NOVEMBER 21, 1977

TIME

THE NEW MORALITY
An Exclusive Poll

SOUTH AFRICA
THE DEFIANT WHITE TRIBE

Prime Minister John Vorster

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Letters

Bravo, G.S.G. 9

To the Editors:

Far too many people glamorize the exploits of the terrorists [Oct. 31]. They are not only the enemies of the powerful, but also of anyone who inadvertently falls into their ever-growing web. If we need heroes, let us find them in such men as those in the G.S.G. 9.

Roger Brown
Sarasota, Fla.

Bravo, Helmut Schmidt, for your superb courage and *sang-froid*. The world was watching in agony for the fate of the hostages and the credibility of the democratic process. You won.

Sandy Whittinghill
Nice, France

Let us salute the terrorists in West German prisons who responded to the recent hijacking by taking their lives. Since

they found it impossible to live in a structured world order and were bent on creating a hell around them, they have presumably solved both problems.

(The Rev.) Paul Pulliam
San Diego

Those who involve innocent people in a so-called cause are defeating their own purpose. Everyone focuses on the acts, not the causes these terrorists "support."

Bob G. Dickie
La-Selva Beach, Calif.

To eliminate confusion over the names of the numerous terrorist organizations, I suggest that you henceforth refer to them as UGLYS (urban guerrilla leaders and young skyjackers).

Sammy Somekh
Nicosia, Cyprus

We hear severe criticism against the so-called weak-kneed attitude of the government in the skyjacking of a Japan Air Lines DC-8. I don't see anything wrong with the government's handling of the affair. The respect for human life should take precedence over anything else. No better measures could have been taken under such circumstances.

Nobu Suzuki
Mito City, Japan

Schism in the Soul

James Willwerth's article on the Puerto Rican terrorists [Oct. 24] deals with consequences rather than causes. The murderous tactics of a small minority are more than just a problem for the FBI; they are symptomatic of a schism within the island's political soul.

Puerto Ricans who last year voted for continued ties to the mainland—the often cited 94%—voted with their heads but not with their hearts. Their allegiance to the colonial system will last only as long as the "economic miracle," which is utterly dependent on U.S. markets, suppliers and managerial decisions.

Bainbridge Cowell Jr.
Atlanta

A Walk May Help

I wish to comment on your article concerning "Writer's Block" [Oct. 31]. It seems . . .

Let me rephrase this. In my opinion, the editors of TIME cannot possibly comprehend the . . .

No, I'll put it another way. As a professional writer trying enthusiastically to build a new business in my chosen field, it becomes apparent that . . .

Maybe a walk in the woods will clear my cobwebs. Then I can tell you . . .

Deborah Masing
McKean, Pa.

After working on screenplays for eight James Bond films, I'm pleased by the suggestion that seeing one might help beat writer's block. Any thoughts about how to beat mine?

Richard Maibaum
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Nuclear Myopia

You appropriately draw attention to the problem of nuclear-waste storage [Oct. 31]. But the nuclear critics who want atomic power to go away have their heads in the sand—it's here to stay, at least in Germany, France, Japan and Russia. A myopic policy will keep the U.S. out of the ball game but will not impede the growth of nuclear power. While we procrastinate, the rest of the world keeps betting that nuclear and safe, clean, economical are synonymous.

John J. Lescisin
Pittsburgh

To atomic power plant promoters: if the "dawning of the atomic age" continues to poison the planet irredeemably, leaving behind a waste product that future generations must tend and costing untold billions to supply a mere 10% of a nation's electricity, then we atomic power opponents will continue to call for something more human to take the place of the age you offer.

Ted Mahle
Dornach, Switzerland

Why must we lament the postponement of the atomic age? We are moving (not too late, I hope) into the age of the sun.

Leonard Barbera
New Orleans

Two Weeks, 2.5 Million More

Two weeks after your Essay on the population bomb appeared [Oct. 24], the world's population had grown by something over 2.5 million people. Does anyone feel that in that brief period the world generated enough assets to feed, clothe and educate them?

William P. Jeffery Jr.
Westwood, N.J.

There has been no food shortage. The problem has been one of poor food distribution because of world politics. Purify the hearts of the world's politicians and you will defuse the population bomb.

Leo E. Olbrys
Detroit

Overpopulationists are like fuss-budgets who will keep a tidy house by keeping the children out of it. I find their desire to politicize and shape up people an insult.

Kathy Boland
Charleston, W. Va.

Dangerous Drink

Your tongue-in-cheek handling of the story on Morarji Desai's drinking of urine [Oct. 24] gave an implied O.K. to anyone who could stomach the beverage. This is definitely not the case.

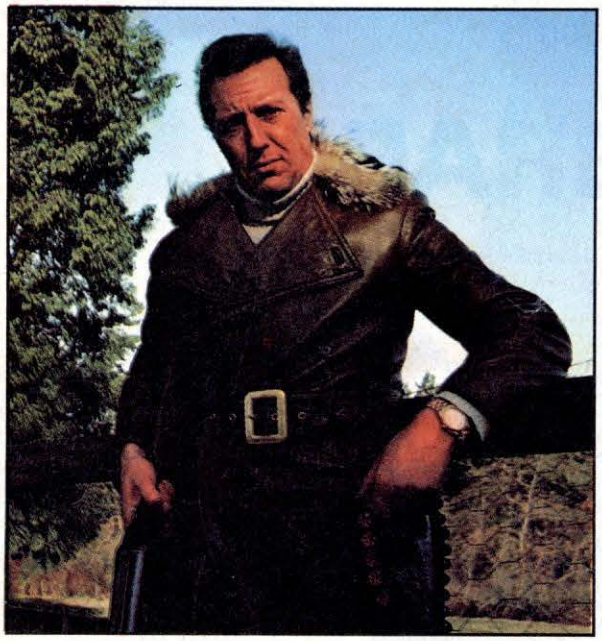
The kidneys remove toxic substances from the blood. The drinking of urine will result in reabsorption of these substances. A healthy adult could probably consume a small daily portion of his urine without complication. However, consumption of even a *small* amount of urine by a person with marginally functional kidneys could rapidly lead to uremic poisoning by progressively elevating the blood concentrations of toxic substances.

Readers who are willing to "drink up" should know the odds before they toast their health.

Robert J. Cosgrove
Research Biomedical Engineer
Birmingham

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Frederick Forsyth's Rolex is like his novels. Tough, accurate and very stylish.



Frederick Forsyth is not a prolific writer.

To date, he has only written three full-length novels. And yet *The Day of the Jackal*, *The Odessa File* and *The Dogs of War* have all become instant bestsellers around the world.

Already, his first two books have been made into successful feature films.

Forsyth's writing is characterised by a blend of uncannily authentic detail and superb story-telling.

The facts are drawn from his own many experiences as a front-line war correspondent; the fiction, from something the craftsmen at Rolex appreciate only too well – a sense of style.

Frederick Forsyth wears a Rolex Day-Date watch.

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But, as he explains, it is also immensely practical.

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At home—a magnificent house set in 25 acres of County Wicklow, *The Garden of Ireland*—he enjoys the occasional after noon's shooting – but only for wood-pigeons.

Apart from his Rolex, Frederick Forsyth is particularly pleased with the coat you see him wearing in the photograph.

He spotted it in a shop in London, and asked of what fur the collar was made. The assistant told him.

"Jackal."

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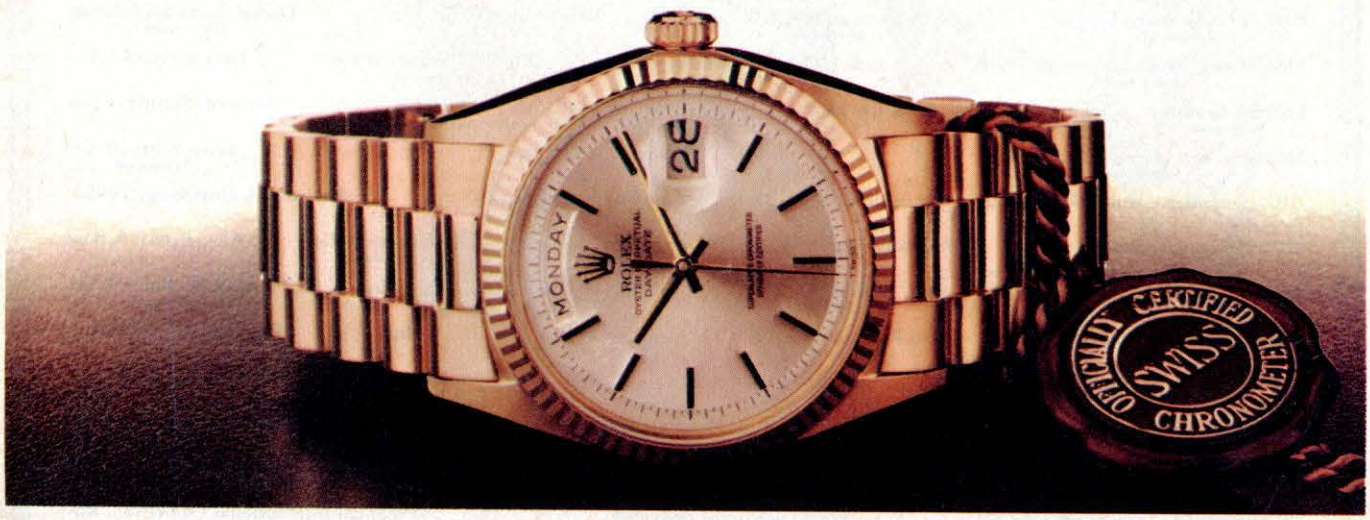

Pictured: The 18ct. gold Day-Date with matching bracelet.

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NOVEMBER 21, 1977 Vol. 110 No.21

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

For several reasons, including our coverage of the bloody Sharpeville riots and other racial troubles, the Republic of South Africa refused to give visas to TIME correspondents during most of the 1960s. Since 1971, however, we have been able to send reporters there, and late last year we reopened our Johannesburg bureau, closed since 1962. Our new bureau chief, William McWhirter, who had orders from New York to "cover everyone and everything," was somewhat apprehensive. Says he: "No one knew whether this was to be one of the shortest recorded assignments in the magazine's history."

To his surprise, from the moment of his arrival and especially while reporting this week's cover story, McWhirter found all classes and races of South Africans willing, even eager, to cooperate. "Our office is more like a firehouse than a bureau, with some 50 incoming calls daily," he says. "The whole country wants to talk. It is as if everyone has been put in a think tank about South Africa's future." McWhirter interviewed Minister of Justice James Kruger on the Stephen Biko affair, and has met with Afrikaner students, Boer families, colored leaders and young black militants. "One disheartening thing that has happened in the past few months," he says, "is the growing suspicion in Soweto, the black ghetto outside Johannesburg, toward all whites. When I first arrived, a black friend was enough, then a press card, then an American accent. Today it is difficult to gain their trust."

Bureau Chief McWhirter

PAUL KEATING

William Smith

The story was researched by Senior Researcher Ursula Nadasdy de Gallo and written by Associate Editor William E. Smith, who was Nairobi bureau chief in the 1960s and has since written many of our Africa stories. "When I arrived in Africa, there were already hints of this drama," recalls Smith. "The tension has been building for a long time, and it is heightened by the fact that the principals involved are so passionately and irrevocably committed."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Illustration by James McMullan.

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MIDDLE EAST

Border Violence, Hands of Peace

An experience of fire followed by an exchange of words

Israel's General Gur at briefing after the raids

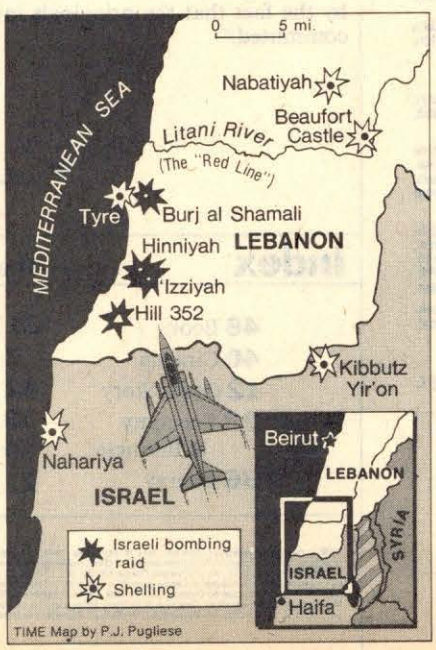
At Lebanese village of 'Izziyah, rescue workers search for Israeli bombing victims

Bloody violence broke out once more last week across the border between Israel and Lebanon. From bases below the Litani River, Palestinian fedayeen launched a series of attacks with Soviet-made Katyusha rockets on the Israeli coastal town of Nahariya. Three Israelis, one a 35-year-old mother of two, were killed and five wounded.

To revenge the dead and discourage further attacks, Israel retaliated—and perhaps overreacted—with heavy artillery barrages and bombing raids on southern Lebanon. When the Israeli Phantoms and Kfirs had completed their runs and wheeled back to base, three villages—'Izziyah, Hinniyah and Burj al Shamali—had been all but wiped out. The Lebanese government claimed that at least 119 people, most of them women and children, were dead and more than 200 were wounded. The casualty toll was the worst ever in southern Lebanon, exceeding that of a similar Israeli raid on Dec. 2, 1975, in which 100 died and 150 were wounded.

The eye-for-eye, tooth-for-tooth warfare snapped a six-week cease-fire along the border that had been arranged by the U.S. The confrontation threatened to snag the slow and painful process by which President Carter hopes to get Israelis and Arabs together at a Geneva peace conference, presumably this year. At his press conference last week, Carter deplored the heavy loss of life, but he declined to single out Israel for striking what had obviously turned out to be civilian targets. "The overriding consideration," the President said, "is not to condemn Israel at this point for retaliation, but just to say that if the provocations were absent then the retaliation would have been unnecessary."

Palestinian spokesmen last week insisted that Israel had broken the cease-fire first with heavy artillery barrages on Nabatiyah and nearby Beaufort Castle, an ancient crusader fortress below Mount Hermon that has been used by Palestinians as an observation post. In retaliation, the Katyushas were launched on Nahariya from Hill 352, apparently by soldiers of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Israeli military commanders believed that Syria might have condoned the rocketing, since the trucks that carried the Katyushas had not been halted at Syrian checkpoints just north of the Litani River. (The river marks the "Red Line" of Israel, below which it will not allow Syrian troops.)



After the bombing raids, Lieut. General Mordechai Gur, Israel's chief of staff, insisted that his pilots had struck the targets assigned them. Said he: "We know for sure that the bombing was accurate and the results were good. We did not attack any civilian areas or refugee camps."

