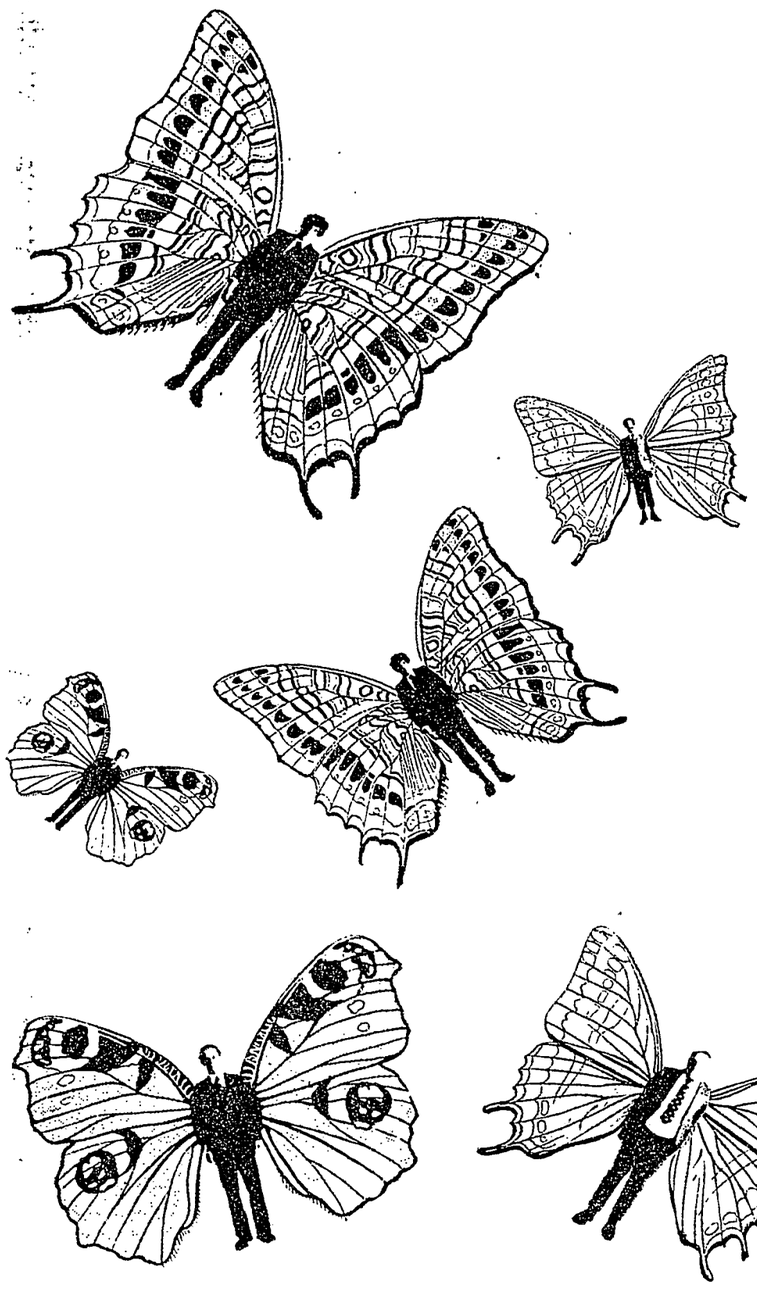
The Washington Post STYLE The Arts / Television / Leisure

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1979 B1



Lifespring

For $300, a California-Bred Cure-All For the Me-Decade Blues

By Elisabeth Bumiller

Sallie Ann Robbins belongs in House Beautiful. Her home, just off Foxhall Road in real life, is done in Lilly Pulitzer pinks and yellows, meticulously decorated down to the dried baby's breath that accents the coffee table. She herself serves as a decorative accent, a silky pillow of expensive blond hair and filmy white clothes.

