



CONTENTS

EDITORS' NOTE

Preposterous Scar of a Going City

OPINION AND COMMENT

Editorials	4
New proposals on abortion Lessons of the CIA mess	
Reviews	6-14
Theater: Harold Pinter's <i>The Homecoming</i> , reviewed by Tom Prideaux Book: Bob Thomas' <i>King Cohn</i> , reviewed by Budd Schulberg	
Letters to the Editors	21
The Feminine Eye	23
Three little words to mistrust. By Shana Alexander	

THE WEEK'S NEWS AND FEATURES

Leonardo's Lost Notebooks	24
A spectacular cache of Leonardo's papers is rediscovered in a Madrid library	
On the Newsfronts of the World	32
\$5 million gets the U.S. its first Leonardo. Robert Oppenheimer: equivocal hero of science. By Robert Coughlan. Oppie: the troubled Pied Piper. By Lansing Lamont People and events around the globe	
Close-Up	37
Walter Matthau, the great putty face	
To See This Land, America	50
Part I of a new LIFE series shows the beauty of the fields, the villages, the waters of New England. Photographed by William Garnett	
Nature	66a
Rare black eagles on the wing	
Romney Rubs Noses with Voters	70
In five states, beginning with Alaska, Michigan's governor is off and running, but not officially. By Richard B. Stolley	
Strange Quest of James Kidd	76
The will of a long-vanished Arizona miner touches off a legal dispute over the search for a human soul. By Dora Jane Hamblin	
Medicine	87
An apply-it-yourself salve for skin cancer	
Fashion	91
A stylish baroness picks and models a safari-to-mod wardrobe from the new Paris collections. Photographed by Jean-Claude Sauer	
Miscellany	98

The new Axel Springer Building, West Berlin headquarters of the German newspaper chain, stands almost athwart the Berlin Wall. Its aluminum sheathing is tinted so that it gleams like gold in the sunlight. It is 20 stories high. On its 18th floor there is a newspapermen's lounge, furnished luxuriously with exquisite leather divans and chairs. Toward the center of this long room the walls open out into huge picture windows from which you can follow, block after city block, the course of the Wall.

Below us and to the left the Wall cuts across a broad street, then turns sharply, and again sharply, now along a yellow dirt embankment into a jumble of old brick buildings boarded up, now out beyond, turning sharply again and again until it is lost behind a row of blackened sheds. In critical places on the other side of it, houses have been cleared away, and on the newly bulldozed flats are barbed-wire entanglements, rows of tetrahedrons (antivehicle obstacles) and wire runways for the sentinel dogs who prowl up and down, shivering in the cold. Watching over the grim scene are the guard towers where the Vopos inspect the terrain with high-powered binoculars, their machine guns and automatic rifles ready for business.

It is more than a wall. It is a vast military position laid out with precision and efficiency, extending not only through Berlin but for hundreds of miles along the entire border. Standing there beneath us, the preposterous scar on the city, its effect is sickening and hideous. Yet the ironic fact is that the Wall is a success. Without it, there would be no East Germany. Without it, there would have been a westward migration that would have left the German Democratic Republic peopleless. Without it, the Germans would not have mustered their energy and built a socialist state into the foremost industrial country in the Soviet bloc, the fifth in Europe and the seventh in the world.

From our luxurious vantage point in the Axel Springer Building, we descended to street level and drove to Checkpoint Charlie. The big, round orange bar swung aside and we drove through an overlapping maze of low red-and-white concrete barricades built to stop escaping cars and trucks from crashing through the checkpoint. The Wall, here crudely constructed of brick and concrete, stood high on both sides of us. In East Berlin the boulevards are broad and empty, lined with row after row of garishly orange buildings built in the '50s, or new glass structures adorned with brilliantly colored murals of workers. Women cops direct traffic. The yellow trolleys are unpainted. The rubble that lay there 15 years ago has finally been cleaned up. East Berlin is a going city, with shops, theater, opera, hotels—but it is a strange mixture of splendid and shabby.

The Wall governs it. We talked at length to one of its officials, a man of strength and warmth. He told us how the socialist system has built the successful East German life—arguments familiar and decently expressed. But he did not shy away from the brutal fact of the Wall. Indeed, he admitted its horror and its unfavorable psychological impact on the Western world. But what else, he said, could have been done when people were leaving East Germany by the thousands. Horrible as it is, he said, the Wall has given us a kind of peace and security. Then, as we left, he bowed rigidly in Prussian fashion, a shock of white hair falling over his forehead.

Two LIFE colleagues were waiting for us in East Berlin. D...