That was untrue—as Western newsmen who visited the scene quickly discovered. In a highly unusual move, Premier Menachem Begin summoned U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis to his office in Jerusalem to express sympathy for the victims. Said Begin: "If the news reports are correct on civilian casualties, we regret it very deeply, but we do not apologize for the operation itself. If there is quiet on the other side, there will be absolute quiet on our side."

TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis, who drove south from Beirut to the scene of the raids, last week filed this report: "The Israeli bombers dropped enough bombs on 'Izziyah to wipe Yankee Stadium off the face of the earth. In all, 54 houses were leveled. What had once been a village was suddenly a furrowed land of 20-odd bomb craters.

"I came upon a man digging with his hands, pushing aside rubble and raising dust, his eyes scared. 'Somewhere under here are my two children,' he said softly. Those who had escaped by hiding in the caves where livestock are generally kept hunted for other survivors; when they heard a cry, they dug. A lady in black walked through the rubble carrying a mirror almost as tall as she and somehow still intact. Pausing to rest, she set it carefully on the ground for a moment. 'Now I've lost my husband,' she said. 'And my question is Why kill us? We don't fight.'

"Nearby Hinniyah suffered a similar fate. Burj al Shamali, the Palestinian refugee camp, fared somewhat better, although its hospital was half destroyed by bombs that killed nine children inside. Taking casualties at Tyre General Hospital, a few miles away on the coast, Dr. Yussek Iraki angrily said: 'All the people I have treated were 100% civilians. None was a Palestinian fighter.' "

Infuriated by the casualties, Palestinians again unleashed scattered new rounds of Katyushas, most of which hit around Kibbutz Yir'on near the border. That led to a second Israeli bombing raid. The fedayeen were ordered to cease firing by Yasser Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Earlier in the week, Arafat had been present at an extraordinary nationally televised address to the Egyptian parliament by President Anwar Sadat, who did not even mention the air raids that had just taken place in Lebanon. Declared Sadat: "There is no time to lose. I am ready to go to their house, to the Knesset, to discuss peace with the Israeli leaders."

At week's end Begin responded to this rhetorical offer in a peace message addressed to "citizens of Egypt." Said the Israeli Premier: "We, the Israelis, stretch out our hand to you. It will be a pleasure to welcome and receive your President with the traditional hospitality you and we have inherited from our common father, Abraham. And I, for my part, will be ready to come to your capital, Cairo, for the same purpose: no more wars—peace, a real peace, and forever."

Of course, neither leader is likely to visit the other's capital in the near future. In fact, Sadat immediately brushed off Begin's appeal as an attempt to divide the Arabs on the eve of their Mideast strategy meeting in Tunis. Nonetheless, the proposals were certainly a more hopeful exchange than the deadly one that racked southern Lebanon last week. ■

EUROPE

Attacking the Terrorists

A shootout in Holland, and 1,000 surprises in Germany

Dutch police had been watching the apartment building in Amsterdam's working-class Osdorp section for days. During the search for kidnaped Millionaire Maurits Caransa, who was seized late last month and released five days later, authorities discovered that two young West German terrorists were living at Baden Powell Road 217. Though the Germans were not wanted in the Caransa case, one was suspected of having a role in the murder of West German Industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer and the other of involvement in the bombing of a German regional courthouse.

At 11 p.m. one evening last week, five hours after Dutch police had staked out the apartment, the Germans emerged. They walked to a phone booth a few blocks away. Ten heavily armed plainclothesmen followed 100 yds. behind. Finally one policeman approached them and said: "I want to make a call too." One of the terrorists replied, "Shut up. A moment, please"—and then opened fire with a pistol. The police countered with a barrage of shots until the terrorists fell to the pavement badly wounded. Still the Germans continued to shoot back for some time and one even managed to toss a hand grenade before they could be subdued.

In capturing the pair, Gert Richard Schneider, 28, and Christoph Michael Wackernagel, 26, a former movie actor who is the video expert for the Red Army gang, the Dutch had managed a feat that has so far eluded a whole army of German policemen. After Schleyer's body was found in the trunk of an abandoned car last month, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt ordered up his country's biggest postwar man hunt to track down the 16 Red Army gang members suspected of involvement in kidnaping and murder. Some 80,000 policemen have been thrown into the search—manning roadblocks, border crossings and airports all over Germany, as well as raiding suspect apartments, bars and nightclubs in several cities.

The German search for the terrorists has failed—at least so far—but police have collared 1,000 common criminals wanted on charges as varied as murder, rape, auto theft, burglary and dope peddling. In Koblenz, police raided a warehouse in search of terrorists—and surprised a gang of car thieves. At a roadblock in Hildesheim, a town 18 miles outside Hannover, police searched a car and found wigs, rubber masks and two pistols; the occupants confessed they were on their way to rob a bank. In the fashionable Grünewald section of West Berlin, a brothel operator griped about a sudden shortage of customers: "Clients don't like it when the place is crawling with cops. The girls are getting lonely."

At week's end the West German government received another embarrassing shock. Ingrid Schubert, 32, one of eleven jailed terrorists whose release had been demanded by Schleyer's kidnapers, was found dead in her Munich prison cell. She had apparently hanged herself. Schubert was the fourth terrorist to die in West German custody within the past month. ■

DE JONG—TELEGRAAF

Dutch police (eyes blacked out to prevent retaliation) with wounded terrorists

Complained a West German hoodlum: "It's murder on the organization."

CAMBODIA

Tales of Brave New Kampuchea

Death and starvation for the good of "the organization"

"At present, the general situation of the revolution in Kampuchea is excellent, considering the fact that ours is a backward country just freed from devastating war launched by the U.S. imperialists."

So said Cambodia's Premier Pol Pot at a banquet in Peking some weeks ago. After the leader of Kampuchea, as Cambodia was renamed when its Khmer Rouge Communists seized power in 1975, visited China, some changes in Southeast Asia's most militantly xenophobic regime appeared. Obviously at Peking's urging, the government once again acknowledged, though not diplomatically, neighboring Thailand, with whom it had previously had little contact. Last month the country's Foreign Minister, Ieng Sary, came to New York City, where he played host at a United Nations cocktail party for 200 diplomats. He even provided the entertainment: a film extolling the glories of brave new Kampuchea.

SYGMA

Khmer Rouge partisans execute a traitor of the old Cambodian regime with an ax

How the new government goes about "the elimination of contradictions."

For a close-as-possible look at the new Cambodia, which is all but closed to foreigners, TIME Correspondent David DeVoss visited three camps in Thailand, at the border provinces of Surin, Chanthaburi and Trat, which have been set up for some of the thousands of refugees who have run the gauntlet of mines, snipers and *punji* stick booby traps along the frontier to reach freedom. His report:

Backward is one way to describe the country. Brutal, according to those who have escaped, is more apt. Significantly, the escapees include more and more former Khmer Rouge fighters who once served as the enforcers for *Angka Loeu*, the "Organization on High," which runs the country as a Communist fiefdom.

Many of the Khmer Rouge fled Cambodia following an internecine struggle inside *Angka* six months ago. The reason for the purge: some of the older organization men dared to propose moderating changes in what had become in effect a penal society. They were eliminated for making these suggestions. In the village of Tien Kam, for instance, the Khmer Rouge "controller" was killed by a girl of 18—who then took his place.

The new controllers, who wear red scarves as signs of power, have proved to be even more vicious than the old ones. Thus instead of moderating as the regime matures and becomes more economically secure, Cambodia is retrogressing. Says Tap Ereth, a former soldier who returned to his village to farm after the fall of the non-Communist government in 1975: "From 6 in the morning until the moon began to rise, the controllers yelled at us to grow more rice. We did grow more, but it was always taken away."

Cambodian cities, including Phnom-Penh, have become little more than transportation railheads for rural cooperatives as the government, citing a threat from "spies" of all sorts, forced people into the countryside. The cooperatives are spartan. Some of the refugees in Thailand are from a typical cooperative in a village called Kok Tlok. As they describe it, the village, really a large plantation, houses 10,000 residents in thatched huts, with up to three families in each hut. The cooperative is run by only five controllers, and were it not for the gaunt residents' tattered clothes—the regime issues new garments only once a year—Kok Tlok might appear to be a pleasant pastoral setting.

But the refugees say death is everywhere. Seemingly simple misdeeds such as fraternization outside one's immediate family, being awake after 9 p.m., falling asleep at the nightly political lecture are punished with death. Every month about 250 villagers die from starvation, but to eat a chicken or suggest killing a cow is treason. Says Soeung Meayeat, 28, who escaped six months ago: "There is nothing to do when parents die and children are taken away except wait for death so you can see them again."

Children are separated into communal work camps at the age of twelve and strictly segregated by sex. Single youths are required to chop trees, dig irrigation ditches and clear stumps. Since they work harder than others in a cooperative, they receive more food. But even they do not always get enough. At Pronet Phrac, a work camp west of Battambang, only ten youths are assigned to catch fish for 8,000 residents. Result: four or five people die of exhaustion every day.

In the youth camps, lust is as deadly as exhaustion. Young men and women can be executed merely for talking to one another or sitting together. The only opportunity to find a mate is in the fields. When a likely spouse appears, an elderly emissary inquires about his or her availability; if both the boy and the girl are willing, the cooperative's controller is asked to sanction marriage. Says Bousa Voen, 22, a refugee at Surin, in broken but poignant English: "I never talked to my husband before we marry. He just know I beautiful and want to make love."

Since the Communists took control, if refugee reports are correct, at least 500,000 people out of a population that once totaled 7 million have either been executed or have died from a variety of causes. Premier Pol Pot has declared that another 2% of the population are still "enemies of democratic Cambodia." Presumably they are in danger of what the government euphemistically describes as "the elimination of contradictions."

Cambodia has become a net exporter of rice. There is food available, but so much is reserved for export that the standard meal has become fish gruel and banana leaves. Even that is served in communal dining halls, which helps accomplish two government aims: to break up family life and limit opportunities to hoard food, which is needed for escape. Family names are being wiped out in the new order. Cambodians are now referred to by their controllers and the government simply by surname, with the term *met* (comrade) in front. Comrades are expected to do what they are told. The alternative, aside from death, is escape to Thailand, but that is becoming more difficult. Most of the people in the refugee camps had set out to leave the country with friends or family who were ambushed and killed along the way. ■


SANKEI SHIMBUN

Chuang Tse-tung in better days (1971)

CHINA

Death Wish

Case of the faded star

Remember China's Ping Pong diplomacy? Its chief ambassador was Chuang Tse-tung, the three-time world table tennis champion (1961, 1963 and 1965) who is widely acknowledged to be one of the top players of all time. Chuang was dispatched with a Chinese team to the U.S. in 1972, as well as to Japan, Thailand and Malaysia, for the highly publicized matches that signaled Peking's desire to broaden its international ties.

Reports have now reached Hong Kong that Chuang attempted to take his own life in Peking by hanging himself with his belt. The reason: he had come under attack for his association with the Gang of Four, the political radicals headed by Mao Tse-tung's widow, Chiang Ch'ing, who are still being reviled in the Chinese press because they reduced the national economy to "semianarchy" and "rode roughshod over the people, drank their blood and ate their flesh." Soon after the Gang of Four was arrested last year, Chuang, now 36, was kicked out of his job as Minister of Physical Culture and Sports. Reduced to sweeping Peking's streets and publicly denounced—one accusation was that he "persisted in wearing a Swiss-made watch," a sure sign of Western decadence in China—Chuang was said to have fallen into a suicidal depression.

Last week the Japanese news agency Kyodo reported that another of Chiang Ch'ing's protégés, Yu Hui-yung, a composer who had been Minister of Culture, had succeeded where Chuang had failed. Yu reportedly committed suicide by gulping large amounts of poisonous detergent in a latrine in the Culture Ministry, where he had been forced to work as a janitor. ■

SPAIN

Apostle Carrillo

A Eurocommunist on the road

Spain's Communist Party Chief Santiago Carrillo seems determined to establish himself as the St. Paul of Eurocommunism—a roving missionary for that brand of Western European Marxism that professes to be compatible with democracy and independent of Moscow. Earlier this year, Carrillo published a manifesto asserting that European Marxists should work toward reform through the ballot box rather than revolution. Now he is taking his gospel on the road.

In a ten-day U.S. visit beginning this week, the balding, volatile Carrillo, 62, will attempt to explain Eurocommunism in several American forums, including Yale University, Harvard, Johns Hopkins and the Council on Foreign Relations in Manhattan. Doubtless to his irritation, he will not be the only Spanish leftist stumping in the U.S. Felipe González, 35, leader of the Socialist Workers Party, whose 28.5% of the vote in the June elections far surpassed the Communists' slim 9%, will be in Washington for talks with Vice President Walter Mondale and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. No officials have invited Carrillo for a chat.

Carrillo's U.S. visit climaxes a series of image-building junkets. In Moscow for the 60th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, he got a much publicized snub from the Kremlin leaders, who decided —after looking at his prepared text—that they could not fit him into the speaking schedule. This only burnished his sought-after image of independence. Said one diplomat in Madrid: "The Russians were booby-trapped. Carrillo came out looking like a stalwart democrat."

Carrillo then flew to Yugoslavia, hoping to discuss his U.S. trip with Marshal Tito. The aging marshal was too fatigued to see him and begged off, but Carrillo dined with Yugoslavia's No. 2 man, Edvard Kardelj, who was just back from a successful visit to Washington. Next it was off to Rome for talks with Italy's Enrico Berlinguer, leader of Western Europe's largest Communist Party. In deference to Berlinguer, who has been careful not to antagonize the Kremlin despite his own protestations of independence, Carrillo shrugged off the snub he had received in Moscow. Said he: "I don't regard myself as the *enfant terrible* of Communism —if only because of my age."

By playing just that Marxist maverick role, however, Carrillo has won much attention. *Cambio 16*, a respected Madrid weekly, has described him as "one of the most Machiavellian, intelligent and chameleon-like politicians on the world scene." That is somewhat grand, considering the small size of Carrillo's party (claimed membership: 100,000) and the preference of most Spaniards for middle-road politics. Now Carrillo is trying to draw the more popular Socialists into a consensus on how to further democratize Spain, in order to blur their image as the dominant party on the left.

Carrillo's colleagues abroad are evolving their own definitions of Eurocommunism. Italy's Berlinguer, whose party is inching toward its goal of a direct role in government, won acclaim at home for his performance at the Moscow anniversary party. He skillfully managed to praise Soviet Communism while reasserting his own independence and calling democracy a "historical and universal" value. Said he: "It is obvious that there cannot be any leading parties or subordinate parties." Ugo La Malfa, the influential leader of Italy's small centrist Republican Party, praised Berlinguer's speech as "a clear-cut turning point" that made the Communists more worthy to participate in running Italy. Meanwhile, in France, Georges Marchais's Communist Party has split with its Socialist allies just when a leftist victory in next spring's elections appeared to be possible. They seem to have severed the alliance because they are unwilling to share power—thus confirming doubts in some quarters about the sincerity of the Eurocommunists' eagerness to work within the democratic framework.

