

OCTOBER 4, 2004

**KERRY VS. BUSH  
ON IRAQ'S FUTURE**

# TIME

## The Tragedy of Sudan



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Freiheitsfreude.

Aufnahme Munkov.



Groener

Delbrück

### Der unbewachte Augenblick:

Der Historiker Geli. Regierungsrat Prof. Hans Delbrück lächelt über einen Witz, den Reichswehrminister Dr. h. c. Groener während einer Rede auf den 80jährigen Jubilar macht: „... als Einjähriger hat er schlecht geschossen, aber es ist doch noch was aus ihm geworden ...“

# Ohne Pose

Wenn die Großen nicht wissen, daß sie photographiert werden

Aufnahmen von Festabenden, Sitzungen und Banketten

Von Dr. Erich Salomon

**D**er Mensch ist ein Haustier. Jedenfalls der zivilisierte Durchschnitts-Europäer ist eins. Wenn er auch nicht sein ganzes Leben im Hause ver-

bringt, so doch den größten Teil seines Daseins. Die Nacht verbringt er fast ausnahmslos im Bett, also in einem Schlafraum, und, soweit nicht Ausflüge



Große Juristen unter sich:  
Der berühmte Strafrechtslehrer Geheimrat Justizrat Wilhelm Kahl im Gespräch mit dem Reichsgerichts-Präsidenten Dr. Simons

oder Reisen besondere Bedingungen schaffen, befindet er sich auch bei Tage im geschlossenen Räume, im Wohnzimmer, im Büro oder in Versammlungsräumen. Selbst auf dem Wege zu diesen Räumen sitzt er meist in geschlossenen Räumen, die nicht minder geschlossen sind, trotzdem sie sich auf Rädern befinden.

Wer also den Menschen studieren will, wer seine Leidenschaften kennenlernen, wer sein Gebärdenpiel auf die Platte bannen will, der muß ihm wohl oder übel in die geschlossenen Räume folgen.

Man kann zwar auch den homo sapiens beim Sport und bei anderen Spielen im Freien beobachten. Aber der Sport verleiht seinen Jüngern ganz typische Gesichtsausdrücke (die Sprinter haben fast alle beim Passieren des Zieles dasselbe verkrampfte Gesicht), und wir wollen ja nicht bloß Typen kennenlernen, sondern Individuen. Und gerade die größten unter den Individuen, die Großen der Nation, tun uns nicht immer den Gefallen, Sport zu treiben, wenn es nicht gerade Engländer oder amerikanische Petroleumkönige sind, und wir interessieren uns auch nicht so



Friedliches Attentat mit der Kamera auf eine junge Berühmtheit:

Knud Eckener nach der Rückkehr von seiner Amerika-Luftfahrt in Friedrichshafen

# LE DRAME DE MADRID

L'ILLUSTRÉ  
FRANÇAIS



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YOUNG COMMUNIST MINERS AT THE «SVOBODA» (LIBERTY) MINE IN MAKEYEVKA

USSR IN CONSTRUCTION

PHOTO BY G. ALBERT





# Det er helt vildt

af Jens Ytting

Da Politikkens yngre fotografer mødte på væg i går formiddag og fik at vide, han netop havde vundet førsteprisen i World Press' store internationale fotokonkurrence, smilede han blidt og rullede med øjnene. Der er nemlig ingen, der skal tage på på den 27-årige Joachim Laefelgjed.

Færdig efter flere redaktører havde aflyst ad på nyheden, troede den værste mulighed at smide på telefonen, men han skulle lige hen og tække på telefonen. Den var god nok, og han faldt ned af stolen. Mere rodet er han trods alt ikke.

Joachim Laefelgjed er med sin fotografiske kreative verdensbetragtning for prisen i kategorien People in the News/Status. Altså gruppen for mennesker med nyhedsrelevante og menneskelige i fokus. Herover og de 10.000 prækroner får han for 12 sort/hvide billeder fra urolighederne i Albanien i febr.

Fire grupper besøgte han landet bevaget med skækket kamera. To gange udsendt af Politiken og to gange for egne regning. For ham syntes, det var forfærdigt arbejde i den smag.

## Gennembrud

Mens elangrupperne sprang og dagene havde sejret bredte sig til resten af redaktionen på Rådhuspladsen i København, faldt World Press' konkurrence fra Holland over af nyheden om en skævt huffet til uopmærksomhed skudte løs. Et af hans albanske fotografier havde vundet 3. pris i en kategori for enkelbilleder.

I alt deltog i år 2.027 internationale pressefotografer fra 115 lande med 30.041 billeder i konkurrencens 21 forskellige afdelinger, og aldrig tidligere har nogen dansk fotograf opnået så fremragende en succes som Joachim Laefelgjed førsteheds.

Kollager og værker strømmede til ved fotobanket på redaktionen første ud, og Joachim's modstander var på skæ-

plommenes rand. Alle ville lytende den populære kommentar og klinge, og flere gang lod hans reaktion: "Det er helt vildt."

Og det er det da. For ikke alene har Joachim Laefelgjed vundet verdens mest prestigefyldte konkurrence for pressefotografer. Men for bare 1 år siden sad han i rullestol og havde mistet de sidste rester af kamers i hånden.

Mens han gik på idrætsskole i Himmerland, pådrog den sportsskadede skade sig en alvorlig ledslid efter en fodboldkamp. Kinesen hjalp, og samtidig forsøgte hans far ham hans første fotografer.

Men det skulle blive langt. Han begyndte at tage naturstudier og satte samtidig kurs mod grønlands og faldt borte igen. Kinesen hjalp, og samtidig forsøgte hans far ham hans første fotografer.

Efter et halvt år rullede han stien bag sig og påbegyndte med fotostudier med kameraet sin hals. Nu havde han fået fotografering i blinde og kom i lære på Århus Skolekole efter en periode som volontær hos fotograferne Puk i den julekomedie.

Smadret var han i løse for kun tre år siden, og kort efter blev Joachim stans på Politiken i København, så begyndte det at gå stærkt. Talentet, usædvanlig blik og interesse for den aktuelle reportage var uafsluttende, og hans stærke blik for det nærmeste, præcis og originale pressetilbud har allerede fået stivet ham med en lille Modstandsbilleder fotografer.

Mest af Joachim's internationale gennembrud skulde komme ad kysten, og han var med overvåget over. Op på sin en i helgen kaldte allerede for kun dage siden havde han biletakten på væggen ved den europæiske Puj konkurrence i Italien.

Joachim havde netop vundet det juleskole fotostudio lokale konkurrence for Danmark, men hans billeder fra Albanien blev ikke glemte i Tyrkiet, 75 procent af alle billeder i sætningen, at de ville komme til tops hos den ud-



hænge og som profitabel World Press Photo Foundation. Den danske del følger på vejen.

## Heltene

Som søn af en enlig mor med tre børn og konstant flytning blev det at søn ad med Joachim Laefelgjed skolegang. Familien var i konstant oplyst omkring Silkeborg, Skanderborg og Århus. Han skule at stille biletakten med omkring en søn skole, inden han efter sin ejerskab skulede 10. klasse med udmærket resultat i engelsk og tysk.

Sit sprængnings er ham til et år senere under de mange reportageopgaver i udeland for Politiken, men senere har han lært og fremstillet studeret billeder. De udelandiske helte er mere reportageopgaver omkring den berømte Magnum gruppe, mens de hjemlige tingene er mere som Kine Kinnert, Sigg Steing og Helge Pedersen.

Nu har Joachim faktisk overhalet de nationale værter, og værter og fremtiden ligger ham Elton. Men fremtidig prøver Joachim sit arbejde hos på Politiken. Det kostede sig rejse hos på reportage til Kina, og så fremover han var på et biletakten er ud sig med som fremtiden er for tid i New York. Den unge verdensbetragtning skal dog lige tjene og kæmpe med biletakten. Arne Jensen.

## Blå Bog



Joachim Laefelgjed, pressefotograf, 27 år.

Uddannet på Århus Skolekole 1991-95. Førstebilleder vundet hos fotograferne Puk i 1995.

Nationale priser: 1. pris, Arne Feuersørens, 1994. 3. pris, Arne Feuersørens, 1996. 1. pris, Arne Feuersørens, 1997. 2. pris, Arne Feuersørens, 1998. 1. pris, Arne Feuersørens, 1999.

Internationale priser: 1. pris, World Press Photo i kategorien People in the News/Status med søn på 12 billeder fra Albanien. 1. pris i samme kategori afdeling for enkelbilleder. Udmærket med et af de albanske pressetilbud.

Fotobilleder: Den Internationale Magnum gruppe samt de hjemlige Kine Kinnert, Sigg Steing, Helge Pedersen og Fotogruppen 2. Ma.

Fremtidspåse: 20 års erfaring som fotograf i New York.



## the suburbs: introduction

Narrative by Gilles Peress

*Bosnia, Feb. 19*

As I am walking through this destroyed landscape, through the remains of a war now gone, I am overwhelmed by the silence, the absence of explosions. I can hear the birds singing. The ending of war is almost more depressing than war itself because once you don't have to run for your life, the evidence of waste is fully there to contemplate as slowly as you want, inch by inch, bullet hole by bullet hole.



The sense of hangover of the day after the party, after the house was trashed, after the family was destroyed, the children dispersed, colors every one of my feelings. There is a bitter taste. People in Sarajevo and in the Serbian suburbs are sullen; there is none of the joy that one would expect from the coming of peace.



I am listening to the BBC World Service when a sudden announcement on the 6 o'clock news explodes like a shell in the middle of a sunny day: the Serbs have to leave Sarajevo's suburbs within three days. We, and I suspect they, all thought that the deadline was a month later: the 19th of March.



I quickly check the information; the deadline has been moved for some of the suburbs so that the evacuations would be staggered. The Serbian neighborhoods will go over to the Bosnian authority one after the other at intervals of six or seven days. The first one to go -- in three days, as announced on the radio -- is Vogosca.

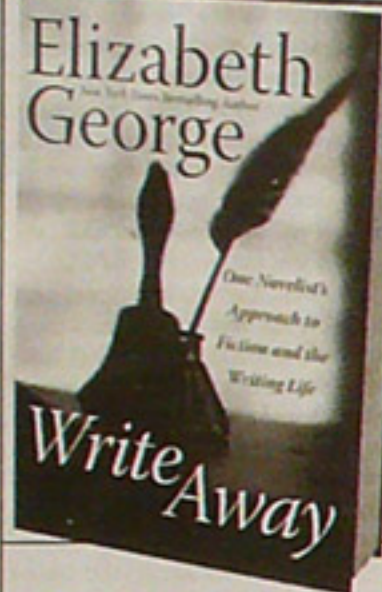
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ANNALS OF NATIONAL SECURITY

## TORTURE AT ABU GHRAIB

American soldiers brutalized Iraqis. How far up does the responsibility go?

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH



In the era of Saddam Hussein, Abu Ghraib, twenty miles west of Baghdad, was one of the world's most notorious prisons, with torture, weekly executions, and vile living conditions. As many as fifty thousand men and women—no accurate count is possible—were jammed into Abu Ghraib at one time, in twelve-by-twelve-foot cells that were little more than human holding pits.

In the looting that followed the regime's collapse, last April, the huge prison complex, by then deserted, was stripped of everything that could be removed, including doors, windows, and bricks. The coalition authorities had the floors tiled, cells cleaned and repaired, and toilets, showers, and a new medical center added. Abu Ghraib was now a U.S. military prison. Most of the prisoners, however—by the fall there were

several thousand, including women and teen-agers—were civilians, many of whom had been picked up in random military sweeps and at highway checkpoints. They fell into three loosely defined categories: common criminals; security detainees suspected of "crimes against the coalition"; and a small number of suspected "high-value" leaders of the insurgency against the coalition forces.

Last June, Janis Karpinski, an Army reserve brigadier general, was named commander of the 800th Military Police Brigade and put in charge of military prisons in Iraq. General Karpinski, the only female commander in the war zone, was an experienced operations and intelligence officer who had served with the Special Forces and in the 1991 Gulf War, but she had never run a prison system. Now she was in charge of three

large jails, eight battalions, and thirty-four hundred Army reservists, most of whom, like her, had no training in handling prisoners.

General Karpinski, who had wanted to be a soldier since she was five, is a business consultant in civilian life, and was enthusiastic about her new job. In an interview last December with the *St. Petersburg Times*, she said that, for many of the Iraqi inmates at Abu Ghraib, "living conditions now are better in prison than at home. At one point we were concerned that they wouldn't want to leave."

A month later, General Karpinski was formally admonished and quietly suspended, and a major investigation into the Army's prison system, authorized by Lieutenant General Ricardo S. Sanchez, the senior commander in Iraq, was under way. A fifty-three-page report, obtained by *The New Yorker*, written by Major General Antonio M. Taguba and not meant for public release, was completed in late February. Its conclusions about the institutional failures of the Army prison system were devastating. Specifically, Taguba found that between October and December of 2003 there were

numerous instances of "sadistic, blatant, and wanton criminal abuses" at Abu Ghraib. This systematic and illegal abuse of detainees, Taguba reported, was perpetrated by soldiers of the 372nd Military Police Company, and also by members of the American intelligence community. (The 372nd was attached to the 320th M.P. Battalion, which reported to Karpinski's brigade headquarters.) Taguba's report listed some of the wrongdoing:

Breaking chemical lights and pouring the phosphoric liquid on detainees; pouring cold water on naked detainees; beating detainees with a broom handle and a chair; threatening male detainees with rape; allowing a military police guard to stitch the wound of a detainee who was injured after being slammed against the wall in his cell; sodomizing a detainee with a chemical light and perhaps a broom stick, and using military working dogs to

frighten and intimidate detainees with threats of attack, and in one instance actually biting a detainee.

There was stunning evidence to support the allegations, Taguba added—"detailed witness statements and the discovery of extremely graphic photographic evidence." Photographs and videos taken by the soldiers as the abuses



were happening were not included in his report, Taguba said, because of their "extremely sensitive nature."

The photographs—several of which were broadcast on CBS's "60 Minutes 2" last week—show leering G.I.s taunting naked Iraqi prisoners who are forced to assume humiliating poses. Six suspects—Staff Sergeant Ivan L. Frederick II, known as Chip, who was the senior enlisted man; Specialist Charles A. Graner; Sergeant Javal Davis; Specialist Megan Ambuhl; Specialist Sabrina Harman; and Private Jeremy Sivits—are now facing prosecution in Iraq, on charges that include conspiracy, dereliction of duty, cruelty toward prisoners, maltreatment, assault, and indecent acts. A seventh suspect, Private Lynndie England,

was reassigned to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, after becoming pregnant.

The photographs tell it all. In one, Private England, a cigarette dangling from her mouth, is giving a jaunty thumbs-up sign and pointing at the genitals of a young Iraqi, who is naked except for a sandbag over his head, as he masturbates. Three other hooded and naked Iraqi prisoners are shown, hands reflexively

crossed over their genitals. A fifth prisoner has his hands at his sides. In another, England stands arm in arm with Specialist Graner; both are grinning and giving the thumbs-up behind a cluster of perhaps seven naked Iraqis, knees bent, piled clumsily on top of each other in a pyramid. There is another photograph of a cluster of naked prisoners, again piled in a pyramid. Near them stands Graner, smiling, his arms crossed; a woman soldier stands in front of him, bending over, and she, too, is smiling. Then, there is another cluster of hooded bodies, with a female soldier standing in front, taking photographs. Yet another photograph shows a kneeling, naked, unhooded male prisoner, head momentarily turned away from the camera, posed to make it appear that he is performing oral sex on another

male prisoner, who is naked and hooded.

Such dehumanization is unacceptable in any culture, but it is especially so in the Arab world. Homosexual acts are against Islamic law and it is humiliating for men to be naked in front of other men, Bernard Haykel, a professor of Middle Eastern studies at New York University, explained. "Being put on top of each other and forced to masturbate, being naked in front of each other—it's all a form of torture," Haykel said.

Two Iraqi faces that do appear in the photographs are those of dead men. There is the battered face of prisoner No. 153399, and the bloodied body of another prisoner, wrapped in cellophane and packed in ice. There is a photograph of an empty room, splattered with blood.

The 372nd's abuse of prisoners

An Iraqi who was told he would be electrocuted if he fell off the box. Specialist Charles Graner and another soldier with detainees.

## DANS LES RUES DE MOSCOU LES PROMENEURS SILENCIEUX

DANS ces images, Henri Cartier-Bresson a rendu l'atmosphère de la capitale soviétique en photographiant à l'improviste les gens dans les rues. Il a pu le faire sans contrainte car, depuis quelques mois, les étrangers sont autorisés à photographier tout ce qui les intéresse, sauf les objectifs militaires, les navires ferroviaires et les vues panoramiques des villes. Dans la foule, beaucoup de gens ne con-

naissent pas encore cette loi et s'avancent vers lui avec inquiétude. Il les rassurait en disant : « Le camarade interpellé est près de moi. » Cette foule de Moscou, assez patiente pour faire la queue des heures devant les magasins, est un trésor pour les photographes, car beaucoup de Moscovites ne le sont que de fraîche date et ont amené dans la capitale le pittoresque de leurs campagnes natales.



DES MARCHANDS VENDENT sur la place Komosenskaya (place des Jeunes Communistes) des fruits vendus de leurs jardins. C'est un des rares commerces privés autorisés. Sur la chaussée, des taxis « Pobeda ». A dr., Hôtel Tchaïkov.

UNE PAYSANNE EN FICHU NOIR, toute enfusée en traditionnelle à la campagne) promène les enfants d'une petite moscovite. Au fond, la gare de Léningrad. Les passants marchent sans préoccupation. On ne voit jamais les gens courir dans les rues.



DES PORTEURS CHARGENT LES bagages devant la gare. La portière est autorisée. Pour les longs voyages, il faut passer six places plusieurs jours à l'avance. Il y a deux classes : train « dur » et train « mou », tous deux avec couchettes.



DEUX BEBES MOSCOVITES attendent leur tramway. Au fond, à g., un marchand de glaces ambulants. Organisés en coopératives, les marchands de glaces ont tous la même voiture à roues et utilisent les mêmes boîtes d'air comprimé.



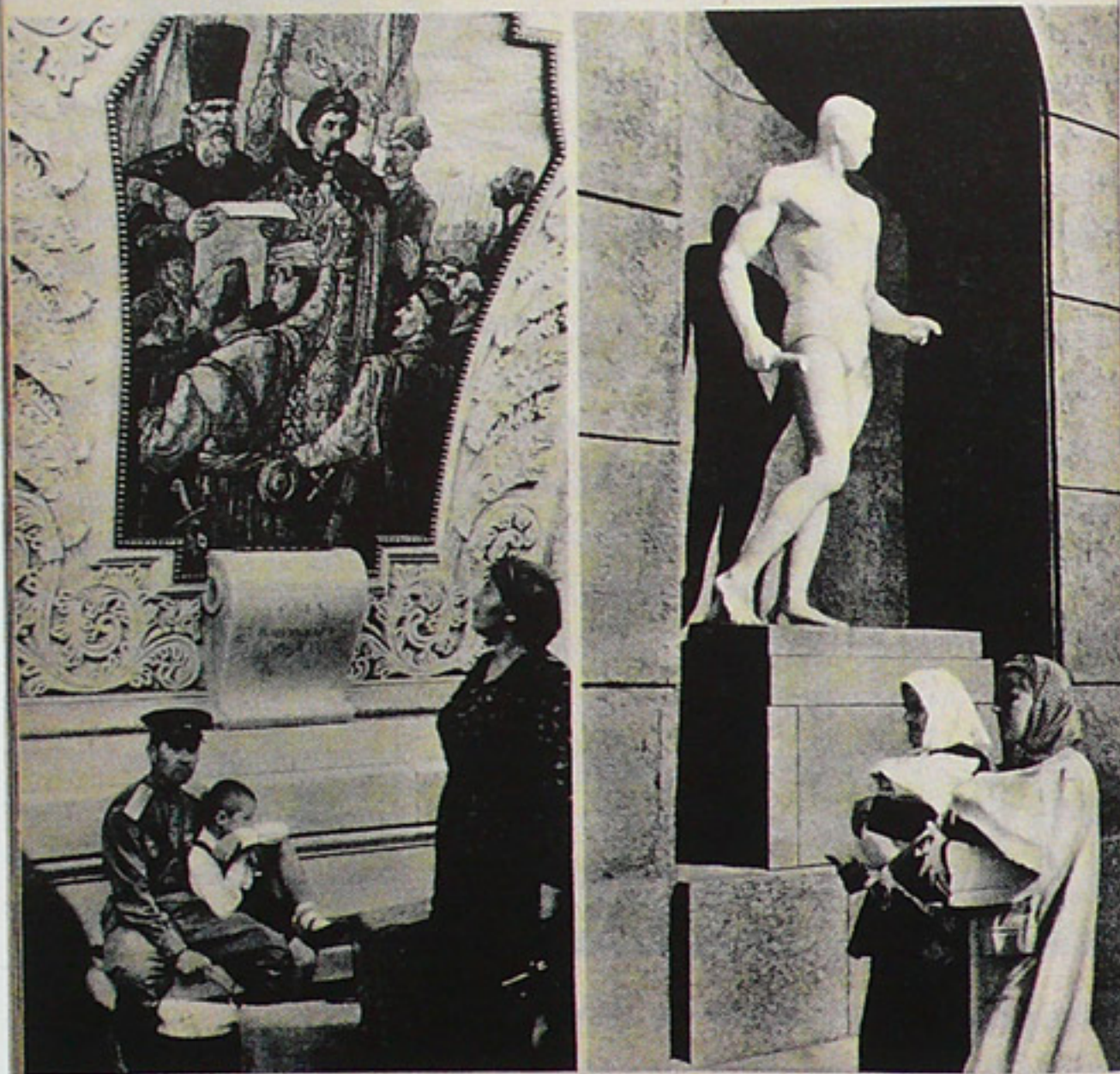
## Au téléobjectif le cœur même de la capitale : place de la Révolution

La place de la Révolution est à Moscou ce que Times Square est à New York, Piccadilly à Londres et l'Opéra à Paris. La foule se dirige au fond à gauche, près des arbres, vers un des grands magasins d'État appelés Universmag. Celui-ci est le G. U. M. (Gosoufarsivniï Ouniversalniï Magasini). Il est ouvert tous les jours, même le dimanche, et on y vend de tout. Au fond, c'est la place Rouge sur laquelle se dresse l'église Saint-Basile. Invisible

sur notre photo, le Kremlin est à droite. La foule est silencieuse et disciplinée. Tout piéton qui s'aventure à traverser lorsque le feu n'est pas au vert est immédiatement rappelé à l'ordre d'un coup de sifflet. Mais les voitures klaxonnent bruyamment. Les femmes portent toutes, l'été, des robes imprimées généralement en cotonnade, en soie pour les plus riches, surtout depuis que le gouvernement a mis l'accent sur l'importance de la mode.

## Le musée le plus couru : les couloirs du métro

Le temps est passé où l'U.R.S.S. prétendait ne rien devoir à la Russie d'autrefois. Elle a renoué avec beaucoup de ses traditions. La culture est hautement estimée. On trouve partout — surtout dans le métro qu'on visite comme un musée — des tableaux de style « chrono » soit sur des sujets historiques du passé, soit à la gloire du Travail ou de la Révolution. Les Russes, que l'impressionnisme n'a pas marqués, s'étonnent de la réticence des Occidentaux à l'égard de leurs œuvres. « Comment, ont-ils demandé à Gerber-Bresson, vous aimez Tolstoï et vous n'appréciez pas notre peinture ? »



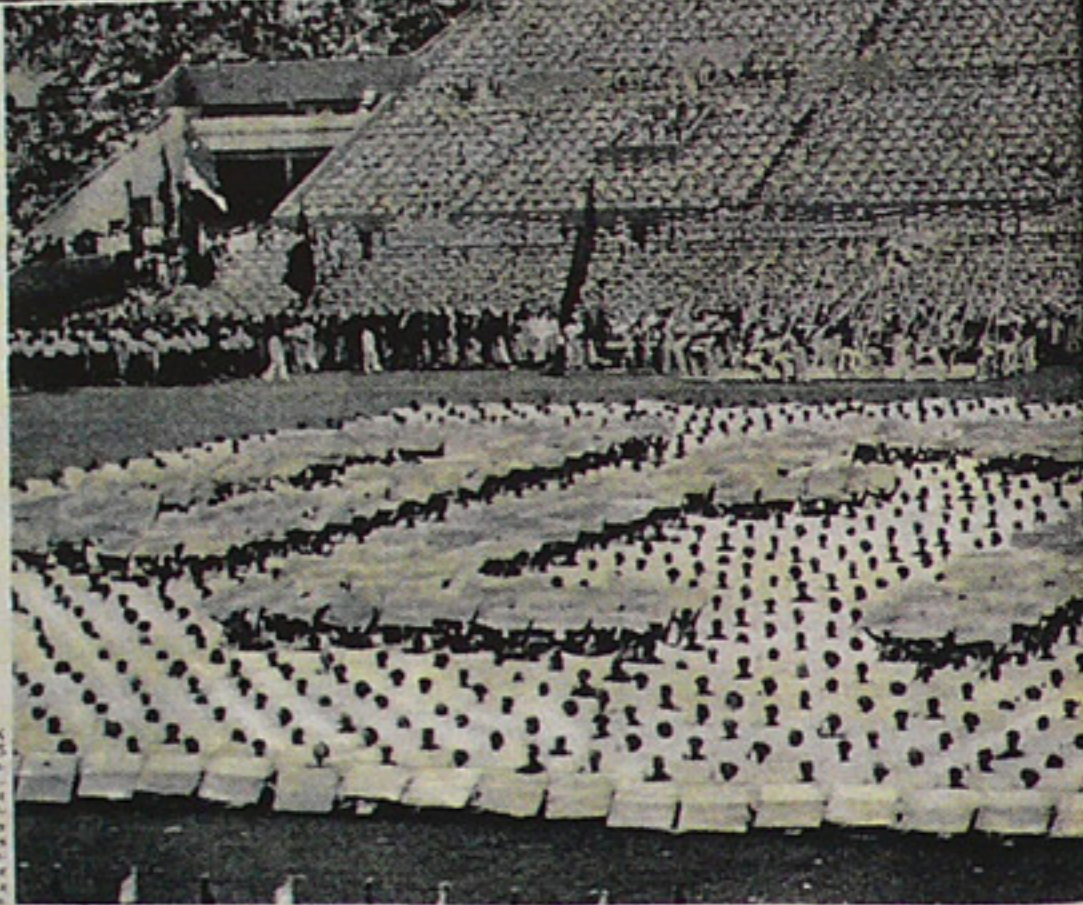
CET ATHLETE EN SLIP, SYMBOLE DU SPORT DANS LA RUSSIE NOUVELLE, se dresse dans le vestibule de la station de métro « Porte de Bouchouk-Tchéto ». Dans les couloirs, une mosaïque représente l'assemblée qui décide de l'union de l'Éthiopie à la Russie. On a fait cette année le XIX<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de l'événement. Le ticket à 75 kopeks (Paris = 180).



LA GALERIE TRETYAKOV, DU NOM DE DEUX FRÈRES QUI DONNERENT 2000 tableaux à Moscou en 1893, est le temple de l'art officiel. Familles et groupes professionnels y viennent passer leurs loisirs. Excellents artistes, musiciens et danseurs, les Russes, même avant la Révolution, ont toujours été des peintres et des sculpteurs assez médiocres.



DANS LA TRIBUNE  
NE D'HONNEUR  
les grands du régime  
assistent à la parade.  
De g. à dr. : Kagar-  
ovitch, Vorouchilov,  
Malenkov, Krouchtchev,  
Mikoyan. Les  
filles ont été  
parées, entre deux  
exhibitions, par des  
groupes de jeunesse.



LE MOT PAIX  
EN TOUTES LES  
langues (ici en an-  
glais : Peace) la let-  
tre a été copiée et  
écrite sur les athlètes.  
Des panneaux  
couvrent les  
lettres et brutalement  
ils se détachent  
sur des panneaux  
blancs sombres.



## UN DIMANCHE AU STADE SOUS L'ŒIL DE MALENKOV

L'U.R.S.S. a mis le sport au premier plan de sa mystique et la Parade des Sports, qui se déroule chaque mois de juillet au stade Dynamo de Moscou (43 000 places), est une des grandes fêtes de l'année. Elle est présidée par Malenkov lui-même et tout le

corps diplomatique y est convié. Des motocyclistes font le tour de la piste portant des femmes accrochées à des mâts dans des poses théâtrales. On voit jusqu'à 4 000 athlètes à la fois évoluer sur le stade en dessinant des figures avec des panneaux de toiles multicolores.



## La parade du muscle au cri de Vive la culture physique

**D**es délégations de toutes les républiques de l'Union participent à la Parade des Sports de Moscou. (En haut, membres des syndicats, kolchoziens, clubs sportifs. Tous entrent sur le stade aux accents de l'hymne *Prosveta i Burrah* (Burrah pour la culture physique). Ci-dessous, portant leur drapeau orné d'épis, les syndicats ukrainiens; à dr., un club sportif de Moscou. Ci-contre, à g., la délégation d'une république de l'Asie centrale. A dr., celle d'une république latine





## Hôtel Ukraine à l'heure de pause : le fox-trot des ouvriers

**E**n visitant l'hôtel Ukraine en construction, Henri Cartier-Bresson a surpris les ouvriers et les ouvrières en train de danser au son de l'accordéon. La scène se passe dans le chan-

tier pendant l'heure de repos au club du bâtiment. A gauche, danse populaire. A droite, une occidentale. Le jazz est admis de veau. Dans les chantiers, les ou-

travaillent en équipes de jour et de nuit. Il est cependant difficile pour la construction de suivre la cadence de l'augmentation de la population moscovite. Toutes les maisons ancien-

nes ne sont pas détruites. Celles qui ont un intérêt artistique sont conservées. Si elles se trouvent dans la zone à reconstruire, on les déplace en les emmenant sur des rouleaux.



## Les maîtres veillent sur les vacances des pionniers

La Russie a ses boys-scouts : les pionniers. Ceux que l'on voit ci-dessus, se rendent à la douche sous l'œil des grands du régime (g. à dr. : Pervoukine, Mikoyan, Boulganine, Krouchtchev, Malenkov, Lénine, Staline, Molotov, Vorochilov, Kaganovitch). Ils passent leurs vacances dans un camp appartenant à l'usine de machines-outils Energetic.

ENTRE LA SIESTE ET LE THE, les filles-pionniers répondent à l'appel de leur chefaine. Comme les garçons, elles arborent le foulard rouge.



## LA SEMAINE PROCHAINE

Henri Cartier-Bresson vous conduira à travers la Russie, de l'ancienne capitale des Tsars, Léninegrad, aux confins de la Chine dans les contrées mystérieuses de l'Asie soviétique.





## L'accordéon des congés payés sur les bords de la Baltique

En été les habitants de Leningrad vont souvent passer leurs jours de congé sur les plages de sable fin du golfe de Finlande à une cinquantaine de kilomètres de la ville. Ils partent en famille par le train électrique, ou en groupes dans les camions des syndicats. Les femmes ne se soucient pas comme en Occident de l'éligance balnéaire et on les voit souvent prendre leur bain de soleil avec leur soutien-gorge de ville (photo ci-dessus). Travaillant comme des hommes, elles sont plus occupées par leur métier que par leur tenue.



L'HEURE DE LA DANSE. APRÈS un pique-nique dans une clairière du bord de mer. Les plages de la Baltique sont bordées de grands hôtels ou sont installées de promeneurs.

UNE ÉLÉGANTE DE LENINGRAD choisit un chapeau d'été dans un magasin d'été et la vendresse lui montre pour lui montrer l'effet. La mode est celle d'une petite ville de province.



## APRÈS 40 ANS DE COMMUNISME ÉGLISES ET MOSQUÉES SONT BONDÉES

L'ÉVÊQUE avait dit : « La religion est l'opium du peuple. » Mais pendant la guerre les persécutions ont cessé. Krouchtchev a récemment condamné l'athéisme, et la formule du Comité central du parti com-

muniste est : « Nous devons combattre la religion, mais respecter les sentiments religieux. » C'est par l'éducation socialiste qu'elle est désormais combattue. « Le temps et la patience, prétendent les communistes,

feront le reste. » Quelques églises et mosquées ont été rouvertes. A tous les offices elles sont bondées. Ci-dessus, à g. : la prière du vendredi à la mosquée de Moscou; il y a 20 à 25 millions de musulmans en U.R.S.S.

Au centre : une délégation de prêtres orthodoxes des États satellites sortent de l'Hôtel National; ils font fers au manuscrite. A dr. : la messe à l'église Sokolniki; les femmes sont en majorité; les jeunes sont rares.



LA STATUE DE LENINE PEINTE à l'administration districtale, la Direction du kolkhoze de Tarsanika, près de Mianou. Ce kolkhoze (de 150 familles) s'appelle « À la mémoire de Lénine ».

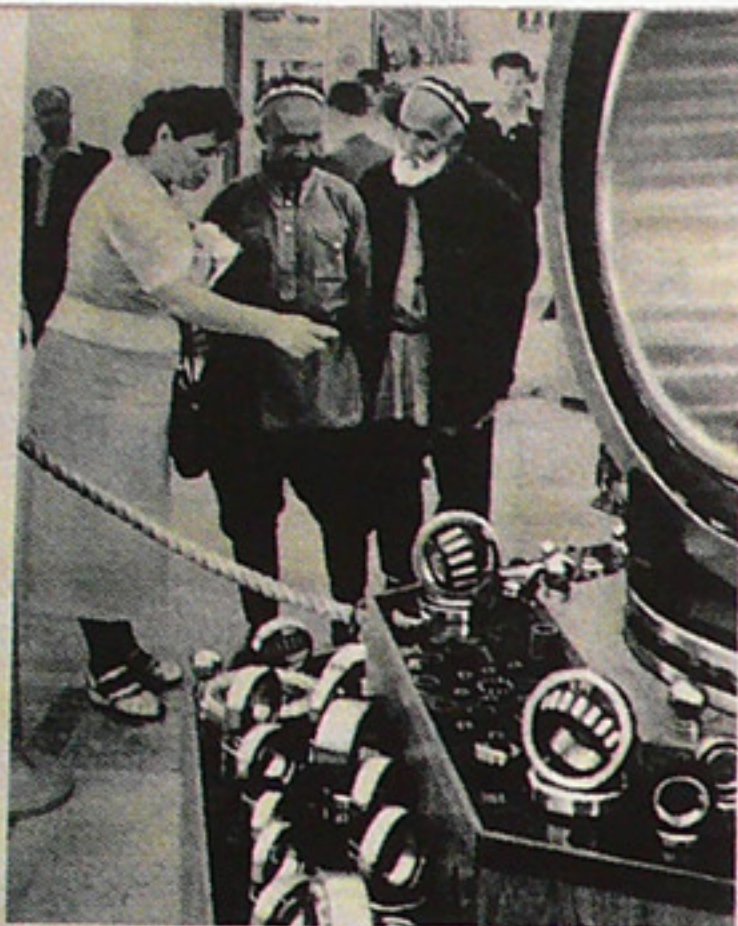
UNE FERMIERE PORTE LE LAIT à la collecte (à g.). À dr., le tracteur de l'ingénieur après un banquet dans un kolkhoze du Caucase (spécialité : (M). Dans ce tract, il jugera l'activité de chacun.



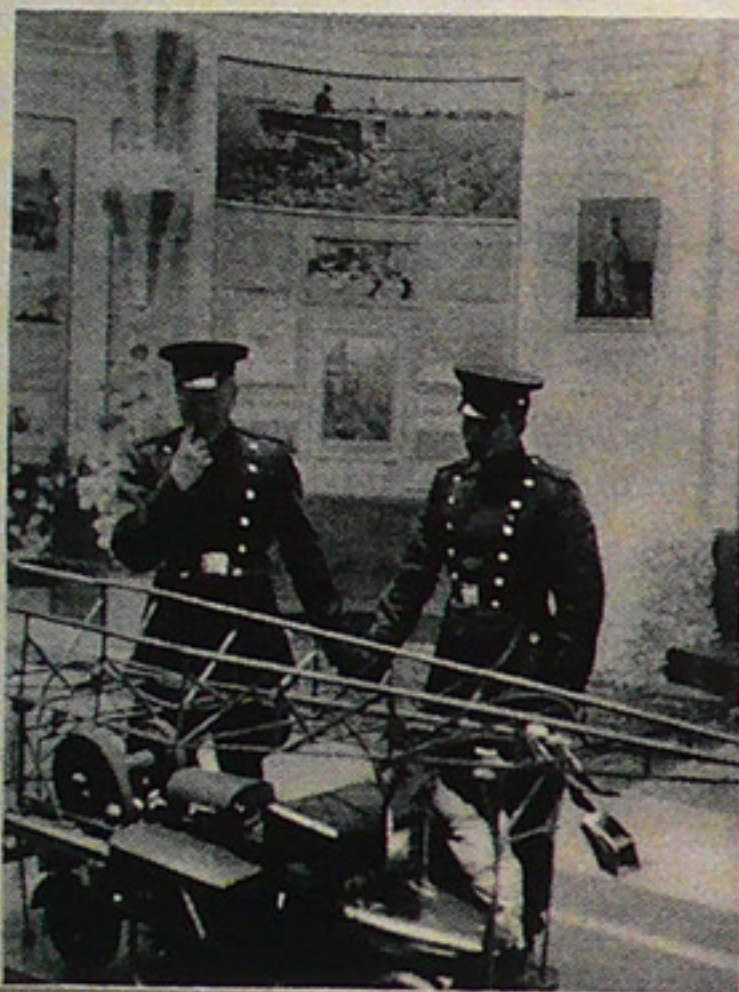
DES FEMMES TERRASSIERS construisent des arres pour la culture des tomates qui sont rares et très chères dans la région. Le kolkhoze « Lénine » en a produit l'année dernière 3 200 kilos.

## DES ILES EN PLEINE TERRE : LES KOLKHOZES

DEPUIS le régime Malenkov une propagande intense a été entreprise pour le développement et la modernisation de l'agriculture. Les équipes de spécialistes pour les kolkhozes lointains sont reçues, avant leur départ, en grande pompe au Kremlin. Le kolkhoze groupe les habitants d'une ou plusieurs communes rurales pour l'exploitation collective de la terre. Des MTS (Stations de Machines et Tracteurs) leur fournissent le matériel. Les produits sont livrés à l'Etat. Mais chaque paysan garde une parcelle d'un demi-hectare et peut vendre dans les marchés ce qu'il y a cultivé.



DEUX PAYSANS LIZBEXS écoutent une femme-guide. En bas, deux soldats devant un modèle réduit d'échelle de pompiers. Ils se tiennent la main, geste courant en Russie.



## En ville, le marché idéal n'est encore qu'une exposition



L'encouragement donné à l'agriculture depuis la mort de Staline, s'est traduit cet été à Moscou par la création d'une exposition permanente organisée par l'académicien Tsisin. Chaque république d'U.R.S.S. y est représentée par un pavillon. Les photos de cette double page ont été prises le jour de l'inauguration. Ci-dessus, trois kolkhoziens écoutent avec recueillement le discours du ministre de l'Agriculture Benediktouf. Il n'y avait, ce jour-là, que des invités du gouvernement : diplomates, délégations des kolkhozes et héros et héroïnes du travail venus du fond de leur province aux frais de l'Etat.



L'EXPOSITION des produits du sol russe a donné naissance à une plaisanterie : « Comme ils ont l'air bon ! » a écrit un visiteur. Son voisin répondit : « Je ne le croirais que lorsque je les aurai goûtés. » Attention aux heures de queue qu'il faut faire pour les trouver dans les magasins.



DEVANT UN ETALAGE DE BIJOUX DE  
provinciale, des petites filles uzbèkes en costume  
local : robes brodées, bonnets brodés de cou-  
leurs éclatantes et motifs étonnamment tressés.



LES UZBÈKES, HOMMES ET FEMMES,  
portent le bonnet, à l'exception de quelques  
vieilles habillées au turban. Ici, deux garçons à  
l'entrée d'une maison de thé du bord de Teras.



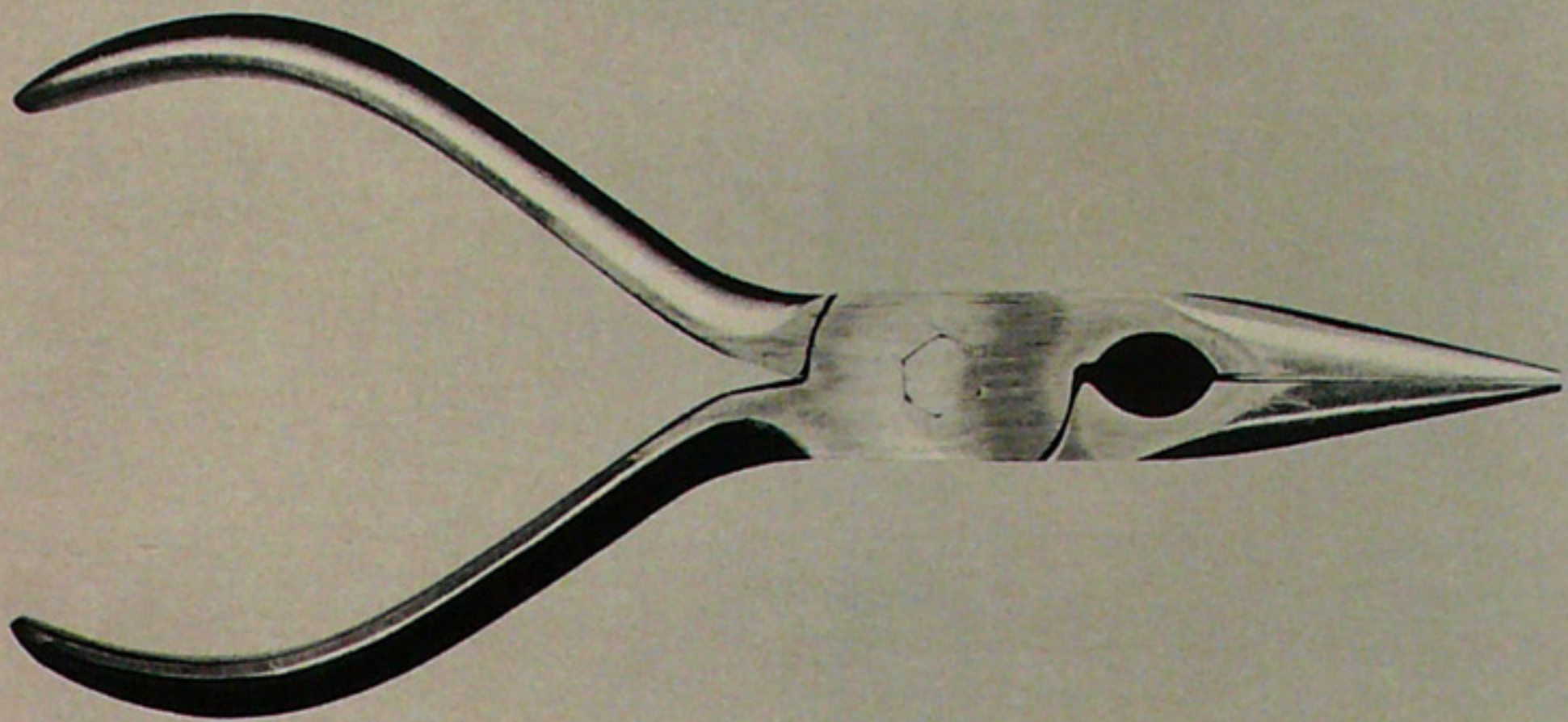
DANSE AU SON DE  
l'accordéon au camp de  
pionniers de Tachkent.  
Au fond, les portraits  
de pionniers uzbèkes,  
héros de la Résistance,  
que les Allemands ont  
muraux dans un petit  
de mine du Dairek.

## L'Orient communiste : boucles d'oreilles et foulard rouge

Les républiques d'Orient ont posé au gouvernement soviétique ce qu'on appelle le problème des minorités nationales. D'une part on encourage les traditions locales (danses folkloriques, théâtre dans la langue) et on accepte un certain style de vie oriental (maison de thé, artisanat au coin des rues). D'autre part on sent la présence du pouvoir central dans tous les organismes. Pour entrer à l'université, il faut parler parfaitement le russe. Dans les grandes villes d'Uzbekistan, comme Tachkent (600 000 habitants), Samarkand, Boukhara, il y a une forte proportion de Russes.

Copyright pour « Le Peuple russe » d'Henri CARTIER-BRESSON - MAGNUM Photos.

FIN



*Stahls chain-nose pliers (over actual size), from Eskilstuna, Sweden, \$2.49*

## *Beauties of the Common Tool*

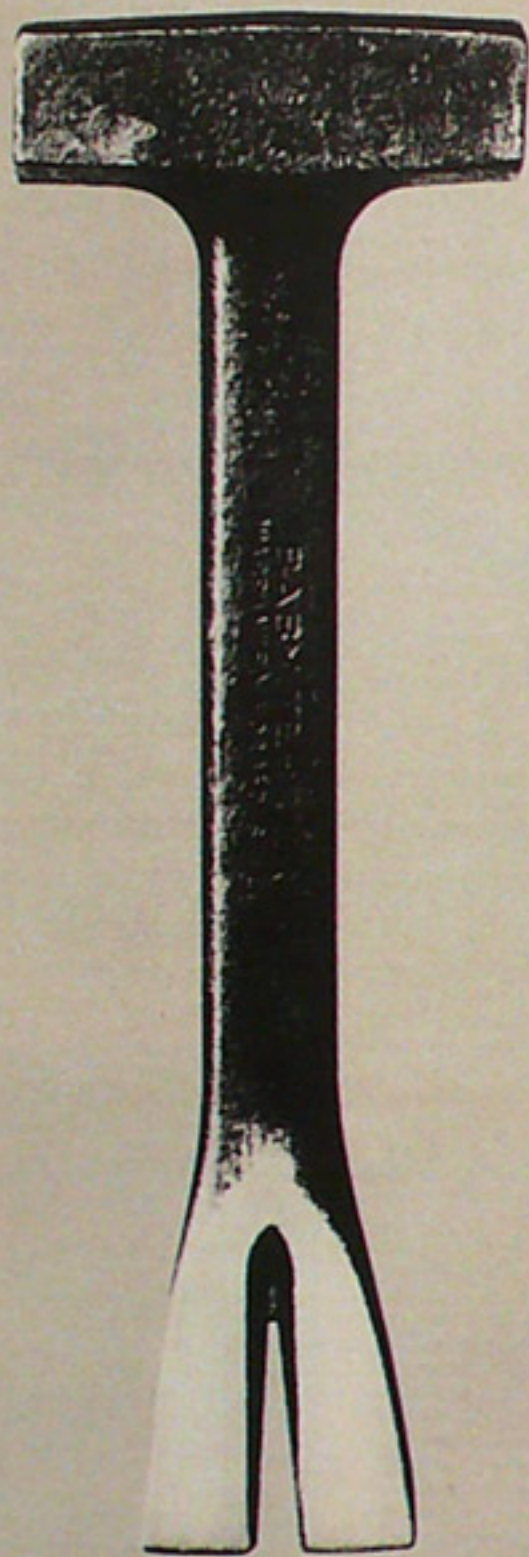
A portfolio by Walker Evans

Among low-priced, factory-produced goods, none is so appealing to the senses as the ordinary hand tool. Hence, a hardware store is a kind of offbeat museum show for the man who responds to good, clear "undesigned" forms. The Swedish steel pliers pictured above, with their somehow swanlike flow, and the objects on the following pages, in all their tough simplicity, illustrate this. Aside from their functions—though they are exclusively wedded to function—each of these tools lures the eye to follow its curves and angles, and invites the hand to test its balance.

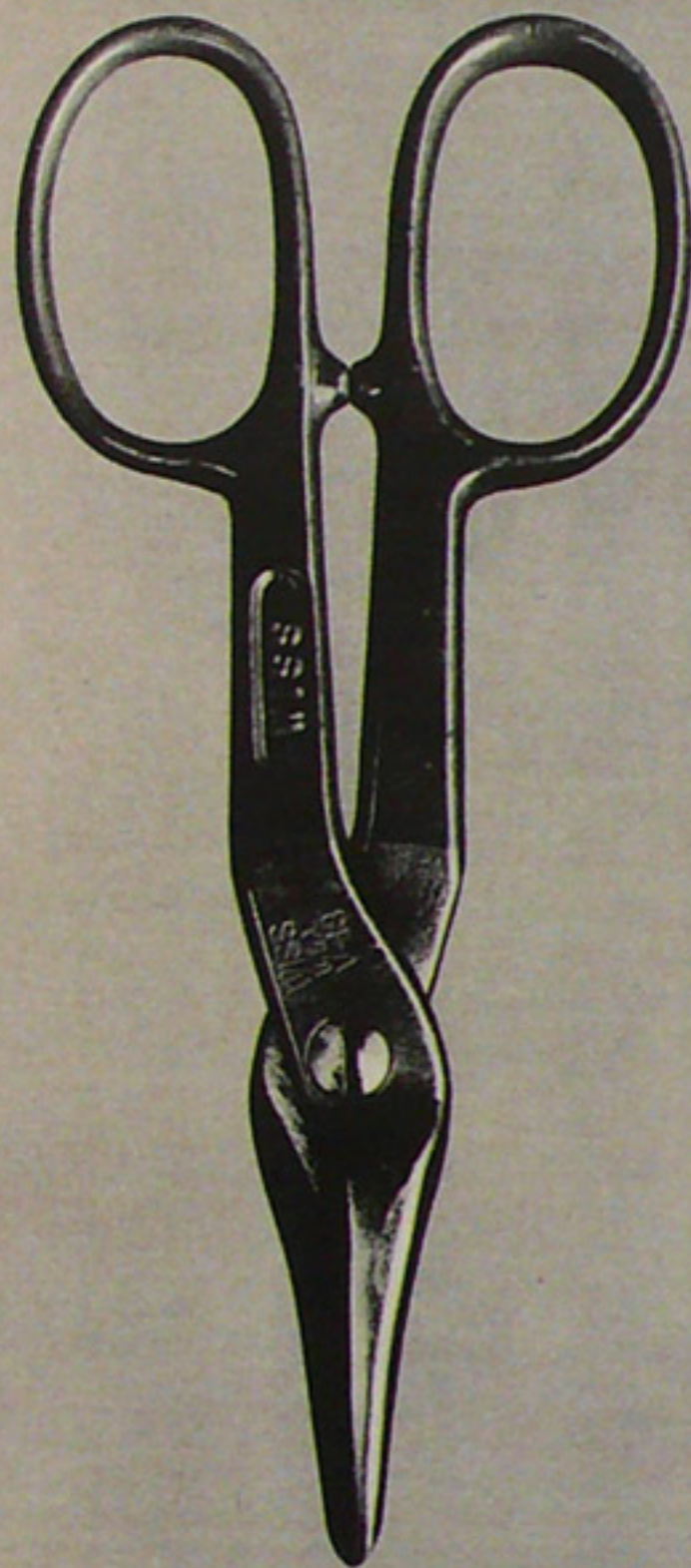
Who would sully the lines of the tin-cutting shears on

page 105 with a single added bend or whorl? Or clothe in any way the fine naked impression of heft and bite in the crescent wrench on page 107? To be sure, some design-happy manufacturers have tampered with certain tool classics; the beautiful plumb bob, which used to come naively and solemnly shaped like a child's top, now looks suspiciously like a toy space ship, and is no longer brassy. But not much can be done to spoil a crate opener, that nobly ferocious statement in black steel, as may be seen on page 104. In fact, almost all the basic small tools stand, aesthetically speaking, for elegance, candor, and purity.

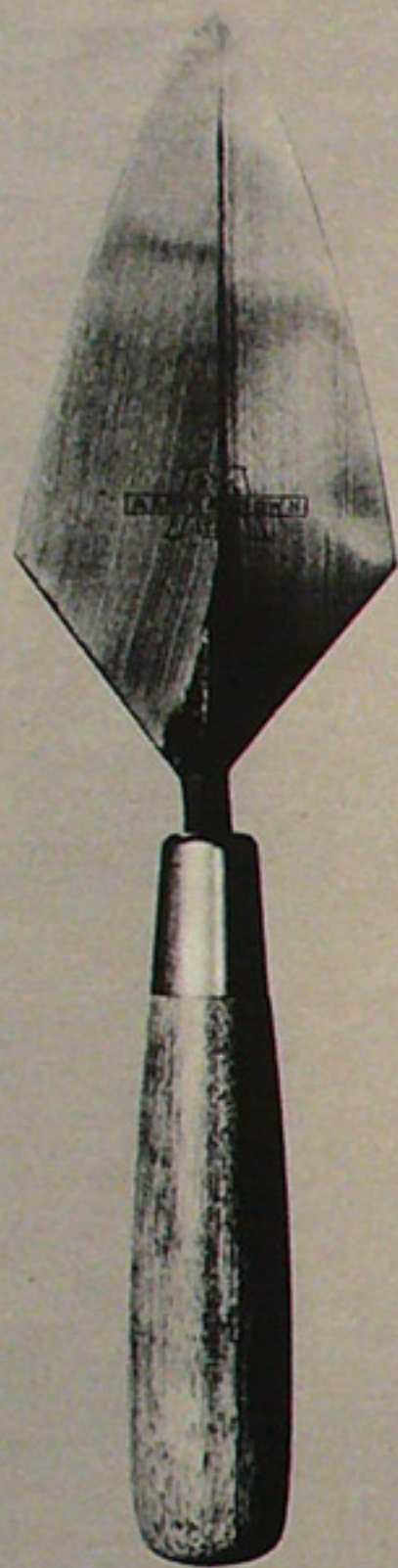
—W.E.



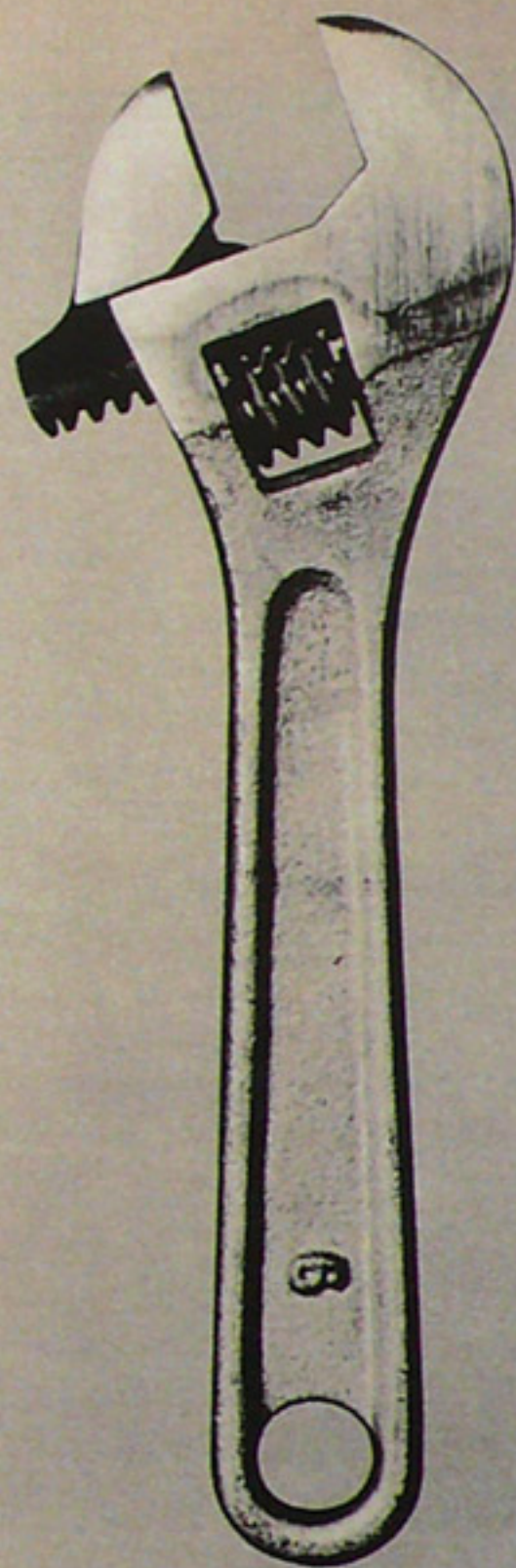
*Baby Terrier crate opener, by Bridgeport Hardware Mfg. Corp., 85 cents*



*Tin snips, by J. Wiss & Sons Co., \$1.85*



*Bricklayer's pointing trowel, by Marshalltown Trowel Co., \$1.35*



*Open-end crescent wrench, German manufacture, 56 cents*





*The aside*

## The Congressional

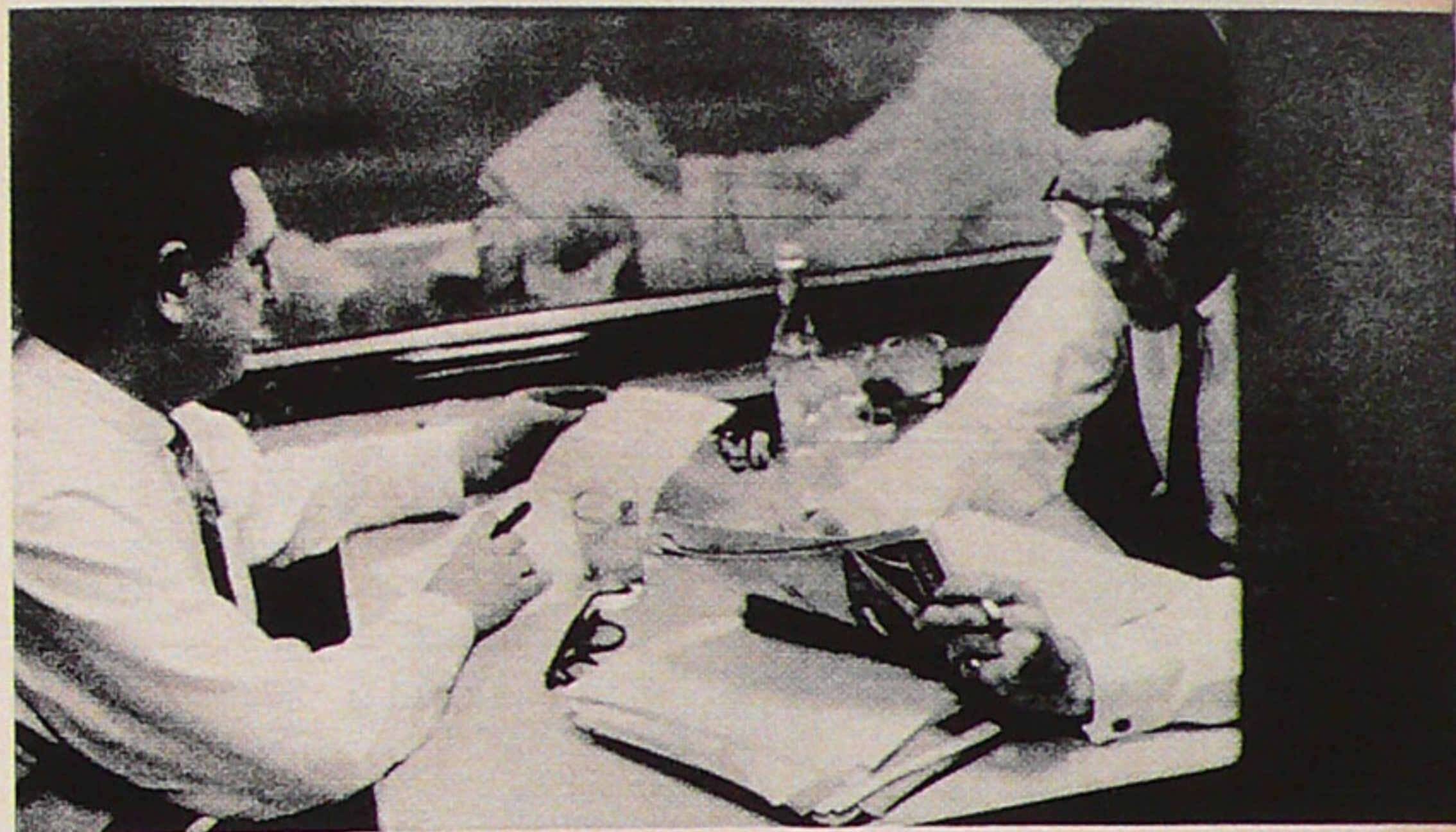
*Photographs by Robert Frank*

A ride on the Pennsylvania's Afternoon Congressional can make a man feel that Washington, D.C., is one long drink and one newspaper away from New York. But not if he is a businessman. Then this crack train becomes a kind of mobile executive suite, permeated with the very face and tone and accent of U.S. business. As one sits in the bar lounge, or sights along a row of the Pullman chairs, there is almost literally not an irregular or a mysterious character in view; and if a single one of all those round, horn-rimmed faces so much as nods over a briefcase, one feels its owner ought to be reprimanded. This is company time.

Yet within themselves, all these dedicated individuals must be reacting to the spell of railroading. Surely any adult

will become ten years old again the moment the Congressional (the Pennsylvania no longer calls it "Limited") starts to glide out of Penn Station in New York. For he is participating in an act of engineering magnificence. From the start, this train lets it be known that it is moving with authority. It is indeed the summit of assurance to highball at 80 mph through the New Brunswick station without the slightest discernible slackening of speed, and a passenger who notes this more or less arrogant performance will feel that the whole town of New Brunswick, New Jersey, has been notified to stand back. And almost before one has arranged one's thoughts, the thing slips quietly into Philadelphia 30th Street; the ten-year-old whispers a long-drawn "Gee!"

WALKER EVANS



*Finishing touches*

*The meeting of minds*





*The Report*



*The Thinker*



*The informal conference*



*After Wilmington*



*The gesture*

# Collier's

Gen. Quesada: How to make peace at the Pentagon



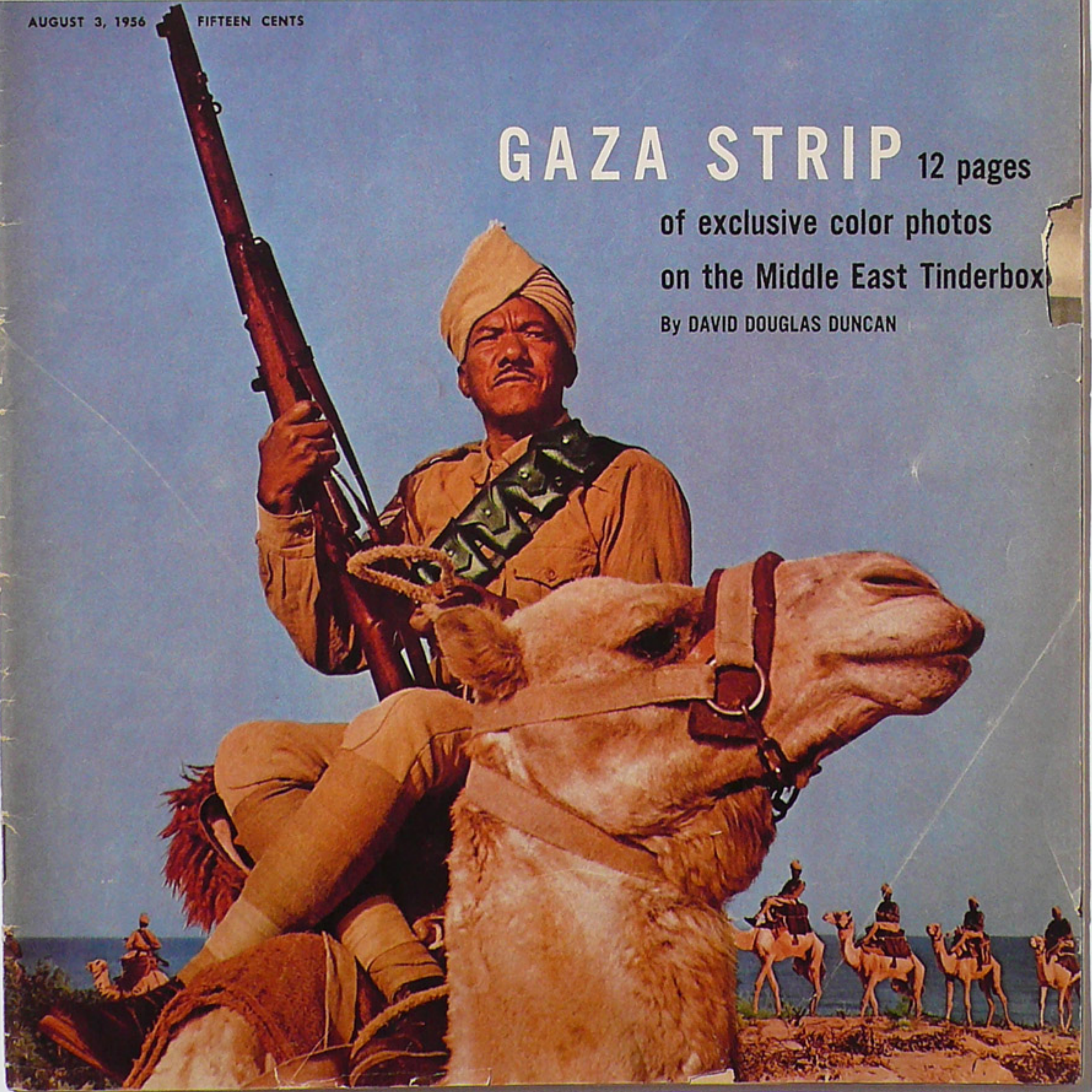
THAT OLD MONROE MAGIC

AUGUST 3, 1956 FIFTEEN CENTS

## GAZA STRIP 12 pages

of exclusive color photos  
on the Middle East Tinderbox

By DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN





Women of Gaza: Squinting against the sun, this Bedouin grandmother, wearing a headcloth fringed with coins, vividly represents the heritage of early Palestine.



A land in convulsion seeks the answer  
to its survival—and maybe ours

## GAZA STRIP



Stately, plodding, it's hard to believe that this marching file of Sudanese cameleers are fighting men. But they are—and among the toughest in the world. They are heading back to their base after a night patrol of the desert stretches of the Gaza Strip.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY DAVID DOUGLAS DUNCAN

It is a recurrent irony of history that big wars breed in little places. World War I had its Sarajevo, World War II its Danzig. The next war may well erupt from such a slender rectangle of rolling plain and naked desert as the Gaza Strip. An area brought into being by the truce lines of the Arab-Israeli armistice of 1949, the Gaza Strip is only 25 miles long, an average of five miles wide. Its Egyptian military government rules an Arab population of around 312,000. Only 95,000 are original settlers. The rest are refugees, driven into Gaza's sandy and desolate embrace by war in the Holy Land.

Gaza as an arena of man's violence toward man goes back

to earliest record. The Philistines operated from it against the Israelites. Here Samson brought down the temple in an epic finale. The Gaza road, an easy corridor between north and south, echoed to the pounding legions of the Pharaohs, of Babylon, Persia, Assyria, Alexander the Great, the Crusaders, the Turks and the British.

Today, once again, violence pervades Gaza. Its bitter spirit rides high in the people—the Arabs bereft of their homes, the Israelis within sighting distance across the mere narrow of the border. Its ugly outbreaks recur in sinuous patterns: raids, fusillades, attacking patrols, casual deaths. No man can say when it might widen and overflow and engulf us all.



*Wary after a night spent casting their nets in the Mediterranean, Gaza's sardine fishermen strain in the early-morning light to pull their boat onto the beach.*

Men of the Holy Land have always been men of the sea as well as men of the fields. For thousands of Palestinian years the Mediterranean—known to the ancients as the Great Sea—has been the bountiful provider for the people who dwell along its shores. Serene, benevolent, its slowly arching coamers curving toward horizons far beyond any human vision, it has fashioned the very rhythm of life itself in Gaza.

From its deep waters, misty and blue at sunset, molten copper at sunrise, the men of Gaza and their families have traditionally drawn liveli-

hood and sustenance. The sea has given them an abundance of fish; it has even yielded up sand for the construction of their houses.

But these nights the sea of Gaza is a troubled sea. While its fishermen pursue their backbreaking work offshore, the slopes of its beaches are honeycombed with guns of the Egyptian coast artillery, and its dunes are patrolled by Sudanese camelers on the watch for smugglers trying to break the blockade against Israel. At least temporarily, the quiet sea has fallen victim to the frailties of man.

*Callier's for August 3, 1956*

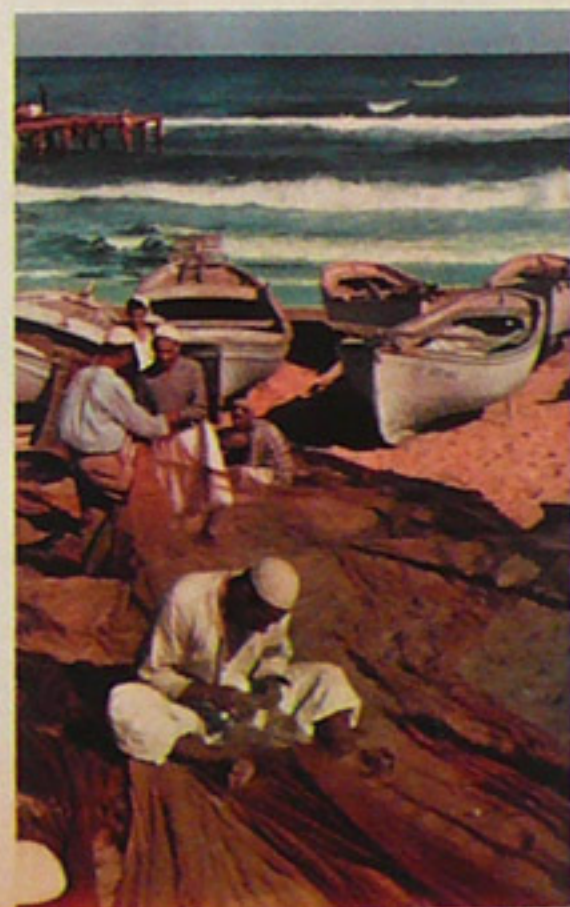
## the sea



*Sardine feet (left) is one of Gaza's main food sources. Boats are launched just before dusk (right).*



*Left: The night's catch is sold right on the beach. Right: The fishermen spread their nets to dry.*



*Naked and gleaming, these Arab refugee children share with laughter at water swamps likely all around. The beach is across sand dunes from refugee camp.*

*Getting ready for another night at sea, fishermen mend their nets on the beach. Most work the waters some three miles offshore—in the deeps where sardines often are found running in big schools.*

With frontier quiet, Egyptian observers relax in forward outpost at the northern end of Gaza Strip. It is linked with other positions by trenches. In the background is Israel; beyond the horizon is Biblical town of Beer-sheva.

Standing on the frontier between Egyptian-held Gaza and Israel, Major Maher Osman (left), a member of Egyptian-Israeli Mixed Armistice Commission, points out terrain feature to a UN observer, Belgian Captain J. De Ghelbeck.



## the frontier

In time of war or near war, the emotional distance between foes is infinite, the physical distance often infinitesimal. North of the Gaza Strip, the actual geographic separation between the frontmost checkpoints of the Egyptians and the Israelis is a sliver of earth less than two miles wide. This no man's land is a lonely, grassy plain, in moments of quiet difficult to picture as a focal point of man's aggressions. Yet it is also a land where the UN truce observers, riding in jeep station wagons painted white and crested with white flags, sometimes get shot at.

The actual border is a ditch, half a meter wide, which has become filled in and useless. The official demarcation line, just south of Kilometer 95 (that is, 95 kilometers from Jerusalem), has up to now been designated only by a half-buried barrel. To remedy this border situation, which breeds violations by the very obscurity of its nature, the UN truce teams, by Egyptian and Israeli agreement, have been surveying sites for the placement of oil barrels painted with black and white rings—a move which should help tremendously.

Life on the Gaza side of the frontier can seem deceptively relaxed. In the forward observation posts Egyptian soldiers talk casually. Behind them, far back, is the full strength of the Egyptian positions, facing across the hills deeper in the Strip. At the moment all is quiet. But it is the sort of place where no one knows about tomorrow.



Far left: Barrier closes the Gaza-Beer-sheva road near the frontier. Top left: Less than a mile from frontier, the land seems peaceful and at rest as an Arab farmer guides his donkeys threshing wheat. Bottom left: Even official cars are halted at dusk by Egyptian roadblock westward the main Gaza-Jerusalem road south of the border. Top right: Many armistice commission meetings have been held at this border shack 95 kilometers (59 miles) south of Jerusalem.



Training is a deadly serious business for the members of Egypt's Palestine Brigade. Here they charge dummies in bayonet practice



Old Palestine flag has been revived as rallying banner for brigade. Troops get 100 per cent more base pay than Egyptians



Major Gen. Yousef El Agrudi commands Palestine Brigade



On the edge of the Sinai Desert at southern end of Gaza Strip, brigade soldiers stage a mock company-strength attack

Major General Ali Amar, commander of Egyptian forces on Israeli front and Sinai Desert, confers with Palestine Brigade head, General Agrudi (left), and Colonel Ali El Bureini (right), a unit commander, after watching drill. Unlike Palestine Arab army defeated by Israelis eight years ago, the brigade is well trained and adequately armed



## the military

On the scorching dunes of southern Gaza, young men in desert drab run and sweat and broil, carrying out attack problems, learning their rifle lessons, drilling under the revived flag of Palestine. The scene seems almost that of a Hollywood set, but it is far from unreal. These are the men of Egypt's new Palestine Brigade, a volunteer force created less than a year ago and made up mostly of refugees. The photographs on these pages are the first taken by a foreigner.

The brigade's officers, equipment, training and funds all come from the Egyptian army, which still holds the responsibility for Gaza's defense. But the brigade itself may soon be a force to consider in Arab-Israeli tensions. Its soldiers are being organized into units according to the home towns or districts in the land from which they fled. "In case of war," one high-ranking Egyptian officer predicts, "they would be well acquainted with targets and even people deep in enemy territory." THE END



Etched against setting sun, Egyptian

snare stands guard at perimeter of Egyptian gun positions on Gaza Strip. Cans are strung along barbed wire to give alarm if anyone tries to penetrate barrier

# LES HÉROS DE BUDAPEST



Reportage exclusif  
de Paul Mathias,  
Vick Vance, Jean-  
Pierre Pedrazzini,  
et Franz Goëzs.

DANS LES YEUX DE CE COUPLE, NOS REPORTERS ONT RENCONTRÉ, AU HASARD D'UNE RUE, L'ÂME DE L'INSURRECTION. ELLE A PRISE SON ARME DANS UN DÉPÔT DE L'ARMÉE. ELLE, BLESSÉE, A TRANSFORMÉ SON CARTABLE D'ÉTUDIANT EN TROUSSE DE SECOURISTE. DERRIÈRE EUX, UN PASSANT ARMÉ D'UN PISTOLET.

Au péril de leur vie dans la capitale insurgée, nos envoyés spéciaux témoignent de la lutte du peuple hongrois pour la liberté

VOIR PAGE SUIVANTE





VOICI LE VISAGE DE BUDAPEST TEL QUE NOS REPORTERS L'ONT VU AU NEUVIEME JOUR. CES TANKS DETRUIITS TENAIENT LES PRINCIPALES ARTERES SOUS LEUR FEU. LES INSURGES DA  
 RUIQUES DEBRIERE LES FENETRES LES ONT DETRUIITS AVEC DES BOUTEILLES D'ESSENCE ENTOURRES DE GAZS ENFLAMMES, APPELES — IROHIE DE L'HISTOIRE — COCKTAILS MOLOTOV —

**BUDAPEST**

## C'était le neuvième jour : les tanks vaincus par les patriotes aux mains nues jonchaient les rues de la ville martyre

LA BATAILLE EST SI RUDE QU'ON NE PEUT ENTERRER LES MORTS. CI-DESSOUS LE CADAVRE D'UN TANKISTE RUSSE. SUR CEUX DES INSURGES, LES SURVIVANTS DEPOSENT DES FLEURS.

SECON LA FORMULE LANCEE EN POLOGNE, « C'EST LE PRINTEMPS EN OCTOBRE », AU FOND, UN TANK HONGROIS IL A DEUX DRAPEAUX — CELUI DE LA PATRIE ET CELUI DU DEUIL.

VOIR PAGES SUIVANTES



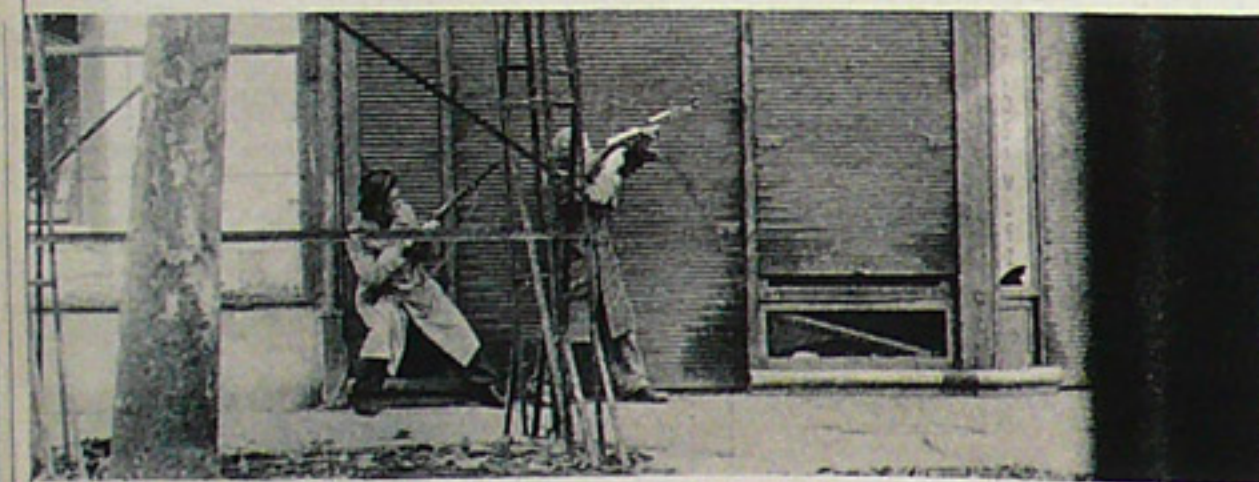
A chaque coin de rue, à chaque seuil de porte et jusque dans les vitrines se dressent les soldats sans uniforme



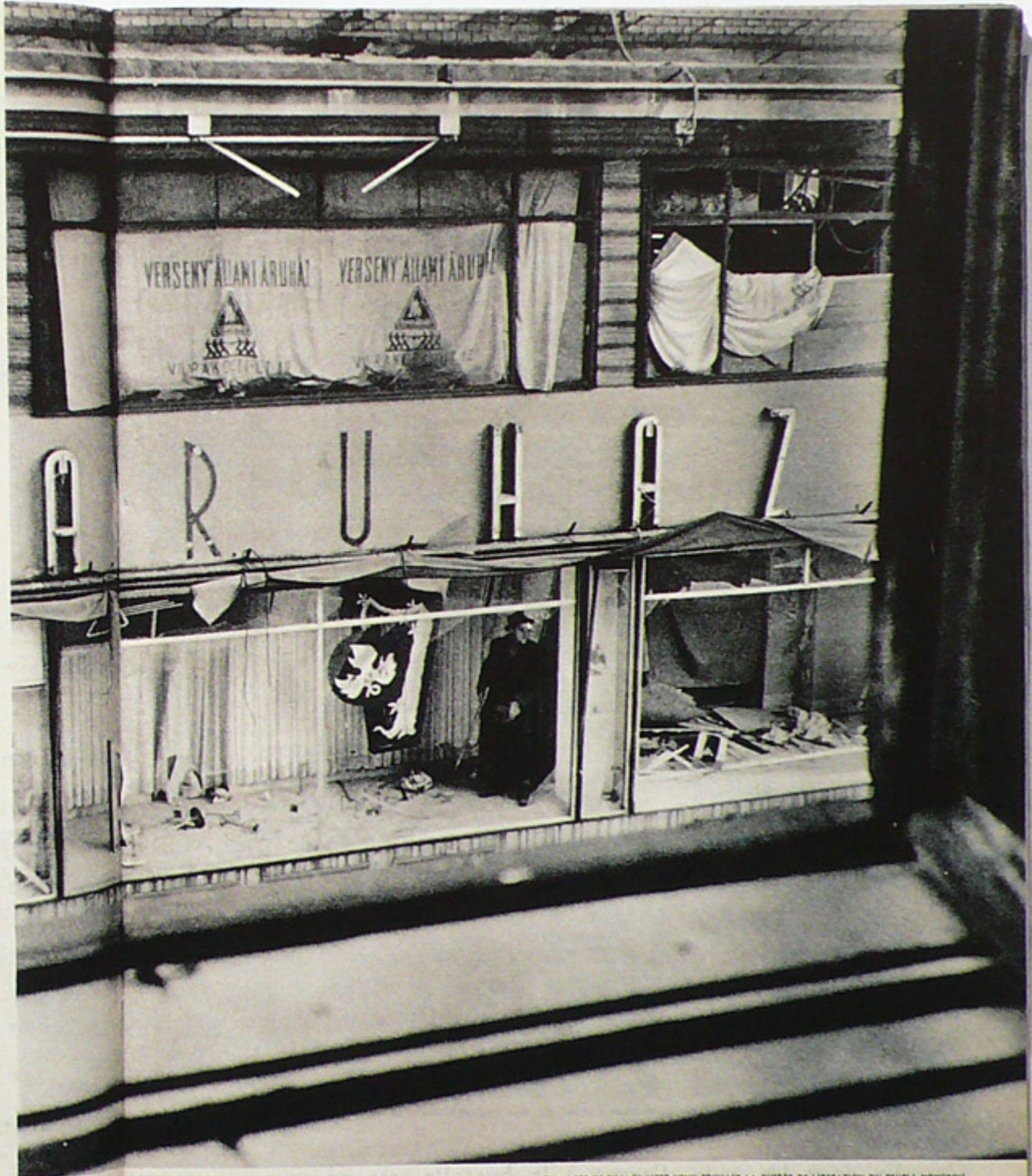
DISSIMULÉS SOUS LE MONUMENT AUX MORTS DE 1914, A L'ANGLE DE L'ÉGLISE DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DÉJÀ CRIBLÉE DE BALLES, LES PATRIOTES VEILLENT



DANS LES FAUBOURGS, UN VOLONTAIRE S'EST DÉTACHÉ DE LA FOULE POUR ABATTRE UN TIREUR ISOLÉ. À L'ABRI D'UNE PALISSADE IL RECHARGE SON FUSIL



ICI PAS DE PORTE COCHÈRE, EN BASANT LES MURS, LES INSURGÉS FONT LE COUP DE FEU CONTRE LA POLICE COMMUNISTE REFUGIÉE DANS LES ÉTAGES. ONT COLLABORÉ À NOTRE REPORTAGE : ERICH LESSING (MAGNUM) - JEAN-FRANÇOIS TOURTET - MELCHER BERGETTY



DANS LA VITRINE D'UN GRAND MAGASIN D'ÉTAT, UN INSURGÉ EST EN FACTION, FAIT ADMIRABLE : AUCUN ACTE DE PILLAGE N'EST VENU SOUILLER LA GUERRE DE LIBÉRATION DU PEUPLE HONGROIS.

VOIR PAGES SUIVANTES



UNE HEURE D'ACCALMIE. LE SERVAULT DE CE FUSIL MITRAILLEUR, UN ETUDIANT, A DECORE SON ARME D'UN GIBUS, SLOGAN DU PEUPLE HONGROIS - « RUSKI HATA! » - (60 HOMME)

BUDAPEST

L'espoir dans les yeux, l'arme à la bretelle, ces héros anonymes et tranquilles vont à la guerre chaque matin comme on va au travail



CES HOMMES SONT RENTRES CHEZ EUX, AVEC LEUR FUSIL. ILS SE SONT COUCHE. ILS REPARTENT LE MATIN POUR ALLER AU TRAVAIL : UN TRAVAIL QUI S'APPELLE LA GUERRE.

