

# Press-Telegram

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA, MAY 2, 1989

• 25¢

## AT A GLANCE

## WEATHER



**Sunny, warm**

Highs mid-70s, lows near 60. Complete weather/D15

## SPORTS



Mickey Hatcher

## Dodgers skim by Pirates in 9th

Hatcher cracks run-scoring sacrifice fly in 1-0 win/D1

## PEOPLE



## 'Family Ties' ties it up

Episode 176 a wrap for long-running TV series, star Michael J. Fox/A2

## LOCAL

## CSULB looking at budget cuts

KLON and museum may feel the pinch/C1

## FITNESS

**Follow the kids:** Alfredo Escobar was only doing his duty as a good parent when he drove his children downtown last year to participate in the Long Beach Mini-Marathon, but as he watched them run, he got inspired. This year, his kids will again run in the Mini-Marathon and Alfredo will compete in the regular Long Beach Marathon/B1

## REQUIREMENTS

*"It seems that we are at the end of the tunnel. We are going to make progress on the way toward a settlement."*

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, invited Sunday to return to Cambodia/A9

## REQUIREMENTS

**Wednesday:** The co-owner of the Silver Fox bar combines his talents as a savvy entrepreneur with his commitment to social activism in launching a new fund-raising program for AIDS support groups/Life/style

## REQUIREMENTS

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Entertainment	C4	Weather	D15
Fitness	B1	World news	A7
Hennesty	C1		
Horoscope	B2	2 3 4	

# Sex-bias ruling a gain for women

## Proof of non-discrimination put on employer

By Aaron Epstein  
From Our National Bureau

WASHINGTON — A fragmented Supreme Court Monday handed a partial victory to women in the sex-discrimination case of a woman who says she was denied a promotion because her male bosses thought she

behaved too much like a man. The justices ruled 6-3 that when employers discriminate in the hiring or promoting of women, they must prove that legitimate reasons for their actions outweigh any discriminatory reasons. In such cases of "mixed motives," employers must

respond to evidence of gender bias by proving that, even in the absence of discrimination, they would have done the same thing. However, the high court ruling also brought some good news to employers. The justices reduced the level of proof required of employers in such cases, thereby making it easier

for them to refute claims of gender bias. But the justices disagreed on whether their ruling significantly changed current law, and several lawyers said Justice Anthony M. Kennedy, the newest member of the Supreme Court, probably was correct in predicting that the decision as explained in four separate opinions was "certain to result in confusion."

The ruling reversed a lower court victory for Ann Branigar Hopkins, who claimed she was denied a partnership in 1982 in the major accounting firm of Price Waterhouse because she was too "macho." She cursed, smoked, carried a briefcase instead of a handbag and drank beer at lunch. One

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# The eyes of the killing fields 191



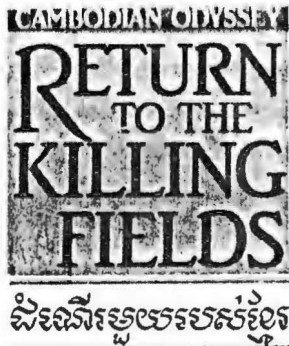
Chantara Nop studies the pictures of Khmer Rouge victims at the Choeung Ek Genocidal Center in a killing field near Phnom Penh. All four of his brothers were slain.

## CHAPTER III: THE FACES OF DEATH

**Editor's note:** Chantara Nop, like many of the 40,000 Cambodian refugees in Long Beach, is torn between his native Cambodia and his adopted home in the United States. Yet, fearful they will be persecuted or killed if they return to their homeland, no more than

a handful have bridged the two worlds.

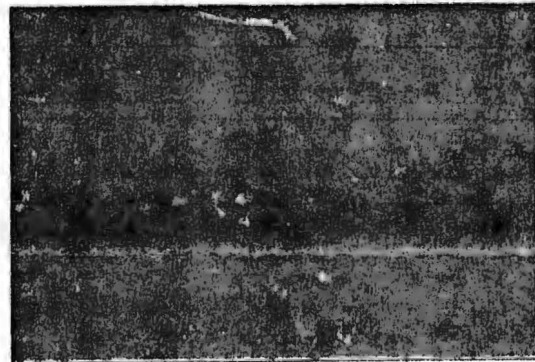
Nop, 34, is one who did. Ten years after he escaped, the Long Beach social adjustment counselor returned to Cambodia in February, accompanied by a Press-Telegram reporter and photographer.



