

Someone dumped a bucket of paste over me and rammed a tall dunce cap labeled 'Cow Demon' on my head. . . . We were paraded. All the way people hit out at us and spit upon us. I recognized the distorted faces of my own students." These are the words of Ma Sitson, a gentle artist and the most prominent man yet to escape from Communist China. From Peking, where paranoid posters flap on walls of mellowed brick, he has come to America with his firsthand story of the convulsions that have degraded and isolated all men of intellect and culture in Red China. Ma was his country's foremost musician, a composer of international rank whose works have been performed in many countries, a violinist who until his flight was president of the nation's top music school. Though never a party member, he was honored and favored by the Communist regime; one of his compositions, a haunting piece entitled *Longing for Home*, prefaced each Radio Peking propaganda broadcast to Taiwan. Last summer he fell under attack. His account of his experiences illuminates with terrible clarity the savagery and mindlessness of Mao's Great Cultural Revolution.

*A cultural leader
escapes Mao's China
and tells his story*

Terror at the

Hands of the Red Guard





In Peking, before his escape, Ma Sitson (*above*) instructs a student. In Peking today (*right*) wall posters repetitiously praise Chairman Mao Tse-tung and demand downfall of his enemies.



Cruelty and

by MA
SITSON

The Cultural Revolution, which tortured and degraded Ma Sitson and other artists of Red China, has been frantically elevating Mao Tse-tung into a godlike figure. At Peking's Tsing Hua University (*left*), an original center of the revolution, a huge statue of Mao is being erected. In the Park of the Workers, once the Imperial Gardens, another statue of Mao towers over a throng of thousands who waited for his visit and celebrated May Day.



insanity made me a fugitive

I am a musician: I treasure quiet and peace in which to work. I am also a Chinese and I have great love and respect for my country and its people. What has happened to China is a tragedy that far overshadows my own troubles. The Great Cultural Revolution, which still continues, is a movement whose violence, terror, cruelty, blindness and insanity far exceeds anything in the previous 17 years of Communist rule, or for that matter in all history. It has brought about the extermination of China's intellectuals.

As happened to so many others both in the party and outside who for years had held positions of rank (if not always of power) in China, the events of last summer

and fall cast me down and made me and my family into fugitives, "hungry ghosts" roaming the land. If my story is in any way unique it is because I managed to escape from Communist China. Most did not.

I remember that it was on a Sunday in May, a year ago, that I first heard of the Great Cultural Revolution. A student of mine came to our house without his violin and told me that he was not going to study with me any more. He was a young man, an easygoing sort who had a position in a government ministry, but on that day he was withdrawn and depressed, almost suicidal. Because of the Great Cultural Revolution, he said, he had come under criticism for "bourgeois" thought and way of life. He

no longer dared to study the violin.

It had been evident for months that some kind of new campaign was getting under way. Party attacks on cultural affairs had been stepped up recently—against movies, for example, and against certain historians and writers charged with "writing about the past in order to satirize the present." Each night there was practically nothing on television but repetitious programs about one or another of these "criminals," several of whom later committed suicide.

But to tell the truth, I was not afraid. Another friend who came to see me at this time put it this way: "You haven't written any ar-

ticles. You haven't said anything wrong. You have no reason to worry." My only "crime" was that I drew a salary as president of the Central Music Academy without actually working for it. Ever since 1954, when it became clear that I was meant to play a purely ornamental role as head of the college, I had withdrawn as completely as possible. The true power rested in the hands of the party official who was vice president. I still taught a few students, including my son Julon, and for a time I continued to give violin concerts in Peking and other parts of China. After 1963, when Western music fell under a ban, I simply stayed home with my wife, son and daughter, and composed.

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I was accused of not letting the babies cry

MA SITSON CONTINUED

We had a fine old Peking house in a quiet *hu-t'ung* (lane) of the west city, walled and built round an open courtyard in the classic style. In the courtyard were persimmon, pear and Chinese date trees, wisteria and an arbor of wonderful grapes, and in a back garden more grapes and fruit trees; also a chicken house with a tiled roof. It was a very lovely place. The last time I saw it the house was filled with Red Guards and the fruit trees were bare.

In May last year I had no idea how far this new movement would go, nor did anyone else. Conditions were tense, but in the past they had been even more tense, as during the so-called "Three Anti, Five Anti" campaigns of 1952 and the various thought-reform campaigns. I was used to it. You had to get used to it. In early June, however, I got word that *tatsepao* (big-character posters) attacking me had been put up at the Music Academy. Such posters are the hallmark of the Great Cultural Revolution. Scrawled on newspaper or butcher paper, they carry news, accusations, confessions, announcements or simply praise for Chairman Mao.

A friend suggested that my wisest move would be to write a self-criticism before things went any further. My wife and daughter Celia agreed. I hesitated; I had nothing to confess, and besides I didn't like the idea of putting myself forward. Finally my daughter wrote a statement for me. It said that I supported the Cultural Revolution enthusiastically and, though I did not admit to any specific wrongdoing, that I was willing to accept reform. We bought three big pieces of yellow paper, made the statement into a *tatsepao* entitled, "My Determination," and I took it to the Academy.

At this point the Red Guards did not yet exist but "revolutionary teachers and students," as they

called themselves, were starting to disrupt the administration of schools. A man named Chao Feng, a party member and vice president of the Music Academy, had been *de facto* boss there since 1957. When I turned up with my *tatsepao*, Chao Feng would not let me post it. I suspect he had some plan to use me as a shield, to deflect criticism aimed at him. Whatever his plan was, it didn't work, because the next day he was out of power and under violent attack on the *tatsepao* himself. An army officer named Wang, who knew nothing at all about music, succeeded him. And a day later Wang himself fell into disgrace—he had made the mistake of trying to call the police to break up a fight between two groups of revolutionary students. Control of the academy fell into the hands of a work team sent by the Ministry of Culture. These changes are unimportant in themselves but they show the sort of progressive anarchy that marked the Great Cultural Revolution. It was never easy to tell who was in charge. Often no one was.

With Chao Feng out, I was permitted to post my *tatsepao*. The night I went to the school, I had to read those attacking me. I knew the authors of most of them—they always force people close to you to write them. If my son and daughter had still been students there, they would have been the first ones asked. The posters criticized my music as bourgeois and said that my family lived too comfortable a life—"in a fairy-tale grotto far from the world"—with a car, a cook, an elegant chicken coop and too many cats. (Actually we had only one cat, and the Red Guards later killed him.)

As I was leaving to go home, a student from the high school affiliated with the academy insisted that I accompany him to his school. There a fierce group of teenagers surrounded me and began shouting about a piece of music I had written. It was an elegy to a heroic district party secretary, Chiao Yü-lu, who had died in the service of his peasant constituents and was held up as an example for cadres. I wrote this kind of music from time to time just to stay out of trouble, though in this case I really did admire the man. For some reason the teenagers were infuriated. "Why did you make the music so sad? You don't deserve

to be a follower of Chiao Yü-lu!" Then they sent me home with a bundle of *tatsepao* that I was supposed to hang up and read. I put them away in a storeroom.