Carrillo has scoffed at warnings by Henry Kissinger, among others, that the European Communists' vaunted independence from Moscow is untested, to say the least. Carrillo maintains that "Eurocommunism is a reality." While in the U.S., he will have a chance to explain some of the contradictions in his doctrine: how, for instance, he can profess a commitment to democracy while also insisting on "the possibility of reaching power by revolutionary means." To satisfy his U.S. audiences, Carrillo may need the persuasive powers of a St. Paul. ■


TEAM

Eurocomrades Carrillo and Berlinguer

How to look like a democrat.

SOVIET UNION

The Politburo Loves a Parade

Moscow's celebration ends on a rumble of strength

Loudspeakers blared Soviet slogans across the 20-acre expanse of Moscow's Red Square. Thousands of paratroops, rangers, sailors and soldiers chorused "Uuuhhh-raaah! Uuuhhh-raaah!" then goose-stepped smartly across the ancient cobblestones outside the Kremlin. Gun salutes echoed around the snow-shrouded, onion-shaped spires of St. Basil's Cathedral. Unmistakably, the theme of the three-hour parade that marked last week's 60th anniversary of the Soviet Revolution was brute strength.

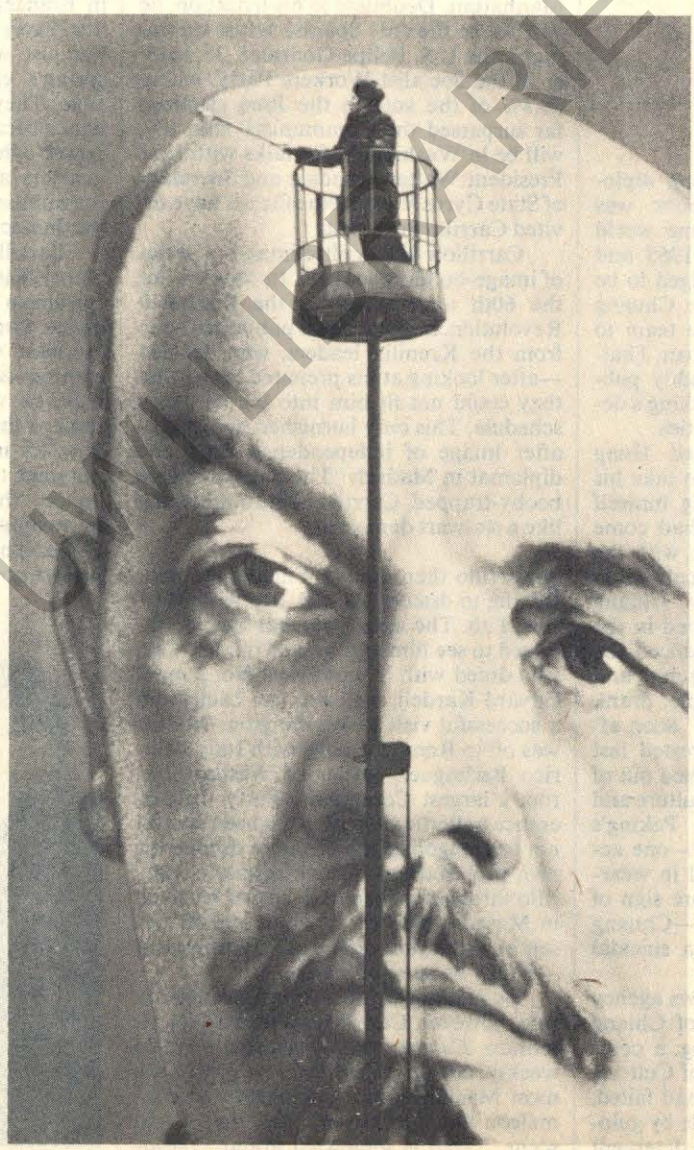
In terms of military brawn, this year's parade was twice as muscular as the one in 1976, when the Kremlin cut back on the traditional flaunting of military hardware after city officials complained that parading armor tore up the pavement. This time 336 Soviet heavy weapons and mechanized vehicles clattered through Red Square, compared with 151 in 1976. Some of the speeches, too, were steelier. The mighty bash—televised live throughout the Soviet Union—opened with a blunt address by Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov. Standing in subfreezing weather, with his Politburo colleagues, atop Lenin's mausoleum, Ustinov, 69, made the obligatory bow to "the struggle for peace, détente and disarmament," then launched into vigorous affirmation of Moscow's determination "to further strengthen our armed capabilities" so that no potential foe "will risk violating our peaceful lives."

Although the parade included the customary representatives of youth organizations, sports groups, factories and ordinary citizens, the centerpiece was Ustinov's military show. Along with the sight of thousands of troops marching to the music of 750 massed musicians, the audience, which included military attachés of Western embassies, was treated to the first public display of the Red Army's formidable new T-72 tank. Trailing a heavy blue cloud of exhaust fumes, 46 of the diesel-powered 40-ton machines roared through Red Square. One Western government observer's assessment: "A very businesslike-looking weapon." Already in service in East Germany and the Soviet Union, the T-72 has a 115-mm. gun with an infra-red and laser range-finding system for accurate fire through fog or at night. Because the gun is loaded automatically, the tank requires a crew of only three; crews of four are required by its predecessor, the 37½-ton T-62, as well as by the tanks of NATO nations, including the 58-ton American M60. Top speed of the T-72 is 43 m.p.h. on level ground. Some Western armor experts fear the T-72 may be able to outperform laser-equipped tanks, such as the British Chieftain, the West German Leopard 2 and the older U.S. M60 A2, now deployed in Western Europe; none of these possess as sophisticated a targeting system as the new Soviet model's. The U.S. does not expect to deploy its new-generation XM1 tank (called "the best in the world" by U.S. Army Secretary Clifford Alexander Jr.) until 1979 at the earliest. Also making a rare public appearance last week were new Soviet 122-mm. and 152-mm. self-propelled howitzers; the larger gun can fire nuclear shells nine miles.

Basking in the celebration was Leonid Brezhnev, who this year added the title of President of the Soviet Union to his position as General Secretary of the Communist Party. Included in the parade was a 25-ft.-tall portrait of Brezhnev, bordered by electric light bulbs; it showed the President waving in a pose made familiar by Bolshevism's chief founder, Vladimir Ilych Lenin. Earlier this year Moscow issued a postage stamp bearing Brezhnev's likeness, the first stamp to picture a living Soviet leader since Stalin. At a reception after the parade, Brezhnev, who will be 71 next month, sounded considerably more conciliatory than had Defense Minister Ustinov. Offering a toast "to lasting peace on earth," he promised to "do everything in our power to ease the threat of war, to strengthen peaceful cooperation among states."

Earlier, Brezhnev had announced that Moscow was prepared to agree to suspend "peaceful" nuclear tests as part of a total nuclear-test ban. And last week came other small signs that the tensions that had crept into U.S.-Soviet relations early in Carter's Administration were easing: in Washington, Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin told a TV interviewer that "we are rather close" to a new agreement in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks. When might the agreement be reached? Cautioning that it was impossible to predict "with precision" Dobrynin said he would guess "by the end of this year." The White House found Dobrynin's forecast "encouraging."

Jimmy Carter's personal letter of anniversary congratulations was handed to Brezhnev by U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon during a friendly, hour-long chat last week in the Kremlin. Brezhnev told Toon that there was "a definite change for the better in relations" between the two countries, but he emphasized "the urgency of finalizing" a SALT accord. Indeed, that message was underscored by the anniversary's military parade, which showed that however hopefully the Soviets talk about world peace, they are amply prepared for other eventualities. ■



Workman putting finishing touches on portrait of Lenin in Red Square

Then came the chorus: "Uuuhhh-raaah! Uuuhhh-raaah!"

Flanked by portraits of Brezhnev and Lenin, a huge anniversary poster praises the presence of the Soviet people on "the front line" of humanity NOGUES—SYGMA

Spectators braving sub-zero weather to watch parade; elite naval unit marching; new T-72 battle tank in first public appearance


CLOETE BREYTENBACH


BURNETT—CONTACT


SYGMA

South African naval vessels on maneuvers; Prime Minister John Vorster; troops in armored car on alert near Pretoria

SOUTH AFRICA/COVER STORY

The Defiant White Tribe

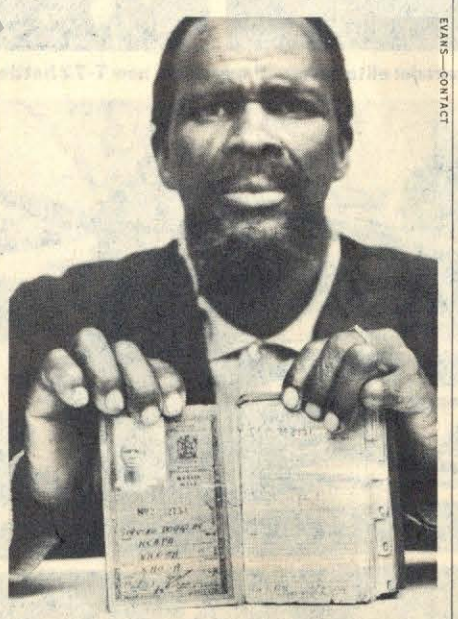
For sake of survival, the Afrikaners prepare to enter the laager *again*

"*Hoor, hoor* [Hear, hear]!" shouted the square-jawed Afrikaner farmers and their dutiful wives, as one speaker after another referred to the guest of honor as "a gladiator," "a saint" and "a savior." Dour and unsmiling, he sat stolidly, barely nodding his acknowledgment of the eulogies. When at last he took the platform, surrounded by the orange, white and blue posters of the National Party, which has ruled South Africa for 29 years, Balthazar Johannes Vorster, 61, could almost have been stepping to a throne.

After the wild applause there was sudden silence: a pause of anticipation, and *die volk* were not disappointed. Within a minute the Prime Minister had gained the first murmurs of acclaim; within five minutes he had brought the crowd to its feet. When he wanted to drive home a point, it was not a jab but a double uppercut as he thrust both fists in the air. And when he wanted the world to listen—as he did last week—John Vorster switched from Afrikaans to deliberate and slightly accented English.

"There are those in the world outside," he thundered in this speech to his constituents in the Transvaal town of Heidelberg, "who believe they can bring South Africa to its knees *[long pause]* with a mandatory arms boycott *[pause]*. I tell them *[long pause]* they have another guess coming." The audience went wild. A National Party worker, standing 6 ft. 6 in. in his bush boots, pounded the shoulder of the spectator next to him. "Man," he shouted, "this is the man! This is the Churchill of the *platteland!*"

The audience was composed almost exclusively of members of the worried, defiant, 2.6 million–strong "white tribe" of Africa, whose Dutch forefathers first landed in Cape Town in 1652. More than any other man since their legendary 19th century Boer chieftain, "Oom Paul" Kruger, Vorster is their accepted leader. Said a party worker at last week's rally: "The people of this constituency have followed Mr. Vorster's career and been loyal to him in his worst and his best times. This time it has never been better."


EVANS—CONTACT

Black South African showing his passbook
A worldwide outcry against repression.

Never better for Vorster's Nationalists, that is; the political arm of the Afrikaners held 123 of the 171 seats in the previous Parliament, and it stands to gain as many as 15 more in the national election on Nov. 30. The opposition parties that traditionally held the loyalty of South Africa's English-speaking whites are in disarray. As has happened so often in their tortured history, the Afrikaners once again are responding to threats from without and within by going into the *laager* (literally, camp)—an expression from the days of the *voortrekkers*, South Africa's Boer pioneers, who would drive their ox wagons into a circle to fight off Zulu or Xhosa attackers. Vorster's campaign slogan is the same today as it was in the last election, in 1974: "He made South Africa safe. Keep it that way." That rallying cry, which is also the central theme of Afrikaner history, is one of self-preservation, and it has always worked.

But how long will it continue to work? Never before has South Africa, the last firm bastion of white rule on a predominantly black continent, been so threatened. Nearby Angola and Mozambique, once Portuguese colonial buffer states, have become independent, leftist, black-

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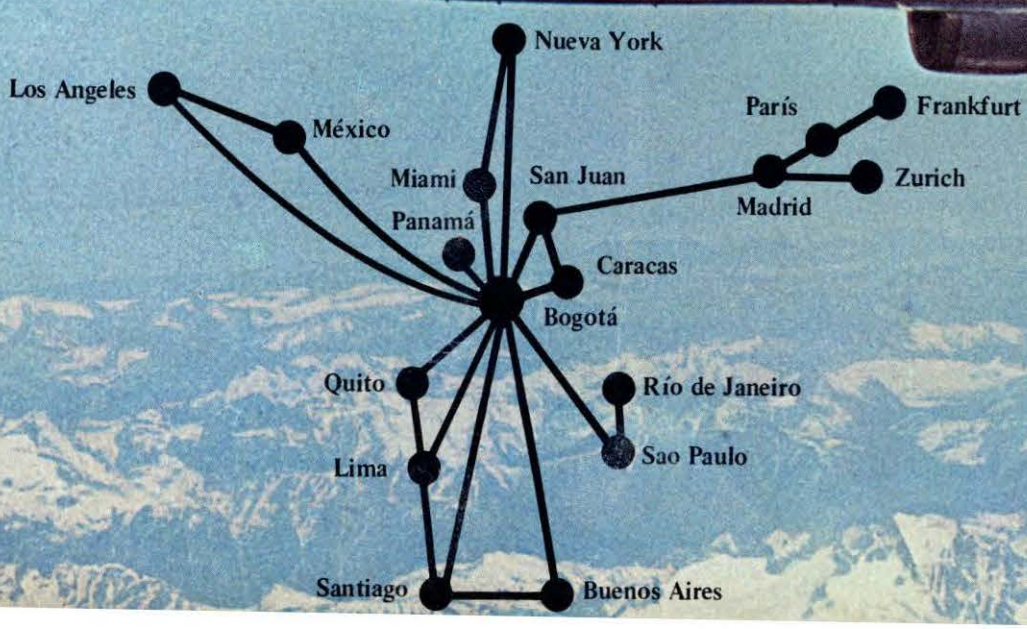
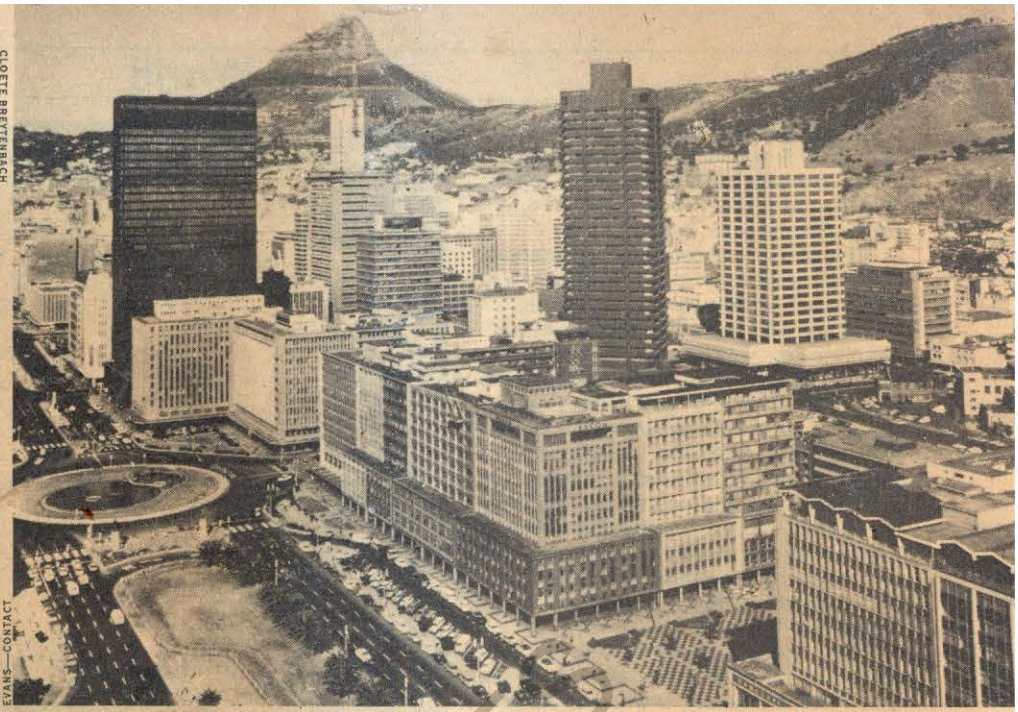


Campari: simply a matter of good taste.