■ Years of struggle/A13

Chantara Nop stared hard at the hollow eyes of the skull. "I don't know how much it hurt him, how much fear before he got killed," he said. "He's human being. Everyone has feeling before they die." The skull belonged to a man between 30 and 40 years old. It could have belonged to Nop's brother. The skull sat on a shelf in a shrine at the Choeung Ek Genocidal Center in a killing field near Phnom Penh. There were 10 shelves inside the glass tower; there were 8,985 heads. Nop, a 34-year-old counselor with a Long Beach social service agency, had come to Cambodia to visit his family for the first time since he'd escaped 10 years ago. He'd embraced survivors. Now he was face-to-face with the dead.

It had been a harrowing journey home,



The genocide center, a gruesome reminder of death under the Pol Pot Regime, displays thousands of skulls.

thwarted by delays, menaced by tense border crossings. Even in the midst of his emotional reunion with his relatives, Nop worried about the day he would have to leave them, knowing he might never see them again. Like his four brothers, who were murdered by the Khmer Rouge.

At the entrance to the former Khmer Rouge extermination camp were two billboards of

CONTINUED/A12

STORY BY SUSAN PACK / PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE CHAMBERS

# Judge may dismiss North jury if media effort succeeds

By David Johnston  
New York Times Service

WASHINGTON — The judge in the trial of Oliver North said Monday that he might declare a mistrial if news organizations

succeeded in their effort to force disclosure of a classified exhibit introduced into evidence in the trial.

"If you prevail in this matter, one possibility is I must discharge the jury," Federal Dis-

trict Judge Gerhard A. Gesell told a lawyer representing 10 news organizations seeking release of the material.

Gesell did not explain how a mistrial might result from a decision in favor of the news organi-

zations, and it was unclear whether his remarks represented a considered legal opinion or were off-the-cuff comments.

The jurors, who were unaware of the judge's comments, completed their ninth day of deliber-

