Ex-Paparazzo in Biafra

This week's lead story on the civil war in Biafra is largely the work of an Italian named Roberto Capucci who began his career as a street beach photographer near his native town of Pietralata. He went to London in 1957, briefly tried his hand at taking wedding pictures and as 22, to earn money for a better camera, became what he calls a "swinging" photographer. In Italy, they call them paparazzi.

One of Capucci's earliest successes was a picture of Elizabeth Taylor, who, with her husband Eddie Fisher, was then falling from photographers in the Elysee Palace Hotel. He painted his hands black "so they would not be really seen through a window against the light outside," lowered himself by a rope to Miss Taylor's terrace and took pictures of her dining with Fisher and the detectives she had hired to protect her. Later he crawled through a sewer to photograph Sir Lawrence Olivier and Granvelle in a closed rehearsal, and he once disguised himself as a Mexican musician and photographer Princess Margaret dancing at the Savoy.

"I didn't like all that thrilling in places with long lines," he says, "I found this sort of thing very artificial. It made me nervous to buy equipment, but it did satisfy my curiosity about the world. And at the same time I was taking other pictures that I knew would sell. Pictures of people in human situations."

About six years ago he went to work for Report agency run by Simon Caronheu. He talked to me in a somewhat suggester, way. "I thought I could learn great deal from him. He had close relations with Custer-Brumel and all the photographers I always admired." For Report he went to North Vietnam, where he shot a Live cover picture of Ho Chi Minh and his prime minister. "It was very difficult," said Romano. "He Chi Minh did not want the pictures taken. I kept saying they would help him. Finally he said to me, 'Vincenzo, make good revolutionaries. You are not an optimist, you would make a good revolutionaries.'"

For the Sunday, he went first to London where he was told 30 days before getting permission to go on one of the nightly flights to the rebel African territory. Finally he was flown in—with a whole platoon of journalists. When the other journalists flew out after a week tour, Romans talked officials into letting him stay. "I found the Information Ministry completely disarm, " he says, "I had to organize my own links for information, to find out where the bombing was going on."

He was forced to take cover more than once, and one time, another shell struck his knee. Luckily it was not serious. "I talked myself with my wont to feel hit when I covered with. I did not want to depend on their hospitals."

Thinking of his paparazzi past, Capucci says, "I did not want to be a sensational photographer. Some pictures in Biafra I could not even make myself take. There was man whose daughter was killed. He ran over to me and said, 'Here, take this picture.' I couldn't photograph her. It hurt too much."

"I didn't like all that thrilling in places with long lines," he says, "I found this sort of thing very artificial. It made me nervous to buy equipment, but it did satisfy my curiosity about the world. And at the same time I was taking other pictures that I knew would sell. Pictures of people in human situations."
Inhibitions Thrown to the Gentle Winds

Members of a workshop at Esalen, on the Big Sur coastline of California, interrupt their routine to leap with spontaneous joy.

A new movement to unlock the potential of what people could be—but aren’t

by JANE HOWARD

A network of visionaries at work across America is convincing people by the thousands that human nature has been sold short. Collectively known as the Human Potential Movement, they include businessmen, psychologists, educators, doctors and theologians. Though they disagree in many matters and some find them impractical, they believe that there is much more to life than most of us know, and that the world need not be as hypocritical, absurd and polluted as it is. They claim, if we’ll let them guide us into real encounters with our own and each other’s deepest, most vulnerable feelings:

The movement’s methods, shown on the following pages, vary extravagantly. Some call for groups of people to meet, share their inner secrets, then be asked to go naked or go down into an unrecognizable secret place. Each other’s eyes for a full 10 minutes. The groups involved, like the one at right, may celebrate their released feelings with a celebratory leap into the air.

Some of these techniques provoke outrage and controversy, but all, based on a climate of trust and an ethic of endless candor, are meant to draw us closer together rather than hinder communication—perhaps because they allow us to confront our own, and others’, with even the most intimate experiences.

I began to get the spirit one evening with 11 other people at the movement’s home, the Esalen Institute on the Big Sur coast.

Anywhere else, even elsewhere on the map of the gloriously liberated state of California, people might have thought the 16 of us were crazy. We were to be indoors starting another of our five-day series of encounter group meetings. We should have been immediately relating, interacting, and venting our feelings toward each other, and making the sounds of a new commodity called feedback—giggle at first to see ourselves as others see us. (This seems a little less urgent and eastern than you did yesterday in a sample of the kind of feedback I keep getting.)