Photo by Norman Parkinson for Campari

Campari and Soda: Campari, ice and a splash of soda to taste. **Negroni:** 1/3 Campari, 1/3 Gin, 1/3 Red Vermouth, Ice. Shake then strain into cocktail glass. Add slice of orange. **Americano:** 1/2 Campari, 1/2 Red Vermouth. A squeeze of lemon rind, cracked ice.

CLOETE BREYTENBACH



EVANS—CONTACT

Horse-racing fans at track in Durban; panorama of Cape Town, where the Afrikaners' forefathers first landed in 1652

ruled nations committed to helping the struggle against white rule in South Africa. One way or another, Ian Smith's Rhodesia, where blacks outnumber whites 22 to 1, is destined for majority rule. So is Namibia (South West Africa), the huge, mineral-rich territory that South Africa has governed (originally under a 1920 League of Nations mandate), although an independence formula is still to be agreed upon by the territory's various political groups, including the militant South West Africa People's Organization.

The main problem is South Africa itself—and the future of the Afrikaner. Since Vorster's National Party gained power in the 1948 elections, it has been committed to the oppressive policy known as apartheid (separateness). In theory, apartheid means that South Africa's 4.3 million whites, 18.6 million blacks, 2.5 million mixed-blood "coloreds" and 750,000 Asians will proceed along separate lines of development under the government's benign guidance. In practice, apartheid has meant the disfranchisement of a huge majority, which is subjected to one of the most repressive and discriminatory systems of racial laws in the world.

One unanswered question is how long the regulatory machinery of government, which many white South Africans fear is turning their country into a police state, can control unrest. In June 1976, student-inspired riots broke out in the sprawling black suburb of Soweto, outside Johannesburg; urban black unrest has continued sporadically across the country ever since, taking more than 600 lives. Two months ago, a young black leader, Stephen Biko, 30, died mysteriously in prison. An inquest is still pending, but there is widespread suspicion that prison beating contributed to his death. The Biko case

REININGER—CONTACT

Durban beach restricted to "whites only"

The slogan was "keep South Africa safe."

produced further disorder, and on Oct. 19 the government responded by arresting or "banning"—a unique form of near-solitary confinement which can include house arrest—some 60 individuals, 18 organizations and two newspapers. Last week, during a house-to-house sweep through a township near Pretoria, police arrested 626 blacks on a variety of charges.

The Oct. 19 crackdown was South Africa's most severe act of repression in many years, and it produced a worldwide outcry. After debating more sweeping measures, which were vetoed by the U.S. and its Western allies, the U.N. Security Council voted to impose a mandatory arms embargo on South Africa. For the immediate future, that embargo will have only a limited effect, since South Africa

Afrikaner congregation in the Transvaal

DAVID GOLDBLATT

is virtually self-sufficient in arms production—but it was a clear signal that the U.N., and particularly the West, is determined to take a firmer line with South Africa from now on.

If international pressure was intended to moderate the policies of the National Party and weaken its hold on South Africa, it has seemingly had the opposite effect. One South African poll suggests that the Nationalists will nearly double the vote they normally get from English-speaking whites. Even opposition leaders have joined with the government in speaking out against foreign influence on the country's domestic affairs. Colin Eglin, leader of the Progressive Federal Party, sounded almost as angry as Vorster when he denounced President Carter's firm policy toward South Africa as "appalling."

Thus foreign pressure is not in contention in the election campaign. What is at stake, ultimately, is whether the government will be able to carry on with the Afrikaners' grand scheme of apartheid —also known as "separate development" and more recently as "plural democracy." The purpose of apartheid is the preservation of the language, culture and political power of the Afrikaners—the unique white tribe on a continent of black tribes. Unlike the white settlers of Rhodesia or the French *pieds-noirs* of Algeria, the Afrikaners have no ties to a European motherland. After more than three centuries in South Africa, they have as much right to claim it as their true home as Canadians have to claim Ontario. That fact was recognized by black African leaders at the Lusaka conference of 1969, which acknowledged that the 4.3 million South African whites (equivalent to the population of Finland) were not colonialists.

In their mores and life-style, the Afrikaners—particularly in the countryside—are as authentically tribal in outlook as Zulus living in a homeland kraal. Afrikaner society is a rigid one, held together by language (Dutch-based), faith (a fundamentalist form of Calvinism) and a sense of special mission created by their hard history. Even in the large cities, Afrikaners tend to mix uneasily with English-speaking whites. In the country, they are a law and a people unto themselves. The family structure is strong and disciplined; Afrikaner youth are far less likely than their Anglo counterparts to smoke or drink. Sunday is the Lord's day; sports, cinema and TV are forsworn for lengthy sermons of a *dominee* at the local church. The Afrikaner can, and usually does, treat his black workers with kindness. Yet there is never a sense that the black is, or even could be, his equal; in the common view, the black is a child of God who needs to be guided to civilization by the one who knows the way—the Afrikaner.

Vorster is a product of this society as well as its chief. One of 14 children,

he was born in Jamestown, in the northeastern part of the Cape province. His father was a sheep farmer. Vorster attended the University of Stellenbosch, a bastion of Afrikaner nationalism, on a scholarship. He studied psychology and law and joined the junior wing of the National Party. In the early years of World War II he helped found the Flaming Ox-Wagon, a militantly anti-British, pro-German nationalist movement. Vorster was arrested by the pro-British government in 1942 and spent 14 months in an internment camp.

After the war Vorster practiced law, dabbled in politics and in 1953 was elected to parliament from the Nigel constituency in the Transvaal, which he has represented ever since. He was named Minister of Justice in Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's Cabinet in 1961 and succeeded his old Stellenbosch teacher as Prime Minister when Verwoerd was assassinated by a demented clerk five years later. Hard-working and single-minded, he personifies the stubborn resolution of the white tribe today.

It is one of the great ironies of South Africa that the Afrikaner, now seen as a pitiless persecutor of a black majority, has a history of struggle against oppression. During the 17th and 18th centuries, while the Cape colony was under the control of the Dutch East India Company, the earlier settlers, who by now included German immigrants and French Huguenots seeking religious freedom, were the first to suffer. They were denied land rights and subjected to fines for such offenses as allowing their cattle to stray.

The British, who seized the colony in 1795, were equally harsh overlords who regarded the Afrikaners as obstinate and inferior. Afrikaners were excluded from jury service because of their language, forced to accept English-speaking ministers in their churches and tormented by courts that encouraged black servants to give evidence against their masters.

In the mid-1830s thousands of settlers fled British rule by migrating into the interior in ox-drawn wagons. There were bitter fights between the *voortrekkers* and black tribes migrating from the north in search of fresh grazing land. The discovery of gold in the Transvaal in 1886 led to an invasion of white English-speaking settlers—and eventually to Afrikaner defeat in the Anglo-Boer War of 1899-1902.

Isolated in the heartland of the Dark Continent, the Afrikaners were relatively untouched by the liberalizing forces that swept Europe and America in the 19th century. Nor were their ranks infused with the new blood of Dutch immigrants from what had long ceased to be a homeland across the seas. After the Boer War, the Afrikaners were second-class citizens in what they regarded as their only country. Their solution was to take refuge in and inspiration from their churches and societies—notably the mysterious *Broederbond*—which knit the community together, and to wait for a time when political power could be theirs.

That day came in 1948 when, in an upset victory, their National Party, led by Daniel Malan, defeated the United Party founded by Jan Smuts. Although the basis of national separation of the races in South Africa dates back to 1909, when the British withdrew the rights of nonwhites to sit in parliament, the new government moved inexorably to spread and enforce apartheid.

Since 1948 the Afrikaner government has pushed legislation through parliament classifying the population by race, banning marriage and sex across the color line and imposing "pass" laws that rigidly control the movement of blacks. In all, some 300 pieces of separatist legislation form the edifice of apartheid today. Local prejudices simply reinforce the letter and spirit of the

laws. A minority might endure such a system without protest, but South Africa's black majority did not. In 1960 came the bloody Sharpeville riot, in which 69 were killed as police fired on a black crowd demonstrating peaceably against the pass laws. It was a shock from which South Africans—black and white—never quite recovered.

Perhaps the most degrading aspect of the system is the web of social segregation laws and customs known as petty apartheid. In this respect—unlike many others—the segregation is similar to that which existed in the U.S. South until the '60s. Petty apartheid includes everything from segregated buses to beaches and lunch counters. The government has promised to reduce the irritations of petty apartheid, and has made some progress. WHITES ONLY signs have disappeared from elevators and park benches in most cities; restaurants and hotels that are granted "international" status can now admit local blacks.

The system is shot through with absurdities. Chinese are classified as a colored subgroup; the Japanese in South Africa, who are mostly foreign businessmen, are regarded as "honorary whites"—thereby illustrating the comment of Frantz Fanon, the black radical writer, that "you are rich because you are white, but you are also white because you are rich." A black beauty queen who won a holiday at a Cape hotel was refused accommodation because the hotel did not have international status. In a reshuffle of Durban's elaborately segregated beaches, Indians took over one formerly white beach but discovered they could not use the restaurant there; its designation had not been changed.

Further liberalization of the segregation laws is promised, although the concessions, as always, will come too late to satisfy rising black aspirations. Last month urban blacks were authorized to hold 42 more kinds of jobs than before—including those of auctioneer, druggist, chiropractor and boardinghouse keeper. Officially, pay scales for black and white workers are the same; in practice, blacks earn far less than whites who hold the same jobs. A fortnight ago the government announced its intention to modify slightly the hated pass laws; henceforth blacks will be allowed to carry "travel documents" rather than the present identity books.

The centerpiece of the apartheid system is the elaborate plan to establish nine "independent" black homelands within South Africa. Eventually, all South African blacks will be given citizenship in one of these homelands, even though about half of the black population live permanently in "white" South Africa. Of these, hundreds of thousands were born in the urban townships and have rarely if ever visited, or wanted to visit, their theoretical homelands. The urban black pop-

White Roots: Seeds of Grievance

Robert van Tonder, 54, is a 14th generation Afrikaner whose Danish ancestors arrived in the New Cape colony in 1700. He lives with his second wife and his six children in a rambling, thatched-roof farmhouse on a 100-acre homestead 20 miles west of Johannesburg. It is a peaceful countryside of rolling brown hills, white fences and grazing cattle. In Van Tonder's home, his small study is crammed with books in Afrikaans on the Great Trek and the Boer War. In the Afrikaner tradition, extra places are always set at meal times for neighbors who may unexpectedly call. Van Tonder is proud of his heritage, but worried about his country's future: one of his sons is serving on the Angolan front in the army. Last week TIME *Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter spent a day with the family and filed this report:*

Like many Boer Afrikaners (Boer is the name taken by the Voortrekkers and their descendants), Van Tonder is troubled by the stigma that has become attached to their history. "We were people who did not want to enslave a black tribe," he says. "We are being accused by every country on earth of being Nazis and oppressors. We came here alone. We never conquered any other nation. We have no blood on our hands."


CLOETE BRETENBACH

Robert and Ada van Tonder
Troubled by the stigma.

As proof, Van Tonder refers proudly to "Danger" Mahlangu, his farmhand, who is paid $120 a month. Van Tonder also supplies a house for Mahlangu and his family, plus board, fuel and medical care. Mahlangu's grandfather, who was also born in this area, belonged to the small Ndebele tribe, which came under the "protection" of the Boers when they were threatened by the warlike Zulus. Says Van Tonder: "My people saved the Ndebele from extermination." Last weekend there was a three-day feast and tribal dancing in honor of Mahlangu's 13-year-old daughter, who was welcomed into adulthood by delegations of Ndebele from nearby farms and villages. The Mahlangus' house of thick adobe, which has running water but no electricity, had been exuberantly painted in bold white-and-yellow designs. Two oxen and four goats from Mahlangu's herd had been slaughtered (some of the meat was brought up to the Van Tonders' house as a gift; in return the Van Tonders brought meat of their own to the feast). The women sat in one group, the men surrounding them. The women would rise and, chanting slowly, dance before each group as it presented gifts of platters, bowls, squash, bread and beer to Mahlangu's daughter. Then the men followed, leaping and kicking their heels.

"The modern world has changed relationships like those between Danger and ourselves," says Van Tonder. "Although this is a lovely friendship, it can't last always, and it would be unfair for it to last. Danger's children will become educated and Westernized. They will want their country. My descendants would also like to have their country."