VOIR PAGES SUIVANTES



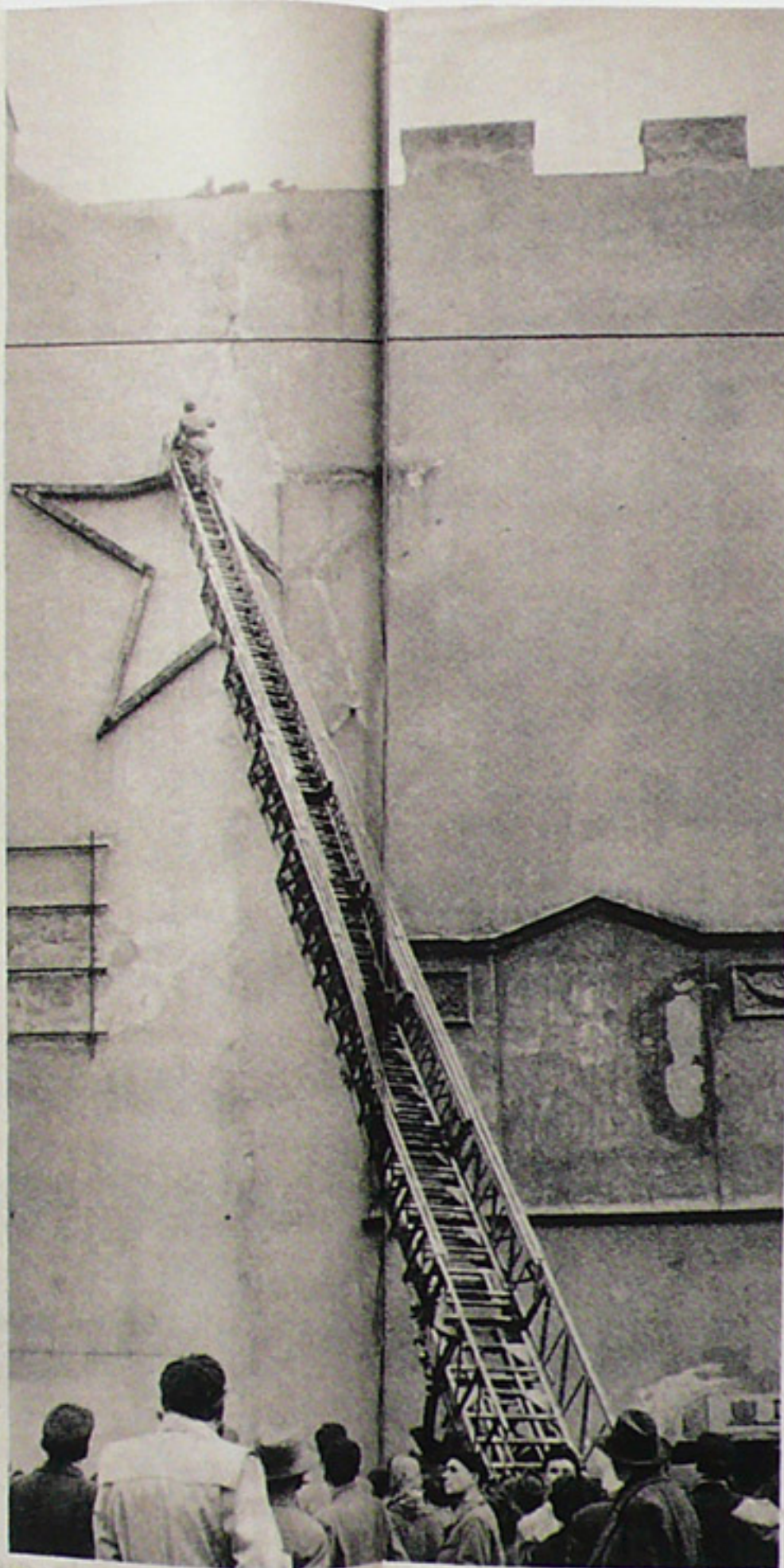
LES « BRAS VENGEURS » DE CETTE RÉVOLUTION FAITE AU CHANT DE LA « MARSEILLAISE » - DES BRAS D'ENFANTS



A CHAQUE FLAMBÉE, UN GAVROCHE. ILS N'ONT CONNU QUE LE PARADIS ROUGE. ILS EN BRÛLENT LES IMAGES.

**BUDAPEST**

Dans l'enthousiasme de la première victoire les gavroches brûlent les idoles d'hier et la tête de Staline rouie sur le pavé



ON A MOBILISÉ L'ÉCHELLE DES POMPIERS POUR GRATTER L'ÉTOILE ROUGE QUI MARQUAIT LE PAYS DU SÉAL DE MOSCOU.



SUR LA PLACE DES HÉROS GIT STALINE, COLÈSE DE GRANIT AUX PIEDS D'ARDÛLE. UN THÈRE CRACHE SUR LUI.

VOIR PAGES SUIVANTES



LA COLÈRE POPULAIRE S'EST RETOURNÉE CONTRE LES A. V. D. (GUEPÉOU HONGROISE). AVANT LES BLINDÉS RUSSÉS, ILS AVAIENT TIRÉ SUR LA FOULE ET TORTURÉ LEURS CAPTIFS.

BUDAPEST

Onze ans de colère sourde explosent ici. Les policiers du régime détesté

Photos John Sweeney de « Life Magazine ». Copyright Time Inc. 1956.



FORCÉS DANS LEUR RÉPARE, ILS SONT ABATTUS. CES QUATRE IMAGES NE DURENT QUE LE TEMPS D'UNE RAFALE. LE PHOTOGRAPHE DE « LIFE », PORTÉ PAR LA FOULE, S'EST TROUVÉ AU 1<sup>er</sup> RANG.

tombent au coin d'une rue sous la salve d'un peloton d'exécution

VOIR PAGES SUIVANTES





PREMIER ETENDARD DE LA LIBERTÉ, UN DRAPEAU TROUÉ FLOTTE SUR LE SIÈGE DU P.C. LES DERNIERS POLICIERS STALINIENS SE CACHENT ENCORE DANS LES SOUTERRAINS

BUDAPEST

Pour ce drapeau troué puis reprisé d'une croix de Lorraine



LES SOLDATS HONGROIS ONT ADOPTÉ POUR NOUVEL EMBLEMÉ CELUI DE LA VIEILLE HONGRIE, LES - TROIS COLLINES - ET LA CROIX DE LORRAINE ONT REMPLACÉ L'ÉTOILE ROUGE

des milliers d'hommes sont morts sur le pavé de leur ville

VOIR PAGE SUIVANTE



**BUDAPEST** SUR L'AVENUE KARDOSI, LES INSURGES HOMMES ET FEMMES ONT PRIS POSITION DERRIERE UN DES 34 CHARS MIS HORS DE COMBAT. LES ENFANTS PLEURAIENT PARCE QU'ILS N'AVAIENT PLUS DE FUSILS POUR EUX. MAIS ILS AVAIENT MIS AU POINT UNE TECHNIQUE : SAUTER SUR LE TANK PAR DERRIERE, JETER UNE GRENADE A BOUT PORTANT ET SAUTER AVANT L'EXPLOSION.

A l'abri d'un char détruit transformé en barricade des partisans armés de fusils semblent composer le dernier tableau de l'insurrection

VOIR PAGES SUIVANTES



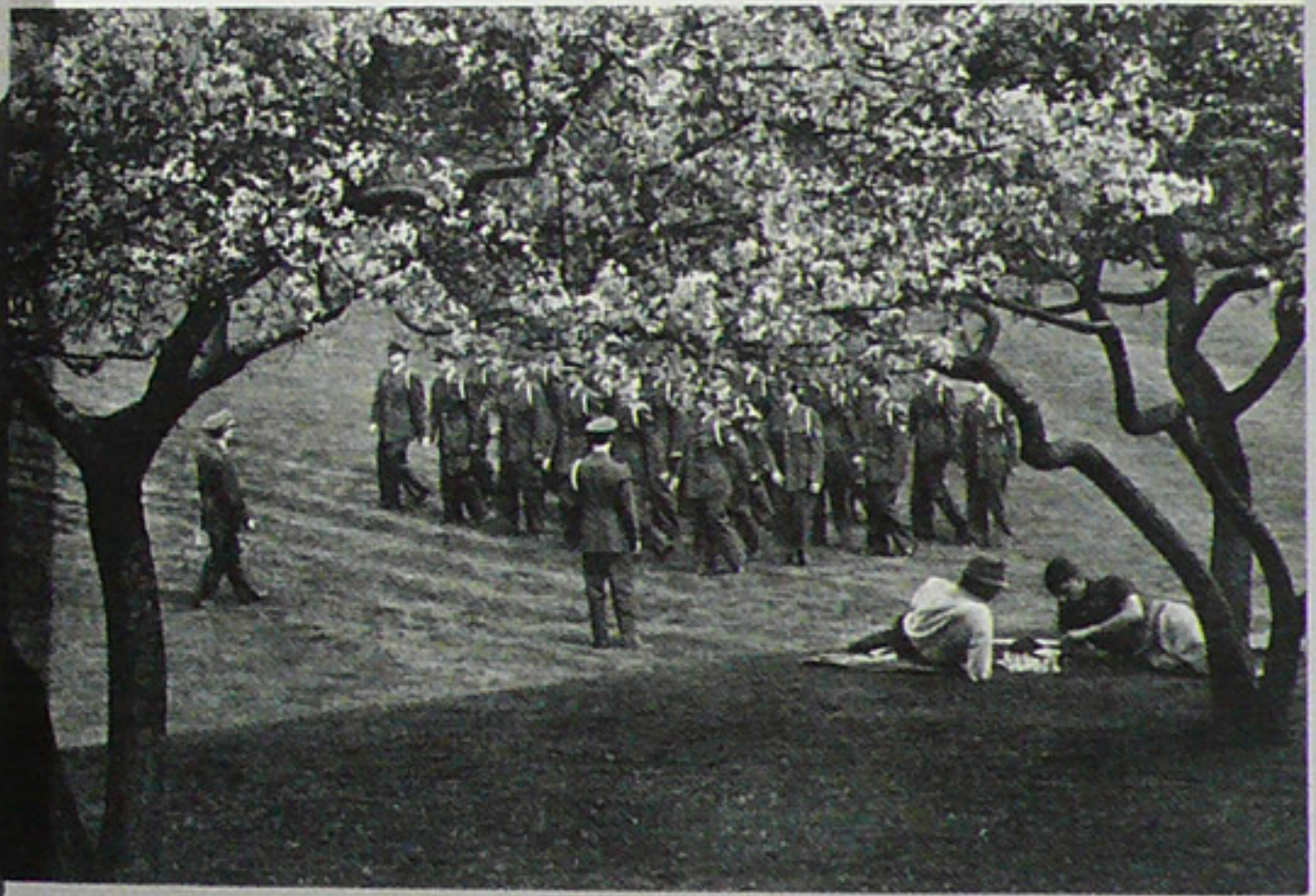




## LABYRINTHIAN WALK

by W. Eugene Smith

*A personal interpretation . . .*  
Pittsburgh, like any city, is a turbulent debate, teeming evolution within the equilibriums of paradox. A living, carnal entity, it bears as the proof of its heartbeat every vice and virtue, all the scarring humors of man. Even in its most persistent clichés a city is composed beyond count of unpredictable fragments, and these compel a fidelity of vision that lances far beneath and beyond the hollow tag-line identifications—"The Hearth of the Nation," "The Arsenal of Democracy," "The Smoky City"—that are often wrought to fit them. To portray a city is beyond ending; to begin such an effort is itself a grave conceit. For though the portrayal may achieve its own measure of truth, it will still be no more than a rumor of the city, as meaningful, and as permanent.





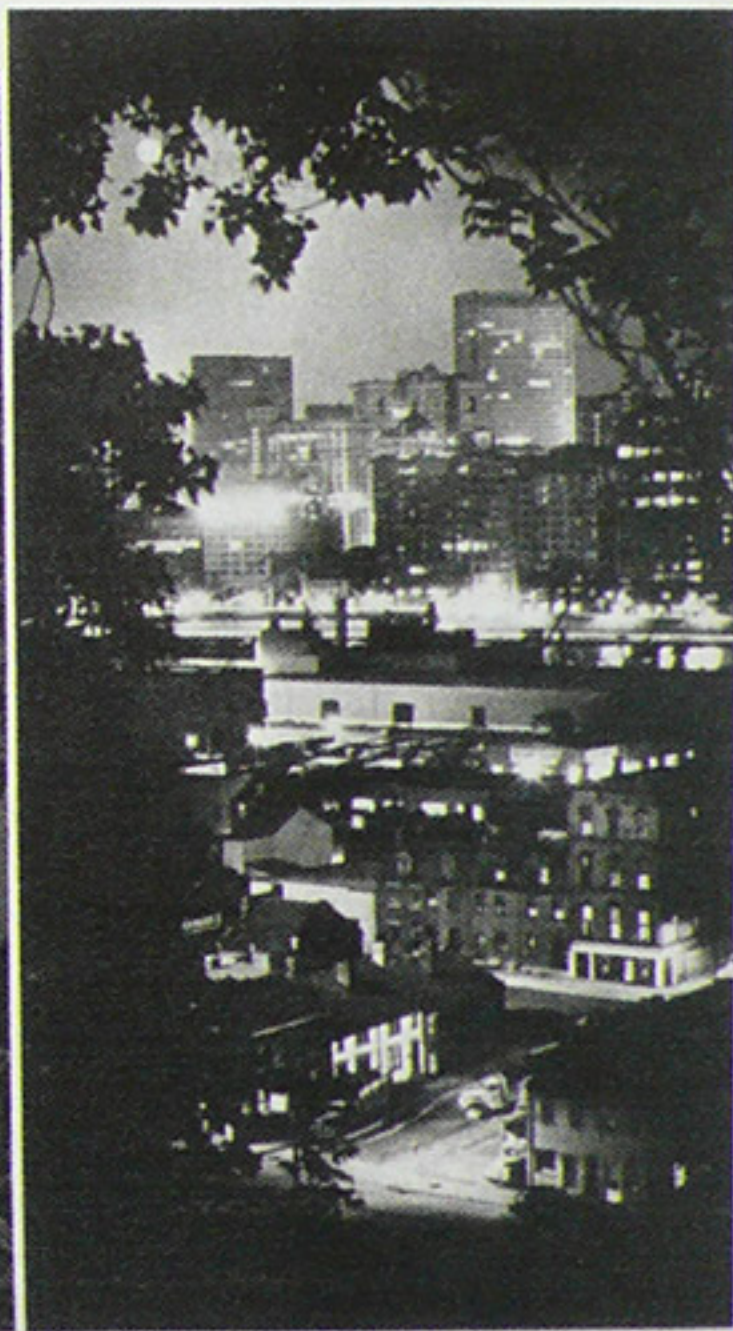
## Of cathedrals, inclines and a sight of the moon



The first complaint about smoke was in 1804. Its disturbed author petitioned the City Council to "remedy the nuisance." But that remedy, frequently legislated, was long in coming. For almost 100 years the people of Pittsburgh lived under a heavy black roof that smothered the landscape, extinguished the horizon, and made the moon an omen of disaster. For only when the huge, flaming factories were idle could the heavens be glimpsed. Then the moon meant strike, depression, hardship.

Now—sometimes—it is different. Though still smudged by delays and defects, Pittsburgh's smoke control has restored considerable purity to the air, distance to the sight. Not since the chimneys began to vomit up their black infection have the jutting hills, crowned at their summits by cathedrals of worship and learning, stood so sharply against the sky. Now at last the moon has recovered its magic.

*University of Pittsburgh's "Cathedral," St. Paul's spires landmark Oakland area . . . Mighty climbs to worker's homes are thoroughly characteristic . . . The moon could symbolize confidence backing creation of new skyline.*





*An urgent choirboy and an ornate mosque which houses the Symphony.*

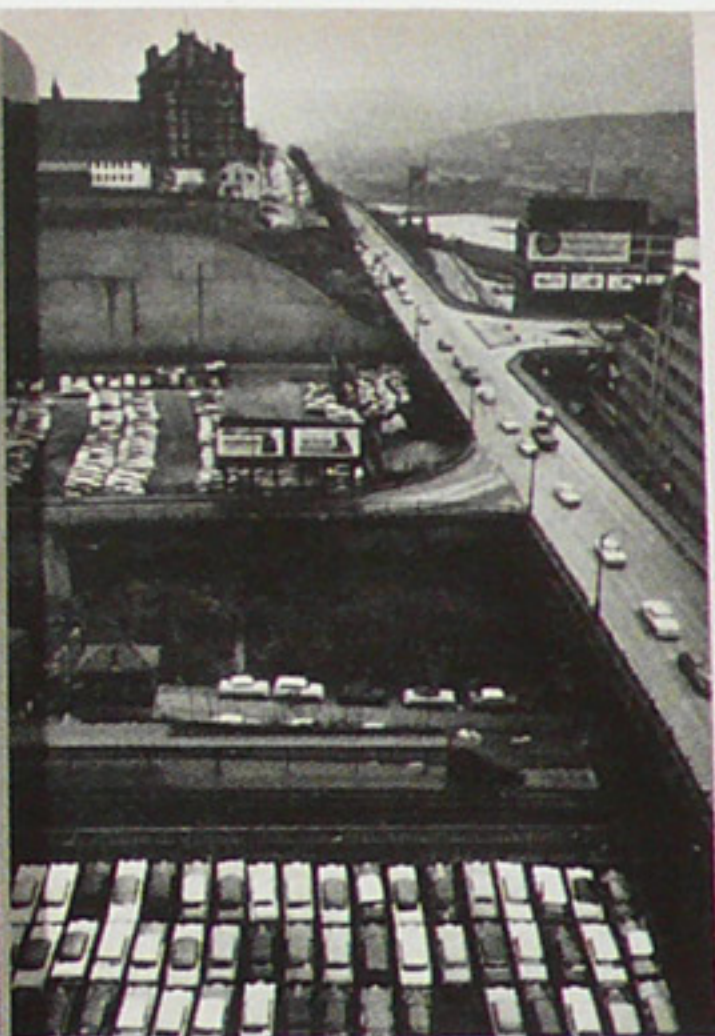


## Rhythmoodic variations

Around the islands of isolation swirls the city. Out of the doorways, along the nervous streets and down the swift current of the hours spill faces, flashing legs, errands and purposes. Catch and release, mount and descend, pause and ponder, hello and goodly—these are the movements of the restless day. All—yes, all are travelers, but how many journey together? Out toward a million destinies the city is quick, is slow; mystery and wonder coursing at its heart.

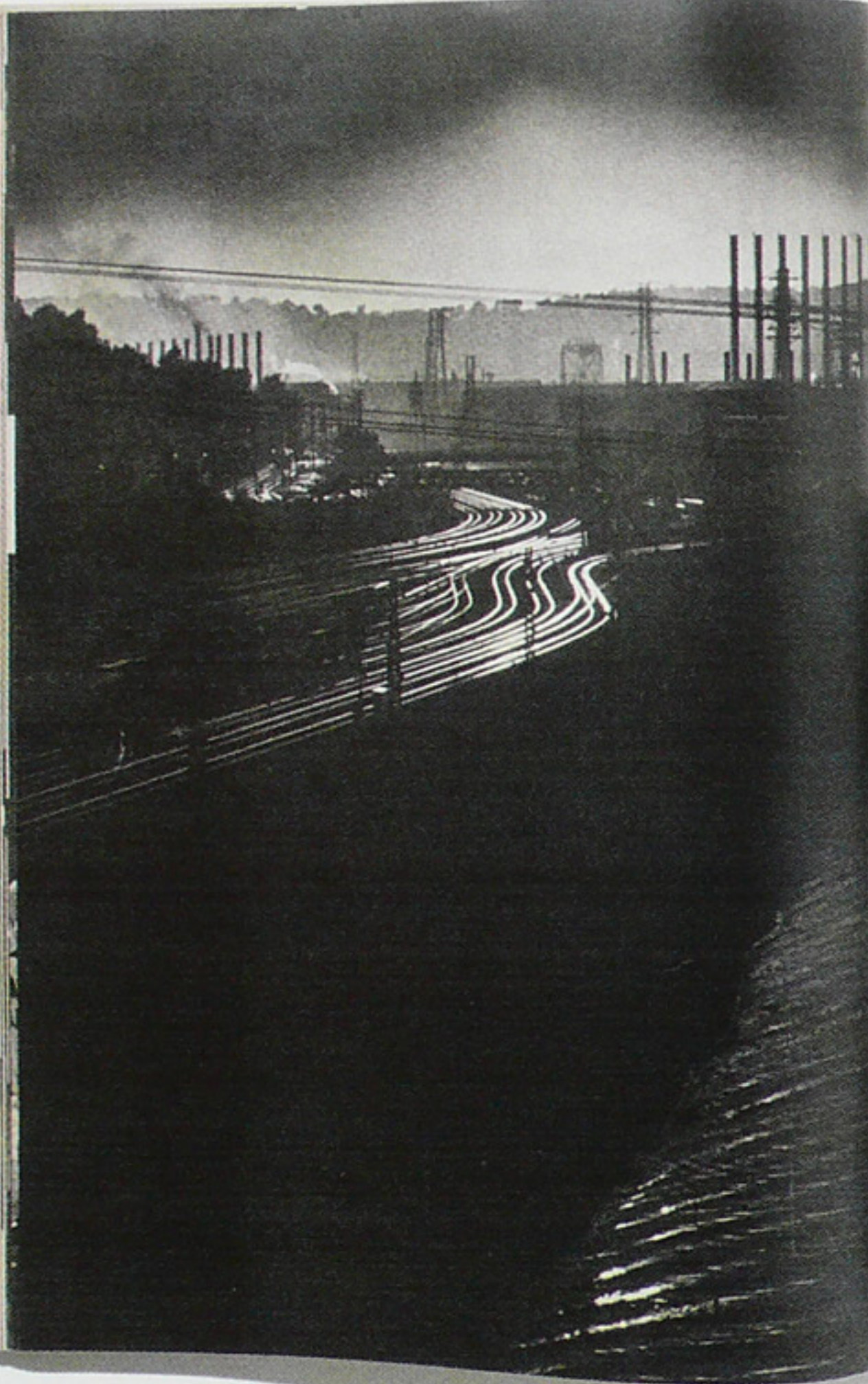


*Style is important—at dog shows and elegant department stores.*



*Man's habit of demeaning his fellow man and calling it fun; this goosy pie throwing is at a Church Bazaar.*





Of history,  
waterways,  
and under-  
ground riches



Set where the Allegheny and the Monongahela mingle to form the Ohio, it began as a crude log fort. For this outpost the French, the British redcoats, and American troops from Virginia all bitterly contended. And all fought the Indians there were bloody uprisings; sentries surveyed the waterways for canoes and painted death.

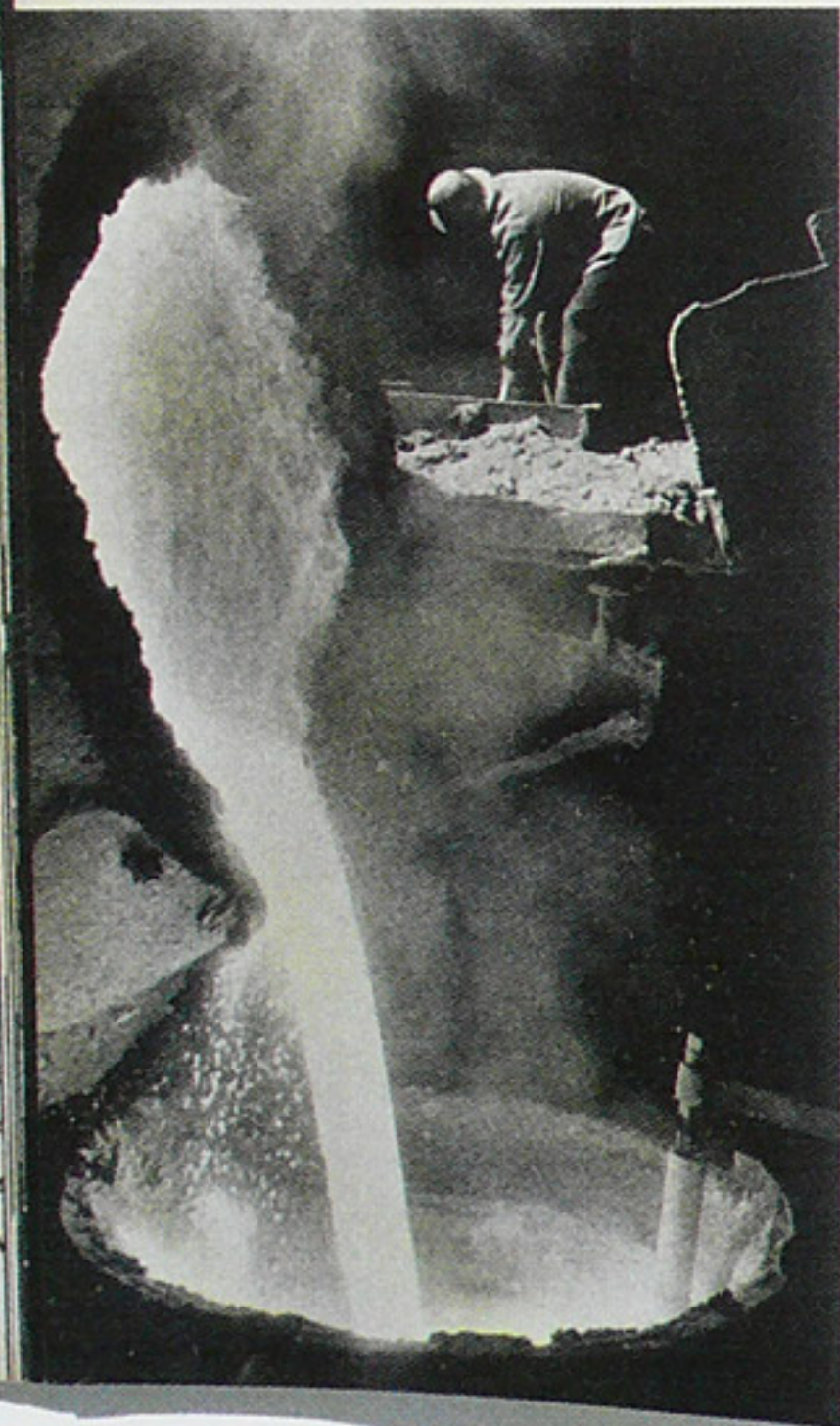
But by 1800 the wilderness had been tamed. Settlers by the hundreds came flooding into the West; the frontier receded toward Oregon. From a raw village, Pittsburgh suddenly became a town. Keelboats bound on trade were poled against the current to moor at its docks, and by 1843, when locks and dams were built on first the Monongahela, there were steamboats—graceful sternwheelers that churned downriver to St. Louis, New Orleans, and the sea.

And there were barges.

All through the 1850's they freighted away the wealth that the miners had wrenched from the earth: coal, iron ore, sandstone. And now the city was seized by a violent convulsion of growth. Mansions and shacks spilled over the hills; factories went up and mine shafts down; the railroads came, twisting along the crowded riverfronts. Simultaneously there was a boom in pig iron. Twenty-five mills were built; soon there were fifty. At night, from the blast furnaces, huge tongues of scarlet flame licked into the night.

Then, in the 1860's, came steel.

The flamed...  
 the molten...  
 the wired...  
 the canned



"Squirrel Hill was a primeval forest, far enough from town for a good hunting party. Meteorites were man's first source of iron. Pennsylvania had many iron plantations during the eighteenth century. Some covered as much as 10,000 acres, for it took an average of an acre of wood a day to turn charcoal to produce two tons of iron. Valley Forge was such a plantation. The first blast furnace in the Pittsburgh area was built in 1792. Today's blast furnaces take 3½ tons of coke to make a ton of pig iron.

*The flamed:* Coke, which has now replaced charcoal in producing iron, is made by bituminous coal in long, narrow ovens grouped together like the cells of a bee with openings on top aligned with railroad tracks. Cars drop the exact amount of coal into the ovens, and men wearing goggles under their shoes follow the cars, pushing stray coal into the holes, ducking back from the flames that shoot out as they can get the lids back into place. It takes roughly 19 hours and temperatures over 2,000 degrees to convert coal into coke.

*The molten:* The nighttime showpiece mills are the Bessemer converters, but now they are becoming fewer; in earlier days Bessemer's belched flames against the underbelly of Pittsburgh's smoke stacks every few minutes and sent an eerie glow up and down the valleys. But more important than the display is the fact that Bessemer brought the age of steel into being.

*The wired:* A trainwreck and an article

drilling a tunnel by compressed air gave George Westinghouse his idea for the air-brake. He took it to Pittsburgh and sold it. Later he experimented with the uses of electricity and, in a battle with Edison, championed the use of alternating current over direct current. Today, the supremacy of alternating current is beyond dispute, and it is used to power such wired devices as electric clocks, greatly improves television reception. Westinghouse, despite difficulties with labor, is the country's second largest electrical company.

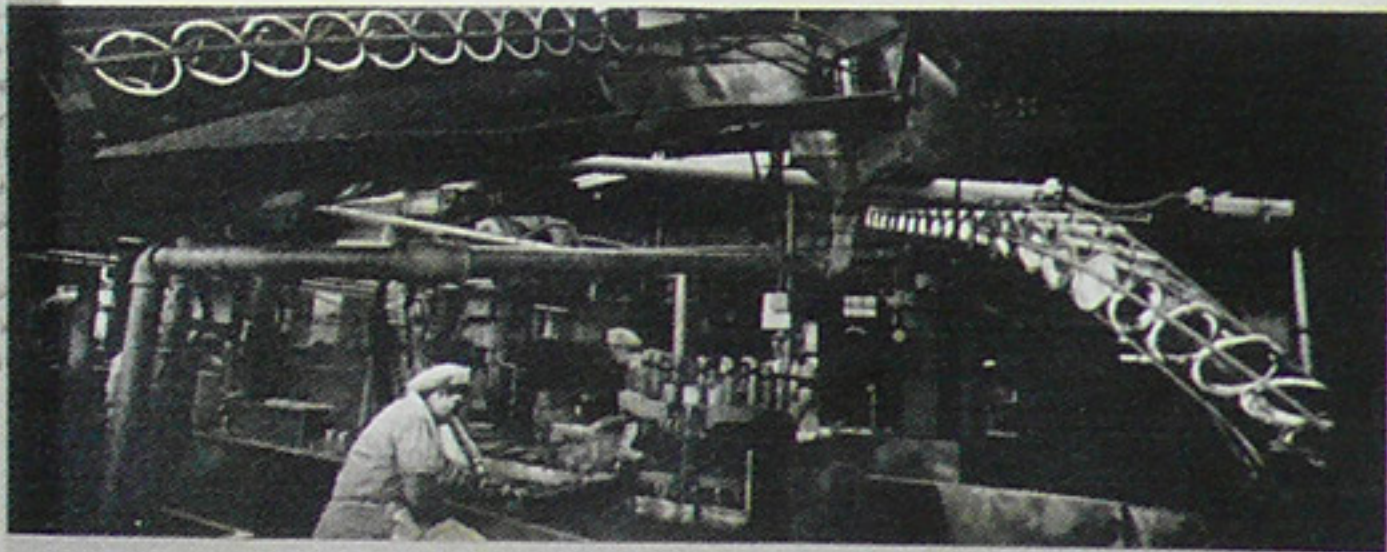
*The canned:* The H. J. Heinz Company, probably the most paternal of all the Pittsburgh giants, was founded by a bookkeeper who, using a wheelbarrow as a carrier, turned his hobby of gardening into a small door-to-door horseradish business. The famous 57 varieties have long been eclipsed by the actual number of its many different products, but the company has thought it best to remain with the familiar figure.

On July 6, 1892, a lockout and strike at Carnegie's Homestead Works touched off 12 hours of the most appalling violence in American labor history.

*Pittsburgh:* America's largest producer of bituminous coal, its largest manufacturer of bolts, nuts, and rivets.

*Pittsburgh:* the largest manufacturer of plate glass and plumbing equipment in the world.

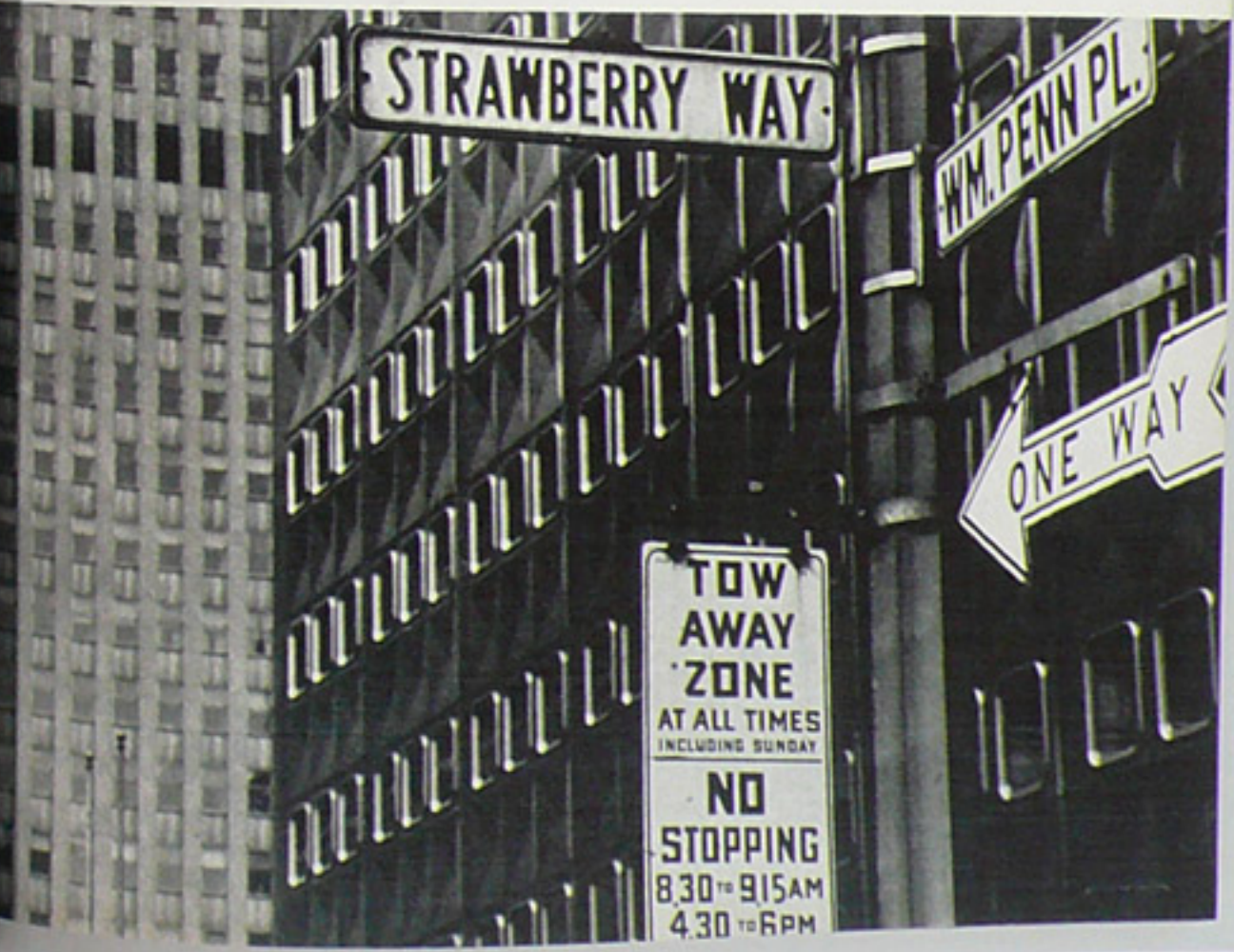
*Pittsburgh:* has 22 parks, nine parklets. It is difficult to find a parking place on Squirrel Hill.



Through its signs,  
to know a city?



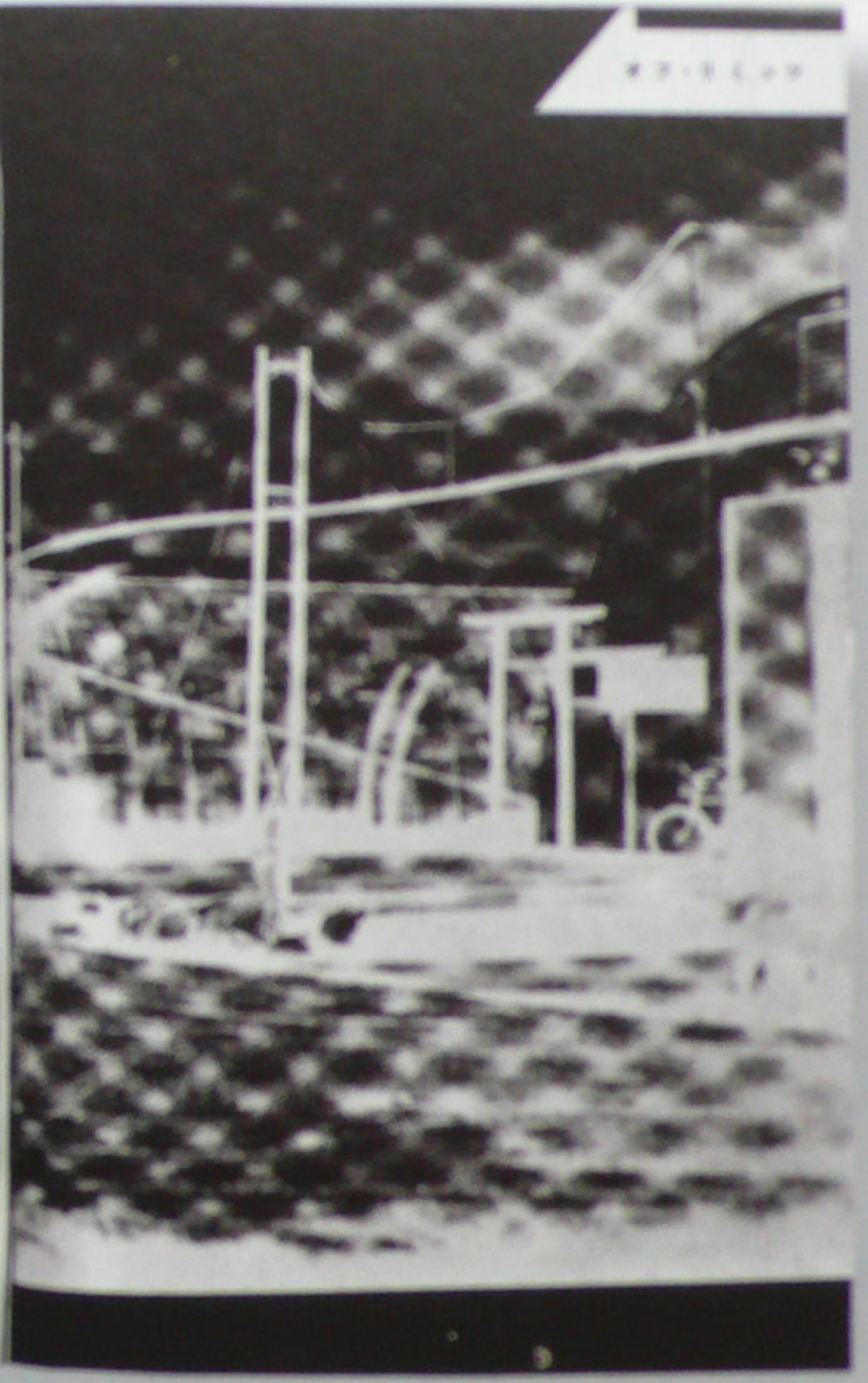
Romeo and Juliet approach each other, then swerve apart.  
Virgin Way vanishes before Oliver. And from the  
intersections such speeches can be conjured: *Orphan Basic  
Race Obey Judicial Breed Plow Forward Venture  
Divinity Blessing Abstract Refuge Superior  
Diamond Flush Freeland Rescue Liberty.*



IWAKUNI 岩 国 IWAKUNI

— とつぜん 与えられた 奇妙な現実 それを僕は〈占領〉と呼ぶ —

製作 東松照明













OUR ST  
DAVID SOU  
SWEET ME  
CLASSIC J  
MODERN J  
U.S. CO

BIKES

IN SWAN

### HONG KONG CUSTOM TAILOR

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... MATERIAL IN JAPAN & ENGLAND  
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PLEASE INSPECT OUR  
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Photography by James Carter

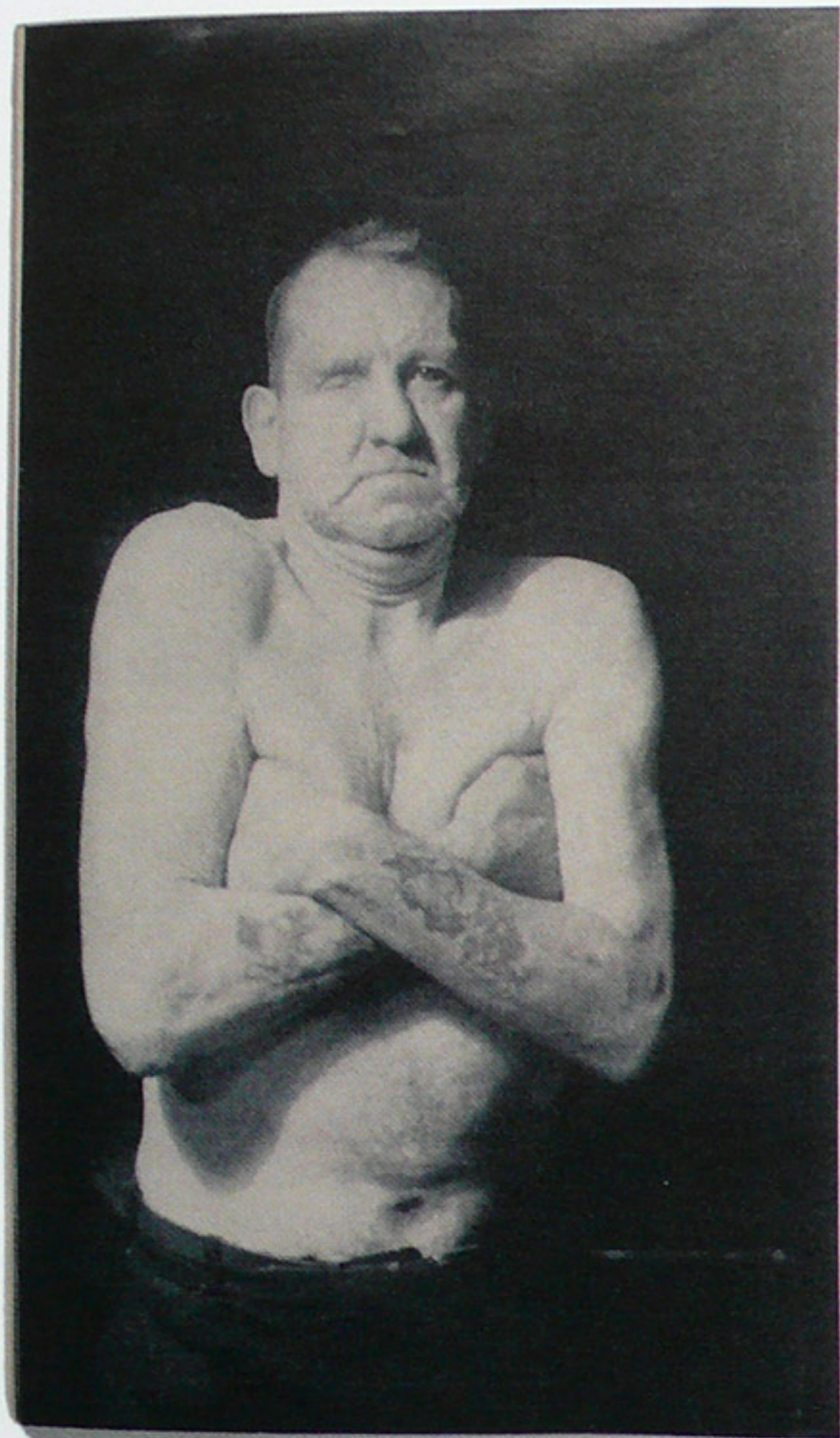


**THE  
VERTICAL  
JOURNEY:**

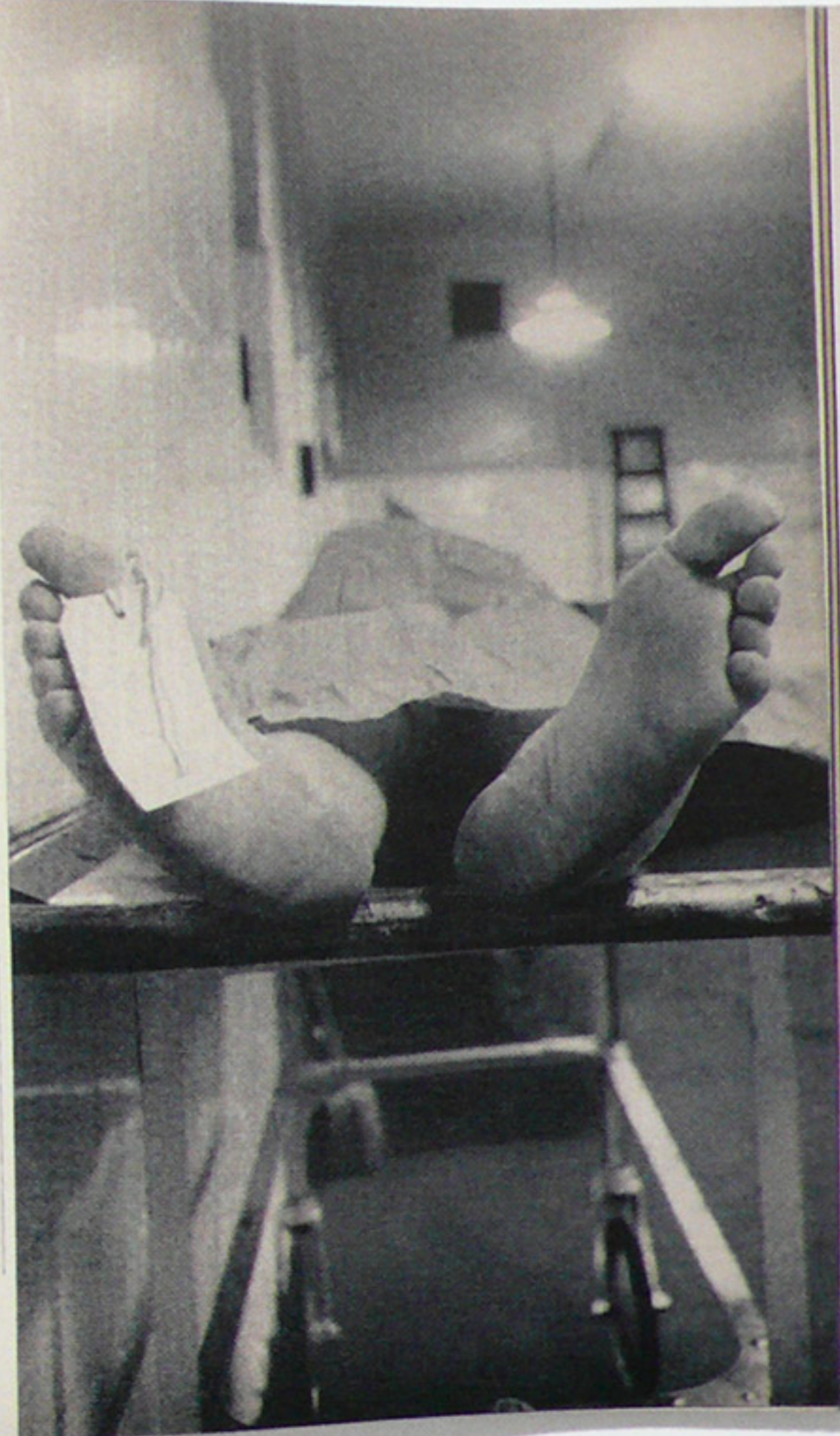
SIX MOVEMENTS  
OF A  
MOMENT WITHIN  
THE HEART  
OF THE CITY

HEZEKIAH TRAMBLES: **SAGMAR PATINO.**  
"The Jungle Creep," performed at the Grand  
forms five times a day at the Grand  
Hubert's Museum, 42nd St. benefiting Boys-  
& Broadway, Times Square. (by Sheraton-East  
Square)





WALTER L. GREGORY, PRISON UNKNOWN, City,  
also known as The Mad Man from Massachusetts,  
photographed in the city room of "The Bowery News."  
1914, Bellevue Hospital.







FLORA KNAPP DICKSON, HONORARY REGENT OF THE WASHINGTON HEIGHTS CHAPTER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, IN HER HOME IN MANHATTAN FOLLOWING A PERFORMANCE OF HIS OPERATIONS OF MARSHALL AND MAURICE SINGING "VALLENBERG."



# The 'Favela,' a Hillside of Filth and Pain

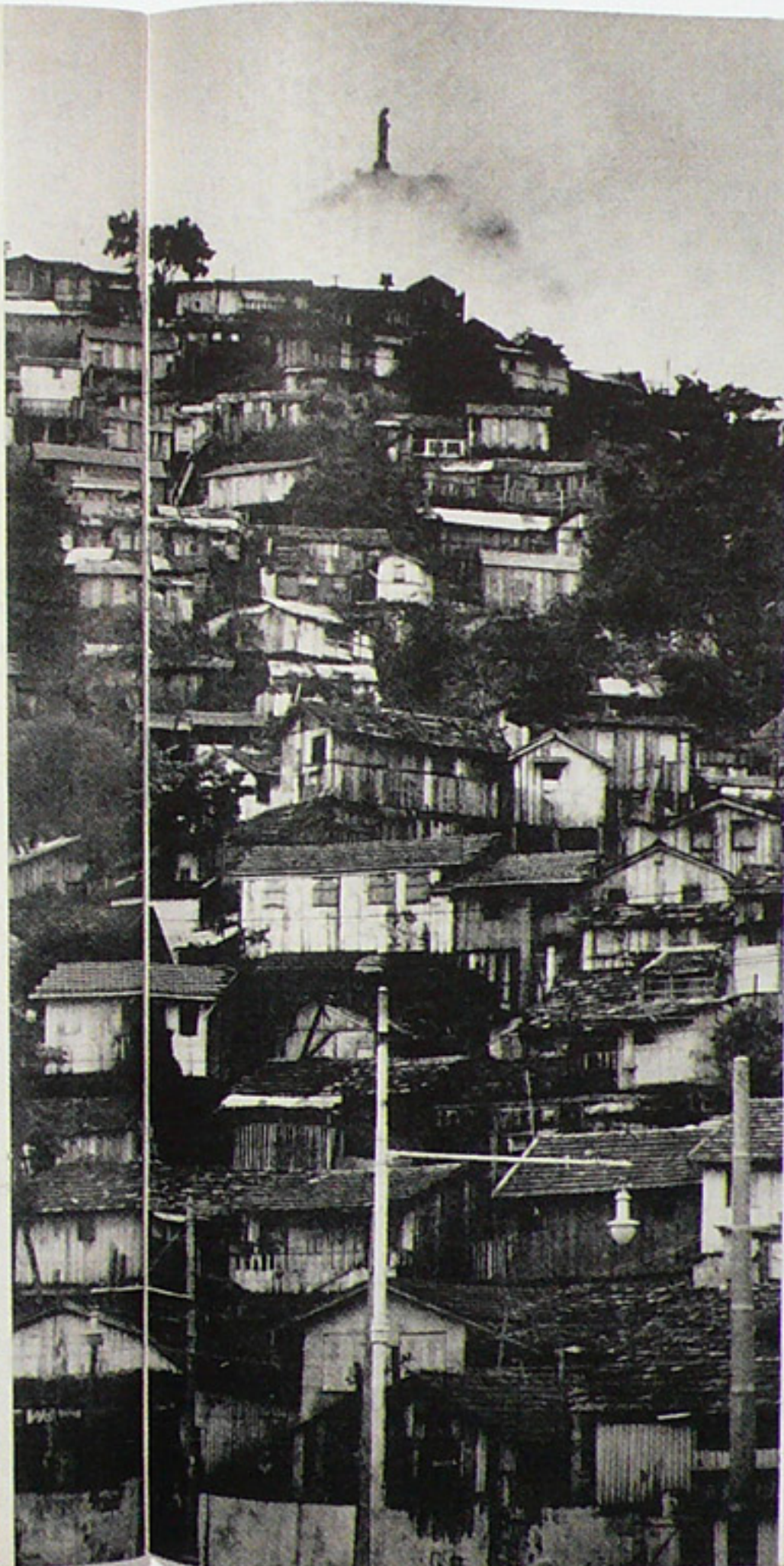
A figure of Christ looms above the mounting zigzag of shacks which comprise the favela where José and Nair da Silva live with their eight children. The statue seems to brood not only upon the favela's hunger and disease but on the sunny elegance of Copacabana Beach and the gleaming villas of Rio beyond the hill.

Like so many others of the 700,000 who swell the slums of the great city, José is a *mordestino*, a refugee from dirt-poor northeast Brazil. He was a construction worker until an accident injured his back. Now he sells kerosene and bleach in a tiny bottle stall which he and Nair built—as they did their tiny shack—from tin cans, broken orange crates and stolen pieces of lumber. The shop brings in about \$20 a month. To get \$5 more to buy food, Nair, about to have her ninth child, washes clothes in the only available water—from a spigot at the foot of the hill. The children, who range from 12 years to 17 months, are penned in the shack or roam the foul pathways of the favela where the filth of the inhabitants is trodden out to rot. But in inflation-riddled Brazil the favelados consider themselves blessed. They are squatters and pay little or no rent.



Straining up hill, with Lúcia, 6, and Isabel, 3, following, Nair da Silva balances three gallons of water on head.

Home for Da Silva family is hillside jumble of squatters' huts (*casas*) beneath Rio's famous statue of Christ. On filth-strewn path, Mario do Silva, 3, howls after being bitten by neighbor's dog. The baby, Zacarias, 1 (far right), explores the path leading beneath the pilings which support shack.





Dead neighbor of Da Silva lies with vigil candles awaiting burial. Pillow for her head and linen sheets used for shrouds are amenities few *fovelados* receive in life. When Gordon Parks asked one *fovelado* about his six children he replied, "There were nine. The other three are with God. He was good enough to take them."

Sick and exhausted from week's care of the family, Flavio rests on Sunday when his mother is free to look after brothers and sisters. "I am not afraid of death," he explained earnestly to Parks. "But what will they do after?"

CONTINUED



CONTINUED



The family's day begins at dawn. In the biggest room of the house, which is 6 by 10 feet—12-year-old Flavio gets himself up. While the other two in the crib—Flavio puts a tin can of water on the fire and throws in some coffee. Sometimes there is hard bread to put in it. Sometimes not. For them all, including the baby, that is breakfast.

the other two in the crib—Flavio puts a tin can of water on the fire and throws in some coffee. Sometimes there is hard bread to put in it. Sometimes not. For them all, including the baby, that is breakfast.

CONTINUED 91

# 'We are animals in a world no one knows'

A **LIFE** SERIES IN TWO PARTS

Pretty girl named Karen, pleasant young man named John—they could be hurrying to a movie, a supermarket, a college classroom. But they are drug addicts, headed for heroin, for a pusher with a fix. This series, reported and written by Associate Editor James Mills, tells what their lives are like and, in next week's instalment, what more could be done—to help the addict, to halt the flow of drugs and to clean up a tragic and tenacious social evil.

Photographed by BILL EPPRIDGE



# John and Karen, Two Lives Lost to Heroin

**F**our times a day, this is John and Karen, hooked up with heroin. Faces desperate and intent, teeth pulling tight the tourniquet, grimy fingers squeezing fluid into the bloodstream, and then—peace. This is everything they live for—this is what heroin is all about. With this shot their problems vanish, and the world they cannot handle fades to leave them in solitary bliss.

No "square"—the addict's word for anyone who does not use drugs—can imagine the strength of heroin's hold. The addict will beg for it, walk miles for it, wait hours for it, con for it, stay up days and nights on end to pursue it, steal from those he has loved for it, risk death for it. Heroin, more than any other drug, leads the greatest number of addicts to squalor and desperation.

The frightening power heroin holds over John and Karen is the subject of this essay and the article that follows. To outsiders, they sometimes seem to stroll (*preening* pages), but always they are driven by the drug—he to thievery, she to prostitution, and both to "pushing" heroin to pay for their own supply. The drug urges them, as the story shows, to murky streets and ill-lit corners, through shabby rooms and in and out of hospitals and jails. It is their jealous lover, and their wrathful god.

Every day heroin wins a few new converts to its ranks, and now there are more addicts in America than authorities can successfully count. The Federal Narcotics Bureau estimates that the U.S. has 60,000 heroin addicts, but other less official counts climb into the hundreds of thousands. Half of the country's addicts live in New York City, and

almost all the others are in the slums of Detroit, Chicago and Los Angeles. Half are Negro. Only 20% are women. They commit an enormous number of crimes—more than 15% of New York City's burglaries (but less than 2% of its felonious assaults). Few are violent. Contrary to popular belief, it is not heroin that may lead to violence, but the excessive use of other drugs: amphetamines, barbiturates, cocaine, Dorsiden, marijuana.

The heroin addict is a very busy man. For those who would separate him from his heroin he has no use and no time. When he awakes in the morning he reaches instantly for his "works"—eye-dropper, needle ("spike," he calls it), and bottle top ("cooker"). He dissolves heroin in water in the cooker and injects the mixture. This is his "wake-up," a morning shot to hold off the anxiety and sickness of withdrawal and get him "straight" enough to start the day. If his habit is costing him \$20 a day, and that is not a large habit by any means, he must now start

out to steal at least \$100 worth of goods, knowing that a fence will give him only one-fifth the true value of his loot. When he has stolen something, he must haggle with his fence over the price. The argument seems interminable to him, for it has now been hours since his wake-up and he is getting nervous again, his eyes are watering and he is beginning to feel like a man coming down with a bad case of flu.

**F**inally he gets the money and begins his search for a "connection"—someone with heroin for sale. Not just any connection, but a connection who deals good quality stuff—"dynamite," not "garbage." Once the addict has bought his fix (has "copped" or "scored") he is faced with the risky business of getting it to his cooker and into his arm without getting caught and "busted" (arrested). When he has finally injected the heroin—he calls it "shooting up," "taking off," "getting off"—he may

or may not go on a "nod,"—his eyelids heavy, his mind wandering pleasantly—depending on how much heroin his body has become accustomed to and how much actual heroin was in the powder he injected.

He hopes that the shot will be at least strong enough to make him straight for a few hours. He can judge immediately the quality of the shot. If it is strong enough, he calms down, the flu feeling leaves, and he instantly begins looking for money for the next shot.

What haunts the addict are anxieties, which only heroin can relieve. In the slaky families and oppressive environment of big-city slums, anxieties pile up fast—and it is in the teeming slums that heroin is handy. From friend to friend the drug spreads inexorably among the emotionally weak and unstable.

John and Karen have much in common with other big-city junkies. Karen is 26, John 24. Both had broken the law before they started on heroin—she as a prostitute in the Midwest, he as a thief in New York. Karen is the first in her family to use illegal drugs; but John has two addicted brothers, and a third died of an overdose.

Both John and Karen have used many drugs, but they prefer heroin to all the rest just as a gourmet prefers wine to beer. Both have been to jail (he 10 times, she twice) and to hospitals (he 4 times, she twice)—and have emerged each time to start their habits fresh.

John and Karen have been together—sleeping wherever they can find a place to lie down—for three years. They use the same last name, but never got around to formal marriage ("We did get a blood test once," says Karen). Karen's earnings as a prostitute also support John's habit, and he occasionally contributes a little money by breaking into parked cabs, in which drivers may have left coin changers.

Both John and Karen are at times all but overcome by revulsion for their habit and for the horrifying, unseen world it forces them into. "We are animals," says Karen. "We are all animals in a world no one knows."

**A** packing wrapped around her arm to make the vein stand out, Karen (left) waits for blood to start backing into the eyedropper—a sign the needle is in the vein. To get more pressure, she has replaced the dropper's small bulb with a nipple from a baby pacifier. John (right) also shoots directly into a vein (a practice known as "mainlining") but he does it further up his arm.



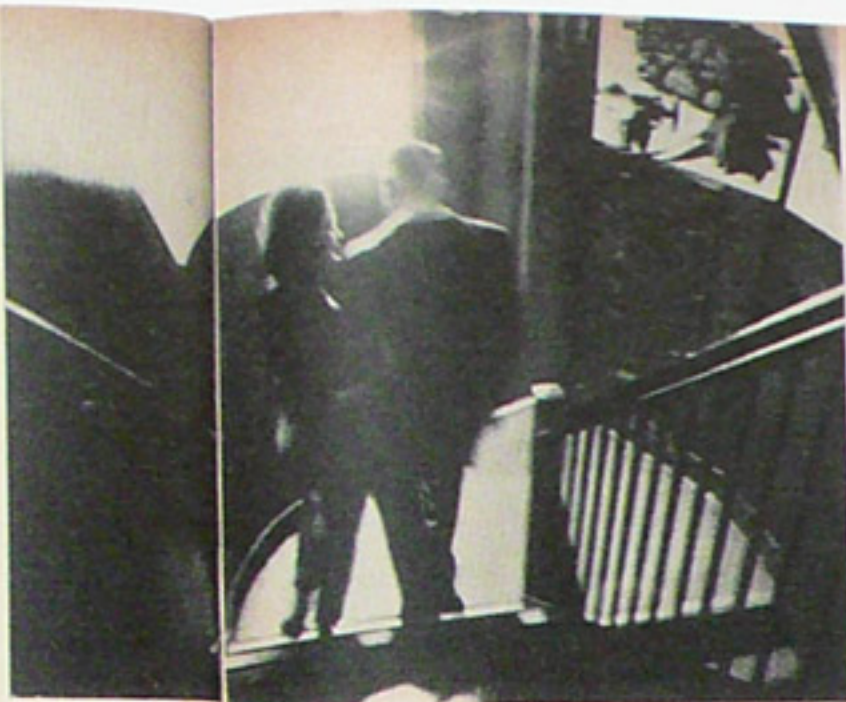


**K**eeping a furtive eye out for detectives, Karen passes a pusher \$5 for a bag of heroin. Sometimes, like most junkies, she earns money for heroin by selling it herself. One such time, when

a pusher gave her a small supply of unusually pure heroin on consignment, she went quickly into business on a corner (below). Soon junkies were rushing up to her to arrange buys.

**A**lmost all female addicts support their habit by prostitution, and Karen is no exception. After a \$10 "trick" with a "John" (customer) in a hotel, she leads him down back stairs (above,

right), then stands lookout while John rifles cabs (below). Asked how many cabs he has "boosted," John said, "How many are in New York? I guess I make more off them than the owners."



**K**aren, once a show girl in a New York nightclub, grows nostalgic after a heroin shot (right) and begins to model clothes stolen from a friend's wife. Earlier she sat with John (below,

right) while he tried to fix a radio taken from a cab. He gets many radios from taxis, and once turned up \$500 hidden under a seat—but was himself robbed of half of it by other junkies.

## To get money, Karen prostitutes and pushes, John loots cabs



**He visits her in a hospital: 'Stop nodding, they'll throw me out'**



**V**isiting Karen in the hospital, Johnny showed up high on heroin and spent most of his time there nodding (above). Afraid that he would get her in trouble with the nurses, Karen yelled at him to stand up straight (right). "You're stoned, buddy! Stop that nodding before they throw me out!" He grumbled that he was not nodding, just awfully sleepy from not having had a place to lie down for three days. On several

late visits John brought her heroin and the needle and eyedropper needed to inject it. Why was she using stuff if she was there to kick the habit? "I just felt like getting high like any other human being would. I was bored. I'd been lying there in that hospital for a week, and when you're kicking and they're giving you methadone [a drug hospitals use to withdraw addicts from heroin] you just feel so normal."



**L**eaving for a hospital, Karen kisses a customer goodbye, while John looks away. Her body had built up such a high tolerance to heroin that she was having trouble getting enough to hold off withdrawal symptoms. She knew that after a couple of weeks away from the drug in a hospital, she would be able to start her habit afresh—getting a stronger "high" from a smaller dose.

**T**o win admittance to the hospital, Karen pretends to be in great pain from heroin withdrawal, while a nurse fills out forms. After a few questions and a quick search for drugs in her belongings, the hospital finally let her in.







## The cops search them— and John gets locked up

A few days after she left the hospital, Karen stood with John on a street corner, unaware that they were closely watched by two narcotics detectives (one is behind the mailbox in the top picture at left). The detectives had heard that John and Karen were selling drugs and, for an hour, stayed near enough to watch what they were up to. Then when another addict walked up, brushed against them and kept on going, the detectives assumed that drugs had been passed, and moved in. One questioned Karen (center picture) while the other searched John's pockets and cuffs. Karen broke into tears (bottom). "Whenever the cops come around," she explained later, "I right away start crying and yelling, especially if I've got stuff on me. Usually they don't want too much to do with a screaming, hysterical broad, so they lay off." John tries never to have any drugs on him. When he is pushing heroin, he usually follows the general practice and hides the bags between the pages of a phone book in a public booth, or under a trash can or behind a radiator in a hotel hallway. Then he simply takes the customer's money and tells him where to look.



Jailed for disorderly conduct, John stares through the bars, then sits on his bunk yawning and holding his stomach as he goes through withdrawal. A policeman arrested him when he balked at moving off a corner where he and other junkies were loitering. He was locked up for 18 days. John admits that often during withdrawal the previous anxiety is far worse than the physical discomfort. "When I'm kicking in jail," he says, "I just gotta have someone to talk to. Once I was lyin' there kicking and this other guy was in the bunk over me and he was sleepin' and sleepin'—like a baby. I shoved hard on the bottom of his bunk and threw him clean out onto the floor. Man, he was scared, his eyes was wide open. And I said to him, 'Okay, man, now talk.'"



**The deadly overdose: 'You got to fight it, Billy!'**



One of the junky's natural enemies is the overdose, the "OD"—a shot that unexpectedly contains more heroin than his body can survive. In these pictures, taken while Johnny was in jail, Karen works to save the life of a young addict named Billy. Her expressions (right) mirror the danger, hope and final victory of her two-hour struggle. Billy collapsed in a hotel room after swallowing five Duriden tablets and then maintaining a shot of heroin. Though he is nearly unconscious, Karen holds him on his feet and keeps him walking.



Open your eyes, Billy. Try to wake up. You took too much stuff, Billy. Don't go to sleep—you might not wake up. You got to fight it, Billy. Do you hear me, Billy? You got to fight it. Billy? Billy? Exhausted and hot from walking him around the room, Karen has slumped him into a chair and removed her sweater. Then, afraid that if he sits down too long he will slip into a fatal coma, she walks him some more. Finally, she sits him down in a chair again and shouts into his ear. He begins to come around. "That Duriden is something," she explains. "It makes you feel like you were almost clean, almost like you'd never had any heroin before. And then you take the heroin and, man, it really sends you."



Still only half-conscious, Billy sits with a cigaret in his hand and a wet towel thrown over his neck. Now that he can walk by himself, Karen—who herself has had a shot of heroin—rests on the bed with a glass of water. Billy begins to mumble, finally gets out a complete sentence: "Man, that was a good big." He was lucky it wasn't better. Almost every day in New York City an addict dies of an overdose, some sold intentionally by pushers who think the addict has been "stooling" to detectives. Sometimes these "hot-shots" contain no heroin at all, but rat poison. Addicts call this type of hotshot a "ten-cent pistol" because the poison cuts a dime but is as effective as a gun. Junkies may be quite informal about disposing of OD'd friends. Karen once heard a strange sound ("it was like shhhhh, shhhhh") outside her hotel room. When she looked the saw two junkies dragging a body down the hall.



John out of jail: 'Don't play with my brains!'



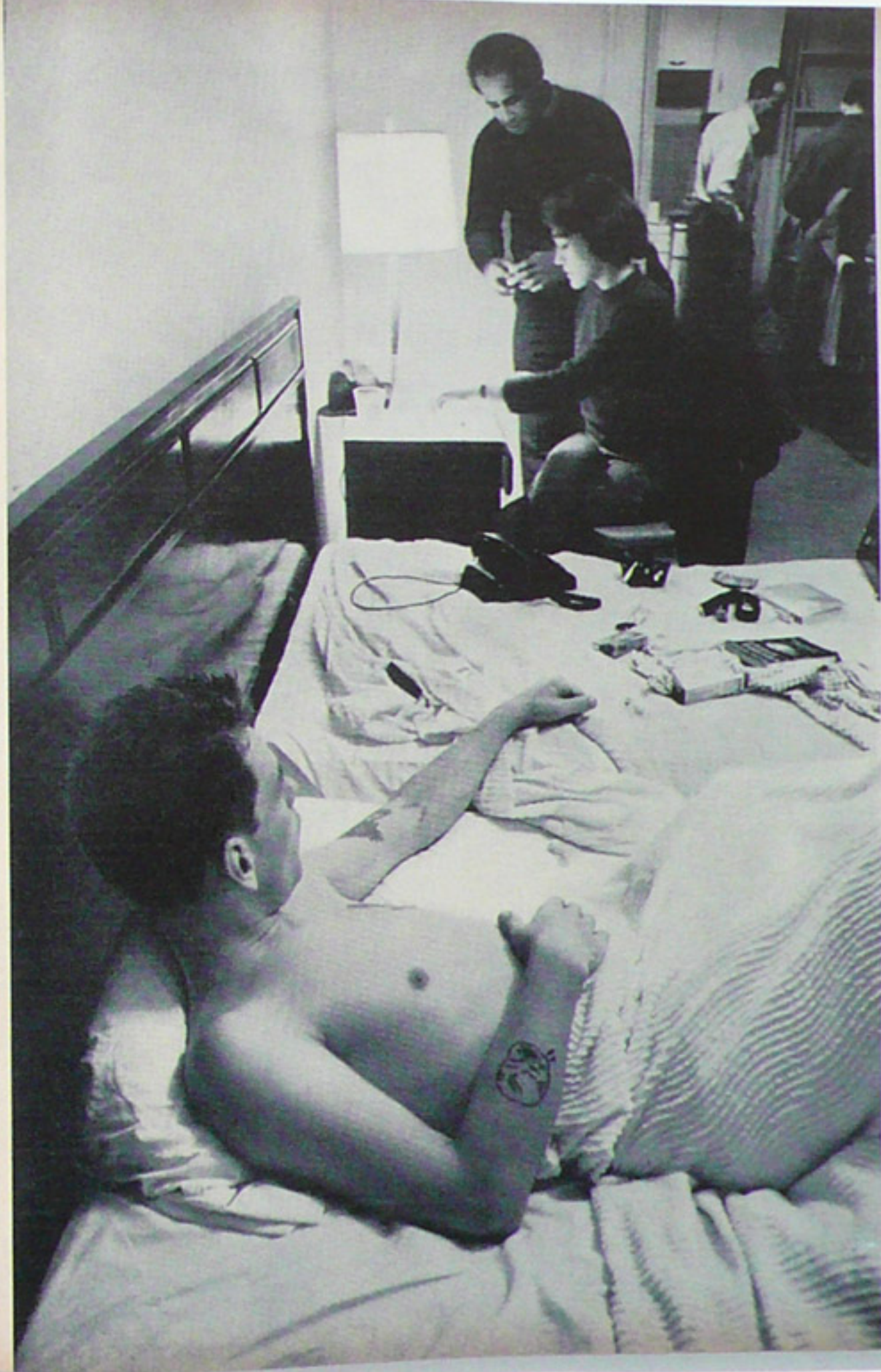
Meeting Karen his first day out of jail (above), John bowls her out for not writing. Later in a hotel (below) he gets affectionate, his drug-free days in jail having restored desires dulled by heroin.



Go ahead and shoot it all up! You're a pig junky, just like you always were and always will be!" Karen screams at John as he takes a shot (above) minutes after his release from jail. Before he was arrested he had hidden 30 bags of heroin in a hotel hallway. Just after meeting Karen, he retrieved his stash, collected some friends and went to another hotel to "twon everyone on"

—give them all heroin. In jail, off heroin, his body lost its dependence on the drug, and he uses it here not to fight off withdrawal, but only to get a high. But Karen still has a physical need for the drug and is furious at him for not giving it all to her. He shouted back at her, "Don't bug me, Karen! Don't play with my brains!" All 30 bags were gone by that night. A friend

went for more and returned with a connection from Harlem, whom Karen paid off (right). Frightened that the men in the room were about to rob him of his drugs and money, the pusher was in a rush to get paid and did not complain about being photographed. Nevertheless, since his identification might encourage him to retaliate against John and Karen, his face has been retouched.





**H**er arms around Johnny and his brother, Bro—also an addict—Karen lies hopelessly on a hotel bed. On the table next to her rests a glass of water for dissolving heroin, a bottle-top cooker and burnt matches. On following pages she and Johnny discuss the hidden world they live in—a place called "Needle Park."

CONTINUED

# Sports

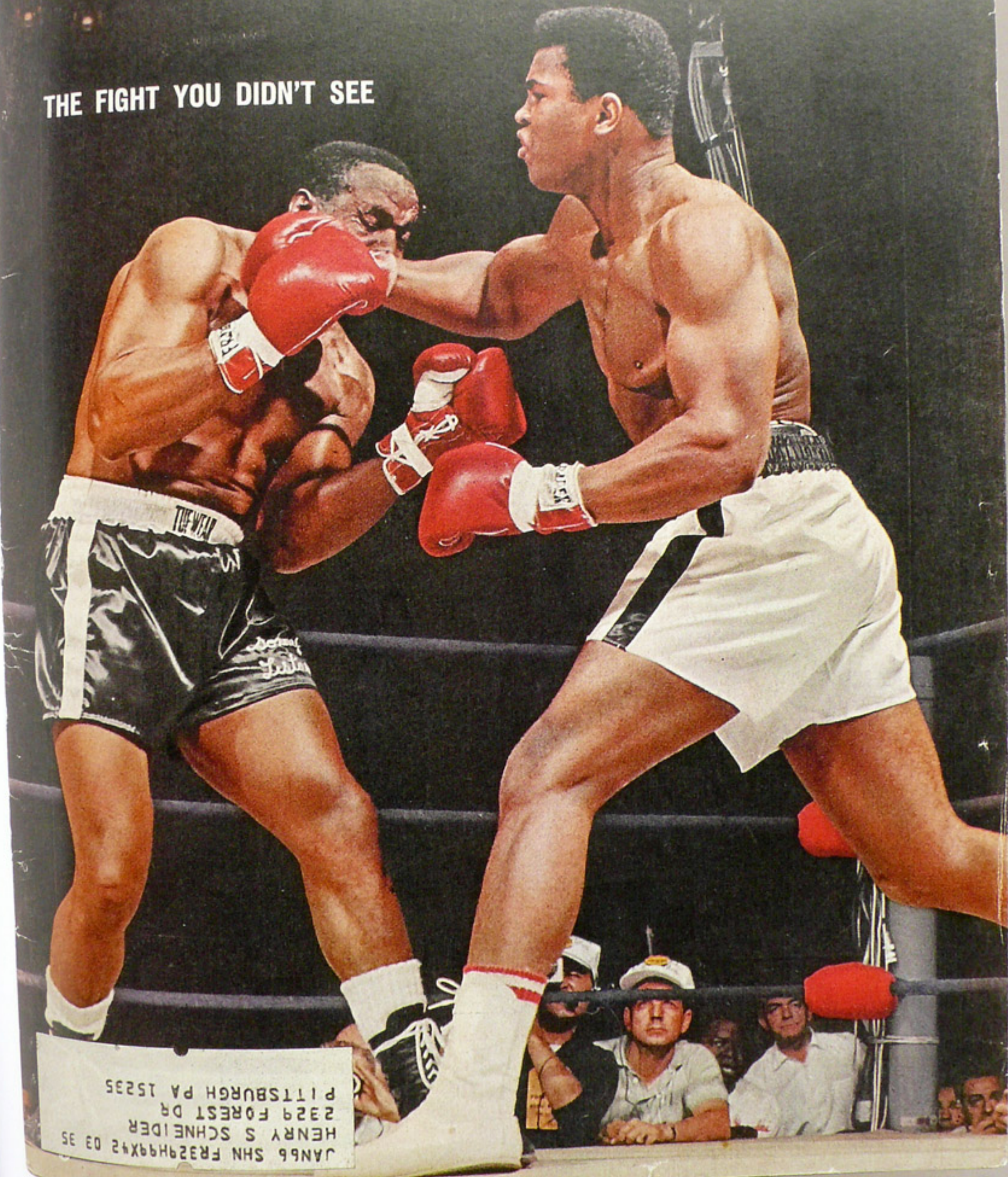
VEECK: Part 4

# Illustrated

JUNE 7, 1965

35 CENTS

THE FIGHT YOU DIDN'T SEE

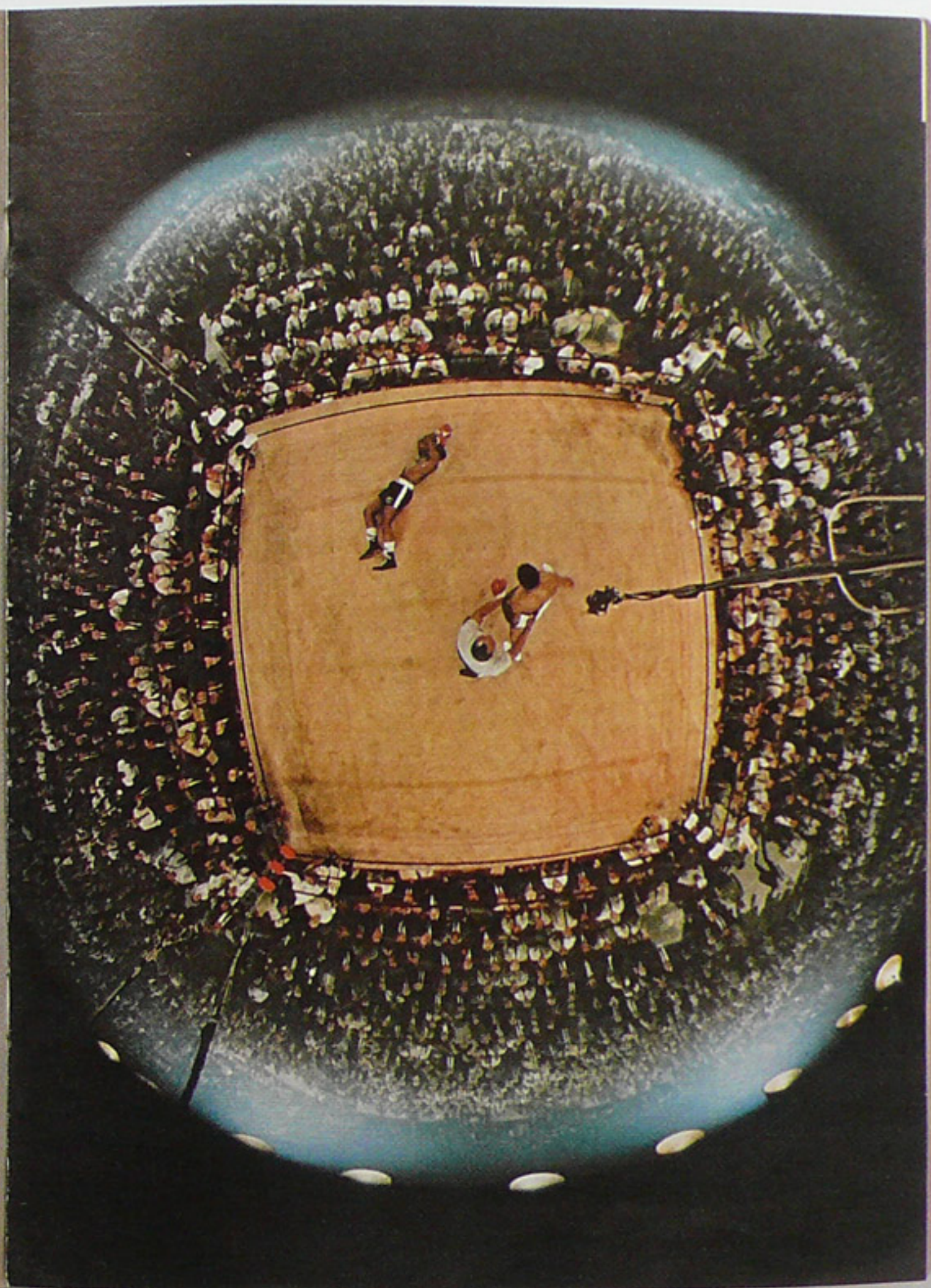


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PITTSBURGH PA 15235



## NO PHANTOM PUNCH

In a high school ice-hockey arena in Lewiston, Me., Sonny Liston became the loneliest man in the world. Once considered invincible, the challenger for the heavyweight title sprawls stunned on the canvas in the remarkable overhead view at the right while Referee Joe Walcott tries to shove Champion Muhammad Ali—Cassius Clay to you, perhaps—into a neutral corner. Clay is shouting for Liston to get up and fight, as did spectators throughout the country. But the punch that dropped Liston midway through the first round kept him addled for at least 17 seconds. Liston could not get up. The blow was seen by only a small percentage of those who watched the fight. The impact of it, however, is plainly shown in the action sequence at left. In the top photograph (1) Liston lunges a left jab toward Clay, who drops his hands and pulls back his chin to make the jab miss. With Liston open and off balance, Clay starts a right-hand counter. In the time it takes Liston's left to move only several inches, Clay's potent right has already risen from his side to above his hip (2). Clay's left foot is solidly planted for full leverage as his glove—the white crescent visible beside Liston's head (3)—zips over Liston's extended left hand. The punch lands on Liston's jaw (4) with a rattling smack as Clay pivots off his right foot for power. The force of the blow lifts Liston's left foot, which was carrying most of his weight, off the floor (note shadow beneath) and snaps his head downward. Using his remarkable speed to excellent advantage, Clay followed the right with a left hook. But in the instant it took that left hook to arrive, Liston fell. On the following pages the only color photographs to be published of the big fight show the knockout and its aftermath.



## THE DRUBBING BY JIM MURRAY

*Among the few observers who had a clear view of the fight as well as its implications was Jim Murray, one of America's most trenchant—and acerbic—sportswriters. Murray, formerly with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, now writes a syndicated column for the Los Angeles Times. The following are excerpts from the story he filed immediately after the fight.*

King Kong got knocked off the Empire State Building. Cassius Marcellus Aladdin Mulligan Montmorancy O'Toole Clay took only 60 seconds of Sonny Liston's time to knock him kicking in a setting as improbable as the fight.

Sonny Liston hit the floor like a guy slipping on a cake of soap getting out of the bathtub. This is the second time this fight has ended with several thousand people looking at each other and asking: "What happened?"

Well, I'll tell you what happened. That's what I'm here for. Sonny Liston got the hell beat out of him is what happened. This time I was looking for it and I saw it: an old man groping his way into a speedy insolent reckless kid. He was like a guy braving a barrage of rocks. He hasn't hit Cassius Clay yet. And he never will.

The closest he ever got to the world's foremost Arabian fistfighter was the weigh-in. When he didn't hit him then he was volunteering for an evening of catching. He should have worn a catcher's mitt on his face.

I counted three times when Cassius staggered him. The first time was when the bell echo hadn't died down yet. Cassius is an ad-lib fighter, and he thought up a beaut to get this dance under way—a right cross. Nobody ever started a heavyweight title fight with a right before. That's the kind of dirty trick your wife would try. But Cassius messed up Liston's unpretty features with a crazy right that he started to throw when he left his corner. Liston should have known then and there that his ploy was to find a soft place to land.

We all knew Sonny was slow, but we didn't think he'd need to call a cab to get to center ring. Actually, he should have called a cab to take him home. Two years ago we were saying this guy was the best heavyweight in history. Now, he's not even the best heavyweight in Lewiston. And if you think that isn't a comedown, you've never been to Lewiston.

Sonny fought as if his feet hurt. If he was a horse

they would have scratched him. Cassius could have beat him in high heels.

They tried to drum some strategy into Sonny that was Napoleonic in concept. He was counseled on how to cut off Cassius' retreat in mid-ring. The only trouble was Sonny always got there after Cassius left. His problem seemed to be he had to surround Clay.

The closest Liston ever got to Clay was the same ring. In my fight notes, if you care, I have "CC stops L with a right" and later "CC staggers him" and then "L leaped at him." That was the trouble. To get at Cassius, Liston would have had to set the broad-jump record.

The orderly thing to do would have been for Cassius to go to his corner in an orderly manner. But Cassius never does anything in an orderly manner. But it doesn't detract from the fact that he drubbed the man we all thought he should fight with bullets. We thought only a silver bullet would floor Liston. It turned out a right cross could do it. If I were that cop in St. Louis whose leg he broke, I'd get a rematch with Sonny.

The only trouble with Cassius Clay is that, if ever a guy misplayed a role in history, it was he. Not Anna Sten in her worst movie could have topped this. You have to think Cassius would play Hamlet for laughs and the Marx Brothers as a tearjerker.

