



GAMMA



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HARRY BENSON—LIFE



PARIS PHOTOGRAPHERS PERCH, CLAMBER, DANGLE FROM TREE IN PURSUIT OF HENRY KISSINGER

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Kissinger Watch

When Henry Kissinger left Paris last week, ending his third round of talks with Chief North Vietnamese Negotiator Le Duc Tho, the Paris press corps heaved a collective sigh of relief. "My desire for an agreement," said CBS Bureau Chief Peter Kalisher just before the negotiations adjourned, "is topped only by my desire for Kissinger to go home so I can get some sleep."

Maybe it was the press's own fault. Paris newsmen took it as a challenge when both sides declared that the peace talks would be secret, even as to the sites. CBS's Kalisher recalls reading a magazine piece on Thanksgiving Day. "In the article," Kalisher recalls, "Henry Kissinger said he thought the talks should be secret and that he had the means to make them so. I ripped out the article, and wrote the following to him on it: 'Dear Henry: Eat this with your Thanksgiving dinner. *Bon appétit!*'"

The strategy was simple, but exhausting. It consisted of stationing motorcyclists outside the U.S. embassy residence and the residence of Le Duc Tho. Whenever either of them emerged, the motorcyclist roared in pursuit, with a cameraman clinging to the back seat. NBC buttressed its eight-man Paris bureau with 22 temporary employees, including five motorcyclists; CBS and ABC added 17 and 14 Paris staffers respectively, and ABC installed radio-telephone systems in an armada of cars and cycles. Skirmishes between reporters and gendarmes multiplied; Keystone Cop car chases through Paris streets and country roads proliferated.

When the latest round of talks began, the secrecy surrounding meeting sites was officially abolished. By that time, though, newsmen had become understandably suspicious. Sure enough, Kissinger sped off to an unannounced villa in Neuilly, but the motorcyclists were in hot pursuit. Later in the week, ABC Correspondent Louis Cioffi tried to dangle a microphone into the garden from an adjacent building, but it got tangled in a bush and was spotted by security men. Kissinger kidded Cioffi about this embarrassment, but let the mike stay where it was.

At a villa in Gif-sur-Yvette, an alternate site, the networks erected a 16-ft. scaffold in the hope of getting a shot of Kissinger and the North Vietnamese strolling behind the garden wall. One CBS cameraman found an orphanage behind the villa and promised to support one of the children for a year (at \$10 a month) in return for a vantage point on the building's roof.

The results were marginal. Every time that Kissinger emerged from whatever villa, he walked into a blinding glare of television lights, while every reporter and cameraman strained to catch the expression on his face. Then the press motorcycles chased his limousine back to Paris. (At a press conference before his departure, Kissinger said he was pleased that the cyclists had survived.)

Still, some feel that the experience has honed their journalistic skills. Says John Rolfsen, ABC Paris chief, half jokingly: "Just imagine what geniuses we'll be when we have a story where we actually know what's going on."

Ms. Makes It

Ms. had about as unlikely a launching as any magazine ever had. Its first "issue" was a 44-page supplement in *New York* magazine's year-end edition last December. *Ms.* had a glamorous and talented editor in Gloria Steinem, but minimal financing. It did not put out its first regular monthly issue until July. But last week *Ms.* was the talk of the trade. Its December circulation reached 395,000. *Ms.* has 160,000 subscribers (at \$9 a year) and sells 235,000 copies (at \$1) on newsstands around the country; the January print order has been raised to 530,000. The magazine got a phenomenal 7.5% return on its only subscription mailing so far (2% is considered good). Even more phenomenally, 40% of the readers responding to insert cards inviting subscriptions enclosed cash or checks with their orders (thus saving *Ms.* the considerable expense of a bill). In a word, *Ms.* is ending its first six months running in the black, a situation almost unheard of in modern publishing.

Although the issue containing *Ms.* broke all of *New York's* newsstand sales records, skeptics argued that the curiosity of women east of the Hudson River was an unreliable barometer of national interest. When a preview edition was released nationwide in January, the scoffing stopped. The issue's 300,000 copies on newsstands from Detroit to San Francisco to Moscow, Idaho, sold out in eight days and garnered more than 36,000 subscriptions.

Encouraged by this response, Warner Communications agreed to invest \$1,000,000 to buy a 25% interest in the newly formed *Ms. Magazine Corp.* Steinem and three other full-time staffers began scouring the country for

THE PRESS

women journalists. The key acquisition was Patricia Carbine, then editor in chief at *McCall's* and before that an 18-year veteran of *Look*. "I was convinced that the moment was about right for a serious and focused magazine that would concentrate on the question of how to change a woman's life," Carbine says. "I wasn't really finished at *McCall's*, but I felt if this magazine was going to happen it should not be delayed." Carbine, 41, became *Ms.* editor in chief and publisher; Steinem retained the title of editor.