Several days later a call came from the school telling me to report. I didn't take the call and didn't go. The next day, however, thinking it would be wiser to comply, I phoned for my car, which was kept at the school. "No," my chauffeur said to me. "Now the Cultural Revolution is on, you can't use the car. Take a bus."

When I got to the school, I stood around in the office. Old friends would look at me but nobody said hello. I asked a man in the work team which was then running the school what I should do. "Go out there!" he said, and I walked out into a mob of several hundred howling students. "Down with bourgeois authority! Down with this-and-that!" and after every slogan some people would yell "Mao Tse-tung *wansui!*" (long life). One fellow shouted "Ma T'se-t'sung [which is my Chinese name] *wansui!*" by mistake. They hustled him out. Somebody threw a satchel at me but no one struck me. I could do nothing but stand there. It seemed very unreal and somewhat ridiculous, because it is unlikely that everyone believed the slogans they shouted. While I waited for a bus to go home, a student asked me pleasantly, "What do you feel about the mass criticism today?" I replied that it was very educational.

Not long after this incident 17 of us were called to the school and advised that we were being sent away for "study training." There were various Music Academy professors and administrators, including Vice President Chao Feng. He looked as though he had not slept for days. Many were party members. We were sent to the Socialist Institute, formerly a university for training Communist cadres in Marxist philosophy, and now transformed into a sort of concentration camp for intellectuals and prominent cultural figures.

Everybody was there: artists, actors, musicians, motion picture directors, writers, cultural officials, professors from the Fine Arts Academy, the Motion Picture Academy and other colleges. Altogether there must have been 500

of us. My roommate was the country's most famous player of the *er-hu*, a Chinese violin.

I spent 50 days in that place, from the middle of June to the beginning of August. It was boring and extremely tedious, but not brutal. Organized into brigades and supervised by army officers, we were put to work reading documents and holding endless discussion meetings. When we had any free time we were supposed to write *tatsepao* criticizing ourselves and each other and "the power-holding cliques inside the party."

One day we received extraordinary news: Chou Yang, the powerful deputy director of the Department of Culture and Propaganda of the Communist Party Central Committee, had fallen. For years he had been our direct superior and had played a leading role in many purges. From him emanated rulings on all sorts of cultural matters, such as what Western music might be performed in China. (Except for a short period in 1962, Debussy and Ravel were prohibited along with most 20th Century composers. Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert and other classical composers were permissible and popular, until the general ban on Western music began in 1963.)

Chou Yang had been billed as the ideal representative of the thought of Mao Tse-tung. Now, we were told by the vice minister who succeeded him, Chou Yang's own thought was "smelly, long and deep." He was named "Number One Demon in the Kingdom of Hell." I suppose he might have turned up at the Socialist Institute too, except that he was in a hospital with lung cancer. It is a measure of how mistrustful of each other we were that there was no intimate discussion about developments like this. It was too dangerous. Others might be spies. We talked about the weather while the very earth was shaking.

When we arrived at the Socialist Institute we were told that our study would last from eight months to a year, depending on how malleable we were. Somehow we managed to keep thinking up new subjects for the *tatsepao*. They got very detailed and personal. I wasn't attacked very often, except by some department heads who had to say *something*. The most specific charges leveled at me had been in a *tatsepao* written by my former chauffeur back at the Music Academy, who claimed I had treated him very badly. In order to live at my house, he said, he was forced to obey several unreasonable rules: no spitting, no coughing, no talking in a loud voice, and his children were not allowed to cry. Besides, I had made him work

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Playing Western instruments, youthful members of a Red Guard cultural team broadcast an orchestrated version of quotations from Chairman Mao across the Park of Workers in Peking on May Day. Festivities also included dances, reportedly inspired by "the thought of Mao Tse-tung."

so hard that he got sick. Another *tatze-pao*, from a former cook, said my daughter had sent him out for ice cream in the rain, whereupon he became ill and had to go to the hospital.

The Ministry of Culture dispatched speakers to give us hair-raising reports about Chou Yang and his "henchmen." We were told that "reactionaries" with hidden weapons—including artillery—had surrounded the whole Chung Nan Hai district in central Peking. That was where Mao and the other leaders lived. We, of course, knew little about what was actually going on outside, although we were occasionally allowed to spend Sunday at home. But one day "Down with Mao Tse-tung" was chalked in big characters in our own auditorium.

One thing that was happening on the outside was that student excitement was rising to a fever

pitch. At Tsing Hua University in Peking, the first Red Guard units were being formed. In other schools similar groups going by other names had already created a state of more or less permanent turmoil. We had had a taste of it on two occasions when those of us from the Music Academy had to return there for struggle meetings against Chao Feng. They were chaotic. Chao tried to confess his sins from the platform in the large auditorium, but he was shouted down by students and workers who swore at him and insulted him, calling him a dog. The first meeting lasted two hours, the second eight! The accusations against Chao were bizarre—that he had secret dealings with the British in Hong Kong, that he had abused workers and used furniture stolen from the school, that he had a fake picture showing him with Chairman Mao. The violence and hysteria of the crowd was out of

all proportion to the near-frivolity of the charges. I found it terrifying.

I have since heard that the Socialist Institute was the idea of Liu Shao-ch'i, president of China, and I suspect we were put there by Liu to give us a form of protection. At the Institute we were in the hands of army men, who for all their intellectual shortcomings were at least disciplined. Around the beginning of August, however, Liu—who once stood second only to Mao—lost power. Probably as a result of this, we were turned over to the masses.

One evening trucks from the various schools and units came to the Institute. One truck bore the four characters *Hei-ban chuan-ch'e*—special truck for the Black Gang. It picked up all the members and personnel of the Motion Picture Academy and took them away. The next day, at 10 in the

morning, we too climbed into a truck and returned to the Music Academy. It was August 9. As we entered the big gate we saw a great crowd of people—students, workers, soldiers, even children. We were prodded off and no sooner had I set foot on the ground than someone dumped a bucket of paste over my head. Others stuck *tatze-pao* on my body and rammed a tall dunce cap labeled "Cow Demon" on my head. A cardboard plaque around my neck said, "Ma Sitson, agent of the bourgeois opposition." Later another sign calling me "Vampire" was added. Finally they gave each of us a copper basin—a "death bell"—and a stick to beat it with. Chao Feng, whose hat identified him as "Boss of the Black Gang," was also forced to wear a heavy sheepskin. The day was as hot as any Peking can be in August—at least 100° F.

It was a wild scene. Our assailants acted as if they had gone crazy. We were paraded across the campus to the din of shouted slogans. All the way people hit out at us and spit upon us, especially the children. I recognized the distorted faces of some of my own students. Finally they made us bow our heads and form two lines on the stage of the auditorium, from which we were dragged forward and vilified. Those of us in the "Black Gang" whose "crimes" were considered most serious were in the first row, with the "lesser



At a music festival in Canton in 1962, Ma Sitson and his talented son Julon, who was also his pupil, give their first public performance together. Five years later, like the "enemies of Mao Tse-tung" (*left*) being trucked through the streets of Peking, Ma was forced to wear a dunce cap and placards on which were written his name and his cultural "crimes." Today he and his family live in Bethesda, Md. At right, Ma, his daughter Celia, 23, Julon, now 20, and Ma's wife, Mary, nostalgically look at a sketch of their home in Peking.