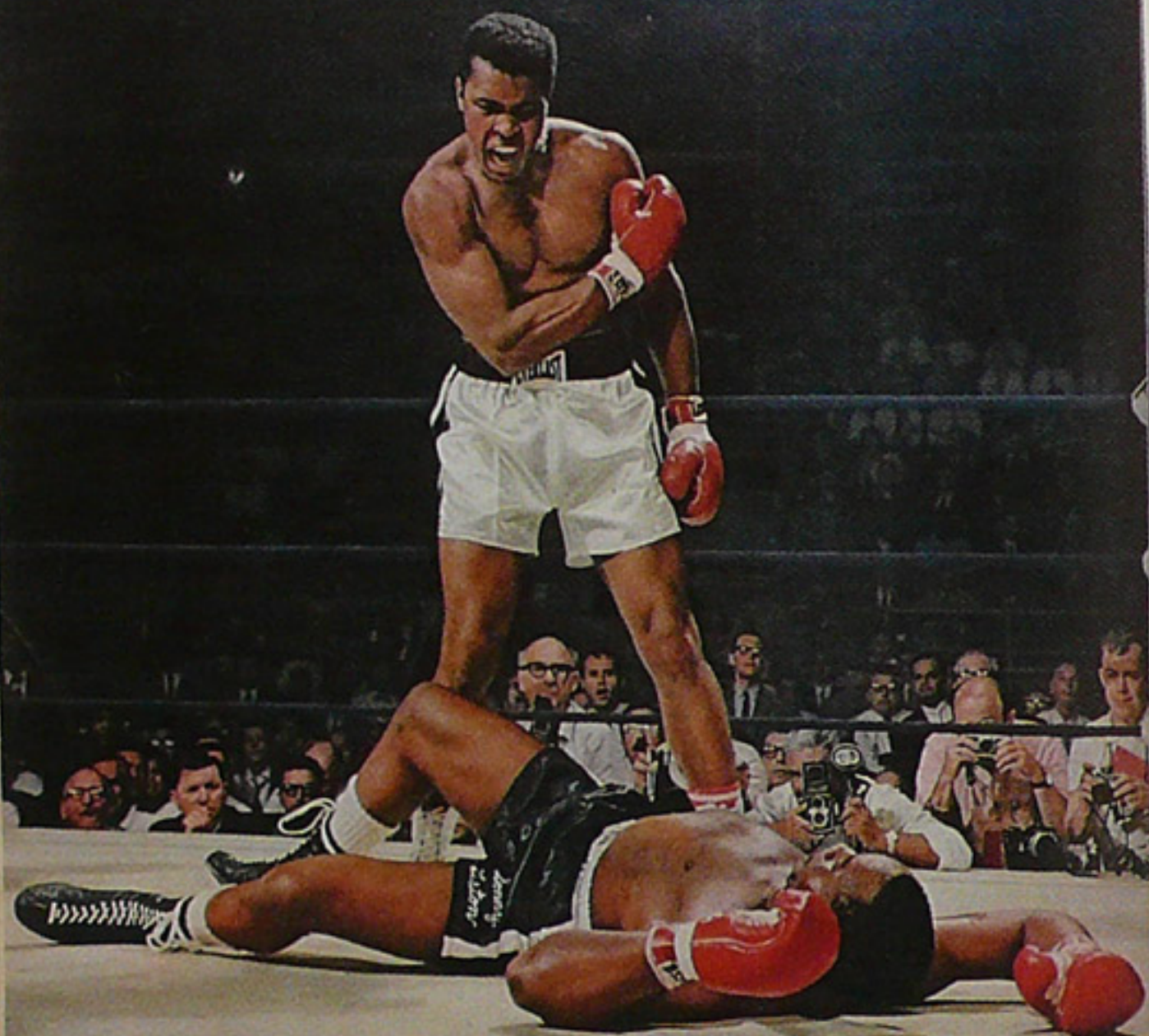
When he came along he was America's sweetheart, the guy who was going to kick sand back in the bully's face. He was going to show that crime didn't pay. Sonny Liston at that time would have been the sentimental underdog in a rattlesnake hunt.

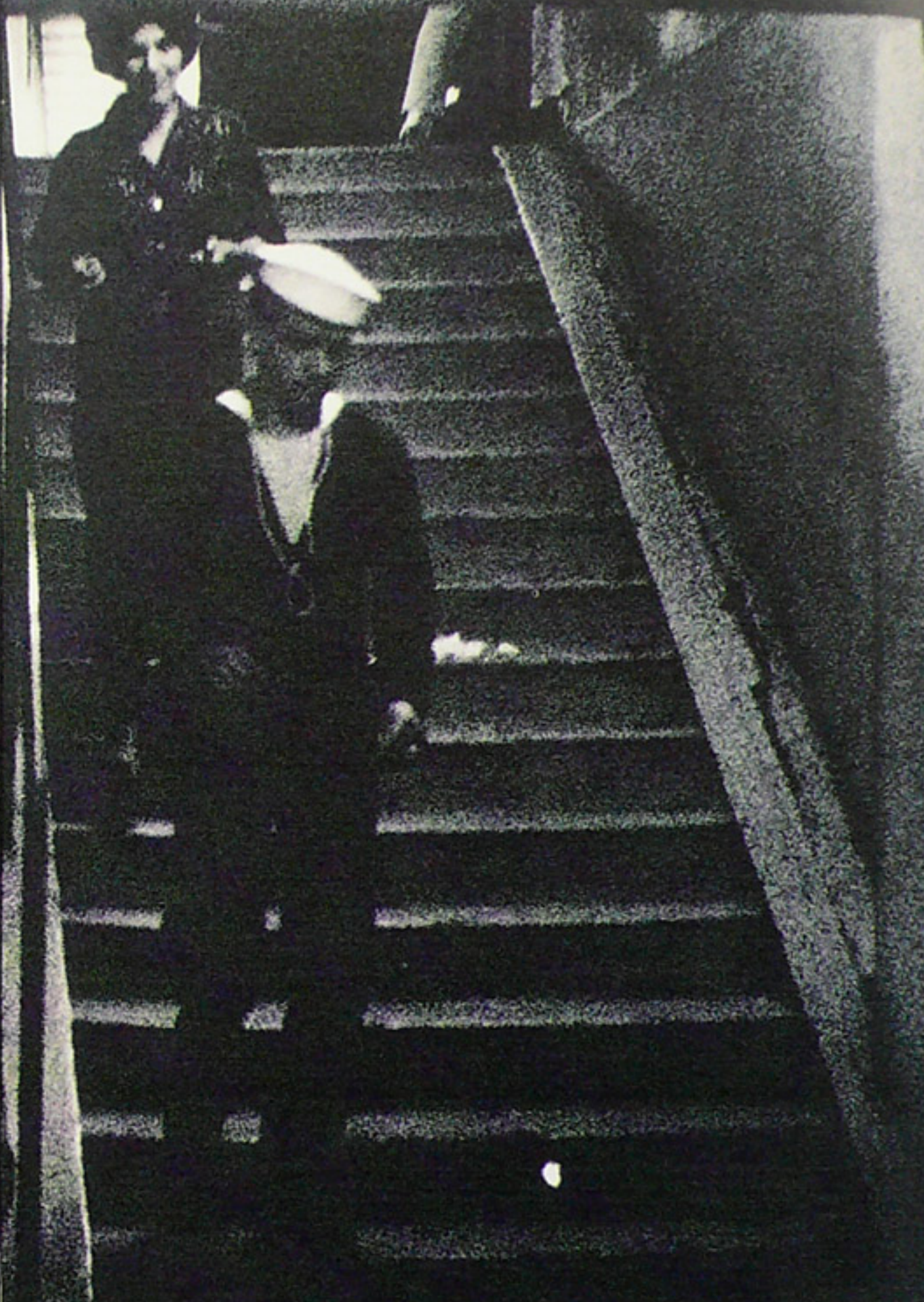
It took Cassius and a bunch of shaved-headed, agate-eyed types one year to turn Liston into the most popular public favorite since St. George. They gave Cassius the part of the marshal in *High Noon*, and he wanted to be the guy in the black hat. He's the kind of guy who could get people rooting against the doctors in an epidemic.

For 364 days, 23 hours and 59 minutes he might be a whacked-up kid. But for 60 seconds Tuesday night he beat Sonny Liston so bad he'll probably need help getting in and out of bed for a week. Whatever Cassius Clay is or believes in, he's all ours. Sonny Liston couldn't get close enough to hit him with a bucket of birdseed. It's going to be terrible on the ears, but Cassius is right back where you have to listen to him and he's coming in loud and clear. **END**

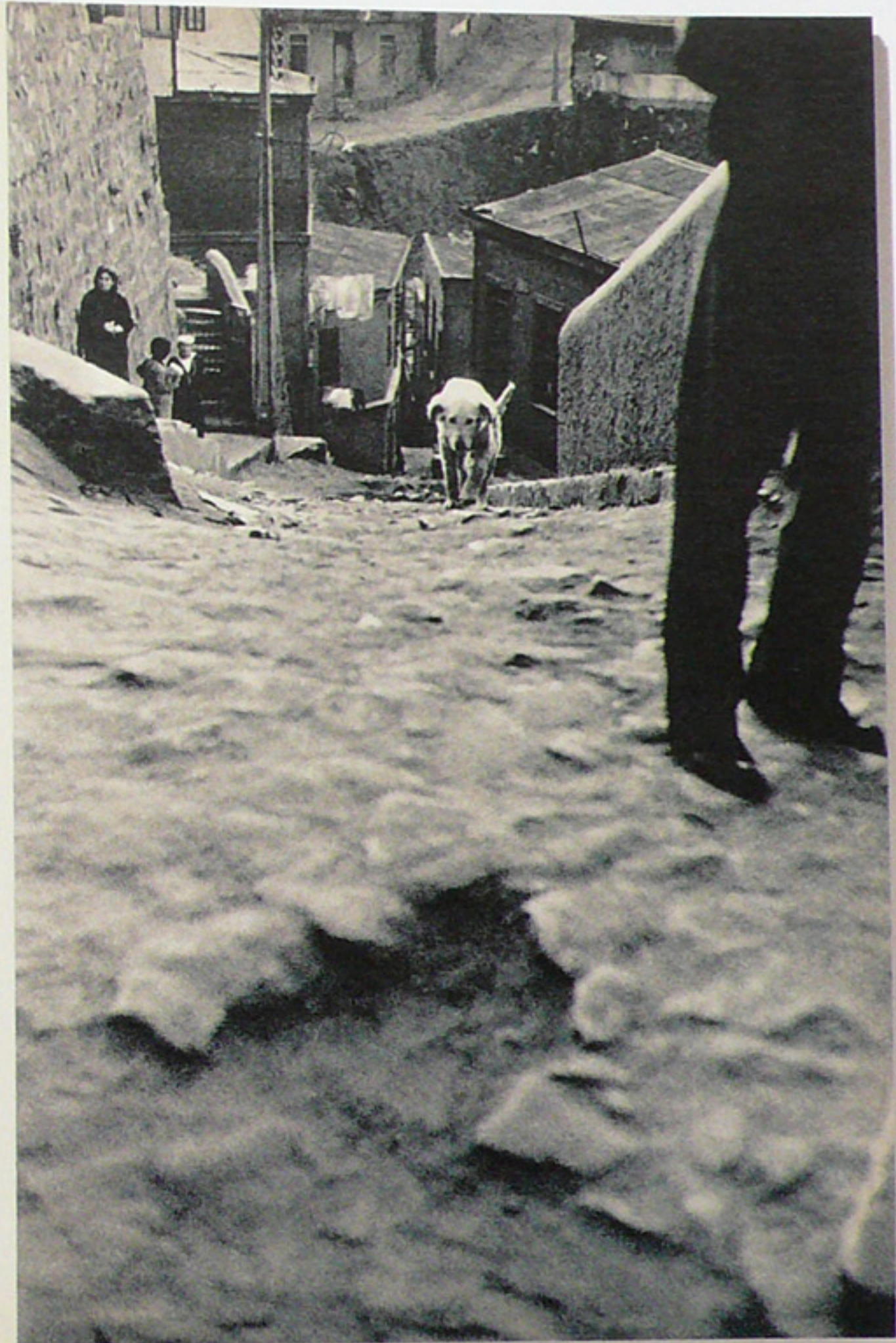
© 1963 Los Angeles Times

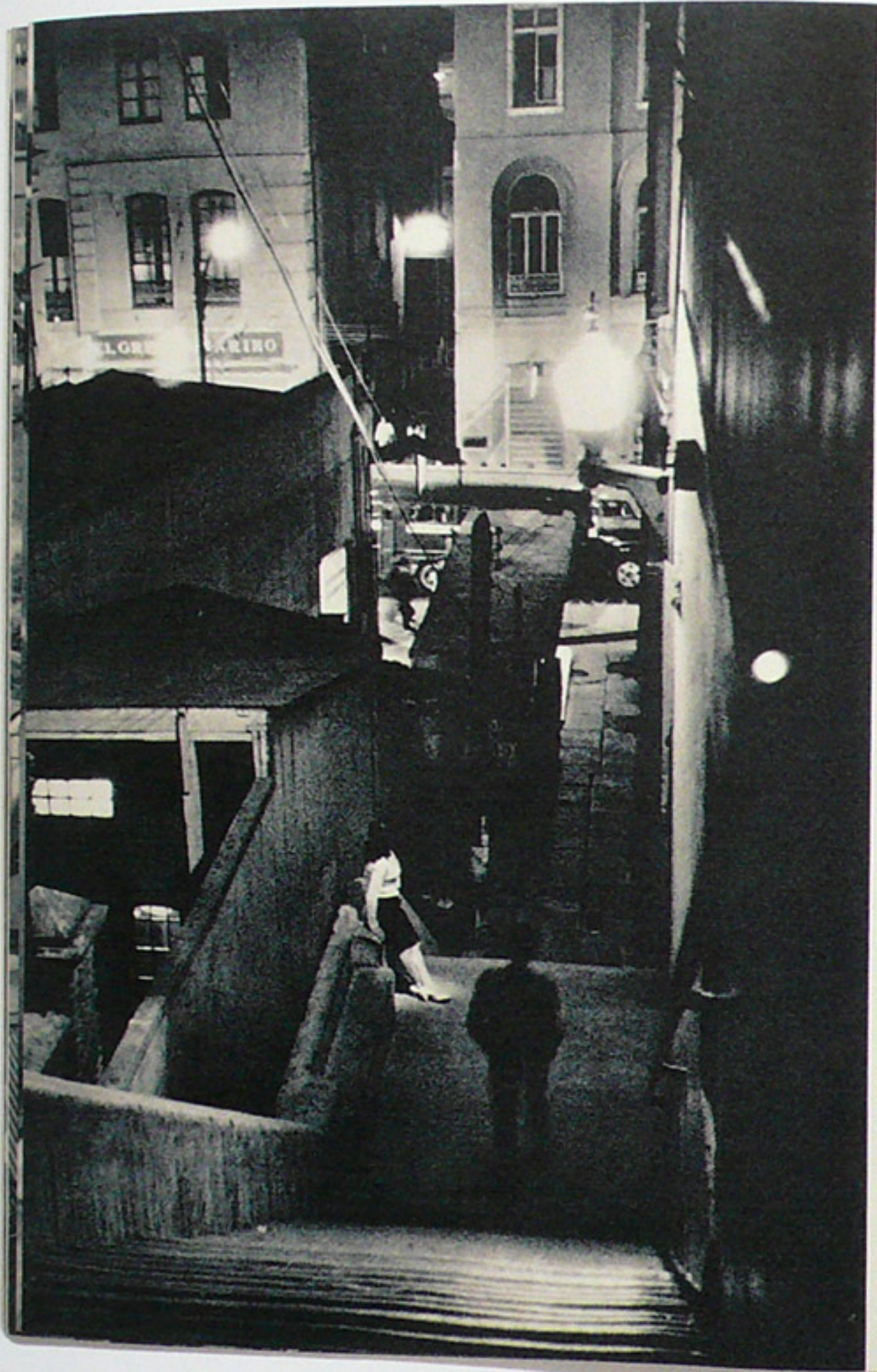
REFUSING TO GO TO NEUTRAL CORNER, A SNARLING CLAY CHALLENGES LISTON TO GET UP

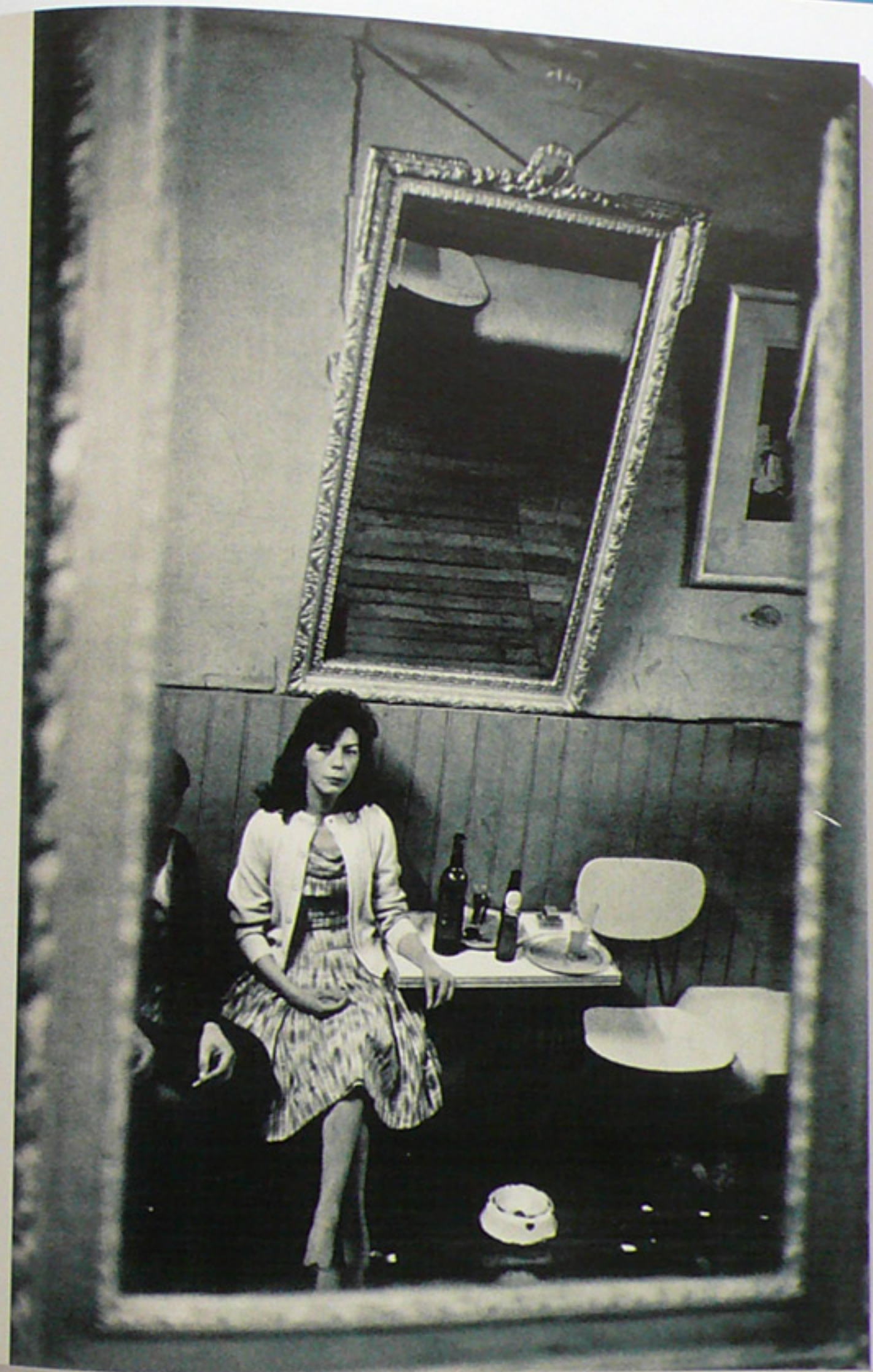




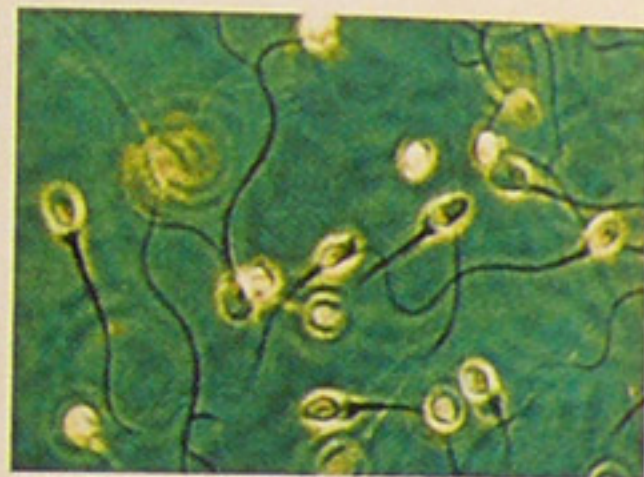
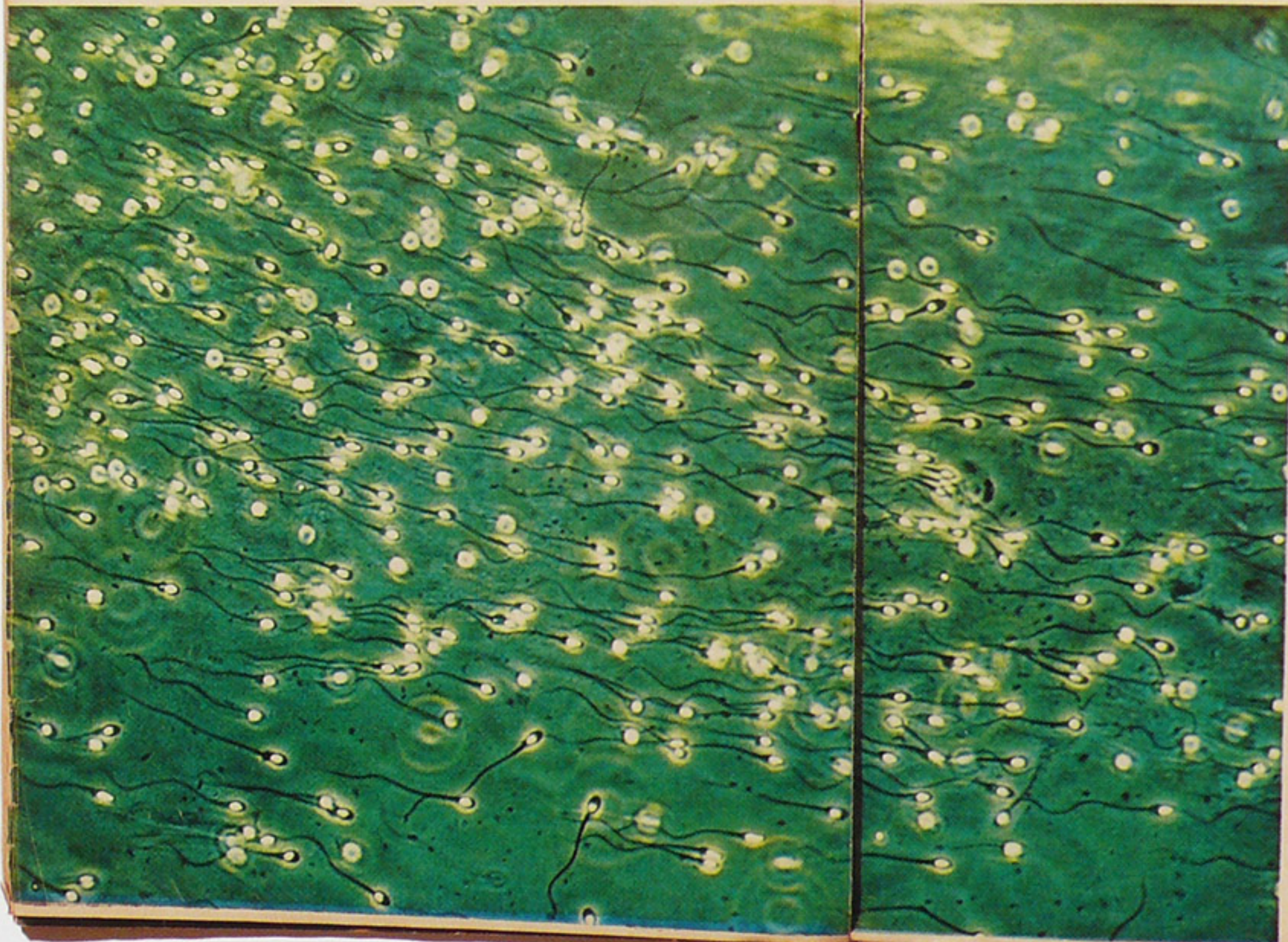








## NA CORRIDA DOS ESPERMATOZOÍDES O PRÊMIO É A VIDA



### A fecundação

A vida de uma pessoa começa quando o óvulo da mãe é fertilizado por um dos espermatozoides do pai. O óvulo maduro (abaixo) sai do ovário e desce lentamente pela trompa de Falópio até o útero, arrastado por uma corrente líquida especial. Um

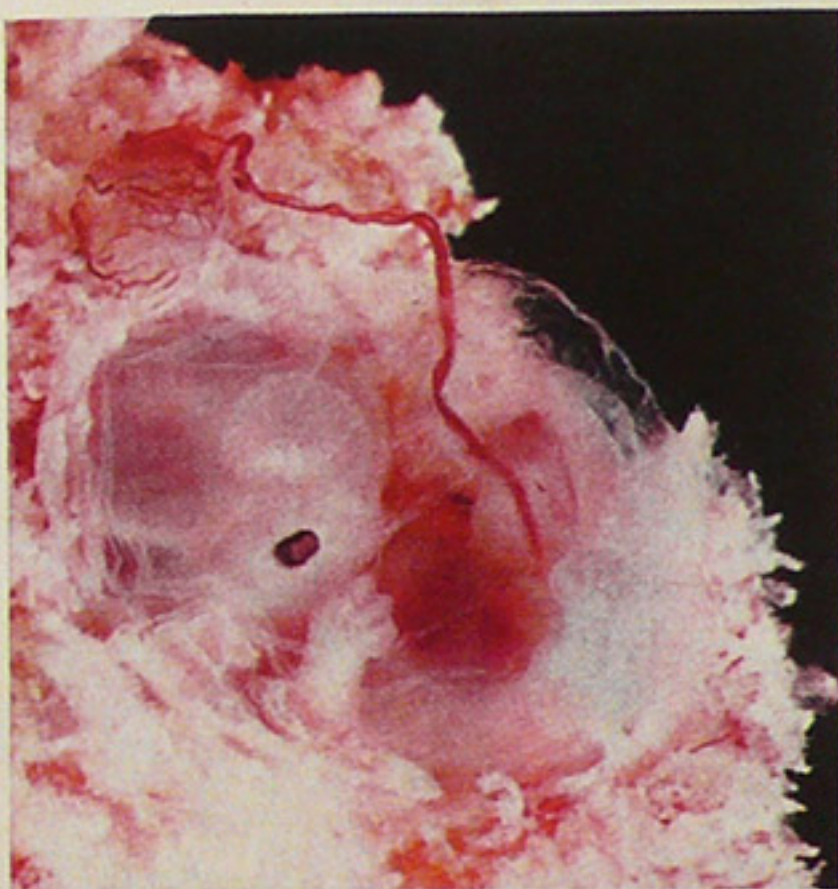
mas células pe-  
quenas, que desaparecem pouco antes da fecundação, juntam-se em volta do óvulo e o alimentam. Os 200 milhões de espermatozoides sentem logo a atração do óvulo. Na ausência dele, vagueiam sem rumo, como na foto acima. Mas quando o óvulo está presente, dirigem-se resolutamente para ele, foto à esquerda. Vibrando a cauda, os espermatozoides conseguem nadar contra a corrente, para encontrar o óvulo. É o começo da vida.



## EMBALO NA REDE DE SEGURANÇA

### Um mês e meio

A fotografia mostra a parte posterior do embrião, dentro da membrana transparente chamada âmnio, que não aparecia nas fotos anteriores. O âmnio está cheio de uma solução salina que banha as células do pequeno organismo. Num processo complexo, que ninguém ainda conhece muito bem, o corpo trabalha o líquido, ingerindo uma parte, absorvendo outra pelos intestinos e eliminando ainda outra, juntamente com diversos resíduos. Ao mesmo tempo, fabrica mais líquido. O embrião flutua dentro dele, onde fica protegido de golpes ou vibrações, e não precisa lutar contra a força da gravidade. A bolsa, à esquerda, é a vesícula umbilical, unida ao cordão, que produz os glóbulos sanguíneos. O material esponjoso, à direita, embaixo, é a placenta.



### Um mês e 18 dias



Com a cabeça inclinada sobre o peito, o embrião mede já 13 milímetros. A placenta, rde esponjosa de vasos sanguíneos que se formou em torno do corpinho e que transporta substâncias vitais entre a mãe e o embrião, foi cortada, para dar visibilidade a esta foto. O âmnio está enrugado porque parte do líquido escapou para fora. Sobre a cabeça está a vesícula umbilical, cruzada por veias e unida por seu conduto carregado de sangue. Os olhos estão agora bem abertos, embora ainda não tenham nem a íris nem as pálpebras. A cor preta é reflexo da retina, que fica ao fundo. Os dedos crescem com rapidez e já têm a primeira articulação. Ficam espalmados, tanto os dos pés como os das mãos. Ver foto acima. Partindo da massa obscura do fígado, foto de baixo, o cordão umbilical sobe até a placenta com suas duas artérias e sua única veia, cheias de sangue, nitidamente destacadas. A veia traz elementos nutritivos, oxigênio e outras substâncias químicas, que a mãe envia. As artérias levam os resíduos que a mãe elimina. Apesar do seu peso, 9 gramas, o embrião já tem uma boca pequena, com lábios e os 20 dentes de leite. Seus órgãos sexuais começam a brotar. O embrião, agora, está menos exposto aos danos causados por agentes vindos do exterior.

## 25 dias

A cabeça e a face de uma pessoa desenvolvem-se assim, como na foto. Se bem que o embrião, neste caso, é imperfeito: o tecido azul, à direita, está desgarrado. Na parte superior se vê a cabeça em formação, com duas saliências que serão a parte frontal do cérebro. Embaixo está o esboço do que será a mandíbula inferior nos dois primeiros meses de gestação. As 4 protuberâncias rodeiam uma cavidade central que se converterá em boca. O embrião é tão pequeno — cerca de 3 milímetros de comprimento — que a mãe pode perfeitamente ignorar que está grávida. Mas o desenvolvimento é já impressionante: o embrião tem esboçados os olhos, a medula espinhal, o sistema nervoso, tiróide, pulmões, estômago, rins, fígado e intestinos. O coração rudimentar começou a bater aos 18 dias. Agora, já trabalha com mais firmeza. Na região que corresponde ao peito, os braços estão se formando, mas ainda invisíveis.



## Um mês

Este é o perfil de uma criança com um mês de gestação. A saliência vermelha, à esquerda, é o coração. A linha vermelha do centro, que caminha para o coração, é sua grande artéria, a aorta. Em proporção ao resto do corpo, o coração do embrião é duas vezes maior que o de um adulto. Ele precisa ter muita força, para fazer circular o sangue não só pelo embrião, como pelo cordão umbilical e pela placenta, uma massa carnuda que se forma no útero durante a gravidez e serve para nutrir e comunicar o feto com a mãe, por intermédio do cordão umbilical. Para a região avermelhada entre o coração e a aorta convergem os grandes vasos sanguíneos. A saliência superior é o que será a frente da parte de dentro da cabeça. Embaixo dela, há duas esferas avermelhadas. A da esquerda é a futura mandíbula inferior. A outra, menor, é o ossinho a que estará ligada a língua. Estas estruturas são parecidas com os arcos bronquiais, como o dos peixes. Cientistas admitem que são vestígios de fase primitiva da evolução da espécie humana.



## CABEÇA TRONCO E MEMBROS COMEÇAM ASSIM

## Um mês e 7 dias

Quando começa o seu segundo mês de vida, o embrião já está com nove milímetros de comprimento, mais ou menos. A cabeça é quase um terço do volume total. Dá para ver bem o círculo dos olhos: o pigmento negro da retina e o círculo interior mais delicado, o cristalino. À direita do olho há um sulco vertical que formará parte da orelha. Em tom mais escuro, se salientam os raios dos braços e pernas. Os braços vão desenvolver-se mais rapidamente que as pernas, como acontece com todas as partes que estão mais próximas da cabeça. Está começando a formar-se o esqueleto. Na linha das costas já há as saliências das vértebras. Não há ossos ainda. Só cartilagens. A cauda pontiaguda vai desaparecer dentro do corpo. O apêndice visto sobre ela é o cordão umbilical, que, neste caso, foi cortado. Esta é uma etapa em que ainda é difícil distinguir o embrião humano do de outros mamíferos. O momento é decisivo: as células, que se multiplicam com rapidez, são sensíveis a certas substâncias químicas. Dos 28 aos 42 dias, os braços e as pernas podem ser deformados por substâncias tóxicas, como a talidomida.

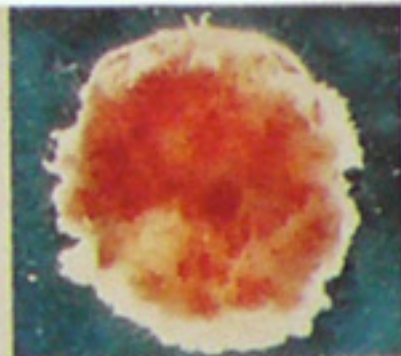


## UMA PEQUENA MUDANÇA E O EMBRIÃO VIRA FETO



### Dois meses

Daqui para a frente, o embrião passa a ser feto. Embrião, do grego, quer dizer brotar, germinar. Feto vem do latim, significa criatura. O que faz a mudança é a formação de verdadeiras células ósseas, que, aos poucos, vão substituindo as cartilaginosas, como já se pode ver no detalhe dos pés. Na foto ao lado, muito aumentada, pode-se ver o olho, ainda aberto, mas já com algumas dobras nos bordos, que logo fecharão a cavidade, para protegê-lo bem, até o sétimo mês. Nesta fase, os orifícios nasais, vistos como sombras escuras, estão fechados por uma matéria protetora



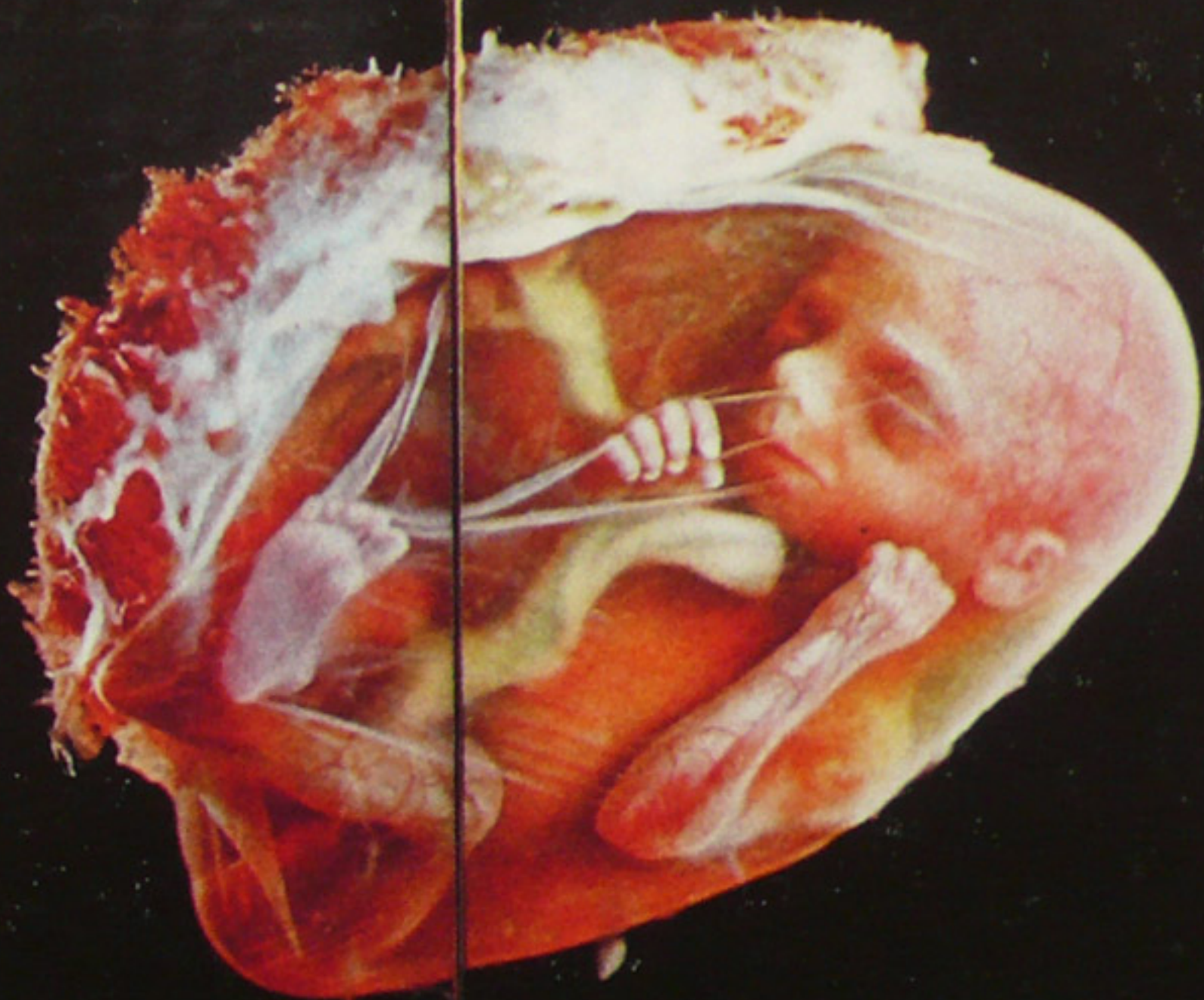
### Dois meses e 21 dias

O feto, nesta idade, está praticamente envolvido na massa placentária, rica em sangue (foto menor, acima). Separada a placenta e iluminado o interior do kênio (foto maior), vê-se o feto, agora com quase 6,5 centímetros, flutuando no líquido amniótico. A vesícula umbilical ficou inutilizada e os pontinhos brancos sobre o feto escuro são apenas borbulhas do líquido usado pelo fotógrafo para sustentar o kênio. Mesmo totalmente submerso, o feto aspira e expira o suficiente para enviar o líquido salino aos pulmões e expeli-lo. Não se afoga porque recebe o oxigênio do sangue que lhe traz o cordão umbilical. Os ossos formam-se rapidamente, inclusive os das costelas. O envoltório corporal cresceu da espinha para a frente e se fecha como uma jaqueta que se abotou. Os sistemas do organismo já estão todos funcionando. Nervos e músculos sincronizam-se com os ossos recém-formados, para que os braços e pernas possam iniciar seus movimentos. Quando o feto tiver força, a mãe começará a sentir os primeiros pontapés do filho.



### Três meses

Esta é o processo de formação dos ossos dos braços e das mãos. Bem visível na foto. No umbilico, a maior parte do esqueleto inicial consistia de cartilagens, como a parte mole do nariz adulto. Mas na altura dos dois meses, começa a formar-se o esqueleto permanente, de tecido ósseo, disposto em rígidas camadas de cálcio. A cartilagem apenas serviu de molde para o osso, cujas células invadem ativamente o tecido mole e lhe tomam o lugar. Na foto, as sombras indicam lugares em que se estão formando zonas ósseas. Os pontos difusos mostram cartilagens ainda não substituídas por ossos. Nos grandes ossos dos braços e das pernas o crescimento começa no centro e se estende para fora.



### JUNTO COM A PELE UM ROSTINHO DE GENTE

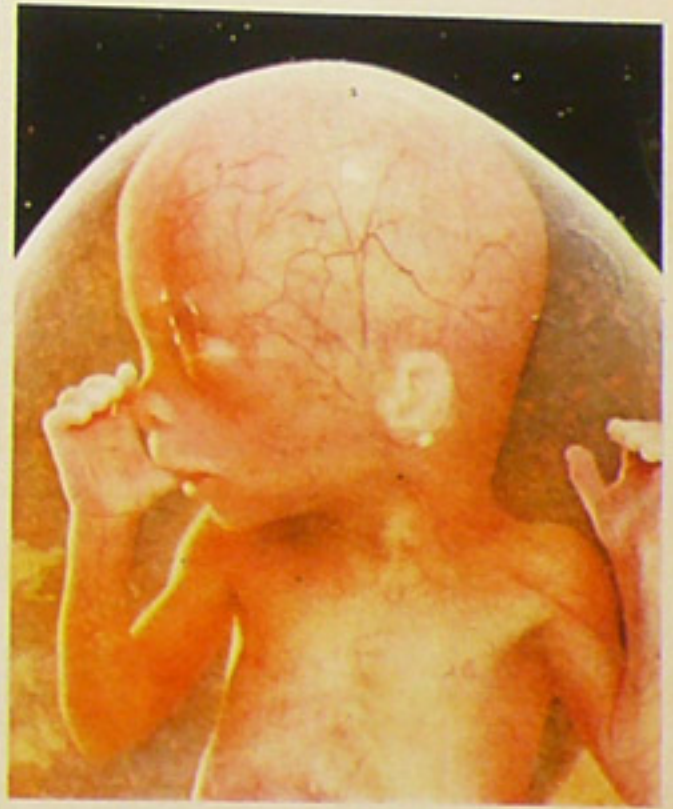
### Quatro meses

Nos dias que ficaram entre a foto anterior e esta, o tamanho do feto aumentou de 6,5 centímetros para 14. O corpo já está admiravelmente modelado. Vê-se, perfeitamente, um ser humano, que já não cabe onde está. Cabeça, colo e espinha ficam curvados, para adaptar-se à cavidade uterina. Distendido pelo feto, o útero ocupa todo o espaço da pelvis materna. A placenta, agora pequena para envolver o feto, está de lado, mas ainda executa sua função. O cordão umbilical ondula entre os braços e as pernas do mesmo. A primeira capa transparente de pele começa a tomar o lugar da membrana protetora temporária. Os olhos estão fechados e ainda incompletos. O nariz, os lábios e as orelhas estão formados, como se pode ver na fotografia.





## DEDO NA BÓCA PARA APRENDER A VIVER



### Quatro meses e meio

O menino, com menos de 5 meses, já põe o dedo na boca. É exercício, que o prepara para alimentar-se espontaneamente logo que nasça. Sua pele é tão delicada e transparente, que a rede de vasos sanguíneos parece estar na superfície. Por ser delicada, a pele é vulnerável ao contato das unhas. Elas crescem rapidamente e podem até causar pequenos arranhões antes do nascimento. Às vezes, uma das primeiras tarefas da enfermeira que assiste no parto é cortar as unhas já bem compridas do bebê, para que não se machuque. Aos quatro meses e

meio, o feto é vigoroso e ativo. Faz frequentes flexões. Pode fechar o punho, dar socos e pontapés. Consegue até fazer os movimentos do choro. Tem as cordas vocais mas não pode emitir som, porque não existe ar. Está com 16 centímetros. Ainda vive submerso, mas, enquanto cresce, vai tomando conta de todo o âmnio e deixa cada vez menos espaço para o líquido. O que sobra é levado pelo sangue, através do cordão umbilical e da placenta, ao organismo da mãe, para ser eliminado. Dez semanas depois, o desenvolvimento do feto está praticamente concluído. Algumas crianças nascem prematuramente nessa época. Porém, o resto do tempo em que o feto permanece no útero lhe dá mais forças e lhe permite receber da mãe importante imunidade contra várias doenças, nos primeiros meses de vida.

THE SUNDAY TIMES *magazine*

NOVEMBER 27, 1966



**How it feels to be black in South Africa. Picture report on life under apartheid, by a Negro photographer**



## The struggle to learn

One of a class of 99. Desks and books are precious in Mamelodi (pop. 190,000), where this boy was photographed: two-pupil desks often seat four, and in winter children bring cardboard to dull the cold of sitting on a concrete floor. The town has one high school, 14 primary schools. To squeeze in the pupils there are as many as three school sessions a day. When sessions overlap, a teacher may face a class of 100. Teachers are almost as scarce as desks. Part-timers, many unqualified and barely adult, supplement the regular teachers and are paid by the school boards. They may get as little as £10 a month. There are two million South African children at school, 100,000 more each year. The Government has pegged its yearly contribution to their education at about £12½ million. Of the national income, 4.7 per cent. is spent on education but the African share is .42 per cent. Most children never matriculate.



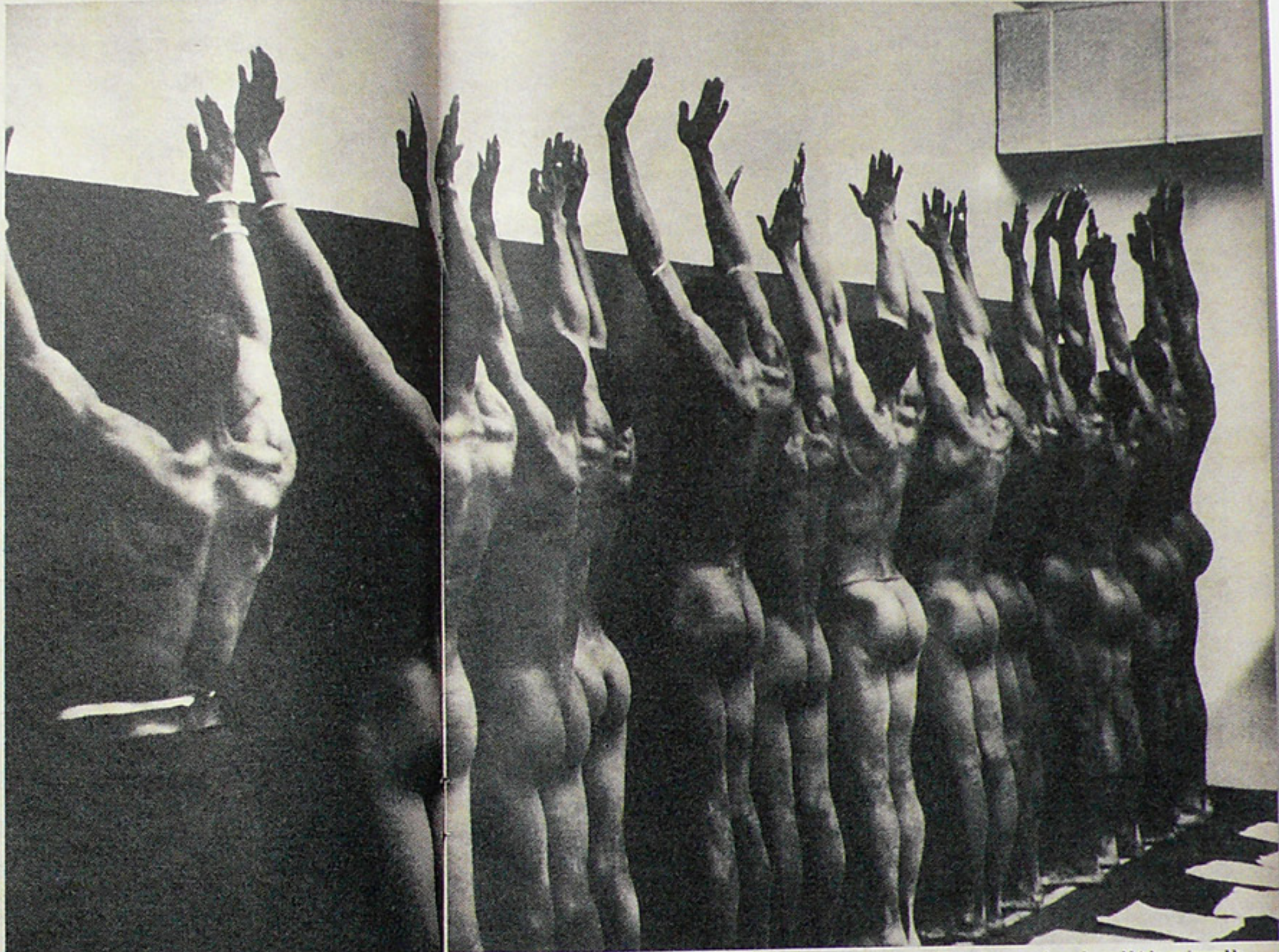
Bands of tsotsis - young thugs - plunder white pockets and handbags. The man in the picture above had his attention drawn by a black hand under his chin and he pushed free minus the wallet from his hip pocket. On a busy street (below right) a white man was strong-armed and frisked. A tsotsi usually starts as a hungry boy begging, "Penny baas, please, baas, I'm hungry", but the reply (below) may be a blow in the face. The boy sleeps rough, in rubbish bins, alleys, anywhere out of the cold. Cover: tsotsis meet in shebeens at night to celebrate today's robbing or plan tomorrow's. One of them is smoking marijuana.



## Digging gold at 4½d. an hour



The men on the bench have been arrested for entering a white area without a pass. The police make lightning checks and an African can go to prison for a month for leaving his pass book at home. In one raid, a 90-year-old man, Henry Malinga, was gaoled for vagrancy while on his way to collect his pension (so was a cripple who walked on all fours). Malinga's family had given up hope of seeing him again; he was freed after six days.



They are going to work in a gold mine. Their pay will be three shillings per eight-hour shift, rising by fourpence after three months. The medical examination (above) is followed by fingerprinting for their pass-books, to legalise their presence in white areas during working hours. Then each

recruit is issued with a tunic, vest, pants and two blankets, the cost to be deducted from his wages. A constant migratory labour mass comes to the mines after crops have failed or soil is exhausted. Strikes are illegal, food is drab, 20 men may live in

one room. When a man goes home he could take an incurable disease with him - phthisis, which comes from the mine dust and attacks the lungs. A man who lost both legs in the mines was awarded £370 compensation. It was paid off at £3 a month. 17



## Sharing a hospital bed



These children are ill in Barangwanath Hospital, 16 miles outside white Johannesburg, serving over half a million Africans. There are too few doctors and nurses: only a very serious case will be alone in a bed. Last March, four doctors did the work of 18 in the casualty section, seven full-time and two part-time doctors ran the gynaecological department. The surgical staff was four instead of 16, the radiology staff three instead of seven. The white, African and Indian doctors who staff Barangwanath (its name is Welsh, meaning bread and wheat) sometimes work 30 hours at a time. Two men (left) sleep in the outgoing patients' rest-room. The mattresses are bloodstained. The man on the right has waited three days for hospital transport to take him to his home 35 miles away. The other one felt too ill to go home. 15

РР4842cd

# ОГОНЁК

№ 8 ФЕВРАЛЬ 1967

ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО «ПРАВДА»





Рядовой Манаспал Миттумаев и Пирог. Снабжение партизан аппарата.

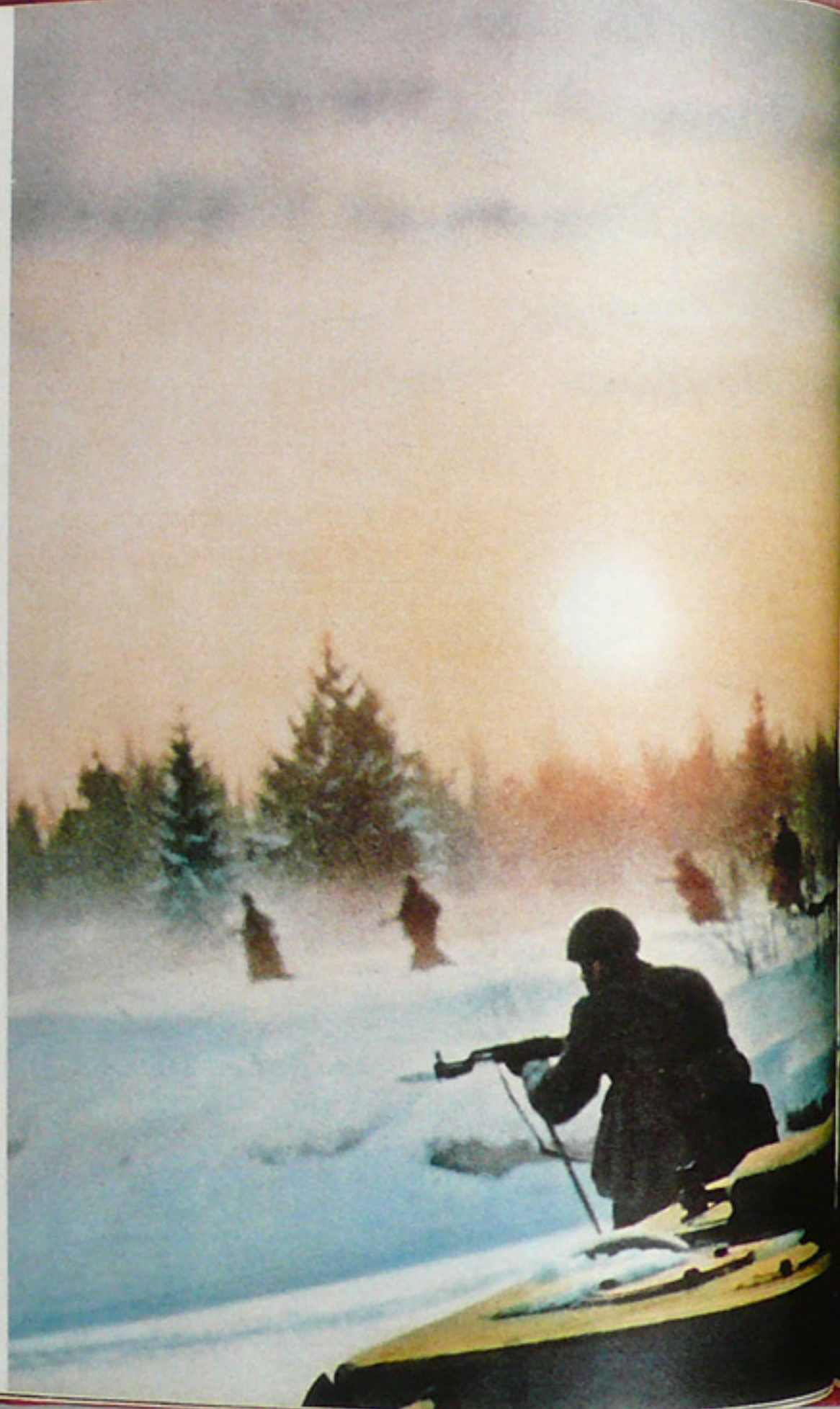


В партизанском.



Полномасштабный аппарат.

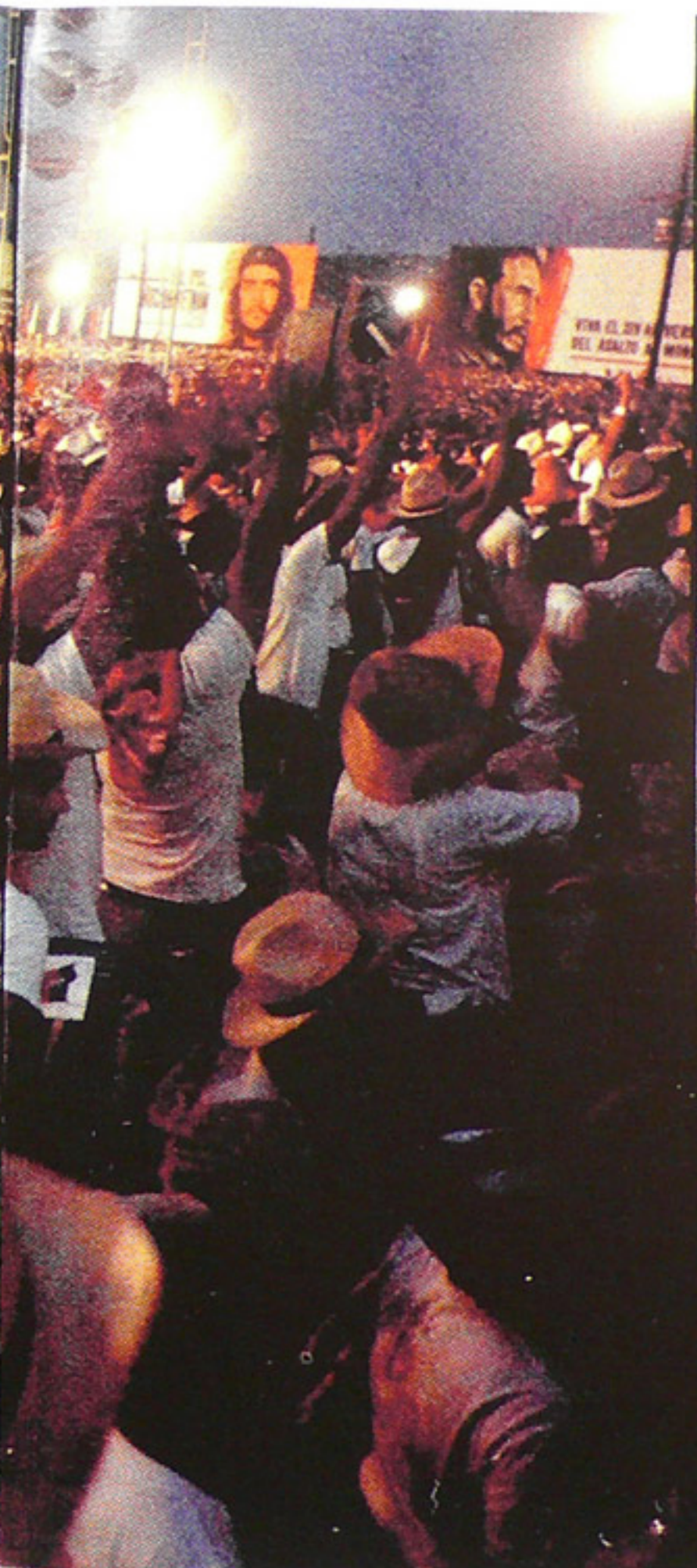
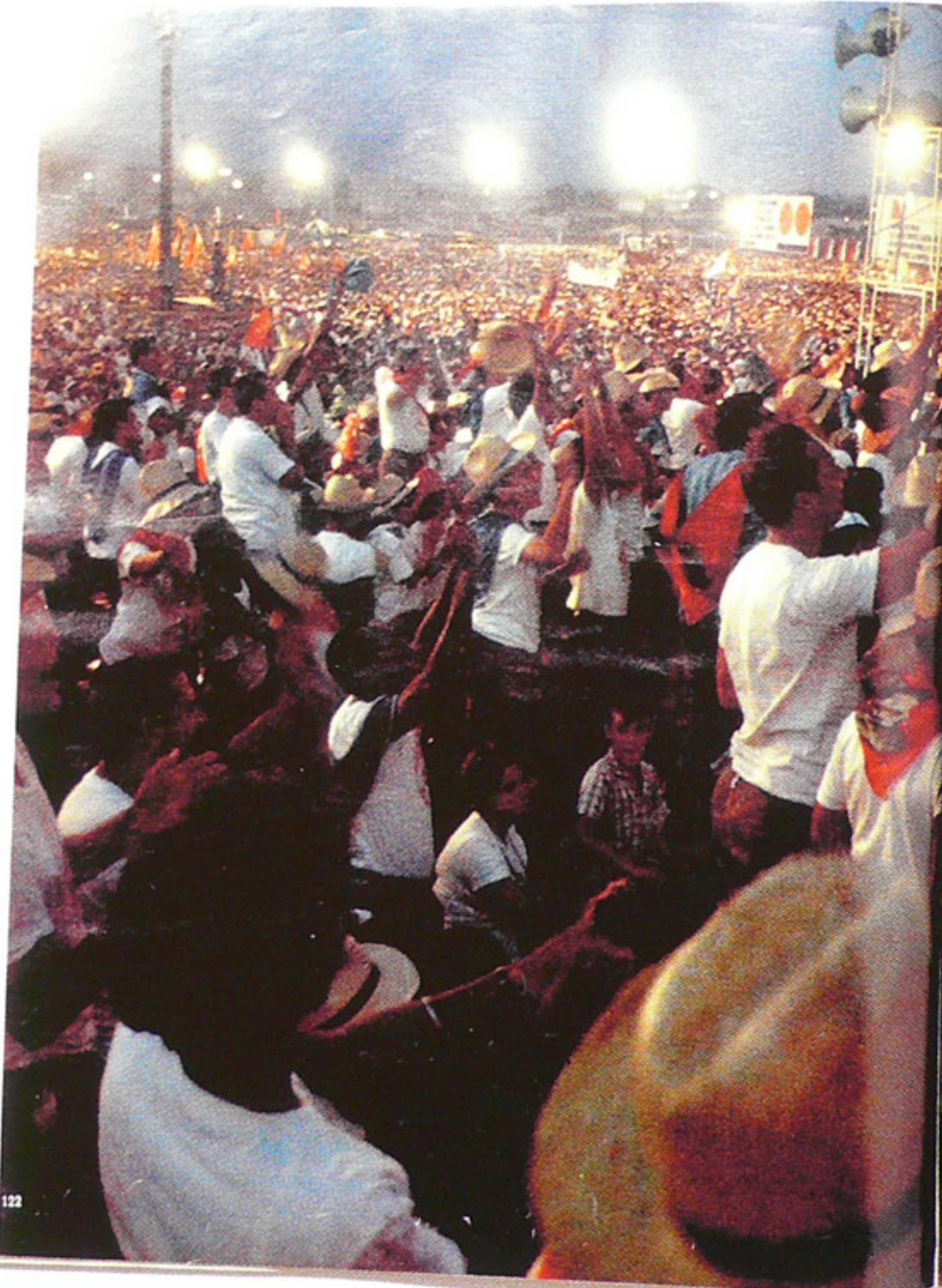




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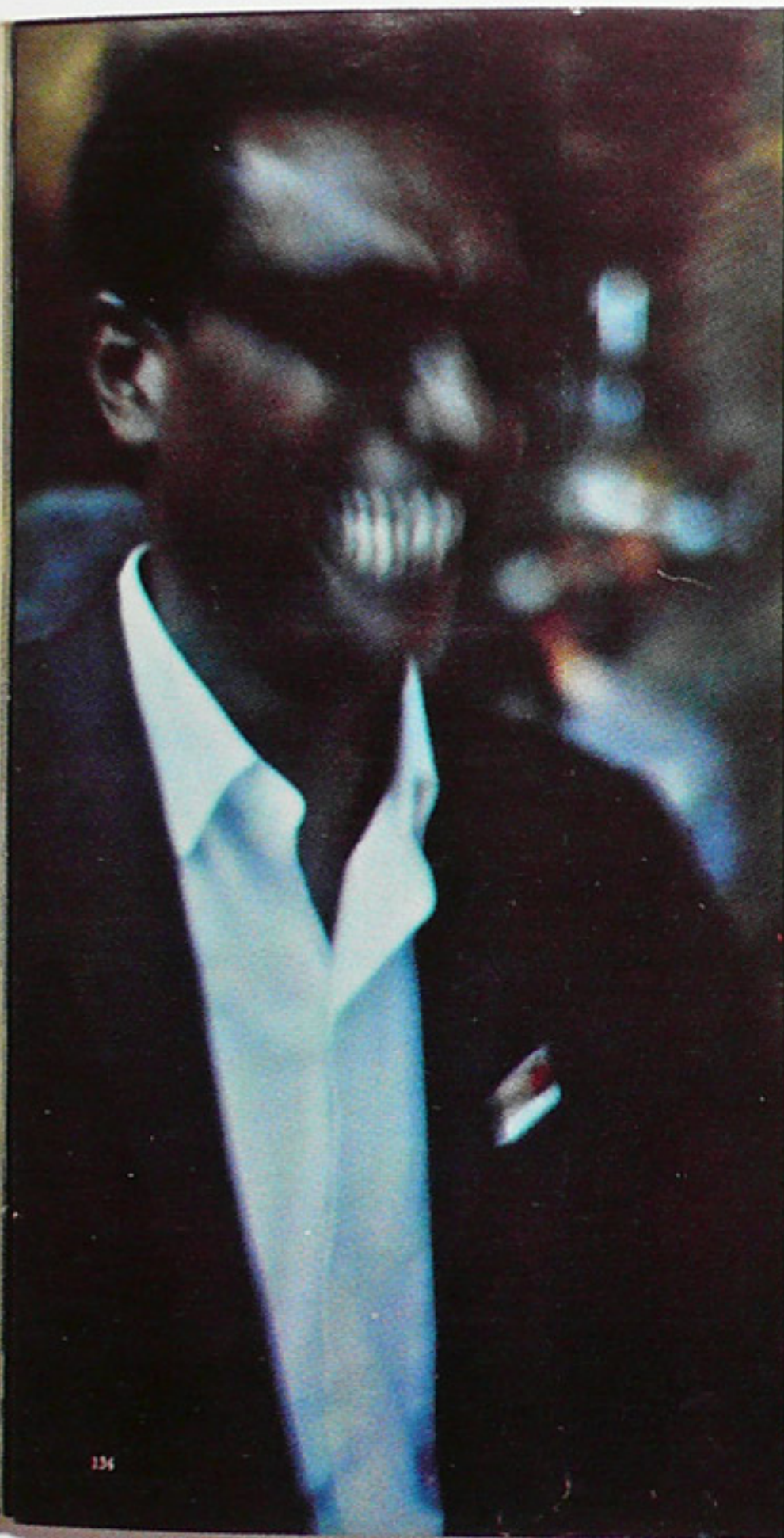






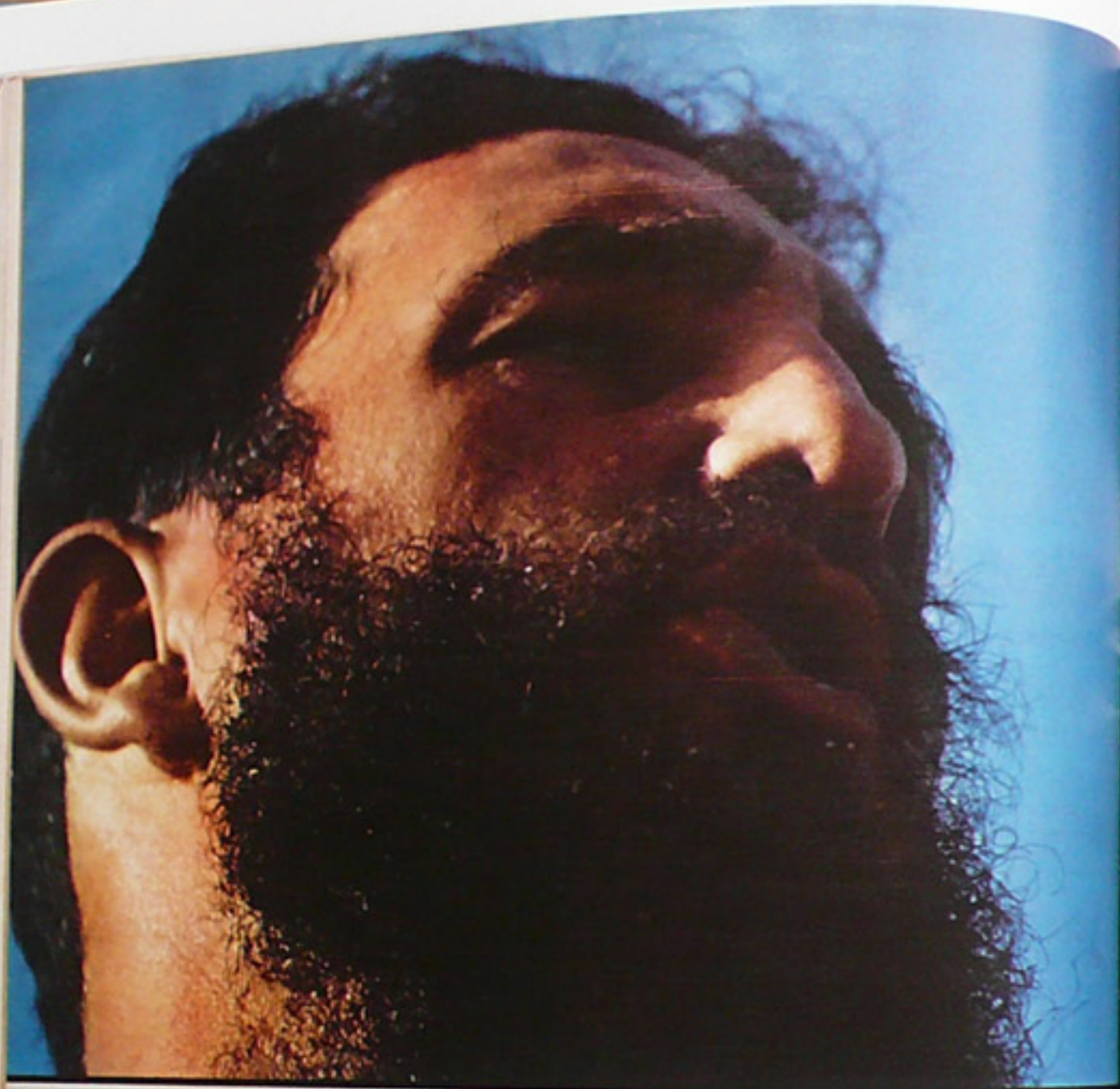






PABLO F. ROQUETA

VICENTE P. GONZALEZ MIGOYO



# LOOK

50 CENTS · JANUARY 9, 1968

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As with everything they touch, this photo session with the Beatles turned into a "happening" of Indian art for George Harrison (preceding page) and live doves for Ringo (left)

Picture yourself in a big, whitewashed studio where strobe lights are flashing and the sink's full of flowers.

Somebody calls you, you turn around slowly to meet a young man in kaleidoscope trousers.

That's how George Harrison comes on to be photographed by Richard Avedon in the penthouse studio that we've rented in Chelsea. Scouts have passed the word to secretaries, who have alerted publicists of his moment of arrival. But George just blooms there in the doorway, unannounced. He wears trousers of a bright geometric design, rather like mod stained-glass windows. He's got his flowered shirt "off the hook," but his jacket is custom-made of a rich fabric. Over his shirt, he wears a necklace of peacock-blue stones; next to his skin, a string of jet beads. Famished, he devours a huge sandwich. Avedon's two assistants (one flown in from New York) rush about testing cameras and manipulating reflectors made of white umbrellas. Bobbie Gentry's *Ode to Billie Joe* whangs out from Avedon's portable phonograph. The shooting has started.

A soft coo-cooing comes from three large wicker cases in which 18 doves wait to be photographed with Ringo. The dove agent and his micro-skirted assistant stand about with Tony Barrow, "senior press officer" for NEMS, the pop-entertainment empire built on the Beatles' success. One of the largest agencies for live talent in the world, NEMS was founded by the late Brian Epstein, who took 25 percent of the Beatles' earnings. He died last August, personally worth some \$20,000,000. David Puttnam, Avedon's London agent, in a cream-colored suit with beige-velvet lapels, pops in to have a word with publicist Wendy Hanson. Jilly, a woolly-headed prop girl in tights and a hip-length smock, makes coffee, hangs up George's jacket, tends masses of cut flowers overflowing the sink (flower power for Paul). Neil Aspinwall, the Beatles' road manager, well-known to teen fans, stretches his jean-clad legs and buries his nose in a paperback while Peter Brown, a NEMS executive, ruffles through photographs showing Ringo, his wife Maureen and the two little Starrs.

Avedon leaps about like a toreador. His sky-blue, monogrammed silk shirt soon parts from his low-slung pants. Jefferson Airplane music blasts out. Fifteen-year-old Johnny Avedon is masterminding the mood music for his father. He digs the Beatles.

By special arrangement, LOOK has made the preceding pictures of the Beatles by Richard Avedon available in poster form.

Four psychedelic, full-color posters of John, Paul, George and Ringo, measuring 22½" by 31", printed on quality paper, are available for \$1.50 each. The "wide-screen" black-and-white group portrait is reproduced as a 42" by 16" banner for \$1.50. Four posters plus banner are \$5.95. To order, write to Beatle Posters, Box 1, LOOK Building, Des Moines, Iowa 50304. (Please add 25¢ per order for postage and handling.)

"Their music is instrumentally beautiful—but you must listen to the words. They offer a solution. Bob Dylan doesn't, he just complains." The photographer throws a black cape over George's shoulders. Moving in his soft-suede shoes like a cat, George climbs onto two white wooden boxes in the middle of the studio. With his wild hair, burning eyes and lean face, he looks more messianic than his own Maharishi guru. He describes his green mini-coupe, which he's had painted with Indian symbols from a book on Tantra art by Ajit Mockeryes. On the roof is reproduced an 18th-century painting of Jyoti (light)—an orange sun vibrating in a gold rectangle. On the hood is a many-armed goddess. On one door is a white boar: Vishnu in his third reincarnation.

"Everything should be like that," says George. "Cars and buses and buildin's. I'd like to see a freaky car drive up to my house and see a freaky fellow like me get out of it. At least it would be good for a lark." His Indian experience is something else. He is impressed about that and will discuss it until the sacred cows come home.

George, who will be 25 in February and is the youngest Beatle, was the first to turn his face toward the East. That he has swept the rest of the Beatles along shows how much they are each other's best friends. Their announced intention of following the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi to his Academy of Meditation in Kashmir may do more for India's economy than foreign aid. Brass bells, saris and slim, high-collared Indian shirts are already de rigueur gear for the young in Britain and America. A new kind of meditation has become the vogue. Some 2,500 California college students do it regularly. The International Meditation Society claims chapters in 50 countries. Hindu dancing lessons are "in." The kids are burning incense while they do their homework.

"You are part of evolution," says George, buttoning his flowered shirt. "Your body is just a vehicle. You have to be true to yourself and pay no attention to all that . . . about what people think. Once you've seen the truth, life becomes so simple."

He mixed with Hashbury hippies last summer. "Some of them are marvelous people, doing good, but there are two sides to everything. It is too bad about the bumms [bums] and the young ones who think they have to go on trips all the time. Yoga and discipline, that's the way to get high. There was a yogi who was born before Christ. He is still living today, in the same body, up in the Himalayas. He casts no shadow, and he leaves no footprint. He and Christ are watching over the world. All this will soon be made known through the happy pop scene."

George says that he took LSD for the first time unknowingly. He was with another Beatle. Their host dropped it into their after-dinner coffee. They'd planned to go nightclubbing and insisted on doing so. "Everything was intensified. The elevators were on fire, but we didn't care. The whole club was on fire. When they started putting the chairs on the tables to close the place, we thought it was a bombardment. We didn't know what had hit us. We split that scene and rushed around to the Ad Lib. It was an ordinary night, but it seemed like a Hollywood premiere to us. All the lights and all the people running around. I could see right through their makeup. Now, I don't need LSD any more. I can get high smelling a bloomin' flower."

In this connection, perhaps the Beatles' most significant recent announcement is that LSD and mysticism don't mix. They were made Members of the Order of the British Empire for being "a national asset" (all these records sold abroad) in 1965. For

darning drugs, they should be knighted.

"Old Stone Face" Ringo arrives with his De Gaulle nose and out-of-control smile. They all have marvelous smiles. Different as they are from each other, they share qualities that are unexpected in the context of today's violence and social despair. They are little people who laugh easily. They are modest and bizarre and sharp. "What do you call that haircut?" a lady reporter is supposed to have asked George. "Arthur," he replied. They speak in liquid Liverpoolian, not cheekily like Cockneys.

Ringo is wearing a black-velvet suit and only two rings, one being his wedding ring. He says he feels gloomy in the suit, but he was asked to wear black, so he did. That's how Ringo is. He even agreed to remove his shirt for the picture. He hates this because of an old scar. "It's just all down," he says, pinching on the boxes, "and you take off what you want." He's brought a bag of hard candies, and he passes them around. Under his top tie, he wears a St. Christopher's medal on a gold chain.

Elegant, long-necked little doves flutter about him, walk on his bare arms. He looks one in the eye and grins. Pop go the straws. After John Lennon has arrived, Ringo hangs around talking about children with Puttnam, who has a small one too. "It's too much," says Ringo. "At our house, every time Zak lifts his arm, it's an event! We called him Zak because I always wanted to be called Zak. Got it from a Western, I guess." Ringo has two kids, John Lennon, one. The telephone rings. Jilly, the prop girl, dives for it, but Ringo picks it up. "National Coal Board," he says, and continues the conversation for some time.

John appears in a white suit with a fine red stripe. The coat is lined with blue flowered silk, and his gold "National Health" glasses glimmer. He seems downcast. "What's there to be left about? I'm living inside." Asked if there were any new books on his agenda. "Not that I've noticed," Lennon is the most "literary" of the Beatles, having made it through school to college-freshman level. All four are non-working-class homes and display the enthusiasm of the enlightened uneducated for education. John's two bitterly funny books have been compared to Joyce and Lewis Carroll. He writes most of the Beatles songs with Paul, the musical genius.

Still, John is not so sophisticated that owning a Rolls-Royce doesn't turn him on. He's had it fitted with a telly, air conditioning, a writing table, black-tinted, electrically operated one-way windows, a bar and black-leather upholstery. The outside is painted like a gypsy wagon. "Sorry I did it," he says. "Now, I have jolly well got to know where I am not going."

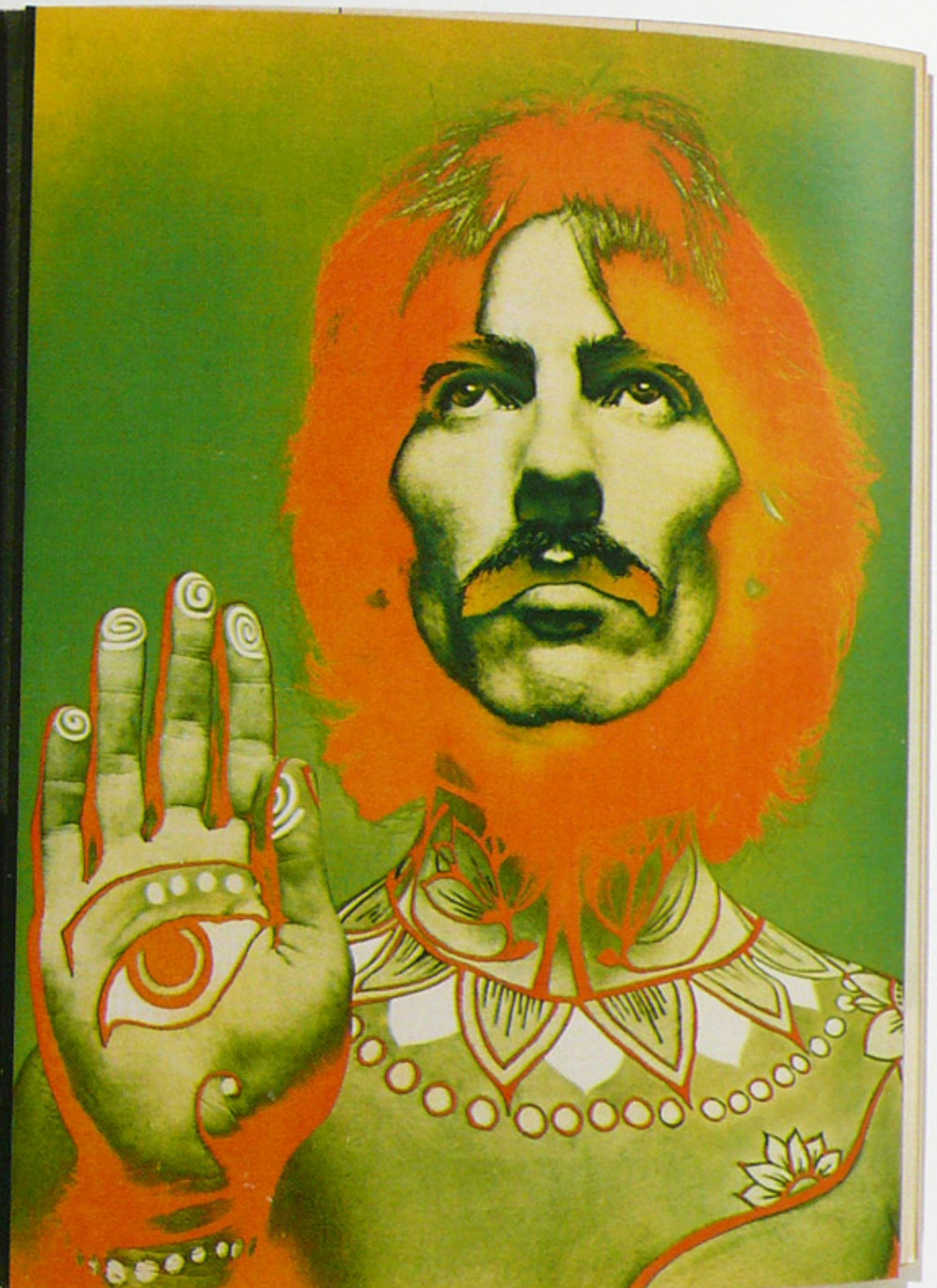
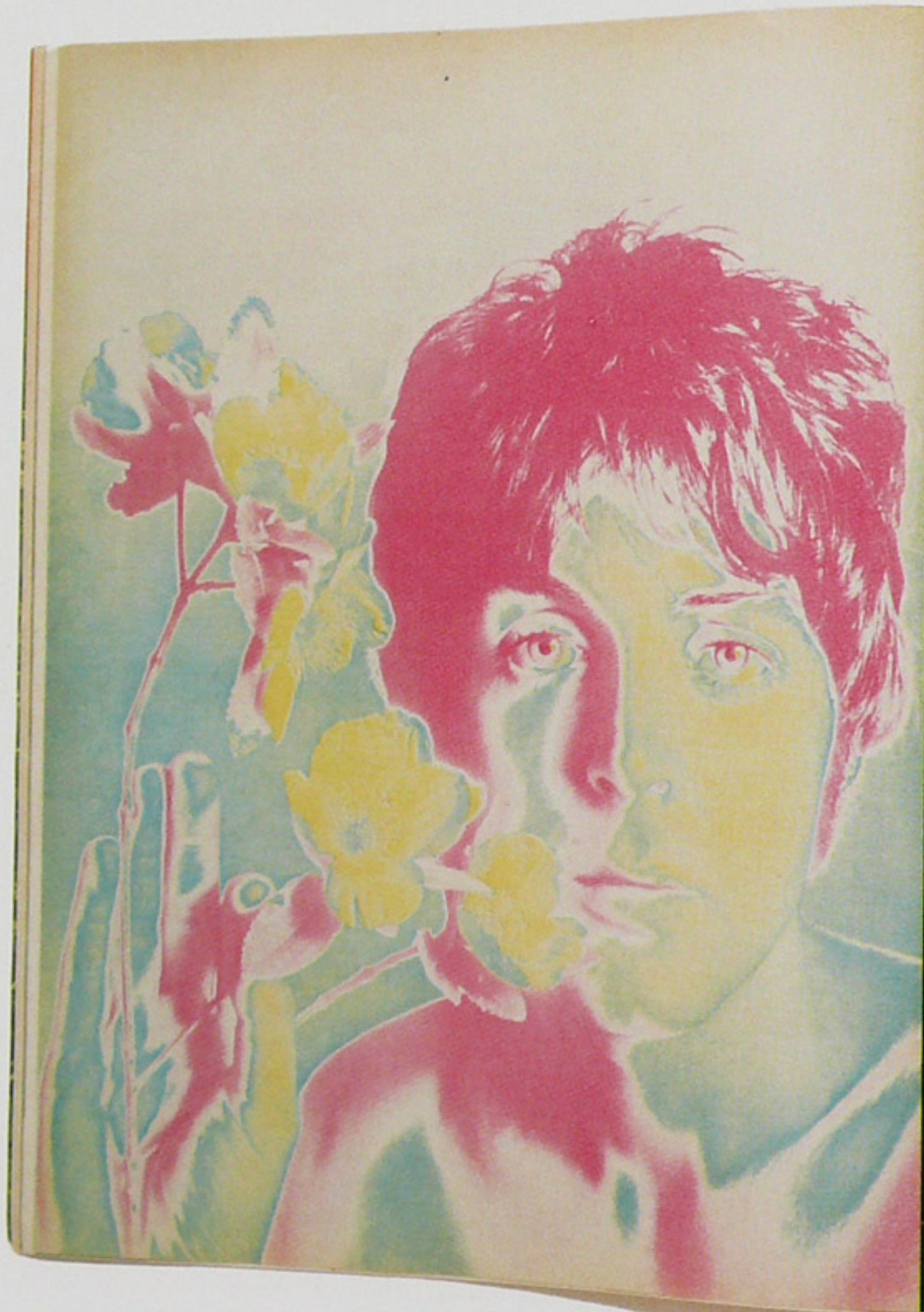
"Oh, boy, that's magic," he adds as Paul appears, his costume layers of colorful delights. Paul's coat is a work of art, made of a tapestry-like fabric. Embroidered ribbons run along the lapels, the lining is pure silk. He's had it made by a group of designers who call themselves The Fool. Now, the Beatles are backing them in a boutique called Apple. This will be the signature of future Beatle enterprises.

