that's just Simba, her English mastiff, who weighs in at 224 pounds. He's shy and very gentle, she says, but a terrible dancer.



ATHLETE'S FOOT

When Arkle broke his foot in the King George VI Steeplechase, British horse fanciers lost no time offering condolences, more than a

thousand in all. Little children sent crayon drawings. Old ladies sent dainty verse. And since Arkle was something of a favorite, even bookmakers sent get-well cards.



ODD COUPLE

Tom Hamilton raised Oskar from an egg, and for a time Oskar thought Tom was his mother. But as Oskar approached drekhood,

Tom noticed a come-hither look in his eyes. "There were definite signs," says Tom, a zoology student, "that Oskar began thinking of me more as a mate than a mum."

PARTING SHOTS

FAT CAT

Agatha Higgins of Petersham died recently, but her pet cat Joseph hasn't a worry in the world. In her will, Miss Higgins left him £369,

enough to keep Joseph in cream, fish and rabbit steaks, his favorites, until 1976. After that, Joseph may have to work. At 28 pounds, he might hire out as a bookend.



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1. Old Taylor was created by Col. Edmund H. Taylor, Jr., foremost Bourbon distiller of the late 1800's.



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6. Taste it and you'll know why Old Taylor is the Bourbon worth giving. And this year the sculptured holiday decanter and regular bottle come gift wrapped at no extra cost. We've even engraved the word "Bourbon" under the decanter label.



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Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.



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CIGARETTES where the Drive is down in Marlboro Country.