The first monthly issue, bearing a cover picture of the comic-strip character Wonder Woman, appeared in July and conveyed a mixed bag of goods. Essays blaming both the shaving of body hair and the wearing of panties (the latter written by Germaine Greer) on male oppression seemed bent on completing the self-parody of *Women's Liberation* that various public bra burnings had begun. But a piece describing the workings of an internal combustion engine

has introduced Mary Self-Worth, a comic-strip heroine who dispenses aid and feminist advice to a succession of nubile and chuckleheaded coeds ("I've already arranged for your abortion at the free clinic, Ann—and here is your six months' supply of birth control pills. But remember, a liberated woman is also free to say no.")

The magazine's layout, cramped and fussy at first, has become striking and often imaginative, although occasional excesses manage to overshadow the text. The occasional shrillness of early issues has largely disappeared. Says Editor Carbine: "Now, with the joyful realization that the forum will be around for a long time, I don't think we have to say everything in one, two or three issues."

Her optimism seems well-founded. *Ms.* can now meet its low operating costs through circulation revenues alone. Ad rates have just been raised from \$3,000 to \$4,000 for a full-page black-and-white. Surveys show that



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MARY SELF-WORTH IN ACTION

("Populist Mechanics: Demystifying Your Car") offered women some defenses against chauvinistic (or crooked) auto repairmen. An excerpt from Ingrid Bengis' recently published *Combat in the Erogenous Zone* movingly portrayed one woman's growing rage at men's sexual imperiousness. Author Simone de Beauvoir, whose *The Second Sex* inaugurated much feminist debate 23 years ago, revealed her waning faith in socialism as a means of gaining rights for women.

Subsequent issues have featured fiction by Doris Lessing, children's stories in which little girls are every bit the equal of little boys, Editor Steinem's sympathetic reminiscence of Marilyn Monroe, large doses of medical advice, studies of American women who influenced history. The magazine also offered first-person accounts on subjects as diverse as adopting children and securing credit or a mortgage, and works by such prominent women writers as Margaret Drabble, Kate Millett and Lois Gould. Lest anyone think the new women have no sense of humor, *Ms.*



MARY ELLEN MARK—LEE GROSS

EDITOR-PUBLISHER PATRICIA CARBINE

90% of subscribers are women, with a median household income of \$14,520. Only 18% are affiliated with *Women's Liberation* groups.

The magazine's staff of 36 (including three men) operates out of a cluttered suite of ten offices in Manhattan. Although still a major force in the operation, Steinem has spread authority among the magazine's ten other top editors, listed alphabetically on the masthead. "The hierarchical form doesn't work any more at home or in the office," she says. "We have tried to find a workable new solution that reflects the opinion of the majority."

Steinem sees *Ms.* evolving from a reporter of women's problems into a forum that charts the future. "The first issues reiterated the problems and didn't push a frontier," she says. "Our direction now is how women can change their lives." And if women change their lives, men will inevitably have to change theirs. Says Publisher Carbine: "If we do our job in the right way, we will be a truly humanist magazine with equal appeal to men and women."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Dean Martin, 55, boozy-voiced king of low-proof TV song and dance; and Jeanne Martin, 44; after 23 years of marriage (three of separation), three children; in Hollywood.

Died. James H. Nicholson, 56, co-founder and former president of American International Pictures, which during the '50s and '60s earned healthy profits and abusive reviews with such mindless, minibudgeted films for the adolescent drive-in set as *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* and *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*; following surgery for a brain tumor; in Los Angeles.

Died. Eugene Berman, 73, Russian-born painter who led the neo-romantic movement in Paris during the '20s but found his real forte three decades later as a designer of lush sets for New York's Metropolitan Opera (*Rigoletto*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Don Giovanni*) and the opera stages of Europe; in Rome.

Died. L.P. (for Leslie Poles) Hartley, 76, prolific English novelist whose poised, finely finished story of love between the social classes, *The Go-Between*, was last year made into a memorable movie; of heart and liver disease; in London.

Died. René Mayer, 77, ubiquitous Cabinet minister in the postwar governments of France and its Premier for four months in 1953; in Paris. A businessman (railroads) turned politician. Mayer fled to Algiers in 1943. As a member of the Radical Socialists in the postwar French Assembly, he proved himself a hard-headed technician capable of self-preservation during the Fourth Republic's era of musical-chair governments. In 1955, Mayer was named president of the European Coal and Steel Community, which eventually evolved into the Common Market.

Died. Mark Van Doren, 78, educator, author and poet; in Torrington, Conn. A lean, soft-spoken scholar, Van Doren launched his career as an educator at New York City's Columbia University in 1920. Though he wrote more than 50 books of verse, fiction and literary criticism and in 1940 won a Pulitzer Prize for his spare, Frostian lyrics (*Collected Poems*), the classroom remained his focal point for 39 years. Among the students influenced by his gentle Socratic discourses were Novelist Jack Kerouac and Poets Thomas Merton, Allen Ginsberg and John Berryman. Though stunned by the 1959 scandal involving his son Charles, who had been fed answers on the TV quiz show *Twenty-One*, Van Doren remained a near-legendary figure whose guidance was eagerly sought by Columbia's pupils and graduates.