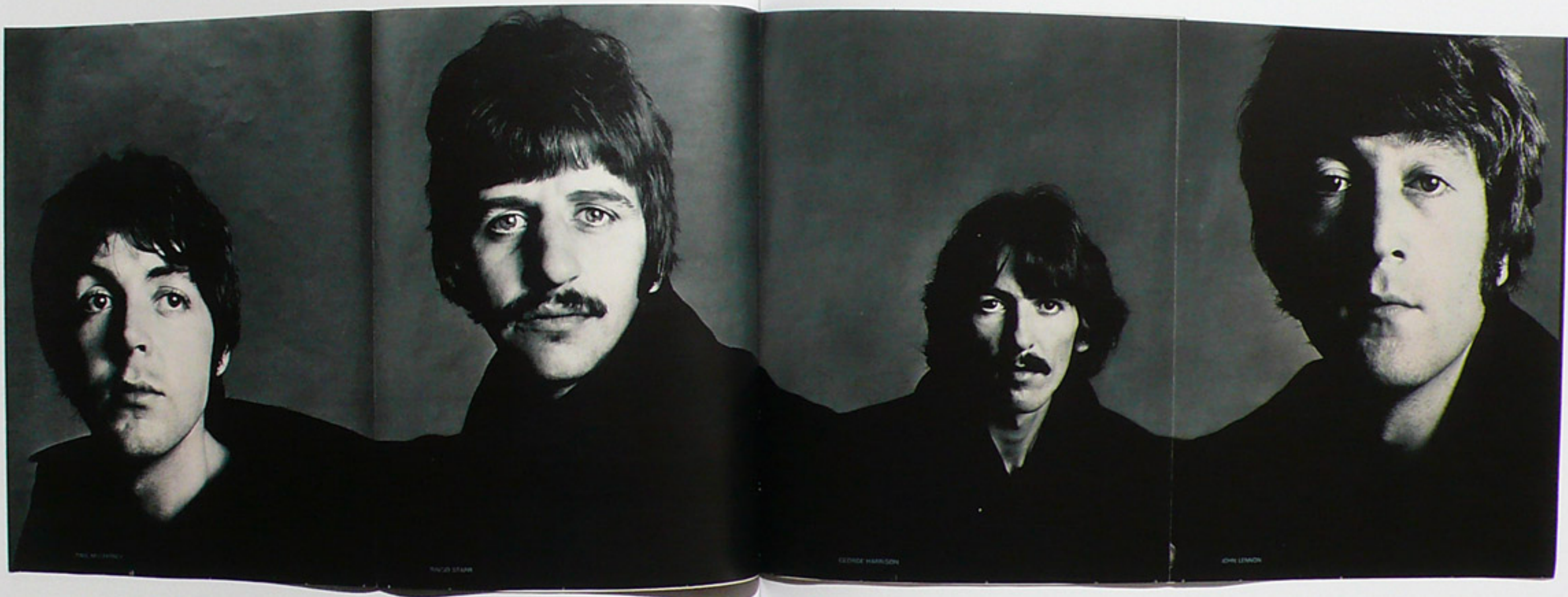
Paul takes off his blue Indian shirt, embroidered with mirrors. To rearrange his hair, he shakes his head like a dog. Paul is the most worldly and least married of the Beatles. He lives in a London townhouse with his bird. The others have country-squire-type mansions. George had his parrot with a psychedelic mural on the outside by The Fool.

Suddenly, the session is over. The last dove is caught, the costumes (which were never used) are packed up, the flowers are divided, and the Beatles peel the premises.

It's been a long day's afternoon.







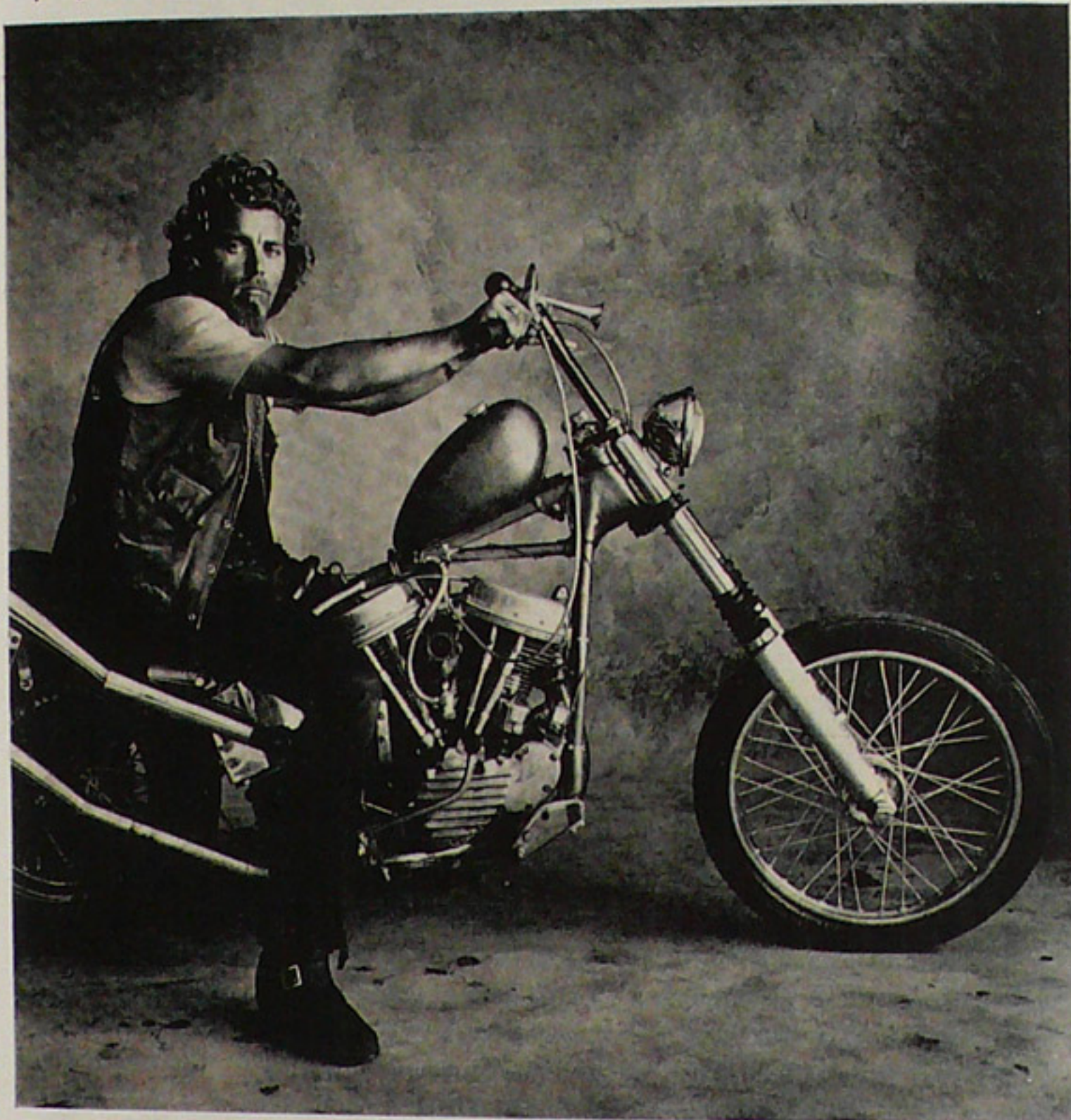
PAUL MCCARTNEY

GEORGE HARRISON

GEORGE HARRISON

JOHN LENNON

# THE INCREDIBLES



This Hell's Angels motorcyclist writes no songs of protest. His actions, his very appearance, say all he wants to say to us. Thus, a life style becomes a statement about the world and, in a sense, a work of art. Irving Penn went to San Francisco last fall to photograph some of the people who both outrage and lure us by being what they are. Looking past current rages and entertainment, Penn placed these people in a neutral, ageless environment. His pictures, accompanied only by fragments of conversation, are addressed not just to the now but to the days to come.

BY  
PENN

# the **M**instrels

## Big Brother and the Holding Company:

"I don't have any other life. Nobody in the band has any kind of secret life apart from our band. It's just impossible. Nothing's separate—job, rehearsal, living, the way we dress." "You make your own clothes, that's something for somebody to really appreciate, just like when you make your own music. But clothes are not really such a big thing with us. Somebody reading *Look* magazine in Montezuma, Iowa, might see the clothes and say, 'Wow,' and be more aware than we are. To us, it's just a life style, a social thing." "Life is primarily to live it, you know, and to get into it, to be able to do something so that if you're going to die, like everybody is, it'll be OK. You won't feel you're being burned. Like, for example, if I had to go to Vietnam and had to die, I'd feel I was being burned."

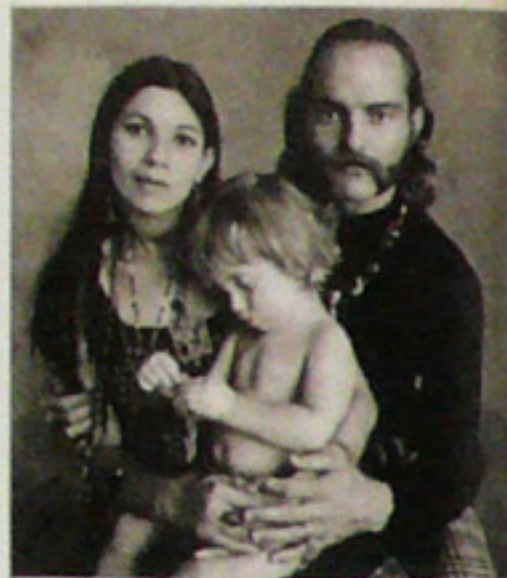


**The Grateful Dead:** "I don't know if you've ever had the experience—just by the sheer strength of being what you are, you're able to take people off the trip they're on and, you know, you have an audience. I don't know what trip I got them on. I wouldn't want to know because then I'd have access powers. It's like when you can get four thousand people in an auditorium all to experience the same thing and then, when it's over, to look at each other and smile. The supreme time for me was one time we were playing so good that everybody was crying. That taught me something—that I can get good vibrations back from something I'm doing. That's where it's at—everybody has the ability to affect everything around them. Once we recognize this, that we can be a force on the planet, then we all may become more responsible. We'll realize that Western civilization has to have a spiritual reawakening to go along with technological advances. Drugs are not the ultimate answer. But they'll show you where you're at. In my case, I'm not taking drugs much anymore. It's not necessarily a bad thing. But ultimately, you have to go somewhere else to take care of something in your heart. There's no easy way to get your head out. Maybe it means work. Not just music. Having anything you love to do—installing telephones, digging ditches, cabinetmaking. The best thing I can do for the world is play my music, work on my head, get it straight. Anything else would just be adding static."



the **O** riginals

"I believe that people live in terms of the images they see around them. If a person exists in a city of linear and rectilinear buildings and streets, with a sky shadowed by the tops of buildings, he begins to feel himself that way. He becomes square, as he is fit in with the background. He may even have a flat-top haircut in an attempt to match his environment. I think the real background is the planet Earth. Things in nature flow in an organic manner—our force against counter-force, game against game. We see more of an Art Nouveau universe, with curves and flow and flow. What we're trying to do is change man's image of himself by aesthetically altering the environment. We're doing it with poster art, light and sound shows, styles—and we want to get into TV and movies. In a sense, there's still a possibility. A group of individuals can band together for both aesthetic and financial results without sleeping on stairs."  
"...Love? It's not an easy word to talk about. I don't know if I can succeed in loving a large group of people who are not my relatives. But I know it's something worthy of attainment. It's like when Karamazov has St. Francis running to the people of Assisi after he has discovered the love of God and man, and shouting, 'Come one, come all! Come to hear the new madman!'"



"What I'm really interested in now is, I have a son. That's all I'm working for now. I wish I knew just how to raise him. I can't say complete freedom. You have to decide what's right and wrong. Of course, I do a lot of wrong things myself." "We're not in that giant crowd of people they call hippies. We were doing those things—a lot of us were—before all this publicity came along, and I think we'll keep on doing them. Any art I do is something I feel right at the moment. Even dressing this way is art. When you're walking down the street like this, you don't have to have an exhibit of your paintings, or even say anything. Unfortunately, most people see only what they want to see. I feel we're clean and good and all those things the Boy Scouts are. We just get our enjoyment other ways. We like different kinds of music and different kinds of art. We don't have enough money. If we had more money, we'd really be outrageous." "It's really far out when you find you can do anything you want with your life. It would seem strange to me to pay an insurance company so that maybe later you'd get paid." "Yeah, those people out there are really insane. They spend half their life with paper work. And then they say, 'Vote.' Vote for what? If Reagan runs for President, he'll win. I'll vote for him. It'll bring it all down quicker. When enough people get fed up with this civilization, this trip is going to fail. But I'm not hating, not fighting it. I feel good. I've let my hair down."

the **F**amilies

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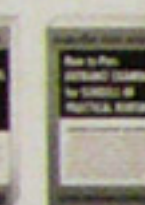
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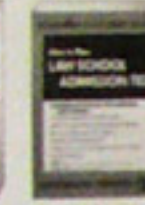
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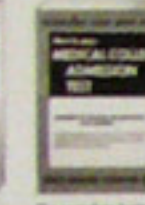
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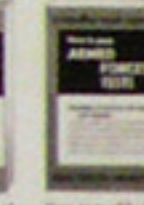
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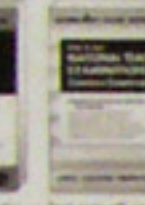
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the  outrageous

"There's only one thing that really means anything to me and that's the Hell's Angels patch I wear. I can get me anything else—a new bike, a new old lady or money—but I can't get me another patch."  
"We've had a few deaths this year, but otherwise, it's been a good year. By that I mean we haven't had much police harassment." ".... It's like being brothers. Like, every man in the club's your brother." "Power. That's what it feels like when we ride in. On a three-day weekend, we might have one-fifty, two-hundred bikes out on a run. People all get excited when they see us coming, and—I don't know—it's beautiful." ".... You know what it is, it's a mind-blower. They come around with movie cameras. It's really beautiful." "If somebody messed up one of our brothers, it would be complete retaliation. An eye for an eye." ".... My brothers—that's my whole life. My brothers. It's all I've got."

continued



**THE SUNDAY TIMES**  
MARCH 24, 1969  
**VIETNAM: OLD GLORY, YOUNG BLOOD**





# THIS IS HOW IT IS

Photographs and commentary by Donald McCullin

This is Donald McCullin's photographic report on a bunch of young American Marines engaged in a bloody confrontation with the Viet Cong. His own words describe what is happening in his pictures:

"This big Negro was doing what they call hand-to-hand fighting. Both sides were dug in and lobbing grenades at each other. Unfortunately on this occasion the Marines were short of grenades. We were trying to advance along the earthwork top of the Citadel wall of Huế and the grenades were being passed up the line of dug-in men one at a time. Naturally there had to be a pause in supply at some stage. When this happened the Viet Cong popped up and hurled a grenade. I'd just taken this picture before it happened . . . the grenade landed short but it wounded the GI in the hand."

"I spent 11 days with the Americans fighting their way into the Citadel. What worried me about this whole battle was the fact that there were so few mature soldiers with the Marine platoons. The captain back at the command post was only 24 and the average age of the platoons going out to storm the Viet Cong positions was only 20. There seemed a great need among the young men for leadership."

"The most impressive thing was the accuracy of the American shelling. Their ships out at sea were hitting the streets right in front of our positions. And shells from an army base 16 miles away were landing 200 yards ahead of us."

"Something I found very moving was the way the Negroes and the Whites have developed this uncanny kind of relationship while they're fighting together. They cook each other's food and drink out of each other's canteens. It's strange. A kind of love. It's not that the Whites go out of their way to be nice to the Negroes — rather the other way round. I got the feeling it was a kind of protectiveness on the part of the Negroes. I think it's something to do with the fact that for the first time they find themselves in a situation where they're all equal and they're accepted."

"The general attitude of the ordinary American soldier in Vietnam has changed a lot since I was with them two years ago. Then they were confident about the war and felt sure they had a right to be there. Now they have their doubts."



"This is Eric Hamball, a Scottish boy who emigrated to America in 1959. His U.S. citizenship came through last year - he was drafted this year. He's only in his early twenties, but he got to look a lot older inside the Citadel. Those binoculars are given to him because he's a sniper working ahead of the platoon.  
"The old man with the blindfold was being questioned because he was suspected of giving our movements away to the Viet Cong. But the old boy was very nervous. He might have just got caught in the middle. After all, if Hampstead Garden Suburb was being shelled there'd always be someone who'd go back to see if his property was all right"





"Somebody shouted 'Grenade!' We all looked round, saw it lying on the ground behind us and dived for cover. This poor bloke didn't move quickly enough. I understand why. There's a moment when you get mesmerised looking at a grenade about to go off. He was left for dead but when we retreated we found him moving"



The Marines search the dead VC's for documents. Then you find out they're really just somebody's husband or father. They all carry neat medical kits and you never find any of them without a little toothbrush.



"The Marine with his helmet off is trying to locate sniper fire. The old lady and the wounded Vietnamese with his daughter were hiding in an air raid shelter. As the Marines finished off the battle they threw grenades into every bunker to flush out remaining Viet Cong, and that's how the Vietnamese family was hit. Both the old man and the little girl have fragmentation wounds, but it's amazing that none of them was killed. The wounded man being lifted by the Marines is a captured VC. He had a bullet wound in the head and was pretty far gone. Some of the Marines said a .45 bullet was the best solution. But the medics wanted to do something for him. They're fantastic - to me they are the real heroes"





"We were under sniper fire when I took this picture. That's why the Marines couldn't be very gentle with one of their buddies who'd just been wounded in the legs in the top picture with the dog was in a mortar company. He was wounded a couple of days later and got a Purple Heart. It's amazing the way they all write on



They were dragging him to cover as fast as they could. The corrugated iron was once the roofing of Vietnamese houses destroyed in the earlier bombardment. The their uniforms - something you wouldn't dare do in the British Army. They put their names on their helmets and write slogans on jackets. It's very democratic in a way"





## IT'S HARD TO KEEP COOL ON 100th STREET

Photographs by Bruce Davidson



Day by day, for nearly two years, Bruce Davidson took his camera into one street chosen at random in New York's ghetto of East Harlem . . . 100th Street between First and Second Avenues. "I wanted to photograph everything there was," he says. Patiently, with compassion but without condescension, he won some trust from the people of 100th Street, even though he was an outsider and white: "giving out photographs to people who badly needed to think of themselves as beautiful." On the following pages we show some of the photographs he took. Above, a 19-year-old Negro girl, a high school drop-out, with her newborn baby. Her family moved out, she chose to stay on in 100th Street. Left: on a hot Sunday afternoon in August the people of 100th Street are driven out from overcrowded, ill-ventilated apartments to the small relief of sidewalks and fire escapes. The lighter section on the right is a tenement rebuilt by a local tenants' group. On page 48 Bruce Davidson and the people whom he photographed talk about life on 100th Street

Harlem is a place, amid American plenty, for people who have very little; for whom the material gods of their prosperous fellow-countrymen have failed. There is not a lot between such people and despair. One of the slender nets over the abyss of Harlem is religion; another is personal loyalty, companionship. You may be a Puerto Rican family like the Camachos, right, able to make music with friends and



your teenage sons, while a calendar of the Nativity and a card in Spanish reading "God Bless Our Hearth" look down from the paint-peeling walls. (And, among the ornaments, the china birds and oil lamps, a John F. Kennedy plaque.) Or there may be only two of you (above), but two together. In Harlem two is a lot more than twice one ...







Always, the latest group into the American melting pot have found themselves at the tail of the queue for jobs. Today they are the Puerto Ricans, and tomorrow they will be the children of Mexico. These children (their mother is pictured in the mirror) have lived on 18th Street all their lives. The family just gets by on welfare payments.



From agreement, withdrawal, the  
amount of 1966, there  
the present as way of getting  
their housing conditions  
improved. The new thing was  
their anger in building  
agreements with the state  
before previously, building  
a big park of green in the  
state, he is one  
of the 1966, there people.



There was hope in getting among  
the young people, the  
average amount, but, "I want to  
be up like about in the sport  
amount, but as good as  
the state, sometimes," they are



In 1945, Street you can sleep and despair, as you can fight — the simple way of sleep, the heartbreaking sleep way of negotiation, improvement. Others can get, but the boy's health. Their room is stripped because, likely acknowledging what they are returning to Puerto Rico. For them, the American Dream is over.



When there's no play-space except the sooty fire escape, children wear little or nothing in summer to keep clothes neat for school. Right: a visiting granddaddy



peeks-a-boo from behind curtain with Pera Rodriguez, who has lived here 40 years and helped found Metro North tenants' group to improve conditions

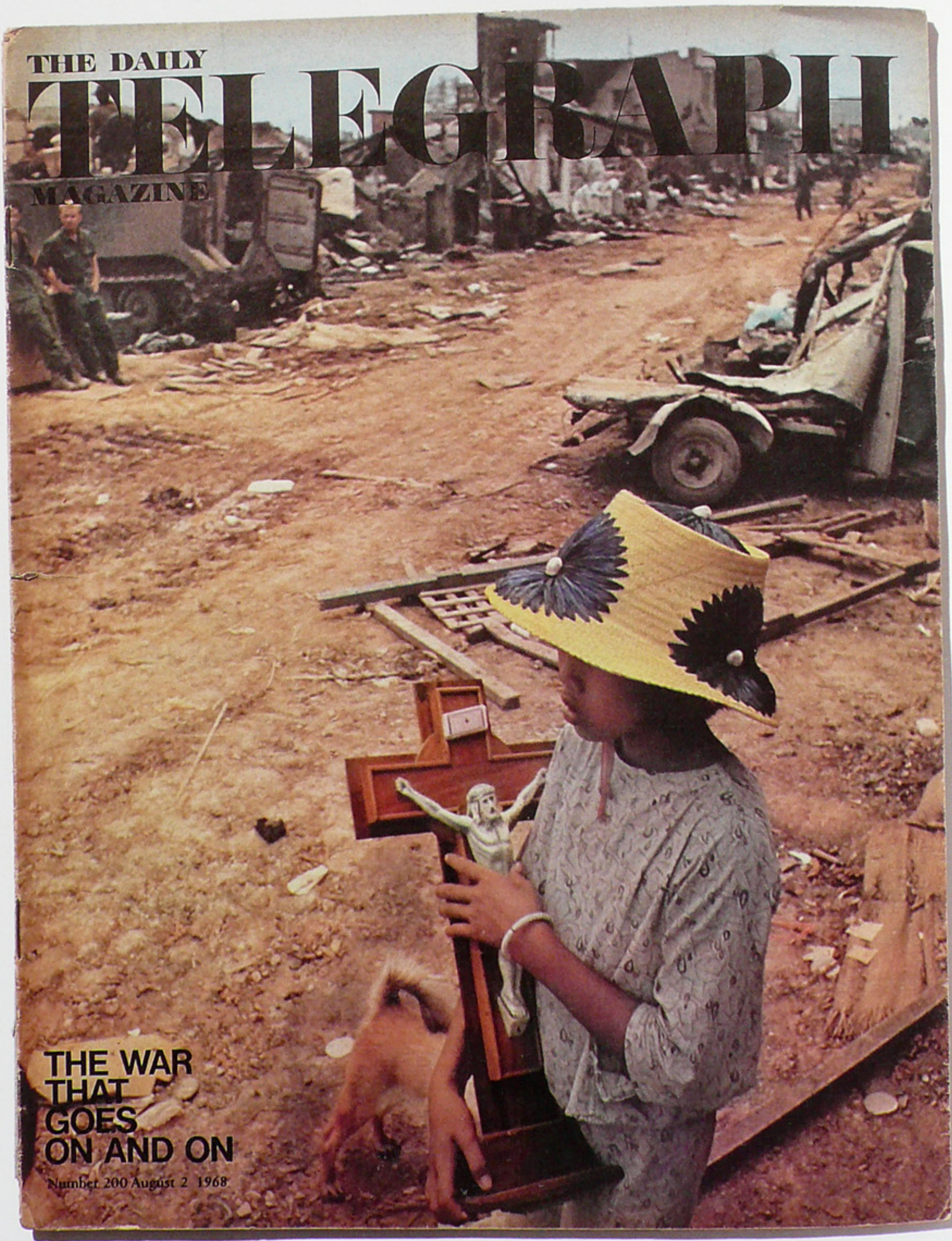
THE DAILY

# TELEGRAPH

MAGAZINE

THE WAR  
THAT  
GOES  
ON AND ON

Number 200 August 2 1968





*'ABOVE IS THE BOY I found after the unexplained explosion on the "safe side" of Trung Hung Dao (page 12). The spectators standing around him, mainly children, showed little interest. The Vietnamese are Confucian by character if not always by religion, and as Confucianism is the embodiment of the "I'm all right Jack" mentality the fact that it is not a good idea to allow a young boy to lie bleeding in the street seemed to occur to none of them. On the way to the sound of the explosion I came across a mother, covered in blood and carrying her two wounded children, trying to flag down a taxi to get them to hospital. She had to wait a long time before she found a driver who didn't mind having to clean bloodstains off the seats afterwards.'*

*'Many civilians are being killed by Viet Cong rocket bombardments of Saigon. This latest tactic is designed to destroy any faith the people may still have in their government.'*

*'LOOT' which appeals most strongly to the ARVIN are the small portable items such as transistor radios; the American troops, due to their superior carrying power in the form of Armoured Personnel Carriers, prefer TV sets. One more sensitive soldier said to me: "What's wrong with these people? Don't they have any feelings? We've been killing them and destroying everything they own and they just carry on as if nothing's happened!"'*



*'DISTRICT EIGHT on the southern edge of Saigon was built to house Catholic refugees who fled from North Vietnam when the country was partitioned in 1954. District Eight was the shopping where visiting American senators were shown what could be done. It was the product of the Americans' best efforts in Vietnam, but it was soon destroyed when a handful of Viet Cong moved in. The Americans - untrained in house-to-house fighting - resorted to a "scorched-earth" policy. Artillery fire, 7500b bombs, napalm and rocket bombardment reduced large areas of District Eight to rubble. For every dead Viet Cong, I estimated that for civilians died, 60 were wounded and 200 made homeless. In the photograph above, people have returned to recover their possessions while one of a group of American soldiers gets some target practice shooting at a rat on the roof of a house. His weapon is not a standard issue revolver; many soldiers in Vietnam buy, or bring with them, their own "personal" weapons'*

*'AT FIRST, when a few Viet Cong turned up in their midst, the people of Saigon didn't realize the Americans would call in jets with bombs and napalm. But they soon learned to evacuate the area as quickly as possible, taking their possessions with them - for they had also learnt that anything left behind would be looted by the South Vietnamese or American soldiers. Many civilians are killed while trying to rescue their possessions when the helicopter gunships come; a few are just too old to run. In my experience, the pattern was always the same: a few Viet Cong would enter a block and fire at the local police, who then called in the ARVIN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam). The ARVIN would tell the people to leave, then start looting. Much gunfire would be heard - mostly ARVIN shooting the locks off shop doors (they didn't even mind me photographing them doing this!) and the American ARVIN adviser would declare that "heavy contact" had been established with the Viet Cong. The ARVIN would be told to pull back and the helicopter gunships, artillery and air-strikes would be brought to bear on the alleged Viet Cong positions'*



*'MOST OF THE SAIGONESE live in crude hovels built over water, or more correctly, huge cess-pools (top). Americans officials point out that the burning of these hovels during fighting provides the opportunity for rebuilding better homes. But this has never happened after fires in the past and is unlikely to happen now. The Saigon Fire Department is supplied with the finest American equipment - huge fire engines which are unfortunately unable to penetrate large areas of Saigon because the streets are too narrow. As the men trying to save their house in this picture surely know, what was needed was a fire boat'*

*'A 12-YEAR-OLD BOY refuses to leave his 15-year-old sister who was killed by "friendly" rocket fire near Cholon, a few miles south-west of Saigon. Her body is being taken away by the Saigon Fire Department disposal team. The ARVIN had been searching the area for some Viet Cong snipers when U.S. 9th Division troops on the other side of the river received some sniper fire from the area of the nearby Saigon slaughterhouse. They called for an air-strike without consulting the ARVIN adviser. When I arrived he was desperately trying to contact the helicopters by radio to get them to stop. He said some of the ARVIN had only just got out in time and a lot of civilians hadn't. One English-speaking Vietnamese, overcome with anger and frustration, screamed at me: "Why Americans crazy! Only four VC. Americans bring helicopters destroy everything." By this time most of the area was in flames. As one GI put it: "They're pretty angry with us in Cholon today." According to one 9th Division Captain, the intention is to burn to the ground all the areas where the Viet Cong might be, as this is "the most economical way from the point of saving American lives"'*

# THE BACK TALKS GO ON...

*A personal report in words and  
photographs by Philip James Griffiths*



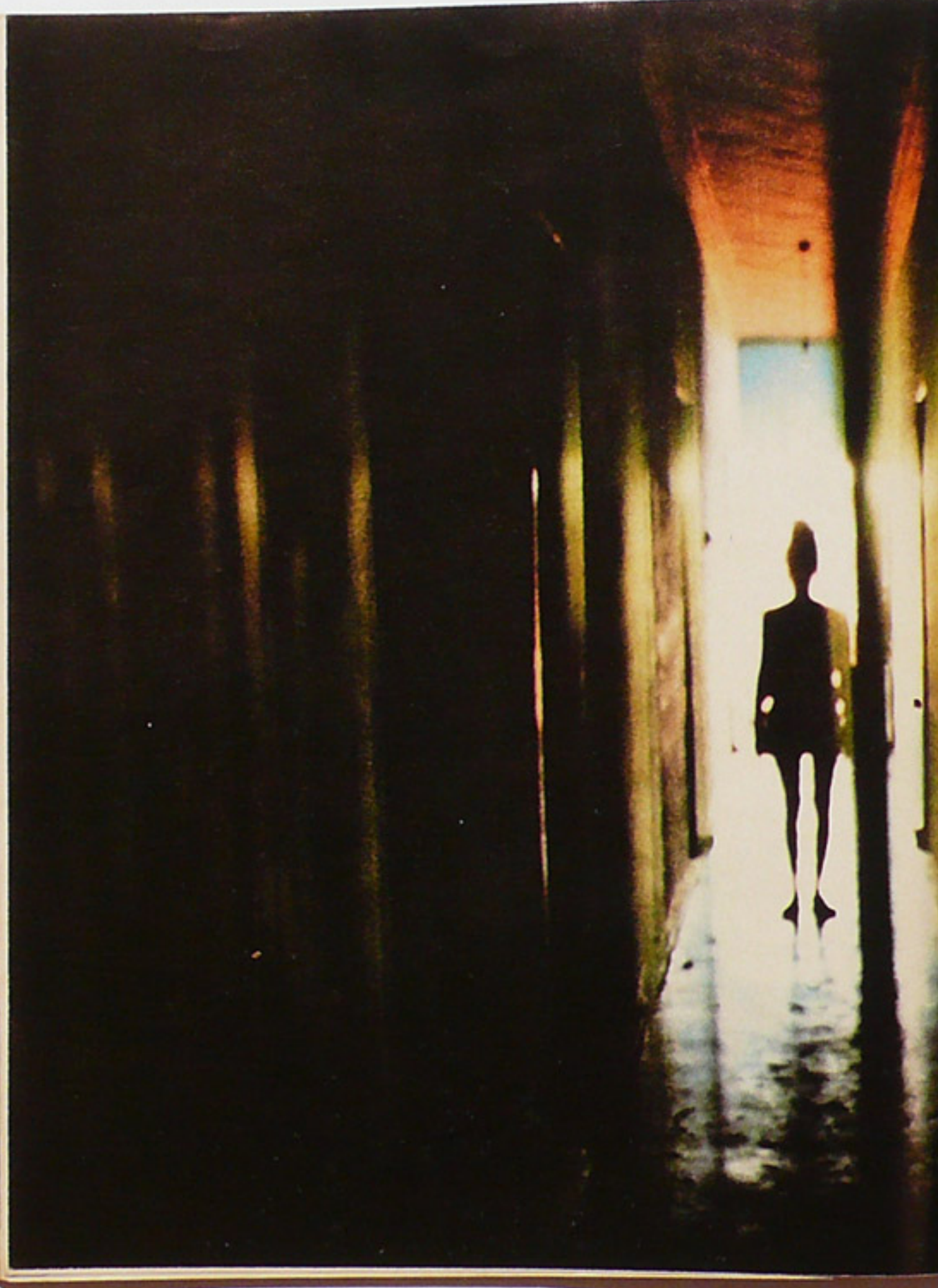
As peace negotiations drag on, the war in Vietnam continues — a war that has moved from the countryside into the towns and cities. The civilians of Saigon now live daily with the full horror of warfare and for the foreign correspondents all the action is only a ten-minute taxi ride away.

One Sunday morning while I was based in Saigon, something exploded — no one was quite sure what — on the "safe side" of Trang Hung Dao, the main street leading to Cholon. At the site of the blast I found a boy, bleeding from wounds, surrounded by a crowd of slightly bored onlookers. When the boy had eventually been taken away, a woman from the adjacent house produced a hose and, with a stoicism bred during a lifetime of violence, hosed away the pool of blood. She spoke a little English (she had probably worked in a bar). She couldn't understand why I was interested in knowing what had caused the explosion and who had been hurt. She made it clear that it was of no concern to her and certainly nothing to be surprised at. Her one regret was that the boy had been hit in front of her house which, she felt, rather made her responsible for washing away the blood.

Many of the Saigoneese have been lured to the city from their villages by an American mixture of force and "planned seduction". The Americans promised "Move to the cities, be loyal supporters of the government of Vietnam and you will be protected and safe from the war." The photographs on the following pages give some idea of how safe the Saigon civilians really are — from the Viet Cong and from their defenders.





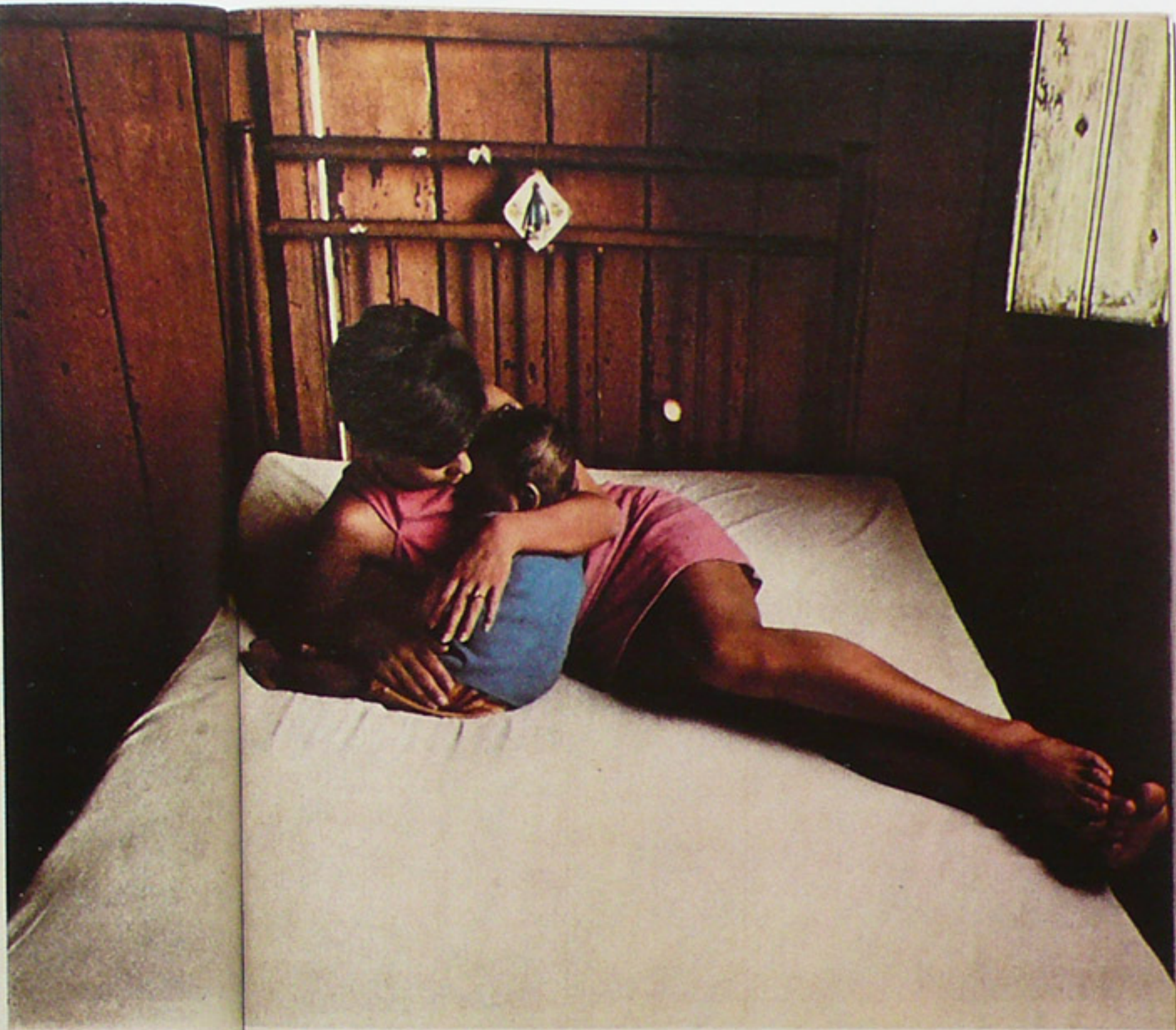


200 mil mulheres exercem uma dura  
profissão no Estado de São Paulo

# VIDA DIFÍCIL

Fotos de Cláudia Andujar

# Que tem momentos de paz



**Mas nunca  
pode ser feliz**



# VIETNAM ONE WEEK'S DEAD

The faces shown on the next pages are the faces of American men killed—in the words of the official announcement of their deaths—"in connection with the conflict in Vietnam." The names, 242 of them, were released by the Pentagon during the week of May 28 through June 3, a span of no special significance except that it includes Memorial Day. The numbers of the dead are average for any seven-day period during this stage of the war.

It is not the intention of this article to speak for the dead. We cannot tell with any precision what they thought of the political currents which drew them across the world. From the letters of some, it is possible to tell they felt strongly that they should be in Vietnam, that they had great sympathy for the Vietnamese people and were appalled at their enormous suffering. Some had voluntarily extended their tours of combat duty; some were desperate to come home. Their families provided most of these photographs, and many expressed their own feelings that their sons and husbands died in a necessary cause. Yet in a time when the numbers of Americans killed in this war—36,000—though far less than the Vietnamese losses, have exceeded the dead in the Korean War, when the nation continues week after week to be numbed by a three-digit statistic which is translated to direct anguish in hundreds of homes all over the country, we must pause to look into the faces. More than we must know how many, we must know who. The faces of one week's dead, unknown but to families and friends, are suddenly recognized by all in this gallery of young American eyes.

May 28 - June 3, 1969



Michael C. Volheim, 20  
Army, SP4  
Hayward, Calif.



Roy E. Clark, 23  
Army, Pfc  
Culloden, W. Va.



Cleveland Browning, 22  
Army, Pfc  
Miami, Fla.



Matthew T. Lozano Jr., 21  
Army, Pfc  
San Antonio, Texas



Robert E. Layman, 20  
Army, WD1  
Poquonock, Conn.



James P. Hickey, 19  
Marine, Pfc  
West Quincy, Mass.



Charles C. Fleek, 21  
Army, Sgt.  
Petersburg, Ky.



Winston O. Smith, 24  
Army, Pfc  
Madisonville, Tenn.



William L. Alexander, 19  
Army, SP4  
Flint, Mich.



Mano Lamela, 21  
Army, Pfc  
Philadelphia, Pa.



James Patrick Francis, 22  
Army, S/Sgt.  
Napa, Calif.



Robert B. Read, 24  
Army, Pfc  
Hamden, Conn.



Robert J. Rosenow, 20  
Army, Pfc  
La Farge, Wis.



Valentine Dwornik, 20  
Army, SP4  
Detroit, Mich.



Joe E. Bragg, 20  
Army, SP4  
Versailles, Ky.



Mark J. Havenland Jr., 21  
Army, Sgt.  
Boca, W. Va.



Craig E. Yates, 18  
Army, Pfc  
Sparta, Mich.



David Tesmer, 20  
Army, Pfc  
Wausau, Wis.



William C. Gearing Jr., 20  
Army, SP5  
Rochester, N.Y.



Ralph J. Means Jr., 19  
Army, SP4  
Norfolk, Va.



John C. Pape, 25  
Army, Capt.  
Amityville, N.Y.



Gary A. Wallace, 19  
Army, Pfc  
Louisville, Ky.



Gary D. Carter, 19  
Marine, Cpl.  
Tyler, Texas



Bruce Saunders, 21  
Army, 2nd Lt.  
Queens, N.Y.



Philip W. Strout, 21  
Army, SP4  
So. Portland, Maine



John A. Gillen, 25  
Army, SP4  
Broadville, Ill.



Edward O'Donovan, 19  
Marines, Pfc.  
Chicago, Ill.



Michael D. Melton, 20  
Army, SP4  
Little Rock, Ark.



Melvin Green Jr., 31  
Army, S/Sgt.  
Manhattan, Kan.



Gary C. Fassel, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Buffalo, N.Y.



John W. Kirchner, 19  
Marines, Pfc.  
La Crosse, Wis.



Keith B. Janke, 26  
Army, Sgt.  
Poplar, Wis.



Joseph L. Rhodes, 22  
Marines, L. Cpl.  
Memphis, Tenn.



William L. Anderson, 18  
Army, Sgt.  
Templeton, Pa.



David L. Mills, 22  
Army, SP4  
Decatur, Ill.



Ramon L. Vazquez Nieves, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Puerto Nuevo, P.R.



Carl R. Martin, 26  
Army, SPS  
Rapid City, S. Dak.



Daniel L. Pucci, 22  
Marines, Cpl.  
Berea, Ohio



Howe K. Clark Jr., 22  
Army, S/Sgt.  
Rockdale, Texas



Thomas P. Jackson Jr., 23  
Army, Pfc.  
Westbury, N.Y.



Clifford Haynes Jr., 19  
Marines, Pfc.  
Carnegie, Pa.



Scott E. Saylor, 22  
Army, SP4  
King of Prussia, Pa.



Jose M. Galarza-Quinones, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Hato Rey, P.R.



David R. Mann, 20  
Army, SP4  
Earville, Ill.



Henry R. Hausman Jr., 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Hilliard, Ohio



Robert J. Randall, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Miami, Fla.



David F. Bukowski, 20  
Army, SP4  
West Islip, N.Y.



John M. Vollmerhausen Jr., 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.



David A. Hargens, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Nickerson, Neb.



Matthew J. Baurle, 20  
Marines, L. Cpl.  
Clowesville, N.Y.



John L. Rosemond, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Dallas, Texas



Richard F. DuBois, 20  
Marines, L. Cpl.  
New Orleans, La.



Duane C. Bowen, 20  
Army, SP4  
Ramona, Calif.



John N. McCarthy, 20  
Army, SP4  
Glen Cove, N.Y.



Andrew W. Rice Jr., 20  
Navy, GMG3  
Bedford, Pa.



Byrle B. Bailey, 19  
Marines, Pfc.  
Omaha, Neb.



Charles P. Smith Jr., 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Richmond, Va.



Robert H. Carter Jr., 35  
Army, Lt. Col.  
Morganton, N.C.



Stephen L. McCarvel, 19  
Army, Sgt.  
Great Falls, Mont.



Jackie D. Bass, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Cochran, Ga.



William A. Evans, 20  
Army, Sgt.  
Milwaukee, Wis.



Richard L. Patterson, 25  
Army, 2nd Lt.  
Harriman, Tenn.



Robert W. Getz, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Decatur, Ill.



James Boston Jr., 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Gainesville, Fla.



Calvin E. Patrick, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Houston, Texas



Michael F. May, 22  
Army, SP4  
Vassar, Mich.



Freddie Lee Coffman, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Wardensville, W. Va.



Milton S. Johnson, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Savannah, Ga.



Daphney A. Irvin, 21  
Army, SP4  
Colliocothe, Ohio



Thomas W. Myers, 26  
Army, Pfc.  
Middlesex, N.J.



Gary A. Neavor, 25  
Army, SP4  
Davenport, Iowa



Clarence Taylor, 25  
Army, Pfc.  
Greenville, Ala.



Thomas F. Barth, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Lakewood, Calif.



Ralph A. Vitch, 20  
Army, SP4  
Tampa, Fla.



Patrick M. Hagerty, 19  
Army, SP4  
Youngstown, Ohio



Albert J. Cartledge III, 23  
Marines, Cpl.  
Dallas, Texas



James Drew, 20  
Army, SP4  
Kansas City, Mo.



Peter S. Borsary, 24  
Army, Pfc.  
Salt Lake City, Utah



Robert C. Yates, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Hondo, Texas



Henry L. McArthur, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Farguy, Virginia, N.C.



Ronald E. Morgan, 22  
Army, Pfc.  
San Diego, Calif.



Rudy A. Camley, 23  
Army, SP4  
Lake Wales, Fla.



Barry L. Unfried, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Oswillo, Calif.



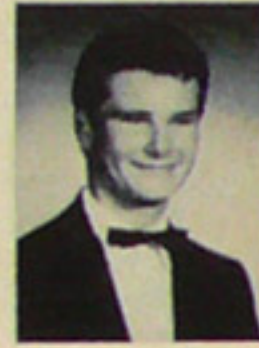
Gary R. Clodfelter, 20  
Army, SP4  
High Point, N.C.



Larry D. Mullen, 18  
Marines, Pfc.  
Ojai, Calif.



James A. Wright, 21  
Army, SP4  
Boring, Ore.



William W. Olson, 22  
Army, Sgt.  
Pocatello, Idaho



Robert F. Kowt, 19  
Army, SP4  
Ashland, Ore.



Michael K.L. Dixon, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Hawthorne, Calif.



Edward T. Kierkowski, 20  
Army, SP4  
Butler, Pa.



David J. Ewing, 20  
Army, SP3  
Bloomfield Hills, Mich.



Kenneth D. Feltgrew, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Redding, Calif.



Warren Nix, 26  
Army, Pfc.  
Tucson, Ariz.



Terry D. Clark, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Wallace, N.C.



Jimmy W. Phipps, 18  
Marines, Pfc.  
Gilver City, Calif.



Curtis Breedlove, 21  
Army, 2nd Lt.  
Bryson City, N.C.



Forrest L. Smith, 27  
Army, S/Sgt.  
Columbus, Ga.



Isaac Sapp, 21  
Marines, Pfc.  
Williston, S.C.



David L. Tilbury, 19  
Army, SP3  
Riverside, Calif.



William W. Smith, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
King City, Mo.



Calvin E. Cooper, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Kingstree, S.C.



Gary R. Gurst, 22  
Marines, Cpl.  
Dorchester, Mass.



Thomas R. Ellis, 20  
Marines, L. Col.  
York, Pa.



Clovis L. May, 24  
Army, Sgt.  
Deming, N. Mex.



Dennis L. Babcock, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Pacific Grove, Calif.



Johnnie L. Brigman, 23  
Army, Pvt.  
North, S.C.



Donald J. Deevens, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Hinton, Okla.



Douglas J. Sumner, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Kearns, Utah



Joe T. Conkle, 25  
Army, Tpt Lt.  
Hampton, Ga.



Elmer E. Fields, 20  
Army, Pvt.  
Fairfax, Okla.



Jeffrey A. Richardson, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Red Lion, Pa.



Russell Evans, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Sylvania, Ga.



Emmett L. Davis, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Lakeland, Fla.



Charles A. Jones, 25  
Army, Sfc.  
Mudrook, Calif.



John H. Pfaltz, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Early, Iowa



Chris E. Martinez, 21  
Army, Cpl.  
Alameda, Calif.



James M. Leonard, 20  
Army, Sgt.  
Edmond, Okla.



Michael M. Hatzell, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
San Jose, Calif.



Iran C. Brown, 19  
Marines, Lt. Cpl.  
Roanoke, Va.



Thomas E. Hays, 20  
Army, WO  
Oklahoma City, Okla.



Ralford J. Jackson, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Tulsa City, Ariz.



Timothy K.P. Foster, 18  
Marines, Pvt.  
Honolulu, Hawaii



Virgil V. Hamilton, 20  
Army, SP4  
Brookville, Pa.



Donny R. Lawson, 21  
Marines, Lt. Cpl.  
Grandview, Wash.



Clarence Craghead, 21  
Army, SP4  
Detroit, Mich.



Keith A. Kahlfors, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Britt, Iowa



Michael A. Powell, 19  
Marines, Lt. Cpl.  
Atlanta, Ga.



Byron B. Bowden, 21  
Army, SP4  
Arcata, Calif.



Chris M. Pyle, 21  
Navy, HM2  
Hardeno, Okla.



Patrick M. Dixon, 23  
Army, Tpt Lt.  
Dixon, Ill.



Joseph C. Chisholm, 24  
Army, SP4  
Union Lake, Miss.



Robert A. Pitts, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Galveston, Texas



Albert O. Nelson Jr., 20  
Marines, 2nd Lt.  
Alexandria, Va.



Gary McCullough, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Charlotte, N.C.



Charles D. Ervin, 18  
Marines, Pfc.  
Lamore, Okla.



James Tibnus III, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
Crestdale, Calif.



William J. Thornhill, 20  
Army, Pvt.  
Baltimore, Md.



John M. Randall, 20  
Army, SP4  
Florence, Ariz.



Max Linerby, 21  
Marines, Cpl.  
Lawton, Okla.



Carl G. Sanderson, 19  
Marines, Pvt.  
Aurora, Iowa



Robert P. Schöls, 21  
Army, SP4  
Nashua, N.H.



William A. Seigle, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Spartan, Okla.



Gerald W. Poston, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Flacenville, Calif.



Howard S. Hill, 22  
Army, Sgt.  
Iowa, Pa.



Harold James Warnley, 24  
Army, SP4  
Mansfield, La.



Allen M. Craft, 21  
Army, Sgt.  
West Covina, Calif.



Robert Sghultz Jr., 23  
Army, Capt.  
Annandale, Va.



Edward F. Clenson, 23  
Army, Pfc.  
Joliet, Ill.



Billy L. Thomas, 19  
Army, SP4  
Stonewall, Texas



Devell L. Price Jr., 20  
Army, SP4  
El Dorado Springs, Mo.

During the week of May 28-  
June 3 these men were also  
reported killed in action.

Earl A. Godwin, 21  
Army, Sgt.  
Baltimore, Md.

John F. Kari, 21  
Army, 1st Lt.  
Clearwater, Fla.

Gary K. Smith, 20  
Army, Pvt.  
Detroit, Mich.

James S. Luckett II, 24  
Army, 1st Lt.  
Columbus, Ohio

Claude E. Van Ardel, 19  
Army, Sgt.  
Norfolk, Neb.

Charles E. McMillan, 28  
Army, Pfc.  
Jefferson, Ohio

Albert C. Walls Jr., 22  
Army, Pfc.  
Elmhurst, N.Y.

Richard L. Cox, 21  
Army, SP4  
Stokopce, Ohio

Valerian L. Fuller, 21  
Marines, 1. Cpl.  
Mandarin, N. Dak.

Peter R. Adams, 19  
Marines, 1. Cpl.  
Dorchester, Mass.

Kenneth W. Smith, 20  
Army, SP4  
Detroit, Mich.

David T. Chapman Jr., 20  
Army, SP4  
Dumas, Miss.

Charles R. Jones, 29  
Army, SP4  
Cathart, City, Miss.

James E. Workman, 22  
Army, Pfc.  
Harris, W. Va.

Wesley G. Jor, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Bridgeport, W. Va.

Richard H. White, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Golden Valley, Minn.

James P. Duffy Jr., 20  
Army, Sgt.  
Elyria, Ohio

Jack L. Johnson, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Elkhart, Ind.

John M. Steubing, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Falls, Wash.

Thomas J. Orr, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Garden Grove, Calif.

James K. Smith, 19  
Marines, 1. Cpl.  
Louisville, Ky.

Robert C. Schmitt  
Marines, 1. Cpl.  
Leicester, N.Y.

Pedro A. Rios, 40  
Army, Sp5  
Mount Holly, N.C.

Gary W. Cox, 19  
Army, Pfc.  
East Gary, Ind.

Ronnie E. Parker, 23  
Army, Pfc.  
Eubank, Calif.



Richard L. Brumfield, 21  
Army, Sgt.  
Denton Springs, La.



Steven K. Sprinkle, 20  
Army, SP4  
Winston-Salem, N.C.



Steven E. Murray, 19  
Army, SP4  
Indianapolis, Ind.



Ivan L. Parker, 22  
Army, Pfc.  
Brigham City, Utah



Emerson Martin, 21  
Marines, Pfc.  
Gallup, N. Mex.



Farrell L. Vick, 21  
Army, SP4  
Abbeville, La.



Scott E. Corbran, 18  
Army, Pfc.  
Eugene, Ore.



Philip L. Gamble Jr., 24  
Army, 2nd Lt.  
Newport, R.I.



James W. Clark, 21  
Army, 1st Lt.  
Reno, Nev.



James D. Johnson, 20  
Marines, 1. Cpl.  
Bedford, Texas



Kenneth D. Shraga, 20  
Army, Sgt.  
Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich.



Jerry L. Boles, 21  
Army, SP4  
Wingate, Texas



Bobby G. Newby, 21  
Army, Pfc.  
Winchester, Va.



Thomas E. Frazier, 21  
Army, SP4  
Seattle, Wash.



Terry V. Miller, 23  
Army, Pfc.  
Ottumwa, Iowa



Herman L. Judy Jr., 23  
Army, Pfc.  
Alexandria, Va.



James Hebert III, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
New Orleans, La.



Willie L. Kirkland, 20  
Army, SP4  
Aron Park, Fla.



James F. Hillard, 23  
Army, Sgt.  
Kalamazoo, Mich.



Michael E. Gerber, 20  
Army, SP4  
Conway Springs, Kan.



Donald W. Ide, 25  
Army, 1st Lt.  
Beirut, Lebanon



Gary M. Paul, 19  
Marines, 1. Cpl.  
Norway, Mich.



Gary W. Lighthor, 19  
Marines, Pfc.  
Washington, Pa.



Thomas A. Nebel, 20  
Army, Pfc.  
Knott, Iowa



Jim J. Wahren, 20  
Marines, Pfc.  
Souda Ohio, Iowa



Dick E. Whitney, 22  
Army, SP4  
Newburg, Ore.



Robert L. Boese, 22  
Army, Pfc.  
Marion, Kan.



# SIDDHARTHA

In der Sonne des Flußufers bei den Booten, im Schatten des Feigenbaumes wuchs Siddhartha auf, der schöne Sohn des Brahmanen, der junge Falke, zusammen mit Govinda, seinem Freunde, dem Brahmanensohn. Sonne bräunte seine lichten Schultern am Flußufer, beim BADE, bei den heiligen Waschungen, bei den heiligen Opfern. Schatten floß in seine schwarzen Augen im Mangohain, bei den Knabenspielen. Liebe rührte sich in den Herzen der jungen Brahmanenlöhner, wenn Siddhartha durch die

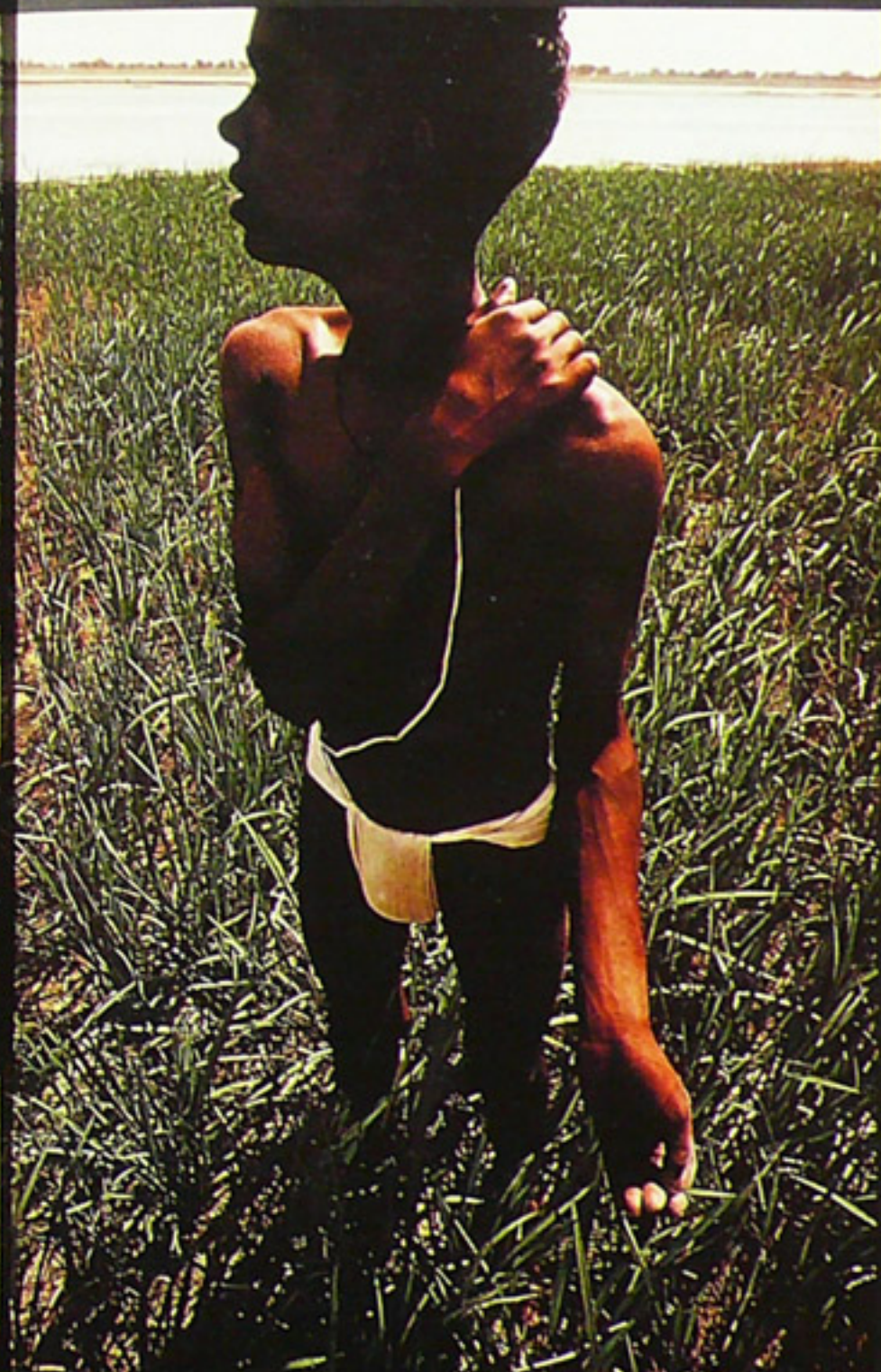
Gassen der Stadt ging, mit der leuchtenden Stirn, mit dem Königsauge, mit den schmalen Hüften. Mehr als alle aber liebte ihn Govinda, sein Freund, der Brahmanensohn. Er liebte Siddharthas Auge und holde Stimme, er liebte seinen Gang und den vollkommenen Anstand seiner Bewegungen, er liebte alles, was Siddhartha tat und sagte, und am meisten liebte er seinen Geist, seine hohen feurigen Gedanken, seinen glühenden Willen. So liebten den Siddhartha alle. Allen schuf er Freude, allen

war er zur Lust. Er aber, Siddhartha, schuf sich nicht Freude, er war sich nicht zur Lust. Siddhartha hatte begonnen, Unzufriedenheit in sich zu nähren... So beginnt Hermann Hesses Beschreibung des Jünglings Siddhartha: ein märchenhaftes Bild in exotischen Farben, die nicht von dieser Welt zu sein scheinen – und es wahrscheinlich auch nicht einmal zu der Zeit waren, als „Siddhartha“ entstand. Doch, seltsam, diese Farben scheinen heute, zwei, drei Generationen später, wieder

frisch, haben Hollywood überlebt und Miller und betritt sich neben der Grund-Poesie der „Mothers of Invention“. Aber ist nicht das, was geliebt. Über am Elternhaus, an Lehre der Väter, dhartha ist von Bettelmönchen Samanas, die durch Dorf ziehen, von Bedürfnislosigkeit, Überwachen und Betrachtung von und der Welt. Er wie Vater und Vaterhaus wird ein Bettler, ein Samana wie



Mehr als alle anderen liebte ihn Govinda, sein Freund. Er liebte alles, was Siddhartha tat und sagte: würde er einst ein Gott werden?



vinda, sein Freund, natürlich mit ihm.

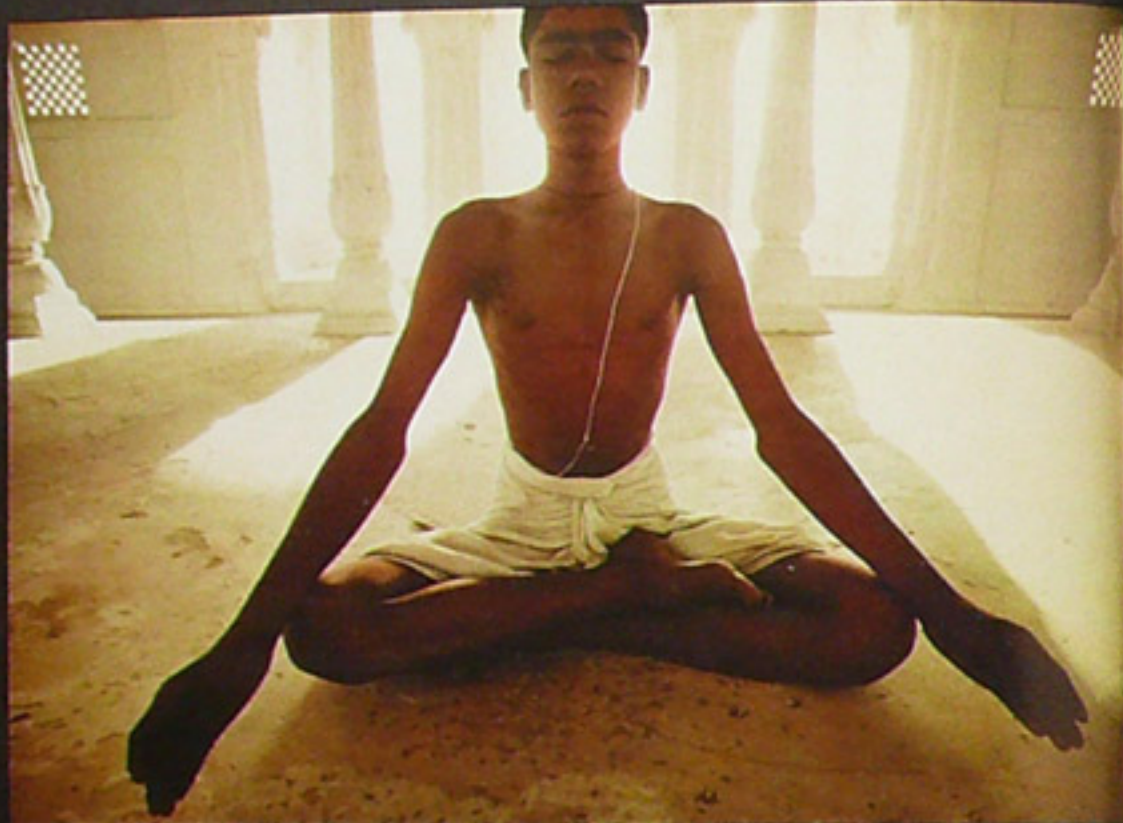
Und so beschreibt Hesse Siddharthas Wendung vom verwöhnten, mit Liebe überschütteten Sohn des reichen Brahmanen zum Bettler...

Siddhartha schenkte sein Gewand einem armen Brahmanen auf der Straße. Er trug nur noch die Schambinde. Er aß nur einmal am Tag und niemals Gekochtes. Er fastete fünfzehn Tage. Er fastete achtundzwanzig Tage. Das Fleisch schwand ihm von Schenkeln und Wangen. An seinen dorrenden Fingern wuchsen lang die Nägel und am Kinn der trockene, struppige Bart. Schweigend stand Siddhartha im senkrechten Sonnenbrand, glühend vor Schmerz, glühend vor Durst, und stand, bis er nicht Schmerz und Durst mehr fühlte. Schweigend stand er in der Regenzeit, aus seinen Haaren troff das Wasser über frierende Schultern, über frierende Hüften und Beine, und der Büsser stand, bis Schultern und Beine nicht mehr froren, bis sie schwiegen, bis sie still waren. Schweigend kauerte er im Dornenrank, aus der brennenden Haut tropfte das Blut, aus Schwären der Eiter, und Siddhartha verweilte starr, verweilte regungslos, bis kein Blut mehr floß, bis nichts mehr stach, bis nichts mehr brannte... Qualen hatte auch Siddharthas Vater, der reiche Brahmane gelitten, als der geliebte Sohn die Freiheit von ihm forderte. Eine ganze Nacht hatte er mit sich gerungen. Diese Szene ist eine der ergreifendsten in Hesses „Siddhartha“ – bis er den Vater sprechen läßt:

„Du wirst in den Wald gehen und ein Samana sein. Hast du Seligkeit gefunden im Walde, so komm und lehre mich Seligkeit. Findest du

So stand Siddhartha schweigend im senkrechten Brand der Sonne, glühend vor Schmerz, glühend vor Durst, bis er keinen Schmerz mehr fühlte.

Lange schon übte sich Siddhartha in der Kunst der Betrachtung, im Dienst der Versenkung. Aber die Seele war nicht ruhig, das Herz ungestillt.



man sah, daß Siddhartha in den Knien leise zitterte. In Siddharthas Gesicht sah er kein Zittern, fernhin blickten die Augen. Da erkannte der Vater, daß Siddhartha schon jetzt nicht mehr bei ihm weile, daß er ihn jetzt schon verlassen habe. Als Siddhartha auf erstarnten Beinen die noch stille Stadt verließ, erhob sich bei der letzten Hütte ein Schatten, der dort gekauert war, und schloß sich dem Pilgernden an — Govinda. Vergessen war die sorglose, hoffnungsvolle Zeit, die Siddhartha im reichen Hause seines Vaters verbracht hatte — eine Zeit aber auch, die erfüllt war von den Zweifeln darüber, ob unter dem Dach des Vaterhauses der Weg zur Selbstverwirklichung gefunden werden könnte. Was

Wunder, daß Hesses „Siddhartha“ empfindsame Saiten in der suchenden Generation von heute anrührt! Versetzen wir uns deshalb noch einmal, bevor wir Siddharthas Weg durch die selbstauferlegte Askese begleiten, zurück in die umsorgte Welt seines Vaterhauses, die ihn — allem Umsorgtsein zum Trotz — so aufwühlend mit Unruhe erfüllte. . . . Lange schon übte sich Siddhartha in der Kunst der Betrachtung, im Dienst der Versenkung. Aber Siddhartha hatte begonnen, Unzufriedenheit in sich zu nähren. Er hatte begonnen zu fühlen, daß die Liebe seines Vaters und die Liebe seiner Mutter, und auch die Liebe seines Freundes, Govindas, nicht immer und für alle Zeit ihn beglück-

ten, ihn stillen, ihn sättigen, ihm genügen werde. Er hatte begonnen zu ahnen, daß sein ehrwürdiger Vater und seine anderen Lehrer, daß die weisen Brahmanen ihm von ihrer Weisheit das meiste und beste schon mitgeteilt, daß sie ihre Fülle schon in sein wartendes Gefäß gegossen hätten, und das Gefäß war nicht voll, der Geist war nicht begnügt, die Seele war nicht ruhig, das Herz nicht gestillt. Die Waschungen waren gut, aber sie waren Wasser, sie wuschen nicht Sünde ab, sie heilten nicht Gestesdurst, sie lösten nicht Herzensangst. Vortrefflich waren die Opfer und die Anrufung der Götter — aber war dies alles? Gaben die Opfer Glück? Und wie war das mit den Göttern? Waren nicht

die Götter Gestaltungen, erschaffen wie ich und du, der Zeit untertan, vergänglich? War es also gut, war es ein sinnvolles und höchstes Tun, den Göttern zu opfern? Wem anders zu opfern? Gab es einen anderen Weg, den zu suchen sich lohnte? Ach, und niemand zeigte diesen Weg, niemand wußte ihn, nicht der Vater, nicht die Lehrer und Weisen, nicht die heiligen Opfergesänge! Alles wußten sie, die Brahmanen und ihre heiligen Bücher, alles wußten sie, um alles hatten sie sich gekümmert, und um mehr als alles hatten sie sich gekümmert. Viele ehrwürdige Brahmanen kannte Siddhartha, seinen Vater voran, den Reinen, den Gelehrten, den höchst Ehrwürdigen. Zu be-

wundern war sein stiller, still und edel sein Gehaben, sein Leben, seine feine und adelige Danken wöhnten in seiner Stirn — aber er, der so viel Wasser trank, lebte er denn in Stille, hatte er Frieden? Mußte er immer und immer wieder an heiligen Quellen ein Durstender sein, am Opfer an den Göttern, an der Wiederrede der Brahmanen? Warum mußte er Untadelige, jeden Tag um Reines sich bemühen, ist denn nicht in seinem eigenen Herzen der Quell? Ihn mußte er finden, den Ursprung, den eigenen Ich, ihn zu



man zu eigen haben! Alles andere war Suchen, war Umweg, war Verirrung. So waren Siddharthas Gedanken, dies war sein Durst, dies sein Leiden. . . .

Als Hermann Hesse, knapp dreißigjährig, Indien zum ersten Mal bereiste, war er von der religiösen Durchdringung des täglichen Lebens sehr stark beeindruckt. In dem Tagebuch seiner Reise, „Aus Indien“, das 1913 erschien, vermerkte er: „Schön und nachdenklich war es auch, alle diese Menschen bei ihren religiösen Übungen zu sehen, Hindu, Mohammedaner und Buddhisten. Sie haben alle, vom reichen städtischen Häuserbesitzer bis zum geringsten Kuli und Paria herab, Religion. Ihre Religion ist minderwertig, verdorben, veräußert, verrotten, aber sie ist mächtig und allgegenwärtig wie Sonne und Luft, sie ist Lebensstrom und magische Atmosphäre und sie ist das Einzige, um was wir diese armen und unterworfenen Völker ernstlich beneiden dürfen. Was wir Nordeuropäer in unserer intellektualistischen und individualistischen Kultur nur selten, etwa beim Anhören einer Bachmusik, empfinden dürfen, das selbstvergessene Gefühl der Zugehörigkeit zu einer ideellen Gemeinschaft und des Kräfteschöpfens aus unversieglich magischer Quelle, das hat der Buddhist in der kühlen Vorhalle seines Tempels jeden Tag.“ Davon muß man wissen, davon und von dem tiefen Eindruck, den die Alltagsreligiosität der Inder auf ihn machte. Dann wird die seelische Landschaft, in der sich Siddharthas Zweifel bekämpfen, transparent. Auch über die Generationen hinweg: sind nicht die Auseinandersetzungen um Kirche

Die Waschungen waren gut, aber sie waren nur Wasser, sie wuschen nicht Sünde ab, sie lösten nicht, so fühlte Siddhartha, die Angst.



und Religion, die wir in diesen Tagen in unserer Welt erleben, nicht schon in Siddhartha vorwegempfinden und -beschreiben? Wieder einmal wird der seltsame Reiz Siddharthas auch für uns spürbar ...

„Govinda“, sprach Siddhartha zu seinem Freunde. „Govinda, Lieber, komm mit mir unter den Banyanenbaum, wir wollen der Versenkung pflegen.“ Sie gingen zum Banyanenbaum, sie setzten sich nieder, hier Siddhartha, zwanzig Schritte weiter Govinda. Der Abend war gekommen, Zeit war es, die Waschung der Abendstunde vorzunehmen. Er rief Siddharthas Namen. Siddhartha gab nicht Antwort. Siddhartha saß verunken, seine Augen standen starr auf ein fernes Ziel gerichtet. Einst waren Samanas durch Siddharthas Stadt gezogen, pilgernde Asketen, drei dürre, erloschene Männer, nicht all noch jung, mit staubigen und blutigen Schultern,

nahezu nackt, von der Sonne versengt, von Einsamkeit umgeben, fremd und feind der Welt, Fremdlinge und hagera Schakale im Reich der Menschen. Hinter ihnen her wehte heiß ein Duft von stiller Leidenschaft, von zerstörender Entselbstung. Am Abend, nach der Stunde der Betrachtung, sprach Siddhartha zu Govinda: „Morgen in der Frühe, mein Freund, wird Siddhartha zu den Samanas gehen. Er wird ein Samana werden.“ Govinda erkannte: nun geht Siddhartha seinen Weg, nun beginnt sein Schicksal zu sprossen, und mit seinem das meine. „Oh, Siddhartha“, rief er, „wird das dein Vater dir erlauben?“ Am Abend des nächsten Tages, nach dem Abschied vom Vater, hielten sie die Asketen ein, die dürren Samanas, und boten ihnen Begleitschaft und Gehorsam an. Sie wurden angenommen. Vieles lernte Siddhartha bei



Zuweilen gingen sie zu Zweien durch die Dörfer, um Nahrung für sich und ihre drei Lehrer zu beteln.

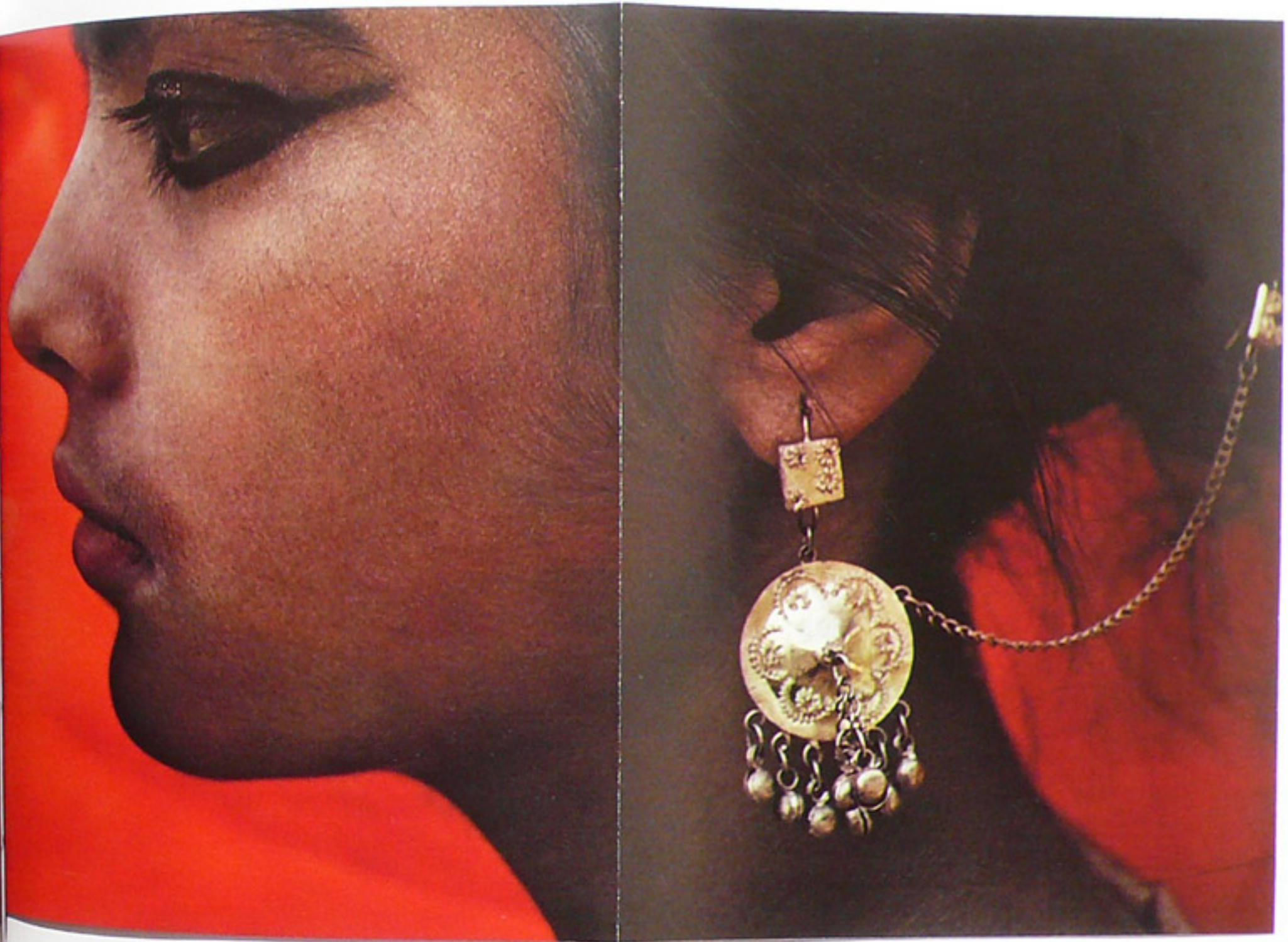
Der Abend war gekommen, Zeit war es, die Waschung der abendlichen Stunde vorzunehmen. Govinda rief Siddharthas Namen.

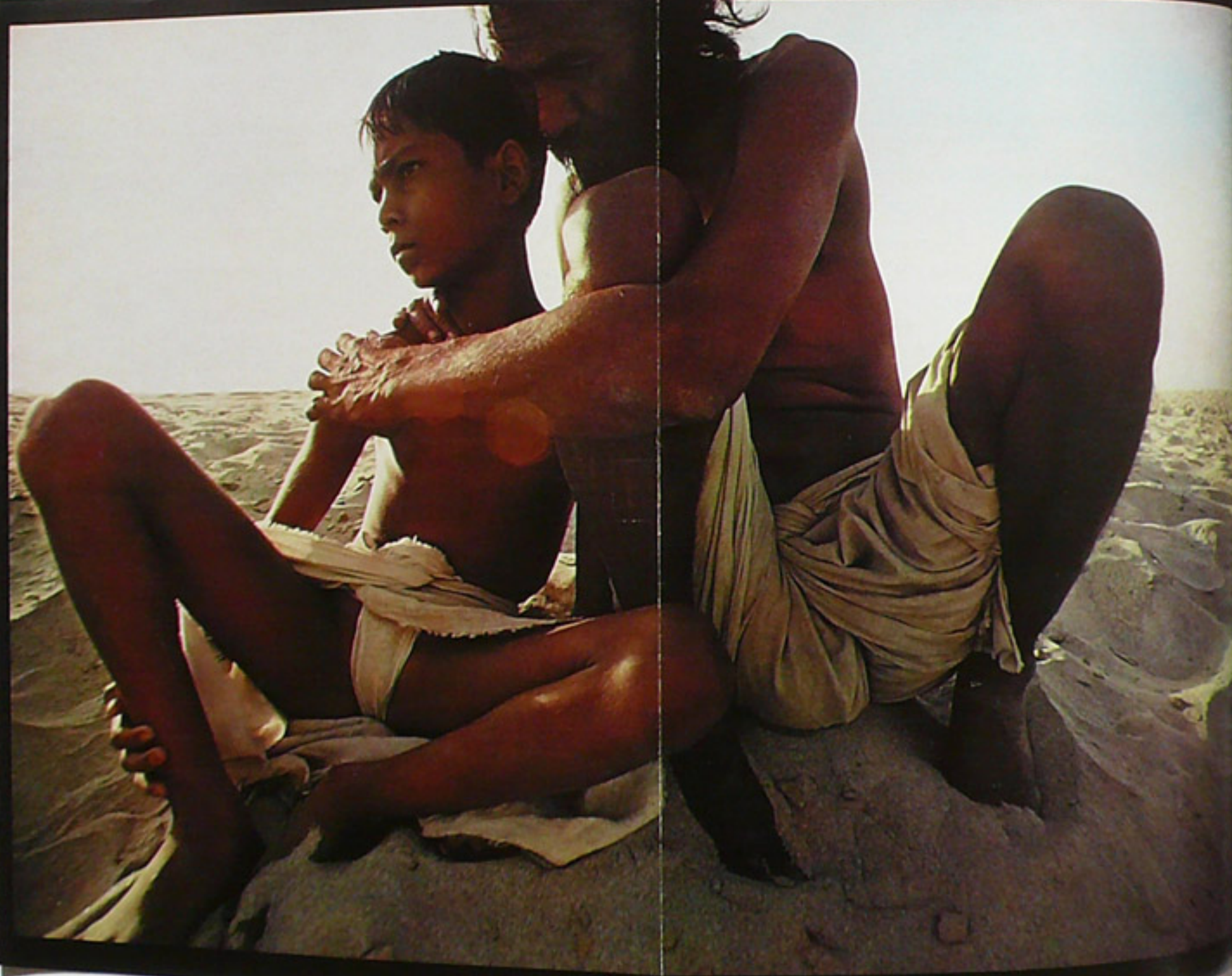


**Südhartas Licht**

„Vor der Stadt, bei einem schön umzäunten Hause, begegnete Südharta, dem Wunderraden, ein kleiner Trupp von Dienern und Dienerinnen. Inmitten in einer geschmückten Sänfte, von Vätern getragen, sah eine Frau, die Herrin, Südharta sah, wie schön sie war. Tief verneigte er sich und sich wieder aufrichtend, blickte er in das helle, holde Gesicht, atmete einen Hauch von Duft, den er nicht kannte. Lächelnd nickte die Frau einen Augenblick ... Die Zweifel hatten Südharta vom bisherigen Weg abgehen lassen: das ungewisse Versprechen im Blick der schönen Frau wies ihn den neuen Weg. Kamala, die reiche Kartisane, die Priesterin der sinnlichen Liebe, soll ihm nun Freundin und Lehrerin sein ... Er suchte der schönen Kamala Haus. Geld hat er nicht, aber sie belohnt ihn für ein Gelächern ... Sie zog ihn mit

den Augen in den Tempel und ließ ihn auf dem Boden liegen, wie ein Kind. Südharta sah, wie sie ihn liebte, wie sie ihn zurückwies, und wie sie ihm diesen neuen Weg zeigte. Ruhe von Kamala stand, jeder in seinem Versteck. Südharta erstand in dem Augenblick, in dem das Kind erstand über die Fäden. Wissen und das Lernen, die sich vor seinen Augen erhellten. So erhellte die Buch von Südharta mit dem Licht und der Liebe begann und er führte. Wie er das, was er ge-  
hört hatte ...“





O Traum vom Lebensziel: „Leer werden, leer von Dürst, leer von Wunsch, leer von Traum, leer von Freud und Leid. Von sich selbst weg-schieben, nicht mehr Ich sein, ent-leerten Herzens Ruhe zu finden, in unerbittlichem Denken dem Kunder alles stehen...“ (Hermann Hesse, Siddhartha, Frankfurt 1967, Seite 19.)

O Traum vom Traum der Bürde-losigkeit und Freiheit, auf halbem Traum vor Jahr-zehn in Tessin, nach Indien ge-plant — jetzt kehrt er heim. „Ihr! Aus Amerika! Müdes Lump, früher sendete es die Signale modischer Geistigkeit in die Welt hinaus. Jetzt geht um Uhr um Jahre nach. Was es morgen denken, fühlen und bringt ihm die Überset-zer ins bedächtige Haus. Mor-ge schon kommen die herz-lichen Grüße von Hermann Hesse aus New York, aus Bever-ly Hills, aus der Hippieprovinz High-Aubury in der Bundes-republik an! Das alles hätten Sie sich denken aus Frankfurt haben können.“

O Traum Siddharthas, der „im seltsamen Sonnenbrand, glühend vor Schmerz, glühend vor Dürst stand, bis er nicht Schmerz und Dürst mehr fühlte“ (Hesse, Siddhartha, Frankfurt 1967, Seite 19); o LSD-Traum des Steppenwolfs („Genüßreicher Schmand, du läßt dich kap-ten“; H. Hesse, Der Steppen-wolf, dtv, Seite 159) — ihr habt Generationen flüchtender, nachlässiger junger Menschen geführt, nicht über ihre Wirk-

lichkeit nachzudenken, als sie sich mit Hitler transformierten in Mord und Krieg; und ihr werdet eine neue Generation ver-führen.

O Traum vom hohen geheimnis-vollen Sinn alles Lebens, bei kö-keletem Gartenfeuer im Tessin ausgedacht von diesem bis ge-steren so unbeschreiblich toten Dichter Hermann Hesse — der meine wartst du nie ganz. Aber einmal war ich ihm nahe, dem Traum, dem Dichter, am Ort seines Träumens, im Tessin, in Montagnola. Wenn ich aus einem der kreisrunden Fenster schaute, die mit ihrem unteren Rand fast den roten Ziegelboden des Mansardenraumes berühr-ten, fiel mein Blick hinunter auf einen verwilderten Garten, klein und eng, zwischen Mauern ge-zwängt, einem Steilhang in Ter-rassen abgewonnen.

In der Mitte des Raumes stand ein sehr großes, sehr wackeliges Bett aus Eisen. Dort liebten wir uns, S. und ich. Durch die runden Fenster sahen wir unten die Lichterketten der Budai von Lugano, die sich empor-schwin-gend in den Lampenreihen fort-setzten längs der Bergbahntra-sen auf den uns nahen Monte Salvatore, den uns ferneren Monte Brè. Und es war die letzte und höchste Lampe, vielleicht schon der erste, am niedrigsten stehende Stern.

Kerzenlicht und Mondlicht. Ich las S. aus „Klingsors Zauber-garten“ vor, und die Blüme, die Blumen, die modrigen Laub-höhlen, die Jasminblüte, die Schnecken, die auf feuchtem

Tuffstein glänzende Spurbänder zogen, das tropfende Wasser unter den Zypressen: das war das Urbild von Hesses Zauber-garten.