Proud Afrikaner though he is, Van Tonder is scornful of South African policies. "It's a police state," he says. "It's putting my culture into a straitjacket." Van Tonder, who has now joined the right-wing *Herstigle Nasionale Partie* and is standing as one of their candidates, has had issues of his own personal newsletter, *Die Stem* (The Call), banned. He believes, perhaps unrealistically, that the old Boer republics—the Transvaal and the Orange Free State—should be left on their own, allowed to preserve their language and culture in the midst of a predominantly black Africa. "Integration will be the ultimate destruction of the whites," he says. "I would like to see them [blacks] free and happy. I would like to see them preserve their own culture. It is just not in our nature either to integrate with them or oversee them. We only want to live among our own people, to live our own religion and to lead a rational, happy life."

EVANS—CONTACT

Strip-mining for coal in the Transvaal

KAPLAN—CAMERA PRESS

Money at work: Johannesburg exchange

Vaal Reefs uranium processing plant

REININGER—CONTACT

ulation in South Africa is estimated at 9 million.

But no matter. The first homeland to be granted its "independence," Transkei, celebrated its first anniversary last month. Although invitations to the ceremonies were sent to most Western capitals, Pretoria was the only one to accept. Transkei's Prime Minister, Chief Kaiser Matanzima, took the occasion to attack "the rejection of our legitimacy" by the outside world. In December a second homeland, Bophuthatswana, will officially become independent, and three more are likely to follow within the next two years. The only one definitely holding out against such independence is KwaZulu, whose leader, Chief Gatsha Buthelezi, dismisses the whole idea as a sham.

In theory, an argument could perhaps be made for a homelands policy—but not as the South African government has designed it. If every black in South Africa were to move to his ancestral homeland, 70% of the population would be packed into 13% of the land, much of it arid and unprofitable. Only one homeland, Basotho-QwaQwa, is composed of a single piece of land. The others are broken into two or more parts, surrounded by white South Africa. KwaZulu was in 29 pieces five years ago, but eventually will be consolidated into six. Homeland leaders are demanding more land, if only to link their fragmented areas together.

The real purpose behind the homeland policy is transparent: to assure continued Afrikaner dominance. Blacks will remain in white South Africa because they must have jobs—and because they are desperately needed by industry as a source of labor. Without them, the country's economy would collapse overnight. But politically their presence is an embarrassment to the government because they outnumber the whites by so wide a margin. Now, when an urban black's theoretical homeland becomes independent, he automatically becomes a citizen of that homeland—and is even dropped from the South African census figures. In reality, of course, his life is utterly unchanged.

That leaves the coloreds and the Asians to be shoehorned into the Afrikaner political system. A primary reason for Vorster's calling the election is to gain a popular consensus for a proposed new constitution, one that would abolish the present parliamentary system, based on the Westminster model. Instead, each racial group in the country except blacks —whites, coloreds and Asians —would have a separate communal "parliament." These bodies would in turn nominate representatives to a Council of Cabinets, which would choose an all-powerful President (presumably Vorster). The council would have eleven members—six whites, three coloreds and two Asians.

Thus Afrikaner control is maintained. The blacks are written out of the political system; the coloreds and Asians are given a symbolic role but no real power. And the English-speaking whites are simply outnumbered by the Afrikaners by a ratio of 60 to 40 on a white franchise that, needless to say, is based on the principle of one man, one vote.

Despite the hostility directed at the country from abroad—and the anger burning from within—white South Africa remains curiously peaceful. The street tensions and stonings within its removed black townships—even the ongoing massive school boycott by 200,000 students in Soweto—fail to transmit more than a ripple to what Novelist Nadine Gordimer *(A World of Strangers)* calls the "dreadful calm" of white society. So distant do such events seem, in fact, that most whites only learn of them from their newspapers. Of Johannesburg's white population of 600,000, precious few have ever set foot in Soweto, although it is a scant eight miles away. And to the farmers who live in the flat reaches of the Orange Free State and the lush valleys of the Cape wine country, Soweto rioting seems almost as remote as U.N. oratory.

Yet there is indisputably a malaise in South Africa today that touches even to the heart of Afrikanerdom. For the first time within recent memory, more whites are leaving the country than are entering it (a net loss of 1,329 this year, *v.* a net gain of 25,190 in 1976). The economy is in deep recession, the worst in 40 years. The result is a mood of doubt and defiance that is as severe as any in South Africa's history. At the seemingly endless stream of seminars on the national destiny, the questions are inevitably asked: What will South Africa be like in a year? In two? In five? And there is an all too familiar answer: Worse.

The English-speaking business community, although it controls an estimated 80% of the country's private sector, complains that its leverage with the government is weaker than ever. "We are subject to an Afrikaans-speaking tribal government," says Harry Oppenheimer, chairman of the Anglo American Corp. of South Africa Ltd., a mining empire. "We have some influence only if they want to remain on good terms with the rest of the world and want foreign investment to flow in." American investment in South Africa amounts to about $1.5 billion. U.S. companies are bound by American law to avoid discrimination —but cannot always do so if they hope to stay in business in South Africa. Last week, under an emergency measure, the government assumed the power, if necessary, to order foreign-owned plants to produce strategic materials that might become unavailable later from overseas suppliers.

Particularly in the cities, whites seem edgy and ill-tempered. To a group of neighbors who were gossiping about the rise in thefts and the burglarizing of homes, a white housewife in an affluent

suburb of Johannesburg complained: "They [the blacks] are gathering all the time in small groups around the neighborhood. A few years ago, the police would have stopped them or picked them up. Now they're just everywhere. I never even walk any more." Many feel plagued by uncertainty. "People just don't make plans," says Nadine Gordimer. "They can't make up their minds, whether it's over buying a house or starting a multiracial theater company or sending children away to school."

In the poor white neighborhoods near Johannesburg, where the red brick row houses resemble those of Soweto, people are equally apprehensive. Says Mrs. Hestor Nortje, a widow: "We can live with the blacks, but can they live with us? There is so much suspicion, you don't know whether a man is going to kill you or not. If you live in the same area, the blacks will take the attitude they are better than the whites and take over."

As for blacks, their traditional concern has been with poverty and injustice, not revolution. They are anxious about wages, about their children's schooling, about losing their jobs and thus their legal right to remain in the urban townships. Their leaders, for the most part today, are in prison, in detention or in hiding. They have few spokesmen. Despite the current wave of arrests and bannings, tangible evidence of the power of the state, riots and strikes will probably go on. South Africa's best-known writer, Alan Paton *(Cry, the Beloved Country)*, has described the black-white confrontation as "a nightmare of noncompromising power creating a noncompromising opposition." In Soweto, a former engineering student says defiantly, "They create the fury, then they suppress it. They feel they have controlled the situation by detaining our leaders, but we feel it is a declaration of war."

There is some evidence that one goal of the present crackdown on dissent is to reassure the right-wing *verkrampte* (narrow-minded) members of Vorster's National Party. To foreigners, the gruff Prime Minister may seem to be nothing more than a formidable reactionary. "He travels in an ox wagon always one length behind the train of history," a ranking British official observed last year. But Vorster is a pragmatist by comparison with many of his Afrikaner colleagues in government and a very shrewd politician as well. Thus, the new constitution could be interpreted as a concession to white moderates, including the *verligte* (enlightened) wing of the National Party, in that it gives coloreds and Asians a modest role in government. Conceivably, this gesture toward multiracialism in South Africa could be a first step toward allowing some black participation later.

Vorster need not be too worried about the U.N.'s mandatory arms embargo. Eventually, the embargo could hurt South

Broederbond's Big Brother Act

The most powerful organization in South Africa is the Afrikaner Broederbond. An elite, secret society whose members include not only Prime Minister John Vorster but Afrikaners from every walk of life, the Broederbond (literally, association of brothers) is a kind of nerve center that keeps Afrikaner nationalism alive through the National Party, South Africa's Dutch Reformed churches and innumerable cultural and educational institutions.

The Broederbond was founded by 37 Afrikaner professional and businessmen in 1918, primarily to combat the growing dominance of English language and culture following the defeat of the two Boer republics and the formation of the Union of South Africa under British rule. Since then, the organization has grown to a membership of more than 10,000 in nearly 700 divisions across South Africa and in Rhodesia as well. Although its initial aim was to promote Afrikaans language, history, culture and education, the Broederbond was soon involved in creating financial, banking and business institutions as a way of mobilizing the meager financial resources of the downtrodden Afrikaners. Today some of these firms —notably Volkskas, Sanlam and Federale Volksbeleggings—are financial giants.

During the 1930s Depression, the Broederbond provided financial aid to thousands of poor Afrikaners. It also founded the Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Organizations (F.A.K.), which evolved into an umbrella organization that now coordinates hundreds of national cultural societies. Concentrating on education, the Broederbond opposed the language policy of Prime Minister Jan Smuts in the 1940s, under which Afrikaner children were taught half their subjects in English and the remainder in their native tongue. Since 1948 the Broederbond has completely controlled the educational policy of South Africa; Afrikaner schools perpetuate the philosophy of Christian nationalism and exclusive Afrikanerism.

Painting of *Voortrekkers* in a *laager*
Guarding a culture and a language.

Membership in the Broederbond is limited to white males of at least 25 years of age who speak Afrikaans and belong to one of the Afrikaner churches. Roughly half of the country's white ministers, school officials and university rectors are Broederbond members. So are virtually all Cabinet members and at least 75% of National Party members of parliament. The Broederbond's chairman since 1974 has been Gerrit Viljoen, rector of the Rand Afrikaans University in Johannesburg.

Each Broederbond division meets monthly and discusses a circular sent out from the head offices in Johannesburg. The circular contains directives on every facet of public life that may become an issue: politics, racial problems, security matters, vacant posts that *broeders* should fill. Thus on any given issue there are 10,000 men in a position to propagandize Afrikaner society with the Broederbond line. The public has no way of knowing whether or not apparently spontaneous public statements are actually made at the Broederbond's behest.

Vorster regularly consults with the Broederbond and keeps its leaders informed on important governmental policy shifts. Although the Prime Minister recently remarked that the organization's secrecy was no longer necessary, its effectiveness, in large measure, depends upon secrecy. Broederbond offices are not listed in the phone book. Circulars caution members on the rules governing privacy: do not let your wives overhear discussions with fellow brothers; avoid parking too many cars conspicuously near the site of a monthly meeting. Members may admit that they belong to the Broederbond but are not allowed to disclose that someone else does.

With its motto, BE STRONG, the Broederbond continues to exert the ultimate influence on Afrikaner public life. The Broederbond is the strength of the *volk* —the people—and the *volk* find their strength in the bonds.

TAIT—SYGMA

Youths raise fists in black power salute during funeral services for Stephen Biko

"They feel they have controlled the situation. We feel it is a declaration of war."

Africa by depriving it of sophisticated new weaponry and technology. But as of today, South Africa's 41,000-man army is one of the best trained and best equipped on the continent; 130,000 reserves can be mobilized against invasion —or insurrection—within 48 hours. The only real gaps in the country's arms production at present are helicopter technology and warships. Last week France announced that it was canceling delivery of two submarines and two missile-launching corvettes, even though the ships had been ordered before the ban. The Israelis also said they would abide by the embargo, but some diplomats wondered whether the Israelis might be willing to circumvent it. Israel has been deeply involved in a number of military projects with the South Africans.

Third World countries, led by black African states, had wanted a total economic boycott. The U.S., Britain and France joined in the veto of such a proposal in the Security Council two weeks ago. But even an economic boycott would not have had much immediate effect. For example, South Africa reportedly has stockpiled a three-year supply of oil, it has the technology to produce more oil from its virtually unlimited cache of coal, and a friendly nation, Iran, is co-owner of South Africa's major refinery. An economic embargo would surely hurt some of South Africa's vulnerable trading partners, however, including Britain and a number of African states. South Africa now trades directly with twelve African nations and covertly with a dozen others.

Is there anything that can be done to influence South Africa? U.S. policy on southern Africa has changed sharply under the Carter Administration. Henry Kissinger almost completely ignored Africa for seven of his eight years in the Nixon-Ford Administrations. Then, after the Cuban military involvement in Angola, Kissinger went twice to Africa and seemed for a time to be on the verge of securing a settlement in Rhodesia. His strategy was to solicit Vorster's help on Rhodesia and Namibia and defer the question of South Africa's apartheid. Kissinger believed majority rule in Rhodesia and independence for Namibia were attainable through diplomatic pressure; he also believed Vorster would help him achieve it in order to take world pressure off South Africa.

The Carter Administration decided that the problems of Rhodesia, Namibia and South Africa should be taken up simultaneously. In May, Vice President Walter Mondale met Vorster head-on in Vienna and told him that Washington was interested in "a progressive transformation of South African society." When the press asked him later what he meant by "full political participation by all South Africans," Mondale replied, inaccurately, that it was the same as one man, one vote. This was a misstep by Mondale that Washington has been gently attempting to correct ever since. Not even the U.S., with the rights of states built into its bicameral system, has a franchise based purely on one man, one vote. But the damage was done. Vorster the South African leader was enraged; Vorster the politician must have been delighted.

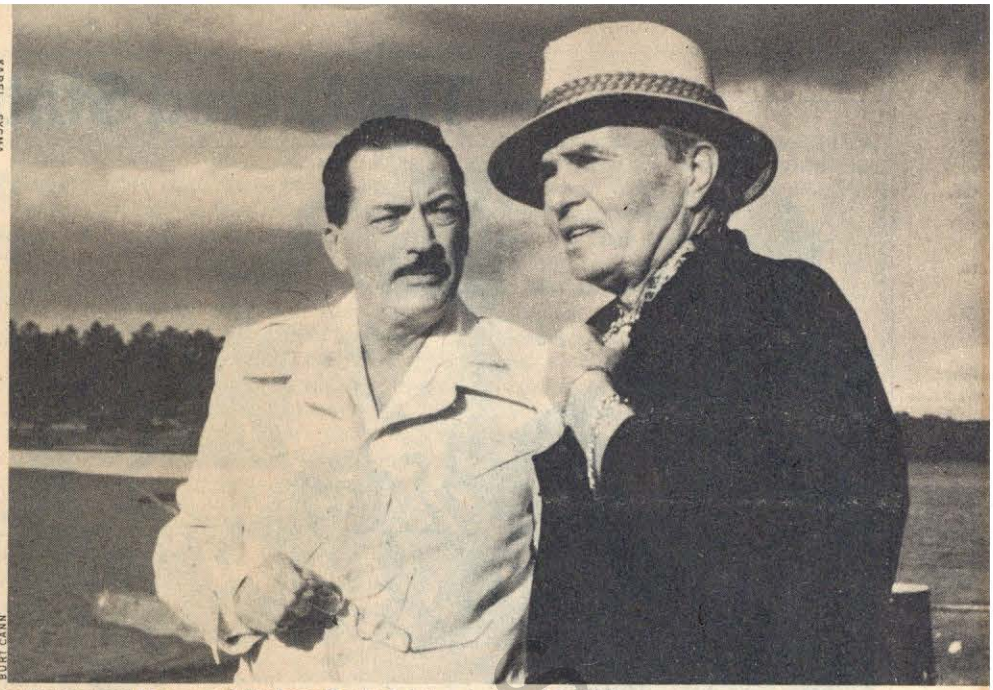
George Ball, who served as Under Secretary of State in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, takes the Carter Administration to task for scattering its shots in southern Africa. Given the complexity of the problem, Ball argued in a recent issue of the *Atlantic,* the U.S. should press toward fixed, attainable goals: an end to petty apartheid, equal pay for nonwhites, steps toward multiracialism. After that could come the granting of South African citizenship for those in the homelands and an expanding franchise for blacks within South Africa. Eventually, Ball suggested, as have others, there might be some form of partition —an extension, perhaps, of the homelands policy—with greatly enlarged black states retaining some sort of confederal relationship with Pretoria. Demanding that South Africa move immediately toward one man, one vote, Ball points out, is futile; in the present context, the South Africans could not be induced to accept it, fearing that they would be swamped by a tide of black nationalism.