The song I had to sing: 'I am a cow-headed monster'

demons" behind. They had merely done or said something wrong. Among them was the pianist Liu Shih-k'un, who had been runner-up to Van Cliburn in the Moscow competition in 1958. He later had his wrists twisted so viciously that he could not play.

This was only the beginning of months of degradation and harassment. The events sometimes blur in my mind but I can remember many details. That first day we were kept on public display for several hours, then taken to a row of small low buildings at the rear of the school grounds which had once been used to store pianos. I was given a tiny room in one of these, scarcely bigger than the bed that stood in it. Only six of us had such separate rooms—the four department heads, Chao and myself. The others shared rooms or, in the case of the second-rankers, were permitted to sleep at home.

But there was no advantage in having a room to myself, because one wall was nearly all glass. Anybody could come to look at me anytime he wanted. We were told that since we were animals we should be displayed like animals.

On the walls of my room were such signs as "Down with vampires!" and "If you are not honest we will crush your dog's head." The building itself had a sign too: "Nests of Devils and Demons."

Despite the confusion in the school, we had a regular routine to follow. Every morning we got up at 6, studied Mao's *Selected Works* or newspaper editorials for half an hour, ate breakfast and then labored from 8 to noon. It was mostly filthy work. We cleaned latrines; we also chopped firewood and did a good bit of thoroughly pointless labor, such as making big piles of scattered stones and shifting the entire contents of one building to another. Our guards would frequently ask us, "How was your work? Did you work well?" All afternoon and in the evening we had to compose self-criticisms full of phrases like "We are Chao Feng's bourgeois black gangsters," "We are objects for reform and struggle," and "We have to accept the supervision of the masses." These were turned over daily to our captors.

Every morning and evening we had to sing together—and sometimes alone—a disgusting song composed by the son of the professor of conducting. It was called *The Howl of the Black Gangsters* and it went:

I am a cow-headed monster,
I have sinned, I have sinned.
I must come under the people's
dictatorship
Because I am an enemy of
the people.
I must be very frank,
If I am not, smash me to bits!

It ended on the seventh note with a crescendo to make it sound ugly.

None of this was pleasant but the most nerve-racking thing was the random harassment. At any time revolutionary students, who by the middle of August were calling themselves Red Guards, could order us out of our rooms. "Come out!" they would say. "Bow your head!" Then, because I had been labeled "vampire" for ill-treating workers (namely my ex-chauffeur) they would force me to recite my "crimes" over and over. The children were fiercest of all. They made me crawl on my hands and knees. On several occasions they tore up my room, pulled the bedding apart and scattered my books. One boy took my quilt and threw it up on the roof, remarking, "So long as it is revolutionary, no action is a crime."

These Red Guards had no leaders, and we were fair game for any of them. It was anarchy. Sometimes they would order us to face a wall until given permission to leave, and then forget about us. Or we would be made to stand with deeply bowed heads in the sun. I was asleep in my room one night when there was a terrible banging on the door and two Red Guards burst in, a boy and a girl. "Stand up!" they demanded. I struggled to my feet. The boy whipped me with his belt while the girl spit in my face. Though I wasn't injured, on a similar occasion Chao Feng was beaten so that he fell on the ground. They really bloodied him.

But the worst beating I saw occurred after the son of one of our imprisoned department heads got into a fight with Red Guards who had come to vandalize his home. The infuriated boy pulled a knife

and tried to stab a Red Guard, for which they hauled him off to the police and then went back to the Music Academy to mount a new attack on the boy's father. First came many new *tatze-pao*—such as, "If you harm one hair of a Red Guard, you will be smashed up"—then a day or two later a major struggle meeting outdoors at the school. A platform was set up at one side of a large courtyard for the department head and his accuser. Many people came forward out of the crowd to level accusations. The rest of us were ordered to squat in the sun and watch. It was ugly. Red Guards dragged four or five men and women—friends and neighbors who had in the past defended the man—up to the platform and swore at them. Then a Guard took a real whip and began beating them. The department head was beaten most savagely of all. Somebody screamed, "You see! Look what happens to those who oppose." The poor man lay there in the sun for at least an hour. I don't know how he got back to his cell. Later on during this same meeting the Red Guards were invited to beat us too, on the pretext that we were not bowing low enough. I was cut around the head with a metal belt buckle.

This took place during the second or third week of August, when the Red Guard frenzy was at its height in Peking. Physical violence slackened off after that. Elsewhere in the city there were many terrible incidents during this period. Students at one high school actually beat to death every one of their teachers. The woman who lived next door to us in the west city was accused of having a radio transmitter and sending messages to Chiang Kai-shek. Red Guards pulled her from her house into the street and killed her. People spoke of heaps of unburied bodies rotting in the mortuaries.

Fear of this same irrational violence caused my family to run away from Peking. My daughter Celia told me afterward about how a friend brought them word of seeing me covered with paste and foul *tatze-pao* at the academy, and warned them that a team of students was coming to seize them in a day or two. They prepared to leave, moving some things—including all my unpublished recent compositions, 14 major works—to the houses of friends, and selling other things to the second-hand store. That same night, a gang from the academy arrived. My wife hid in the chicken coop in the back garden but the students dragged

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Touring Egyptian troop positions near the Israeli frontier last week, Nasser laughs with pilots and Field Marshal

Abdel Hakim Amer (seated, right), first vice president and deputy supreme commander of Egyptian armed forces.