Und nun war es auch der unsere doppelt: der Garten in seiner Wirklichkeit und der Garten im Buch. Der wirkliche gehörte zu Montagnolas seltsamsten, schönsten, seit einem Jahrhun-dert vor sich hinräumenden, Träume gebärenden Haus, der Casa Camuzi. Da wohnte Hesse, da wohnte, malte und starb Purrmann. Und da wohnten wir ein paar Wochen lang in der weitläufigen Mamaerde und be-nützten den Ort, den Dichter, seine Welt, seine Bücher als Aphrodisiaka. Er saß damals schon in seinem neuen Garten mit Pinsel und Block unter einem immer verwegene schief stehenden Schirm; ich versuchte auf der Turmplattform der Ca-sa das zu malen. Dann las sie vor:

„Ja“, gab ich zu, „es ist mir seit Jahren nicht so gut gegangen. Das kommt alles von dir, Her-mine.“

„Oh, nicht von deiner schönen Maria?“

„Nein. Auch die hast du mir geschenkt. Sie ist wunderbar.“ „Sie ist die Geliebte, die du brauchst, Steppenwolf. Hübsch, jung, guter Laune, in der Liebe sehr klug und nicht jeden Tag zu haben. Wenn du sie nicht mehr mit anderen teilen müßtest, wenn sie bei dir nicht immer bloß ein flüchtiger Gast wäre, ginge es nicht so gut.“ Ja, auch das mußte ich zugeben.“

## MUSS MAN HERMANN HESSE LEBEN?

Über drei Folgen hat twen nun das Leben des Brahmanen-Sohnes Siddhartha, so wie es der deutsche Dichter und Nobelpreisträger Hermann Hesse in seinem Roman schilderte, in Farben aufgeblättert. Die plötzliche Liebe zu Hermann Hesse, die in Amerika aufgeflammt ist und sich in Buchauf-

lagen äußert, die in die Hunderttausende gehen, und die ihre Wellen zurück zu uns schlägt, kann nicht bestritten werden. Streiten jedoch kann man darüber, ob Hesses Dichtung nun wirklich so

(H. H., Steppenwolf, S. 124). S. war „Hermine“, und meine „schöne Maria“ war in Mün-dchen, nicht immer zu haben, und deshalb einverstanden, daß wir nach Montagnola gefahren wa-ren. Die Parallelen waren gege-ben. Wir tauchten durch bla-farbene Tage und schwarzblaue Sternnächte immer tiefer in die Hesse'sche Pappwelt ein, stellten uns in sein bengalisches Licht, möblierten unsere Phantasie mit seinen Panoptikumfiguren, den Brahmanen dort, den Rökter Harry Haller hier, den Steppenwolf.

Wir lachten dabei über uns, wa-ren voll der Ironie und tanzten gleichsam auf einem doppelten Boden unseres Bewußtseins über Hesses schreckliche Ernsthaftig-keit hinweg. Wir trieben Mil-brauch und Schabernack mit ihm und liebten uns. Bis eines Tages das kleine Mädchen der Posthalterin kam und mich von der Terrasse weg ans öffentliche Telefon rief, wo ich „Marias“ Stimme hörte und sie mir sagte, Hitler habe gestern seine erste Gewalttätigkeit gegen jüdische Ärzte und Anwälte durchge-führt. Sie verließ das Land. „Maria“ war Jüdin.

Da fiel Siddharthas Hüfte krachend in sich zusammen, und 24 Stunden später waren wir wie-der in München. Es war der Frühling des Jahres 1933. Der Dichter und Seher von Montagnola saß noch 30 Jahre auf seinem Tessiner Hügel. Und jetzt, was für ein Spaß, hat Ame-rika den Mann aus Montagnola (Lesen Sie weiter auf Seite 154)

verehrungswürdig ist. Der Schriftsteller und Journalist Alexander Parlach kennt die Welt, in der Hermann Hesse lebte und dichte-te, aus eigener Betrachtung: Als junger Mann wohnte er einmal einen Sommer lang in Hermann Hesses früherem Haus in Montagnola.

# LIFE

## ON THE MOON

Footprints and photographs  
by Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin



AUGUST 8 • 1969 • 40¢



## Down to the moon...

As Armstrong, sealed inside his spacesuit, clambered down the ladder from the LM's "porch" into the black shadow cast by the module on the moon's surface (left be-

low), Aldrin recorded the historic descent. Once down, Armstrong tugged (second from left) on the lunar equipment collector—a lanyard that would lower a camera to

him. The same lanyard later lifted rock samples back into the module. In the two pictures at right, Armstrong moves away from the module to receive the camera

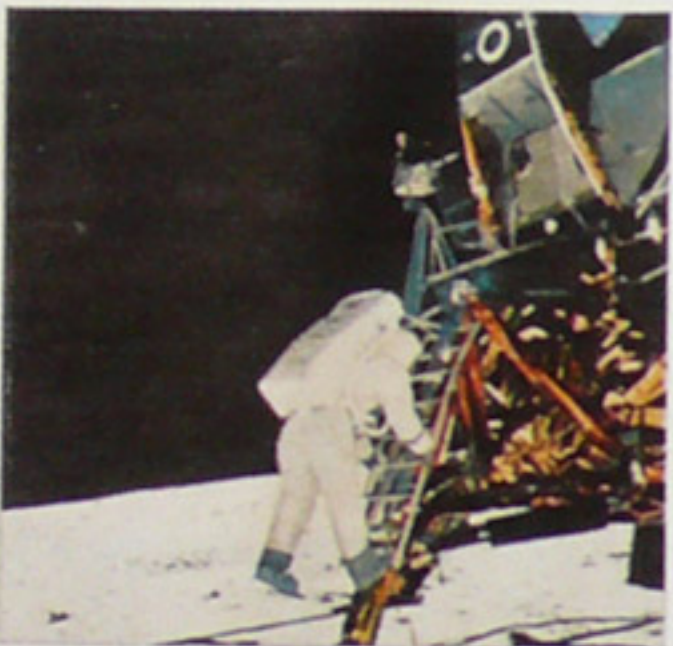
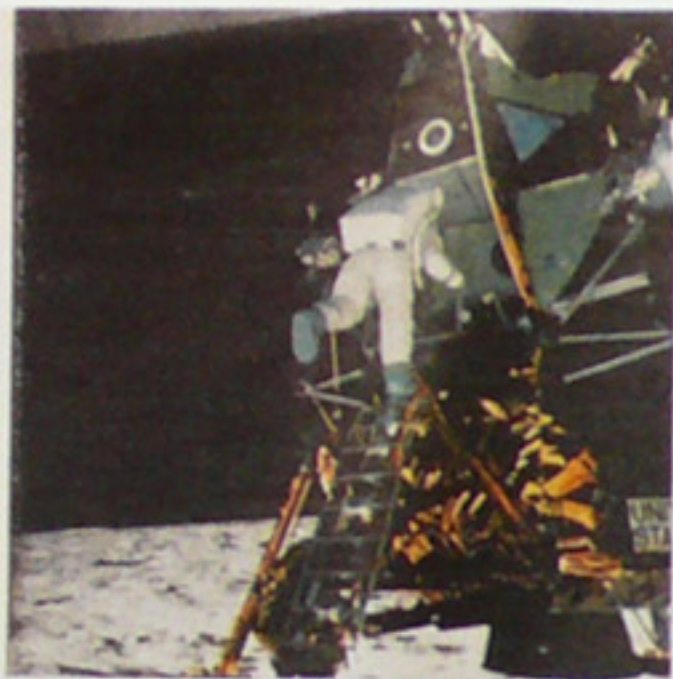
"We're go!" Neil Armstrong said. "Hang tight, we're go!" and the lunar module *Eagle* skidded down to the moon's surface at about 2 mph (far left). These pictures,

made by Buzz Aldrin with a 16-mm movie camera, show the window frame of the LM at left, a shadow of a strut of the module, and a crater in which Armstrong had to avoid

by using manual controls. As the LM came to (far picture), its engine stirred up dust, and a landing probe touched down to track its own shadow on the moon.

## ...and the giant step





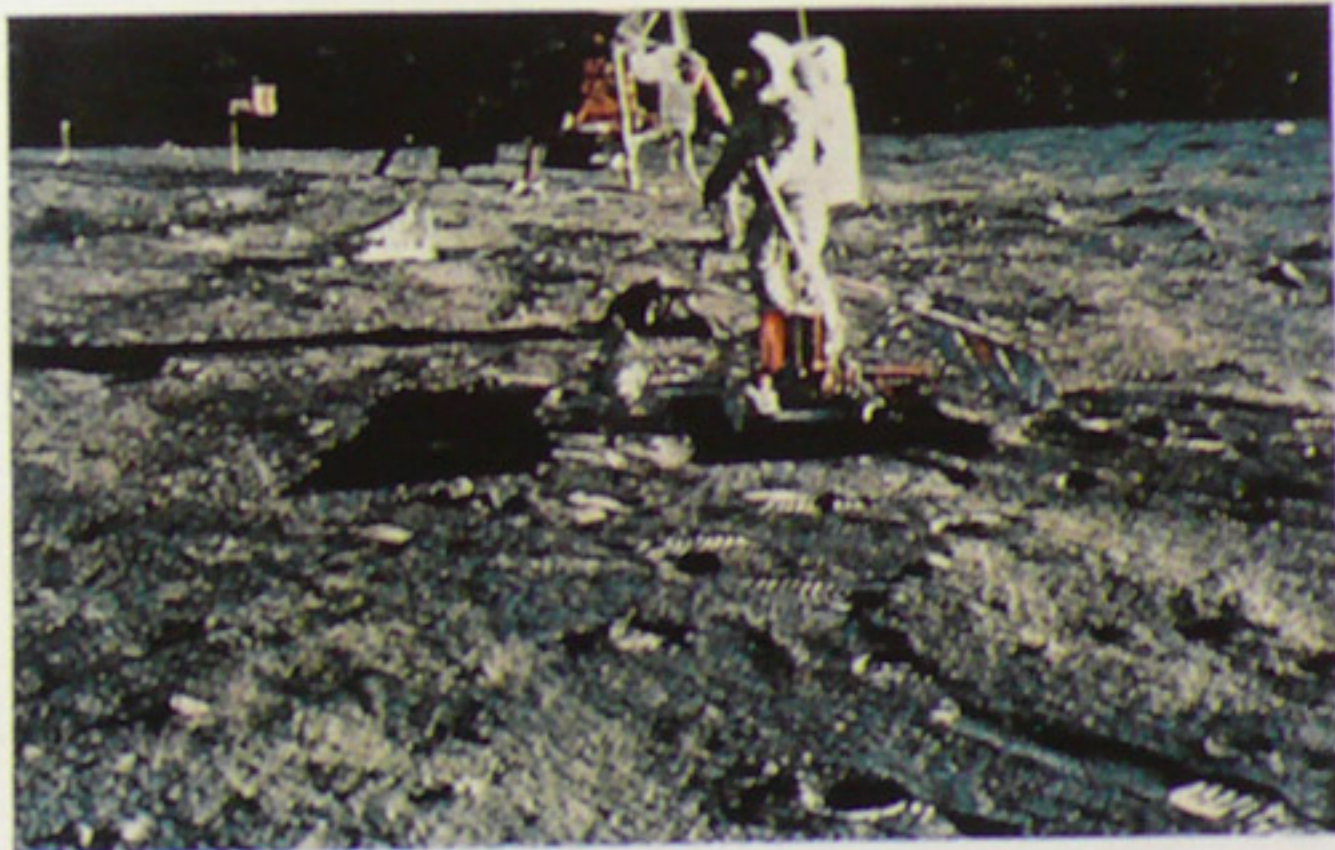
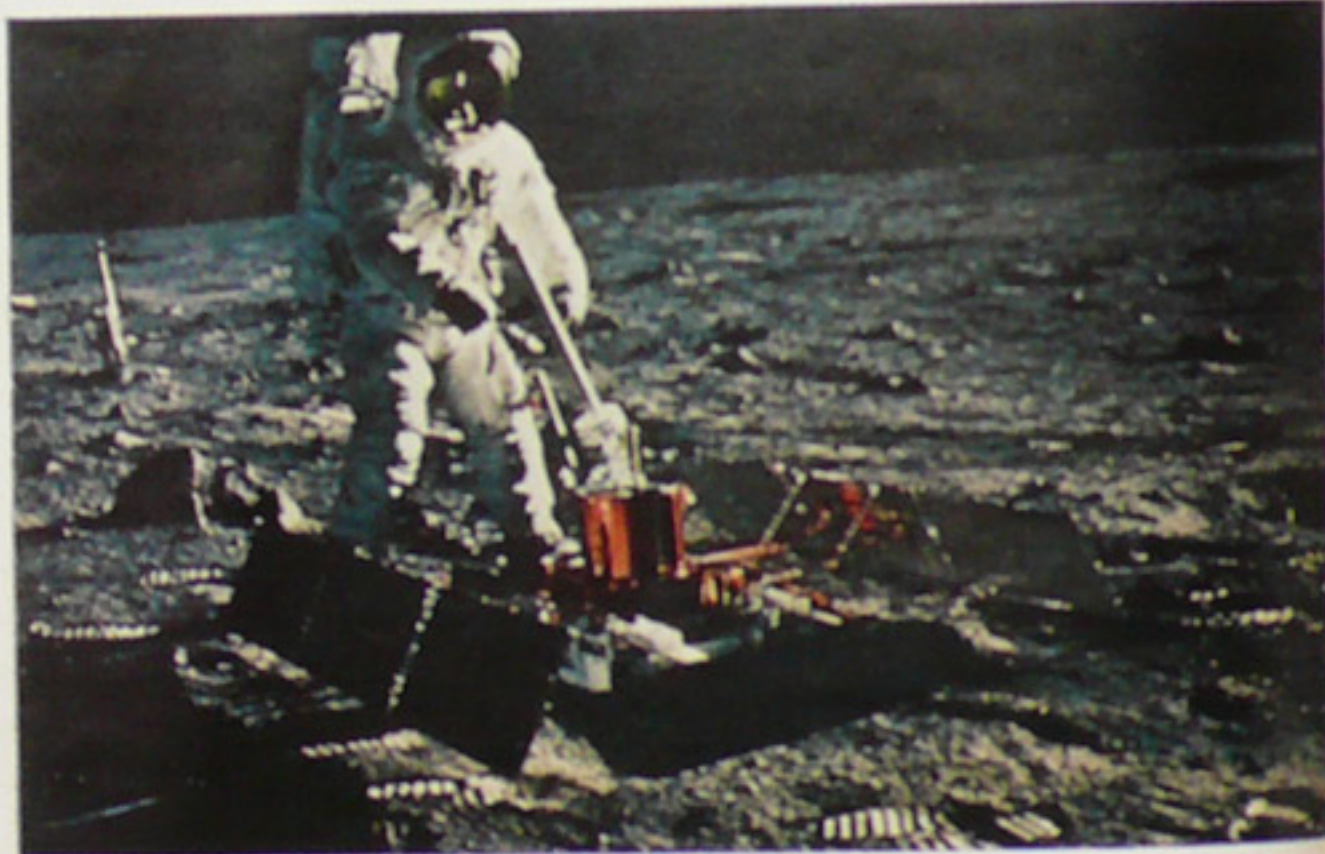
**A cautious descent, a bold imprint**

Nineteen minutes after Armstrong's first step, Aldrin inched his way down the ladder. Once on the lunar surface he looked around him and said, "Beautiful, beauti-

ful," and a moment later he added, "magnificent desolation." At the beginning of their moonwalk the men moved cautiously, but they soon found the crust solid.

Then, weighing only a sixth of what they had weighed back on earth, they gambled like two young colts and their boots left rippled prints where none had been before.





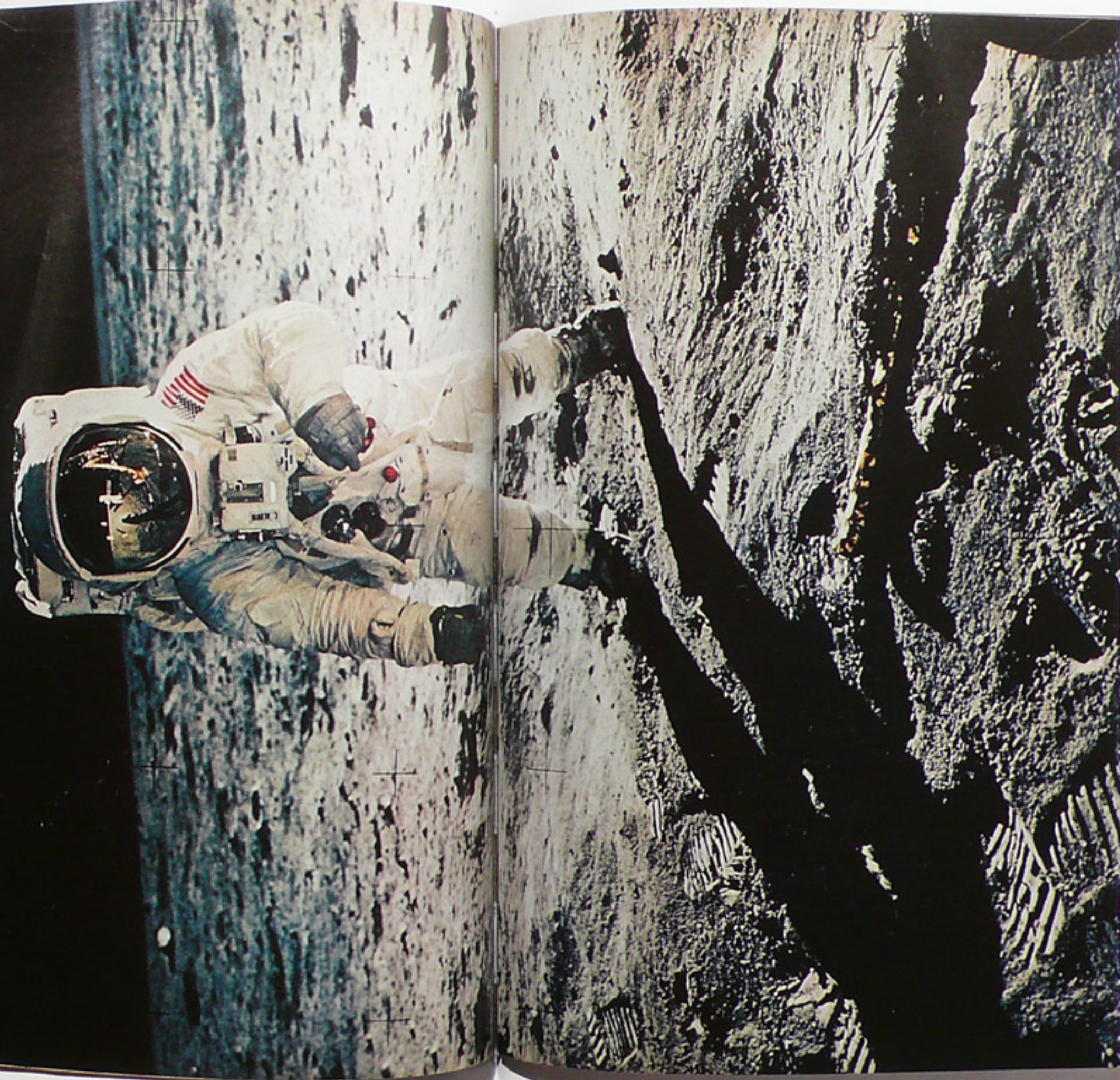
### Trapping sunbeams and moonquakes

With precision Aldrin deploys Apollo 11's simple but elegant lunar scientific experiments. At upper left, he plants a solar wind collector, which will provide new

information about the sun's composition. During an exposure of one hour and 17 minutes, this metal screen captured 10 trillion solar winds at supersonic speeds

from the sun. Then Aldrin carefully sets up the seismic experiment (upper right and lower left). Still performing splendidly, it has recorded numerous small tremors

believed to be caused by landfills in nearby craters—and a moonquake. At lower right, arrayed behind Aldrin are the laser reflector, the flag and television camera.



## A golden mirror for a moonscape

As Aldrin stands astride the moon, his gold-tinted visor reflects the entire compass of man's first visit: scientific equipment, the flag, fellow-astronaut Armstrong and the

*Eagle*. The astronauts walked on the moon for two hours and 20 minutes. Then, after a rest, they headed for the rendezvous with *Columbia* and the long ride home.

Exclusive pictures, eyewitness accounts

# The Massacre at Mylai



Sprinting for cover, men of Company C left the helicopters that ferried them in for the assault on Mylai

The action at Mylai received only a passing mention at the weekly Saigon briefing in March of 1968. Elements of the Americal Division had made contact with the enemy near Quangnai city and had killed 128 Vietcong. There were a few rumors of civilian deaths, but when the Army looked into them—a month after the incident—it found nothing to warrant disciplinary measures. The matter might have ended there except for a former GI, Ron Ridenhour, now a California college student. After hearing about Mylai from former comrades, he wrote letters to congressmen warning that “something rather dark and bloody” had taken place. Now an officer has been charged with murder of “an unknown number of Oriental human beings” at Mylai, and 24 other men of Company C, First Battalion, 20th Infantry are under investigation. Congressmen are demanding to know what happened at Mylai, who ordered

it, and whether or not U.S. troops have committed similar acts in Vietnam.

Because of impending courts-martial, the Army will say little. The South Vietnamese government, which has conducted its own investigation, states that Mylai was “an act of war” and that any talk of atrocities is just Vietcong propaganda. This is not true. The pictures shown here by Ronald Haebler, an Army photographer who covered the massacre, and the interviews on the following pages confirm a story of indisputable horror—the deliberate slaughter of old men, women, children and babies. These eyewitness accounts, by the men of Company C and surviving villagers, indicate that the American troops encountered little if any hostile fire, found virtually no enemy soldiers in the village and suffered only one casualty, apparently a self-inflicted wound. The people of Mylai were simply gunned down.

Photographed by RONALD L. HAEBERLE

“Guys were about to shoot these people,” Photographer Ron Haebler remembers. “I yelled, ‘Hold it,’ and shot my picture. As I walked away, I heard M16s open up. From the corner of my eye I saw bodies falling, but I didn’t turn to look.”



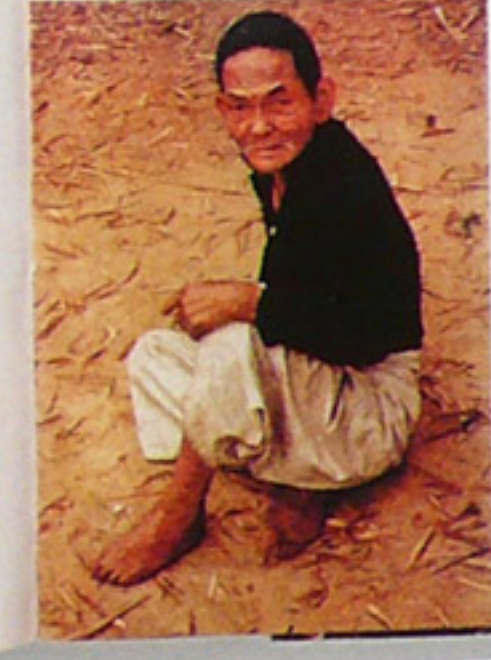


Haerberle found the bodies above on a road leading from the village. "Most were women and babies. It looked as if they tried to get away."

"When these two boys were shot at," says Haerberle, "the older one fell on the little one, as if to protect him. Then the guys finished them off."



"This man was old and trembling so that he could hardly walk. He looked like he wanted to cry. When I left him I heard two rifle shots."



## 'The order was to destroy Mylai and everything in it'

These photographs and the first detailed eyewitness account of Mylai were brought to light by Joseph Eszterhas, a reporter for the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. He helped prepare the following article, based on his own interviews with Photographer Ron Haerberle and reports from *LIFE* Correspondents Dale Witter, John Saiz, Tom Flaherty and Reg Bragonier and Stringers Kent Demaret and Jane Estes.

On the day before their mission the men of Company C met for a briefing after supper. The company commander, Captain Ernest Medina, read the official prepared orders for the assault against Mylai and spoke for about 45 minutes, mostly about the procedures of movement. At least two other companies would also participate. They, like Company C, were elements of Task Force Barker, named for its commander, Lt. Colonel Frank Barker, who was to die in action three months later. But only Company C would actually enter the cluster of huts known as Mylai 4.

"Captain Medina told us that this village was heavily fortified," recalls one of his squad leaders, Sgt. Charles West. "He said it was considered extremely dangerous and he wanted us to be on our toes at all times. He told us there was supposed to be a part of the 90th NVA Regiment and the 4th VC Battalion there. From the intelligence that higher levels had received, he said, this village consisted only of North Vietnamese army, Vietcong, and VC families. He said the order was to destroy Mylai and everything in it."

Captain Medina was a stocky, crew-cut, hard-nosed disciplinarian whom his men called "Mad Dog Medina." Men respected him to Charles West he was one of "the best officers I've known." Most of them had served under Medina since the company had formed the previous year in Hawaii as C Company, First Battalion, 20th Infantry, 11th Light Infantry Brigade.

"As far as I'm concerned, Charlie Company was the best company to ever serve in Vietnam," says West. "Charlie Company was a company, not just a hundred and some men they call a company. We operated together or not at all. We cared about each and every individual and each and every individual's problems. This is the way that we were taught by Captain Medina to feel toward each other. We were like brothers."

Mylai 4 was one of nine hamlets, each designated by a number, which were clustered near the village of Songmy, a name sometimes used also for the hamlets. The men of Company C called the area "Pinkville" because it was colored rose on their military maps and because these fertile coastal plains long had been known as Vietcong territory. Pinkville was only seven miles northeast of the provincial capital of Quangbai, where, during the Tet offensive only a month before, Vietcong and North Vietnamese troops had boldly occupied portions of the city. Soon Company C would use the name Pinkville not only for the entire area but for the single hamlet Mylai 4.

Company C had seen its first real combat in

the previous weeks, all of it around Pinkville. A couple of weeks before, sniper fire from across the river had killed one man. His buddies believed the fire had come from Mylai 4. Two weeks before, enemy land mines had killed five men and wounded 22. Several days before, in a hamlet near Mylai 4, a booby trap made from an unexploded artillery shell had killed one of the GIs' favorite squad leaders, Sgt. George Cox.

"I was his assistant squad leader," recalls Charles West. "On the way back to camp I was crying. Everybody was deeply hurt, right up to Captain Medina. Guys were going around kicking sandbags and saying, 'Those dirty dogs, those dirty bastards.'"

At the briefing, says West, "Captain Medina told us we might get a chance to revenge the deaths of our fellow GIs." Afterward the men held a memorial service for George Cox, but the ritual of mourning was more like a pep rally for the forthcoming action.

"Captain Medina didn't give an order to go in and kill women or children," says West. "Nobody told us about handling civilians, because at the time I don't think any of us were aware of the fact that we'd run into civilians. I think what we heard put fear into a lot of our hearts. We thought we'd run into heavy resistance. He was telling us that here was the enemy, the enemy that had been killing our partners. This was going to be our first real live battle, and we had made up our minds we were going to go in and with whatever means possible wipe them out."

Shortly after sunrise on March 16, 1968, a bright, clear, warm day, the helicopters began lifting approximately 80 men of Company C from the base camp at Landing Zone Dottie and delivering them 11 kilometers away in the paddies west of Mylai 4.

Army Photographer Sgt. Ron Haerberle and SPS Jay Roberts, both of the 31st Public Information Detachment, came in on the second helicopter lift. Haerberle, who had been drafted out of college, had only a week left on his tour in Vietnam. Neither man had seen much action. They had volunteered for this operation because the word was out that it would be "a hot one." The squad the two were assigned to was getting its orders by walkie-talkie from Captain Medina. Haerberle was carrying three cameras—one for the Army, two of his own. (He turned in his black-and-white film to the Army. The Army took no action at that time but apparently intends to use the film as evidence in the court-martial proceedings.) Roberts, a college student who had volunteered for the draft, took pad and pencil. Their

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## 'You don't call

mission was to prepare news releases and a report for the brigade newspaper.

"We landed about 9 or 9:30 in a field of elephant grass," says Varnado Simpson, then a 19-year-old assistant platoon leader from Jackson, Miss. Gunships had prepped the area with Miniguns and grenade launchers. It was clear and very warm and it got warmer. "Our landing zone was the outskirts of town, on the left flank. There were about 25 of us and we went directly into the village. There wasn't any enemy fire. We'd come up on a hooch, we'd search it to see if there was someone in it. If there was no one in it, we'd burn it down. We found people in some, and we took some back to the intelligence people for questioning. Some ran, we tried to tell them not to run. There were about 15. Some stopped. About five or six were killed."

Haerberle and Roberts moved through the rice fields toward a hill in back of the village area. Haerberle was with 10 or 15 GIs when he saw a cow and heard shots at the same time. The shooting was straight ahead. A GI shot a cow and then others kept pumping bullets into the cow until the cow finally fell.

"Off to the right," says Haerberle, "a wom-

Haerberle remembers that the body in front of a burning house (above) kept twitching and that one GI commented, "He's got ghosts in him."

Interested on destroying everything that might be of use to the Vietcong, a soldier (below) stokes a fire with the baskets used to dry rice and roots.



## them civilians—to us they were VC'

an's firm, a head, appeared from some brush. All the other GIs started firing at her, aiming at her, firing at her over and over again. She had slumped over into one of those things that stick out of the rice paddies so that her head was a propped-up target. There was no attempt to question her or anything. They just kept shooting at her. You could see the bones flying in the air chip by chip. Jay and I, we just shook our heads."

"There were a whole lot of Vietnamese people that I especially liked," recalls Sgt. Charles West of his year in Vietnam. "Most of them were at this orphanage I used to visit frequently after I came off field duty. I'd go down there and the people would try to teach me more of the Vietnamese language and they would explain a lot of customs that I wanted to know something about."

Charles West led his squad of 13 men through the rice paddies and heard the sound of gunfire. They were coming down a sharply winding trail and were keeping a close watch for booby traps. They turned a curve in the trail and there, 25 feet ahead of them, were six Vietnamese, some with baskets, coming toward them. "These people were running into us," he says, "away from us, running every

which way. It's hard to distinguish a man from a papa-san when everybody has on black pajamas." He and his squad opened fire with their M16s. Then he and his men kept going down the road toward the sound of the gunfire in the village.

"I had said in my heart already," says West, "and I said in my mind that I would not let Vietnam beat me. I had two accomplishments to make. The first was to serve my government and to accomplish my mission while I was in Vietnam. My second accomplishment was to get back home."

"There was a little boy walking toward us in a daze," says Haerberle. "He'd been shot in the arm and leg. He wasn't crying or making any noise." Haerberle knelt down to photograph the boy. A GI knelt down next to him. "The GI fired three shots into the child. The first shot knocked him back, the second shot lifted him into the air. The third shot put him down and the body fluids came out. The GI just simply got up and walked away. It was a stroboscopic effect. We were so close to him it was blurred."

"The people who ordered it probably didn't think it would look so bad," says Sgt. Michael

A. Bernhardt, who asserts he refused to take part in the killings.

As he entered the village, Bernhardt recalls, a plane was circling above, warning the people in Vietnamese to leave. "Leaflets were dropped ahead of time, but that doesn't work with the Vietnamese people. They have very few possessions. The village we went into was a permanent-type village. It had hard walls, tile roofs, hard floors and furniture. The people really had no place to go. The village is about all they have. So they stay and take whatever comes."

"It was point-blank murder. Only a few of us refused. I just told them the hell with this. I'm not doing it. I didn't think this was a lawful order."

"To us they were no civilians," says Varnado Simpson. "They were VC sympathizers. You don't call them civilians. To us they were VC. They showed no ways or means that they wasn't. You don't have any alternatives. You got to do something. If they were VC and got away, then they could turn around and kill you. You're risking your life doing that work. And if someone kills you, those people

CONTINUED

"This man and two little boys popped up from nowhere," says Haerberle. "The GIs I was with opened up, then moved in close to finish them."





In Tabriz, a Moslem cleric (turban, right) leads his fellow Azerbaijanis in a mourning chant for one of the fallen members of their ethnic minority, killed in a clash with Khomeini supporters. In the shrine city of Qum, a display of souvenir plates (right) honors Islamic leaders.



Stragglers on a quiet street in Tabriz ignore a wall daubed with political slogans. Behind them loom girders of a building left unfinished, for either political or economic reason.



## A Vision of Iran

Chanting mourners, guns and chickens, addicts huddled in gutters — a jarring array of images was caught by the photojournalist Gilles Peress on a recent visit to Iran. His kaleidoscopic scenes evoke the strained and fragmented quality he felt as he moved through city and countryside. Though he encountered some difficulties in photographing certain aspects of life in revolutionary Iran, Peress was able to move about relatively freely both in the capital and in the far-flung dissident regions of Azerbaijan and Kurdistan. While raucous rallies continued to echo in the cities, Peress found that most Iranians went about their lives as usual, shopping along avenues where revolutionary mobs had milled, idling in teahouses, even visiting amusement parks — momentarily escaping the tension and uncertainties of a nation trying to find its way.



Heroin-smoking addicts huddle along a sidewalk in Teheran. Although the widespread use of opium and hashish has long been tolerated, Khomeini recently declared all narcotics to be antirevolutionary.



In Teheran, the woman in a traditional chador, the youth in Western dress, return from marketing with an unplucked chicken along a street in the poorer section of the capital city.



Against a photographic backdrop of alleged victims of the Shah's regime, two agents of Savak, the former dread secret-police force, uneasily face a press conference in Teheran's Evin prison.



In a reception room in Tabriz, anxious Islamic clergymen who support the Ayatollah Kazem Shariat-Madari present their grievances to a turbaned envoy (front) of the Khomeini regime.



Veiled women, segregated from their menfolk, attend a pro-Khomeini news modern sports stadium in Tabriz. An armed revolutionary guard (right) provides security in the city, which has frequently erupted in violence against the national government.



# EN POLOGNE CLASSE CONTRE CLASSE

REPORTAGE D'ALAIN BIZOS

Yann travaille à WPT, une petite boîte de transports de Gdynia, sur la Baltique. Ses camarades l'ont chargé de les représenter aux négociations entre les grévistes et les hommes du pouvoir. Trente ans, ancien docker, Yann se débrouille en anglais. Lors des émeutes de 1970, il était bidasse. Il n'a rien vu. Il rêvait de rattraper ça.



1. Gdansk la rebelle a le vieux charme d'Amsterdam. Les Nazis l'avaient pourtant rasée. Mais les Polonais sont dignes de leur passé. Ils ont tout reconstruit.



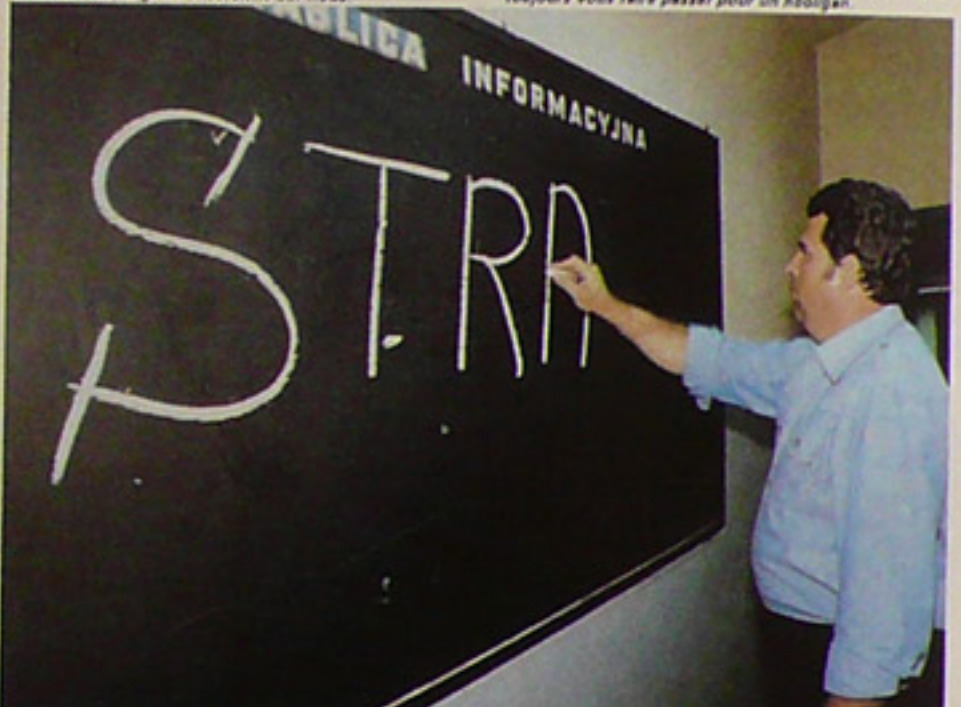
2. Yann, mon nouvel ami, m'amène à Gdynia. Son usine, la WPT, fait tourner de gros camions pour le compte de l'Etat. Sibi! rentrés, la grille se referme sur nous.



3. Ils se rappellent l'erreur des révoltés de 1970 qui étaient sortis des usines pour manifester. Dans la rue la police peut toujours vous faire passer pour un hooligan.



4. Yann me présente Christina, qui pose devant son ponton. Yann voulait aussi me représenter sa petite fille et sa femme, mais celle-ci a eu peur pour son poste de prof.



5. En polonais, grève se dit Strak. Les cent cinquante salariés de la WPT l'ont voté hier lundi 18 août à l'unanimité. Voilà une semaine que tout a démarré aux chantiers navals de Gdansk, à vingt heures d'ici. Les camionneurs de la WPT ont les mêmes revendications: plus de fric, moins d'heures supplémentaires, des syndicats libres pour défendre les nouveaux acquis.



6. Avec deux autres copains, Yann vient d'être élu délégué de la WPT: tous les trois vont se rendre à Gdansk auprès du MES de Lech Wałęsa, aux Chantiers Lénine.



7. Les délégués partis, on attend. A gauche, voici Marian, le directeur. Il ne peut pas faire grève, il est membre du Parti. Mais les salariés l'aiment bien et jouent au bridge avec lui.



8. Chacun tue le temps comme il peut. On est là vingt-quatre heures sur vingt-quatre. Un seul inconvénient, si l'on fait du sport: une seule douche. Mais attendez de voir laquelle.



9. Ce breuvage n'est pas du vin, mais du jus de framboise. Dès le début de leur mouvement, les grévistes ont bloqué toute vente de vodka et de bière dans la région.



10. Les vins de Bohême sont détournés vers le Russie, comme la viande. Il paraît que le pâté de porc de ces tartines est tiré des parties réservées aux Polonais: oreilles et pattes.



11. Le nuit tombe. Déjà quarante-huit heures que dure le suspense. Certains s'écroulent, d'autres jouent au poker. A tour de rôle, on monte la garde. Attention aux provocateurs.



31. Je n'ai pas retrouvé mon souffle que déjà Yan m'entraîne vers le Gesù, où une cérémonie d'un autre gabarit vient de commencer. Là, c'est l'évêque qui officie.



32. Vous avez haussé le sourcil en les voyant à la tête ? Sur place vous en pensez tombés par terre, des milliers de couples au total, des milliers de prières dans une pénitence parfaite.



33. Un photographe m'a raconté ses dernières missions : le pèlerinage de la Vierge noire, la préparation de Pâques dans un village, des photos de croix, de croix, de croix.



34. Sans commentaire.



35. Et soudain, ce dimanche 31 août, victoire totale ! Ces gauchistes paillard et cathos viennent de remporter un succès qu'aucun gauchiste occidental n'osait espérer.



36. Yan reste à 600 jours mensuels. Mais le voilà délogué et en dispute avec Edziew. Désormais, ils auront trois heures par mois pour s'occuper de leur syndicat libre.



37. Les jours passent. La vie normale reprend. Pour un temps, c'est pire qu'avant : la grève a aggravé des pénuries déjà chroniques. Les queues recommencent.



37. Les ouvriers de la WPT achevèrent un long pique-nique dans le cour. Il fait un temps magnifique. En pleine après-midi, le miracle s'est donc produit : le gouvernement a accepté les 27 propositions des grévistes. Les prières ont atteint leur but ! A la WPT, tous les bas salaires sont relevés de 300 zlotis, et le principe du syndicat libre enfin légalisé.



38. Alors, tous les espoirs se focalisent sur les syndicats libres. La « nouvelle centrale », le MKS de Lech Valessa, s'installe dans les locaux d'un vieux hôtel.



39. Des milliers de gens viennent chercher leurs nouvelles cartes de syndicalistes. Yan fait partie des premiers. Il me présente un type qui s'est amené avec dix mille signatures.



41. Un roman de science-fiction : sans bouger, la réception de l'hôtel Marski devient la réception du MKS. L'affluence va doubler, il leur change des pallastons.



42. Le tableau des CMs non plus ne bouge pas. Les nouveaux Polonais détournent les décors sans les toucher. Derrière ces CMs, les bureaux des nouveaux permanents.



43. Celui de Valessa ne trahit pas mes espoirs : un télé-  
phone, une radio, une lampe, un tableau et rien d'autre. Tiens, il manque quand même quelque chose.



44. Mais oui, bien sûr, le crucifix. Je me demande si la CFDT ne devrait pas y réfléchir. Valessa est en train de raconter sa visite au cardinal Winchinski, le prêtre de Pologne, à la tén française qu'on a vue arriver dix jours après les autres. Elle essaye de rattraper le temps perdu.



45. Yan a le tête remplie de projets. Mais il aimerait aller en Angleterre ou en Australie. Il m'emmène à l'inauguration de la salle du MKS. C'est le premier meeting libre de sa vie.



46. Poussant son truc jusqu'aux dernières extrémités, Valessa accroche un crucifix — un de plus — au-dessus de l'estrade. On remplace les faucilles et les marteaux.



47. Le grand leader parle encore une fois. Il explique comment remplir son bulletin d'inscription au syndicat libre. Pas envie de se laisser piéger par les juristes du régime !



48. Il s'est soudain très fatigué. J'en touche un mot à Yan. « Ça va ? » — Comment, tu ne savais pas qu'on lui soigne le cœur depuis le début de la grève ?

49. Yan me rassure : « N'aies pas trop peur pour lui. Si son cœur ne le lâche pas tout de suite, s'il peut se relâcher, notre leader aura encore de belles années. » Yan regarde Valessa avec une affection narquoise. Alors qu'il porte sa main à son cœur. Merde, c'est vrai qu'il est claqué. Puisse le nouveau Polonais prendre le relais de l'ancien.

A SUIVRE ?



34. Qui est-ce ? Jagielski en match singulier avec Yalosa. (Sur le terrain des révoltes) Comme tous les photographes, j'ai fait ce cliché par le fenêtre, en respectant pour vous.



35. Les négociations sont retransmises en direct dans la grande salle. On se bouscule autour des haut-parleurs. Les délégués enregistrant tout sur leurs mini-cassettes.



36. Mais Jagielski n'a pas le pouvoir de décision. Il rentre à Varsovie rendre son rapport à l'ambassadeur soviétique. A l'horizon, le Palais de la Culture, un cadeau de Staline.



37. Un soir dimanche 24 août au soir, dans le studio de Przemek, (le télé, Gierak annonce un remaniement complet de son gouvernement. C'est sa dernière apparition à la télé.



39. Ah si, il y a un endroit spacieux chez Przemek, et qui m'a beaucoup étonné : un immense W.C., avec un trône superbe. Przemek a quarante ans. C'est un travailleur qualifié. Il m'a raconté quelques anecdotes sur son boulot. Je peux vous dire qu'il est du genre assez débrouillard. Non vraiment, ils sont bizarres ces Polonais.



38. Przemek habite ici avec sa femme, une employée de bureau, sur trente mètres carrés. Un coin lit, un coin évier qui sert aussi de salle de bains, un réchauff à gaz, la télé...



40. De quoi s'agit-il ? On est le samedi 23 août. Les grévistes de la WPT de Gdynia viennent d'apprendre qu'un curé dira la messe à l'usine, demain matin. On s'empresse, pour décorer l'autel on cherche des fleurs dans le bureau du directeur. Mais qui a prévu le tabernacle, le ciboire et tout le saint trousseau ?



41. Des hommes balayent sous le garage à vélos. On avait prévu d'amener les bancs du réfectoire mais pas mal de fidèles resteront debout, car ils seront plus de cent.



42. L'installation a été rapide et précise. Ces gens, qui travaillent dans une entreprise de transports, ont dit qu'ils ont l'habitude d'improviser une église n'importe où.



43. Le lendemain, à l'aube, le curé Alexsandre au portail. On lui ouvre, on l'applaudit. Sans perdre une seconde, il appelle ceux qui veulent se confesser à venir s'agenouiller contre sa Fiat Polska. Une dizaine de grévistes se sentent l'âme impure.



44. Le curé Alexsandre de me voir mitrailler la scène. On ne l'a pas prévenu. Les grévistes pensent à autre chose : une messe à l'usine, quel pied de nez au Parti !



45. Ou bien est-ce une véritable pulsion mystique ? J'interroge Yan. Lui-même se dit non-pratiquant. Pourtant, pas question de rater la messe.



46. Je m'attendais à un speech, à une prière collective, genre prière ouvrière de la Sainte-Sainte-Denis. Pas du tout, le vieux rituel est scrupuleusement observé.



47. Des familles, aussi, assistent à la messe. Mais derrière le grillage de l'usine. Du chien. Les grévistes ne laisseront pas une once d'argument aux calomniateurs.



48. « Victoire, tu régneras ! » Fin de la messe, la première dite sur un terrain qui appartient à l'État. J'essaie d'interviewer le prêtre. Tout d'abord de ne pas me comprendre ? Il est réellement pressé. Il doit officier dans d'autres usines.



49. Les ouvriers sont ravis de ma présence ! Leur joie est elle sanctifiée par la rigolade intérieure ? Chez beaucoup de jeunes, en tout cas, j'en suis convaincu.



50. La Fiat Polska de l'officier à l'église. On reforme les grilles. Les ouvriers de la WPT ne sont pas prêts d'oublier leur première messe dans le garage à vélos.



12. Le lendemain, je retrouve Yan et son camarade Zdzisław parmi les familles de grévistes qui attendent devant l'énorme portail des Chantiers Navals Lénine.



13. «Viens voir notre grand leader!», dit Yan avec une pointe d'ironie. Voici donc l'incroyable moustachu qui fit tomber Gomułka en 1970. Lech Wałęsa.



14. Dans la salle de conférence des Chantiers Lénine, Zdzisław et Przemek ont mis un carton devant eux. La prise WPT de Gdynia. Pour eux, même cela est un problème.

YAN REND UNE RAPIDE VISITE A SA FEMME ELLE NE VEUT TOUJOURS PAS DE MOI DANS LEUR APARTEMENT. YAN M'EN FAIT UNE DESCRIPTION TRENTE METRES CARRES POUR EUX DEUX LEUR ENFANT ET SES PARENTS A ELLE LE JEUNE COUPLE DORT DANS LA CUISINE PAS DE SALLE DE BAIN



23. Voici la fameuse et unique douche de l'entreprise WPT.



24. Mais ici en Pologne, malgré un sens de la combaine assez développé, la plupart des ouvriers n'ont pas de douche chez eux. Ça reste un luxe.



25. Bref, après s'être lavés sous l'engin que vous venez d'apercevoir, les camionneurs s'installent pour la nuit, chacun dans son coin. Celui-ci dans la cabine de son poids lourd.



15. Les délégués viennent se présenter au micro en une queue ininterrompue : toutes les heures de nouvelles entreprises se mettent en grève. Au train où ça va, Yan et ses deux potes vont bientôt faire figure d'anciens. Ils en rient. Mais on s'inquiète si le téléphone ne marche plus. Gdansk est coupée du reste du monde.



16. «Nous ne négocierons pas sans téléphone», assurent les grévistes. «Ni sans radios : envoyez-nous des messages!» Lentement le pouvoir a cédé sur ces revendications.



26. Ces deux-là à l'arrière d'un autre camion sous une tente. On est en août et pourtant ça caillille dans la région.



27. Un quatrième s'installe son lit au pied d'un établi. Comme ça au moins on ne volera pas d'outils. Mais pendant la grève, l'honnêteté est de rigueur.



28. Un mec dort sur un matelas prêté par l'hôpital voisin.



17. J'ai discuté avec ces types : leurs têtes fonctionnent aussi bien que les mains du bricoleur qui a fait la maquette. Ils craignent les Russes et la faiblesse de Gierka.



18. Vladimir Ioutch Lénine détourne son regard courroucé du petit groupe des dix-huit qui mènent la danse autour de Lech Wałęsa depuis le début.



19. Une danse réglée : depuis combien de temps se préparait-elle? Dès que l'assemblée générale des délégués grévistes se termine, vers 21 heures, hop, on retourne à l'usine.



20. Les délégués, eux, lancent dans leurs usines pour tout raconter. Przemek a pris des photos. Sobótka est rentré à Gdynia, ses pellicules sont développées.



21. C'est fait. Les ouvriers se ruent sur les photos. A quoi diable peut bien ressembler une assemblée libre de délégués ouvriers? J'ai du mal à m'y faire : c'est leur première grève.



22. La nuit tombe sur Gdynia, au bord de la Baie, une autre longue veille commence. Je les blutais un jour en France, nous avons eu une grève par jour! Un en retard...



29. Voici l'homme qui raconte les histoires les plus drôles. Ses camarades l'ont baptisé Le Poulet. A votre avis, passe-t-il vraiment ses nuits entre les dents d'une pelleteuse?



30. Un dernier dormeur et je m'arrête. Le bureau est un peu trop court pour lui. Pourtant il va s'endormir bêtement comme un enfant. Et sans une goutte de vodka! Comment font-ils pour rester si calmes, quand chacun se demande si les chars russes ne vont pas déboîter d'un instant à l'autre?



31. Le lendemain, le gouvernement s'obstine mollement aux refus de négocier. De retour à Gdansk parmi les délégués du MKS, Yan s'écroule de fatigue.



32. Les ouvriers grimpent aux fenêtres pour regarder leurs délégués.

ET PUIS BRUSQUEMENT L'ORAGE DU SOIR. LE GOUVERNEMENT CRAQUE. GIERKA ACCEPTE DE NEGOCIER. MIEUX IL RENONCE A CE QUE LES NEGOCIATIONS AIENT LIEU A VARSOVIE. UN MEMBRE EMINENT DU PARTI DOIT SE RENDRE DEMAIN A GDAŃSK POUR ENTENDRE LES DOULEANCES DES GREVISTES.



33. Le voici, l'éminent communiste. Il s'appelle Jagielski. Toutes les télévisions du monde ont filmé sa figure lugubre quand il débarque à Gdansk.

# Dorrie's Journey

No one is afraid to photograph the breast anymore, but what if it's ravaged by cancer?  
An essay by Eugene Richards



Photographers have long been fascinated by the female breast, celebrating it as a metaphor for the beauty of women. In recent years, nearly all the taboos about revealing it in print have been stripped away. Yet one taboo remains: What if the breast is ravaged by cancer and then surgically removed to prevent the spread of the disease?

On December 3, 1978, Dorothea Lynch was admitted to the Boston Hospital for Women for biopsy of a mass in her left breast and a swelling in her left armpit. The biopsy was positive: Stage II breast cancer with lymph node involvement. The prognosis: "Patient is excellent candidate for modified radical mastectomy with adjunctive chemotherapy." Dorrie Lynch "thought it meant I was going to die." The day after she came home from the biopsy, while the wound was still fresh, her friend Eugene Richards took the photograph at left. It was the first picture of what Dorrie refers to now as "a kind of journey" through surgery, chemotherapy and recovery.

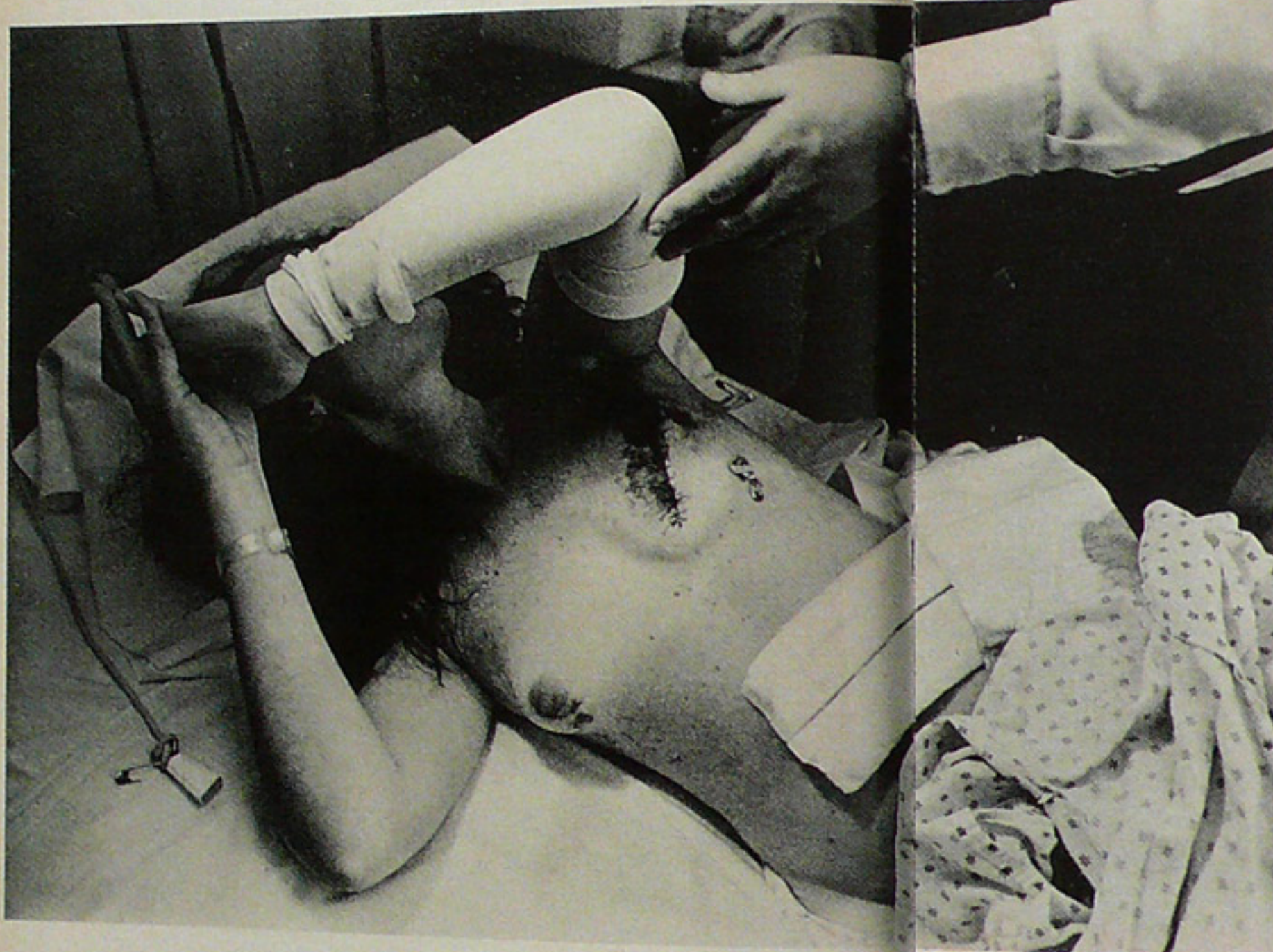
Richard's essay documents Dorrie's courageous journey, demonstrating the power of photography, not only to celebrate beauty, but also to confront—and perhaps help overcome—the fears of a disease that afflicts one in every 12 American women.

*(At left) Before surgery, Richards photographed the sutured incision after the biopsy. (At right) Dorrie awoke from the mastectomy clutching her painful arm.*

At press time © 1979 Eugene Richards/Magnum



"The moment of discovery is a little like dying."



"I am obsessed with when it first exploded into life," wrote Dornie Lynch before her mastectomy. "that one different, voracious cell in my breast. The cancer books say tumors can grow for years before they are detectable to the touch. So I can't help wondering if it was already in place that night we skinny-dipped at Sunset Lake, or when I covered my first news story, that whole summer I spent trying to run more than a mile."

"The moment of discovery is a little like dying. The whole weight of my life leaned against me as I fingered the small lump in my breast. It is, of course, the ultimate betrayal, a defection you are unprepared for—your own body's turning away, running away, with a crazy new life of its own."

"Friends call and write with stories of extravagant cures by vitamins, steroids, holistic therapy, prayer and holy waters."

*The morning after surgery there was no feeling where the breast had been, only the hurt in her left arm.*

*Gene Richards's parents were Dornie's first visitors after the operation.*

Gene and I search bookstores for cancer publications that are thorough yet understandable. We find one book that is too technical but explains something about cell growth and chemotherapy. Still, there are no pictures to show me what a woman with one breast looks like.

"The night before the operation Dr. Robert Shirley tells me the details: 'We will go up to the clavicle and make the incision down to the chest wall. The whole breast peels off rather nicely.'

"An incision in the shape of a smiling mouth. They will clean off the lymph nodes, the chest wall, the arm muscles and my long, splendid ropes of veins."

"I wish I could explain to family and friends that it is not simply the loss of a breast that troubles me. It is what that loss symbolizes: a premonition of the day all the cells in my body are extinguished, like cold stars."

The psychiatrist  
asked if she felt less of a woman.  
"No, I'm happy to be alive."



"Anesthesia blurs the days following the operation. When they first unwrap the pressure dressing, my doctors look apologetic, as if they have committed some unforgivable act.

"Of course it's ugly, this ten-inch-long, black-stitched wound. But I am still alive.

"Except for a stiff and painful arm, I feel very healthy. Doctors and nurses demonstrate arm exercises, but I can only lift my elbow a few inches.

"A visiting psychiatrist and hospital nurses find my acceptance of the

surgery hard to understand. The psychiatrist is conducting a survey on the attitudes of women with breast cancer.

"Don't you feel like less of a woman?" he asks me.

"No," I reply. "I'm happy to be alive."

(Above) "They told me I could go home the next day." (At right) With a hospital visitor from Dorchester, Dornie's home neighborhood in Boston. (Overleaf) After leaving the hospital, Dornie began chemotherapy in her doctor's office.



"20 years from now," says the doctor, "you'll be glad you went through it."



"Dr. Shirley calls chemotherapy 'added insurance.' My brain locks onto the statistics that he offers me: with chemotherapy, there is a 70 percent chance that I will get no recurrence of the cancer, according to the latest four-year follow-up study.

"He talks about side effects of the anti-cancer drugs, such as hair loss, nausea and vomiting. 'You can pretty much forget about this year,' he says. 'But 20 years from now you'll be glad you went through it.'

"He gives me adriamycin and Cytosan intravenously every three weeks. Who could imagine that 21 days could come around so fast?"

"Not even surgery, with all its risks, and

After each session of chemotherapy, she would vomit every 15 minutes for nearly 30 hours.

complications, seems as deadly as pouring these poisons into my veins. By the second treatment, all of my hair is falling out. After each session, I am sick at my stomach for nearly 30 hours.

"When Dr. Shirley encourages me to make a list, my fingers are ice needles. My stomach and bowels tighten with dread. I cannot stop filling my lungs with air.

"He ties the rubber hose tightly across my upper arm, trapping the veins. Boom-bam, boom-bam, slams my heart, pouring more blood into those veins.



swelling them for the needle's sting.

"Dr. Shirley tries to distract me with odd little anecdotes about his personal life as he empties one cylinder after another into my bloodstream. Margie the aide cucks deep in her throat at my distress and strokes my free hand, my arm.

"Their kindness makes me want to cry. It is the most painful and human kind of communication I have ever had.

"Dr. Shirley rubs my cheek, my head. He doesn't seem to notice I am bald now.

"Only three more to go," he says.

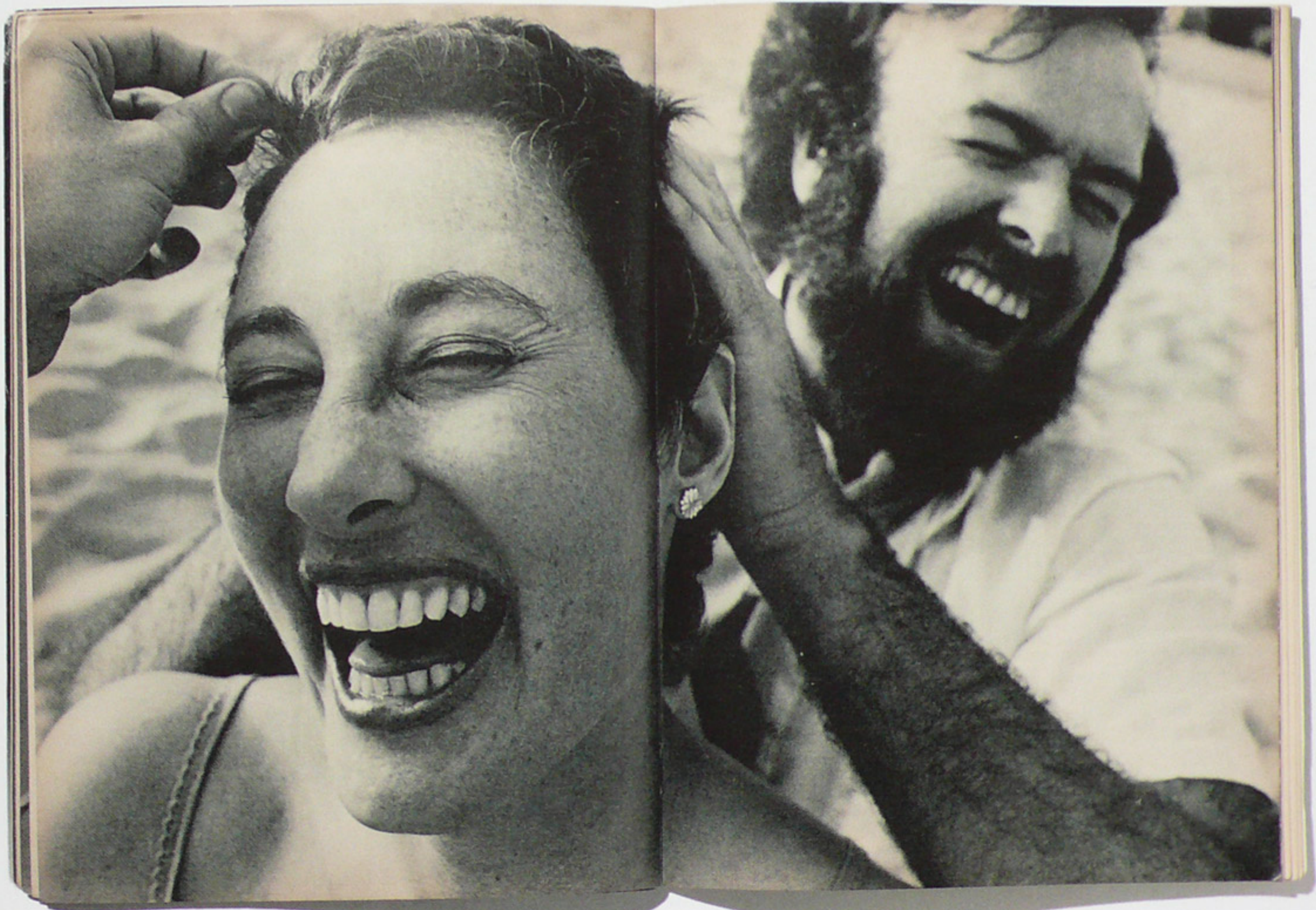
"By July my hair is growing back curly and grayer. Although I still have nightmares about hospitals and doctors, about being the sheet-covered patient

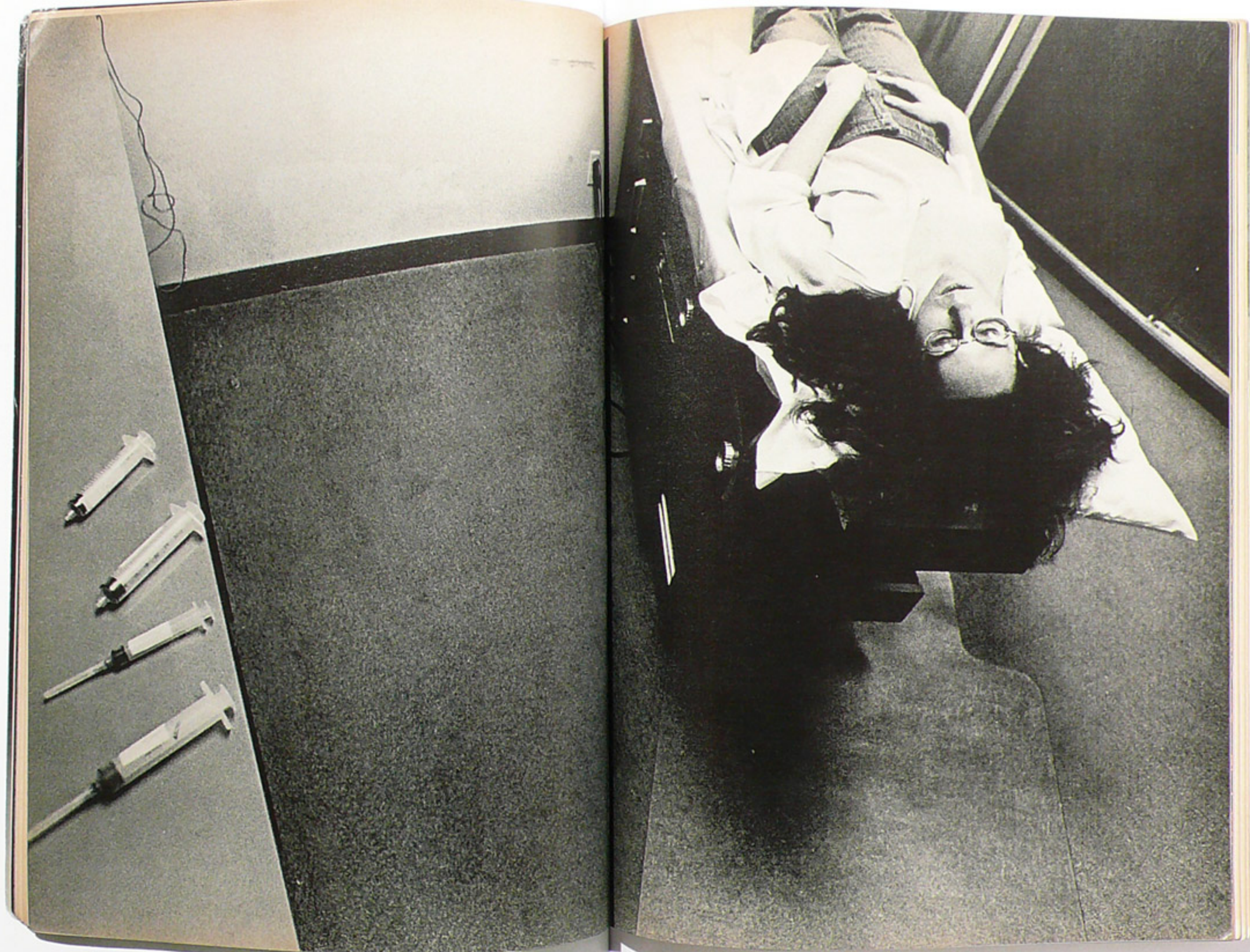
The chemotherapy which lasted three months, robbed Dorrie of all her hair. In her last month of treatment, Gene Richards gives her a comforting hand. (Overleaf) By summer her hair had grown back and, with Richards and friend Tom Fitzgerald, she celebrated at nearby Carson Beach.

on the operating room table. I can't ever remember being quite so happy about myself.

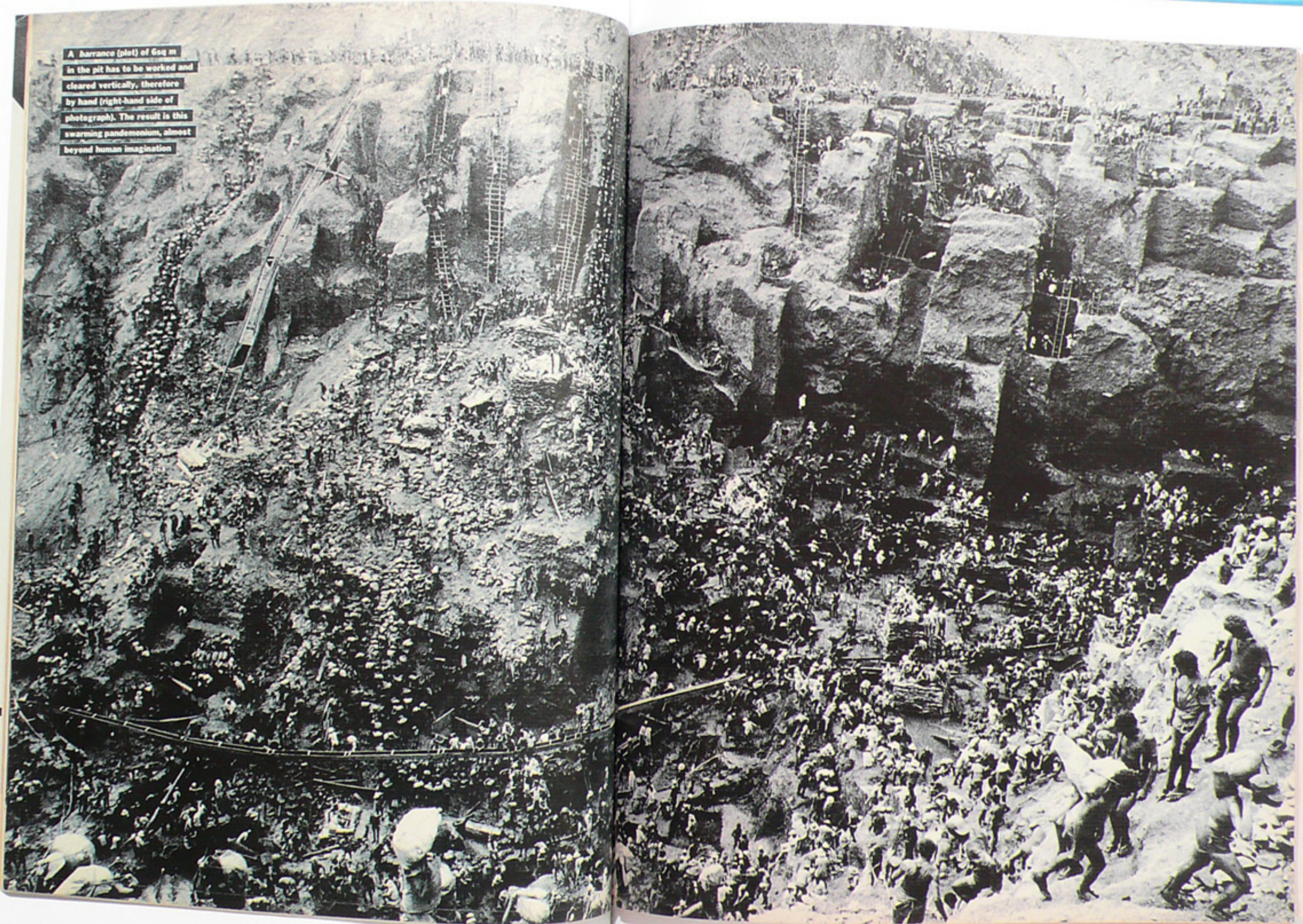
"When I was in the hospital, a friend who came to visit said I was like one of those warriors in Brazil—an Amazon. She said there was a legend about the Amazons. They cut off one breast so they could shoot better with a bow and arrow."







A barrance (plot) of 6sq m  
in the pit has to be worked and  
cleared vertically, therefore  
by hand (right-hand side of  
photograph). The result is this  
swarming pandemonium, almost  
beyond human imagination

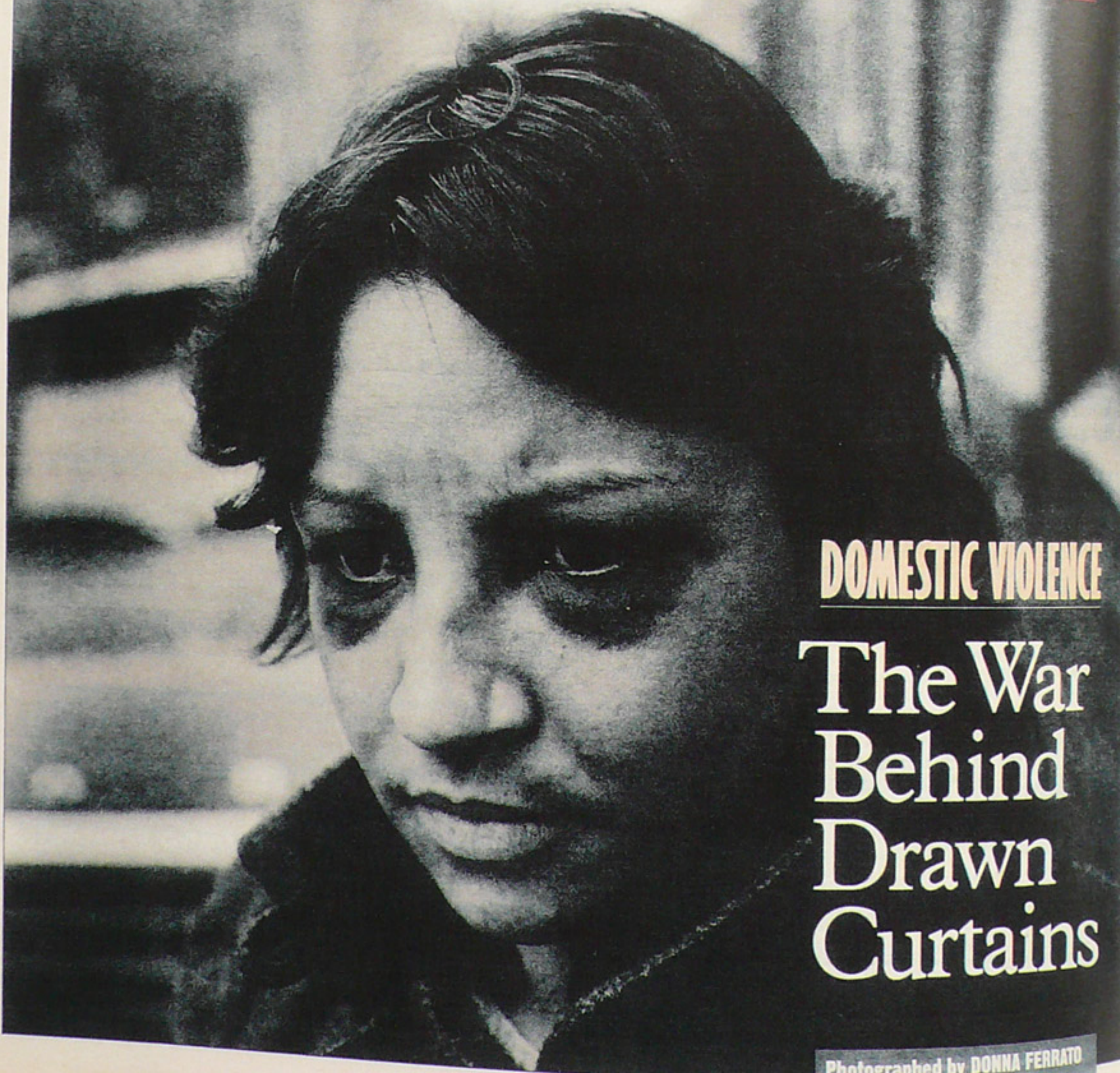


Plus: FROM HERE TO NICARAGUA / INTERVIEW: CARROLL BAKER

# INQUIRER

JULY 26, 1987

The Philadelphia Inquirer Magazine



**DOMESTIC VIOLENCE**

## The War Behind Drawn Curtains

Photographed by DONNA FERRATO  
Written by DICK POLMAN

# DOMESTIC VIOLENCE

## PART ONE

One year in the trenches, one year working on domestic abuse cases, is enough to burn her out. It gets to the point where she watches people on the street and wonders which of the men are beating their women.

By the time summer arrives, Hillary Hochman is glad she's leaving the city district attorney's office and going off to law school. She is starting to think of Philadelphia as "the city of wife-beaters." She knows the label isn't fair — the assaults occur everywhere every day, among all races and classes, afflicting an estimated two million women nationwide — but it gets to the point where she can't ride her bike without seeing evidence of the war being waged behind drawn curtains.

Text continued on Page 19

**Photographed by DONNA FERRATO**  
**Written by DICK POLMAN**





**AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS** comes the moment the women fear. Victims like Myra (left) must decide where their loyalties lie. "I'll tell you why I hesitate" to press charges, she says. "I'm 38, I've got kids, and I feel sorry for him, OK? I'm always a soft touch . . . I could cry at *Bambi* if I see it a million times." Yet, "I don't think this is something my kids have to see." Within a few weeks she drops the case.

Many incidents that make it to the police station go no further. Priscilla Lloyd, who runs the district attorney's domestic violence unit, says the dropout syndrome gives people an excuse to downplay the prevalence and severity of domestic violence.

Those women who go the distance must expose their private humiliations to the district attorney, to the judge, to a defense lawyer, a process that forces victims to grapple with any affection they still harbor for their mates.

"I didn't want to be a bitch about it," says Mary (below), while she considers pressing charges against her husband, Lenny. "I still love him. I'm afraid of him. I thought that I could help him."

" . . . I don't know why, it's something you can't explain. Sometimes, when you're married, you're married. You try to work through things."

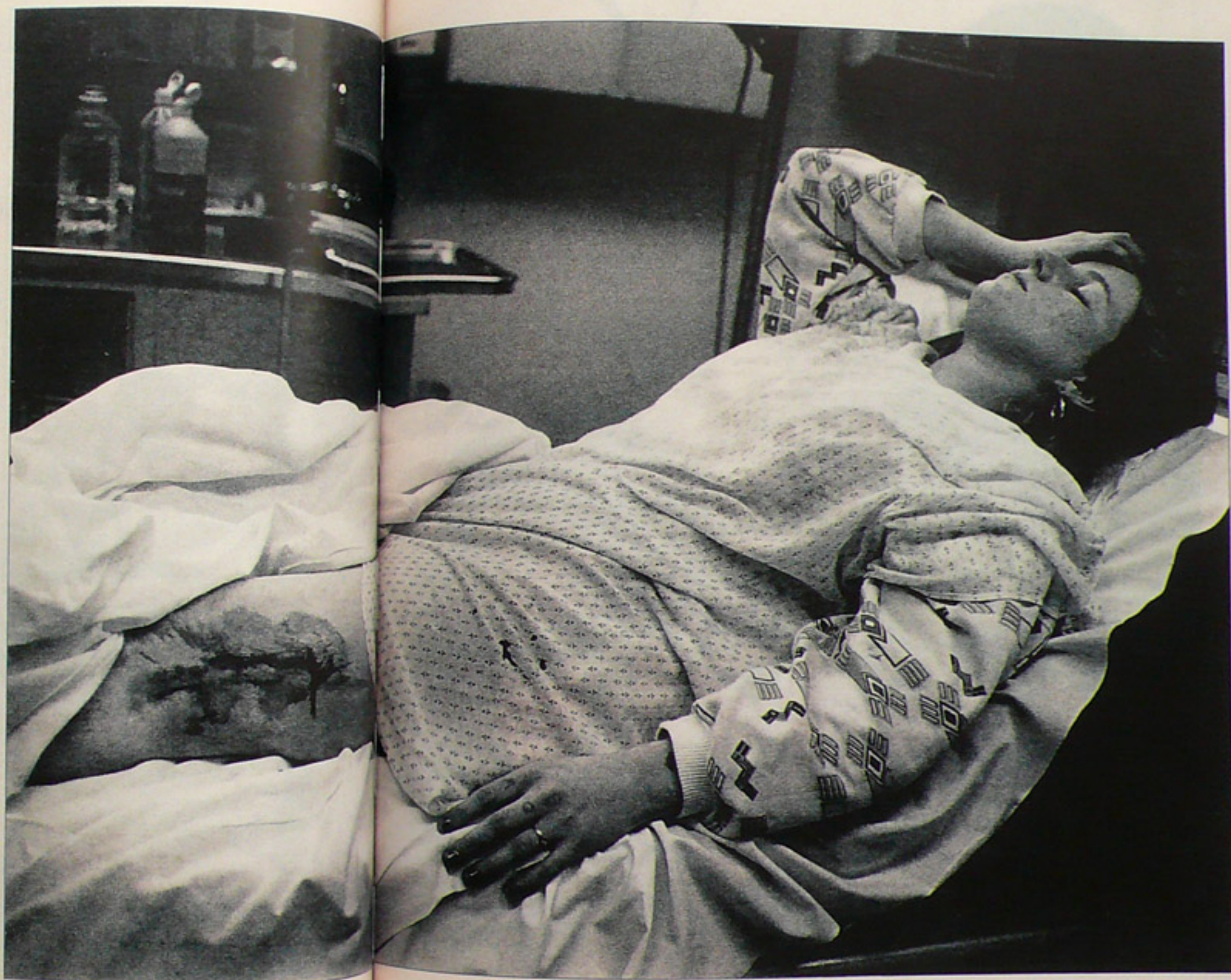
Detective Tom Burta (below, left) answers, "It could get worse. Think about what you want done. He could come over again and you'll be calling us."





**NINETY-FIVE PERCENT** of abuse victims, it is believed, are women; Jesse (above) is an exception. But the urge to rationalize the violence is universal. At Temple University Hospital, Jesse tells of being stabbed by his girlfriend after they argued over a roll of film, then says, "She's still on my mind a little, as far as love goes. Love is blind. I don't think she really meant it."

At Episcopal Hospital late one night, Martha talks about the stab wound in her leg. Echoing Jesse, she explains why she won't have her boyfriend arrested: "He didn't mean it. It's hard [to press charges] when you love somebody, it is . . . Put it this way, love is blind."



DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT: MOUNT EVEREST/HIGH HIMALAYA

VOL. 174, NO. 5



NOVEMBER 1988

# NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

*Honey  
hunter  
in Nepal*

*Exploring  
the Earth*

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY WASHINGTON, D.C.





**B**EFORE HE STARTS down the ladder, Mani Lal takes a small pouch of rice from his waistband. As he sprinkles grains in the air, he recites the different names of Pholo, god of the forest. "I must not cut the comb when the god is not pleased," he says. "I must always pray first."

The Gurungs practice a mixture of Hinduism, Buddhism, and animism. That morning Mani Lal had sacrificed a chicken to Pholo, searching for omens in the animal's lungs.

Mani Lal's father, Barta, taught him the sacred mantras. But Barta's belief had not been strong. As he descended the ladder one day, the bees attacked him by the thousands, and he was blinded by a sting. "He did not make the offerings with a good heart," Mani Lal explains.

Now Mani Lal turns his attention inward. His eyes, normally alert to the slightest movement, lose their sharpness. Without a word, he starts down the swaying ladder like a spider on a frail strand of web. The slightest error of judgment would mean death (left).

Mani Lal stops beneath an

overhang to face a nest nearly as large as he is. Its surface ripples with a thick, black layer of bees. Two of the honey hunters, Krishna and Akam (above), have climbed a third of the way up the cliff to secure the ladder. Clinging to the rock, they pull the rope against the cliff to bring Mani Lal closer to the comb.

Meanwhile a fire has been set at the base of the cliff to disorient the bees with smoke and encourage them to leave the nest. But the wind is blowing the smoke away. Gesturing toward the top of the cliff, Mani Lal issues a silent order. Within minutes a flaming bundle of leaves is lowered, and Mani Lal pushes it under the bees with a bamboo pole. Now panic runs over the living surface of the nest as the bees furiously depart in the smoke. Nothing distracts Mani Lal however. The golden comb has been unveiled.

A husband and wife team, ERIC VALLI and DIANE SUMMERS live in Kathmandu, Nepal. Their book on the honey hunters will be published this month by Harry N. Abrams in New York, by Thames & Hudson in London, and by Nathan in Paris.



"It's RAINING honey," shout villagers gathered at the base of the cliff. Faces upturned, they thrust out pots and pans to catch the sticky liquid as it runs freely from the comb.

These eager bystanders do not belong to Mani Lal's group, but they are welcome at the cliff nevertheless because they have helped in the past to pay the government's annual tax on honey hunting. When income from a harvest is slim, the hunters collect the equivalent of six cents from many villagers. These persons then have the right to a taste of honey at the next harvest.

By the time Mani Lal finishes filling the first basket, it's brimming with 15 liters of honeycomb. As it reaches the ground, villagers swoop upon it, dipping in bowls and breaking off small chunks of comb to chew. It is a honey feast.

Later Mani Lal examines the color of the honey and pours a small amount into the palm of his hand to see if it tingles. If it does, it may not be safe to eat, for the bees are known to visit plants that produce toxic substances. Occasionally a villager consumes the honey before it is tested and collapses on the way home, unable to walk for hours, suffering from cold sweats, vomiting, and impaired vision.