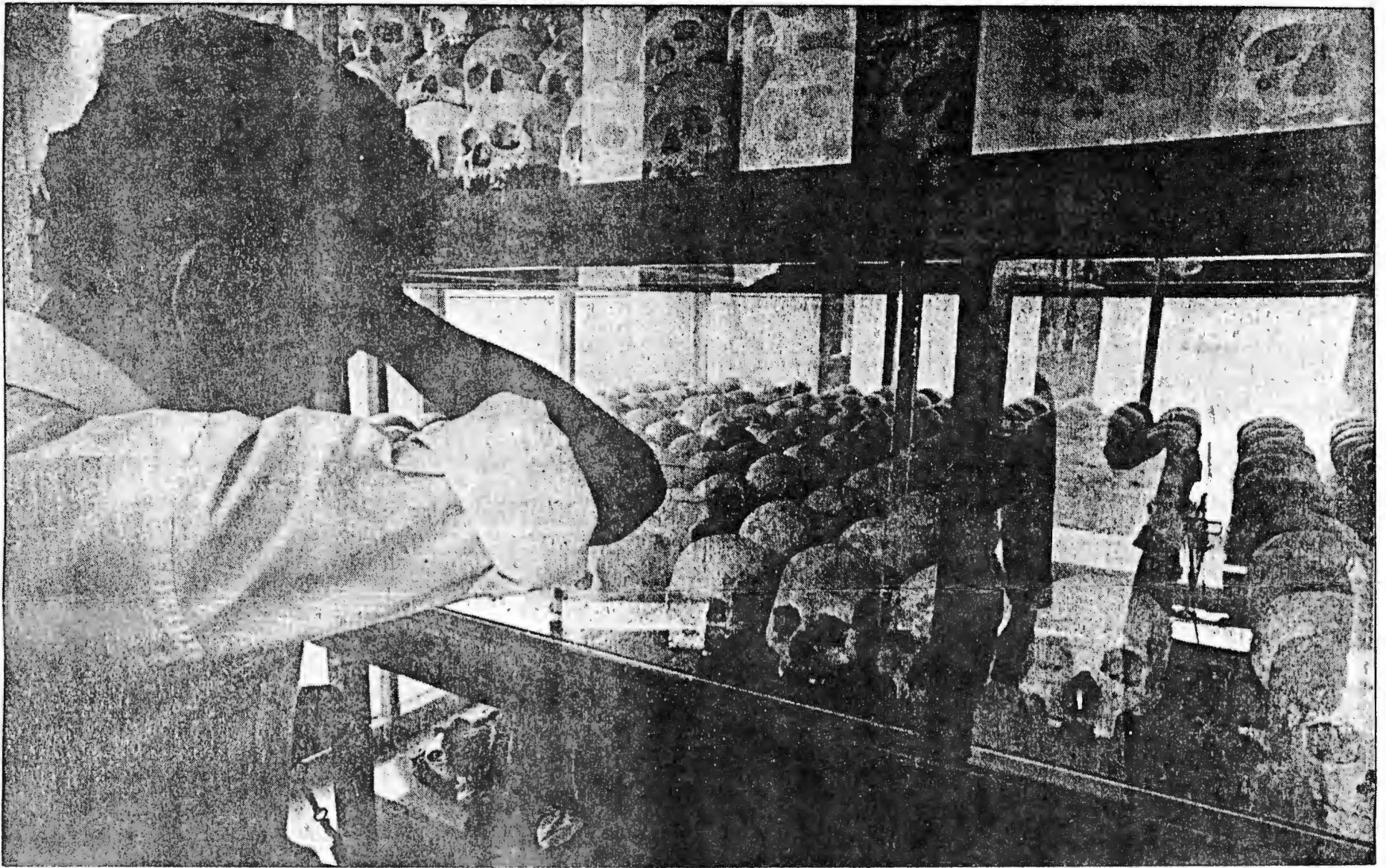
ations without reaching a verdict.

Gesell's remarks also seemed to place the media in the potentially awkward position of pursu-

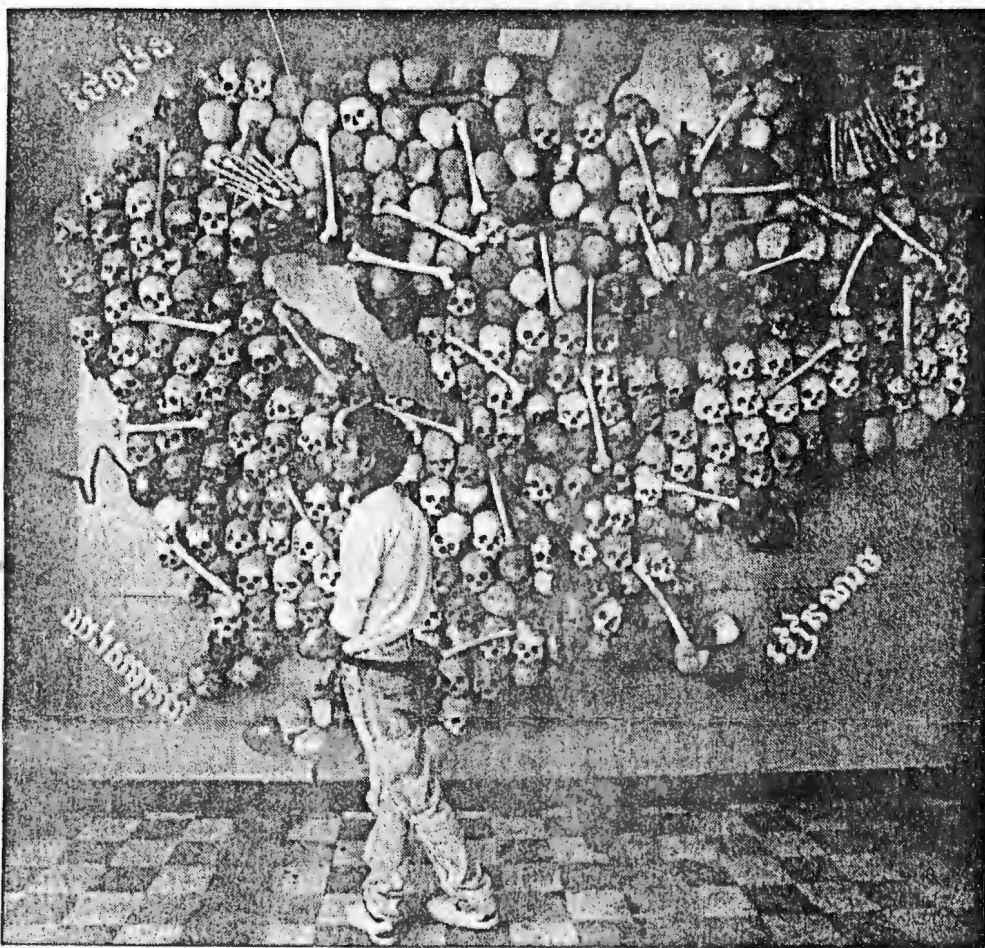
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# CAMBODIAN ODYSSEY