Sallie Ann Robbins is tanned, striking and very social. She looks as if she plays tennis, does publicity for the Junior League, gives soft-lit dinners and has lunch out a lot.

She does. Or did.

Two years ago, she got a little tired of life on the circuit. The dinners became stale and meaningless, convenient ways of exchanging Washington political gossip. The volunteer work seemed routine, and many of her friends, superficial.

"I kept feeling," she says now, "there can be more to this." Besides, even the circuit was making a seemingly confident but essentially insecure woman even more so at parties. her hands would sweat until they dripped, and her neck would break out in blotches. She took to wearing high-collared dresses.

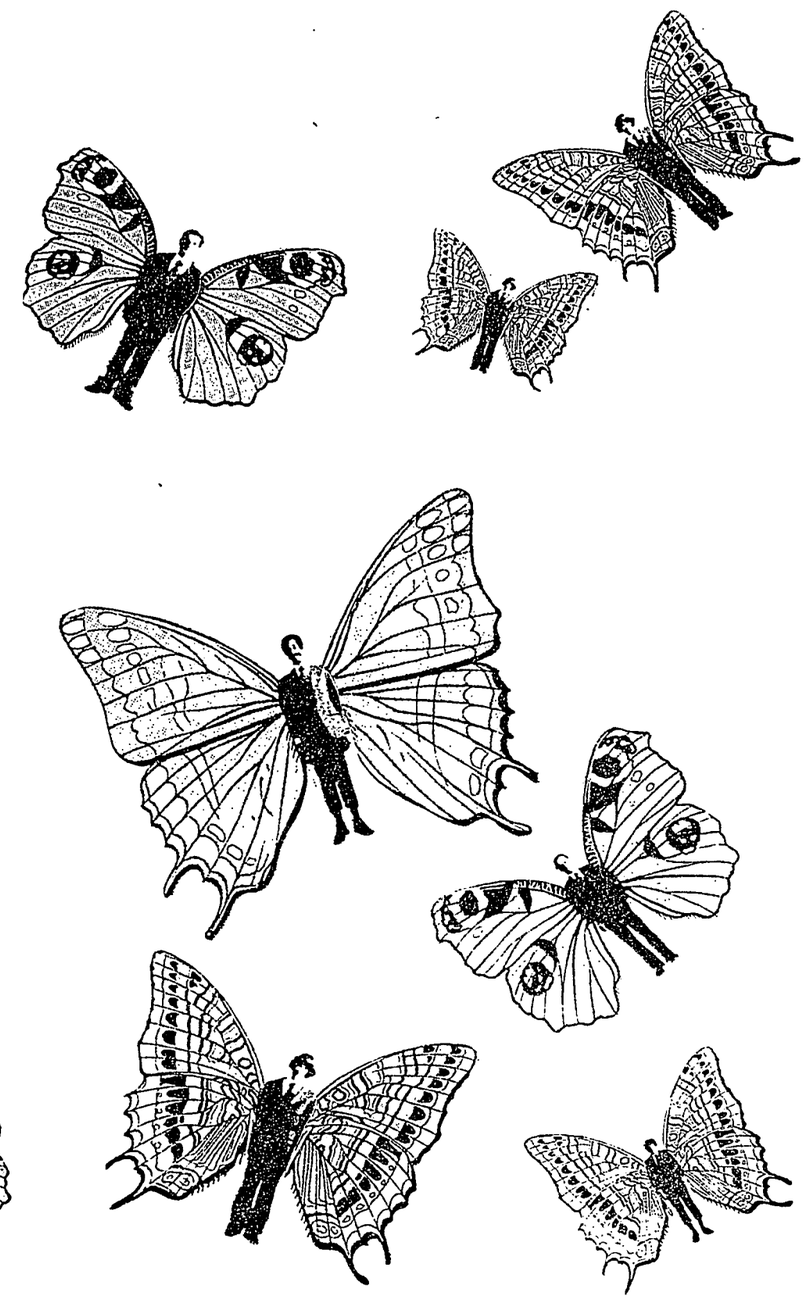
But then in the spring of 1977, at the urging of a close friend Sallie Ann Robbins paid $250 for five days of "basic training" with Lifespring, It was a new self-awareness program that to many smacked of mysticism at best, cultism at worst.