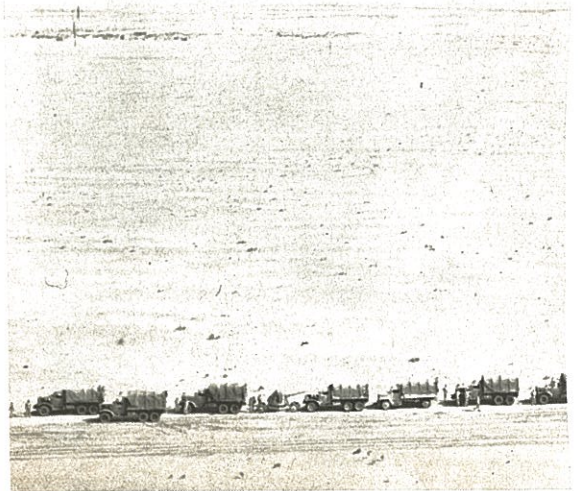
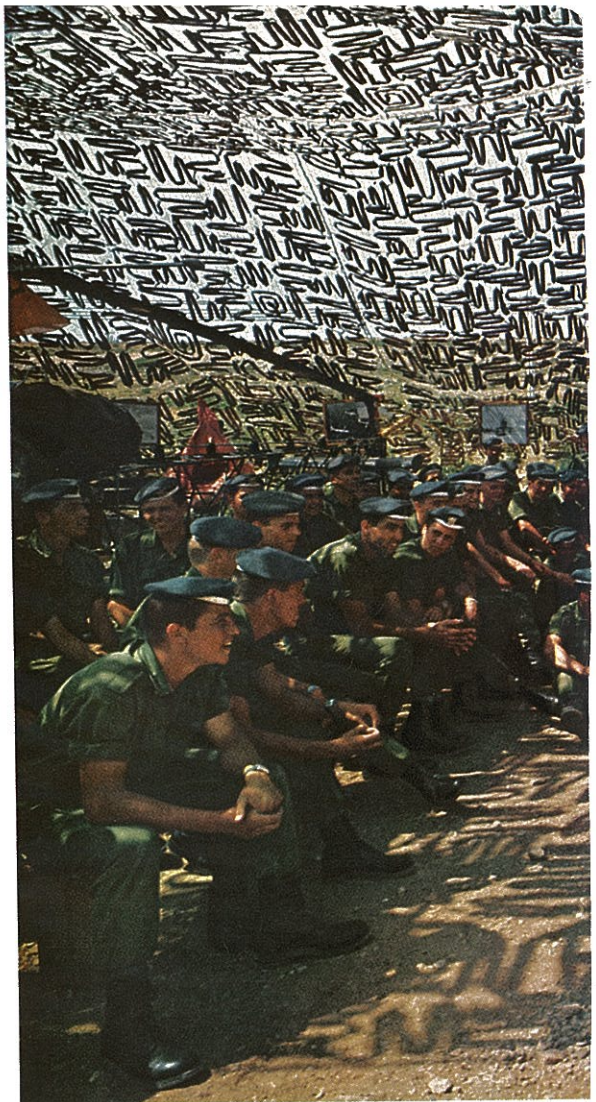
Arabs-Israelis Muzzle to Muzzle

Israelis and Arabs were muzzle to muzzle last week as the ever-restive Mideast rolled into a confrontation as stark and dangerous as any since the Suez crisis of 1956. It was precipitated by Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser, who seemed to have been forced into a diversionary tactic that could plunge the whole region into war. For all the ominous overtones, Nasser was making a jaunty show of confidence (*above*). Plagued by economic troubles at home, by his failure to achieve leadership over the divided Arab world and by his inability to win the war in Yemen, Nasser has suffered further serious loss of prestige over recent Syrian-Israeli border incidents. The Syrians accused him of hiding behind the 3,400-man United Nations force that occupied the Sinai peninsula for a decade as a buffer between Israel and Egypt. Nasser's rejoinder was to warn U.N. troops to get out of the way. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant complied.

Nasser was not long in embarking on further adventures. He then

threatened to prevent Israeli and other ships from entering the Gulf of Aqaba with strategic cargoes destined for Elath, Israel's only maritime outlet to the south and east. The threatened blockade was promptly denounced by President Johnson, who pointedly said the U.S. would preserve the territorial integrity of all Mideastern nations. Israel, meanwhile, warned that any interference with her shipping would constitute an act of war.

Other Arab nations made a *pro forma* show of support for Nasser, but they had their own intramural troubles. After Jordan accused Syrians of exploding a mine in Jordanian territory, King Hussein virtually broke off diplomatic relations with Syria. U Thant flew to see Nasser but apparently got nowhere. The U.S. proposed that it, Britain, France and the Soviet Union act together as mediators. Meanwhile, the U.S. started evacuating embassy dependents in Cairo, and both the U.S. Sixth Fleet and Royal Navy units were at the ready in the east Mediterranean.



Red Guards in my home and my family in flight

her out. They also caught Celia. My son Julon was away at his English lesson.

More than half of the students were my daughter's former classmates. Their leader, whom she had known as a tall, gentle, naive cello student nicknamed "Camel," brutally recounted my crimes and described what they intended to do to me. Outside, children filling the street clamored to be allowed to beat the "criminals." The students from the academy demanded newspaper, brushes and ink, and used them to produce *taizepao* attacking me. These were posted all over the house. Then they left, vowing to return regularly. Before dawn the next day, however, my wife and children dressed themselves in poor, ragged clothes and fled, going by bus to a city in central China where some friends lived. I, of course, knew nothing of this. They did not need special papers to travel, only money to buy tickets.

I am sure that both my son and daughter, had they not dropped out of school several years before to study at home, would have been Red Guards too. At least they would have found it extremely difficult to resist being swept up in the movement. At first it was elite—only those with properly proletarian class backgrounds were allowed to join. But later all sorts of young people, for all sorts of reasons, became Red Guards. To refuse to join was to invite trouble.

Celia told me that during June there had been long, exhausting debates, often hysterical, among Music Academy students. In the end the extremists, who accepted guidance from the central party authorities, won out over the two-thirds of the student body who believed new purges would destroy the school. This kind of argument took place in many colleges but the result was always the same. And it always went badly with losers who refused to cooperate.

The major Red Guard units in the Music Academy—and, I believe, in Peking as a whole—were called Eight-One-Eight, The East Reddens and The Thought of Mao Tse-tung. (They had a liking for fancy names, generally adopted from the titles of articles in the

party journal *Red Flag*.) Workers predominated in Eight-One-Eight, while students and young teachers tended to join the others. When we first came back to the school, Eight-One-Eight held control; later there was a falling out and in November Eight-One-Eight came under attack by The East Reddens and The Thought of Mao Tse-tung for being "counter-revolutionary." Yet they all considered themselves fervent "Maoists."

As we moved into autumn, conditions changed. Tens of thousands of Red Guards from other parts of China swarmed into Peking. They lived in the schools. It was a mess—Red Guards wherever you looked. They had no real organization or discipline but simply went from city to city "waving the red flag." Though the streets were sometimes dangerous, it got easier for us in the school. There were no longer any guards on our door, and nobody paid very much attention to whether or not we were studying and writing confessions on schedule. The man in charge of us was not too bright and I think he got bored with all that Marxist philosophy. By the beginning of September we were being permitted to spend Sunday at home; then, Saturday night to Sunday night; and in November we could go home every night, returning to the school for labor and study on weekdays. This treatment reflected both the confusion brought on by the Red Guard influx and the fact that attention was shifting from "cultural criminals" like us to political figures in government. Also, fighting among Red Guards themselves was on the rise.

I was happy to be able to go home but it was nothing like the pleasant place I had known before. My family was gone, all my books and records and other belongings had been confiscated or smashed, part of the house had been taken over by two workers and their families and the rest by Red Guards. Sixty of them were sleeping in our former sitting room and my daughter's room, laid out like cordwood! I stayed in the room that had been my study. Only two books, both translations, had been inadvertently left there by the marauders. One was *The Call of the Wild* by Jack London and the other was a

Greek mythology. I could read the London book no more than once—it seemed to me that the life of that dog was too much like my own.

My wife and daughter traveled to Peking in late September in an attempt to see me. I could not leave the school and I missed them. Coming north on a train crowded with Red Guards they had been questioned closely and very narrowly seized as suspicious characters, but by talking roughly—and eating a pear without peeling it—Celia convinced them that she and my wife were poor peasants. They had planned to stay with friends in Peking but no one dared to take them in, so they returned to the station and hid in the crowd for several hours before boarding another train the same day.