## THE FACES OF DEATH



Chantara Nop knows that any one of the 8,985 skulls in the glass tower at Choeng Ek Genocidal could be the remains of his brothers. Three million died under the Khmer Rouge.



The Vietnamese-backed government constructed this map of human skulls as a reminder of Pol Pot.



Nop surveys an empty mass grave in the killing fields outside Phnom Penh. All of the corpses — some of them children — have been removed by the government.

“ They starve people and they kill, and I know those people so hungry. And they so innocent. Some only 15. ... See all the bones thrown all over the ground? Blood. Cambodian blood. Goddamn! Why people so crazy to kill people? ”

— Chantara Nop

**FROM/A1**

soldiers knifing and bludgeoning their emaciated victims.

“Three years, eight months and 20 days of genocidal Pol Pot regime,” said one billboard in Cambodian letters.

“The anger that cannot be forgotten,” said the other in Cambodian letters formed with bones and skulls.

Nop approached the soaring Buddhist shrine haltingly. He lighted three sticks of incense with his cigarette lighter, knelt, bowed, placed them in a pot and bowed again.

He looked first at the floor.

“They got the cloth,” he said, kneeling as he peered at a pile of the victims’ clothes, nothing more than grimy white, blue and gray rags.

His eyes rose to the first shelf. Infant Kampuchean, under 15 years. Each small skull was marked IK and numbered.

He stood up and walked to the back of the shrine. He paused at a shelf of larger skulls, American skulls.

He moved to another shelf. Adult Male Kampuchean, from 30 to 40 years. Before Pol Pot bloodied his country, Nop had three brothers from 30 to 40 years old. Now, all three were dead.

Nop stared at skull AMK 1556 for a long time, wondering about his pain and fear, wondering who he was. Then he moved down a few shelves, to Juvenile Male Kampuchean, from 15 to 20 years.

“This is about same age as my brother,” he said quietly.

His fourth brother was murdered when he was only 17.

Eighty-six mass graves surrounded the monument. One had contained 166 corpses without heads. Another had held 100 women, most of them naked,

most with their babies’ skulls beside them.

“There is a question about the execution, how could they do this,” said Chivorn Noun, a government guide. “There is a French saying: ‘The more people eat, the more appetite they get.’ So they can do it.”

The graves were mostly empty. Only a stray shred of gray cloth or a shard of white bone littered the undulating green field.

Sweating beneath the fierce sun, Nop paused at a barbed wire fence, his back to the graves, lost in thought. Then he walked slowly around the pits, pausing at the ledges, looking inside. Some were 20 feet long, 5 feet wide and 10 feet deep.

“They starve people and they kill, and I know those people so hungry,” he said. “And they so innocent. Some only 15. Those people can be productive if they still alive.”

“Three million is a lot. It’s a lot. More people died. For nothing.”

Birds chirped, and tiny lavender butterflies flitted through the trees. “See all the bones thrown all over the ground?” Nop demanded. “Blood. Cambodian blood. Goddamn!”