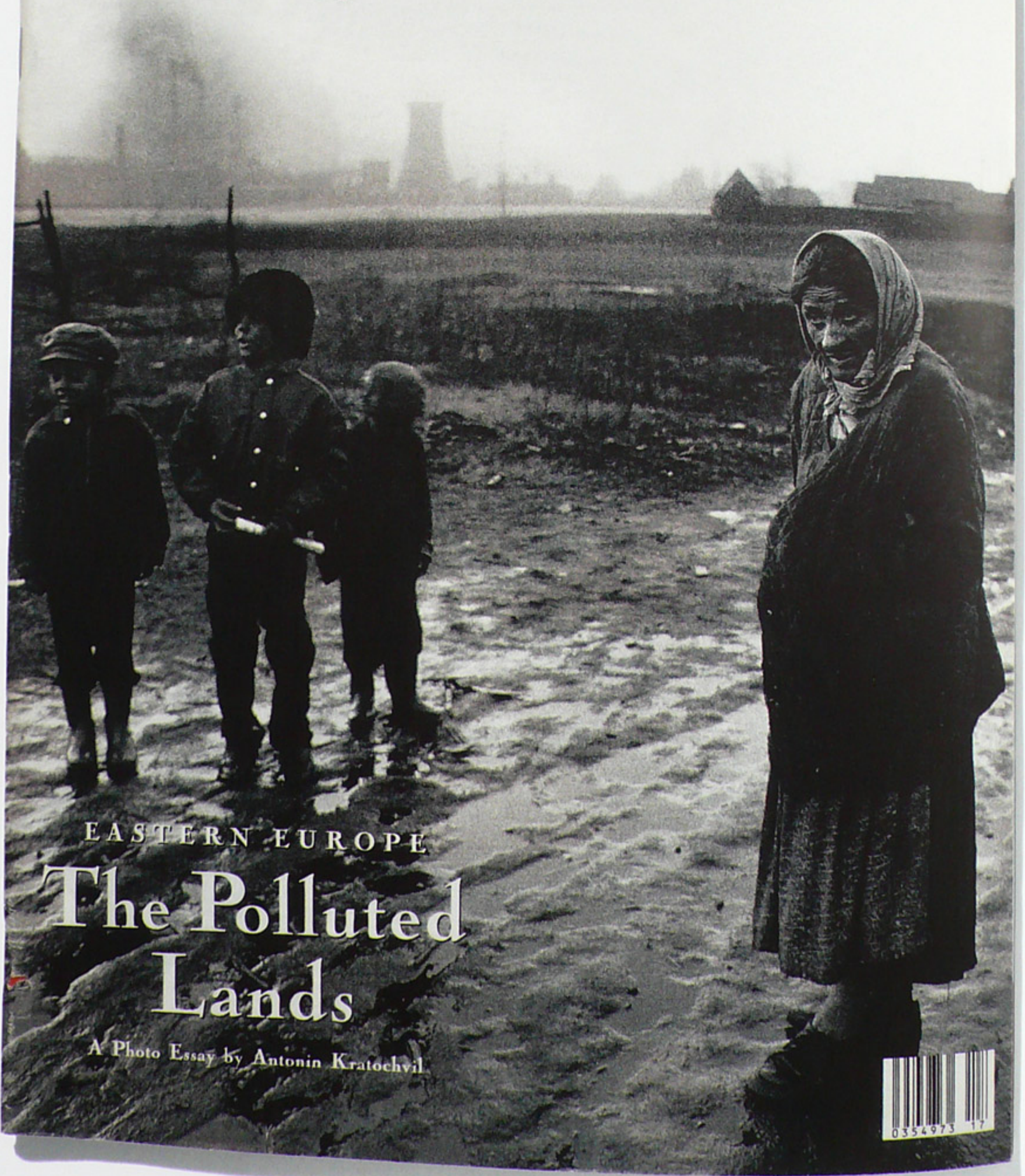
With only capes to shield them, the honey hunters take their share of punishment from the bees. Plucking stingers from his arms with a pair of tweezers later that evening, Mani Lal laughs at the swollen faces of Akam, Amarjang, and Men Bahadur (above right).

"I am old; my flesh is dry and no longer swells," he says. "But the flesh of young men is soft and blows up with the bites of the bees."



# The New York Times Magazine

APRIL 29, 1990 / SECTION 6



EASTERN EUROPE

## The Polluted Lands

A Photo Essay by Antonin Kratochvil



As Eastern Europe struggles toward democracy, it must also confront a ravaged environment. Corrosive soot has fouled water and soil, and in blackened industrial cities, the air is laced with heavy metals and chemicals. In a world ruled by production targets, there was no pressure to clean up.

EASTERN EUROPE

# The Polluted Lands

A Photo Essay by Antonin Kratochvil  
Text by Marlise Simons

In the Erz Mountains at the border of Czechoslovakia and East Germany, thousands of thickly wooded acres have become a "dead forest," destroyed by the steady fall of acid rain from coal burning.



A child in Bitterfeld, East Germany, left, wears a mask for protection against the foul air.

In Katowice, Poland, young adults are dying of cancer, heart disease and emphysema at an alarming rate. Right: the grave of a woman who died of pollution-related illness.

In Copsa-Mica, Romania, below, the land that farmers tend is black from soot.



water in many regions. But the main trail of industrial devastation follows Central Europe's coal and steel belt, stretching from the south of East Germany, across northern Czechoslovakia to southern Poland. More than 15 million people live in this area. Here, close to 40 percent of the forests have been damaged by acid rain. And West Germany estimates that pollution in East Germany alone causes \$18 billion worth of damage each year.

The pollution in Poland is widely acknowledged to be the worst. A persistent stinging smog — created by steel mills, power stations and chemical plants — hovers over the towns of Silesia, where men in their 30's and 40's are dying of cancer, heart disease and emphysema. Near Cracow, a sanitarium in a salt mine 650 feet below the polluted surface is a refuge for those with respiratory problems.

The new governments of Eastern Europe have created environmental departments, and they

acknowledge that cleaning up will mean closing many outdated plants and tearing down neighborhoods steeped in lead and zinc dust. Environmentalists demand the rehabilitation of rivers sluggish with toxic waste and of land so acidic it can sustain no crops.

Some experts say an ecological Marshall Plan is needed. Western Europe, threatened by the toxic brew and dust flowing and blowing to its own doorstep, is offering aid. West Germany has approved about \$500 million to clean up East Germany, and Sweden has pledged \$45 million to help stem pollution in Poland.

Yet it will take more than money to bring life back to these sullen industrial towns, where even young people sound defeated and drink heavily. Some leave and others hope the political changes will bring a psychic lift.

"I don't know the way," says a Polish teen-ager in Katowice, "but we have to get over the I-don't-care disease." ■



# KILLING THE CHICKENS

*One year after the bloody suppression of China's democracy movement, the first pictures to document the equally fatal process of official revenge have reached the outside world. Text by PETER POPHAM. Photographs from AGENCE VU*



*In November last year, five months after their alleged offences, six men accused of setting fire to buildings during the pro-democracy demonstrations are brought forward for execution*

These photographs show what has never been seen before, either inside or outside China: how the Chinese authorities punished those they fixed on as scapegoats for the violence in which the democracy movement ended, a year ago on Monday.

These scenes took place in a regional capital, a university city which we cannot name because to do so could put the photographer in danger. Similar executions are believed to have occurred throughout the country. It is impossible to hazard a figure for the numbers killed. The Chinese government is silent on the question. Amnesty International says that hundreds were executed in the three months after the 4 June massacre at two killing grounds in Peking. Chinese dissident sources believe thousands were killed in this manner nationwide, following summary trials.

In English we refer to scapegoats; in Chinese they talk about chickens. "Kill the chicken to scare the monkeys," runs the proverb, meaning victimize a few easy targets to terrify those who are more difficult to pin down. The authorities chose their subjects with some care. To reinforce the line that the people to blame were not students but "hooligans" and "parasites", most of those interrogated and sentenced on television after 4 June were relatively uneducated people from outside the main body of student protest.

The cases of the men in these photographs, both the group of six on this page and the two whose final day alive is documented in the pictures that follow, conform to this pattern. The older man in the latter pictures, Chou Xiangchen, was a small-time trader who worked in the city's street markets and lived in the suburbs. The younger's name was Wang Kweiyuan, an unemployed labourer. Beyond those facts, nothing is known about him.

The demonstrations in this city, which began on 20 April, culminated on 4 and 5 June in violent confrontations with armed police which resulted in a number of demonstrators being shot or beaten to death by the police and in the burning of buses, lorries and other vehicles, as well as a cinema and a department store. Chou Xiangchen and Wang Kweiyuan were arrested soon afterwards and charged with criminal arson for their alleged part in the burning of the buses. They were quickly tried and sentenced to death.

Saturday 8 July was their last day on earth. At about 6 am they were taken from their cells and their arms bound behind their backs with rope. As their expressions indicate, they knew what was in store



for them, having been told several days before. The cells in which they had been detained were not, however, a segregated "Death Row". They were crammed to bursting with many of the 700 or more people who, according to dissidents, were arrested in the city during the final demonstrations.

After the 4 June massacre in Peking, the authorities gave maximum publicity to the arrests and interrogations of the "criminals" responsible, to drive home the point that retribution against the demonstrators would be ruthlessly pursued. State television carried such scenes for many hours



*Top: At 6am on 8 July, Wang Kueryuan, an unemployed labourer sentenced to death for arson, has his hands bound outside his cell*

*Above: Chou Xiangchen, a street trader also under sentence of death for arson, is photographed for the police files*

*Right: Wang, Chou and others convicted of offences committed during the demonstrations listen as their sentences are announced*

every day, of men handcuffed to trees, others with their arms pinned behind their backs and their heads forced into a bow as their sentences were read out. One man was forced into a special chair which was then locked around his arms and legs like a medieval stocks. The programmes were punctuated, bizarrely, by commercials for refrigerators, biscuits and computer controlled washing-machines.

Maximum publicity value was extracted also from the sentences passed on Chou and Wang. After they had been bound they were paraded around the city in a police bus along with other recently

sentenced protesters, each with his name and crime inscribed on a placard across his chest. At about 8am they arrived at a big cinema near the centre of town which was crowded with the representatives of the obedient sectors of society: cadres from the Propaganda Department, people from the Justice Department, members of Party work committees and so on: the backbone of the Communist state, which was, one year ago, so clearly in need of stiffening.

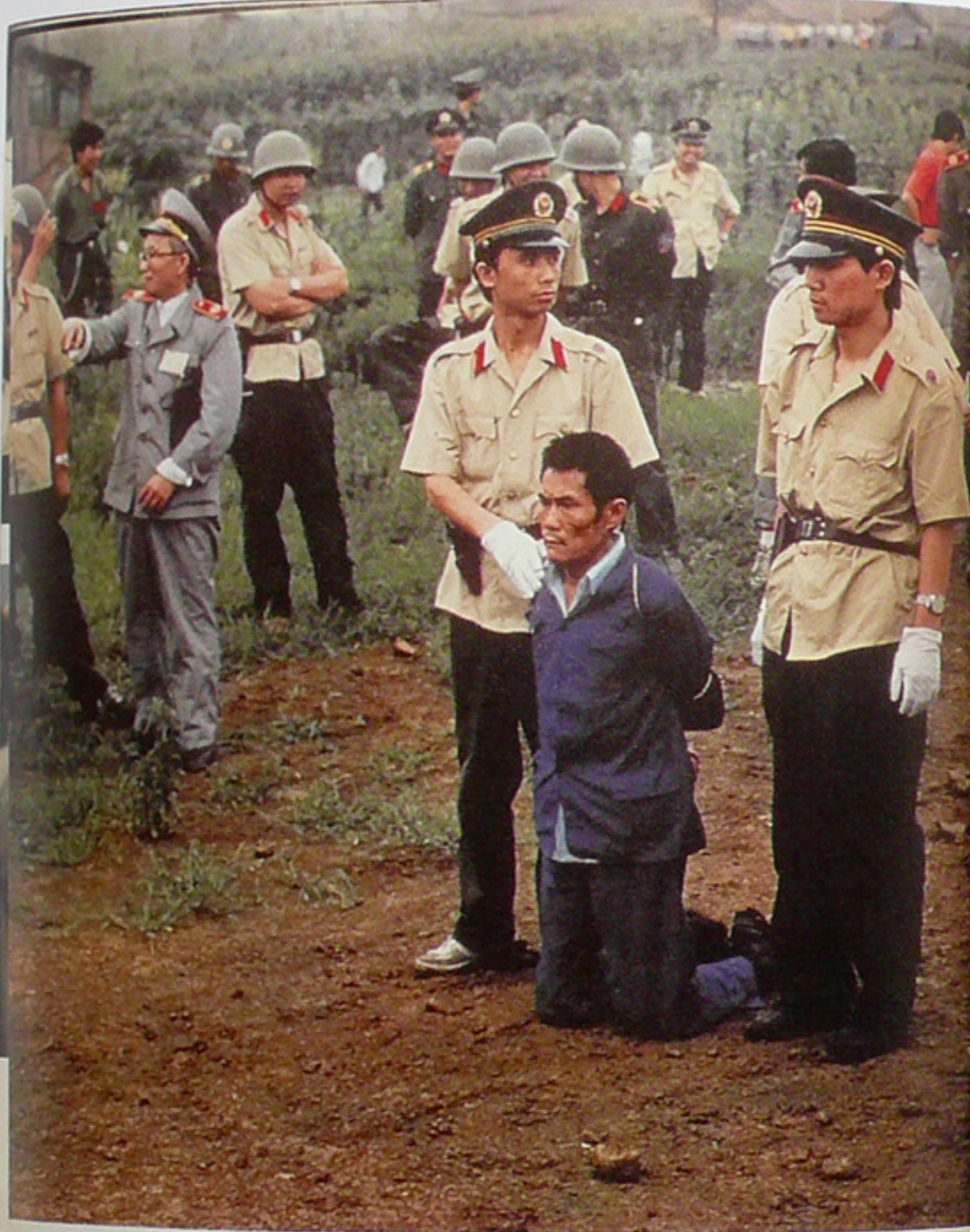
Sitting at the table on stage was the jolly, bespectacled judge who had passed sentence, in his paramilitary uniform. The prisoners filed on stage from an ante-room

and stood facing the spectators as the judge read out their sentences.

Forty-five minutes later Chou and Wang, the only ones in this batch to receive the death sentence, were ordered back into the police vehicle and driven to the local execution ground, a patch of wasteland in an area of factories on the city's outskirts. The perimeter of the ground was vigilantly guarded by armed police: although the proceedings leading up to the deaths received wide exposure, the act of execution itself was to be carried out well away from the public eye.

The desolate setting and the shooting of





Wang and Chou kneel at the execution ground.  
The judge who sentenced them is  
seen at far left, in peaked cap and spectacles



each man by a single soldier gives the impression that this was a furtive, hole-in-the-corner, death-squad type of execution, but this is wrong. Both the manner of killing and the nature of the location – a place well away from centres of population, fronted by a natural slope so that the earth absorbs the bullets – are standard in China. To Chinese eyes the Western-style firing-squad appears equally strange.

And although this was not a public spectacle, official witnesses were numerous, among them the judge himself, still apparently in excellent humour, and a film crew and photographer, documenting the event for police records.

Each prisoner was led by his executioner to a spot near the foot of the bare slope and required to kneel. The soldiers pressed the barrels of their rifles against the backs of the condemned men and then, when another soldier let his red flag drop, fired a single shot into the victim's heart. Both men fell forward. Chou died at once. Wang's executioner must have missed the mark, however, because Wang writhed on the ground as the blood gushed from his mouth. Another soldier stepped forward and kicked him to hasten the loss of blood and thus his death.

When Wang was finally still, both bodies were turned over and strips of paper bearing the legend "Executed for arson" and their names were placed next to them for the final official photograph. Afterwards the corpses were taken to the police crematorium. It is unknown what happened to the ashes. Even if the next-of-kin were informed, it is likely that they were too frightened to collect them.

Four months later, in November, the six men seen in the first photograph were executed in the same place for their alleged part in burning down buildings in the city. Once again it was the chickens who got it in the neck: all the condemned men were, like Chou and Wang, from the fringes of society, and therefore easily labelled "hooligans". None were students.

The mills of retribution grind exceedingly fine in China, and they have been steadily in motion ever since 4 June. No punishment was exacted in the city of Guangdong, for example, in the immediate aftermath of Tiananmen Square, but large-scale trials and numerous executions are said to have taken place there in the early months of this year. And while the chickens continue to be slaughtered, the monkeys have not got away scot-free.

Many hundreds of students are believed to have been sentenced to years in jail or in remote labour camps. But nothing is



clear. China says that only about 6,000 activists were arrested in the wake of the 4 June crackdown, and claims that many of those have since been released. Amnesty International, on the other hand, has learned from "various sources" that the number of those arrested may run into the tens of thousands.

The organization has submitted to prime minister Li Peng, the man whose declaration of martial law led directly to the Tiananmen Square massacre, a list of 650 prisoners of conscience, with a demand to know whether they have been charged, tried or sentenced. Li Peng, not

surprisingly, has yet to furnish a reply.

Even those who avoided imprisonment have been made to confess their wrongdoing. The ritualistic humiliation of writing self-criticisms, studying "important speeches" of Deng Xiaoping and so on, have been imposed on workers and students all over the country by local Party committees. Such punishments continued well into this year. For large numbers it was a question of going through the self-abasing motions while avoiding naming names or dates or doing anything which would allow the authorities to carry the purge further. And many Party cadres,

whose job it was to impose such punishments, went along with such acts of discreet disobedience, it is said, displaying an unmistakable lack of zeal for their task.

None the less, the government can feel well pleased with its efforts: the embers of revolt have been very thoroughly smothered, and the country whose peaceful uprising heralded the onset of the year of revolutions remains stuck quite as firmly as before in the mud of stagnation and terror. The uncanny, sullen calm that descended like a fog after 4 June shows no sign of shifting. Everyone is waiting for someone to die. ●



*Below: The executioners, with a single bullet each, prepare to shoot*



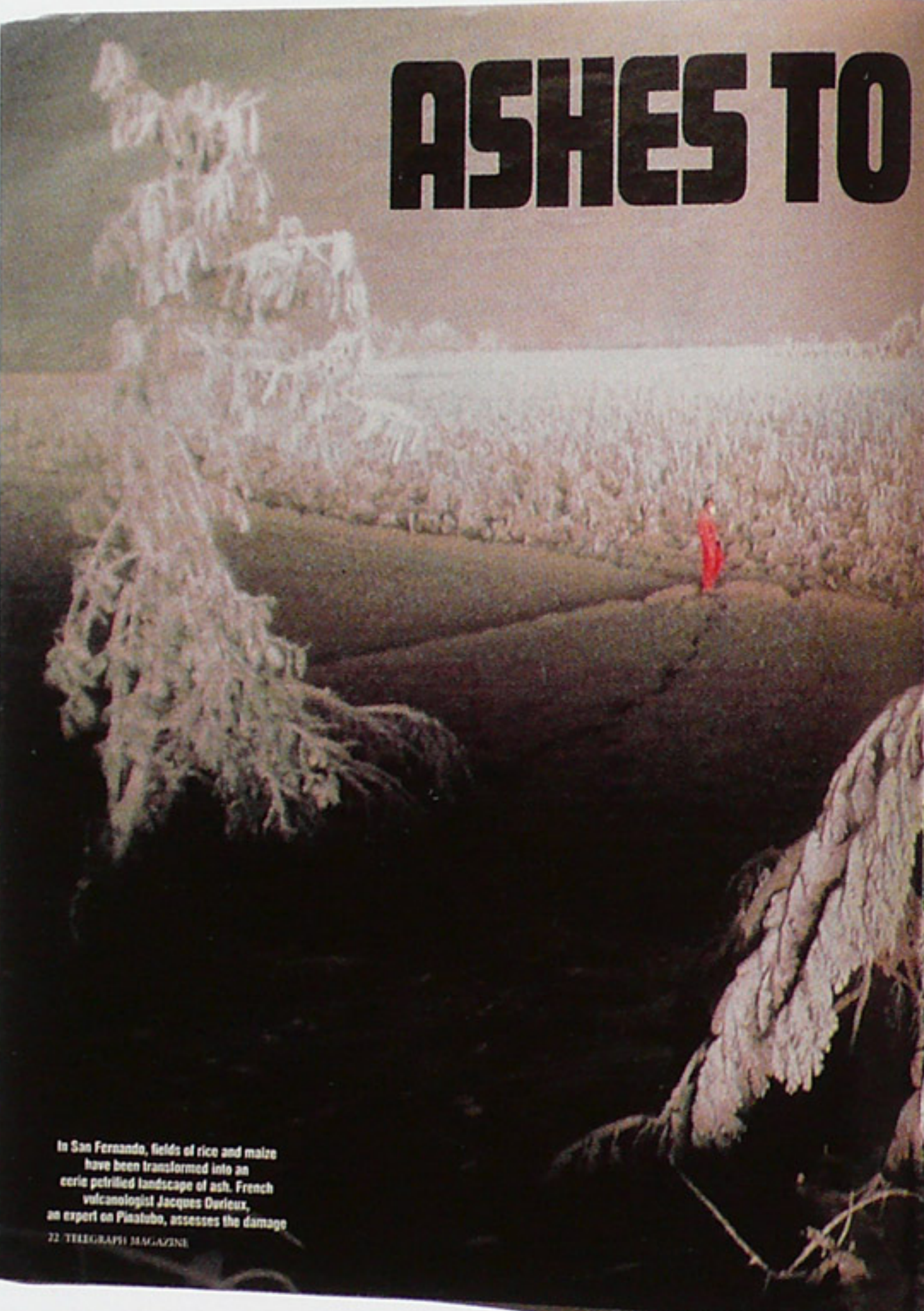
*Top: After the shots, the two men slump forward*

*Centre: The bodies are checked for signs of life*

*Bottom: Labels indicating the dead men's names and crimes are placed against the bodies for the taking of final official photographs*

# ASHES TO ASHES

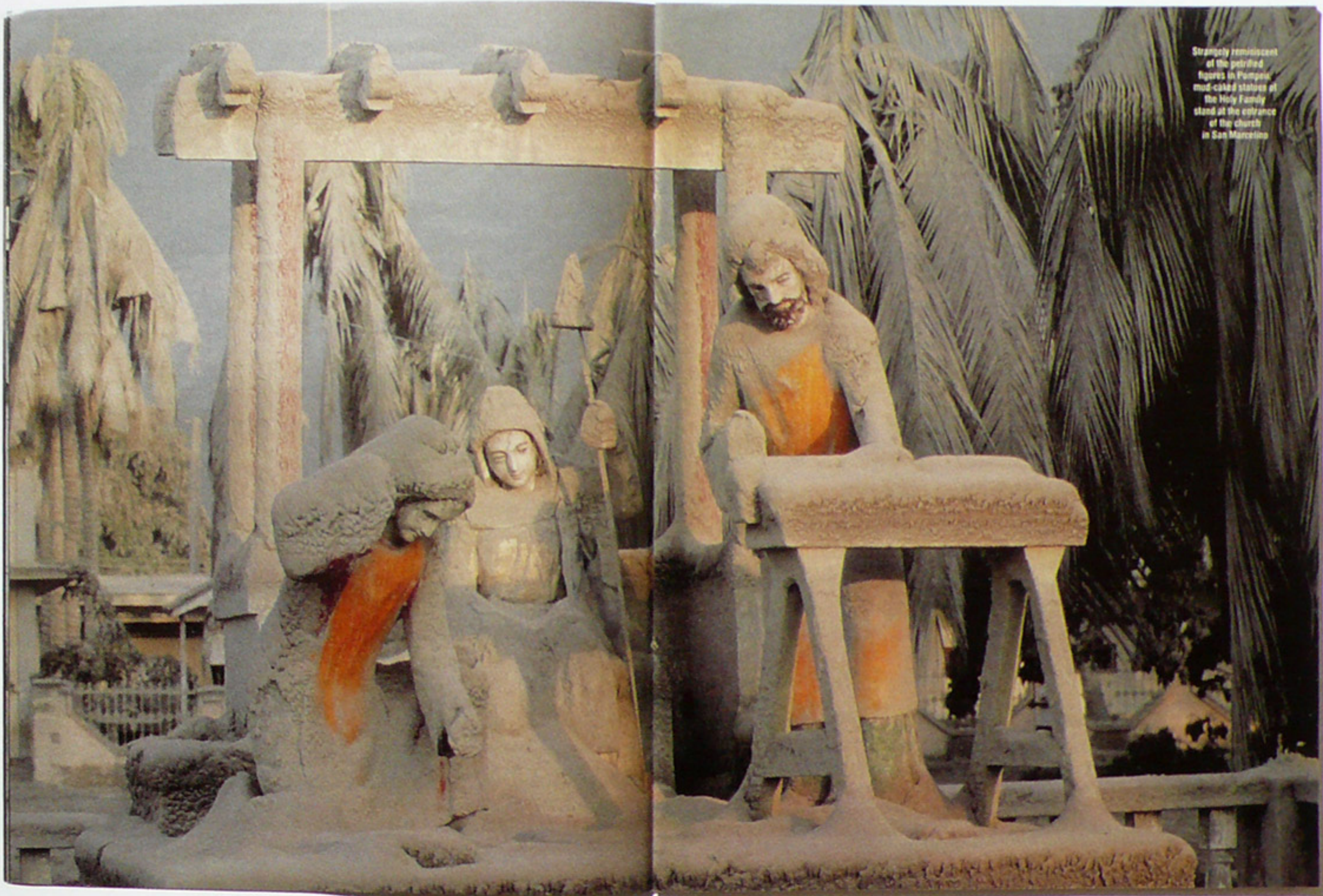
The eruption of Mount Pinatubo last month threw a blanket of volcanic ash across a vast area of the Philippines. French photographer Philippe Bourseiller was one of the first outsiders to reach the devastated region: these are his remarkable pictures. Report by Hugo Gurdon



In San Fernando, fields of rice and maize have been transformed into an eerie petrified landscape of ash. French volcanologist Jacques Darieux, an expert on Pinatubo, assesses the damage



His eyes and mouth protected against the ash, a farmer takes a pig to market. The dust pollutes the air and the water — relief workers report hundreds of cases of pneumonia, conjunctivitis and chronic diarrhoea



Strangely reminiscent of the petrified figures in Pompeii, mud-caked statues of the Holy Family stand at the entrance of the church in San Marcelino.



Though Pinatubo had been rumbling ominously for a month, the ferocity of the eruption forced people to flee with virtually nothing. These two men living near Clark Air Base were at least able to save some precious livestock



12, the day of the first explosion. Pinarubo had been grumbling for a month and volcanologists warned of a major eruption, but the sky was still blue and the rice paddies still a brilliant green. Mothers walked their children across sunlit streets, and youths lounged in the shade. A dog, disturbed from its slumbers in the nave of a church, barked at a passer-by. A housewife was doing her washing at the kitchen window.

But at 8.45 people stopped what they were doing and gaped at the fields. Beyond the labourers and buffaloes and acacia trees, a grey-brown cloud rolled out of the Zambales mountains. A silent column of ash, steam and red-hot rock hundreds of yards wide shot 15 miles into the atmosphere in just three minutes.

It brushed aside high-level cirrus like cobwebs, which then hung in tatters under the dome of the mushroom cloud. For a while it mimicked the explosion at Hiroshima, then the wind came and blew it into the South China Sea.

Within half an hour, people returned to work. But scores of eruptions followed and the wind shifted again and again to ensure even-handed

destruction. The big brothel-towns of Angeles and Olongapo (combined population 680,000), built respectively around Clark base and the Subic Bay naval dockyard, are now forlorn.

Clark has been abandoned and its 16,000 airmen and dependents have flown home. The tattooists who set up shop by the perimeter fence, and the girls who worked the bars nearby, are ruined. No one needs them any more. Over in Olongapo the hotel rooms with mirrored ceilings are unused, or have collapsed under the weight of ash. A barman, disconsolately polishing glasses, said, 'I hope tomorrow's eruption is the last; Angeles is dying.' In fact, Angeles is already doomed. If ash grinds down jet engines in flight, what is the point of running an air base on the side of an active volcano?

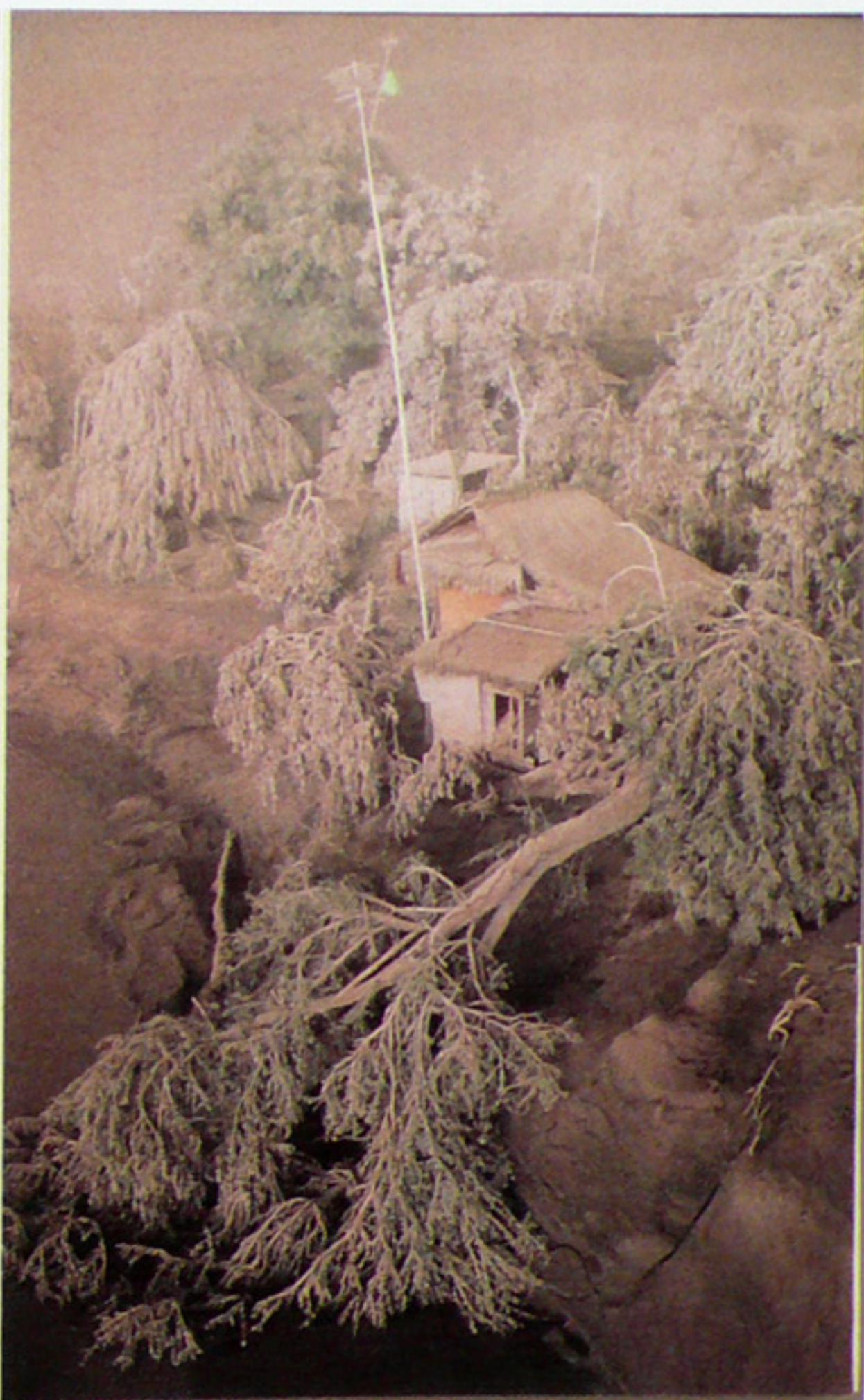
The financial effects on the Philippines will be devastating. Between them, the bases pumped £500 million into the country's economy every year. With the loss of Clark, this figure will fall to £300 million. Four-fifths of the Filipinos living near the bases work directly or indirectly for the Americans. They are the second biggest

employer in the country after the government.

Subic, as the linchpin of the US Navy's presence in the western Pacific, is going to be restored. But Clark — now obsolete because of the development of long-range bombers and carrier-borne jets — had become an optional luxury. For months Manila haggled with the Bush administration over new leases on Subic and Clark, demanding £530 million a year, while the US offered £225 million. With curiously twisted logic, the Philippine Foreign Secretary Raul Manglapus suggested that because the volcano had caused so much damage, the price of the bases might go up, not down.

The Philippine Institute of Vulcanology and Seismology says Pinarubo could keep erupting for months, even years. It may have been awoken by an earthquake which jolted northern Luzon last year. Not long before Pinarubo blew, Mount Unzen in Japan exploded, and not long after, two more Philippine volcanoes — also part of the fiery necklace of volcanoes that circle the Pacific — began to rumble and wheeze. These are turred times on the Pacific's Rim of Fire. ■

Now the worst of the eruptions is over, hunger is a greater worry. Above, in San Fernando a man searches among the sugar cane for food that is fit to eat. Right, the volcanic ash mixes with typhoon rains to form devastating mudslides. Near Clark Air Base, vast tracts of land have been engulfed



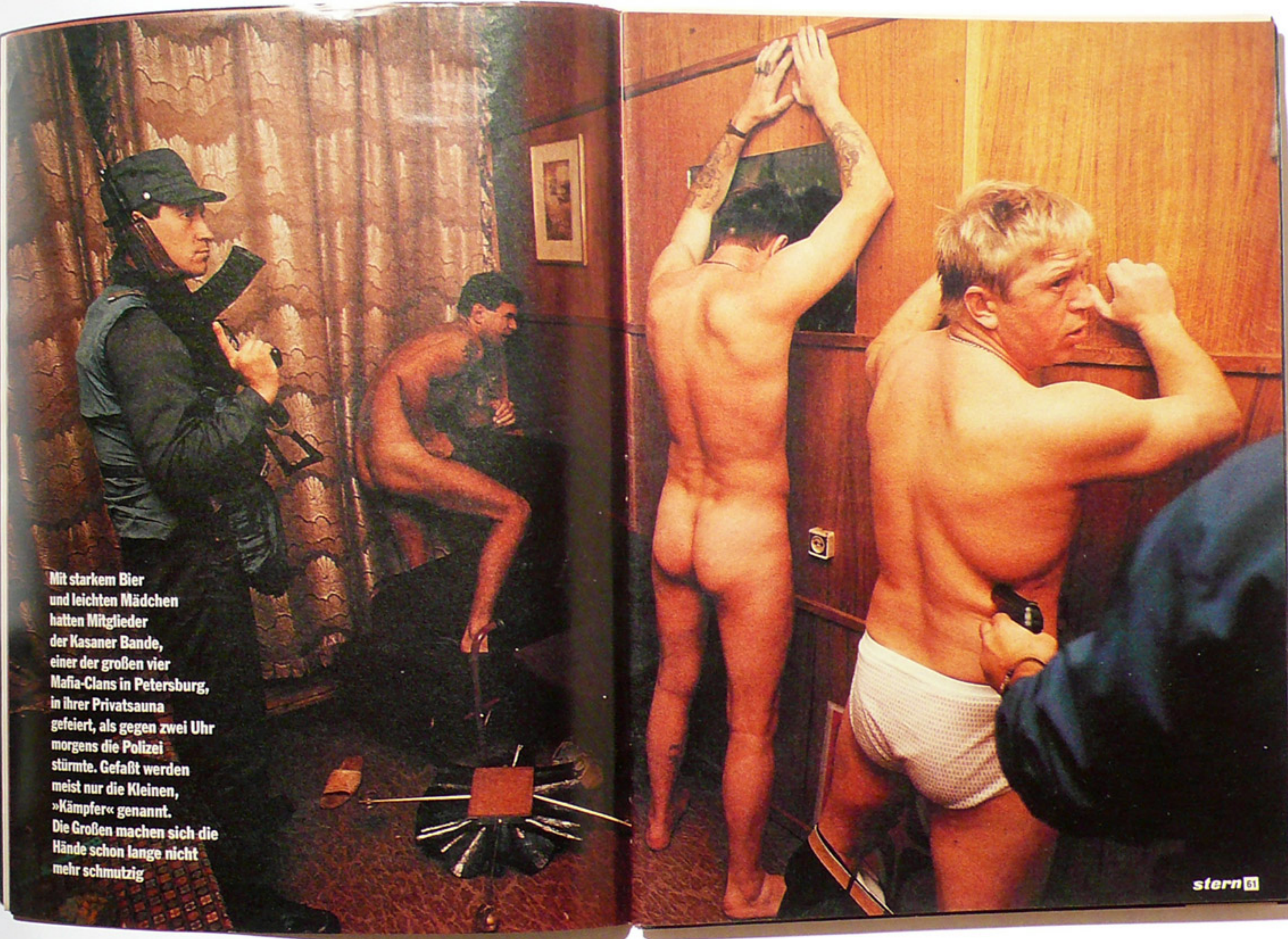


Carrying umbrellas to protect themselves against showers of ash, the people of Olongapo attempt to carry on as usual in a curiously monochrome world. It is 3pm but the skies are perpetually darkened by the volcanic cloud

# DIE SOWJET-MAFIA

Seit Jahrzehnten wuchert, begünstigt von Mangelwirtschaft und Korruption, das organisierte Verbrechen in der Sowjetunion. 5000 Banden plündern den Staat, und im Chaos des sowjetischen Alltags ist die Mafia oft die einzige Gewalt, die wirklich funktioniert. Sie herrscht auch in den überfüllten Zellen des Untersuchungsgefängnisses von St. Petersburg






Mit starkem Bier  
und leichten Mädchen  
hatten Mitglieder  
der Kasaner Bande,  
einer der großen vier  
Mafia-Clans in Petersburg,  
in ihrer Privatsauna  
gefeiert, als gegen zwei Uhr  
morgens die Polizei  
stürmte. Gefasst werden  
meist nur die Kleinen,  
»Kämpfer« genannt.  
Die Großen machen sich die  
Hände schon lange nicht  
mehr schmutzig

Konstantin Jakowlew hat den besten Platz im Petersburger Untersuchungsgefängnis »IZ 45/1«, das Bett unten links. Der Schnauzbärtige, genannt »das Grab«, gehörte früher zur Totengräber-Gang und wird heute als Mafia-Autorität respektiert und gefürchtet. Jetzt ist er wegen Verdachts auf Erpressung in Haft





In einem verdreckten Moskauer Treppenhaus wurde dieser Ermordete gefunden. Es waren vermutlich »Geschäftspartner«, die ihm mit einer selbstgebastelten Pistole ins Herz schossen. Gelangweilt führt ein Kripo-Beamter Protokoll. Alle 22 Minuten wird in der Sowjetunion ein Mensch ermordet – ebensooft wie in den USA

# the love parade

Against a backdrop of united Berlin, the Love Parade, a 15,000-strong techno demonstration, took over the city centre. But it wasn't just a good party, it was a sign that the continuing divisions between East and West Germans can be overcome.

And then the skies opened and the rain came down. Thunderclaps bounced off the digital hand-claps coming from the sound systems, lightning flashed like some heavenly strobe, and it poured. The dancers on the lorries and the pavements opened their arms, welcoming the shower as if it was a heavenly endorsement of their celebration. God had responded to the techno nation's carnival, and supplied the final rush.

As a climax to July's Love Parade, it couldn't have been more right. Rainfall, codified in a hundred pop songs as a cleansing, liberatory force, washed any last inhibition into the Ku'damm gutters and urged everyone towards the ultimate abandon. Defying the physical reality of water-logged clothes and squelching boots, transcending the body, leaving everyday responses, of umbrellas and dodging the storm, behind. The collective ritual was consummated.

The Love Parade is Berlin's yearly celebration of techno unity. A convoy of floats, each with its own sound system, music and decor, snakes its way down the Ku'damm (a shopper's mecca similar to London's Oxford Street) on a Saturday afternoon. Berlin clubs like Planet, Fischburo and Tresor make up half the parade, alongside contingents from Frankfurt, Cologne, Munich, Dresden and Leipzig, leading techno record companies like Low Spirit and RMS, plus a single one from Britain (our own i-D/NovaMute float). An estimated 15,000 line the pavements, drinking in the technicolour frenzy and sampling each float's musical wares. Others crowd around individual trucks, creating mobile dance-floors as the wheels roll onwards.

The most impressive, and the one which draws the biggest crowd, is manned by Berlin DJ Tanith and friends. Tanith's float is techno: 'Apocalypse Now' set to a hard-riffing groove. It's decked out like a tank, all camouflage and netting, with the DJ as a demented military commandant leading the troops from his gun turret. As the bassdrum powerdrills, his comrades set off smoking orange flares. But just when it starts to look frighteningly militaristic, one of the stormtroopers in combat gear turns to display the peace sign painted on the back of his uniform.

The Love Parade has grown in stature alongside Germany's techno scene. In 1989, it consisted of a mere 200 house enthusiasts. In 1990, there were 2,000. In 1991, 7,000. This year, 15,000 travelled from all over Europe and brought the noise to Germany's new capital. "It's about people with the same aims meeting once a year and demonstrating their togetherness," says Juergen Laarman, one of the parade's organisers. "All the people and clubs who might be in competition all year get together and get on. We show all the 'normal' people watching on the main street in Berlin that we are different, that we can live a better life."

Frankfurt DJ, musician and shameless exhibitionist Sven Vath, who walked the Ku'damm dressed in

little more than cycle pants and hair extensions, sees the parade as a signifier of liberation, a chance for people to publicly lose inhibitions that are intrinsic to the German character. "The Love Parade is very important for Germans because otherwise you would never see people expressing themselves on the street - the German mentality is not to show their feelings. It's a good sign for the future - people are opening their minds."

It was also a global advertisement for an indigenous German dance culture that shares little of the snobbery and divisions of Britain's increasingly fragmented club culture. With labels like Low Spirit, Tresor and MFS, Berlin has established itself as Germany's musical capital as well as its party capital. From trance electronics to throbbing noisecore, none of it bears any resemblance to the cartoon samples, breakbeats and ragga 'junglist' of British 'rave' music. London DJ Colin Dale uses the phrase 'intelligent techno' to describe such music. Berlin DJ Tanith says it's "hardcore but not just hard". Everyone concerned is more bothered about staying underground than coining Deutschmarks.

There are two ways to understand German techno music. As music itself, a deranged digital charge born out of disco, house, Kraftwerk and the electropunk of the early '80s Neue Deutsche Welle, or as ritual. A ritual based on the beat of the drum, a dervish dance towards the state of trance, techno connects with drum rituals from the ancient to the future. Compare it with traditional music ceremonies, like those of The Master Musicians Of

Stephanie, 21, from Nottingham, on the i-D/NovaMute float. "It was like nothing I've ever been to before. The overall experience was going to rave in 1995. That feeling of being totally high on other people's happiness, adrenaline and music. The whole fact of being about it, back off to the police, fuck off to rules and regulations. Can you imagine having a rave in the middle of Oxford Street on a Saturday afternoon?" Photograph by Donald Christie.



On the truck with Tanith, Berlin DJ/record producer. "The truck wasn't meant to look cool, I did it like this because I'm a fan of camouflage (often and I hate all this love and peace shit, what is really there is no love and peace. There is friendship, but behind it all the people who do chains are actually competing with each other."





→ Jajouka, an ancestral Moroccan pipe-and-drum ensemble first recorded in the '60s by William Burroughs collaborator Brion Gysin and deceased Rolling Stones member Brian Jones, who play their hallucinogenic dance music from dusk until dawn, charged by numerous pipes of kif, weaving a musical ritual of frightening intensity.

Rhythm, trance, mood enhancement. German techno makes sense in the same way. 'Der Klang Der Familie' by 3 Phase (released this month on the excellent NovaMute compilation of Berlin noise) is emblematic of this: opening with a searing, high-pitched sequence before kicking into a subsonic digital pump, it's house music honed down to its ritual core. Perfect for a time of chaos and confusion.



Left: Revelers on the beach.

Below left to right:

Jordi, 24, jiltress/photographer. Ideal world? "Peace, love and happiness."

Domenico, 26, photographer. Ideal world? "It's like what I see through these glasses right now."

Jenna, 21, club DJ and radio presenter for Berlin Radio 102 and Radio Bremen. Ideal world? "A scene like in London where people understand, and personally to achieve as much as possible without selling out."

Britta, 22, jolting around. Ideal world? "I don't have an idea at the moment."

Silke, 18, student. Ideal world? "To have work that is fun and to make enough money. With those two things you can do anything."

**The Berlin Wall is down, but an invisible Wall still partitions East and West.** Or perhaps that should read a green Wall. The West is rich, the East is poor. A week after the parade, the *Independent On Sunday* ran a feature under the headline "Nearly two years after reunification, Berliners still lead separate lives on either side of the city", highlighting a continued social dividing line cutting the city in two. Westies (Westerners) resent the use of their money to finance Eastern regeneration. Ossis (Easterners) resent the way the West has colonised them, preaching unity while treating them as second class citizens. It's two and a half years since the Wall came down; it's going to take more than two and a half decades before German unity is a social reality.

The atmosphere in the new Berlin is one of anarchic change. Germans, Norbert Walter of the Deutsche Bank recently commented, thrive on creative panic. In the East, squat art sites and clubs in bizarre venues (old army bunkers, military depots like the one used for the two evening Love Parade parties, even a public lavatory beneath Potsdamerplatz) exist alongside flash new banking offices and car showrooms. There is a sense of lawlessness, a millennial party being played out at top speed before the city settles down and assumes the required respectability of its new position as Germany's capital. Where else would 15,000 techno nutters be let loose on the poshest street in town?

Berlin has always been avant-garde, a city of alternatives. In recent years it has attracted young people who wished to evade military service, people captivated by the stark glamour of the Wall, immigrants from Turkey and Eastern Europe, punks, squatters, goths. As DJ Tanith says, "Berlin is a multi-coloured, multicultural scene" - a melting pot that has made it perhaps Germany's most creative city. →



Monday lunchtime outside Planet club. These people have been here since Saturday night.





But beneath the surface run the tensions of reconciling two countries that had been forcibly separated for 40 years, each with its own culture, differences in work practices, economy, social life, even language. The current stereotypes run something like this: Westerners think Easterners are lazy, stupid and only concerned with grabbing Western goods and government money. Easterners think Westerners are arrogant, selfish know-alls for *Besserweiser* - Western smart alecs only concerned with exploiting the East for their own profit.

What's for certain is that times are hard. Chancellor Kohl's promise that "no-one will be worse off" as a result of German union proved false. The current state of play is recession, strikes and public spending cuts in the West, the frightening cost of regenerating a stagnant Eastern economy that was reliant on government subsidies, over-staffed and run on outdated technology with rampant pollution, continuing low wages for Easterners (50-60 per cent of Western wages) coupled with a high unemployment rate and the increased price of basic foodstuffs. All of which has led to a feeling of mutual distrust and, reflecting economic frustrations, a direction of hatred against immigrants - *Ausländer* (foreigners) and *Scheinasylanten* (fake asylum seekers, particularly from Eastern Europe) - and a rise in support for Germany's neo-Nazis with a corresponding intensification of racist violence.

However, a recent opinion poll suggested that most Germans would like their new country to be more like the safe, clean, non-aggressive order of Switzerland, and the anti-fascist techno compilation LP, *No More Ugly Germans*, which sold 20,000 copies earlier this year, proved that at least the hardcore generation are saying no to neo-Nazism; though as Sven Vath, one of the contributors to the album, says: "What we did was only a little thing. Now more people have to think and do something about it."

Divisions are visible even here, on the Love Parade, on a day where money shouldn't matter, where participation doesn't exclude those who can't afford entry fees. The East German contingent, from Dresden and Leipzig, don't sport the designer casualwear and professionally-printed T-shirts of the Westerners. They DIY a raver style out of what is available, market stall clothes and home-customised caps and shirts. As Soren from Leipzig, manager of the East's leading DJ Til, says: "We're not kaputt (fucked up) enough to have all this theatre and cult of personality that Western clubs and DJs indulge in." Even their floats look different, populated by a motley selection of superannuated speakers and decorated by cheaply spray-canned banners. Compared to the Munich float, sponsored by Marlboro cigarettes with a drummer playing a synthesizer drumkit on the roof, some of the East Germans almost look like deprived children on their first day at school, clad in make-do uniforms.

"The people from East Germany remind me of the working class taverns in England, for them it's a social revolution," suggests Juergen Laarmann. "Before, the highlight of their year would be their brother bringing over an old Bob Dylan record from the West. In a way, techno was the music of their liberation."

It's a theory that DJ Tanith agrees with. "The clubs were the first place that East and West came together and people recognised they are not different. At first you could tell the difference between Easterners and Westerners by their clothes, but not any more. In the East German clubs, they use less drugs and they are more enthusiastic. They get more into the music and they don't criticise as much." In clubs like Leipzig's *Basis* and Dresden's *Fabrik*, you'll see 50-year-old art hippies mixing with teenage ravers, and the music is consequently more diverse. There are one-off parties too, but venues are hard to find since Western property sharks moved in, and the hardcore still drive the two hours to Berlin, the party capital and gateway to the West.

"Before the Wall came down, techno parties in Berlin attracted 2-300 people," says Tanith. "Afterwards, 7,000 people. Techno fitted the climate and the city. There was an uproar and it was like the 1920s again. Two cultures coming together and the rhythm and melody of the music clashing together."

So there is hope. Social reunification is more likely to develop out of a younger generation who share something in common like music outside of economic divisions.

**Bumpbumpbumpbumpbumpbumpbump...** bassdrums echo off shopping centre walls, policemen nod their heads to the groove, little kids dance on car bonnets, arms flailing, costume queens vogue, soaked-to-skin dancers whistle and scream from roadside puddles as the sound system lories pull back into Wittenbergplatz. In the U-Bahn station, people mill about aimlessly, dripping wet, hugging, still blowing their whistles. It's 8pm and the ritual is complete. One face stands out. A young lad, in urban combat trousers and sopping T-shirt, smiles a post-coital smile like he's been shagged from one end of the Ku'damm to the other. We all feel the same. Because this was more than a rave, it was a demonstration for cultural liberation, a sign of hope for the future, a communal, public orgasm. And yes, the earth moved for me too, darling.

Thanks to Vanja, Matt, Mick, Mel, Seth, Papi and NovaMute, Teenage Atari Riot and all on the iD NovaMute float, Ralph, Juergen and the Love Parade

Credits outside Trax club





AMID THE RUBBLE OF WAR, A STRONG-WILLED PEOPLE BEGINS ANOTHER ORDEAL—

REBUILDING HERAT AND OTHER CITIES SAVAGED BY YEARS OF SOVIET BOMBS.

# Afghanistan's Uneasy Peace



**COVERED HEAD TO HEEL** in the traditional chadri, shoppers in Kabul signal Afghanistan's return to fundamental Islam. Until 1959 women were pressured to conceal their bodies from all but close relatives; by the time women won

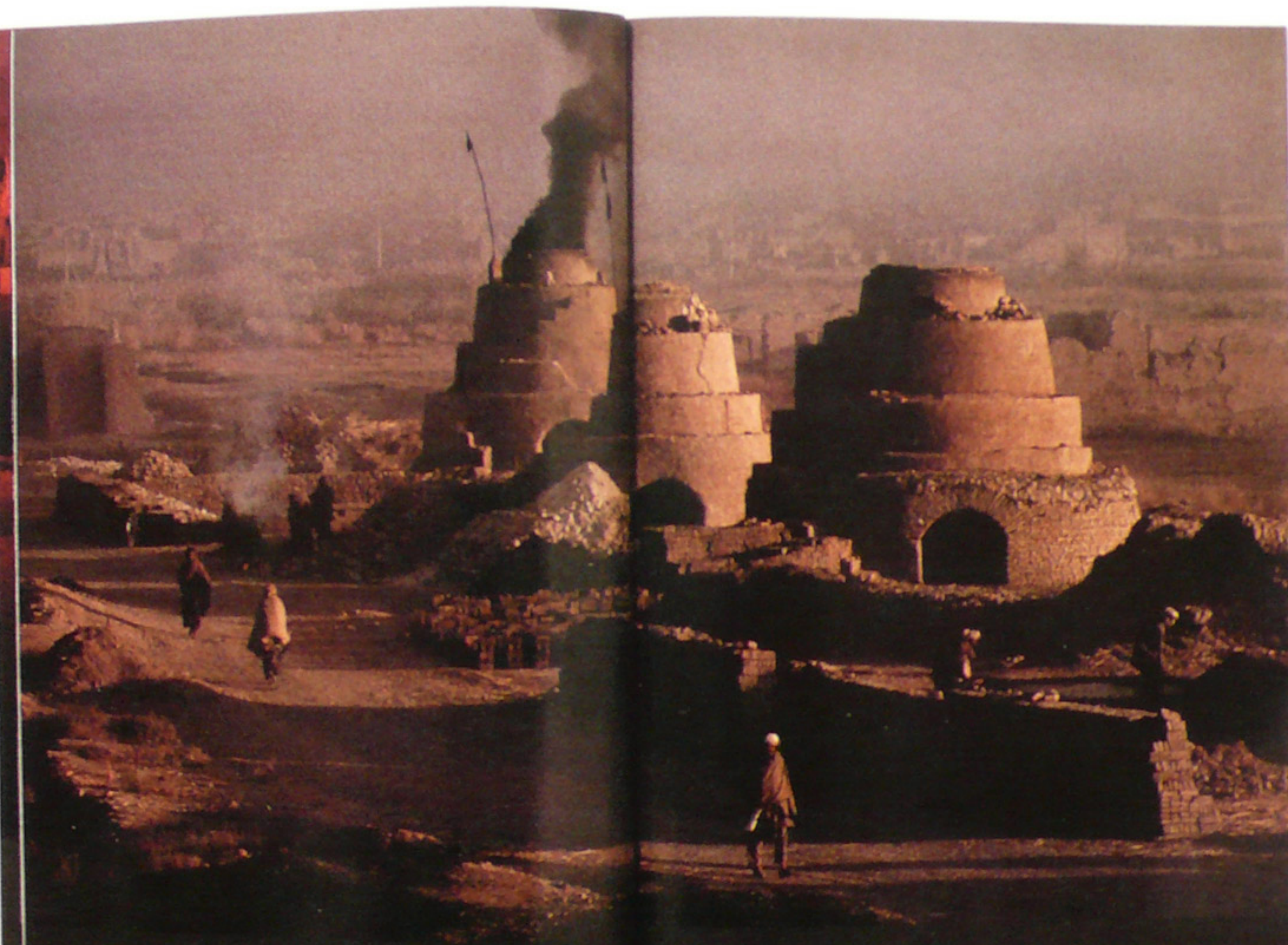
the right to vote five years later, the chadri was becoming rare in major cities. Today's leaders urge women to wear the full-length garment, although Western fashions are still for sale in the bazaars.





**ENEMIES IN WAR** *Join forces in Afghanistan's national army, as bearded mujahidin, holy warriors, train with clean-shaven Afghan communists, whose government lasted until April 1992. The Soviet Union withdrew its troops in*

*February 1989 after a decade of war killed 15,000 Soviets and a million Afghans. Thousands more have died in recent battles among mujahidin. "We're still fighting," a soldier said, "to bring peace to Afghanistan."*



**BRICK BY BRICK**, residents of the southern city of Qandahar—until recently Afghanistan's largest city after Kabul—are rebuilding homes leveled by war, using bricks of soft mud fired in conical kilns outside town. Such kilns are

working overtime in most major cities: Two million refugees have returned to Afghanistan from Iran, Pakistan, and other points abroad, and their reconstruction efforts depend on a steady supply of bricks.



**CROWDING INTO THE TRUNK** while adult relatives ride up front, boys in Kabul settle in for an open-air taxi ride across town. The mosaic of their faces reflects the ethnic mix of both Kabul and the nation: Afghanistan's main

groups are the dominant Pashtun and the Tajik, Uzbek, and Hazara, but many Afghans count residents of the capital—where intermarriage is more common than elsewhere—as a people apart, the Kabulis.



Traditionelle Kostüme



Festivals



Bei heiligem Wochentag spielen sie mit seinen Begleitern für musikalische Begegnung



Reinholdsfest



Das Essen von Enderkötten...



...und Schafskäse



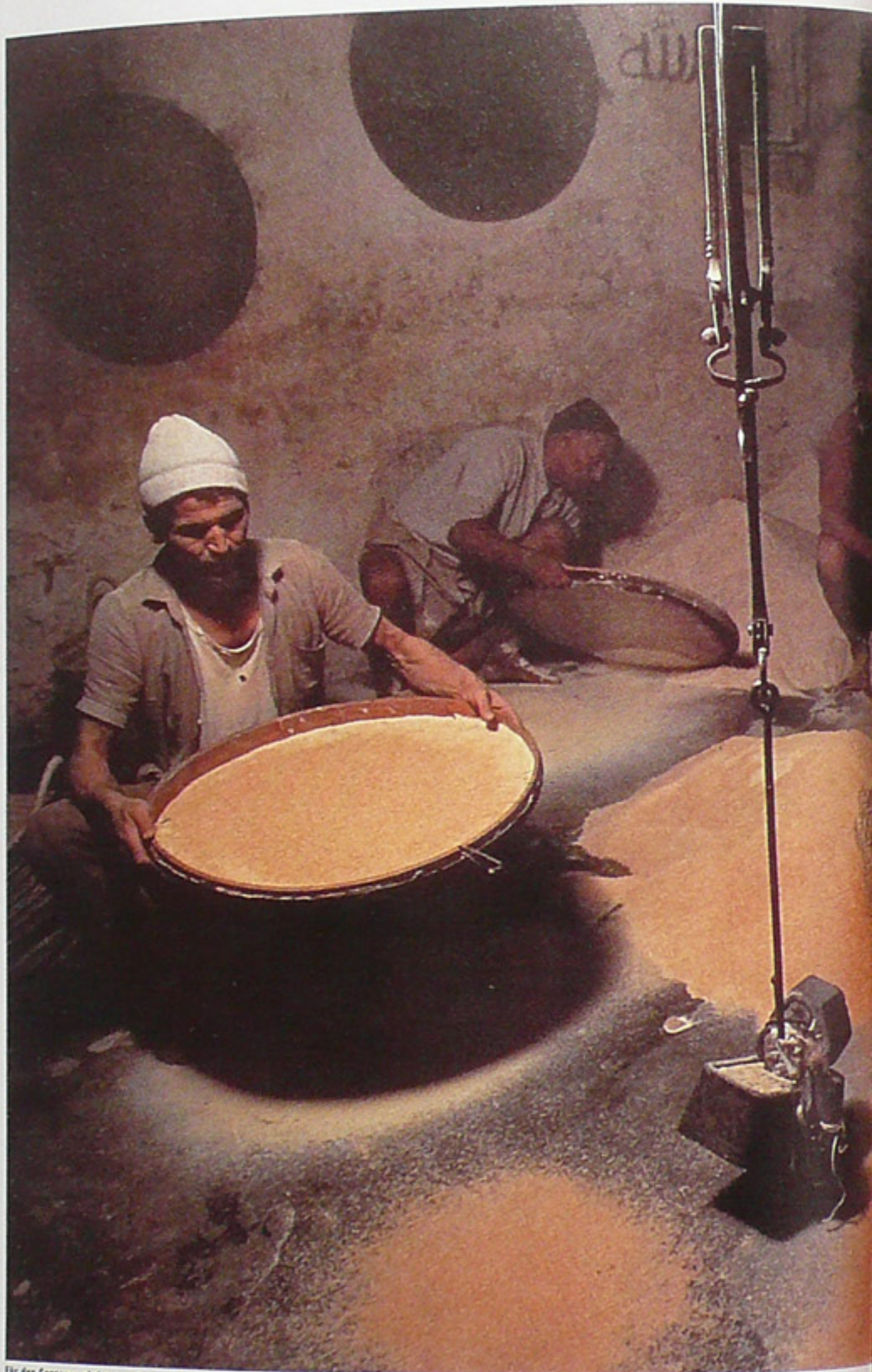
Pasteteherkäufer



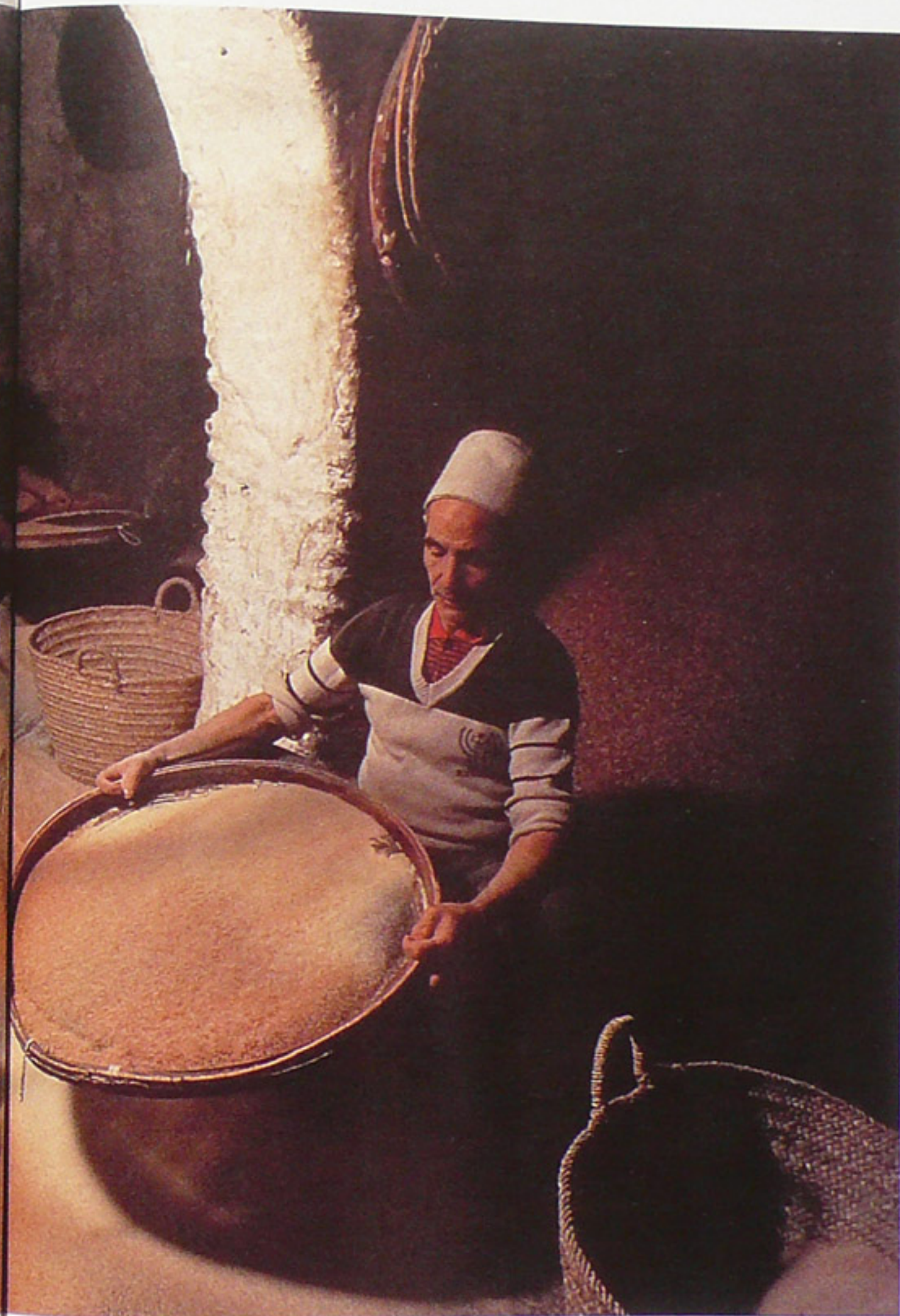
Die gefärbten Wolle werden auf einem Friedhof in der Nähe der Bahnhöfe im Ort aufgehängt!



Ein Schafwirt in der Nähe der Bahnhöfe

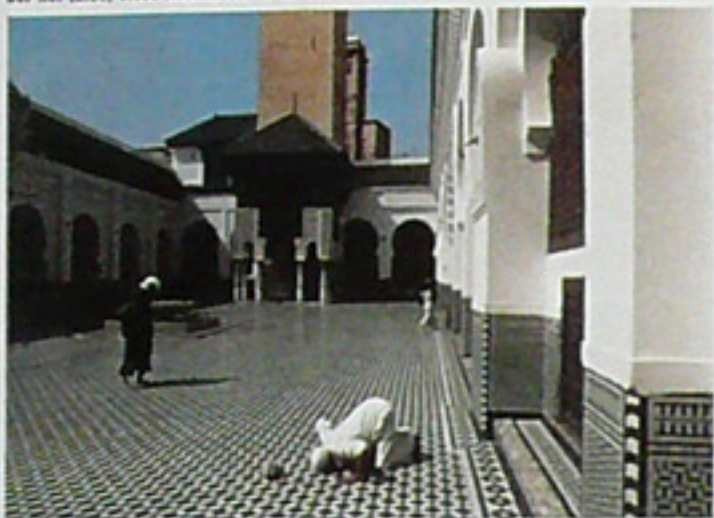


Für den Couscous wird grober Grieß zubereitet





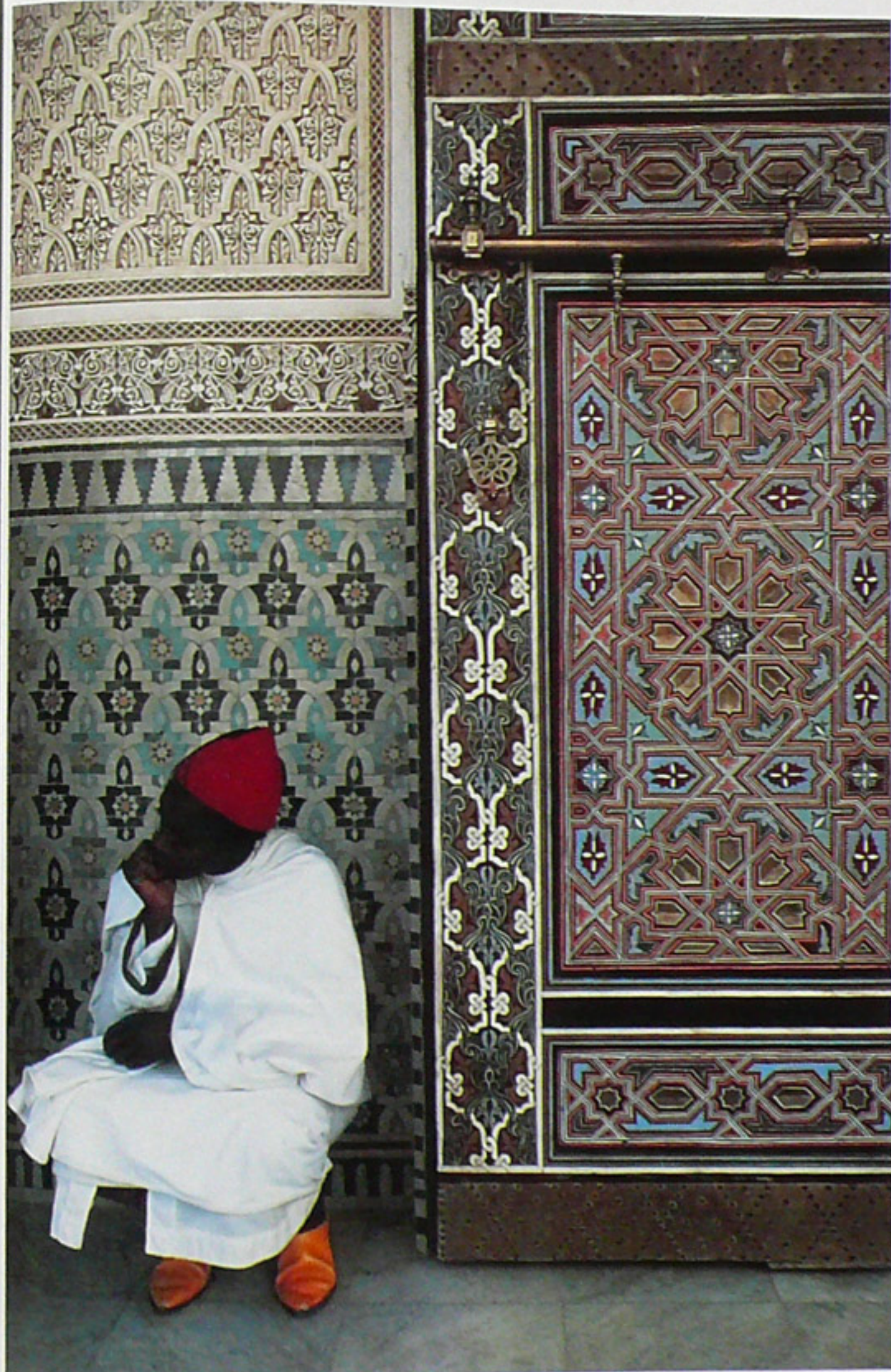
Der Hof (Hof) eines Wohnhauses in der Nähe des Gerbertviertels



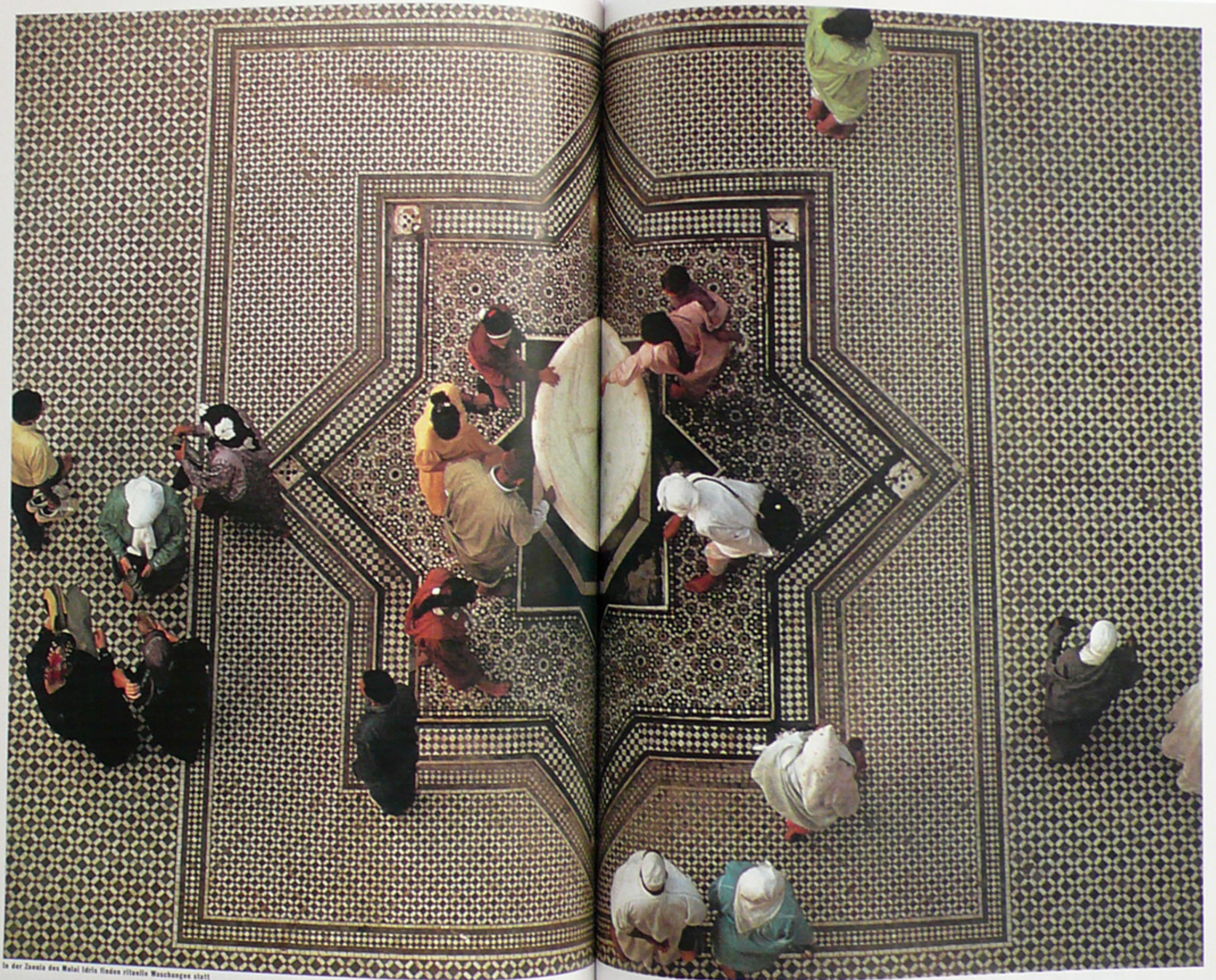
Der Innenhof der Moschee Qarawijin



Die Moschee, im 9. Jahrhundert von den Andalusiern errichtet, wurde zu Beginn des 13. Jahrhunderts von den Almohaden umgebaut



Rechte Seite: Tor im Innern des Königspalastes



In der Zawiya des Malai Idris finden rituelle Waschungen statt



# reportage

Special issue The international magazine of photojournalism/Spring 1997





# The sadness of S-21



The catacomb-like heaps of bones exhumed from Cambodia's killing fields are a familiar, if grisly sight, but they are victims without faces. Less well-known are the prisoners of 'S-21' photographed by the Khmer Rouge



Until 16 April 1975, 'detention' at Tuol Sleng high school, like everywhere else in the world, simply meant being kept late in class. The very next day that changed for ever: 17 April was the birthday of a new millennium, a historical spasm so convulsive that its progenitors decreed an end to the old calendar. This was Year Zero, when the revolutionary Khmer Rouge forces commanded by Pol Pot and his Paris-educated cadres overthrew 'bourgeois rule' and forced the

citizens of Cambodia out of the cities to work in the fields. Under this crash-course scheme of Maoist re-education, detention at the high school at Tuol Sleng acquired an altogether more sinister and brutal aspect. The Khmer Rouge turned it into a prison, where those suspected of harbouring counter-revolutionary sentiments were interrogated, harassed, humiliated, forced into writing confessions and then, in any case, executed.

The Khmer Rouge's blunt

renaming of the building 'S-21' was unintentionally eloquent, prefiguring the way in which the 14,000 Cambodians who passed through the school gates and died inside were themselves deprived of names, becoming numbers. The grim irony of their fate was that their killers – the self-styled enemies of bureaucracy – were themselves expert and meticulous bureaucrats, who kept not only a written record of each prisoner, including copies of confessions,

but also a photograph of every one. By the time the Vietnamese intervention of 1979 forced the former schoolteacher Pol Pot into exile, one million Cambodians – approximately one in seven of the population – had died of disease or starvation. Another 200,000 were killed as enemies of the state, many of them crudely dispatched by blows to the skull with agricultural implements. After Year Zero, ploughshares were turned into swords.

The Khmer Rouge followed the precedent of Stalin's and Mao's repressions, yet there was something still more dementedly paranoid about Pol Pot's deprecations. For all that it was a grotesque charade, the Maoist ritual of rectification and self-criticism did at least allow for eventual rehabilitation; likewise, Stalin's show trials were grim parodies of judicial process but they were conducted in public and a death sentence

was not automatic.

The confessions extracted in Tuol Sleng were for the Party's private satisfaction only; they provided no grounds for clemency. Only seven people are known to have survived the prison. When the Vietnamese finally overran Phnom Penh, they found the bodies of prisoners executed only hours earlier, their spilt blood not yet dried.

Following the chaotic retreat of Pol Pot's forces, a large part of the archive was looted and destroyed;

and what remained was scattered, filthy and mildewed. Still, with the efforts of the US-based Photo Archive Group, some 6,000 negatives survived to be housed in archives when the former school was turned into a museum to commemorate the holocaust that Cambodia, now Kampuchea, had endured.

Recently, the photographer responsible for these haunting images was discovered in Kampuchea. Nhem Ein, now 37,

joined the Khmer Rouge as a 10-year-old. He was sent to China for training and returned in May 1976 aged 16 to be chief photographer at Tuol Sleng. Interviewed in Phnom Penh by Robin McDowell of the Associated Press, Nhem Ein estimated that he took about 10,000 photographs at S-21 and recalled seeing faces after faces filled with fear and a deep sadness: "I knew that I was taking the pictures of innocent people, but I knew that if I said anything, I would be killed."

In the fashion world of the 90's, teen-age models simulate an adulthood they've yet to experience for women who crave a youthful beauty they'll never achieve. Sweet 16 it's not.  
By Jennifer Egan Photographs by Nan Goldin

# James

is a girl

AN OCTOBER MORNING IN PARIS. JAMES KING, HER HAIR PULLED back into a ponytail, bounds from an elevator into the lobby of the Hôtel de la Trémoille, not far from the Arc de Triomphe, where she has been staying for the past week. "How do I look — what do you think?" she asks the 20-year-old Julia Samersova, who used to work at Company Management, the modeling agency that began representing James nearly two years ago, when she was still known as Jaime. (Company Management already represented Jaime Rishar, a top model. "James" was already Jaime King's nickname.) Samersova is now James's best friend and occasional chaperone. Seated at a breakfast table squeezing lemons into a bottle of Evian, she looks up at James, who gestures nervously at her black pants and long-sleeved black shirt. "Do you think this is proper? Do you think it's fierce yet subtle?" ("Fierce" is the superlative du jour this fall among the fashion crowd.)

"Yes," Samersova says, nodding. "Yes."

She has enormous dark eyes and braces on her teeth, and will tell anyone who asks that her father is a Russian mobster. Motherly beyond her years, she has taken a break from her studies in fashion-business

*Jennifer Egan is the author of "The Invisible Circus," a novel, and "Emerald City," a collection of stories just published by Nan A. Talese-Doubleday. This is her first article for the Magazine. Nan Goldin is a New York-based photographer whose last assignment for the Magazine was on gang girls. She is having a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art this fall.*

merchandising at the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York to accompany James to this fall's ready-to-wear shows in Europe, which began the first week in October in Milan.

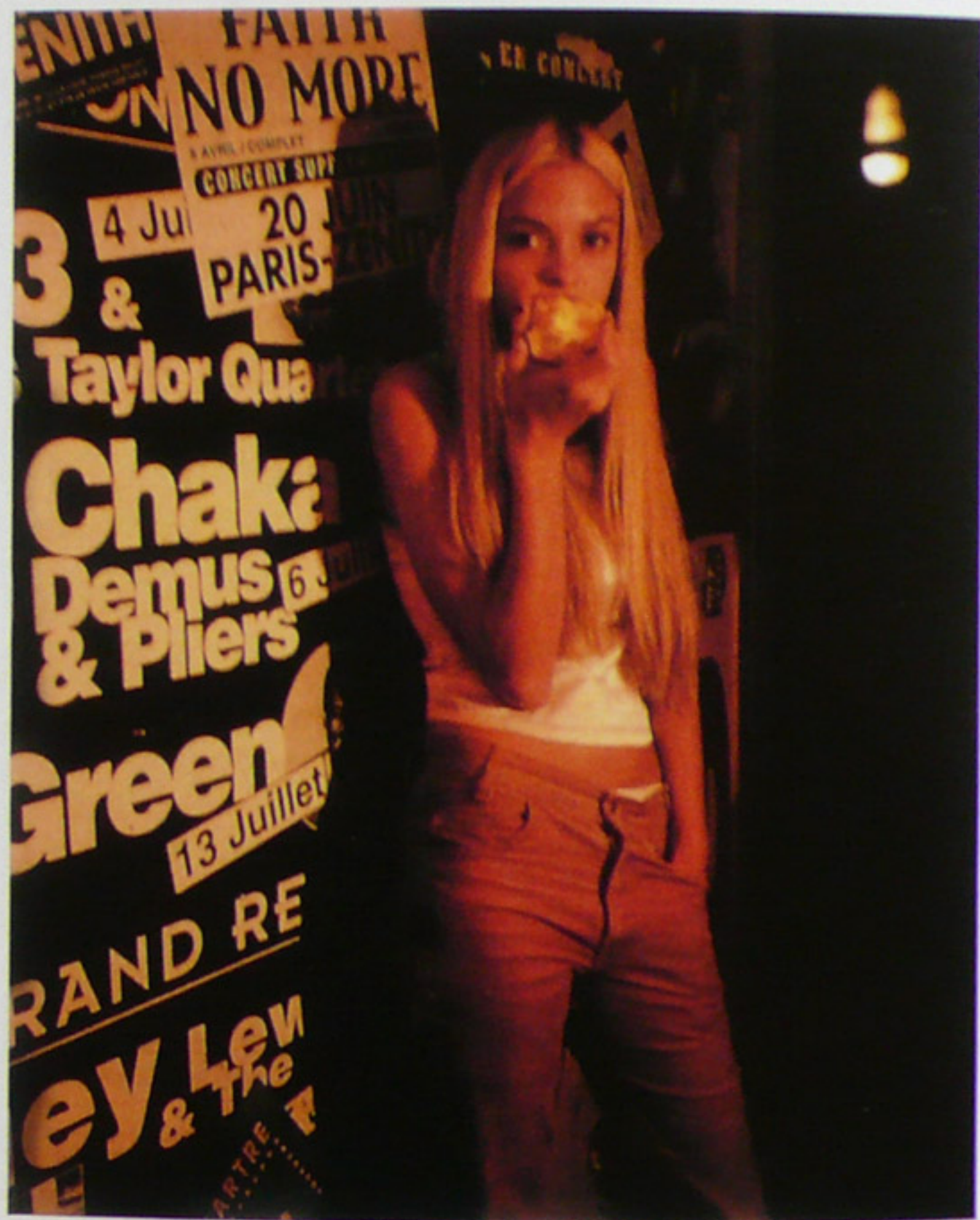
"Banana Republic rocks, I'm sorry," James says.

It is the morning of the John Galiano show, one of the most anticipated of the collections being shown in Paris, and James has been cast in it — a triumph for any model, not to speak of one having her first season in Paris. James has just finished her third season in Milan (fall, spring, fall), but because of French law, any model under 16 is prohibited from appearing in the Paris collections. James turned 16 in April.

When James has finished her breakfast — tea, a small pain au chocolat and a chain of Marlboros — I walk with her and Samersova to the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, where the Galiano show is to take place. Despite the balmy weather, Paris has been a mess — a general strike and the resulting gridlock have filled the air with a throat-scorching smog; the proliferation of terrorist bombs in subways and garbage cans has led to a heavy police presence on the streets. Yet the fashion world feels eerily removed from all this. At the backstage entrance to the Galiano show, the most pressing question is who will get in and who won't. Fashion shows used to be sedate affairs catering mostly to magazine editors and department-store buyers. Now that models have become icons, the shows have about them an air of exquisite urgency; they're cultural high-low events, like a Stones concert in the 1970's.

Though the show isn't scheduled to start until 6:30 P.M., models like

James backstage at the Jean Calozza spring '96 show in Paris. She is no longer shy about getting dressed and undressed in front of strangers when she's working.



Moss for imperfect beauty that triumphed. Within minutes of the supermodels' arrival, the room is saturated with camera flashes and television crews, everyone tripping over wires and elbowing one another aside to get at those famously beautiful faces. The media runoff falls to the newer, lesser-known models, who are already injured to the giant cameras clocking their every move, often only inches from their faces.

By now, outside the theater, an impatient, well-beeled crowd surges against the waist-high metal barriers cordoning off the doors. Everyone is brandishing crumpled invitations and wailing the name of Galliano's gatekeeper, a young bespectacled Englishman named Mesh. "Mesh! Mesh!" He paces frantically before them, occasionally waving his arms and consulting with the security guards. Now and then, a shaken-looking fashion editor makes herself heard and is pried from the crush. "I'm so sorry!" Mesh murmurs in soothing tones while delivering her into the theater. "I had no idea you were there." Inside, seating is assigned in direct accordance with status, and Galliano has sharpened the hierarchy at this show by seating his most important guests right on the stage.

Eventually the show opens to sound bites from the "Pulp Fiction" soundtrack. It's a convoluted spectacle, no simple runway viewing. Campbell saunters about the stage like a high priestess, several choirboys trotting in her wake; Shalom, barelegged in a tutu, pirouettes around the perimeter of the balcony. James appears in a white dress, her hair full of leaves. As she darts to and fro, following Galliano's wordless, pretentious script with complete sincerity, she brings to mind nothing so much as a girl starring in the school play.

#### IN THE FASHION WORLD, MODELS ARE

always "girls." Successful models are "big girls." Stars like Moss and Campbell and Evangelista are "huge girls." Diminutive though the term may sound for a 30-year-old like Evangelista, who has made millions during her career, "girl" captures the peculiar role played by a model of any age. Backstage at a show or at a shooting in a loft, "girl" suggests, as it is meant to, someone more beautiful and less complicated than a woman.

In recent years, America has become obsessed with "girls," and the fashion world has a theory about why: actresses have lost their glamour by turning into real people, and models have replaced them as the stars of our time. Certainly models are this decade's contribution to our already crowded celebrity pantheon. They are what rock stars were to the 70's and visual artists were to the 80's. The rise of models has less to do with the fashion industry, whose business has slumped since the 80's, than with the potent blend of cultural preoccupations they embody: youth, beauty and, perhaps most of all, media exposure. Models are perfectly suited to a culture obsessed with fame for its own sake. Appearing in the media is their job — their images are their stock in trade. They are famous for being famous.

In the fashion world, there is a feeling that models have changed. "Today, you're not looking for perfection anymore," says Michael Flutie, the owner of Company Management, one of several new modeling agencies that have been founded in New York in the last decade. What matters more than any particular look is a model's *amuse*, her ability to project an inner life for the camera: the inner life of someone whose surface fascinates us.