Prospects are not bright for a rational, peaceful solution to the problem of South Africa. Black Africa is determined that majority rule must come to the country. Sooner or later, South Africa will face guerrilla pressure, although its armed forces could easily cope with the early stages of subversion. But an all-out military threat to South Africa could also bring a threat of Soviet involvement—and a dilemma for the West. Having found their voice at last, the unfranchised blacks of urban South Africa cannot be expected to turn silent again as long as they have legitimate grievances. And their demands are bound to increase. Political and economic concessions by a Nationalist government will probably be too little and too late to satisfy these rising ambitions.

There is a ferment within Afrikanerdom that involves even a painful demythologizing of the white man's history and divine mission. Nevertheless, belief in the sanctity and racial integrity of the tribe runs deep. "An Afrikaner will not be ruled by anyone but an Afrikaner," declares a liberal student at Stellenbosch. "To preserve our culture," suggests a prominent member of the *Broederbond*, "we would be willing to give up large chunks of the economic and political privileges that go with it."

Other Afrikaners talk about the sacrifices that lie ahead. Implicit in these phrases may be a startling notion: that the Afrikaners, short of the long-predicted Armageddon, might conceivably be prepared to hitch up their ox wagons once again and retreat backward toward the old Boer republics and the Cape, striking some sort of bargain in power sharing or land sharing with rivaling black nationalism. Any such solution would lie in the distant future. For the moment, there is only a sense throughout the beleaguered white tribe that the present system cannot hold, but that the prescriptions decreed by the outside world so far simply will not do. ■

KAREL—SYGMA



BURT GANN

Actress Melina Mercouri goes back on the hustings; Malevolent Mason and Madman Peck plot the cloning of 94 Hitlers

People

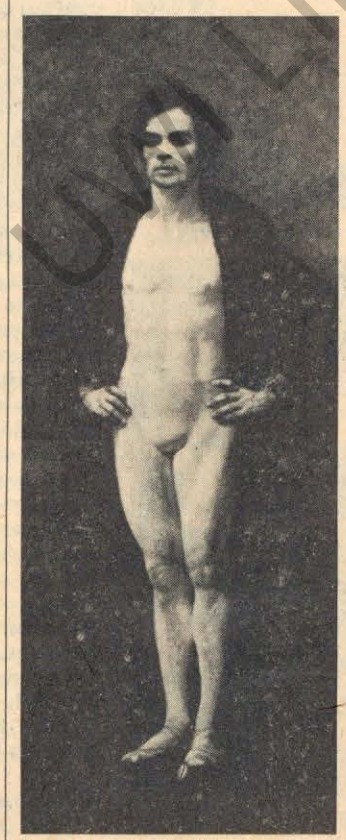
In her most famous movie, "Never on Sunday" was her credo, but **Melina Mercouri** is now on the streets seven days a week—campaigning for election to the Greek parliament. In 1974 Actress-Activist Mercouri was defeated as a Socialist candidate from Piraeus, which includes the red-light district in her 1960 film. Back on the hustings again, she is confident of victory this time. Says Mercouri, 52: "They trust me not as a star, but rather as a woman with dynamism who knows how to fight, how to go on strike. I want to be a thorn in parliament."

■

Even for a queen, a $522,000 raise is a princely sum. Although British Prime Minister **James Callaghan** is struggling to keep pay raises no higher than 10%, Parliament last week awarded **Queen Elizabeth** an 18% hike in her allowance—to $3.4 million. Besides the toll of inflation, said a palace spokesman, "there have also been extra costs due to the Silver Jubilee." Other royal coffers will get some extra coins as well. The **Queen Mother** is to get an additional $27,000, bringing her allowance up to $279,000, and **Princess Margaret,** who was awarded a $9,000 raise, now receives $99,000. **Princess Anne** gets $90,000, upped from $81,000, which will come in handy for her new $180,000 stables and heated swimming pool for her horses.

■

After donning five stars as *MacArthur,* **Gregory Peck** is marching to a different tune.



Wyeth's portrait of Nureyev

For one of the few times in his 34 years on-camera, Peck, 61, is playing a villain. His role: Dr. **Josef Mengele, Hitler's** SS physician in the movie version of **Ira Levin's** bestseller *The Boys from Brazil.* Living in exile in Paraguay, Mengele, with the help of a Nazi collaborator **(James Mason),** is involved in a bizarre scheme to clone 94 duplicates of Hitler. The evil machinations don't faze perennial Good Guy Peck. "Being obsessed and sadistic is not so hard to do," he reflects. "I am thoroughly enjoying myself."

■

The subject enthusiastically approved of the portrait that went on display at Manhattan's Coe Kerr Gallery. "It makes me look as jolly as you could after a hard day's work," said Dancer **Rudolf Nureyev.** Artist **Jamie Wyeth** had dogged his footsteps, making sketches "before, during and after" each performance of the three ballets Nureyev performed on Broadway last winter. As for Jamie, he had second thoughts about the portrait. The fur coat suddenly looked odd. "I mean, he doesn't wear it at the bar," he objected, then reconsidered. "But I was interpretive in my painting, just as Rudi is interpretive in his dance." Wyeth's current project: illustrations for a children's book that is being written by his mother Betsy and takes place on the often-painted family farm at Chadds Ford, Pa.

Warhol's silk screen of Seaver

■

"I'm more appropriately attached to a Campbell's soup can than I am to **Marilyn Monroe.** You don't look at me as the world's greatest sex symbol," reflects Cincinnati Reds Pitcher **Tom Seaver.** His remark was *à propos* of his new portrait by **Andy Warhol,** who, of course, has also immortalized both soup cans and Monroe. Seaver's likeness, done in acrylic and silk screen on canvas, is part of Warhol's new series, which also includes **Muhammad Ali, Dorothy Hamill, Chris Evert** and **Jack Nicklaus.** Why Warhol's current interest in athletes? He has become a sports fan. Besides, he says, "sports figures are to the '70s what movie stars were to the '60s."

REGAN—CAMERA 5

Koch giving victory speech with Bess Myerson (left) and new City Council Chief Carol Bellamy

Brendan Byrne exults while son Billy, 8, watches at election night celebration in New Jersey

RODDEY E. MIMS

Virginia Governor-Elect John N. Dalton with wife Eddy after winning a big one for the G.O.P.

Plainspokenness outpolled blarney, caution was preferred to experiment.

Victory For the Middle

A move to the center in off-year elections

Psephologists will be sorting out the particulars for months to come, but one trend was clear in last week's off-year election returns: a solid vote for sanity. The people shunned way-out ideas and candidates, preferred plainspokenness to blarney, supported caution over experiment, and trusted what they could see for themselves, instead of what traditional politics and machine politicians told them. The many referendums on the ballots reflected a growing public demand for more efficient and less meddlesome government. The political center not only held; it grew all the more crowded.

The major parties had little to crow about, but not much to complain about either. They split the two gubernatorial races. New Jersey's Democratic Governor Brendan Byrne, whose self-effacing campaign style consists of a strained smile and straight-arm salute, came from way behind to swamp Republican State Senator Ray Bateman, who tripped up in trying to propose an alternative to the unpopular state income tax. Virginia's Republican Lieutenant Governor John Dalton easily moved up in rank by beating Democrat "Howlin' " Henry Howell, a big-business-baiting populist who can make the Lord's Prayer sound like Lenin's urging an assault on the Winter Palace.

As expected, Democrats kept most of the mayors' jobs in big cities, but in many cases party dissidents or independents bucked the regular organization and won. In Pittsburgh, Interim Mayor Richard Caliguiri, a Democrat who ran as an independent with support from the ethnic wards, beat Democratic candidate Thomas Foerster, a more conventional liberal. It was the third successive mayoralty defeat for the once mighty Pittsburgh machine. In Cleveland, scrappy Dennis Kucinich, 31, a former three-term city councilman, edged out Edward Feighan, 30, the candidate of the regular Democratic organization, and promised a thor-

ough housecleaning at city hall. In Buffalo, State Senator James Griffin, who had lost the Democratic primary for mayor, bolted the party and joined the Conservatives. He won the election with 42% of the vote in a six-man race.

Generally, election winners were an eclectic group for whom age, sex or race seemed to be no barrier. Denying that she was a "little old lady in tennis shoes," retired Librarian Isabelle Cannon, 73, proved to be fast on her feet as she upset Jyles Coggins, 56, mayor of Raleigh, N.C. "How can you debate with someone who is old enough to be your mother?" complained Coggins. Said Cannon, who was backed by groups in favor of controlled growth for the city: "Raleigh is ready for a fresh new face."

In heavily Hispanic Miami, Incumbent Maurice Ferré, 42, a Puerto Rico–born millionaire, easily turned back a challenge from E.L. Marina, a Cuban exile who runs a private school. In Houston, former District Attorney Frank Briscoe, a cousin of Governor Dolph Briscoe, led a field of twelve candidates in a muted, gloves-on primary. The gloves are expected to come off when Briscoe faces former City Councilman Jim McConn, a Houston developer, in a runoff next week. In Washington State, two former newsmen are about to take some of their own medicine. TV Analyst Charles Royer was elected mayor of Seattle, and TV Anchorman Ron Blair became mayor of Spokane.

Mayor-elect Isabelle Cannon on election eve in Raleigh

Neither age, nor sex nor race was a barrier.

IN THE CITIES

New York: Ed Koch, 52, seemed destined to represent his relatively affluent Manhattan congressional district for the remainder of his political career. What, after all, could a balding, puckish Greenwich Village bachelor with a near-perfect A.D.A. record have to say to the rest of the hard-bitten, crime-ridden, near-bankrupt city? Quite a bit, as it turned out.

Speaking in the subdued language favored by the voters of 1977, Koch promised little more than a New York version of blood, sweat and tears. Koch emphasized the need for further budget cutting and restraint on the once insatiable municipal unions. He reminded voters that even in bygone days when it was less fashionable, he had favored capital punishment for certain heinous crimes. To offset his loner image, he was usually accompanied during the campaign by Bess Myerson, 53, a former Miss America (1945) and a New York City commissioner of consumer affairs (1969-74).

Gradually Koch won the support of much of the business community and the endorsement of two of the city's three major dailies. He defeated New York Secretary of State Mario Cuomo, running as the Liberal Party candidate, 50% to 42% (the Republican candidate got only 4%). Another big New York winner was Carol Bellamy, 35, an obscure but personable and articulate state senator who received 82% of the vote for city council president; she is an attractive political comer.

Koch is not going to enjoy much of a honeymoon period. New York's budget problems continue to grow, and last week underwriters turned down the city's long-anticipated sale of short-term notes after the offering had been given the lowest possible rating by Moody's Investors Service. Koch also faces negotiations with the ornery Transport Workers Union, his first encounter with city unions that have warned their wage demands can no longer be deferred.

Kucinich after becoming youngest U.S. big-city mayor

Not just a new broom but a vacuum cleaner.

Cleveland: Dennis Kucinich smiles like an altar boy and snarls like a truck driver—a potent combination in a city of energetic ethnics. Part Irish, part Croatian, standing 5 ft. 6 in. and looking even younger than he is, Democrat Kucinich is accused of going for the jugular even when he does not have to. He accused Republican Mayor Ralph Perk in the primary of selling out to business interests and neglecting the neighborhoods. Perk finished a poor third behind Kucinich and State Representative Feighan.

Then the two survivors turned on each other. Feighan had the backing of the Democratic organization, but Kucinich won with just over 50% of the vote, thus becoming the youngest mayor of a major city. He promises to increase city services to the neighborhoods, reduce tax abatements for businesses and fire unproductive political appointees. "Some people have said I'm going to take a broom and sweep out city hall," Kucinich said in his victory speech. "That's not true. I'm going to use a vacuum cleaner."

Detroit: Coleman A. Young, 59, is equally at home wolfing down hot dogs on a ghetto street or dining on *filet de boeuf Richelieu* with Henry Ford II. An early supporter of Jimmy Carter, Young was rewarded when the President paid him a visit during the campaign. HUD Secretary Patricia Harris and Muhammad Ali also came into the state. Henry Ford II lent his assistance. Young's main opposition was concentrated in the largely white police force, where there is particular resentment against his policy of favoring blacks for city jobs and promotions.

Young easily defeated his more conservative opponent, City Councilman Ernest Browne, a black who likes to quote the Bible and emphasizes racial amity. While Browne got almost 90% of the white vote, Young picked up the same percentage of the black vote; in Detroit blacks make up about 55% of the population. In his victory speech to a mostly black audience, Young pledged to be the mayor of "all the people." By way of conciliating skeptical whites, he added: "The campaign brought the races a little closer. Our job is now to reduce that polarization even more."

Minneapolis: Albert Hofstede, 37, of the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party, and Charles Stenvig, 49, an independent conservative, are playing a game of musical mayors. Hofstede defeated Stenvig in 1973, then Stenvig ousted Hofstede in 1975, and now Hofstede has won again. A liberal who managed Hubert Humphrey's last Senate bid, he outcampaigned Stenvig—and outspent him 5 to 1. Stenvig's parting shot in a game that may not have ended: "I have only one last word of

advice to the taxpayers of Minneapolis: Watch your wallets."

TWO GOVERNORS

If Jimmy Carter had bet on his choices in the gubernatorial elections, it would have been, in Las Vegas parlance, a push. In Virginia, Carter was counting on Henry Howell to take a state that Carter himself could not win last year. Howell, who often invoked his friendship with the President, failed too. In New Jersey, where Jimmy and Rosalynn spoke up for Governor Brendan Byrne's re-election, their efforts were rewarded. But both elections, as expected, were decided mostly by the candidates' personalities and local issues.