He angrily kicked a fragment of bone as tears sprang from his eyes.

“God!” he said. “Why people so crazy to kill people?”

He leaned over and picked up another sunbleached shard.

“See right here?” he asked. “Bone. The knee bone. You know how much blood they waste? There is blood everywhere. Everywhere look like that. The whole country.”

Nop lighted a cigarette, then trudged back to the shrine. He opened the large guest book and printed his name in big letters. Then he pounded the pen into the paper as he pointed:

“ See right here? Bone. The knee bone. You know how much blood they waste? There is blood everywhere. Everywhere look like that. The whole country. ... I hate Pol Pot. It was a regime to destroy Cambodia. Never will again. ”

— Chantara Nop

FROM/A12

“I hate Pol Pot!”

Several hours later, Nop stared hard at the faces of the skulls that soared above the killing field. He visited Tuol Sleng Prison, where wall after wall, room after room, was covered with stark black and white photographs of the men, women and children who were buried in the mass graves.

“See the eyes,” Nop said. “They’re scared. Very. The fear in the eyes. Those eyes mean a lot of things. The thinking eye.”

Once a Phnom Penh high school, the concrete building was turned into a notorious prison by the Khmer Rouge in 1975. More than 20,000 people passed through the cells, where they were tortured for two or three months before they died. Only seven survived.

Today, still wrapped in barbed wire, the prison is a museum with grim guided tours.

“The blood under the bed,” said guide Nakry Chin as she stood in a cell. “The table to write the declaration of confession. The window to keep cry of prisoner during interrogating.”

Nop stared at the metal cot with the crumpled gray blanket, the metal box that served as a toilet, the bar with the stirrups that bolted the prisoner to the bed.

He looked up at the wall, at the photograph of the last prisoner to lie in that cot, a dead man on his back with his mouth open. He looked down at the big blackened splotch of blood beneath the cot.

“The blood’s right here,” he said. “People sleep in that bed, and they kill them. Boy.”

The security regulations from those days of death were posted outside the cell:

“Don’t be a fool for you are a chap who dare to thwart the revolution.

“If you disobey any point of my regulations you must get either 10 lashes or five shocks of electric discharge.

“While getting lashes or electrification you must not cry at all.”

As he walked from cell to cell, Nop took photographs. He said nothing.

Chin pointed to yellowed confessions by men with American names. Several Americans had been sailing off the coast of Cambodia when they were captured. At least one — Michael Deeds — was born and raised in Long Beach.

Under torture, they confessed they were CIA agents, and they were killed.

The guide moved on to the gallery of Cambodian faces.

“Here is the picture Pol Pot take before they must take off their clothes,” she said. “One family — father and children. Kill all.”

Numbered badges were pinned to the clothes of the children, like kindergarten name tags.

Nop lingered at the photographs, searching for friends and relatives.

“At that time, you cannot recognize,” he said. “They skinny.”

Yet, he continued to stare at the hypnotic eyes. Some looked startled, others appeared dazed.

Many displayed pure terror. A single tear glistened on the cheek of a stoic woman. A defiant man gave death an insolent glare.

Nop stopped at a photograph of a man being poked in the chest by an arm wearing an expensive watch. The prisoner wore a feeble smile.

“That Pol Pot wrist touching him to make him smile,” he said disgustedly. “He don’t want to take bad picture.”

A gallery of oil paintings hung on the walls of another room. Crudely drawn with no subtle shadings, they bluntly portrayed the torture. They were painted by a witness, a prison survivor.

In one picture, a prisoner lay on his stomach, one hand chained to a table leg, the other clamped in a vise. A prison official yanked out his fingernails with pliers and waved a bottle of alcohol over the bloody wound.

In another picture, a prison official clamped his pliers onto the bare nipple of a writhing woman.

“Here is map of Kampuchea,” said the guide as she entered the next room.

It extended from the ceiling to the floor, and it was made of skulls and bones. Lakes and rivers ran blood red.

As the late afternoon sun was split by the black bars on the windows, Nop sat down and opened the guest book. Behind him was another huge painting.