Two weeks following the first attempt, Celia came alone to Peking. This time we made contact, meeting at the home of a friend far out in the southern suburbs. We huddled in the dark in a tiny closet-like room off the yard while the friend kept watch at the front door, and talked for hours. I recall she brought me a piece of mooncake from my wife. Then she had to leave again. On that same day, before she got back, a team of Red Guards from the Music School who were searching for them, narrowly missed capturing my wife. The family had to leave central China immediately and take refuge with friends in a city on the coast.

I continued going to the school on a used bicycle that I bought,

communicating with my family by letter. With surveillance relaxed, letters were again safe. I told them that conditions seemed to be getting better and that it might be safer to come back. But they didn't dare. At last, in the middle of November, Celia came again. She turned up in the middle of the night at our house, having run into transportation problems in Shanghai when a bunch of Red Guards virtually hijacked a train. I told her that she never should have come, that there was no need to. "I just wanted to be with you, to take care of you," she replied.

But she had another reason. In the city where they were then living, there was much talk of ways to escape from China. Some people walked, some went by boat—she did not know exactly how, but was sure that we could do it too. The idea struck me like a thunderbolt. "Fine!" I said. "You did right to come!" Now suddenly everything seemed hopeful and happy.

Still, I had not quite prepared myself for such a step. I could not merely go off and rejoin my family: Red Guard activity was increasing in their area and it would be only a matter of time before I was caught. I would then be classed as a *t'ao ping*, a deserter. On the other hand, even if we were able to arrange an escape plan, there was a good chance of failure. Then we would all be finished. In the time that remained before the train departed I worried and worried. I could not sleep. In the Chinese phrase, I was "standing with my back to the water." Ultimately, in

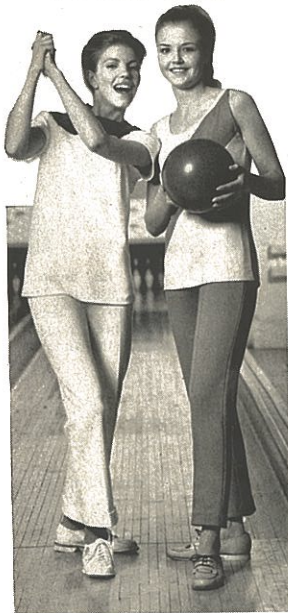


Describing his escape, Ma frowns and gestures. Together with his family, the 54-year-old musician has been granted political asylum in the United States.



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Next month at this time you'll be swimming



If you're a girl who confidently goes bowling on difficult days—you know you'll have just as much fun on those days when swimming season opens. There's no stopping you.

Because if you use internal sanitary protection there's nothing to hamper or hinder you. You can swim. Horseback ride. Play tennis. Golf. Even dance the night away.

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Planning an escape as time runs out

MA SITSON CONTINUED

desperation, I confided in an acquaintance. "It's best to go," he said. And I agreed.

Celia had to stand in line for half the night at Ch'ien Men Station, but she secured train tickets. I reported at the school for a morning's labor—cleaning latrines again—and then said I was ill and had to go to a clinic. Celia and I collected a few things that had been hidden for safekeeping, particularly my violin, and made two bundles tied with rope. My new compositions had to be abandoned. Dressed all in dark blue clothes I looked like a workman, and as an extra disguise I wore a surgical-type gauze mask over my mouth. Many people wear these in China to ward off colds and other sickness, such as encephalitis. On a bitterly cold Tuesday night we rendezvoused at a temporary station outside the Hsi Chih Gate, boarded an express and left Peking for good. There had been a few frightening moments when we both arrived late (the city buses were running irregularly), but the train's departure was luckily delayed. For the first time in many months my mind was somewhat at ease.

I cannot reveal the names of places or of people who helped us escape from China. Were I to do so, lives would be endangered. But in other respects I can describe what happened. Celia and I found my son Julon staying with family friends in the center of a city near the coast. My wife was in a little village in the same region. To get there you had to take a train, then a bus, then cross a river by boat, and finally walk. The trip took most of a day and it was supper-time when we arrived. My wife was eating alone in the half-darkness. She had no idea I was coming so it was quite a shock.

During the next weeks, while we tried to make escape arrangements, we stayed sometimes in the village and sometimes in the city. Through an old friend in the city we got in touch with a woman who knew of a boat captain. Although he had no boat of his own—his family boatyard had been nationalized in 1950—this man was in a position where he could steal one. In fact, he planned to do this in a few weeks' time. The woman knew nothing more, but she was willing to put us into contact with the

boat captain's son. When I spoke with the son, he was unsure whether there would be room enough for all of us, or any of us for that matter. The price per head would be the equivalent of U.S. \$1,500. He would let us know.

This city was indeed full of escape talk. Julon had heard tales of boys who had tried escaping as many as eight times and were caught every time, suffering a few months' hard labor at most. It would have been much different if we were caught, however, and every method had its drawbacks. One person told me the best way of all was on a government gunboat, but then someone remarked that he had heard of a man who thought he had everything arranged and instead of being put aboard a gunboat was delivered straight to the police.

Time was going fast and I was getting worried. The Red Guards were getting active in the city and even the village became unsafe because it was so small. There were open fights between Red Guards and workers in the streets and a number of atrocities. The son and I met again and he said we could go provided I could pass a sort of security check to prove that I was not being followed. If there was anyone following me then the deal was off. He assured me that the boat was fast enough to get away from patrol vessels and furthermore had a very shallow draft so as to be able to cross sandbars.

I agreed to the security check and everything sounded fine. A day or two later, however, when we were in the country, word came that the arrangements had fallen through. We quickly sent Celia to the city to see what had gone wrong and she reported in great distress that the friend who had set up the very first meeting with the woman had canceled the plan on his own initiative. Moreover, since the friend now disapproved of our going, he wouldn't help us contact the boat people. "Things are getting better in Peking," he insisted, and pointed out that records of my songs were back on sale in the city shops.

To us this was a real disaster. I was convinced that it was too late to go back now. Yet the boat was due to go in a day or two without us. Our only hope was a faint one: Celia remembered the street, but

not the house, where the woman contact lived. She had been there once. Perhaps she could find it again.

You rode a bus there, passing over a bridge. The street must have had 200 numbers. We tramped up and down it, starting at the fronts of the buildings in the faint light of the streetlamps. Several times we knocked at the wrong doors. Suddenly Celia remembered the name of the woman's uncle. The next time we knocked we asked for him. "Not here," we were told. "Next door!" And once again we were in touch. The next afternoon Celia and I met the boatman's son at a teahouse in a park.

There was still room for us on the boat. The space might have been sold already, except that the boatman and his son both turned out to be extremely fond of violin music. When they found out who I was, they were willing to take us even without an outside guarantee for the money.