In the Old Dominion, John Dalton, 46, easily made Howell, who had run in 1969 and 1973, a three-time loser, picking up 56% of the 1.2 million votes cast. Dalton, a moderate conservative, overcame the 2-to-1 Democratic bulge in the Virginia electorate by attracting twice as many independent voters as Howell. Only the election of middle-of-the-road Democrat Charles S. (Chuck) Robb as Lieut. Governor gave the Democrats any joy. Lawyer Robb, 38, Lyndon Johnson's son-in-law, is already being touted as a possible gubernatorial candidate in 1981.

After the results were in, Howell continued the caustic nature of the campaign by not congratulating Dalton. He blamed his defeat on Dalton's direct-mail campaign, which painted Howell as a wild-eyed radical, and Dalton's $1.8 million campaign fund, practically double his own. But it was Howell's maverick image and his intemperate attacks on Dalton and the Virginia business establishments, particularly the powerful utilities, that most damaged his chances.

As Howell was his own worst enemy in Virginia, Republican Ray Bateman precipitated the re-election of Governor Byrne in New Jersey. Byrne had become a most unpopular figure (last April, according to a Rutgers University poll, only 17% of New Jerseyans thought he was doing a good job), and his lifeless image led many Democrats to dub him "one-term Byrne." But in order to win the Republican nomination, Bateman had to carry the conservative vote, which he did by strongly opposing the state income tax, and that position gave Byrne a chance to go on the offensive. The Governor vehemently attacked Bateman's plan to replace the income tax with a selective job freeze, a tightening of welfare payments and possibly a small increase in the state sales tax. In a poll released two days before the election, 65% of the registered voters agreed that the state could not be run without the income tax. Byrne won with 57% of the vote. Summed up the Governor, aptly, at his victory party: The vote "speaks not to Brendan Byrne, but to the maturity of the people of the state." ■

AP

Teacher Margaret Davey and third-graders celebrating balloting that reopened Toledo schools

Going to the People

More and more, the voters are deciding complex social issues

Middleburg Heights, Ohio, will get a $213,725 aerial ladder for its fire department. Independence, Mo., will not get a board to review the actions of its police department, and the citizens of Miami have gone on record as approving the sale of beer in the Orange Bowl. Small beer, perhaps, to everyone except imbibers in Miami, but some more momentous decisions were also made last week. The citizens of Pittsburgh voted 2 to 1 to relax pollution-control laws, hoping to open up new jobs in the beleaguered steel industry. And more than 3 million voters—a record number—came out in Ohio to repeal, 2 to 1, the state law allowing people to register to vote as late as Election Day itself. The main fear: last-minute registration would encourage fraud. Across the nation, Americans who went to the polls to choose local and state officials also voted on a wide variety of issues that until recently they had left up to their elected representatives to decide.

Early in the 20th century, the now defunct Progressive Party began posing questions to the voters in referendums as a means of going directly to the people over the heads of elected politicians. Behind the current resurgence of balloting on issues is a post-Watergate distrust of elected officials and a growing impatience with state legislatures, which the constituents often feel are lead-footed and overly cautious. Says Robert Hughes, a G.O.P. chairman in the Cleveland area: "People are saying, 'By God, the power is vested in the people, and if the elected officials won't respond to what the people want, then we'll do something about it.' " Many politicians are delighted about the trend, though for a less-than-lofty reason. If an issue is unpopular, putting it on the ballot for the people to decide is an easy way out for the officeholder. Among the multitude of issues decided last week:

▸ In Ohio, after a long and bitter fight, voters decided, 63% to 37%, to kill a proposal that would have banned steel-jawed leg-hold animal traps. The legislature had bottled up the measure, but antitrappers gathered enough signatures to place the measure on the ballot. The proposal was defeated by voters in the state's rural areas. In the end, voters were swayed by the argument that the ban would cripple Ohio's $10 million-a-year fur industry (mostly muskrat).

▸ In Boston, the voters tossed out of office a trio of the city's antibusing leaders, including Louise Day Hicks, the soft-spoken but tough-talking former councilwoman who had become the symbol of resistance to integration. Simultaneously,

NEW YORK TIMES

Another Ohio issue: the leg-hold trap

A need for ground rules and common sense.

however, the voters turned down a reform of the city charter designed to make it harder—by changing representational patterns—for one small, determined group, like the antibusers, to have more power than they deserve. Charter reform succumbed to a cautious electorate that preferred to switch candidates instead of the system.

▸ In Iowa City, voters rejected, 56% to 44%, a referendum issue that would have imposed stringent standards on landlords. The owners would have to keep their property in good shape and guarantee more rights to tenants, such as allowing them to put their rent in escrow until necessary repairs were made. The measure, which drew a record number of voters for an off-year election, had twice been rejected by the city council. The prime movers behind the unsuccessful drive were students at the University of Iowa, who live off campus and feel victimized by the owners of their dwellings.

▸ In Toledo, the voters approved, 55% to 45%, a property tax increase that allowed the bankrupt school system to reopen after a shutdown of two weeks. To carry the day, the city's leadership mounted a massive community effort, which included door-to-door canvassing by hundreds of students.

▸ In Akron, the electorate decided by a margin of 700 votes out of nearly 60,000 cast to buy five ambulances and train paramedics in the fire department. The department had earlier refused an order by the city council to pay for the training of the paramedics, so the council put the isssue on the ballot.

▸ California has long led the nation in going to the people, and San Francisco voters last week sampled referendums as varied and exotic as a Chinese menu. Many of the 22 items on the ballot could have been handled by a gutsy city council on a Wednesday evening. The electorate even had to pass judgment on whether each city supervisor could hire one aide who would be exempt from civil service requirements. The people said yes.

Trivial as some of these matters may seem, Ruth Clusen, president of the League of Women Voters (which often rallies its troops in local battles over ballot issues), declares that the referendum "is the ultimate tool in the hands of the people." Says Fred Dutton, an expert on voter attitudes: "It's healthy when the public thinks it has a piece of the action. It's a safety valve. The people don't do any better and they don't do any worse than the legislators." Washington-based officials of the U.S. Conference of Mayors tend to agree, although they point out that too much reliance on referendums could hamper effective government. If they had a direct say in every decision, voters conceivably could turn down even the most vital tax increases. Charles F. Hermann, a political science professor at Ohio State University, generally favors going to the people, but warns: "We may need ground rules. It seems there is often a lot of effort to confuse voters."

One ground rule should be clarity in the way issues are presented. Even the most patient and literate voter must puzzle over some of the arcanely drafted proposals. And while the ballots are frequently abstruse, the media campaigns for or against measures are often all too simple. Many voters make up their minds at the last minute on the basis of scanty information and are susceptible to slanted arguments cleverly presented on television by well-heeled pressure groups.

Liberals find it ironic that referendums, propositions and local initiatives are being used effectively by conservatives who want to get their pet causes onto the ballot without a party label. The conservatives have an additional advantage, argues M.I.T. Political Science Professor Walter Dean Burnham: "Voters today are not interested in changing anything because they've been traumatized by too much change." In this view, what started more than 60 years ago as a movement for change has evolved into a force for stability, and thus for conservatism. "The Progressives," says Burnham wryly, "must be turning over in their graves." ■

A Prince Maker Strikes Again

Garth mixes Machiavelli, McLuhan and Damon Runyon

If three of last week's big election winners—Ed Koch, Brendan Byrne and Carol Bellamy—got together with Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley, New York Governor Hugh Carey and Pennsylvania Senator John Heinz, they could form a little association. Its name: the Davey Garth Fan Club. All those potent pols are, or have been, the clients of David Garth, the nation's most sought-after campaign strategist. His record this year: five winners among six clients. Garth's secret? Says the hard-working consultant: "There are ad agency guys more creative than I and professional pols more skilled in mechanics. But there aren't many who know both ends the way I do." Or who are willing to bleed through seven-day weeks.

Yet Garth revels in his labors and savors his influence both during and after campaigns, just as he enjoys his own façade as the rat-tat-tat tough guy, breaking off aphorisms between puffs on his twisted black cigar. (Typical mot: "Reality dictates your strategy. There are no brilliant choices in most situations.") At 47, he conveys an impression of boundless energy in search of new elections, new impact. Indeed, what distinguishes Garth from other political consultants is his influence on some clients after they have won and his immersion in their campaigns. He plots the candidates' advertising, with emphasis on television, and gives them candid advice on issues, strategy and other weighty matters (Koch lost 15 lbs. at Garth's suggestion).

Koch and Byrne were good fodder for the TV commercials that Garth writes and directs. He favors blunt, factual spots with few frills. He also subscribes to Marshall McLuhan's theory that "cool" images are more effective than "hot" ones on TV. Koch and Byrne, both plain-spoken and low-keyed, fit the Garth format.

Garth's original and enduring love is the TV tube. He dropped out of Columbia's graduate psychology department 20 years ago to produce local TV sports programs in New York City. A liberal Democrat who grew up on Republican Long Island, he got into politics in 1960 as an organizer of the Draft Stevenson movement.

REGAN—CAMERA 5

Garth in his Manhattan office with a gallery of candidate-clients

Cool images are better than hot, and you need a keen eye for a vacuum.

After working as the unpaid television adviser in John Lindsay's successful 1965 mayoral campaign, he plunged full-time into political consulting.

Often Garth takes on customers whose causes seem hopeless and turns down apparent front runners. "We only accept people we like," says the old Adlai fan, who still prefers liberal Democrats but occasionally works for "progressive" Republicans. Four years ago, Hugh Carey, then a Brooklyn Congressman, seemed a poor bet—he was virtually unknown. Last year Koch looked like an even worse prospect. But in each case Garth's analysis of polls showed that more prominent rivals had relatively little support. "That's a situation with a vacuum," says Garth. "You can move in with the right candidate."

How completely Garth and his 14-member staff move in depends on the customer's needs. Koch started with no organization and little money. Therefore, Garth supplied professional staff and research aides. A reporter writing something unpleasant could even expect a caustic phone call from Garth, using his Edward G. Robinson manner and Damon Runyon dialogue ("You guys are putting out a lotta crap, y'know?"). When Koch did a live interview with a TV personality high on Garth's low list, Koch got a loud complaint. "Garth called me and was really furious," Koch recalls with a chuckle. "David is very warm and has become a close personal friend. Of course, he can be volatile and dictatorial too."

For having sound advice yelled at them, candidates eagerly line up to pay the Garth firm $15,000 a month as a retainer, plus 15% of the cost of commercial air time. In the Koch campaign, the commission came to roughly $120,000. Though he tries to keep it quiet, Garth occasionally donates services to an impecunious politician whom he admires, like Bellamy. He pays himself a salary of $130,000 a year.

There is no charge for Garth's post-election consultations. After Carey won, he chose five top aides who had been proposed by Garth. Now friction has developed between Garth and other Carey staffers; as a result, Garth has talked about withdrawing from Carey's 1978 re-election campaign. Last week Koch's first appointment as mayor-elect was his city hall press secretary—Maureen Connelly, 29, until now Garth's research chief.

How long Garth's honeymoon with His Honor will last is an open question. Garth, a student of Machiavelli as well as McLuhan, keeps a passage from *The Prince* on his office wall: "Whoever is the cause of another becoming powerful, is ruined himself." Waving his cigar, Garth says of his 16th century political consultant: "I live by that son of a bitch. He's never wrong." Luckily for Garth, every campaign brings along new potential princes. ■

Jimmy's Conciliatory Gestures

He shows some give on energy, inflation and unemployment

"There's no easy answer, of course, to the unemployment question," said Jimmy Carter at his press conference last week. Then aides disclosed that the President is supporting a watered-down version of the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill that is no answer at all. The legislation would set a national goal of reducing unemployment, which has been stuck at around 7% for six months, to 4% by 1983. But the measure does not require the Administration to take any specific steps to get there; nor does it include any specific programs to create jobs.

The proposal is far less ambitious than the original bill by Hubert Humphrey and California Democratic Congressman Augustus Hawkins, which would have fixed 1981 as the target date for a 3% unemployment rate and guaranteed a Government-paid job to anyone who could not find work. Carter lukewarmly endorsed this idea during the campaign—after intense pressure from black leaders—but later backed away from it as inflationary. Unable to talk him into supporting a stronger bill, liberal Democrats and labor leaders finally agreed to the present compromise for two reasons: 1) it might enable Congress to pass an employment bill before next year's elections, and 2) it could set a bench mark for rating the Administration's progress in reducing unemployment in coming years.

The revised version authorizes the President to scrap the 4% jobless target if necessary to keep inflation from rising rapidly—a signal to wary businessmen that the Administration is serious about holding prices down.

To further ease worries about inflation, Carter last week minimized the quarrel between the White House and Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns over the Fed's tight rein on growth in the money supply. The Fed's policy stands to restrain prices, but at the expense of slower economic growth. Claimed Carter of his relations with Burns, despite evidence to the contrary: "We've never had any disagreements on [economic] subjects."

The Administration also took a conciliatory approach with the conference committees that are trying to resolve differences between the House and Senate on an energy program. The sessions are expected to go on for about a month. Last week the conferees accepted stricter House standards that require large new industrial plants to use coal instead of oil, but looser Senate standards on forcing existing plants to switch from gas to coal.

UPI

Senators Russell Long, Abraham Ribicoff and William Hathaway conferring on the energy bill

Conceded a presidential adviser: "Obviously we're not going to get it all."

Not for another week or so will the real showdowns start to come, when the conferees tackle the questions that widely divide them. Both sides agree that energy prices must and will rise. But Carter and the House want to retain price controls and increase energy taxes. The Senate prefers a freer market; it wants lower taxes and less regulation.

Carter last week made a low-key televised appeal for public support of his approach, while going out of his way to avoid antagonizing Congress. Said he: "This is not a contest of strength between the President and the Congress, nor between the House and the Senate." Moreover, White House lobbyists have not tried to pressure the conference committees. On Carter's orders, says Press Secretary Jody Powell, the White House will "not get directly involved until the crucial moment." Says another presidential adviser: "Obviously we're not going to get all we want." Compromise is in the air. ■

Peppering SALT

Critics are lining up early

As if he did not have enough problems on Capitol Hill, Jimmy Carter faces increasing congressional opposition to the new Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty (SALT II) that his negotiators hope to hammer out with the Soviet Union before the end of the year. Closed-door briefings by Administration officials for selected Senators have given SALT's critics something to criticize.

The Administration is most worried about Senator Scoop Jackson. The Washington Democrat was the bane of Henry Kissinger's existence during earlier SALT debates, and now, in a truly bipartisan spirit, he is marshaling his formidable technical expertise and political power to give Secretary of State Cyrus Vance as much trouble, if not more. As chairman of the Senate's arms-control subcommittee, Jackson has heard testimony on SALT II from a parade of high-level witnesses, and he has not liked what he has heard. In one subcommittee session, Jackson treated Vance in a way that one shaken Administration insider termed "angry and almost vicious." The clear implication of Jackson's interrogation: that the U.S. has caved in to the Soviets. He and other SALT critics also charge the Administration with self-serving leaks to the press, while defenders of the prospective treaty accuse Jackson of leaks intended to discredit the negotiations.