To "find a girl" is to discover a teen-ager with potential. The career arc of a model requires that she start young, and the preternatural beauty of very young girls (along with their quite genuine girlishness) makes them *ur-models* of a sort. Even a face 21 years old doesn't look quite as fresh, and I've had models in their 20's admit that they're a few years older than they say, and tell me how hard it was to adjust to metabolic changes. For years now, and in summertime especially, Manhattan has teemed with schoolgirls, some as young as 12 or 13, who are building up their modeling portfolios during vacation. The ones with real potential almost always get magazine

work before they graduate high school. The paradox of the outcry over Calvin Klein's recent advertisements for his jeans is that most of his young models were shown to look their real ages.

But if models have always been young, they have not always been media celebrities, and nowadays, teen-agers like James must contend with a level of attention — and the pressures that come with it — that wasn't there in the early 80's, when I modeled briefly. The media presence is greater now, and the world has shrunk: a 16-year-old model might be offered jobs in Paris one week and Prague the next. She is part of a globalized industry.

To "make a girl" is to put her on the map. Flutie began making James two years ago. James is big today, and there are people in the fashion world who believe that she could be huge. She has long, straight blond hair and a heartbreaking face — sexy and sorrowful. She has an endearingly snaggletoothed smile and the luminous skin of a child. She is a slender girl and a voluptuous woman. She is growing up before our eyes, and she is growing up very, very fast.

**James met Michael Flutie, founder and owner of the Company Management modeling agency, when she was 14. 'I wanted to go somewhere with my life and I wanted it now,' she recalls.**

ON THE DAY FLUTIE ARRIVES IN PARIS from Milan, company management holds a dinner for its models at *Natacha*, a restaurant popular this fall with the fashion crowd. (Fashion people tend to surround themselves with one another, wherever they are.) In a downstairs room bathed in gold light, the models and their guests sprawl around several tables and wait for Flutie. There's Jicky Schneer, a bleached blonde whose modeling career took off when she had the good fortune to share an elevator one day with the fashion photographer Steven Meisel, whom she didn't recognize but whose dog she passed. There is Suzy Richards, from London, who recently cut off her long brown hair and bleached it white, and Lesli Holleck, who recently cut off her long blond hair and dyed it blue-black (and, more recently, back to blond). The models share gossip from Milan — Evangelista looked fat, the runways were full of blondes, some models aren't coming to Paris because of the nuclear testing in Tahiti.

Joi Tyler, a black model, is having a miserable time in Paris. The designers are using few black models this season, and she has heard it's because Romeo Gigli used mostly black models in his spring '95 show and the line wasn't a commercial hit. Tyler turns to Andreea Raduoiu, a cinnamon-haired model with strong Eastern European features. "I never want to come back here," she says, almost close to tears.

Finally, Flutie arrives with James and Samersova. James looks exhausted. Flutie, who has bleached-blond hair and eyebrows and is wearing black leather pants (as he almost always does), sits down near Raduoiu, looking pained. He has bad news: a mix-up has occurred between the organizers of the *Comme des Garçons* show and the French bureaucrats who issue work permits, and Raduoiu, a new model who is having her first season, has been canceled from her biggest show. "But I was just there for the rehearsal," Raduoiu says in a near whisper, "and they didn't say anything." She has a sweet, unpretentious air — once, having run out of moisturizer, she rubbed *Mazola* oil on her face for a couple of days. She has just turned 19, and spent her adolescence struggling with the rest of her Romanian family as they all settled in Chicago. She looks stunned.

James, who was canceled from the *Comme des Garçons* show for the same reason as Raduoiu, bellows from her end of the table: "They can [expletive]. I have more important shows to do!" (Later, I heard she was in tears when she first found out.) After venting his frustration with *Comme des Garçons*, Flutie sips red wine. Among his models, he tends to assume a half-listening stance, like a distracted father whose mind is still at the office. Raduoiu broods. Her book is full of tear sheets from magazines, but in her first year she'll probably earn less than \$30,000, more than half of which will go to repay the agency (on top of a 20 percent commission) for money advanced to her for the many expenses she incurred in the development

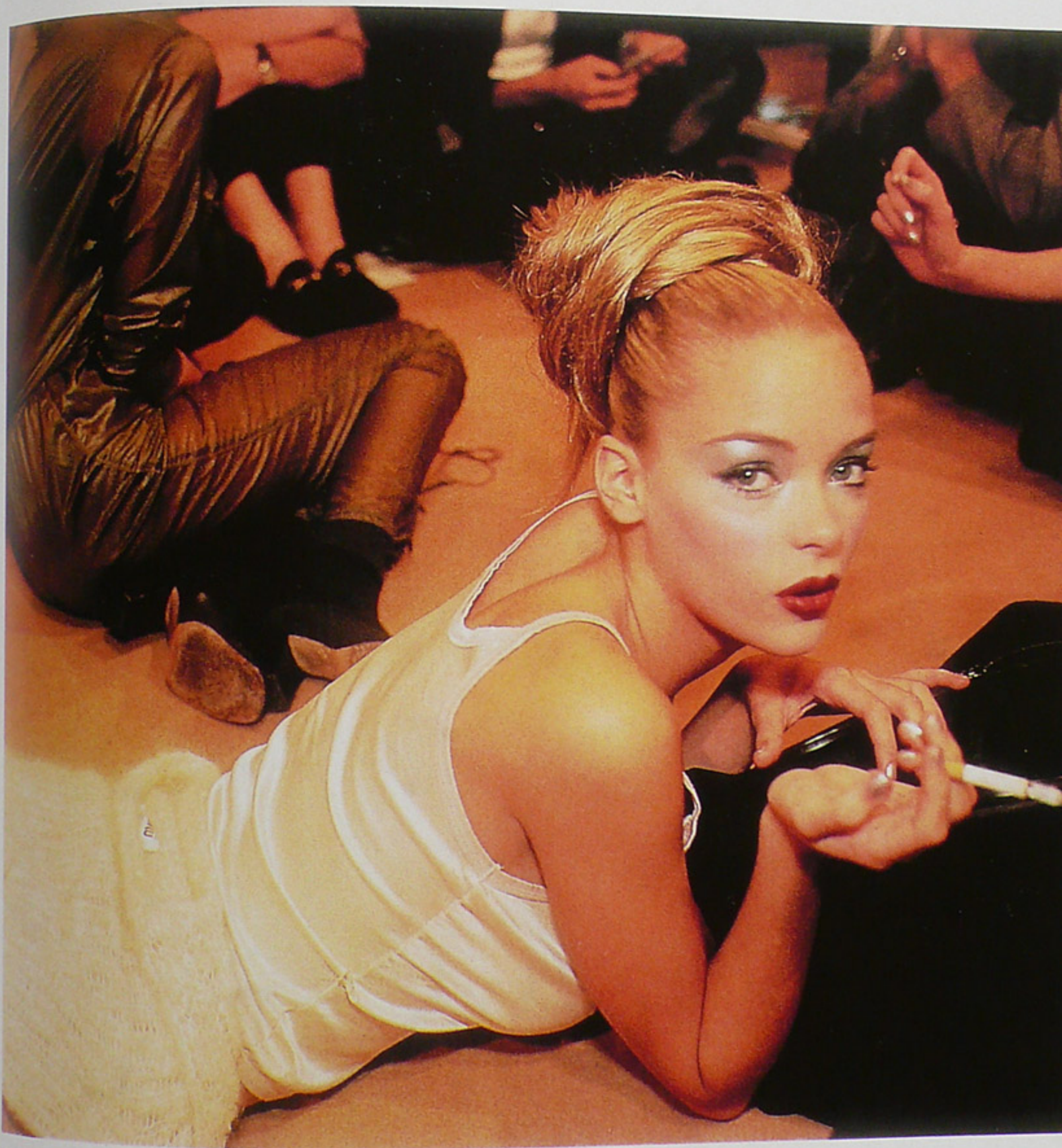


MODEL LIFE

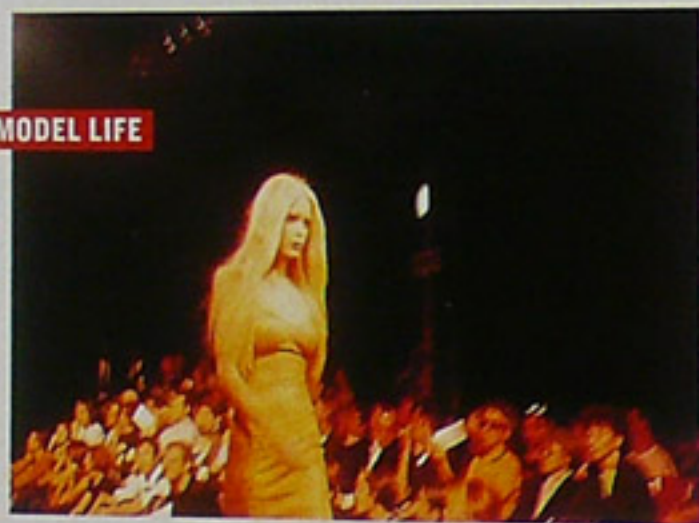
With her bundle of hair, James waits backstage at the spring '96 *Chast* show in New York. It is a long and arduous day: five shows in about eight hours.

# The New York Times Magazine

FEBRUARY 4, 1996 / SECTION 6



She has a look that's earned her runway jobs, magazine covers, tens of thousands of dollars and a shot at celebrity. All she's lost is her youth.  
**At 16, A Model's Life** By Jennifer Egan Photographs by Nan Gold



**MODEL LIFE**

Top row, left to right: James with her boyfriend, Kyle, in town from Omaha; looking Lolita-like at one Paris show, and royal at Karl Lagerfeld's. Middle row: James and another model, Carolyn Murphy, at the Ghost show; in Paris at a fitting for Jean Colonna, and with her mother, Nancy King, who came to her daughter's shows in New York. Bottom row: "Her body rocks in a big way" is how James's best friend described her; James on a Jean Colonna set made to resemble a hotel room, and with Kyle at a pool hall in New York.

At Richard Tyler, one of James's biggest fall shows at Bryant Park, she wore three outfits that had in common transparency from the waist up, so that her breasts were fully visible.

process: haircuts, air fare, messenger fees, laser prints for her book, multiple copies of each magazine she appears in and even food. The model pays for everything, and it adds up. James, whose Corn Belt blond hair and blue eyes are more naturally the stuff of catalogues — a good source of income for models — will make an estimated \$150,000 in this, her second year. But she, too, will have a commission and expenses to pay. The rest will go to her parents, who invest it and provide her with a weekly allowance.

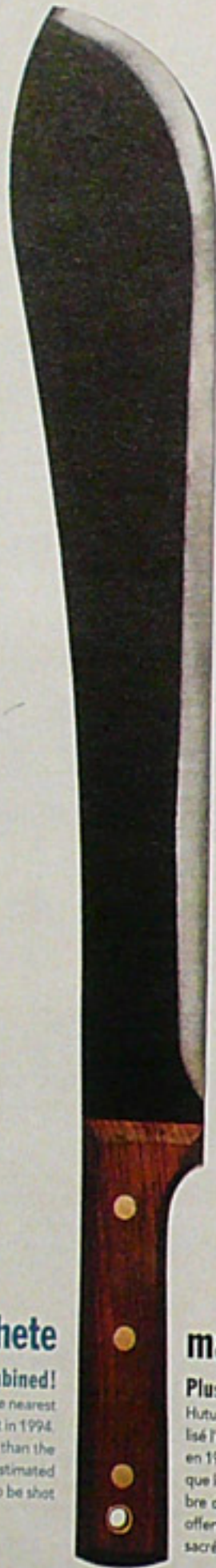
Striking a balance among editorial, advertising and catalogue work is crucial to the success of any model who, like Radutoiu or James, is shooting for the top. Editorial work — that is, posing for the photographs that appear in the fashion pages of magazines — is low paying (\$150 per day on average), but highly prestigious and a valuable source of tear sheets and exposure. Catalogues pay much better (day rates start at \$750 and can go as high as \$10,000 or more, for a star), but are useless in forwarding a career. To be perceived as a mere catalogue girl is to lose the hope of editorial work, without which a model has little chance at grasping for the real prizes of her business: campaigns, or seasonal advertising for designers, which can pay as much as \$20,000 per day; and most desired of all, contracts, in which a model becomes a representative for a company's products or apparel lines (Moss for Calvin Klein, Claudia Schiffer for Revlon). A contract model may earn sums in the millions.

There is an upright piano at Natacha, and James begins fooling around on it. She has a charisma that draws others to her, and soon a group is gathered at the piano. Watching her, I find myself thinking of her description of her first meeting with Flutie, when she was 14: "Michael asked me a question. He's like, 'Why do you want to do this?' And I said, 'Because I want to be a star.' It didn't mean that I want to be famous. It didn't mean that I wanted everyone to know me, it just meant that I want to be a star to myself. That I wanted to be successful to myself, that I wanted to go somewhere with my life and I wanted it then, I wanted it now."

JAMES IS FROM OMAHA. "I GREW UP IN THE SUBURBS," SHE TELLS ME, "very normal family, like Mom, Dad, that kind of thing." She has an older sister and a younger brother. Her parents separated more than a year ago (something James never mentions), but the split is amicable and they still work together in Omaha, renting out mostly low-income apartments. "When I was 12 or 13," James says, "that's when I started looking at magazines, and I became literally obsessed with designers and models. Like, I would stay up till 3 o'clock in the morning slicing the best pictures out of Harper's Bazaar and Vogue and making collages and posting them up on my door, like the fiercest pictures that I saw, like of Gaultier and Galliano and whatever. I knew every model, I knew who Steven Meisel was."

In the minds of a great many young American girls, modeling has replaced Hollywood as the locus for fantasies of stardom. Kelly Stewart, a 14-year-old high-school freshman who has been with the Click agency for two years, says she became obsessed at age 8. A room plastered with pages from Vogue has become as emblematic of American girlhood as Barbie has, and the assiduous merchandising of models in books, magazines and cable-television shows is no doubt fueling this surge of interest.

"When I was in junior high, I had a lot of problems with people," James says. "I started getting my breasts earlier than everyone, I had my period



US \$6

## machete

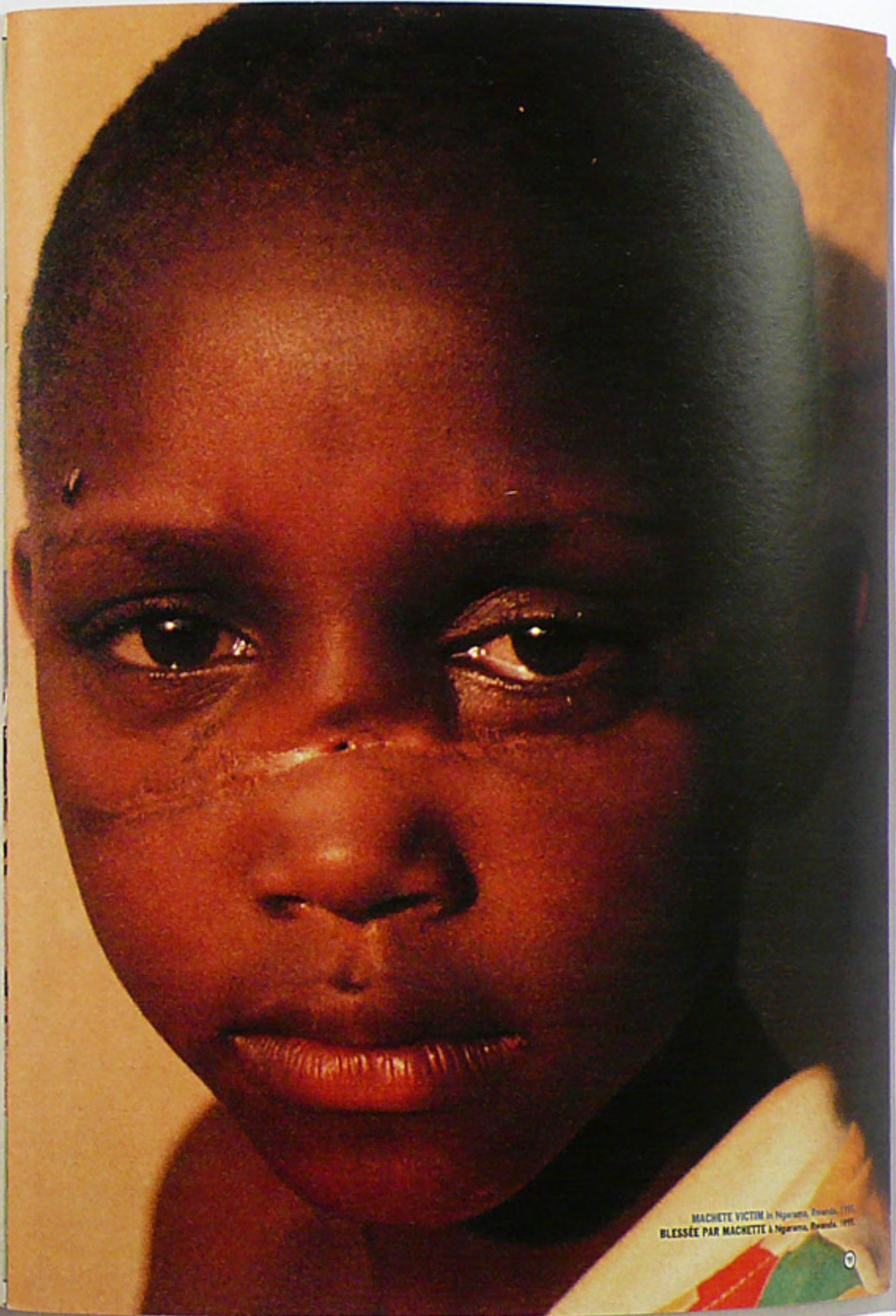
### More deaths than Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined!

Mostly farmers by trade, Rwanda's Hutu majority resorted to the nearest weapon—an agricultural implement—when civil war broke out in 1994. Over the next three months, the machete killed more people than the nuclear bombs dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki (where an estimated 110,000 died). Some victims are reported to have paid money to be shot with an AK-47 rather than hacked to death with a machete.

## machette

### Plus de morts qu'à Hiroshima et Nagasaki réunis!

Les Hutus, majorité ethnique du Rwanda, des fermiers pour la plupart, ont utilisé l'arme qu'ils avaient, un outil agricole, quand la guerre civile a éclaté en 1994. Dans les trois mois qui ont suivi, la machette a tué plus de gens que les bombes nucléaires lâchées sur Hiroshima et Nagasaki (où le nombre de morts est estimé à 110 000). Certaines victimes auraient même offert de payer pour être tuées à la kalashnikov plutôt que d'être massacrées à coups de machette.



MACHETE VICTIM in Nyanza, Rwanda, 1994.  
BLESSÉE PAR MACHETTE à Nyanza, Rwanda, 1994.





US \$300\*

**assault rifle fusil d'attaque**

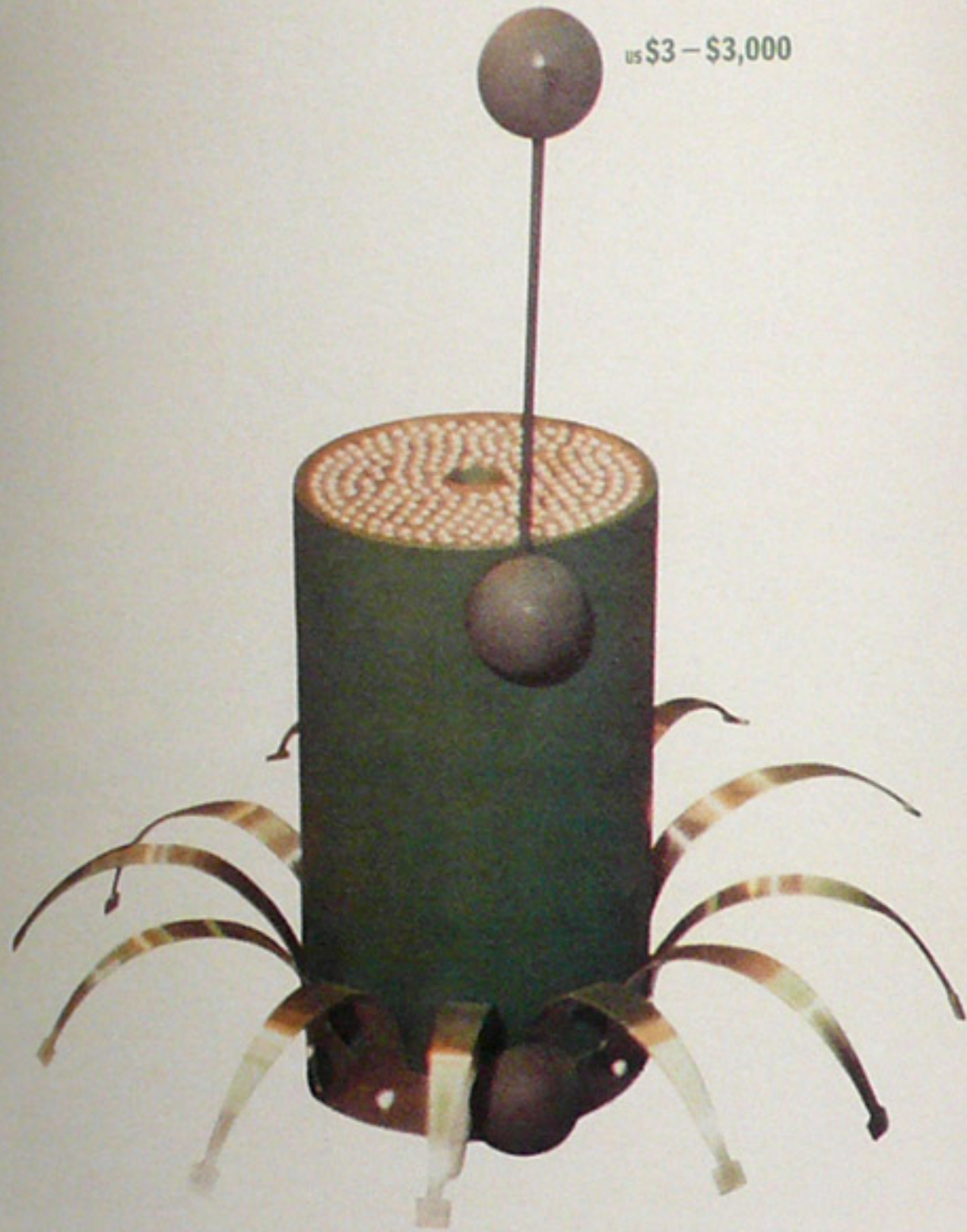
**Designed for maximum damage** Factory-tested to burst through 48 layers of kevlar body armor, the Belgian-made P90 Personal Defense Weapon System may be the ultimate assault rifle. Traveling seven football fields per second, its specially designed bullets neatly pierce the flesh, unleashing 90% of their energy inside the body. A bullet entering the head transfers its energy to the brain, creating an explosion that forces brain tissue through the sinuses and the seams of the cranium, actually tearing the skull bones apart (see right). Although the wound featured here was not inflicted by the P90 (not yet combat-tested), the manufacturer's brochure assures prospective buyers that the P90 has been "designed for maximum wound profile."

**Ravage maximum** Le P90 Personal Defense Weapon System, fabriqué en Belgique, pourrait bien être le nec plus ultra des fusils d'attaque. Testé en usine pour traverser 48 couches de protection en kevlar, il couvre en une seconde la distance équivalente à 7 terrains de foot. Ses balles, spécialement conçues, transpercent nettement la chair, déchargeant 90% de leur énergie dans le corps. Une balle qui pénètre dans la tête transfère son énergie au cerveau provoquant ainsi une explosion qui projette les tissus du cerveau par les sinus et les jointures du crâne, pulvérisant les os crâniens (cf à droite). Bien que la blessure de la photo n'ait pas été infligée par un P90 (pas encore testé en combat), la brochure du fabricant assure aux clients potentiels que le P90 a été "conçu pour infliger une blessure maximale."

CONCEPTION et fabrication, Belgique, 1996.  
TUÉ PAR FUSIL à Monrovia, Libéria, 1990.



US\$3 — \$3,000



mine mine

**For armies on a budget** A standard land mine explodes into hundreds or thousands of steel fragments, maiming everything in a 50m radius (see right). Half of all mine victims die within minutes; another third lose limbs. And while advanced mines like the one above, designed to prevent airplanes from landing, can cost as much as US\$3,000, standard land mines are extremely cost effective. Available from China for as little as US\$3 apiece, they're ideal for developing countries, says mine manufacturer Li Cheng. And sales confirm it: Angola's 15 million mines outnumber the population, two to one. Most of the 110 million live land mines now scattered throughout 64 countries will lie in wait long after conflicts have ended, assuring maximum consumer value.

**Pour les armées à budget limité...** Une mine de terre standard explose en une centaine ou un millier de fragments d'acier, mutilant tout dans un rayon de 50m (cf à droite). La moitié de toutes les victimes des mines meurent dans les minutes qui suivent; un tiers est mutilé. Tandis que le prix des mines plus sophistiquées (cf en haut), conçues pour empêcher les avions d'atterrir, peut atteindre 3 000\$US, les mines standard sont très économiques. On peut les trouver en Chine pour seulement 3\$US pièce, c'est l'idéal pour les PVD d'après le fabricant de mines Li Cheng. Et les ventes le confirment: les 15 millions de mines de l'Angola dépassent le nombre d'habitants de moitié. La plupart des 110 millions de mines répandues dans 64 pays attendront longtemps après la fin des conflits, écumant ainsi une valeur marchande maximale.



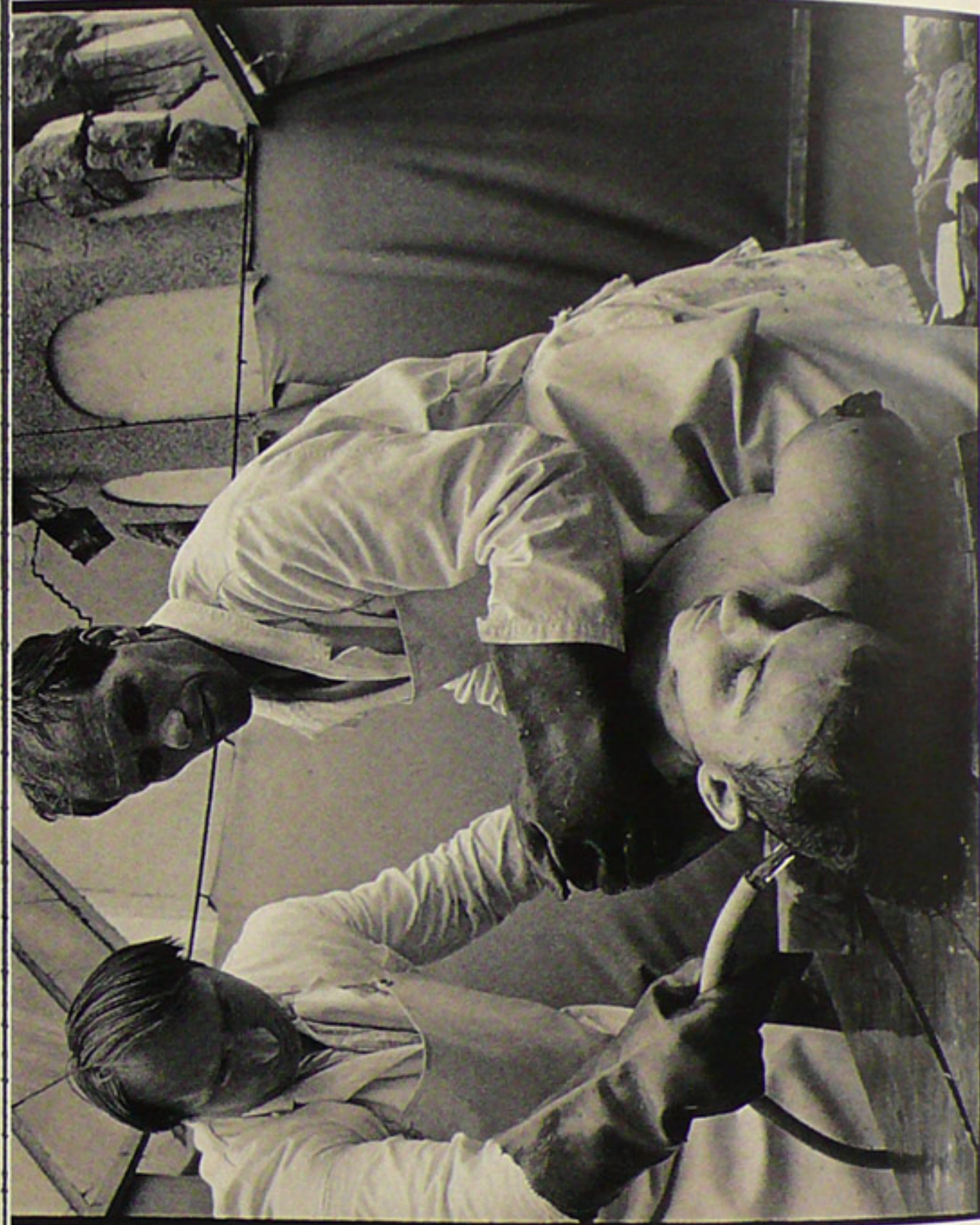
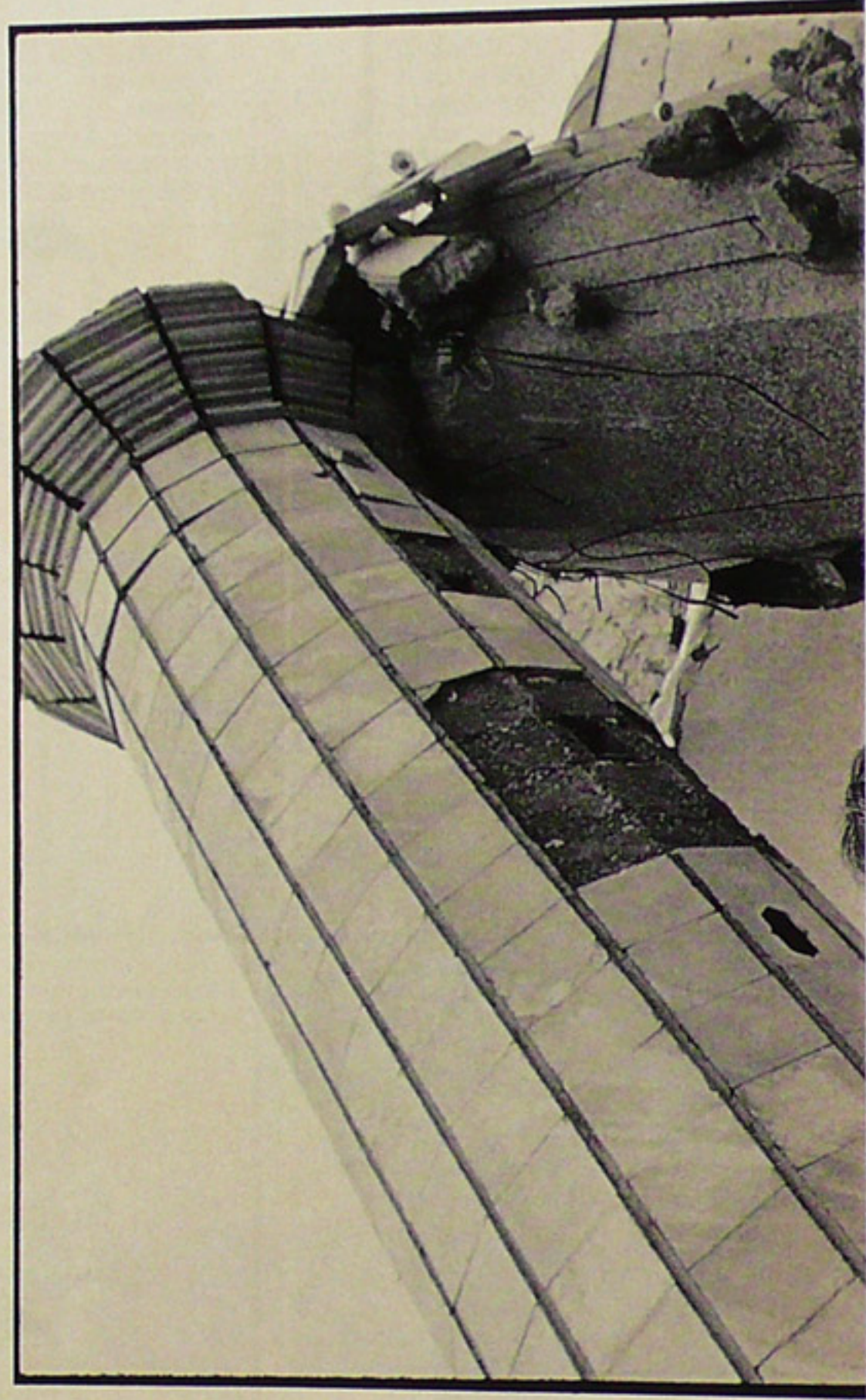
MINE VICTIM in Quetta Hospital, Pakistan, 1995.  
VICTIME D'UNE MINE à l'hôpital Quetta au Pakistan, 1995.

*Los Cuadernos de Fotografía de La Revista / 3. Nachtwey*

# EUROPA EN GUERRA

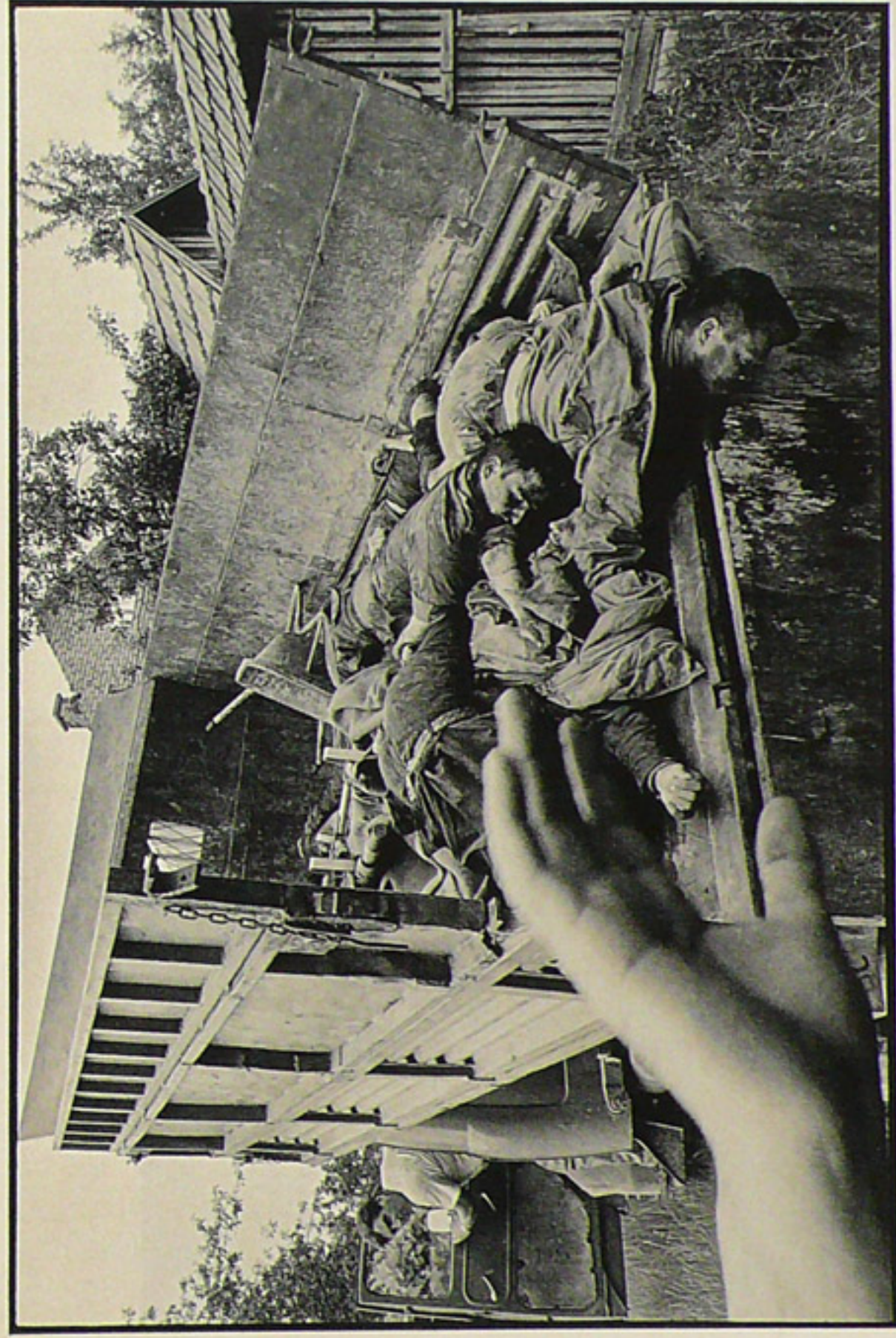
Al filo del 2000 la guerra ha vuelto a Europa. Bosnia aún arde y en Chechenia continúa la lucha

Fotografías de JAMES NACHTWEY





Los espacios libres de las ciudades bosnias, parques, campos de deportes... se convirtieron en improvisados cementerios, en sucesiones de tumbas y estelas funerarias.



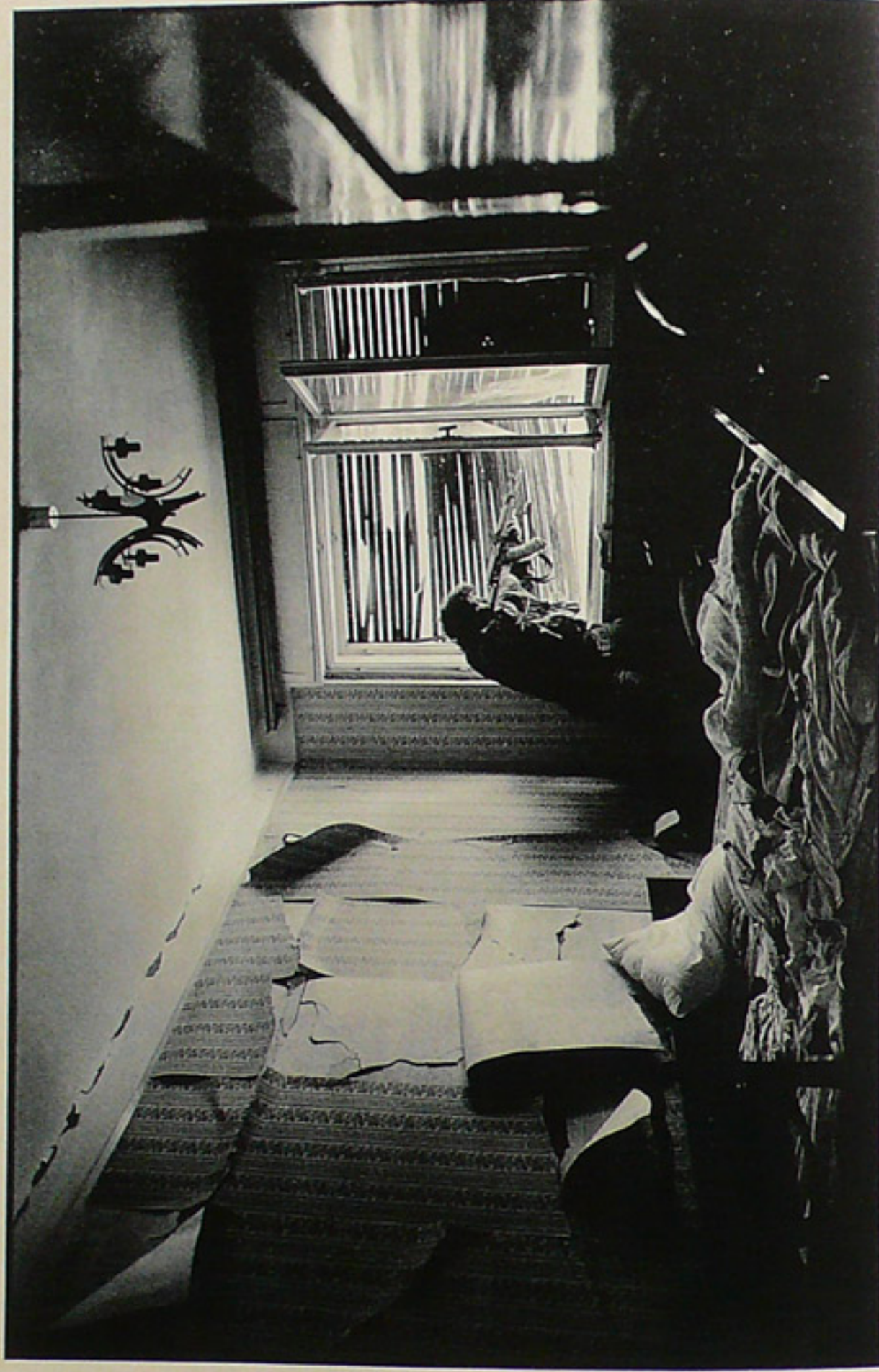
Ancianos, niños, mujeres, civiles... toda la población bosnia ha sido objetivo. Unos, de las balas de los francotiradores, otros de las bombas artilleras, ellas de las violaciones...



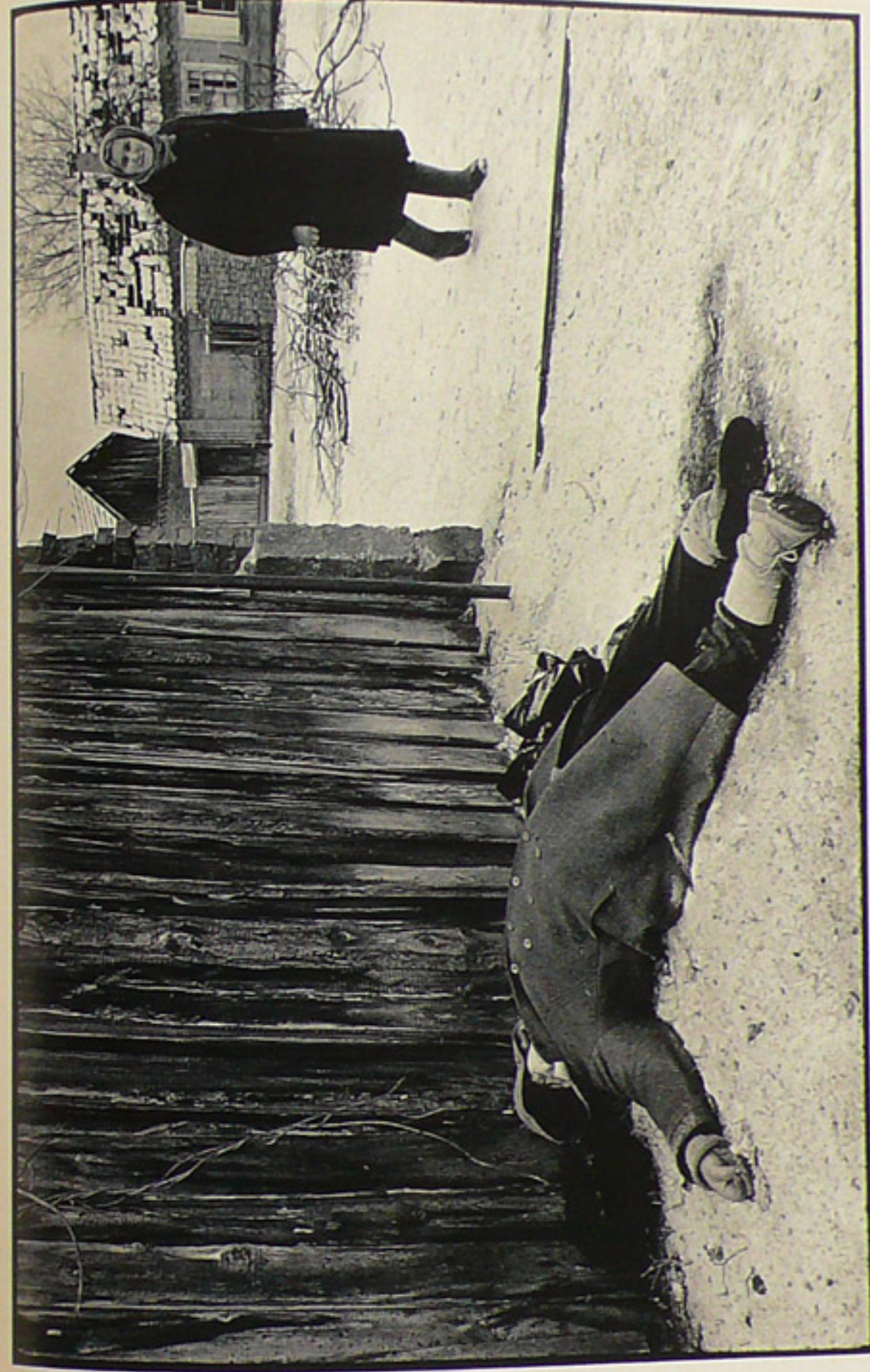
Rusia se ha ido enfangando cada vez más en una guerra lejana y costosa que está aumentando las dificultades para superar la permanente crisis en la que se halla sumida.



Al final, los conflictos se resumen en la suma de las cifras de muertos de cada bando: cientos de civiles o combatientes chechenos, cientos de civiles o soldados rusos.



El hacha de guerra europea estaba enterrada en Sarajevo. Después de los años de lucha la firma de la paz no ha conseguido cerrar las heridas abiertas entre los contendientes.

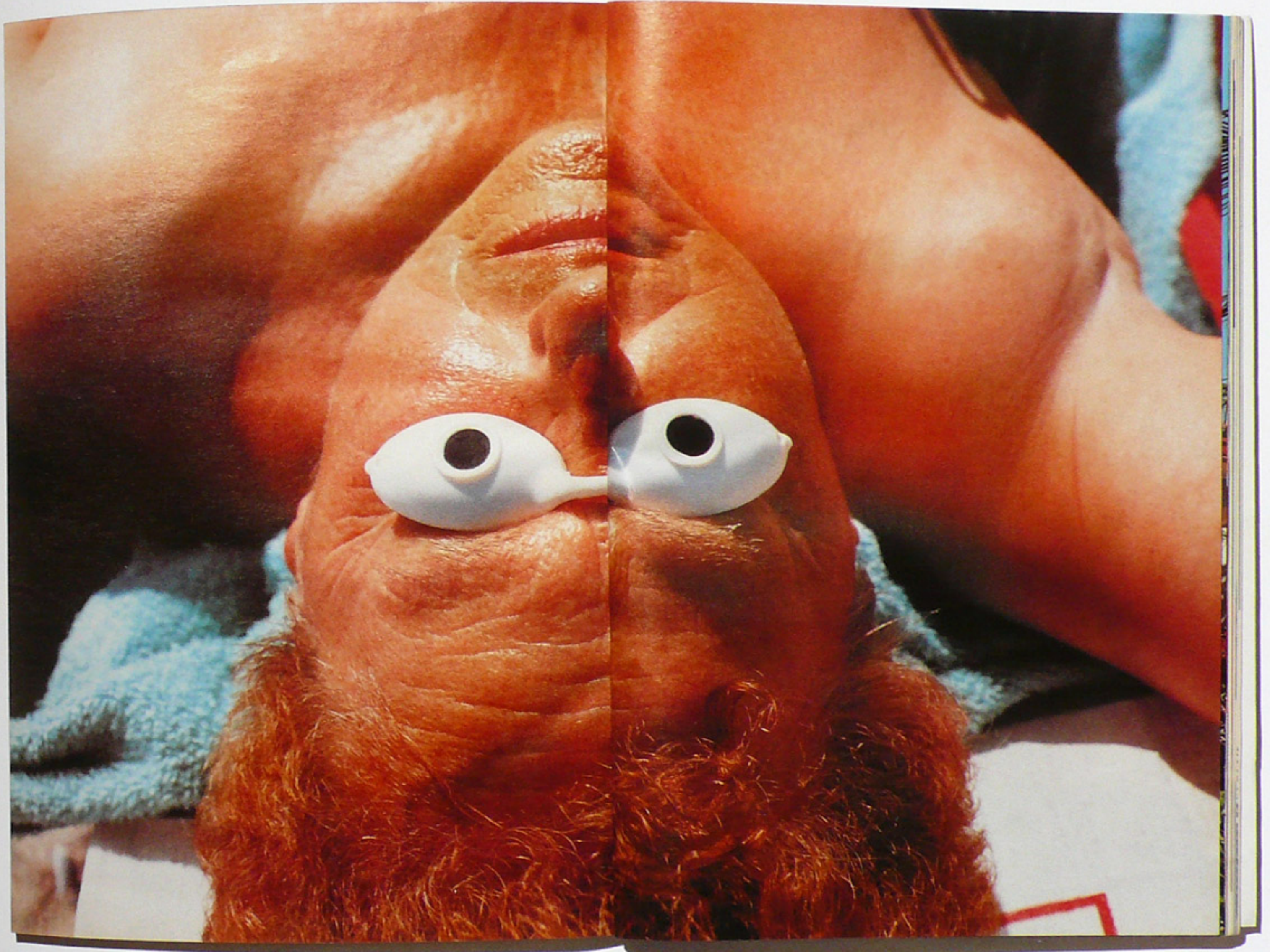


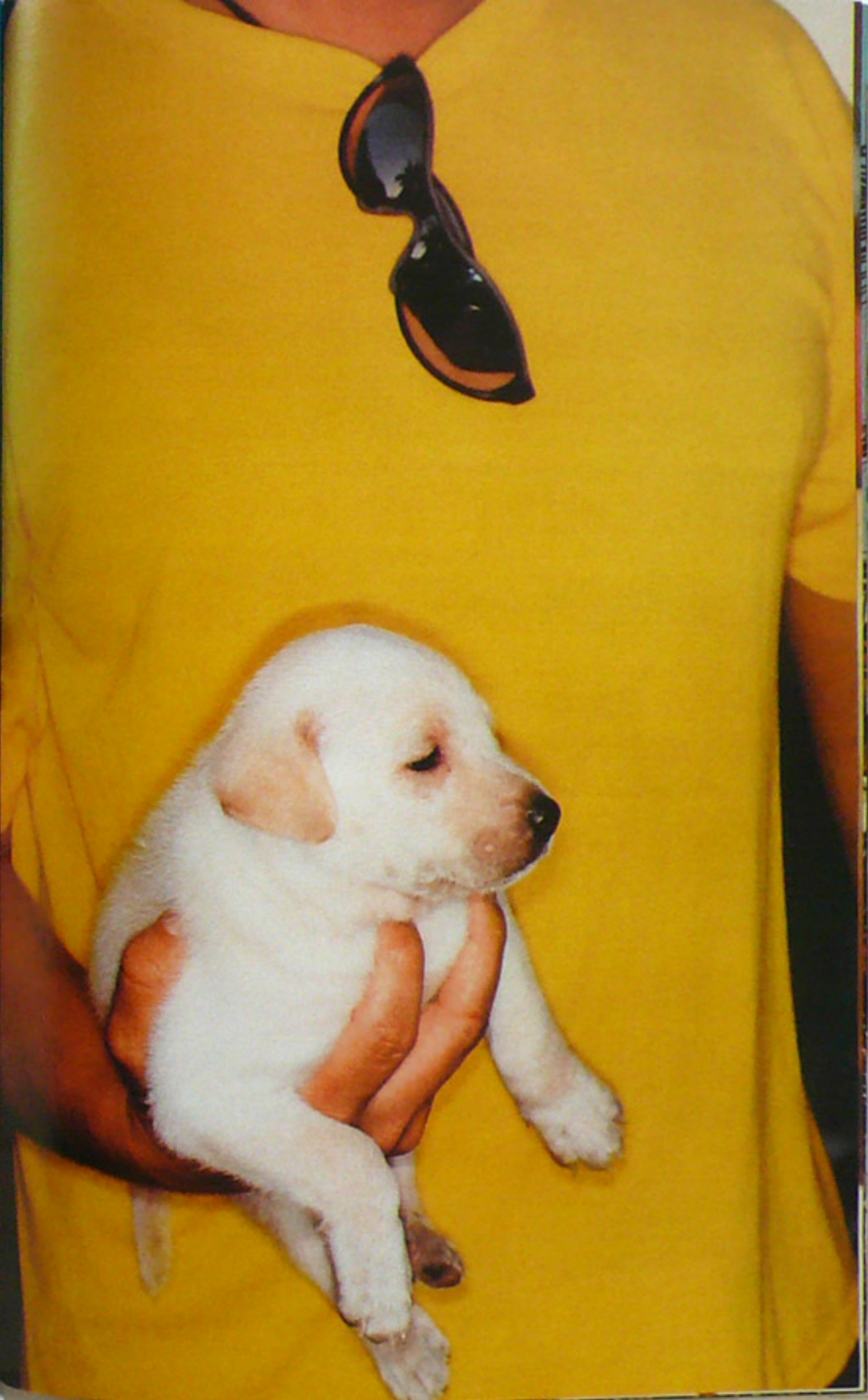
No había terminado el fuego en los Balcanes cuando comenzó a arder en el otro extremo de Europa, en el recóndito Cáucaso, donde combaten rusos y chechenos.

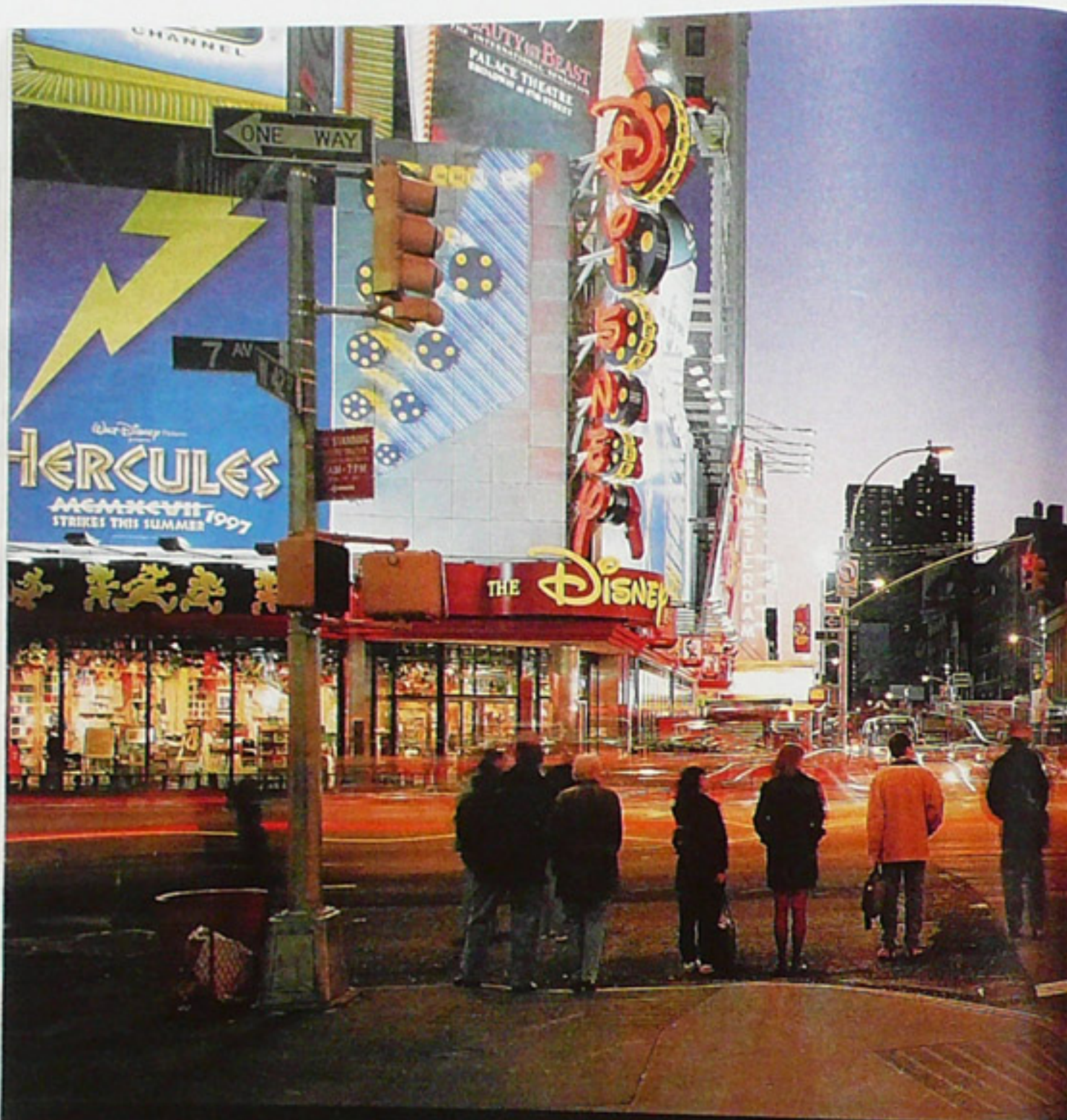












**Michael O'Neill** CROSSROADS AT A CROSSROADS

"I was born in the 40's," says Michael O'Neill, a lifelong New Yorker. "I remember the twinkly, diamond-lit Fred Astaire sense of the city of black-and-white films, and it was beautiful." This mood can best be captured in Times Square at dusk, he says, when the buzz and commotion of the pe-theater crowd is "magnified by that moment when the sky is purple." O'Neill planned to visit the area at least once before shooting, to get a feel for what would work. "But I saw a bus turning and clicked," he recalls. He was later struck by how clearly the tourists in the lower left of the picture came out. "It's amazing that those people were actually standing still enough to look like they were waiting and looking and maybe overwhelmed, who knows."

*April 14, 1997: 42d and Seventh at 10 to 8.*



**Lars Tunbjork**

THE COLOR OF CHANGE

Standing in the spot where he was mugged a decade ago, Lars Tunbjork fixated on the temporary measures taken during Times Square's redevelopment, especially the shuttered former theaters and porn shops slated for demolition next month that have been painted in glossy, exuberant colors like some Broodingnagian child's toy blocks. "It is a ghostlike place in the daylight, always empty," says the 41-year-old Swede. "Yet there was this remarkable effort to make these empty buildings look nice." Tunbjork, who is documenting office workers on three continents, is energized by the area's mix of grit, commercialism and buttoned-down corporatism. With tchotchke shops and McDonald's abutting trading floors and the Eighth Avenue sex industry, Tunbjork says he's "never been to a place where you find so many different things in such a small area."

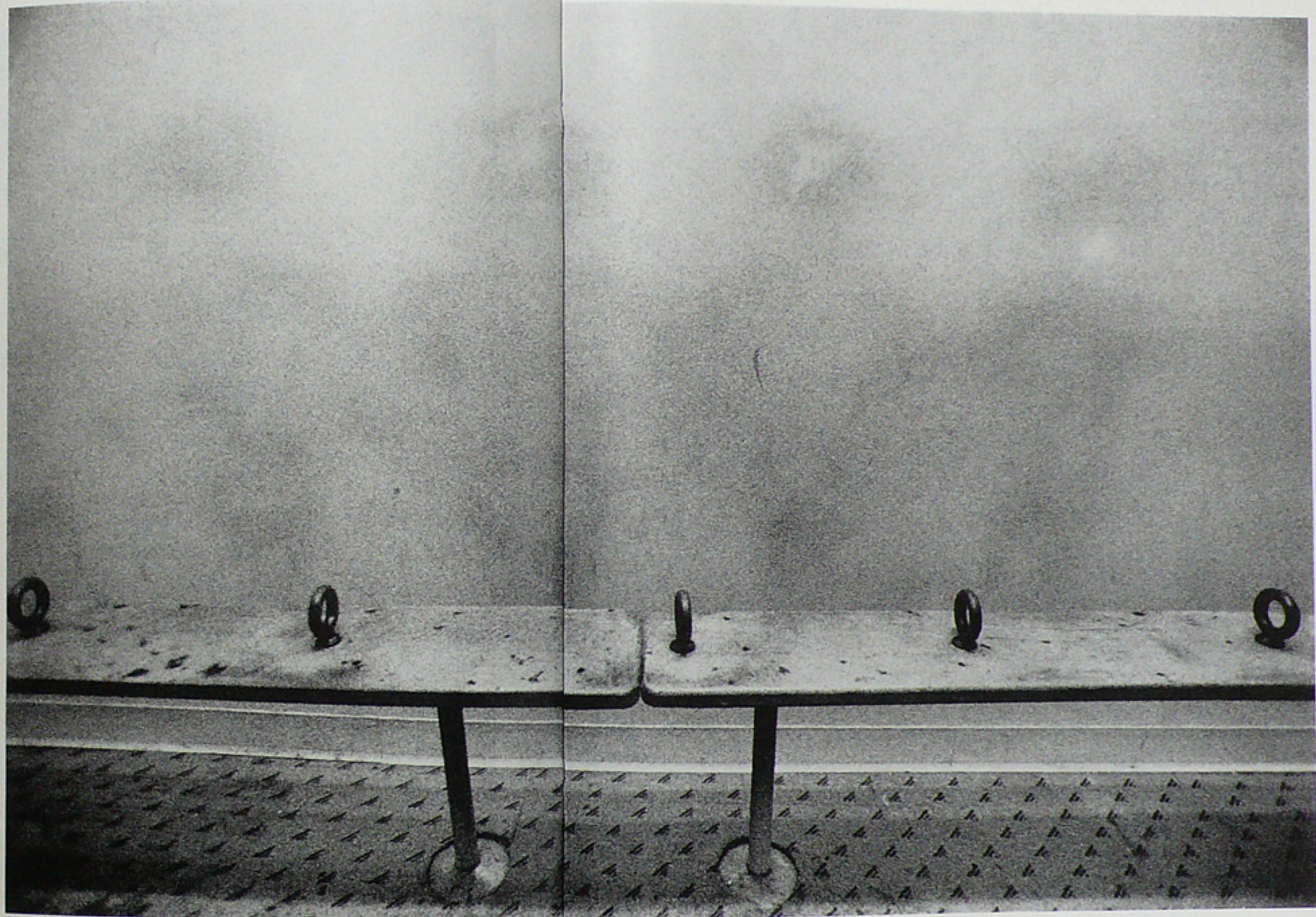
*March 23, 1997: The fleeting face of 42d Street near Eighth Avenue.*

**Larry Towell**

THE FELT PRESENCE  
OF AN ABSENCE

Larry Towell, who lives on a farm in Ontario, went to the Port Authority Bus Terminal expecting to see "squalidness and a sense of menace." Finding the building unmarked of open crime and homelessness, he gained the confidence of the building's detective squad and was ushered into its detention cell. "This place radiated the sense of hidden detective work," Towell recalls. "As one officer told me, 'Our job is to hide things.'" Towell says that the challenge of a documentary photographer is to "work with what you have, with subjects who are not willing." As the detainees at the police holding center were decidedly unwilling, he instead captured the ghostly silhouettes of grime and grime left behind by countless accused thugs who had been manacled to a bench there over the years.

March 28, 1997. A grim detainee at the Port Authority.





**Annie Leibovitz**  
ROOMS OF THEIR OWN

"One woman, Sadie, had worked at Woolworth's for like 40 years and had been in that room for decades." Annie Leibovitz says of a subject living in one of the Times Square S.R.O.'s where she photographed. "Her tiny room was most impressive and cheerful and filled with stuffed animals — it was like looking at many pages of someone's life." Leibovitz, famous for her celebrity portraits, is working on a book of photographs of women from every walk of life. She quickly found herself wrapped up in the stories of the women she met in the hotels and in the improbable communities they had staked out. "You look at a woman's life and see she has only a small room and you think she has a small life — you make that up — but in truth she has a big life and is very active," Leibovitz explains. "These hotels have bad rooms and good rooms, they are like small cities."

*April 3, 1997: Small rooms, big lives. Top: Valerie Choinacki. Jane Cassidy. Bottom: Gloria Senger. Theresia Felicono.*

## Nan Goldin

### THE PERSISTENT ID

For Nan Goldin, shooting in Times Square's remaining transvestite, transsexual and gay hustler bars was something of a homecoming. "I was a bartender on 49th Street from 1980 to '85," she says. "I knew the hustlers and the pimps and the prostitutes who came to the bar." When she returned recently, however, she saw no familiar faces. "Those people don't have a long survival rate," she says. Goldin calls the virtual abolition of the gay culture in the area a "rewriting of history," but acknowledges that many in the neighborhood support the changes. "I went to a diner with the drag queens," she says. "The owner called the police and the police came and arrested all the queens on suspicion of prostitution. I hate the destruction of community, and these people really cared for each other."

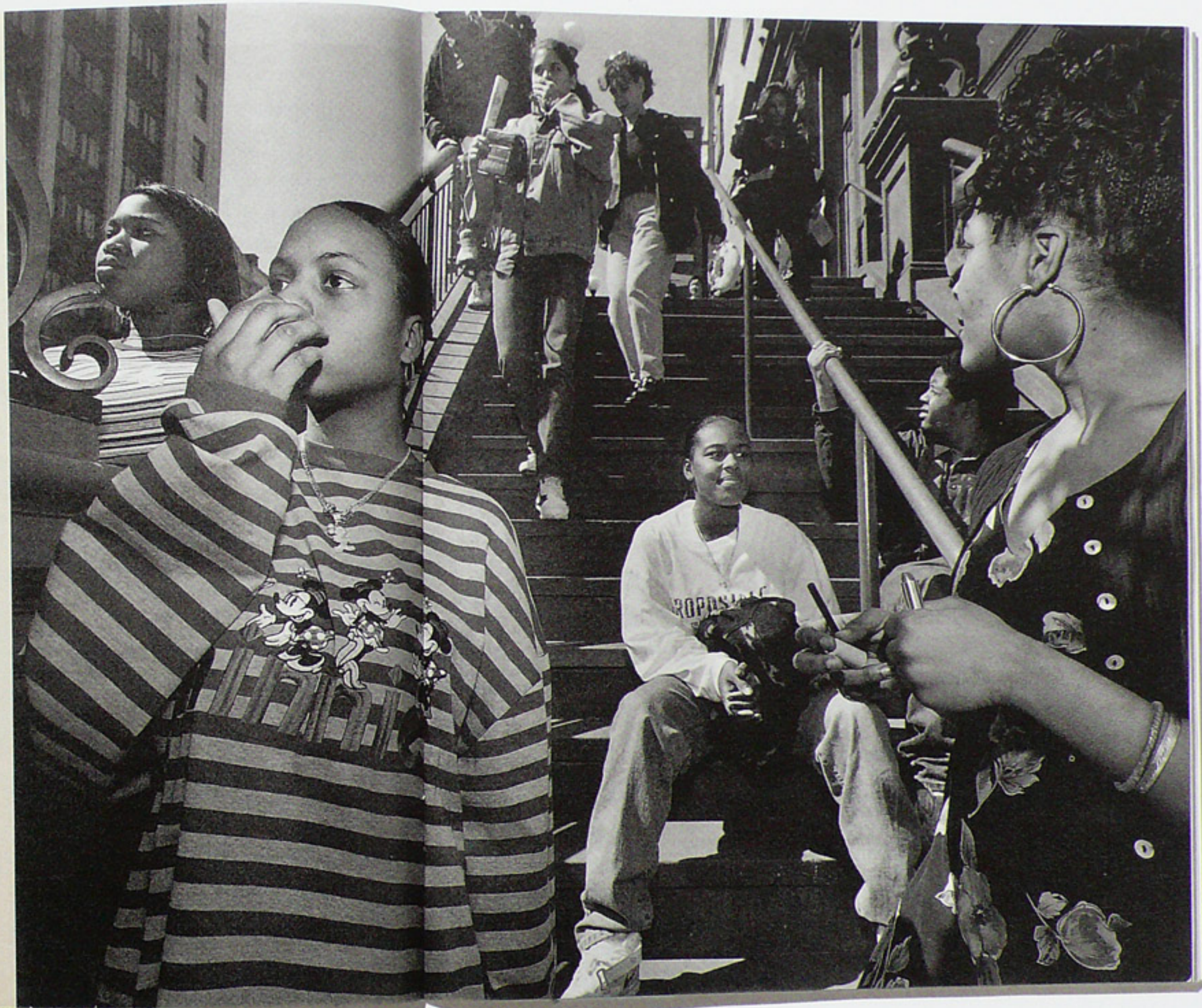
*March 1997: The late, late show at a drag club.*



Mary Ellen Mark  
DISNEYLAND. N.Y.C.

For Mary Ellen Mark, a documentary photographer accustomed to becoming deeply involved with her subjects over time, the freedom of wandering around Times Square for a few days "really opened me up to street photography." The longtime New Yorker says: "I was walking by the same characters and getting to know the people in the neighborhood. It is an incredible place, full of life and strangeness." Though she loves to focus on what she calls the "edges of the city," she takes issue with artists who find a romanticism in New York's grimy regions. "It is terrible to be homeless, and there is nothing charming about living in squalor," she says. "Times Square will have a lot of edge, yet it is being replaced by a clean-cut sort of American squalor that is less visual but still has a real energy."

April 4, 1997, 1:09 P.M.: Outside the New Victory Theater on 42d Street.





Edward Keating

NEAN STREETS

"I'm always semiconscious that Times Square is forever changing and that I have to get some pictures that evoke the mood of the place," says Edward Keating, a staff photographer for *The Times*. For Keating, 41, seeing a woman with two black eyes was such a moment: "Soon she will have to go somewhere else." Still, he says he feels that the Times Square he has watched disappear played a cathartic role in city life. "There is a kind of gloom that sets in at a certain hour that seems to represent the darker side of something that's in all New Yorkers," he explains. "It was a place where you could go to vent ideas and experience feelings that you wouldn't experience somewhere else. Even if it was a hellhole, it was our hellhole."

March 26, 1997, 4th and Seventh, 3 P.M. Under the umbrellas.



**Abelardo Morell**

A SIMULATION OF SIGNS

"I want a sort of historical record of what a room sees," says Abelardo Morell, a 48-year-old Cuban immigrant who lives in Brookline, Mass. Thus his penchant for the ancient technique of the camera obscura, in this case constructed by using the room itself as a camera, blacking out all but a half-inch circle of a window — the aperture — in Room 1123 at the Marriott in Times Square. Morell then set a camera on a tripod near the aperture, directing it into the room to record the optical phenomenon. Making a single exposure over two days, he captured a scene of meditative calm — the room — superimposed with the anarchy of Broadway. "Think about how many people go through this site in two days — millions — and no one stood still long enough to get seen," he says. "It's so empty, almost a perverse picture."

*March 20-21, 1997. Broadway all at once from a room at the Marriott.*



THE AUSTRALIAN • Sept 18 - 19 1999  
**Magazine**

**MAD TO THE MAX**  
The ugly side of the Bathurst 1000





# MT PANDEMONIUM

Attracted by clouds of smoke and dust coming from 'the hill', photographer Trent Parke got caught in the middle of a drunken demolition derby on the eve of last year's Bathurst 1000 at Mt Panorama.

Boys just want to raise hell ...  
The Australian's Trent Parke won a World Press Photo award for this photograph of beer-fuelled petrolheads playing up behind the scenes at last year's V8 endurance race, the Bathurst 1000. Billed as the day "the big men go to the mountain", the event attracts thousands of motorsport fans, not all of them with the intention of being mere spectators. The photos on these pages were taken around Mt Panorama on the afternoon before the big race.





Testosterone-heavy crowds, which included many unsupervised young boys, engaged in the apparently popular sport of crash derbys, tipping and rolling cars and torching the results. Throughout the afternoon, the smoke and fumes from burning wrecks enveloped the Bathurst race circuit. Campsites were paved with empty beer cans.

**P**owered by high-octane beer and V8 motor madness, the male of the species runs wild on Bathurst's Mt Panorama, home to the Bathurst 1000. These award-winning photographs by Trent Parke, of *The Australian*, capture a side of the great race that those who promote and sponsor it would prefer we didn't see. They were taken on the afternoon before last year's race, run as always on the first Sunday in October. It is now history that Swedish driver Rickard Rydell and Kiwi veteran Jim Richards went on to win the 161-lap endurance test, the nation's homegrown motoring classic. But what went on at the top of the Mt Panorama circuit outside Bathurst the afternoon before resembled a scene from another Australian classic, *Mad Max*. Clapped-out cars were raced around the campsites littered across the back of the mountain. Full of beer and bravado, their drivers happily crashed them head on into trees, rocks or any other obstacle. Cheered on by an equally fuelled-up, almost exclusively male audience – including young boys, with nary a sober parent in attendance – the cars, mainly old Holdens and Fords, were thrashed into oblivion.



Al Sant d'Isau, una immensa cascada en plena selva, aciden cada 16 de julio decenas de miles de personas. Muchos fieles entran en trance bajo el agua

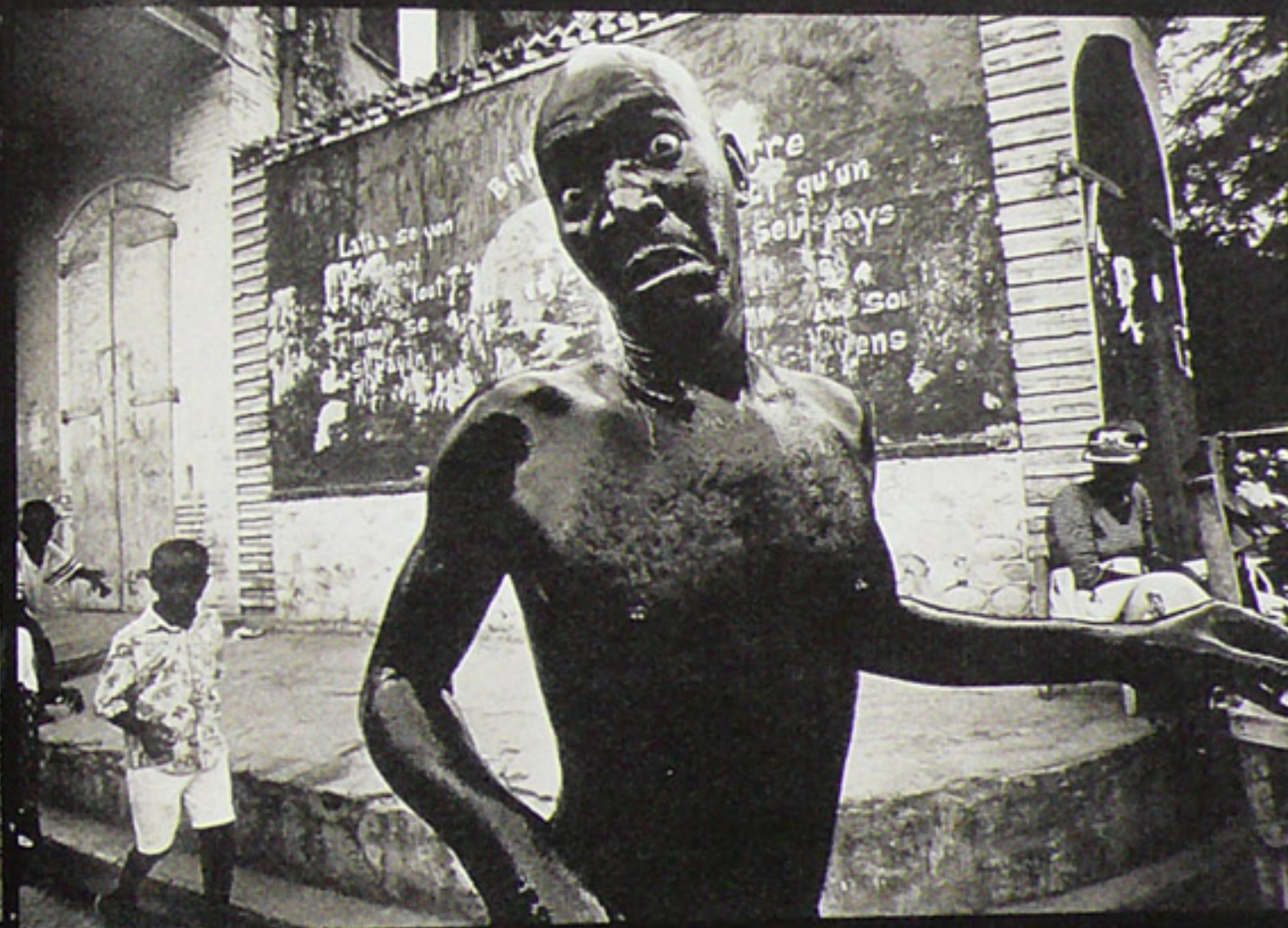


haití se hace arca con  
**cristina garcía rodero**

Cristina García Rodero es una menuda profesora de la Escuela de Bellas Artes de Madrid. Pero su manera de fotografiar la ha convertido en la principal fotógrafa documentalista española. Y la Bienal de Venecia lleva su obra a su más importante exposición de arte contemporáneo, titulada en esta ocasión "Platea de la humanidad", recién inaugurada. García Rodero se convirtió hace doce años en una deslumbrante revelación, aunque llevaba años haciendo pacientemente su trabajo que dio lugar a "La España oculta", el libro que la encumbró en 1989. Le llovieron los mejores premios y desde entonces antropólogos, editores y medios de comunicación se la disputan. Por su forma de mirar. Y sobre todo, por su forma de estar en ca-

da lugar, de meterse en esa vida que fotografía. La exposición internacional de arte contemporáneo de la Bienal de Venecia muestra sus fotos de Haití, parte de un ambicioso proyecto, "Entre el cielo y la tierra", en el que Cristina García Rodero habla de cuerpos y de espíritu, de lo religioso y lo pagano, de todo lo contrario que coexiste. En el caso de Haití, la fotógrafa muestra una religión vivida como refugio de las angustias y un sincretismo -particular de este país nacido de miles de esclavos- entre la impuesta religión católica y el vudú. Ella desaparece en sus fotografías, pero logra que quien mire esas imágenes esté allí, entre quienes han sido retratados y en ese momento en concreto. Esa es su manera de mirar.

FOTOS DE **Cristina García Rodero**

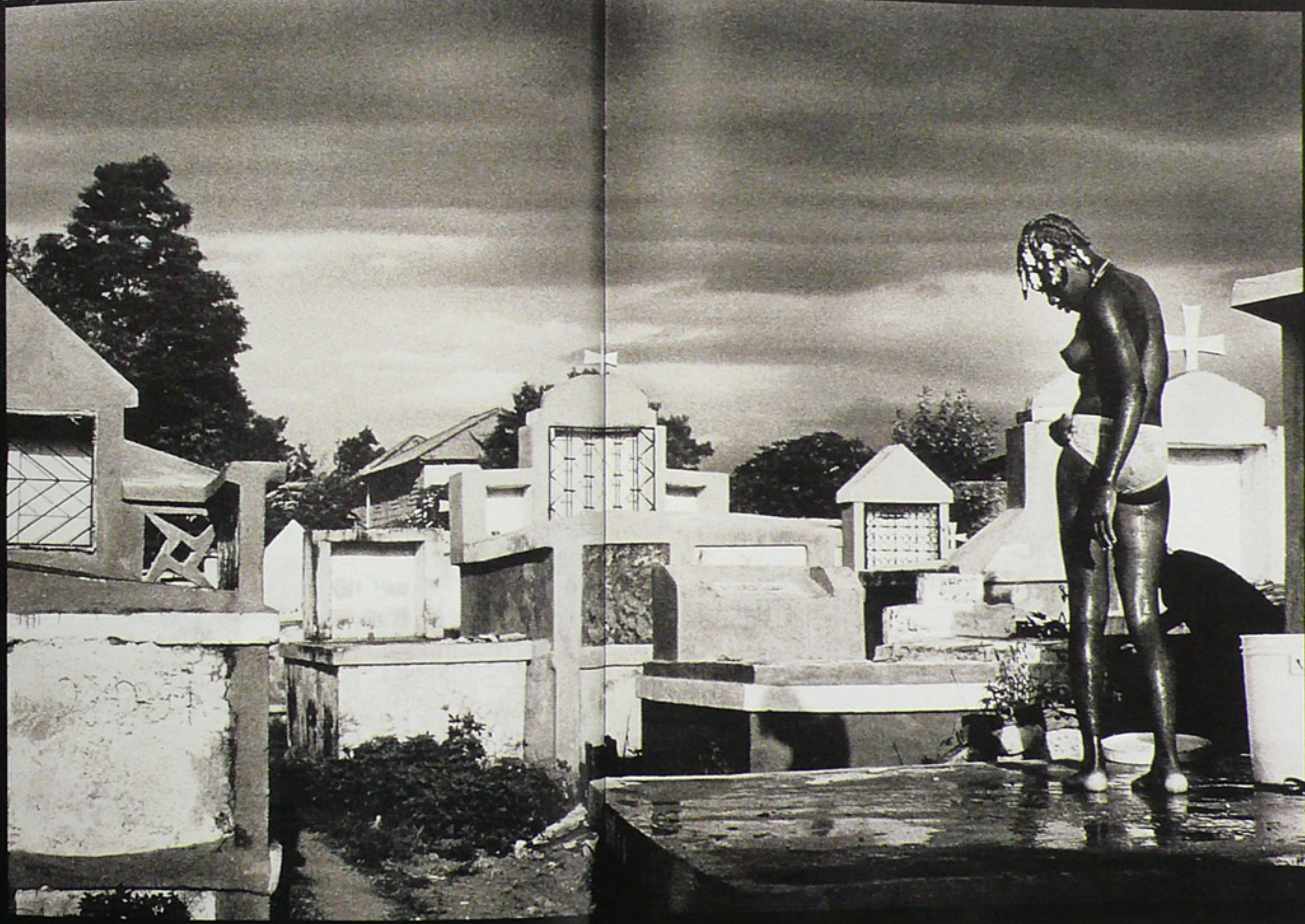


Un joven cubierto con una máscara y un hombre embadurnado con aceite durante el carnaval de Jacmel, una de las tradiciones populares con más vida del país, que recrea un mundo en el que extrañas criaturas conviven con demonios

La Bienal de Venecia lleva a su exposición internacional de arte contemporáneo la obra de la fotógrafa sobre Haití

Las fotografías de Haití muestran ese particular sincretismo del país entre el catolicismo impuesto y el vudú

Una joven se asea sobre una tumba en el cementerio de Limonade, lugar de peregrinación en honor de santa Ana. Los peregrinos acuden al campamento a procurarse su higiene cotidiana porque ello les permite mantenerse a salvo de las miradas ajenas







Santiago y Ogou, dios de la guerra, comparten lugar sagrado en la Planicie del Norte, en Haití. La laguna Santiago es una charca de barro próxima a la iglesia del mismo nombre y allí se sumergen los peregrinos cuando entran en trance o acuden a pedir favores, en una fiesta que se celebra cada año el 25 de julio. Para los practicantes del vudú, Ogou es un espíritu guerrero al que identifican con Santiago Matamoros



La cámara de García Roderó se mete en la vida de la fotografía. Es su forma de mirar muy de cerca el mundo

## Es beginnt mit einem Ablenkungs-Manöver

Alle Zitate: Ad van Denderen

»Jede Nacht überqueren Boote mit menschlicher Fracht die 14 Kilometer breite Straße von Gibraltar. Sie starten in Afrika und wollen nach Spanien. Dennoch musste ich drei Wochen lang am Strand von Tarifa übernachten, um dieses Foto machen zu können. Zuerst setzt die Schlepper-Mafia Schwarzafrikaner ab, und die harren so lange am Ufer aus, bis die Guardia Civil, die spanische Polizei, sie aufgreift und abführt. Auf diesen Moment warten die Menschenschmuggler. Während die Beamten mit den Afrikanern beschäftigt sind, bringen sie Marokkaner an Land. Denn für die ist es viel wichtiger, unentdeckt zu bleiben. Würden sie erwischt, würde die Polizei sie umgehend wieder abschieben; bei den meisten Schwarzafrikanern dagegen ist das nicht möglich – weil nicht ermittelt werden kann, aus welchem Land sie stammen.«

### EINE KURZE GESCHICHTE DER MIGRATION

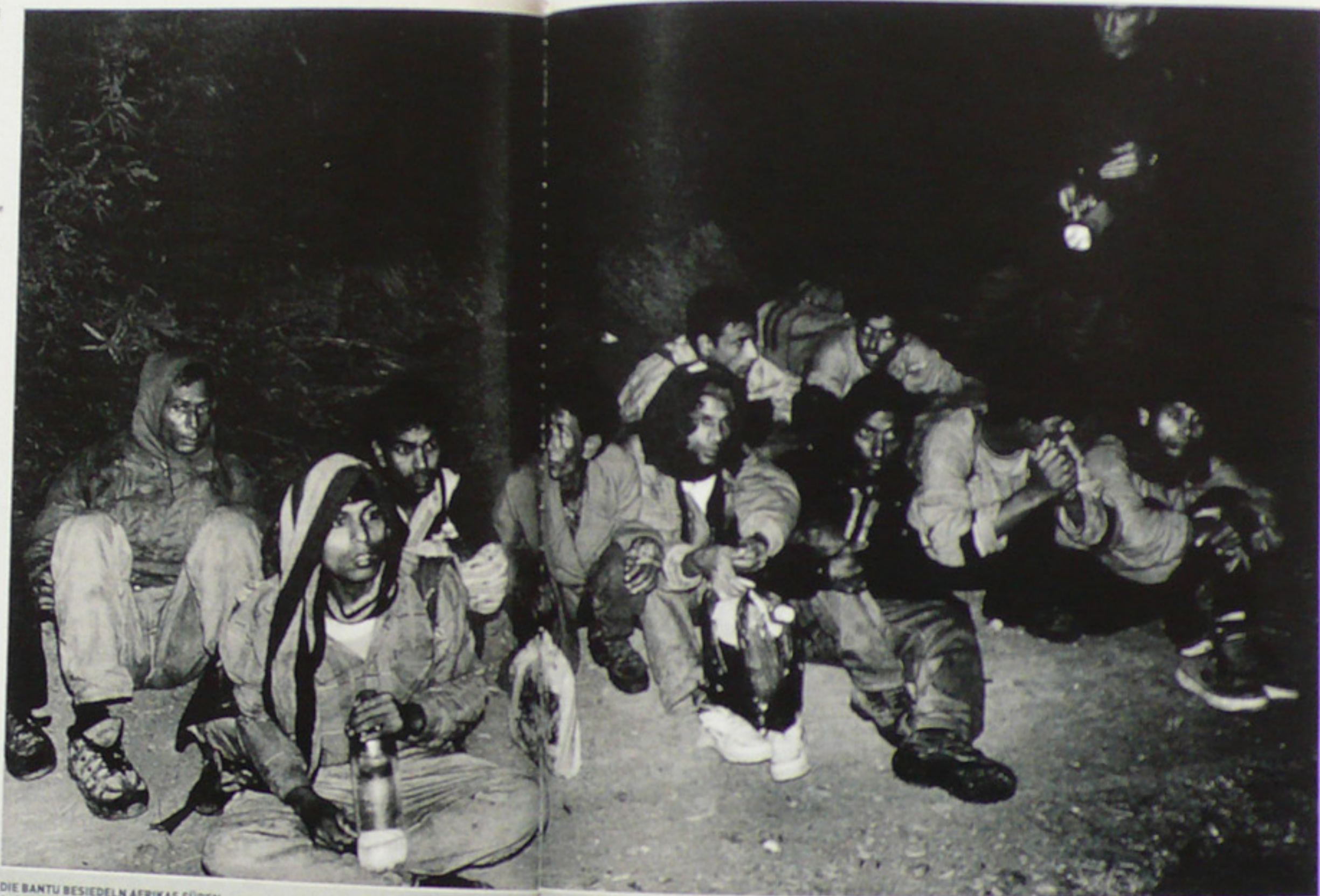
Seit Tausenden von Jahren hat es immer wieder ökonomische, soziale oder politische Gründe gegeben, die Menschen dazu brachten, ihre Heimat zu verlassen und anderswo einen neuen Anfang zu versuchen. Und meist war dieser Aufbruch selbstbestimmt – wie etwa im Fall jener deutschen Saisonarbeiter, die sich vom 17. Jahrhundert an in Holland ein Zubrot verdienten. Doch manchmal waren Migrationen nichts anderes als Massenvertreibungen – ausgelöst von Kriegen oder Bürgerkriegen, organisiert von gewissenlosen Profiteuren (wie den Sklavenhändlern des 16. bis 19. Jahrhunderts) oder menschenverachtenden Diktatoren (wie Josef Stalin, der Millionen Sowjetbürger deportieren ließ). Die nachfolgenden Karten zeigen an einigen ausgewählten Beispielen, wie Migrationen in den vergangenen 8000 Jahren die Weltgeschichte beeinflusst haben.