One soldier raised a bamboo limb over a bound and blindfolded monk. Another held an anguished mother by the hair while a third prepared to bash her baby against a bloody tree.

Again, Nop printed his message in the book.

“I hate Pol Pot. It was a regime to destroy Cambodia. Never will again.”



Bopriek Nop, 37, left, and Narin Nop, 33, describe the night a soldier came to kill their brother, and they remember life under the rule of Pol Pot.

## Family recalls night of the soldier's gun

STORY BY SUSAN PACK  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE CHAMBERS

Her eyes blazed as she remembered grabbing the gun of the soldier who came to kill Chantara Nop in the middle of the night.

“He point the gun to my brother, and my mother hold the barrel,” said Bopriek Nop. “Then I go to help my mother to push the gun from my brother. Then the gun get away from my brother, and then the bullet go to the ground.”

She spoke in Cambodian; her brother translated. Finally, they were able to share the fear and the pain of the last night they spent together, the night Chantara Nop ran for his life.

As they sat in an air-conditioned motel room several days after Nop returned home, his two sisters and mother also talked about other nights, other years. The years under Pol Pot. The years under the Vietnamese. The life Nop left behind when he ran for his life a decade ago.

But first, that night, a night so terrifying that Nop's mother turned away and put her head in her hands as her daughter recalled shoving the soldier into a pond, then grabbing the deadly AK-47 again.

“When he try to point the gun at my brother, I hit it back and forth, back and forth,” said Bopriek Nop, 33. “He cannot point it the direction he wanted. When I see my brother get away and he will be safe, I just get away from that gun.”

She didn't think the soldier would turn the gun on her. He was after her brother, who had been critical of the Vietnamese government, a regime the Cambodian soldier supported. He ran after Chantara Nop, firing.

“I shout, ‘We are the same blood! Don't do it!’” she said. “And then when he hear that voice, he stop shooting.”

“Then I try to get the oil lamp to bright the way. I'm afraid there be some blood of my brother. Nothing there. He disappear.”

No one in the family heard him yell that he was all right.

The disappearance of Chantara Nop, 34, followed the murder of his four brothers by the Khmer Rouge. Like Nop, his mother and two sisters spent the deadly Pol Pot years in labor camps.

“There's no mercy during that time,” said his 76-year-old mother, Young Trak. “They just kill and kill.”

She and her daughters planted rice and built canals. They didn't have enough to eat.

“Only water with small piece of rice,” said Narin Nop, 37. “I had to pick up some leaf, some edible thing to fill up my stomach.”

Her sister, who is 5-feet-3 inches tall, weighed 70 pounds.

“I'm so skinny, I'm covered by bone,” said Bopriek Nop, who stopped menstruating then and cannot bear children today.

Narin Nop summed up her feelings about the Khmer Rouge succinctly.

“I hate those people,” she said.

Ten years later, her life is still a struggle. She has seven children, six boys and one girl, ranging in age from 4 to 17.

Her husband is in the Navy and earns 190 riels per month, slightly more than \$1.

“I also work in extra jobs,” she said. “I sell fish. I go to buy somewhere and resell.”

The family lives in a one-room bamboo house covered with palm leaves on a Navy base outside Phnom Penh. The house cost 6,000 riels or about \$40. Her brother helped pay for it.

Narin Nop fixes two meals a day.

“At lunch I have rice, and in the evening for dinner, I have rice soup only,” she said.

Bopriek Nop is also married to a member of the Navy who earns a little more than \$1 a month. She sometimes makes as much as \$1.50 a day.

“I sell rice soup with meat on the street,” she said. “I wake up at 3:30 a.m. I sell everything out about 8:30 or 9:30 a.m.”

The couple share their second-floor apartment in Phnom Penh with Nop's mother, their adopted son, and a nephew and niece. Because they bought their home a long time ago, it cost only about \$25. They saved the money themselves.

The dirty white concrete building is scorched with mold, and paint peels from the green wooden shutters and door leading to the balcony. A wood fire smolders beneath an iron pot in the dark little kitchen; there is no stove or refrigerator. There's a deep tile tub in the bathroom but only a hole for a toilet.