It was necessary to wait another week until the day set for sailing. My family split up, staying in different places in the city. I went out as little as possible because Red Guards were parading everywhere. Finally, on the appointed night, we took a bus out of the city. After about an hour, we got off the bus and walked on a small road flanked by a river on one side and fields on the other. We carried nothing—my only baggage, my violin, had been sent ahead. The sun was well down but the sky still held light and we noticed two people standing near the road. They looked at us as we passed.

The plan was that we would meet the boatman's son and his brother at a point near where the river ran into a broad estuary. They would be dressed as hunters, with big hats and shotguns, and would pretend to be shooting birds. Actually, their guns and flashlights would be used to signal the boat, which would be standing offshore. We would be carried out to it in a rowboat. This time, however, they merely motioned to us to go back, go back. They were suspicious of the two people standing by the roadway, who later turned out to be simply workers from a nearby factory.

Three days later on a rainy night, we went out a second time. The little road was extremely muddy. But once again we had to go back. The boat captain had not been able to get the key to the boat because some kind of meeting was in progress at the shipyard.

By now we were seven or eight days into the lunar month and the moonlight was increasing in brilliance. Another two days and the moon would be too bright for safety and we would have to wait at

CONTINUED

Leap to a rocky shore with my violin

MA SITSON CONTINUED

least 16 days for it to wane sufficiently. I felt the tension. There was nothing to do but wait and talk and hope—and in the case of Julon and me, practice diving into a sort of box-room hideout that had been prepared by our host in case Red Guards came. Two weeks might be too long.

On the last possible day, we again went to the river and huddled under a tree. The night sky was absolutely clear and there was a slight wind blowing. The river had the good, fresh smell of winter water. We had to wait a long time for full darkness, but at last the signal came. We all ran as fast as we could over the rough sandy rise between us and the open shore. Our rowboat had almost beached; someone whispered "Quick!" and we piled in. We were 13 in all, enough to weight the boat dangerously. There could have been no more than two or three inches of freeboard left. Thank heaven the waves were only ripples!

Offshore in the blackness the larger vessel went "phut, phut, phut." Not loud. The moment we drew up to it we scrambled aboard like crabs. At first we all crowded into the small cabin forward to get warm but the captain ordered my family and two others to the stern for better balance. We lay down side by side, closely huddled together against the cold wind.

I had been told that we could make 12 li (about four miles) an hour but it turned out that seven was the best we could do. Thus it would take twice as long as we had planned to get past the three-mile limit. En route we had to negotiate several customs checkpoints. Fortunately the officials manning these posts were in the process of being replaced as "politically unreliable" as part of the Great Cultural Revolution, so odds of getting by safely were in our favor. We saw no patrol boats. But as we were passing the last checkpoint, a

light suddenly fell upon us. I was aware only of the great brilliance which seemed to come from everywhere at once. A ship had approached our stern and was perhaps 50 feet away. Thinking that we had been discovered, our captain sheered off abruptly to the right. The freighter—for that is what it was—did not follow. No sooner had we turned onto the new course, however, than another light flared out, this time from shore. It slid back and forth, as if it were searching for us, but never quite touched us. No doubt it had been from the checkpoint itself.

Now we raced. Entering the open sea, the waves grew very high and water started pouring in over the stern onto the six of us stretched out there. It was dreadfully cold and I found it hard to believe that we wouldn't be swamped. But we kept going. We were desperately uncomfortable and frightened but we were happy too.

At last we reached the area where we intended to make contact with a local boat. As it turned out, this contact was never made, because our pilot got lost—it had been many years since he was in these waters. After fruitlessly hunting for a long time, the captain decided to run the boat ashore on purpose. Spotting some rocks running out into the sea from a promontory, he came alongside them as carefully as he could and we leaped out. The captain did likewise after opening a sea cock so the boat would sink. I was carrying my violin, nothing else.

Still wet and shivering, we stood up, breathed deeply and ripped off the little metal badges of Mao Tse-tung and Communist slogans that everyone in China wears today to be on the safe side. "Our lives have been plucked back!" shouted the captain. Ceremoniously, we each tossed Chairman Mao and his slogans into the heaving sea.

IN A FORTHCOMING ISSUE

Ma Sitson writes of a musical discussion with Mao, of far-out movies only high-ranking officials were allowed to see, of successive campaigns which drove many artists to silence and others to China's 'Siberia.'

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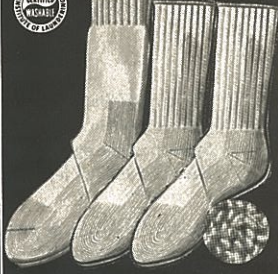
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POSTMASTER

Cartoon by Charles Schulz



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"God's work must truly be our own"

Will your teeth live to be 55?

The United States Senate Subcommittee on Health reports three in every ten people in the United States past the age of 35—and half of those past 55, have lost all their teeth.

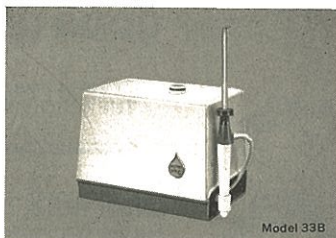
Today, the American dentist provides the highest standards of dental care in the world. In the last ten years alone, dental technology has advanced at a rate equal to that of the space industry. Your dentist is not content to merely patch up problems after they have taken their toll, he wants you to *KEEP* your teeth healthy and attractive all the days of your life.

New preventive measures against cavities, new corrective treatments, new repair materials, new products are already providing millions of Americans with infinitely longer and healthier tooth life.

With the great strides taken by the dental profession, a dramatic change can take place in America's dental health. However, if this is to be accomplished, every American must understand that he must see his dentist regularly. If you haven't visited your dentist recently, you will be amazed at the new skills and the new comforts that he can provide.

It is a fact that loss of teeth is no longer an inevitable consequence of growing older—if you are interested in keeping your teeth, do see your dentist regularly. If you have not seen your dentist within the past six months, call him for an appointment today.

This message in behalf of dental health is brought to you by Aqua Tec, a Teledyne Company, makers of the WATER PIK® Oral Hygiene Appliance. WATER PIK is a revolutionary, new appliance for improving oral hygiene at home. When used in conjunction with regular brushing, WATER PIK's refreshing, pulsating jet streams of water—actually 20 spurts per second—help clean your teeth and gums in a way never before possible at home. When you see your dentist, we suggest you ask him about the WATER PIK appliance.