But we’d thrown our schedules, along with our inhibitions, to the gentle winds. Wildflowers bloomed on the mountainsides. (Text continued on page 54.)
Eulen's five-day encounter workshops focus the attention of group members exclusively on their "Here-and-Now" feelings about each other. The method is often nonverbal. Using only gestures, looks, and stance, the course at far left are working through a misunderstanding that arose the day before: he thought she was really interested, she just thought he was nice, both were mistaken. But their tension soon gave way (as left to a sudden communal ex- plosion with percussion accompaniment: beating shells, shadow-like castanets, empty bottles beat- en on the door like drumsticks.

Candid encounters to dissolve suspicions.
Getting in touch with the physical self

Eskien laments that most of us, most of the time, are clenched, numb, and out of touch with our physical selves below the neck. One remedy is an afternoon of exercises in "Sensory Awakening," designed to bring on something approximating the "shivers and grace a cat must feel."

This giant dance of sublimely aligned bodies has just performed such exercises. Each has made his own rites, wordlessly, camouflaged strangers, and chronically bare, in turn both a "slapper" and a "slapped." It works—they laugh—and die—rather than live.

It is sunset at Esalen; everyone leaves. Fresh from the baths, asking daily program of Hatha Yoga exercises, falling, they face the Pacific and, beyond, the Ocean. Esalen programs incorporate many principles of Hinduism, Taoism, Buddhism, and other Eastern philosophies. Much emphasis is placed on quiet contemplation and on cultivating a spirit of what Aldous Huxley called "wise insensiveness," which, with luck, can be transported from the spectacular Big Sur country to the more prosaic places people come from.
A 24-hour marathon with group nudity
music wafted from afar, and a whale was sporting in the ocean before, two go before us to dazzle a morning would have been obscene. Instead, before we knew it, we were making up individual improvisational dances. "Let what wants to happen, happen," cried Boris. The real self is among us. "Stay with the feeling! Make whatever moves you want to make, in time with your heartbeat!" How we did, or tried to.

Weaving, snapping, flitting and soaring our rhetoric, our constant vortex. Music sounded like a balloon escape from some calligraphic comic strip: "Finnegans' Flooging Cap!

But as the view of Eulen's president and coordinator Michael Blue the "normal" and "well" don't rule out anxiety, depression and alienation. The image is not emotional variance but emotional growth and improvement—not to adjust but to trans- sound. We don't try to make us people well but well people better.

Murphy, who graduated from Stanford University and spent 10 months studying meditation at an ashram in India long before such things become chic, spoke big talk, some plans, and of the moment, in the fulfillment of an ancient dream—reaching a satori in the context of consciousness. In 1962, when he inherited the 130-acre tract on which Eulen stands, he turned it into what his brothers now call "a center to explore those trends in the behavioral sciences, religion and philosophy which emphasize the potentialities and values of human existence." Among similar centers have emerged around the continent, in hopeful imitation of Eulen, which also runs many programs (from a San Francisco clinic for 2500 a day, to a 10-day course). Naraed for an Indian tribe that long ago internalized on the same 130 acres, Eulen is now, as some have thought, pronounced "East Salem." It should rhyme with "sawmill," one of the little stereotypes that sometimes exist there. Furthermore in the world and at other times in our life was a pause, and once except your feelings, but at Eulen we act curiously and follow them. You're not only permitted but urged to touch, hug and shout at people, or, if it should work, to stay them down. What you don't do is talk about how many other people are getting to the goal of where your children are on your path. These are roughly two rules: don't be phony and don't. To use the vernacular of the hour, be yourself.

The Human Potential Movement has many spinning less boldly electric than Eulen and many leaders: more conventional than Murphy. It is in fact so perplexing, so amorphous that some of its most enthusiastic and discerning critics and strength. We should consider supplanting the notion of organic one with a new idea: 'unorganized.' We should seize the unprecedented chance to control our social and psychological environment—or we will control us instead.

Not only a mystique but a business

The movement is not only a mystique but a business, and a thriving one at that. Its most salable commodity is the "intensive group experience," known in some quarters as the "enrapture," and in others as the "ESP group," or "self-identity" training. But the marketplace is not only small, rather, it is a remarkable one where single-page advertisements are sold for 500 a letter, and where the typical price is more than $2000 a letter, and where the typical price is more than $2000. It's not easy to make money on the back of the human potential craze.

Many versions of the encounter group are "not for everyone." They are designed to give businesses insights that help solve problems with which companies. Some of these involve the use of props like the black masks worn (at kit) by executives in a New York workshop. There are many things in the "face-to-face" training, a "role-playing" in which people are given ordinary white masks, with matching rules as an effort to improve morale and to make the exercises a bit more enjoyable. But, as they say, "when the mask is on, the man is a different character."
For people who don't want to pay cash for a car.