The apartment is clean, and sandals are removed before stepping onto the green and gold tile floor in the main room. One wall is painted green and covered with family photographs. There are two plastic chairs and one small table.

The living room doubles as a bedroom. A metal cot is covered with a green and magenta woven mat; a bright blue curtain topped with a red ruffle conceals another bed. Two other bedrooms contain little more than curtained cots.

Bopriek Nop prepares three meals a day for her extended family.

“I have some fish, beef, pork,” she said. But like her sister, she has nothing left over for entertainment.

“I never spend money to do that,” she said.

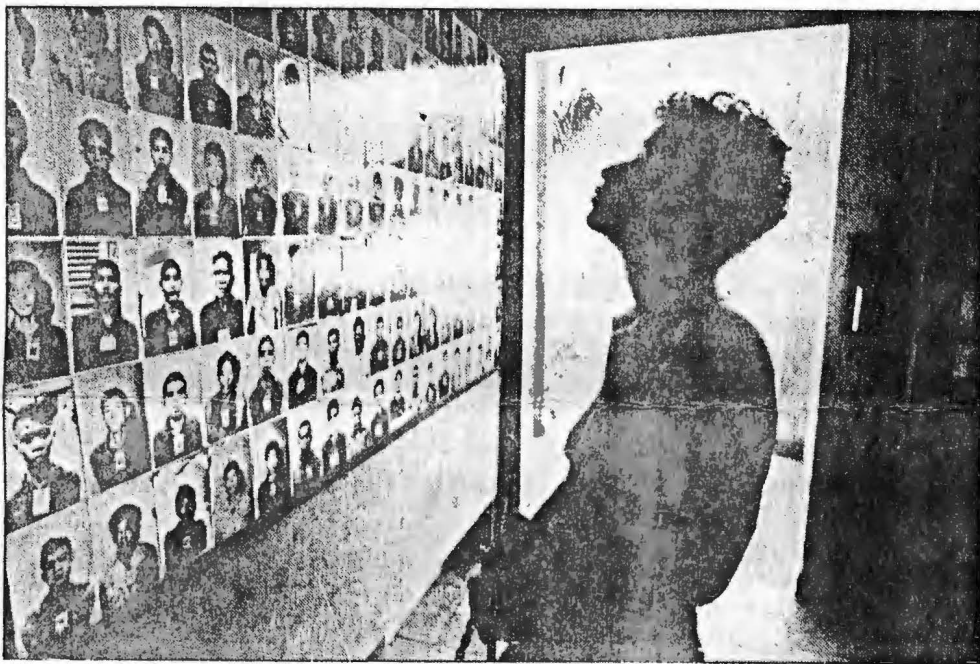
Despite the American bombing of Cambodia, the Nop sisters don't harbor ill feelings toward the United States. When asked whether they would like to join their brother in Long Beach, they immediately said yes.

But their mother is reluctant to move to a new country at her age, and they don't want to leave her. Their brother said it would be difficult to obtain U.S. permission to bring over both his sisters and their families.

Although the three women declined to give their opinion of the current regime, they said it is not easy to live in Cambodia today.

“It's a very hard life, because I have never relaxed,” said Bopriek Nop. She thought for a moment before carefully expressing her wish for the future.

“No more war in Cambodia,” she said.



Chantara Nop studies prisoners' pictures that fill the walls in several rooms of Tuol Sleng Prison.

### SUNDAY

#### Chapter I:

The journey begins

■ Excruciating delays, dashed hopes and tense encounters with armed border guards face Chantara Nop as he attempts to be reunited with his family in Cambodia after fleeing 10 years ago.

### MONDAY

#### Chapter II:

Reunion at last

■ Ten years and thousands of miles dissolve as Chantara Nop arrives in Phnom Penh and begins an anxious search for his mother and other loved ones.

### TODAY

#### Chapter III:

The faces of death

■ The Cambodian victims of genocide haunt visitors at the chilling sites of torture and murder. Were Chantara Nop's four brothers among them?

### WEDNESDAY

#### Chapter IV:

The agonizing farewell

■ Chantara Nop's return to his mother and his homeland ends in a sea of tears as he bids goodbye to anguished relatives he may never see again.