A lot of her friends thought she was crazy, and afterward, a lot of those friends dropped her. But Sallie Ann Robbins says she's never been happier in her life.

Lifespring, Inc., has been in Washington for more than two years now, springing California culture as did many of the other self-enlightenment, "I'm Okay, You're Okay" cure-alls of the Me Decade. It was born in San Francisco five years ago, prospered, then made the migration east for a tryout in the great, gray establishment cities. Would the principles of Zen Buddhism, packaged in sales techniques like those used by Encyclopaedia Britannica, work in the nation's capital? Would they ever.

Since February 1977, 3,392 Washing-

See LIFESPRING, B3, Col. 1



Wiretap Wisdom: Five Bugs and You're a Superpower

By Art Buchwald

One of the parts of the Andy Young saga that hasn't been delved into is who bugged his conversation with the PLO U.N. observer. As part of the counterespionage game, intelligence organizations, including the CIA, have denied that their people had anything to do with it.

But we all know there were probably four or five bugs in the Kuwaiti U.N. ambassador's apartment where the meeting took place.

The bugging of U.N. ambassadors is standard operating procedure for spooks operating in the New York area. As a matter of fact, the real status of a U.N. member country is determined by how much trouble foreign agents will take to install the sophisticated listening equipment.

There is even a pecking order for U.N. nations based on who is interested in what their ambassadors have to say.

The major powers such as the Soviet Union, the United States, People's Republic of China, Japan, France and Great Britain rate at least five bugs. The other Western and Eastern bloc countries, four. Third World powers with oil, three bugs. Third World powers without oil could be entitled to one or no bugs, depending how much trouble their governments are causing their neighbors.

There are exceptions, such as Cuba. Although it is a small power it is entitled to five bugs. Pakistan had only been allotted two bugs until it was revealed that it was developing an atom bomb.

The placement of these bugs in U.N. ambassadors' apartments is subject to negotiation among the various intelligence services. Most agencies prefer to plant their bugs in an ambassador's bedroom on the theory that he might say more there than he would in his living room or dining room. But if you put too many bugs in the bedroom, it's very hard to pick up conversations and the quality of the voices becomes weakened.

So trade-offs are made. The Soviets, for example, will agree to allow the CIA to bug the Indian ambassador's bedroom, and the CIA in return will give the KGB bugging rights to the French ambassador's mattress. Because the price of sophisticated equipment has become so expensive, many spook organizations have bugging exchanges. Zambia, which can only afford to bug one embassy at a time, will turn over its Ethiopian tape to Tanzania, and Tanzania will then give Zambia the one tape it has on Nigeria.

Some intelligence agents trade their bugging conversations of embassies as if they were baseball cards. They'll let out word that they have an intimate conversation between the ambassador of Saudi Arabia and the head of a large oil company. They might trade it for a dialogue between the U.N. West German ambassador and the foreign minister of Turkey. A hot tape compromising a U.N. ambassador with a girl he met at Studio 54 could be worth a dozen tapes disclosing where Poland stands on the SALT II Treaty.

The entire U.N. intelligence community was badly shaken by the Andy Young incident. The original suspicion was that the Israelis had leaked the PLO conversation, but the Israeli service proved their bug had been planted in the Kuwaiti ambassador's bathroom behind one of the gold faucets. Since the Kuwaiti ambassador's wife was running her bath at the time, the Israelis said they had come up with nothing. Egypt's bug, according to its agents, was in the ambassador's clothes closet, and the Japanese had theirs in the kitchen TV set.

By eliminating all the different hiding places, it looked as if the CIA was the one that did the damage.