Baby food costs money. And so does clothing. And car payments and insurance. But why then, that idea of buying a car? Does the General Motors dealer who uses the GMAC Plan. He can arrange your car financing, rate insurance and credit for life insurance by, at the same time. Right where you buy the car. The cost is reasonable, too. And for the GMAC Plan can be tailored to fit your needs. Even if the baby turns out to be twins.

Continued

Crying is a sort of status symbol.

Opportunity. Watch. How to eat low and take bread. And who memorally told me during my message that "your fingers should feel like hot fudge."

Endorse president Michael Mul-

matherly discusses some new ideas with a colleague. The chart outlines various

Human Potential approaches.

Now, pudding is Bavarian.

If you like the taste of milk chocolate (and who doesn't), this Bavarian is just your cup of tea.

CONTINUED
Armstrong has a new cool tire—a wide track made with fiber glass. It may look fat, but it's as tough as nails and can give you over 40,000 miles of safe driving.

Ever since they were introduced a few years ago, wide track tires have been the hottest things going. Why not? They corner beautifully. They hug the road like a bear. And they look just right.

The only problem has been that some of them don't wear as well as regular-chip tires.

New Armstrong introduces Fatso, a wide track made with fiber glass. A wide track that lasts a long, long time.

Fatso is really built. Underneath its thick rubber hide, and above his nylon cord, he's got two belts of fiber glass that help keep the tread firm and tough.

A firm, tough tread means less abrasion, less scalloping and squirming of rubber against the road. In short, it means a cooler tire.

We tried Fatso for thousands of miles against other makers, and we're happy to report he came out on top in all areas of performance: cornering, traction, breaking, and of course, mileage.

Fatso holds his high speeds. He very effectively eliminates blowouts. And he can give you over 40,000 miles of wear.

Fatso, a tough cookie, available only at your Armstrong dealer. He's in the Armstrong rubber company, West Haven, Connecticut.

Encounters, like tangos, take two

Well, I figured Steve was certainly attractive, but I wasn't going to give him what I'd already bred—dentally, that is the "all-purpose cop-out Eulenspiegel"—with which people know as "Nordpolen," or worse, "several paddies" were sent to the world at large. Besides, I was far too practical and upright to put him on the couch—friends, for California, got discharged—pleasantly, and then moved on.

Only that wasn't the story. I worked out. Like swimming, was something I'd done. When Steve and I met, he suddenly and quite formally showed me back to her. I'm sure I'd done it.

As a matter of fact, I didn't feel that at all. I didn't even ever nor have told to others, not even to my husband. Besides, if he noticed, was a fact.

Steve was withdrawn and quiet, so I just didn't. I just go ahead and cry. Well, I'd be, um, really, really, really anxious to know. I was expected and I was meeting and it was a strange feeling. I was being felt and it was a strange feeling. I was being felt. I'm sure I was

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Suddenly I was back in eighth grade

That walk led to a room with sticky red walls. As I described this room Schuy gently said, “There a calendar on that wall there—can you tell me what the date on it is?” Dare I confess I could not remember what date it was, April 4th, which was when I was in eighth grade... But I agreed to show the wall to the entire floor plan of which I was suddenly able to recall great detail. I wished aloud that I’d gotten an excuse from the school nurse for the gym period, because I had to wear an ugly leather and metal mask as a glover’s guard and I was self-conscious enough as it was. Then, for some reason, came a side trip down to my feet which I had almost, especially in eighth grade, considered too big but which now seemed just right, and another detour to bands and fingers from this territory, I recited with delight, it was possible to return by a fabulous climb but in a handy elevator that wound me back up to the ceiling.

The epigraph of this Schuy later explained, was that I was in effect reduced, reversed to my unadulterated selfimage as an awkward 13-year-old. I’d thought this was a gesture I had had long ago, but apparently not, because exposing it in public fantasy caused me to understand as notting ever had before the meaning of words like干事 and intension. For the first time since I got to see people told me I didn’t look, what if at all.

Now that someone shares the pleasure feeling a little too much. They are at the back of the girl who was so essentially turned...
Do we expect sunsets to last, or symphonies?

The feeling of the moment doesn’t happen long. It can’t be translated as the life of a real life. But Dr. Imanawa asks, “Do we expect sunsets to last? A symphony? Is it too much of a burden on our expectations?”

Do not say, “I feel like it.”

The problem is one where we are not certain if what we feel is real or an illusion. What is the source of our emotions? Do we need a cognitive process to return to a 4-dimensional state? Do the emotions we perceive are real or an illusion? The moment is the essence of things.

Abram Mirozak himself comments that it is common for us to see the moment as a happening on the edge of consciousness. Dr. George S. Miller, a retired and Cambridge University professor, gives us a vivid example in his recent book. He says, “We are on the edge of a world that is changing and changing frequently.”