### DER VORMARSCH DER INDO-EUROPÄER

Verglichen mit späteren Wanderbewegungen verlaufen die prähistorischen Migrationen wie in Zirkeln und über sehr lange Zeiträume. Vielleicht schon vom 7. vorchristlichen Jahrtausend an breiten sich von Anatolien her Landwirtschaft und die indoeuropäische Sprachfamilie in ganz Europa aus. Die «Erfindung» des Ackerbaus lässt die Bevölkerung und damit auch die Siedlungs- und Anbauflächen der Bauern anwachsen.

## Angstvolle Tage der Ungewissheit

»Gegen drei Uhr morgens hatte die griechische Polizei diese Gruppe illegaler Grenzgänger aus bangladesch mit Warnschüssen gestoppt. Voller Angst warteten die Männer nun darauf, was mit ihnen passieren würde; der Schlooser hatte sich aus dem Staub gemacht. Einer der Verhafteten erzählte, die Gruppe habe geplant, fünf Nächte lang ins Landesinnere zu marschieren, um sich tagüber dort zu verstecken, dann sollte sie von einem anderen Schlepper abgeholt und nach Athen gebracht werden. Es ist erstaunlich, zu welchen Strapazen Grenzgänger bereit sind. In einem griechischen Gefängnis traf ich einen Kurden, dem ein Bein fehlte. Seine Familie hatte ihn kilometerweit auf Schultern getragen, bevor die Polizei sie erwischt.«



### DIE BANTU BESIEDELN AFRIKAS SÜDEN

Auch in Afrika bevölkern sich Völker neu, die Landwirtschaft betreiben: die Bantu. Nach um 1000 v. Chr. siedeln sie ausschließlich im Hochland von Kamerun und Nigeria, wo sie Ziegen halten und Yamswurzeln sowie Getreide anbauen. Ab 500 v. Chr. drängen sie nach Süden vor, wo sie ihre Agrartechniken den Bedingungen im tropischen Regenwald anpassen. Spätestens eintausend Jahre später beherrschen Bantu-Sprachen nahezu das gesamte südliche Afrika – bis zum heutigen Tag.

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### DER EXODUS

Ich will euch aus dem Land Ägyptens führen in ein Land, das Milch und Honig fließt, spricht der Herr und ermuntert sein Volk zu der bekannten Migration des Abendlandes, die der israelitischen Grundlage hat, vor allem, aber wenn, dass dieses das Volk Israel um den 13. vorchristlichen Jahrhundert bringen wird – ganz sicher jedoch nicht zu Hunderttausenden, und auch nicht ein Jahr lang nach die Wüste, wie es in der Bibel heißt.

### ROMS «GASTARBEITER»

Rom, das Zentrum der damaligen Welt, stellt in den zwei Jahrhunderten vor und nach Christ Geburt Millionen von Einwanderern aus allen Provinzen des Reiches an die Arbeit für Mäntel und Kleider in der neuen Hauptstadt, während kontinuierlich neue Gruppen von Sklaven oder Kriegsgefangenen. Das römische Bürgerrecht wird allerdings auch freigelegenen Sklaven offen. In der Kaiserzeit kamen zu etwa 100.000 Sklaven.

## Geld verdienen auf dem »Arbeiter-Strich«

Wim Frutking wird verwundert über kurdische Flüchtlinge die Nächte auf einem Platz in der Nähe Kewatandinos, in einem Quartier aus Pappkartons. Die meisten der in Deutschland keine Asylbewerber sind zweimal am Tag mit warmen Decken, einmal pro Woche haben die Männer zum Schutz von Pflanz, um dort ihre Kleidung zu waschen. Die meisten sagen, sie wollten nach Deutschland oder Holland. Wie geringe Geld bezahlt, hat sich von einer überreichen Schleppe-Organisation nach Italien bringen, die anderen begaben sich immer wieder zum »Arbeiter-Strich«, einer Straße am Stadtrand - in der Hoffnung, als Tagelöhner angenommen zu werden. Nach einigen Wochen wurde das Kartons-Lager durch von der Polizei aufgelöst.



### DIE VÖLKERWANDERUNG

Wie die Christian der Völkerwanderung **1. bis zum 6. Jh. n. Chr.** durch Europa und in die westliche Kultur der Spätantike über die Völker der Völkerwanderung von Ost- und Westeuropa wurden keine große Zahlen, die Zahlen bringen ein Bild von der Migration und was werden die Ost- und Westeuropa nach Süden. Die Völkerwanderung geht der Migration.

Es werden die Völkerwanderung nach Osten und nach Süden und nach Westen. Die Völkerwanderung der Völkerwanderung nach Osten und nach Westen. Die Völkerwanderung nach Osten und nach Westen. Die Völkerwanderung nach Osten und nach Westen. Die Völkerwanderung nach Osten und nach Westen.



#### DER WEITE WEG DER MALAGATI

Malagaten sind nicht wie wir, sondern wie Tiere  
aus den Wäldern, die sich nicht um das Leben  
sorgen, sondern die sich um das Leben sorgen.  
Kulturpflanzen sind die geliebtesten Speise der  
großen und die Welt. Wäre es nicht, sie wären  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen der  
Welt durch den Welt der Menschen, die sich  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen, die sich  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen, die sich  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen, die sich  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen, die sich  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen, die sich  
schon vor 1000 Jahren von den Menschen, die sich



STANBUL, TÜRKIEN

#### Wandern bedeutet vor allem: warten

Wie der Persische Pirat im Iran  
brachte Stadtverwalter Klugepasa Kar  
me und hofen, folgten auf die  
Walden von nach Europa – zu einem  
Hemden. Sie vertrieben sich  
verfügbaren Schiffsgruppen  
über den weiten Weg und das  
geringsten Preis. Das schräge  
Moral kam: eine halbe Dollar  
pro Übernachtung, und ein die  
Wartung zu überleben, umher  
die Wälder für eine, hofen auf  
einen weiten, Gabeln oder sei  
fernerer mit der Natur. Eine  
erfüllte, er wolle nach Europa  
wollte er das Abenteuerliche abgeben  
für eine gewisse Zeit. Von  
Morgen spielen er sich die wofür  
in Kultur wieder. Er mag jene  
eine weite, Gabeln und  
eine weite Uhr – er wolle im  
Drogenhandel eingestiegen.

#### WANDERIN AM POLARREIS

Im Jahr 1900-1901 gab es die Expedition  
Nansen, die die Welt umrunden wollte, um die  
Welt zu entdecken. Sie gingen auf die Nord-  
polare Welt zu. Diese Expedition ist eine der  
ersten Expeditionen der Welt.  
... in der Expedition waren die Expeditionen  
... in der Expedition waren die Expeditionen  
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... in der Expedition waren die Expeditionen



## Mafia oder Polizei – für die Migranten macht das keinen Unterschied

Drei albanische Männer auf dem Weg nach Griechenland – drei von mehreren Tausend, die jedes Jahr im Mai aufbrechen, um die Erntesaison im Nachbarland zu vertreiben. Der illegale Grenzübertritt ist gefährlich, auch wenn die Männer eher scherzhaft sagen, sie wüssten nicht, wem sie mehr Angst haben: vor der griechischen Polizei, die sie zuweilen verprügelt, oder vor der albanischen Mafia, die sie buchstäblich bis auf die Unversehrtheit ausraubt. Die meisten Wirtschaftler besaßen zwei Jahren zuvor wieder bei demselben Bauern an, ohne die illegalen, schlechte bezahlten Saisonarbeiter wären große Teile der griechischen Landwirtschaft nicht mehr konkurrenzfähig.



### EIN REICH FÜR DIE INKA

Als die spanischen Entschlossenen 1492 die Inseln Kanariens entdeckten, brachen sie auf die Insel Cuba im Süden des heutigen Peru aus. Im Jahre 1492 brach die erste große Inka-Kolonie zusammen, die die Inkas über die Anden nach Chile führten. Die Inkas wurden von den Spaniern in den Anden-Küsten zerstört, wobei die Inkas überlebten. Die Kultur der Inkas wurde von den Spaniern zerstört.



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### SILKEN ÜBER DEN ATLANTIK

Im Jahre 1492 brach die erste große Inka-Kolonie zusammen, die die Inkas über die Anden nach Chile führten. Die Inkas wurden von den Spaniern in den Anden-Küsten zerstört, wobei die Inkas überlebten. Die Kultur der Inkas wurde von den Spaniern zerstört.



### HOFFMUNG IN MILAN

Im Jahre 1492 brach die erste große Inka-Kolonie zusammen, die die Inkas über die Anden nach Chile führten. Die Inkas wurden von den Spaniern in den Anden-Küsten zerstört, wobei die Inkas überlebten. Die Kultur der Inkas wurde von den Spaniern zerstört.





## Jedes Wochenende eine Party

»Die beiden Rohbauten standen leer, der Bauherr war nach Brasilien geflüchtet, da besetzten illegale Einwanderer vor allem aus Afrika die Häuser. Manche verpachten heute sogar Zimmer für umgerechnet bis zu 200 Mark im Monat an andere Migranten. Jedes Wochenende finden sich hier Afrikaner aus ganz Lissabon ein, um vor den Häusern und in den shabens, den Bars des Viertels, zu trinken und zu tanzen. Mein Eindruck ist, dass die südeuropäischen Länder mit Illegalen viel entspannter umgehen als die nordeuropäischen; sie haben jedenfalls schon Hunderttausende legalisiert. Es gibt Pläne, Quinta do Mocho abzureißen und diese rechtmäßigen Einwanderer in einer Siedlung unterzubringen, die derzeit mit EU-Geldern errichtet wird.«

### DER KONTINENT DER GEFANGENEN

Im Januar 1788 landeten an der Ostküste Australiens die ersten europäischen Siedler, darunter mehr als 700 Strafgefangene aus England, die in Zwangsarbeit die neue Kolonie erschließen sollen. Das Vereinigte Königreich entlastet auf diesem Wege seine überfüllten Gefängnisse – und sorgt down under für einen gravierenden Frauenmangel. Noch 1833 sind drei Viertel der australischen Siedler Männer. Aus dem Lager der ersten Strafgefangenen geht Sydney hervor. Insgesamt deportiert die britische Krone etwa 160 000 Menschen, erst 1868 stoppt sie die Gefangenentransporte.

### AUFBRUCH NACH NOVO HAMBURGO

Fast sechs Millionen Deutsche wandern im 19. Jahrhundert nach Übersee aus, überwiegend in die USA. Einige Hunderttausend Emigranten gehen nach Südamerika, vor allem in den Süden Brasiliens, um ihn landwirtschaftlich zu erschließen. Kaufleute und Unternehmer lassen sich bevorzugt in den Städten nieder. Heute leben mehr als sechs Millionen Deutschstämmige in Südamerika – und das Oktoberfest von Blumenau gilt als die zweitgrößte feste Brasiliens nach dem Karneval von Rio.

## Ein Niemand in einer fremden Welt

»Diesen Afrikaner fotografierte ich im so genannten Grenshospitalium, einem eigens für Illegale gebauten Gefängnis. Als die ersten Flocken fielen, packte den Mann fürchterliche Angst – er hatte in seinem Leben noch nie Schnee gesehen und wusste nicht, ob der weiße Niederschlag wehtat. Die Behörde hat die Identität des Mannes nicht ermitteln können, denn er besitzt keinerlei Papiere. Die einzige Hoffnung, ihn abschieben zu können, ist, dass ihm eine afrikanische Botschaft Ersatzpapiere ausstellt. Wenn nicht, wird der Mann entlassen – und sich dann wohl irgendwo in Europa durchzuschlagen versuchen.«

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### DIE EUROPÄISCHE KATASTROPHE

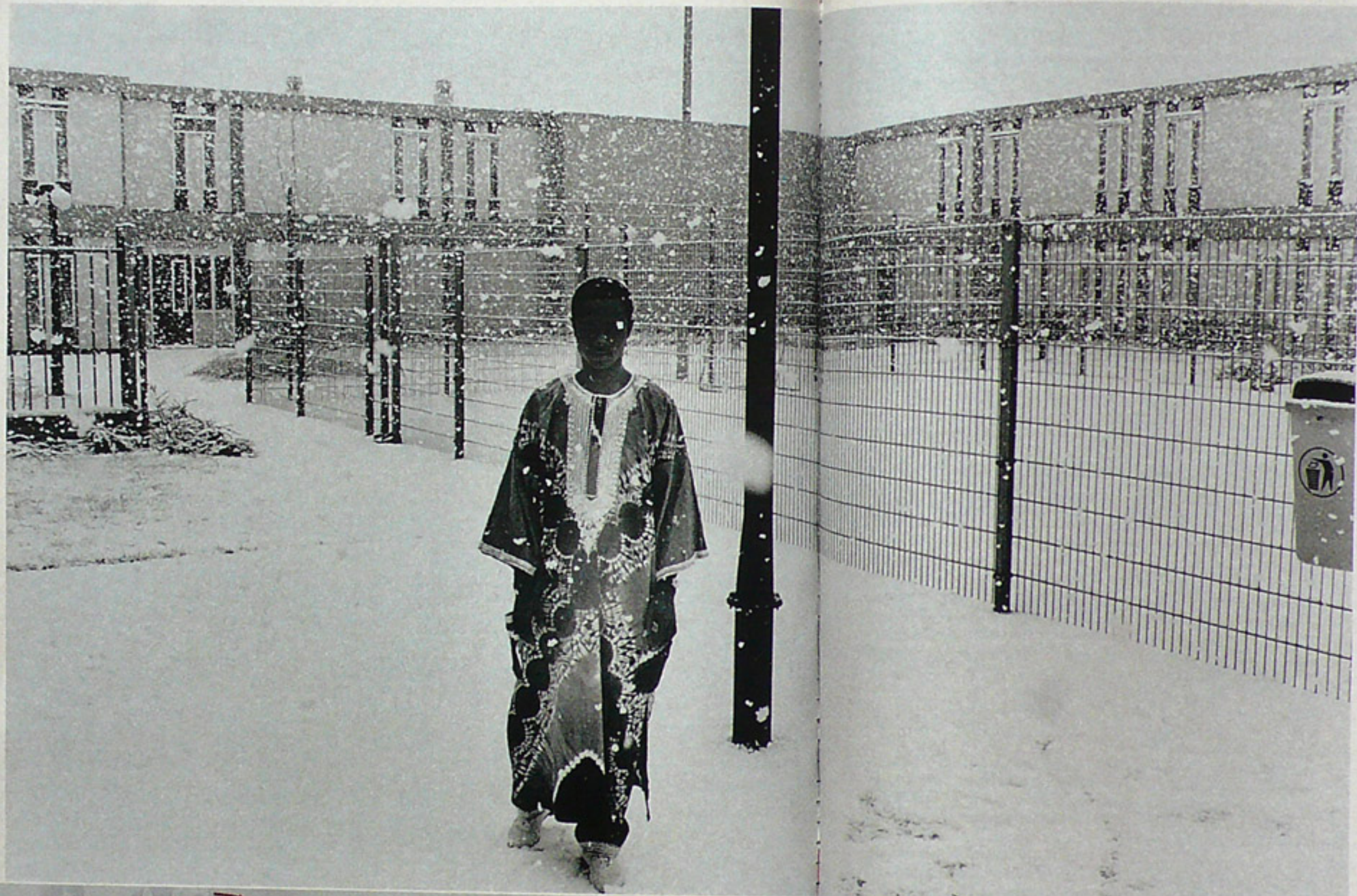
Von 1939 bis 1951 werden mehr als zehn Prozent der europäischen Bevölkerung umgesiedelt, vertrieben oder in die Flucht geschlagen – insgesamt mehr als 60 Millionen Menschen. Zu den Zwangsmigranten gehören Juden, die nach Palästina und Übersee auswandern, Balten, die in Richtung Osten verschickt, Krimtataren und Ukrainer, die nach Kasachstan und Sibirien deportiert werden. Und zwölf Millionen Deutsche, vorwiegend aus dem heutigen Polen und Tschechien.

### Umweltflüchtlinge aus dem Sahel

Seit Mitte der 60er Jahre geben die Regenmengen in der Sahelzone, dem Savannengürtel südlich der Sahara, dramatisch zurück – vermutlich als Folge der globalen Erwärmung. Zweimal spitzte sich die Lage zu. Die große Dürre von 1968 bis 1973 vertreibt mehr als zwei Millionen Nomaden und Bauern. Die Auffanglagerquellen über, allein Côte d'Ivoire soll 1,4 Millionen Umweltflüchtlinge aufgenommen haben. Mitte der 80er Jahre trifft den Sahel eine zweite Dürre mit zehn Millionen Flüchtlingen.

### DIE AFGHANISCHE TRAGÖDIE

Aus Afghanistan stammt heute die mit Abstand größte Zahl aller Flüchtlinge. Nach dem sowjetischen Einmarsch 1979 und dem anschließenden Bürgerkrieg fliehen rund fünf Millionen Menschen vor allem in die Nachbarländer Pakistan und Iran. Auch nach dem Abzug der Sowjets 1989 entspannt sich die Lage kaum. Der weiterhin tobende Krieg, eine katastrophale Dürre und die Politik der islamisch-fundamentalistischen Taliban haben in den vergangenen Monaten erneut Hunderttausende über die Grenzen getrieben.







### VICTIM'S MOTHER

NELLY BRAGINSKY

On the morning of September 11, Alex Braginsky, 38, a financial-systems manager for Reuters, was attending a conference at the Windows on the World restaurant, atop the World Trade Center's north tower. He has not been heard from since. An only child, Alex had been born in the former Soviet Union, immigrating to the U.S. in 1979 with his mother, Nelly, now a Forest Hills travel agent (shown here at an impromptu shrine outside the 69th Regiment Armory). "She escaped that horrible regime trying to save her son," says Marina Kavalyov, a family friend. "That son, who she was always proud of. The best student, the best schools—I mean, just the best human being you can think of." Remarked Nelly, a week after the tragedy, "[Mayor Rudolph] Giuliani said there's little hope, but I'm still waiting. Everything I ever needed I needed for [Alex]. Now I only have pain in my heart."

KODAK TRONIC




### STEAMFITTERS

JACKIE MADDEN, BRENDAN BARRY, SAL PALAZZOLA, BRIAN MADDEN

Among the most urgently required skills in the World Trade Center rescue effort was the ability to saw, hack, and torch through the site's twisted metal wreckage. These four Queens-based steamfitters were doing installation work in upper Manhattan when they heard that the Twin Towers were on fire. Not long after the buildings collapsed, the Maddens, who are father and son, along with Barry and Palazzola, offered to pitch in, hoping that they might find victims alive. At press time, though, the effort had shifted from rescue to recovery, but Brian Madden was still at Ground Zero, where fires continued to smolder and sentiments remained raw. "These buildings are a part of New York," he said, refusing to use the past tense.

KODAK TRONIC



**PATRIOT**

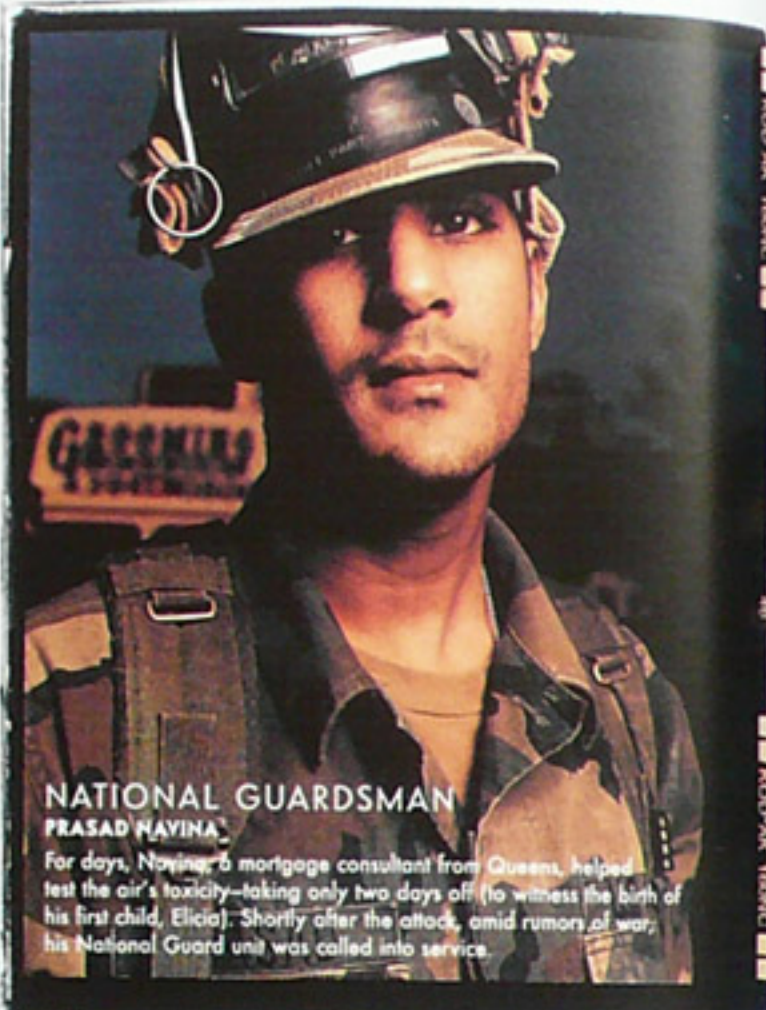
**RAVEN STURT, PLAYING SUPERMAN.**

On the morning after, Mohamed Amine Al-Hamdi draped the American flag from the fire escape of his apartment on East 26th Street. Al-Hamdi, who left war-torn Lebanon in 1977 and became an American citizen this year, has loved the Stars and Stripes since childhood, when he would sneak away from his family to see Westerns and war movies. On Sunday, September 16, Al-Hamdi took the day off from his work—as a designer and maker of leather goods and furniture—to spend time with his eighty-year-old godson, Raven, above. Many children in Manhattan that week were dressed as superheroes.



**HOSPITALITY PROVIDER**  
**DEBORAH LARISSA KEMMETT**

Playing the hostess at a trying time is no frivolous pursuit; exhausted relief and rescue workers were only too happy to be greeted by the smiling face of Kemmett, who tirelessly wove through the evacuation-center crowds around 34th Street, offering vital replenishments.



**NATIONAL GUARDSMAN**  
**PRASAD NAYINA**

For days, Nayina, a mortgage consultant from Queens, helped test the air's toxicity—taking only two days off (to witness the birth of his first child, Elicia). Shortly after the attack, amid rumors of war, his National Guard unit was called into service.



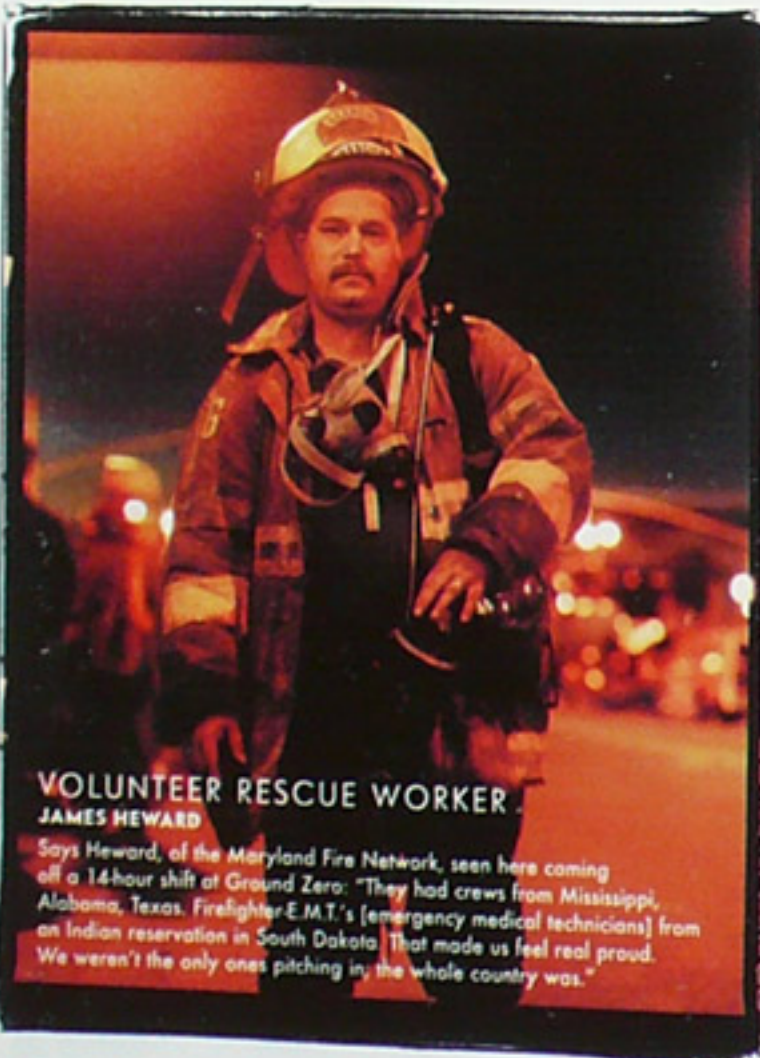
**IRONWORKER**  
**JOE QUATTROCCHI**

Quattrocchi, a welder from Brooklyn, wielded an acetylene torch at the disaster's epicenter, which he found "surreal, like a desert with rolling hills and valleys, like something out of a horror movie."



**ON ALERT**

**U.S. ARMY NATIONAL GUARD SERGEANT DENNIS CUSANO.** Cusano, of Glenville, New York, stood guard over Pearl and Wall Streets, steps from Trinity Church, which was chartered in 1697.



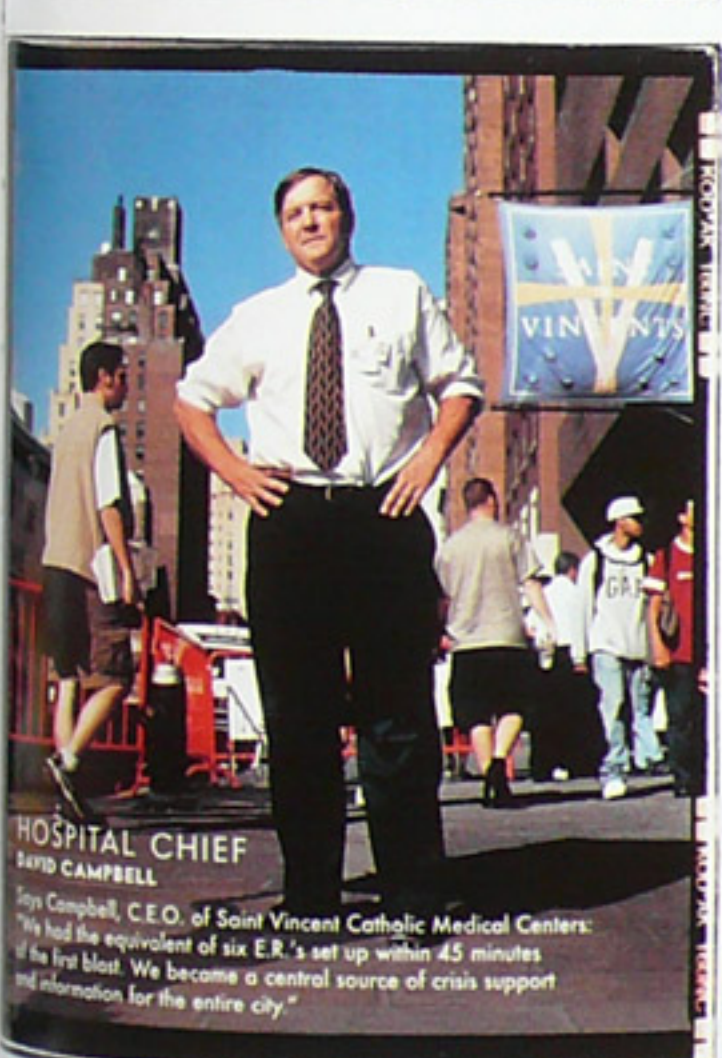
**VOLUNTEER RESCUE WORKER**  
**JAMES HEWARD**

Says Heward, of the Maryland Fire Network, seen here coming off a 14-hour shift at Ground Zero: "They had crews from Mississippi, Alabama, Texas. Firefighter-E.M.T.'s [emergency medical technicians] from an Indian reservation in South Dakota. That made us feel real proud. We weren't the only ones pitching in; the whole country was."



**THE SENATOR**  
**CHARLES E. SCHUMER**

Five days into the ordeal, Schumer addressed the press outside New York City's 69th Regiment Armory. After President Bush agreed to provide \$20 billion in aid for New York, Schumer remarked, "I wanted to hug him, but he's the president."



**HOSPITAL CHIEF**  
**DAVID CAMPBELL**

Says Campbell, CEO of Saint Vincent Catholic Medical Centers: "We had the equivalent of six E.R.'s set up within 45 minutes of the first blast. We became a central source of crisis support and information for the entire city."



**CRISIS COUNSELOR**  
**LESLIE GARBER**

Never before had Garber evaluated—and comforted—more people in distress, many suffering not just from the immediate experience of horror and loss, but from an oppressive "sense of vulnerability—a fear [of] the future." Her co-workers at St. Vincent's Family Support Center assisted 6,600 relatives in their search for lost loved ones.





Augusta, 10 lat



Janusz Damiak, lat 15

Na opuszczony strówiec, od góry od lewej:

- Ania, 12 lat,
- Ania, 12 lat,
- Marek, 10 lat,
- Janusz, 15 lat,
- Marek, 10 lat,
- Łukasz, 14 lat





Dzi góry,  
od lewej:  
Natalia, 14 lat,  
Marzena, 17 lat,  
Marek, 17 lat,  
Wioletta, 13 lat



**Pierwszy:**  
Kamil, 11 lat

**Pa lewy, od góry:**  
Ania, 13 lat,  
Marcin, 10 lat,  
Gregorz, 14 lat,  
Ark, 13 lat,  
Marcin, 10 lat,  
Marcelina, 13 lat



Uczestnicy warsztatów w Krzywju i Jasioncu:

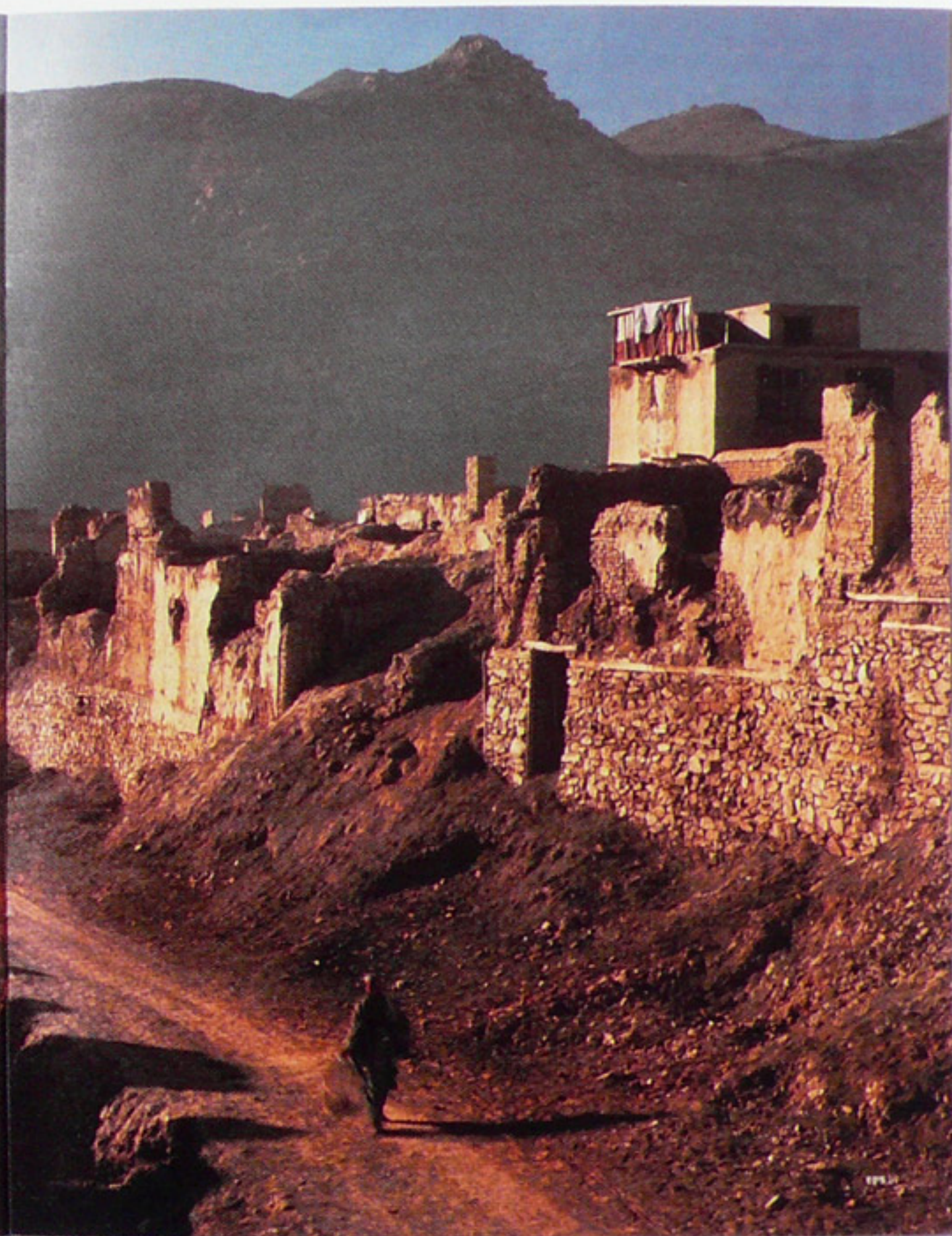
- |                             |                       |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| Angela Kowak, lat 10        | Michał Jawor, lat 12  |
| Grzegorz Król, lat 14       | Tosia Stasiuk, lat 12 |
| Marcelina Polec, lat 13     | Radek Hyc, lat 10     |
| Justyna Król, lat 18        | Jola Piątek, lat 13   |
| Wioletta Król, lat 13       | Sabina Juruk, lat 17  |
| Wojtek Król, lat 12         | Paulina Juruk, lat 15 |
| Ula Król, lat 6             |                       |
| Marcin Wizołek, lat 10      | Wernisaz z udziałem   |
| Ela Kowak, lat 16           | autorów odbędzie się  |
| Ark Król, lat 13            | 8 października        |
| Marcin Kowak, lat 10        | w Galerii Sztuki      |
| Kamil Gwilk, lat 11         | „Dwór Karwocjanów”    |
| Kuba Jawor, lat 8           | w Gorlicach.          |
| Lukasz Kowak, lat 14        | Wystawa potrwa        |
| Marczena Hyc, lat 17        | do 23 października,   |
| Janusz Chomiak, lat 15      | po czym               |
| Paulina Michałowicz, lat 12 | zostanie pokazana     |
| Natalia Hyc, lat 14         | w Warszawie, Krakowie |
| Ania Szarek, lat 13         | i Gdańsku.            |

11-S

**EL PASO DE LA GUERRA**  
Los restos de las contiendas se ven en cada rincón de Afganistán. En la imagen, el distrito Shur Bazaar de Kabul, destruido por un cohete de gran alcance en 1994.

# Los restos de Afganistán

Afganistán es un país en ruinas. Sus gentes se esfuerzan por restablecer la normalidad en ciudades y pueblos tras dos largas décadas en guerra. Pero los afganos piensan que nada volverá a ser igual. Por **Angeles Espinosa**. Fotografía de **Simon Norfolk**.





# F

ariba Nawa aún recuerda con toda claridad el día que estalló la guerra. "Estábamos en una boda en Lashkar Gah", relata antes de lanzarse a describir el vergel que unos ojos infantiles fijaron para siempre en su memoria. Estaba a punto de cumplir siete años, y la capital de Helmand, a la que su padre había sido destinado por la empresa estatal para la que trabajaba, era en verdad la huerta de Afganistán. El gran proyecto de canalización iniciado por Estados Unidos en 1946 en el valle del Arghandab había permitido irrigar toda la llanura al este de Kandahar. La región recuperaba parte de la prosperidad y el esplendor alcanzados a partir del siglo X, cuando la dinastía ghorvide trasladó allí su residencia de invierno y levantó sus majestuosos palacios.

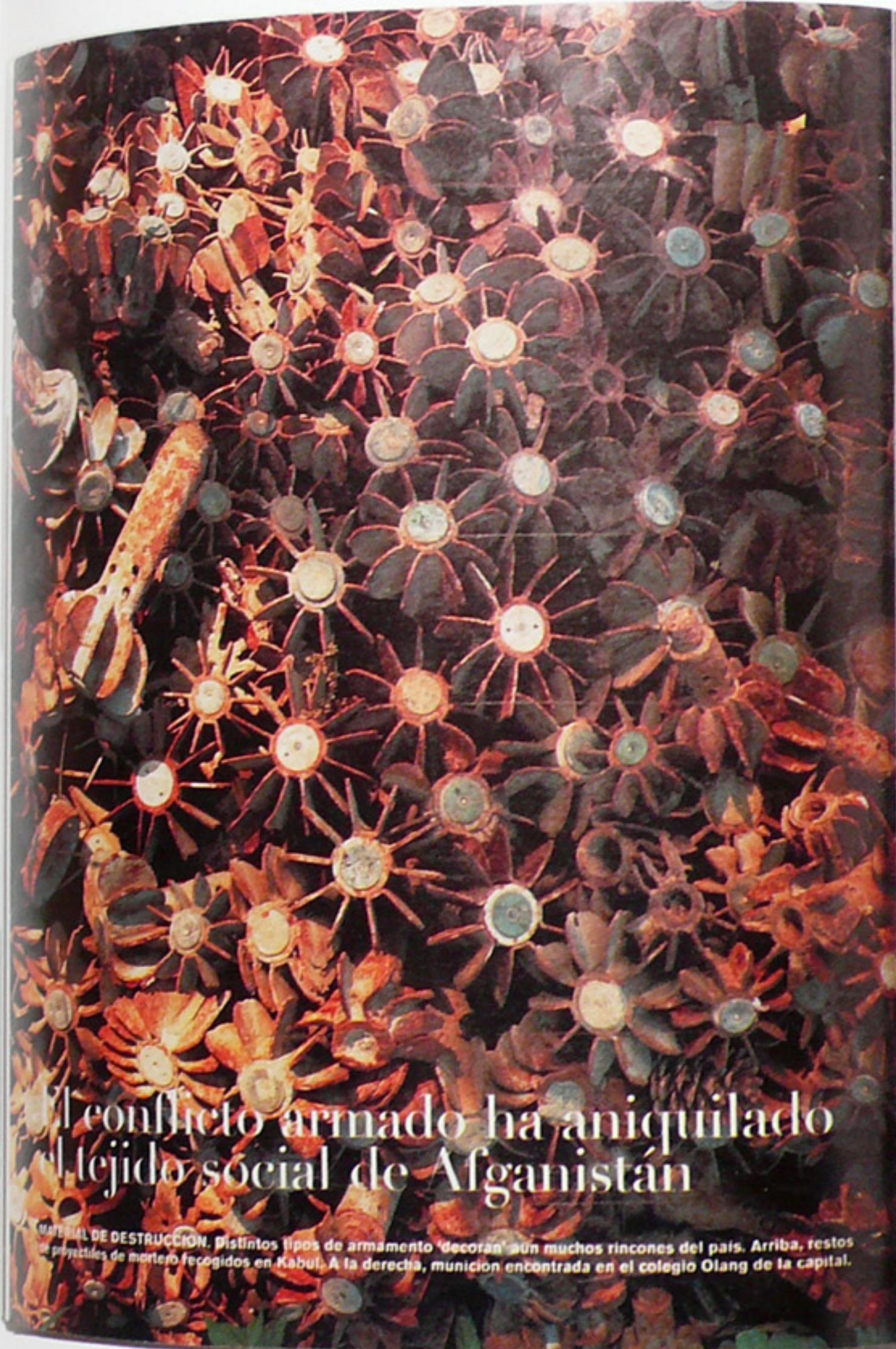
"Lashkar Gah parecía una urbanización americana con casas modernas rodeadas de jardines", rememora Fariba, incapaz de reconocer la ciudad 23 años después. Los chalets de aquellos ingenieros estadounidenses aún siguen en pie, y el trazado reticular de sus calles está más cercano al de los suburbios residenciales de San Francisco (California), donde los Nawa terminarían exiliados, que al de los intrincados bazares de las vecinas Kandahar y Herat. Sin embargo, las hileras de árboles que me describe Fariba han desaparecido, y el polvo ha vuelto a adueñarse del lugar. La guerra, las sucesivas guerras, han destruido los canales de irrigación igual que en el siglo XIV hicieron las hordas de Tamerlán. Abandonados, los agricultores cultivan opio, que requiere menos agua que los frutales de la infancia de Fariba.

Las ruinas que quedaron en pie tras el paso del gran guerrero mongol no resistieron la lucha de los afganos contra el invasor soviético. Una guía turística de 1980 aún describe la magnificencia de los palacios medievales construidos a la orilla del río Arghandab. Sin embargo, aquel año los *mujahidín* establecían entre esos muros su línea de defensa frente a las tropas de Moscú. Los últimos vestigios quedaron reducidos a montañas de arena. Hoy sólo permanece en pie el bello arco de Qala-i-Bost, un raro testimonio de la arquitectura ghorvide (siglo XII). El presidente Daud tuvo la precaución de apuntalarlo para evitar su derrumbe. Su imagen, reproducida en los billetes de >



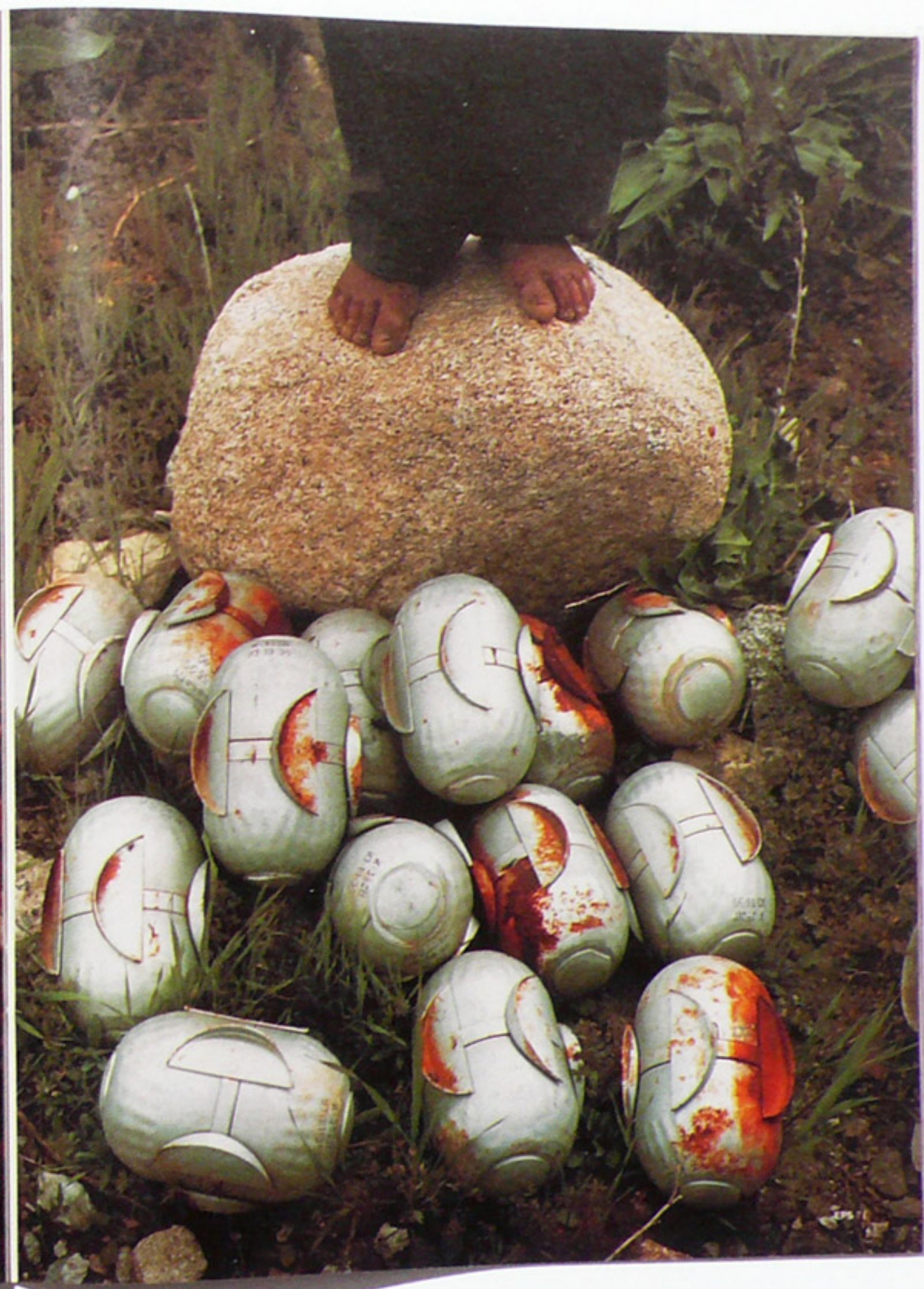
## Con la paz recién estrenada, saben que el país no será el mismo

**LA DIGNIDAD.** Este antiguo biplano se conserva en una exposición en Kabul. Frente a él, un hombre muestra en una jaula su 'pájaro de batalla' como símbolo de fortaleza. Estos animales fueron prohibidos por los talibanes.



# El conflicto armado ha aniquilado el tejido social de Afganistán

MATERIAL DE DESTRUCCIÓN. Distintos tipos de armamento 'decoran' aun muchos rincones del país. Arriba, restos de proyectiles de mortero recogidos en Kabul. A la derecha, munición encontrada en el colegio Olang de la capital.





## 22.000 pueblos fueron destruidos durante la guerra afgano-soviética

**EMPEZAR DE LA NADA.** El distrito de Afshar, en el oeste de Kabul, es un ejemplo de la desolación que ofrecen miles de lugares en el país. Este barrio de la comunidad Hazara fue totalmente derruido a principios de 1990.

# Welcome to the Jungle

Recruited by the CIA to be a secret army during the Vietnam War, the Hmong rebels of Laos fought communism. Now they desperately battle for their own survival

Photographs for TIME by Philip Bleckinsop—Age 26



With government troops fleeing, the Hmong are anxiously anticipating the coming onslaught



Lee Fong, 25, has been fighting since he was 10.

By **ANDREW PERRIN**  
XAYSOMBOUNE SPECIAL ZONE

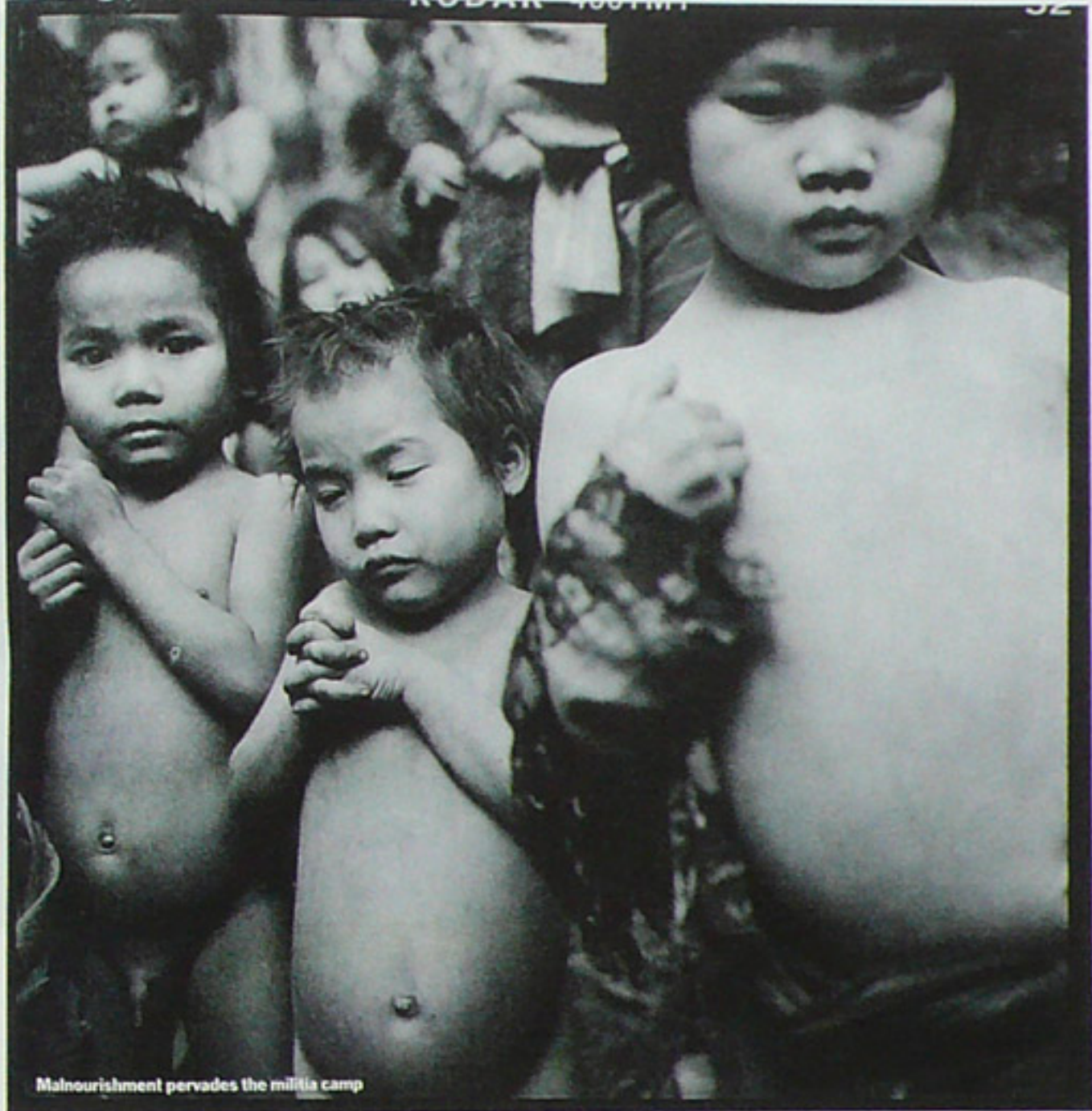
**T**HERE WERE HUNDREDS OF THEM, perhaps a thousand. They wept and knelt before me on the ground, crying. "Please help us, the communists are coming." I had hiked four days to reach this forsaken place deep in the jungles of Xaysomboune, northern Laos. The Hmong rebels prostrate before me were convinced they would all soon die. They knew they were a forgotten tribe, crushed by a military

campaign that is denied by the communist leaders of their small, sheltered nation.

In all my years as a journalist I had never seen anything like this: a ragtag army with wailing families in tow, beseeching me to take news of their plight to the outside world. I walked among starving children, their tiny frames scarred by mortar shrapnel. Young men, toting rifles and with dull-eyed infants strapped to their backs, ripped open their shirts to show me their wounds. An old man grabbed my hand and guided it over the contours of shrapnel buried in his gut. A teenage

girl, no more than 15, whimpered at my feet, pawed at my legs and cried, "They've killed my husband. They've killed my mother, my father, my brother..." But before she could finish, others were pushing her aside to sob out their own litanies of loss. In this heart of darkness, nobody has a monopoly on grief.

Now, for the first time in nearly three decades, this dwindling group of outcasts are completely surrounded by the Lao government troops that hunt them. They are trapped in a narrow swath of jungle, with all avenues of escape blocked by either soldiers



Malnourishment pervades the militia camp.

or antipersonnel mines. "This time," says Moua Toua Ther, 46, the one-armed leader of the camp and commander of its pitifully equipped fighting force, "we will not be able to run or hide. When the helicopters come we will be butchered like wild animals."

What is the crime this ragged bunch has committed? It is simply that they are Hmong, mostly the children, grandchildren or even great-grandchildren of fighters who in the 1960s sided with the U.S. to fight communism in Laos during the Vietnam War. Fabled for their resourcefulness and

valor, many Hmong became members of a secret CIA-backed militia that helped rescue downed U.S. pilots and disrupted North Vietnamese supplies and troop movements along the Ho Chi Minh Trail through central Laos. The communist Pathet Lao movement—and its patrons in Hanoi—has never forgotten the Hmong's complicity with the Americans. Shortly after the Pathet Lao took power in 1975—two years after the U.S. had fled the country and left the Hmong soldiers to their fate—a communist newspaper declared the Party would hunt down the

"American collaborators" and their families "to the last root." But until *TIME* recently reached one of the last Hmong outposts, no one truly believed that, after 28 years, the Lao government still meant it. This, then, is the final act of a war that, according to history books, ended in 1973.

The Hmong, who migrated to Laos from southwestern China in the 19th century, have always been a proud, warlike people. In the 1920s a Hmong rebellion against their French rulers erupted in much of Laos and northern Vietnam, ultimately failing but leav-



Militia leader Moua Toda Ther catches up on sleep

ing thousands dead. When the French left Laos in 1953, the Hmong found themselves fighting again—this time against the threat of communism. Among the resisters was a young Hmong general named Vang Pao, who in 1961 was commissioned by the CIA to set up a secret army to fight the advancing communists. Over the next decade nearly half of the 40,000 Hmong fighters in Vang Pao's army are thought to have perished during the fighting. The reward for their sacrifice? The Paris cease-fire agreement of 1973, which signaled an end of U.S. aid. Vang fought on for two more years, but when it became clear that the Pathet Lao would win he fled to Thailand and then to the U.S. Today, some 200,000 other Hmong live in exile communities in the U.S. But not all Hmong made it to America: 15,000 of Vang's brethren were cut off from escape and were forced to melt away into the mountainous jungles of Laos.

Even from California, where he leads the United Lao Liberation Front (ULLF), Vang, 74, casts a long shadow over his people. Moua says he reports directly to Vang—a claim the Californian denies, though he does admit to providing occasional help. From his suburban American home, the exiled general demands democracy and a reinstatement of the monarchy in Laos. Moua and his militia are among the remnants of Hmong rebel groups fighting for that disappearing dream.

Moua joined Vang's secret army at age 15. His left arm ends in a stump—his hand was removed in a 1974 jungle amputation. One of only four people in the village with some writing skills, he is a meticulous keeper of village statistics—there are 56 orphaned children, 40 widows and 11 widowers. By Moua's count, 30% of the villagers have shrapnel wounds. In 1975, when Vang fled Laos, Moua recorded his group at 7,000

people. Today there are only about 800 left.

Although the Hmong have been on the run for nearly three decades, Moua and others in his village regard the past year as the worst. In October, they say, some 500 ground troops attacked them from four directions in Xaysomboune while a gunship strafed them from above. In all, 216 Hmong were killed. Such assaults can come at any time. Last August, a mortar round landed less than a meter from nine-year-old Yeng Houa's family dinner table, killing both his parents. Yeng survived, but 18 shrapnel scars on his legs, his jaw is broken and there is an infected sore on his inner thigh. Since the attack, he has not spoken.

The Hmong say they are too ill-equipped to strike back. Most of their fighters are armed with ancient M-16s and AK-47s, and the heaviest weapons at their disposal are two geriatric M-79 grenade launchers.



Three generations of resistance fighters

ammunition is mostly dug up from former U.S. air bases. According to Moua, only a third of the rounds are actually live, negating Hmong chances of launching a viable offensive. As for the Lao government, which declined to talk to TIME, it denies allegations that it is decimating Hmong rebels and blames them for much of the unrest in the country. It insists that Hmong are doubling as bandits. In February an ambush on a bus traveling the busy Highway 13 in the north left 12 people dead, including two Swiss cyclists. A calling card pinned to one of the corpses indicated the deaths were the work of Hmong rebels. And on April 20, gunmen opened fire on a passenger bus, killing at least 13 people. Eyewitnesses to this massacre say the gunmen spoke to one another in the Hmong language. Vang Pao angrily denies claims that his men are responsible for attacks on civilians. "In the past there

have been several events like this that have taken place and been blamed on the ULLF," he says. "But it was not us. We believe it was organized by the government using Hmong people who serve in the Lao army." For his part, Moua portrays the Hmong as helpless innocents. "We only defend and run," he says. "If the Lao troops launch an assault, our ammo won't even last an hour."

Back in the mountains of Xaysomboune, Moua and his comrades sleep uneasily on beds of leaves inside banana-leaf huts. Most cannot recall how many times they've relocated, but they remember the people they've lost. Bhun Si, 42, says his wife and two sons were taken from him last October. His friend Soum Sai saw everything: the government troops came in, he says, and shot women and children from a distance of just five meters. Today, Bhun looks barely alive himself. Only two fingers remain on his left hand—he lost

the others in a B-41 rocket attack that killed six of his fellow Hmong. His leg still bleeds from a suppurating shrapnel wound he received 13 years ago. One side of his face is a mask of melted flesh, with black sockets where an ear and an eye should be. "Everybody is dead," he says. "Sixteen people in my family are dead, all killed by the communists." In a heartbreaking refrain I heard repeatedly during my stay in the camp, he adds, "America must save us."

Commander Moua, too, wonders where his erstwhile American allies have gone. "We shed blood with the U.S.," he says. "They should remember this. They should find us a land where we're safe and have food to eat." But as the world has watched in awe of the might of the U.S. war machine in Iraq, the final scenes of a 30-year-old war in Indochina that America would rather forget are destined to play out unnoticed. ■

# 1 泥沼の底で

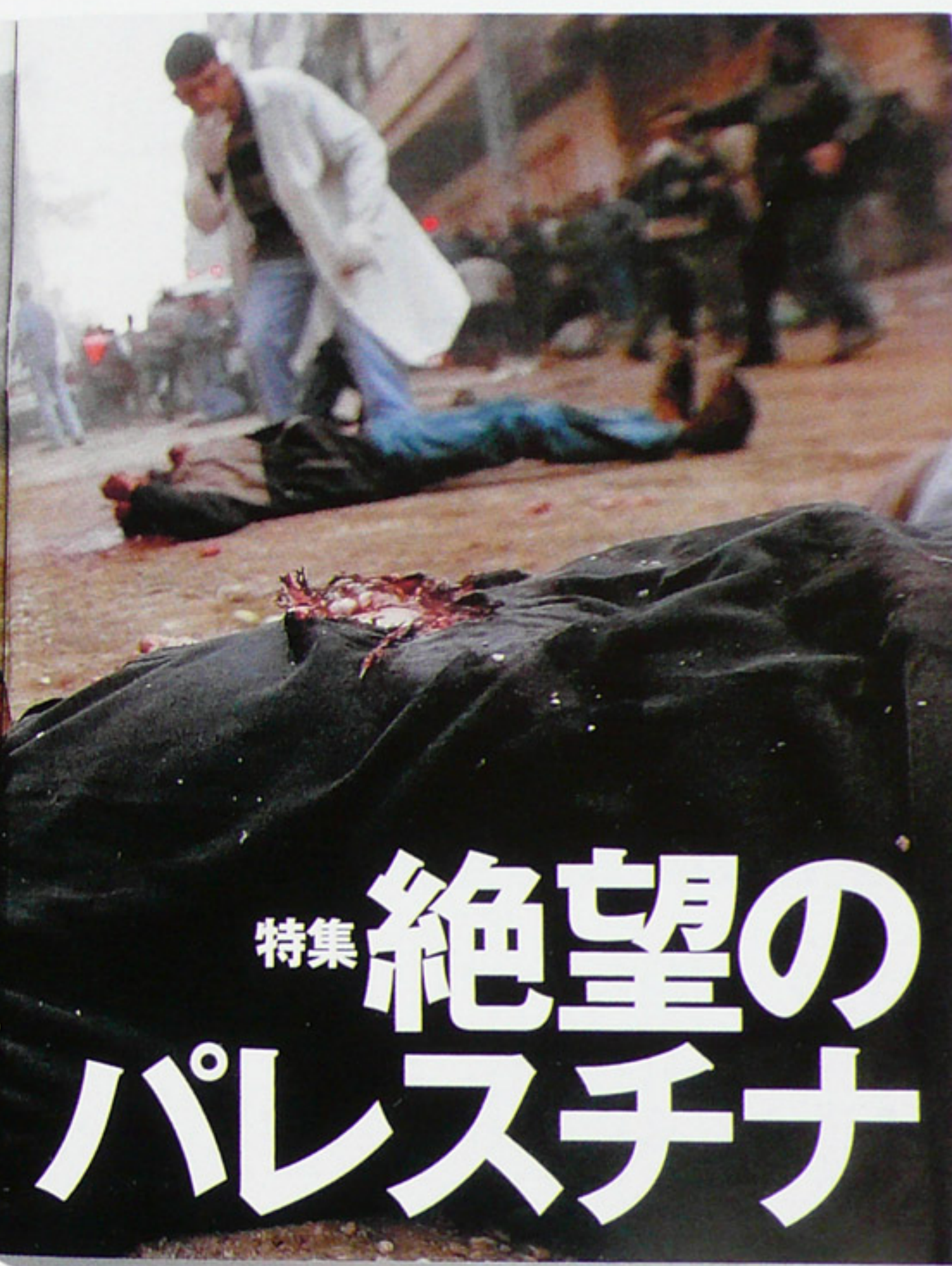
## ガザの死者たち

イスラエルによる占領は、今も、破壊と殺戮を生み出し続けている。かつて平和を夢見たパレスチナ人とユダヤ人の心の底には、出口のない、暗い恐怖が宿っている

NCE  
مجلس إدارة التحرير الفلسطيني  
القدس

2009年3月18日、ガザ地区の「アブ・バキヤキャンプ」でイスラエル軍の攻撃を受け、写真家「アムール・アブ・バキヤ」(18)が撮影した写真(写真)により、写真家19人を含む「アブ・バキヤ」のメンバーは、この写真の撮影後に写真家協会に本誌が掲載された写真が「イスラエル軍の攻撃で撮影された」として、3月23日のイスラエル軍の攻撃で256人のパレスチナ人が死亡したと報告された。写真家協会が死亡者45人を出した事件に続くものである。

Photo by Ahmed JAWALLAH / REUTERS



# 特集 絶望の パレスチナ

特集 絶望のパレスチナ

# 自爆攻撃の恐怖

イスラエルとパレスチナの間で自爆攻撃が頻りに繰り返されている。7月25日、イスラエルで発生した自爆攻撃の様子が写った。

2003年8月



Photo by Brian HENDLER/GETTY IMAGES/AFLO FOTO

11 DAYS JAPAN 2004/5



# イスラエルが恐れる写真

パレスチナ難民キャンプを襲撃して、射殺したパレスチナ人の前で記念撮影をするイスラエル兵。イスラエル兵の表情からも、占領ということが兵士にどのような影響を与えているかがわかる。そのためこの写真の発表をイスラエル政府は恐れた。この「イスラエルが恐れる写真」というタイトルは『パリマッチ』誌(フランス)がつけたものである。2002年2月





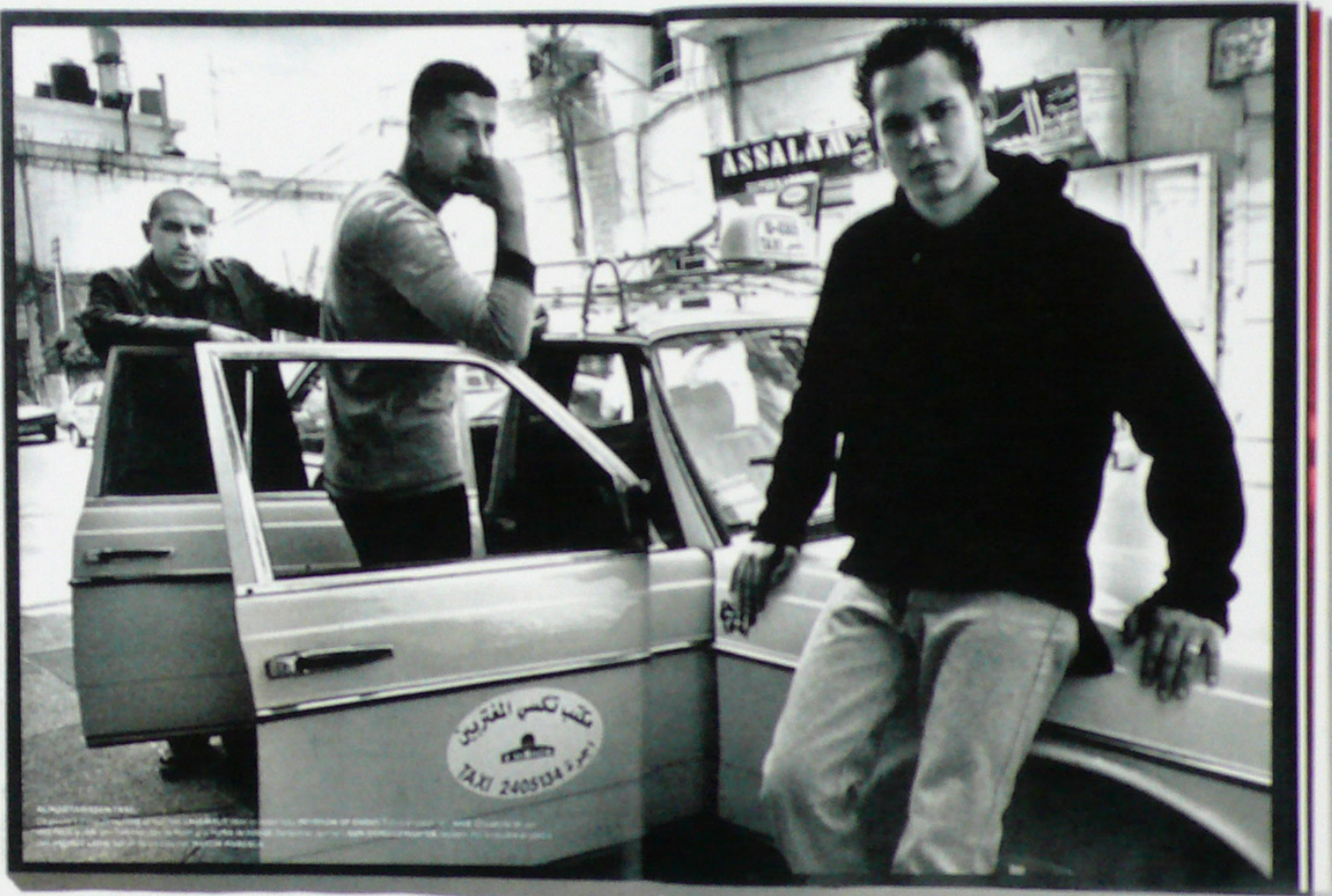
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**Al. Accostamento a sinistra**

Da piazza L. il viale si apre verso il centro storico di Palermo. In questa zona si trova il Palazzo Reale, il Teatro Politeama e il Palazzo di Giustizia. Il viale è una delle arterie principali della città e si caratterizza per la presenza di edifici storici e monumenti. Il viale è anche una delle zone più pedonali della città e si caratterizza per la presenza di fontane e piazze. Il viale è anche una delle zone più verdi della città e si caratterizza per la presenza di alberi e giardini.

Palermo, 1998. L. Accostamento a sinistra. L. Accostamento a sinistra. L. Accostamento a sinistra.



ALPHATAGGIEN 1996

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AGU BARRA CAPS  
De gauche à droite: le fondateur et directeur général de la compagnie de vêtements de sport **AGU BARRA**, le fondateur et directeur général de la compagnie de vêtements de sport **AGU BARRA**, le fondateur et directeur général de la compagnie de vêtements de sport **AGU BARRA**, le fondateur et directeur général de la compagnie de vêtements de sport **AGU BARRA**.

# The Tragedy of **SUDAN**

Fifty thousand are dead, thousands more will die,  
and more than 1 million have lost their homes.  
Simon Robinson visits Darfur and witnesses  
what is happening while the world dithers

Photographs for **TIME** by James Nachtwey—VII

## **VICTIMS OF HATE**

A refugee seeks  
treatment for his  
sick infant son  
at a clinic in the  
Darfur region  
of Sudan





CAUGHT  
IN THE  
MIDDLE

At a hospital in the city of al-Junaymah in western Darfur, a local woman feeds one of the war's many young victims

## MEANS OF SURVIVAL

Rampages by Arab militiamen known as Janjaweed have turned more than 1 million non-Arab Africans into refugees. Many survivors have made their way to unforgiving settlements like this one, the Riad camp, near al-Jawaymah. These women are using branches and twigs to reconstruct a hut that washed away in a storm. The woman at far right is using her teeth to cut string.

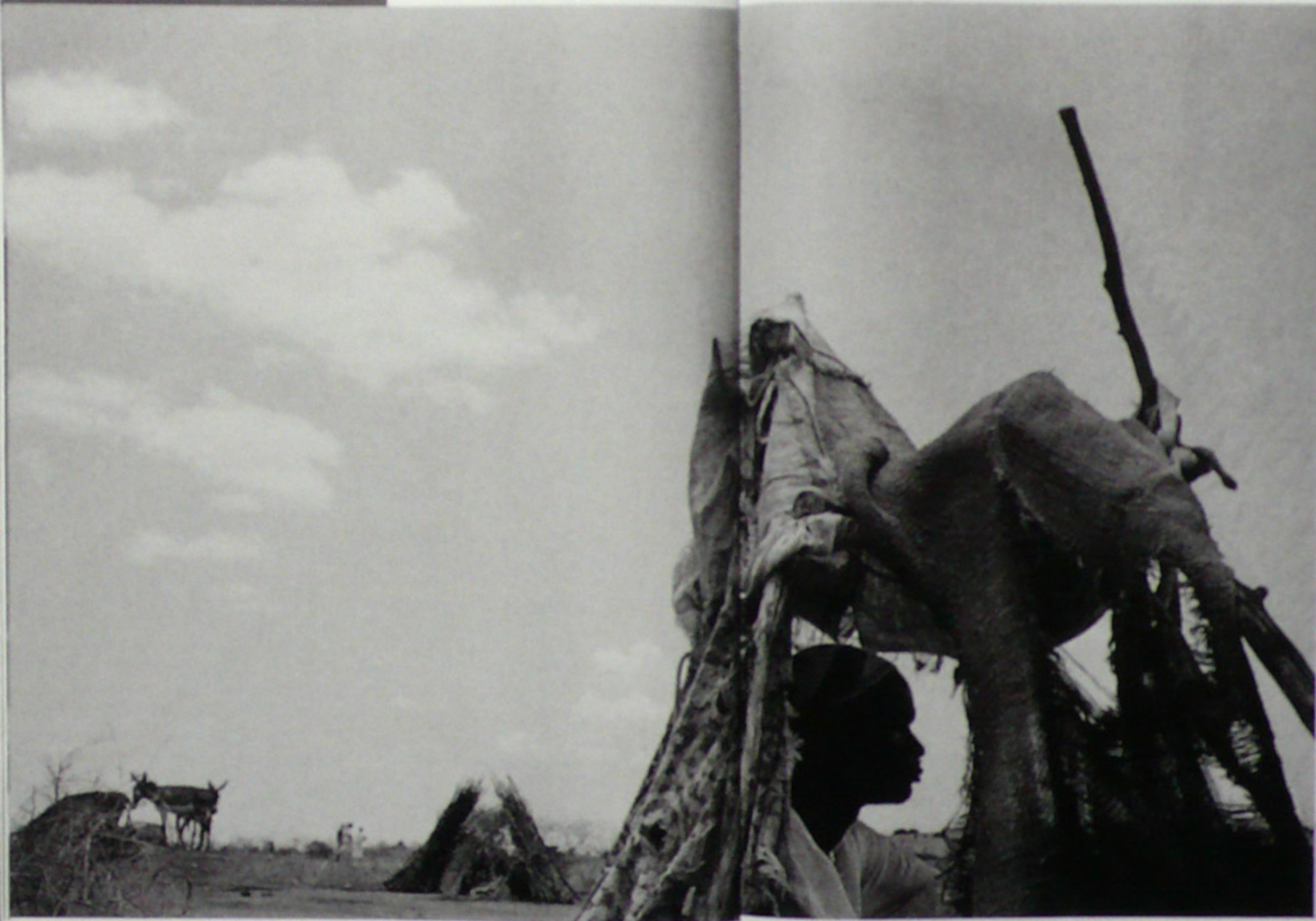






## GRAINS OF SURVIVAL

Darfuri women attempt to salvage grain that has fallen from bags air-dropped by a World Food Program plane. They winnow out dust with their baskets. The little bit is getting through because of continued violence and seasonal rains; at least 50% of the region's 3.4 million displaced people lack access to adequate amounts of food.

DESERT  
REFUGE

At a camp in the town of Savla, this man takes shelter from the sun under a few pieces of cast-off cloth and ripped tent bags. Typically the displaced live in a cluster of huts, all made of the same mud bricks, with the women, children and livestock and their families. Some traumatized victims say they can never return.



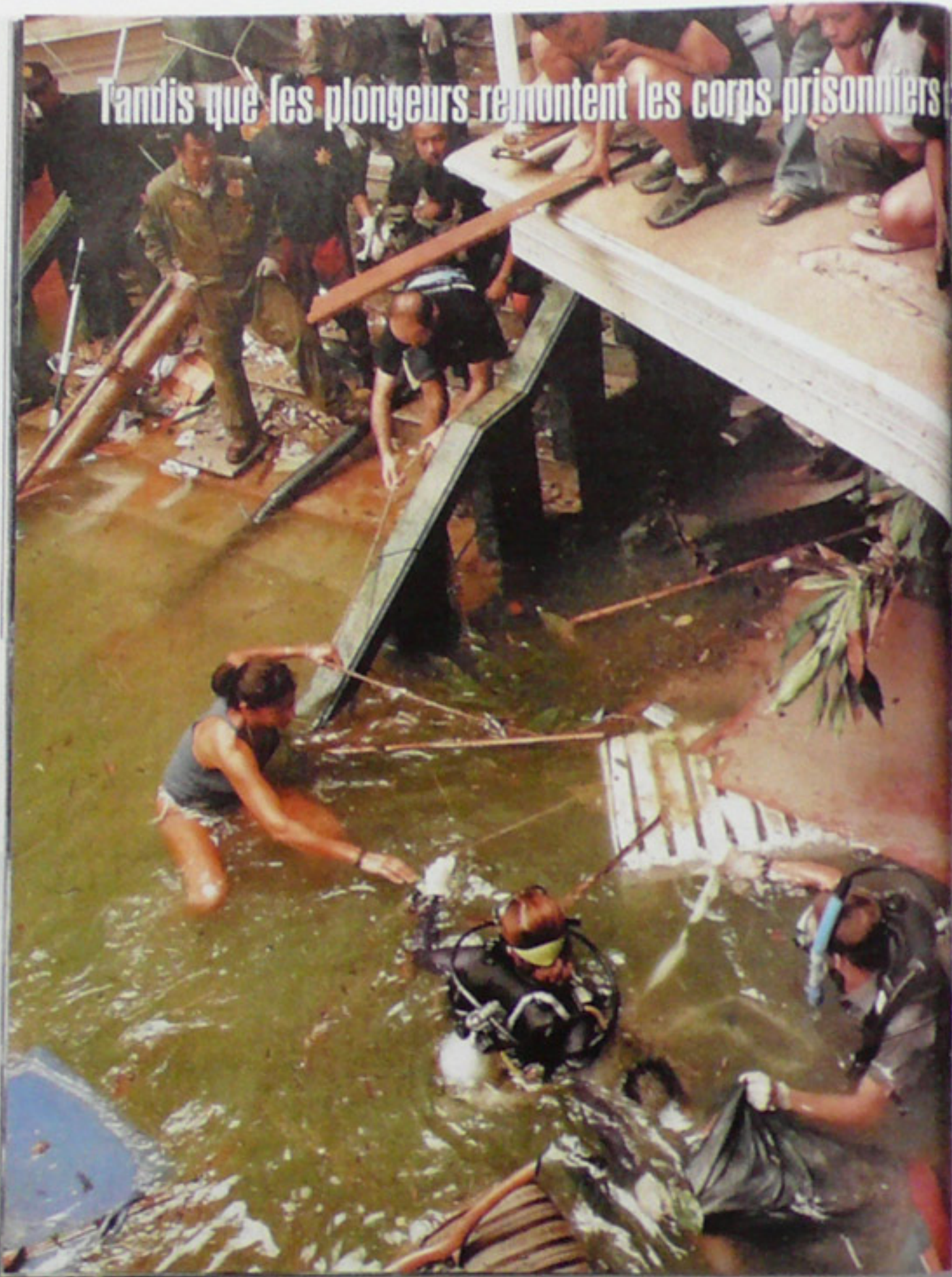
## A DEATH RITUAL

Family members prepare to bury an infant girl, one of hundreds to die of sickness at refugee camps in Darfur

# Tandis que les plongeurs remontent les corps prisonniers de l'eau, une femme prie

En quelques secondes, elle a perdu tout espoir. La vague venait à peine de se retirer et, bravant tout risque de réplique, des plongeurs se sont lancés dans les profondeurs du fragile immeuble de Patong, où son ami était resté prisonnier de la gigantesque inondation. Leurs efforts ont été inutiles. C'est un corps sans vie qu'ils extraient des fondations de l'immeuble. Ces jeunes hommes qui ont porté au secours à son compatriote sont des touristes occidentaux. Égarés miraculeusement par la mer assassine, ils ont décidé sur le champ de porter secours aux populations locales comme aux vacances. La plupart des constructions des côtes thaïlandaises de la côte thaïlandaise étaient excessivement légères. Fracassées par la colère du typhon, elles se sont métamorphosées en une pluie de débris plus meurtriers les uns que les autres.

Sur le front de mer de Patong, les plongeurs  
tentent vainement de retrouver l'un des corps prisonniers de l'eau.





Dans le temple séculaire de Takung, à 175 kilomètres au nord de Phoukai, les cadavres qui n'ont pas encore été recouverts sont allongés sur le sol, dans des sacs. La glace qui les entoure et les recouvre est destinée à retarder la décomposition.

PHOTO ANDREW WONG


On entrepose les corps dans des temples séculaires pour que les scientifiques prélèvent l'A.d.n.

# MORT A L'HORIZON

Ray Loh, en Thaïlande, 9 heures du matin, le 26 décembre. Deux familles suédoises, les Melander et les Flach, profitent du soleil quand, soudain, Anna-Lena Flach monte l'horizon et la vague monstrueuse qui s'avance vers eux. Tous se ruent vers le sable, vers l'eau. Anna-Lena raconte : « Quand la première vague est arrivée, les baigneurs ont été projetés sur 250 mètres, comme des

jouets. La troisième vague a jeté contre les rochers, non, personne n'a été gravement blessé. Ma fille Mathilda, six ans, et Linnéa, six ans, ont été projetées. Nous avons eu une chance incroyable. » Les deux familles se souviennent de cette terreur blonde, et deux jeunes qui ont eu peur à contenance, dans un la mer, ils ont attendu leur... « Ma fille, non, pas mes enfants »

De haut en bas : Anna-Lena Flach, Mathilda Melander, 11 ans, Linnéa Melander, Lasse Flach et sa fille Emma, 14 ans, Mia Melander et sa sœur, la jeune Emma qui court vers l'eau et Lasse Melander, 7 ans.



Sur cette plage de Thaïlande, une mère court vers le danger pour sauver ses enfants

# Miracle : balayée par la vague, toute cette famille suédoise va survivre



De gauche à droite : Mikael, Larsen, le père de Karin, Jonas, Mikael, Ellen, le père de Karin, Pia, le frère de Karin, et Karin qui court vers eux. En médaillon : les deux enfants de Karin, à Stockholm. De gauche à droite : Jonas, Karin, Mikael, Lars et Pia.

Mikael, quelques secondes plus tard. La femme en deux pièces s'appelle Karin Swart, et elle vient d'arriver sur les lieux. 10 ans, 18kg, 1,30m, et Karin, 14 ans, se balançaient dans l'eau et s'élevaient et qui n'ont pas eu le temps de respirer. Elle n'a le temps de pousser 100 mètres avant que ses efforts commencent à commencent à couler. Elle voit : « au-dessus de moi, je vois les deux enfants de Karin, mais je n'ai pas le temps de respirer. Tout ce que je vois, c'est deux enfants qui se balançaient dans l'eau. » Elle se rappelle plus tard la vague et à regarder à mer tend. « Arrivé sur le plage, Karin se rappelle, persuadée que ses enfants sont morts. Elle sort en fait tout et elle rappelle les autres membres de la famille. Ce n'est qu'en rentrant en Suède, le 20 décembre, que les Swart ont appris que le couple de cette nuit, le monde entier les croyait morts.



Le vague paraît d'abord anodine aux dizaines de milliers de vacanciers qui ne s'attendent pas de voir la mer se retirer jusqu'à 1 kilomètre de la limite habituelle du rivage. Puis, une ou deux minutes plus tard selon les lieux, comme ici à Penang, en Malaisie, report soudain l'horizon, elle est revenue sous la forme d'une falaise liquide qui s'avance tout à la vitesse d'un avion de ligne, mais que les spectateurs ne peuvent éviter complètement. 250 mètres à la seconde. Beaucoup regardent sans forme le spectacle maléfique sans découvrir avant vite les épaves que la mer chahute: il est déjà trop tard. Cette vague moule est désormais une vague fuyante. Elle offre le fin Laska une heure et demie après, l'île indienne, trois heures plus tard et le Kenya, huit heures après, qu'une partie de Sumatra a déjà été rayée de la carte. L'océan désormais frappe en deux temps. Un premier mur de 2 mètres de hauteur ravage les plages puis paraît se retirer. On peut croire à la fin du cataclysme, quand une muraille encore plus haute, souvent près de 8 mètres, masque le ciel, mais ce qui tient encore debout et arbore ceux qui respirent encore. Ceux qui ont échappé au premier carnage et restent figés, psychologiquement choqués, souvent assommés, sont alors engloutis.

À la formation d'un tsunami de Penang, deux heures les découvrent la première vague pilotée par le tsunami et qui s'écroule dans rochers et épaves. Et de s'emparement par que le flot se renverse le site touristique et les entreprises.

Pour ces touristes de Malaisie, le spectacle de la mer tourne soudain à un déferlement de bruit et de fureur