But the CIA U.N. station boss indignantly denied it, and told the other agents, "everybody knows that by law we're not allowed to bug anybody in our own country."

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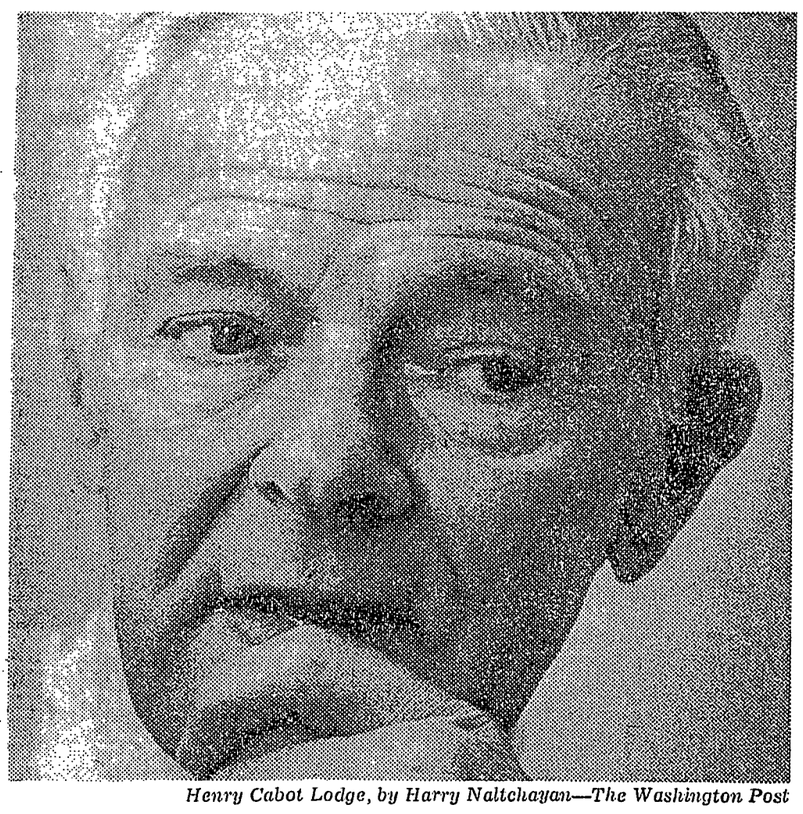
Capitol Punishment

Inside Style

Style Plus: Artificial insemination, B5.

$7.4 million in grants for museums, B12.

'Happy Days' enters the serious '60s, B15.