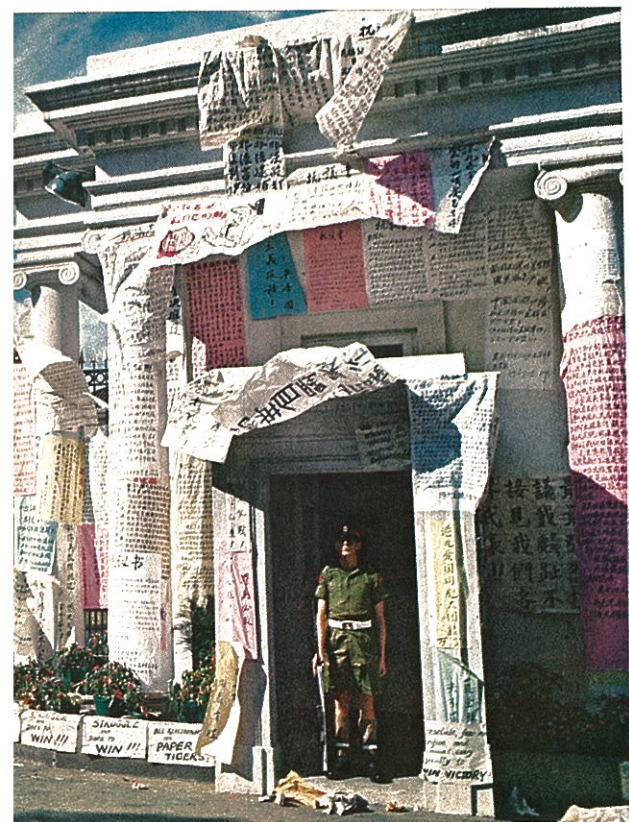
Hong Kong Writhes in Maoist Riots

It began with a bitter labor dispute, and overnight hordes of Hong Kong Chinese set about smashing windows and overturning buses, and blood flowed as helmeted police lay about them with billys. As disorder entered its third week it was becoming plain the fury of Red China's "Great Cultural Revolution," which one of its victims documents in this issue (see page 22), had now fallen, improbably, on Hong Kong. The British colony on the rim of China, though incapable of defending itself, had been virtually untouched by the ideological brushfires that have raged across the rest of Asia. The Portuguese colony of Macao, 35 miles west of Hong Kong, seemed similarly immune. The chief reason had been these colonies' commercial

value to the mainland: last year Hong Kong bought about \$500 million worth of goods from China, nearly half of Peking's total export revenue.

In December, however, Peking exploited rioting in Macao, humiliated the Portuguese government of the colony, and demonstrated that henceforth it would be the real power there. Now it was attempting to accomplish the same in Hong Kong. The British were not listening. Nevertheless, if the Maoist riot leaders chose to keep up the pressure, they could make life rough in this Far East tourist and trade mecca. Much of Hong Kong's water comes from Chinese sources, which can be cut off. Beyond this, threatened strikes could imperil gas and electric supplies.

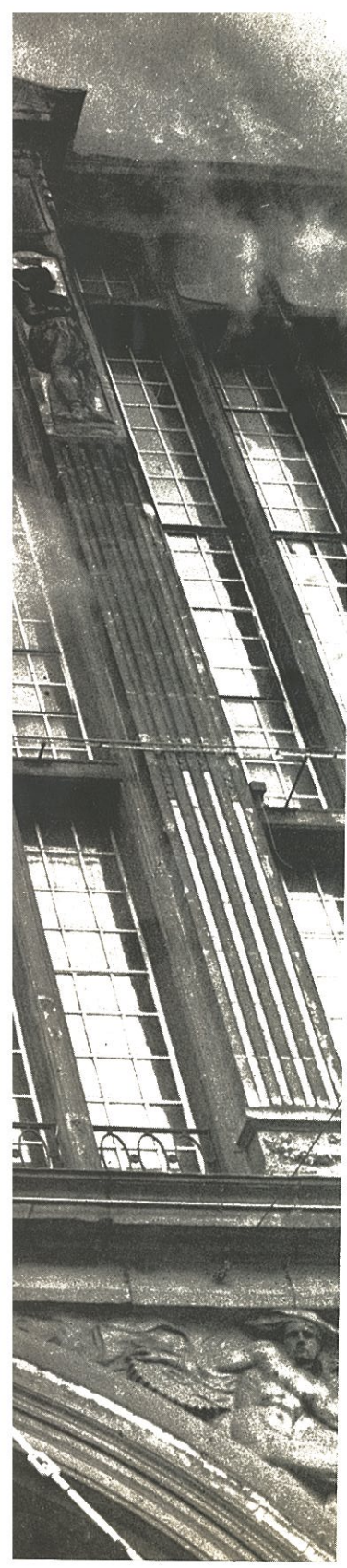
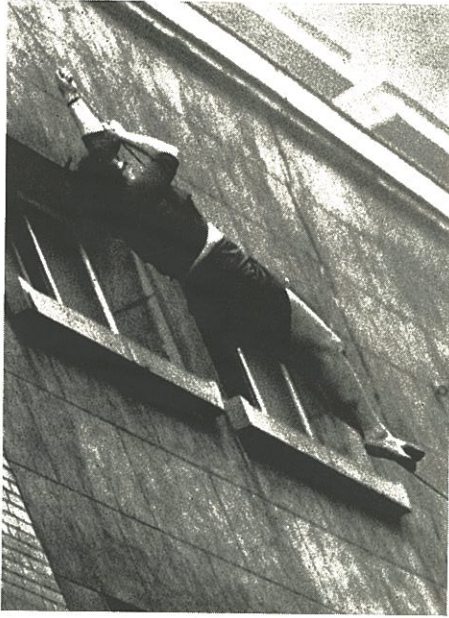
Rioters fight police (above) at the Hilton Hotel. At left, the British governor's residence is papered over with Maoist posters.



NEWSFRONTS

The Fire Tragedy in Brussels

The fire broke out during the mid-day rush of an "American Week" sales promotion in L'Innovation, a downtown Brussels department store called "the Macy's of Belgium." Within 15 minutes, the 57-year-old, five-story building, which had no sprinkler system, was engulfed in flames, imperiling 4,000 employees and shoppers who had flocked to a \$1 million display of U.S.-made goods. (Earlier, the store had been a target of anti-American demonstrations by pro-Peking Communists.) Persons trapped on higher floors desperately punched out windows and pleaded for help (*opposite*). As the fire spread, many climbed out to ledges or the roof and slid down lifelines or leaped in desperation—some into nets, some not. Nearly 300 were dead or missing in the worst store fire in history.



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From Raccoons to White Wolves

The remarkable pictures of rare white wolves in this week's color essay were taken by Photographer Stan Wayman, who spent two months in a tent on the tundra of Baffin Island, north of the Arctic Circle. As Wayman writes in an article following the essay, it was a rigorous test of his patience. It was a test of endurance as well, but he was prepared for that.

Stan began training for the story half a year in advance. For the first few days he ran a half-mile carrying his 190 pounds around with him, and he soon found out what bad shape he was in ("all the weight was where it shouldn't have been"). He worked up to three miles, seven days a week, cut his lunch down to salad and tea and went in for push-ups, sit-ups, bend-overs and deep knee bends.

He wound up immeasurably stronger and 15 pounds lighter—only to discover that on Baffin even this intensive training hadn't been enough. Searching for the white wolves, packing 75 pounds over the boggy tundra, he found himself exhausted to the point of illness most evenings during the first month there. But with more walking and huge meals (12 pancakes for breakfast), his body gradually hardened until he could do 15 miles a day with all his equipment slung on him. He could appreciate, too, both the truth and the poetry of a remark made by Dr. Douglas Pimlott, the eminent animal behaviorist who accompanied him: "Good field men often find that they have to live on the edge of discomfort and at the same time work to the limit of their endurance."