Henry Cabot Lodge, by Harry Naltchayan—The Washington Post

Patrician Politician

Henry Cabot Lodge: SALT, With Pepper

By Myra MacPherson

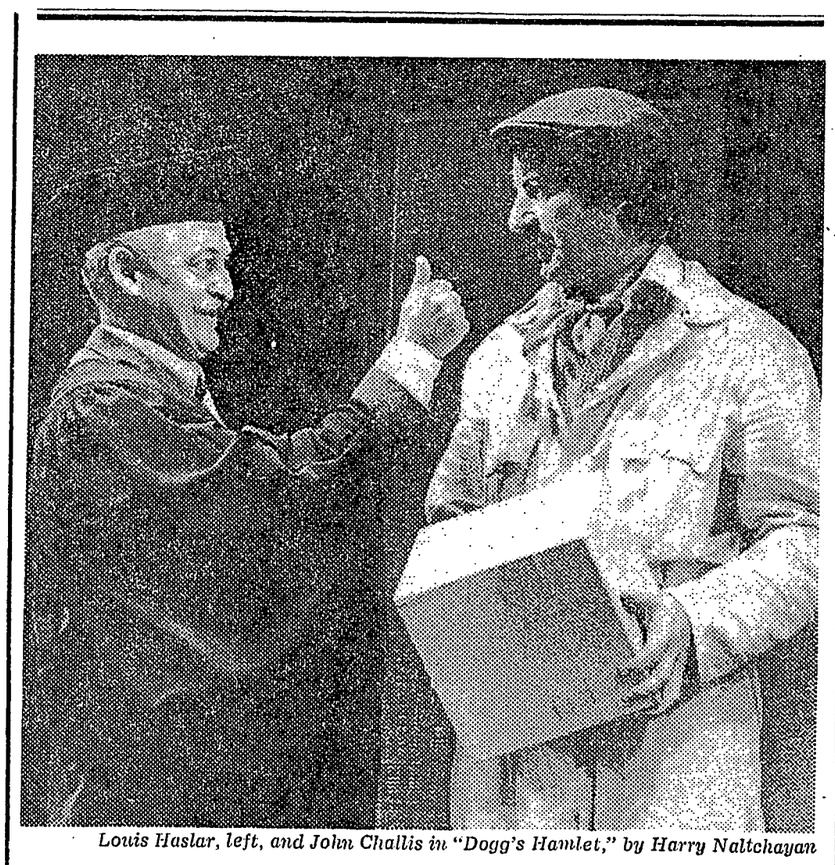
The lean, distinguished man was recognized in National Airport as he waited for the plane that would take him home to Boston. Passengers came up to him and said that they had relatives in Nahant or Milton or that they had seen him in Boston or somewhere. He turned to a companion and said this was commonplace stuff. "You see, all you have to do to meet the world is walk with me . . ."

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., world traveler and politican and diplomat, at 78, is yet another faithful war horse, like Averell Harriman, who had come to the Hill to extol the virtues of the SALT II treaty.

They were both world travelers in a time that now belongs to history—Harriman knew Stalin and Churchill well. Lodge knew de Gaulle and Churchill and Khrushchev. And they are not unalike—vestiges of a time when the well-born felt it their duty, as well as a distinct pleasure, to play statesman.

They came from the right families

See LODGE, B17, Col. 1



Louis Haslar, left, and John Challis in "Dogg's Hamlet," by Harry Naltchayan

Doggone Funny!

The Poetic License of Stoppard-Speak

By James Lardner

Little noticed by the population at large, Hurricane Tom blew into the capital last night from across the North Atlantic and sent hundreds of desperate theatergoers scrambling to the high ground of the Kennedy Center's Terrace Theater.

When a hurricane defies alphabetical order, however, why should it follow any other orders? So those who expected to find safety in the Terrace's warm and intimate surrounding were cruelly disappointed. The play they came to see — for it sometimes resembled a play — was not even performed in English!

Scarcely had the curtain risen before lads in gray knickers were spewing out exclamations like "Frankly gangrenous armpits!" and "Afternoons, squire!" or counting all the way from "sun" to "dunce." But the knickers were funny, and so, it developed, was a great deal of the performance, sometimes in direct proportion to its incomprehensibility.

"Dogg's Hamlet, Cahoot's Macbeth," the second of three Tom Stop-

See STOPPARD, B6, Col. 3



Mary Lou Williams, by Fred Sweets—The Washington Post

The Jazz Lament

Mary Lou Williams, Preserving Her Art

By Jacqueline Trescott

She has been at the crest of every jazz movement in this century, and as she nears 70 she could take the liberties of a doyenne, slowing and pontificating. But Mary Lou Williams keeps on keeping on.

In testimony to her own endurance, the American pianist, composer and arranger has packed her schedule this week with three of her favorite pursuits.

Last night at Ford's Theater she gave a concert of sacred music with the Howard University Chorale.

Earlier, at Howard, her rehearsals became laboratories for an art form, as Williams the professor emerged. And at the same time, she managed to keep in touch with her office at Duke University, where nearly 200 students registered for her classes.

Finally, she paused to lament over a favorite theme: the abandonment of jazz by blacks under 35.

"Blacks are in darkness about what is happening to this art. Jazz came out of a race, a race of suffering. When

See WILLIAMS, B9, Col. 1

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