Stan Wayman was born 40 years ago in the Florida Everglades, 10 miles from the town of Moore Haven (pop. 300) and had a rugged childhood. He used to get up at 4:30 to do the chores with his brother and father on their chicken farm, then walk three miles to school, only to return in the evening to more chores. Stan did not see a movie until he was in his teens. It was his father who got him interested in photography when he was 12, and Stan used to earn money for film by hunting coons late at night and selling their skins to Sears Roebuck for 75¢ apiece. When he was a junior in high school, the *Miami Herald* published one of his pictures (for nothing).

Wayman has covered many stories with Richard Stolley, our Washington bureau chief, who describes him this way: "I have worked with him often for 10 years now, in civil rights fracasces where he was often reviled as a traitor to his native South, among missile engineers who regard photographers as intent only on publicizing their fiery failures, with politicians here who think they must always be on guard when a photographer is around lest he snap them relaxing in an unstatesmanlike posture or with a drink in their hands. In all of these situations Wayman has an uncanny instinct for dealing with people—getting them to like him first, then to trust him."

At this writing, Stan is running, doing calisthenics and skipping rope 10 minutes a day, getting in training to spend six weeks with a remote Indian tribe on the plateau of Mato Grosso, in western Brazil.



STAN WAYMAN

George P. Hunt
GEORGE P. HUNT,
Managing Editor

Hot Summer Hallucinogenics

LHS sounds like—but isn't—a new item in the psychedelicates; LHS may be, however, among a group of highly dangerous hallucinogenic verbal drugs now circulating in public discussion. The letters stand for "long, hot summer," a phrase harmless enough a few years ago when it was used in recognition that the urban summer's discomforts, its restless street life and its unemployed youth brought added dangers of disorder and violence, mainly racial. These dangers are not hallucinations; the illusion is that they can be dealt with by crash programs hastily slapped together in a crisis atmosphere of threat and counterthreat. (There is, of course, the equal and opposite illusion that if we don't look, the troubles will go away.)

This spring certain Negro activists have been using the threat of a "long, hot summer" as a device for stepping up the militancy of their followers by showing that only violence could win concessions from "the white power structure." Reciprocally, white extremists prey upon the fear of a "long, hot summer" to beef up their demands for more aggressive police tactics against demonstrators and to exhort white civilians to gird for trouble.

LHS, like other forms of addiction, has spread to respectable circles. Mayors, including New York's John Lindsay, demand more federal money—quick—to cope with the "long, hot summer." Editorialists distort the discussion of long-range programs by asking fatuously what effect they would have on 1967's "long, hot summer." Some impatient Congressmen press officials of the Executive Branch to prove that they are doing enough to meet the threat of a "long, hot summer."

In fact, many a summer must pass be-

fore U.S. society can adequately repair its deeply flawed area where racial injustice, poverty, ignorance and urban decay intersect. Everybody knows this. But too many prefer to conduct public discussions within dramatized illusions of simplicity.

LHS isn't the only such drug around. There's the illusion, shared by Senator Robert Kennedy and many conservative Republicans, that denouncing the obvious defects of public welfare will somehow produce a better way of dealing with the poor. There's the illusion that the sole obstacle between the U.S. and the instant cure of its social ills is the Vietnam war. This Vietnam-vs.-the-poor line is not confined to Negro activists and campus Vietnicks. Senator Abraham Ribicoff, chairman of a subcommittee dealing with urban problems, suggested that the Administration, intent on the war, was "overlooking the burning turmoil . . . [in] the cities of America."

Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz told Ribicoff how much harm could be done by that kind of talk. Wirtz said that if he himself were a young, jobless shum-dweller, Ribicoff's words might lead him to believe that American society had let him down.

In answer, Wirtz gave Ribicoff—and youths aroused to angry protest—some figures: an estimated \$3.1 billion—ten times the amount of 1963—to be spent in 1967 on educating and training the poor; total federal expenditures in 1967 for education, training, medical and health-related programs up to \$34.9 billion from \$19.8 in 1963, a 76% increase in four years; expenditures for housing and urban development that have more than doubled in the same period. The figures, said

Wirtz, disprove "any suggestion that freedom's battle in Vietnam is being financed out of promises made to the poor in America. That isn't so." He said that the real limitations on U.S. help to the underprivileged were not financial. "The difficulties are about ways not means."

Wirtz was stressing a fact often ignored: nobody in or out of the Administration now knows any sure-fire, quick methods for solving the basic problems of U.S. cities. They would not be cleaned up in five years or ten if the U.S. had unlimited money, unlimited political wisdom and an unlimited surge of civic virtue. To suggest otherwise is to delude the poor and divide the nation. HEW Secretary John Gardner recently had some wise words to say on that subject.

"In a world caught in nerve-wracking tensions, a world in which modern communications keep us continuously informed of all the folly, tragedy and danger that the great globe can offer, we all live with an undercurrent of anxiety. And the anxiety seeks an outlet. As the pressure rises, we feel a need to strike out, to fix the blame, to find a villain. It isn't easy to accept the fact that the world's ills are complex in origin, and that part of what is wrong is in our own hearts and minds." Gardner deplored two attitudes: "a violent, explosive impatience to get it all done instantly" and "a disinclination to take any action at all. . . . We can be brought down by the volatility of our aspirations or by our incapacity to aspire."

Ahead of the U.S. lies not only a summer but a long, hot generation of searching and striving for ways to make this a more decent society.

Less U.S. Muscle, More Leverage

When a group of army colonels overthrew the constitutional government of Greece, two unequivocal courses of action were open to Washington. It could have embraced the colonels' regime as a shield against worsening disorder and, perhaps, the eventual danger of Communism; or it could have publicly denounced the coup, cut off military aid, sent the Sixth Fleet to Greek waters and otherwise used its considerable muscle in an effort to restore democratic government.

Neither in Washington nor in U.S. public opinion was there substantial support for the first course—even before the colo-

nels began issuing decrees against miniskirts and bearded tourists.

The second unequivocal course was much more tempting. But Washington officials, aware of the complexities and uncertainties of Greek politics, looked hard—and decided not to leap. There was no high probability that the military junta would tamely or promptly submit to a public display of U.S. pressure. Such open intervention might well have led to a sharper division of the Greek people, and even to civil war. It might also have reduced U.S. freedom of diplomatic maneuver in the larger and more dangerous cri-

sis that is now boiling in the Middle East.

In Greece the U.S. chose a third—and less clear-cut—policy. Quietly, U.S. influence is supporting the king's efforts to restrain and reverse junta rule. Secretary McNamara told the Greek defense minister that the U.S. would find it "very difficult" to continue the aid program unless the colonels indicated they intended to "preserve the constitutional guarantees."

This is not bravura diplomacy. It has, however, the look of prudence and good sense. By not throwing its weight around, the U.S. may have increased its long-term leverage in troubled Greece.

LIFE

The Most Important Man
To Escape from China
Writes His Story

IN THE HANDS OF THE RED GUARD TORTURE AND DEGRADATION

by MA SITSON
CHINA'S FAMOUS VIOLINIST

Cultural Red Guards
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