The critics argue that the expected agreement puts sharp limits on the cruise missile, which promises to be vital to the U.S. arsenal, without imposing sufficient curbs on a number of threatening Soviet weapons systems, notably the long-range Backfire bomber and the SS-18 rocket, which can carry eight independently targetable warheads. Another Administration nemesis (also a Democrat), former SALT Negotiator Paul Nitze, has declared that by 1985, when SALT II would expire, the U.S.S.R. would be in a position to launch three times as many land-based nuclear warheads as the U.S., and the U.S. Minuteman missile system will be vulnerable to a pre-emptive strike. Says Nitze: "We are locked into inferiority, and I don't know how to get out of it."

Some aspects of the Administration's deal with the Soviets remain secret, and others are still under negotiation. But in private, senior officials have begun to lobby hard for SALT II. Says one: "It's a damn good agreement." Adds another: "This gives us the basis to go after more stringent controls in SALT III." Nonetheless, even if the intensive bargaining with Moscow does yield a treaty in the next few weeks, Carter and his arms-control team are going to need all their patience and persuasive skills to assure its ratification by two-thirds of the Senate. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Trouble with Loose Lingo

In the unwritten book of presidential records, many entries are clustered under the heading "Worst Speech ever Given." Kennedy in Pocatello, Idaho, in 1960. Johnson at Henry Gonzalez Day in San Antonio in 1965. Nixon beside China's Great Wall in 1972. So it is inevitable that Jimmy Carter will make a run at the record. He probably did not break it in his televised energy talk last week, but it was a commendable warmup. The President elbowed aside *Mulligan's Stew* for 20 prime minutes and delivered his own hash. He said nothing new. He smiled as he described an energyless catastrophe. He issued this clarion call: "All of us in government need your help." And he explained further, "These are serious problems, and this has been a serious talk."

Jimmy Carter has a problem with words and how he uses them. More words have flowed from him—in speeches and written messages and press conferences—than from any other President in office for so short a time. The hallmark has been the casualness of his words. This has contributed mightily to the arguments over the Middle East, SALT and the American economy. Things said in haste have been retracted, modified, further explained. Carter uses words as if they were Band-Aids. Chauncey Schmidt, chairman of the Bank of California, complained that the President just did not seem to understand the tremendous impact of his words. Presidential Band-Aids are hard to peel off. Schmidt suggested that Carter talks before he thinks.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY GERRY GERSTEN

That may be the heart of the problem. Carter has been thinking out loud. Much of his talk is unnecessary, a lot of it ineffective, some of it troublesome. The world is slightly paranoid over word meanings. Bureaucrats and diplomats get exorbitant salaries these days to ponder the depths of "homeland" or "defensible borders." In the torrent of Carter words there are always contradictions for those who want to find them. For others, there is growing boredom.

Scholars like Rutgers' Emmet John Hughes, who wrote for Ike, wonder if Carter would not be better off with more limited and formal rhetoric. Harry McPherson, one of L.B.J.'s speechmen, has long contended that important presidential speeches are far more than just speeches. When done properly, they force an Administration through a laborious internal process, establishing directions, making decisions, hammering out exact language and calculating how to arrest attention and enlist the public. If the preliminaries are not done, or are done badly, the speech is rarely worth anything and is frequently alarming for the evidence of inner doubt it presents.

Carter may at last be aware of this. He is giving more structured speeches. His talk about the Middle East to the World Jewish Congress was meticulously planned, crafted and delivered. Unfortunately, it came after a long season of open presidential musing about the world's worst tinderbox.

Carter has tried to remain the fellow talking to the League of Women Voters. He wants to sound in public as he does in private. He is not Kennedy or Churchill, so his sentences march ahead with subject, verb and object followed by a period as soon as possible. Adjectives and adverbs are dropped. Carter does not like to quote others or make allusions. He is his own reference point. His favorite words are from his engineering days: "competent," "effective," "specific."

Carter is not much for "the Fourth-of-July stuff," as one aide says. He stabs such rhetoric in the heart with his felt-tipped pen. He pondered a sentence in a speech draft a while back, then changed "cynical" to "callous." Working people would better understand the meaning of callous, he explained. Carter simply does not enjoy playing with words, as F.D.R. did. Words are machine parts. They are not an orchestra to him, which may be another part of Carter's problem in a nation nurtured on Muzak.

William Hyland relaxes on a park bench in front of the White House

Dealing with the Russian Leaders

Washington's master Kremlinologist looks back

William Hyland calls himself a "faceless bureaucrat." But one of the few warm moments during Cyrus Vance's otherwise chilly visit to Moscow last March came when Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev recognized Hyland, a senior staff member of the National Security Council, as the only familiar face on the other side of the negotiating table. Brezhnev and his comrades had been dealing with Hyland since 1969, and Hyland had been scrutinizing the Soviet leadership for 15 years before that. His career as a Kremlinologist has spanned six administrations and carried him to the upper echelons of the CIA, the State Department and the NSC. This month Hyland, 48, retired. TIME *Correspondent Christopher Ogden reports on one of the men who know the Russians best.*

There have been many weeks when he spent more time with Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin than with his own wife. He has labored over the esoterica of SALT since the inception of those complex negotiations in 1969. He has logged more hours negotiating with Soviet leaders during the past decade than any other American.

Bill Hyland loves the work he is leaving. "Irritation and bad hours go with the job," he says with a smile. "If you think you made a difference, that's about as much satisfaction as you're going to get. It sounds sappy, but it makes up for a lot of hardship."

While many of his colleagues came into the world of espionage and policy as military intelligence officers, Hyland was a private and jazz trumpeter in the U.S. Army. He learned Russian in graduate school in Kansas City, Mo. The CIA hired him in 1954 and put him to work studying Soviet military production. He rose to the directorship of the Soviet desk in the Office of National Estimates.

Shortly before the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, Hyland recalls, "I concluded the Soviets would not put long-range missiles into Cuba." That was one of his rare mistakes. In 1969 Kissinger Aide Helmut Sonnenfeldt recruited Hyland for the newly upgraded National Security Council, where Hyland worked primarily on arms control. "SALT succeeded better and more quickly than any of us expected," says Hyland. Nixon and Brezhnev signed a SALT I treaty as the capstone of their first summit in 1972. Kissinger celebrated his 49th birthday in a chandeliered Kremlin conference room, where he was presented a cake in which aides and uncharacteristically cooperative KGB agents had pretended to hide a bulky microphone. "It was the only laugh in the whole ten-day visit," recalls Hyland. "There was no sense of historic breakthrough, no feeling we were beginning a new era. We were just plain too busy."

In Hyland's view, Nixon was a tough and able bargainer. He would discuss one or two issues, set the general guidelines of U.S. policy, then leave, letting subordinates handle the details. "Avoiding the fray was a good tactic," observes Hyland, as "it is extremely frustrating negotiating with the Soviets because they insist on winning every minor point. There is endless haggling and bitterness. The atmosphere gets very tense over the nitpicking. The Soviets sometimes win the small point but lose the significant one. Still, it's a hell of a problem to turn them around. You can only trust them to pursue their own interests with great dedication any way they can."

In 1974 Nixon returned to the U.S.S.R. just six weeks before he resigned because of the Watergate scandal. "The Soviets knew Nixon was in deep trouble and pulled back," says Hyland. "We left Moscow wondering what was going to happen. We knew a promising relationship was falling apart."

Hyland gives Gerald Ford high marks for keeping détente—and SALT—alive at Vladivostok later that year: "Ford was good on SALT, and more willing to go into details than Nixon."

Hyland respects Brezhnev more for his political shrewdness than his native intelligence. He recalls how Brezhnev used to tease him during meetings, often pretending to steal Hyland's briefcase, full of top-secret papers. Hyland has listened with fascination as Brezhnev has recounted, without referring to notes, minute details of a negotiation held three years before. Another asset not shared by all Brezhnev's colleagues: "He can be frank without getting acrimonious."

By comparison, says Hyland, Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko is a "clever tactician with great aplomb" who can change positions in mid-sentence with no explanation.

In Hyland's experience, the most reasonable Soviet to deal with is Ambassador Dobrynin, the affable 16-year Washington veteran who unnerves some Administration officials because he neither takes notes nor relies on an interpreter in even the most delicate and detailed discussions. "You just hope he hasn't missed the nuances, but you're never really certain what he reports," says Hyland.

Hyland worked for Kissinger for eight years, Zbigniew Brzezinski for only eight months. Not surprisingly, he feels much closer to Kissinger, who was a demanding boss but also became what Hyland considers a "personal friend." Hyland says the two men are surprisingly alike, sharing a basic ideological conservatism and similar global political outlooks. But "Kissinger plowed new ground," says Hyland, while "Brzezinski is working the same soil."

Hyland is helping Kissinger teach a graduate seminar at Georgetown University and write his much-publicized memoirs. The co-author of a 1968 book about the fall of Nikita Khrushchev, Hyland wants to do another about the Brezhnev era. He also has a plot in mind for a spy novel—about Soviet internal machinations and international intrigue, naturally. He has been researching it most of his adult life. ■

The Gaycott Turns Ugly

Homosexual militants are tormenting foe Anita Bryant

She has received death threats—and been socked in the face with a banana cream pie. When she showed up in Manhattan to tape an appearance for the *Today* show, NBC was so worried for her safety that guards spirited her out of the building after the performance. She called off a press conference at the nearby Hilton Hotel because of warnings that hostile demonstrators would be in the streets. Appearing in St. Petersburg, Fla., last week, she had to change hotels for security reasons. The victim is Singer Anita Bryant, 37; her tormentors are radical gay activists, mostly male; and their fight, a bitter one from the beginning, has taken an ugly turn.

The feud began when Bryant led the crusade that last June caused the repeal of an ordinance in Miami's Dade County banning discrimination against homosexuals in housing, employment and public accommodations. Since her victory, gay rightists have used Bryant as the symbol of what they must overcome in order to gain the full rights that are still denied them. Since Bryant promotes orange juice for the Florida Citrus Commission, some gays have been trying to persuade consumers to stop buying the product. The boycott has had only limited success nationally. While sales of orange juice are off about 10% from last fall, growers attribute this to higher prices, resulting from damages to the crop during last winter's severe cold spell. So far, the commission has received some 85,000 letters about Bryant, backing her 3 to 1. This week the commission will meet in Lakeland, Fla., to decide whether or not to extend her contract as its $100,000-a-year sunshine spokeswoman.

Beyond that, Bryant's agent and husband Bob Green says, her take from show business has dropped by 70% since the Dade County election. That is difficult to confirm, as is Bryant's charge that "conventions have been totally inhibited from booking us." Bryant still performs around the country, singing and speaking at conventions, church meetings and conservative get-togethers. Sometimes she seems to be benefiting from the furor. When she was picketed in St. Petersburg last week, lagging ticket sales perked up; she played to a full house of 2,000, and 200 people were turned away. She acknowledges that the fight has hyped sales of her eighth book, *The Anita Bryant Story*, in which she stresses, in evangelical terms, her personal relationship with God. She also writes: "I don't hate homosexuals. I pray for them."

Gay rights activists outside NBC studios

"This is no fun and games."

Bryant claims that the homosexuals have pressured the networks into blacklisting her from talk shows—an unlikely charge, which the networks deny. She did, after all, appear on the *Today* show. Here and there, notably in the gay rights stronghold of California, campaigns have been attempted to keep her off the air. Though some religious stations in Texas have received increasing numbers of calls to let her sing out, no record company has bought the recent single that she recorded on her own. Its title: *There's Nothing Like the Love Between a Woman and a Man.*

"We just want to get back to leading normal lives," says Green. "This is no fun and games." The gays, he contends, "are haunting us wherever we go. They won't let her alone." Adds Anita: "I'm not intimidated by what they do. They are making fools of themselves."

Some homosexual leaders are afraid that the excesses of the national anti-Anita campaign may cause a public backlash against the gay rights movement, and claim that this is exactly what she is seeking. "She's willingly making herself a stalking horse for the ultra-right and trying to set up homosexuals as scapegoats," contends Howard Wallace, a founder of the Coalition for Human Rights. Adds Bruce Voeller, co–executive director of the National Gay Task Force, "Gays have traditionally been the victims, not the perpetrators, of violence."

Although there clearly is a danger that they may be turning off sympathizers, militant gays are convinced that their vendetta against Bryant has helped this movement, and regard last June's defeat in Dade County as their Alamo. Since then, the homosexuals' drive for civil rights has become increasingly active and confident. There have also been sporadic acts of harassment directed against other figures whom the gays see as their current enemies.

Politically, more and more gays are coming out of the closet. In Chicago, for example, Gary Nepon, an avowed homosexual, has announced that he will be a candidate in the race for state representative from the 13th District, and last week Les Trotter told the monthly meeting of the Gay and Lesbian Coalition that he would be running for the Cook County board of commissioners. They are the first openly homosexual candidates to run for office in Chicago's history. ■

Bryant, with husband, after being hit by a cream pie thrown by a homosexual in Des Moines

Hostile protesters in the streets, a bitter vendetta—and death threats.

The Great Belmont Park Sting

Not exactly a horse of a different color

It was the final event of the day, a cheap claiming race on the inner-turf track at New York's Belmont Park. With a mixed bag of nags running on a spongy grass surface, it was not the easiest race for bettors to sort out, and by the time the field of twelve horses paraded to the post, rain was falling steadily. So it was understandable that many fans had started to drift toward the exits. But something happened during the ninth race on Sept. 23 that stopped the exodus and sent horseplayers back to stare at the tote board with envious wonderment. After leading most of the way, a 57-to-1 longshot Uruguayan import named Lebón had breezed easily to a four-length win—and returned $116 for every $2 laid down by his few faithful followers.

AP

Lebón in the winner's circle after long-shot victory at Belmont Park

The horse that was alive ran as fast as his dead double, and now the vet is in trouble.

As Lebón was led to the winner's circle, a handsome man in his early 40s went to the cashier's window to collect his investment of $1,300 in win tickets and $600 in show tickets on Lebón. The cashier did not have the $80,440 payoff those tickets were worth on hand and told the bettor he would have to send to the track's main safe for additional funds. Within a few minutes, a courier—who doubles as a stablehand at Belmont—arrived with cash. As he handed the money to the clerk, he glanced through the window at the big winner. "Hi, Doc," the stablehand said. The salutation was for Dr. Mark Gerard, veterinarian to Secretariat during that Triple Crown winner's racing days and a familiar face to Belmont backstretchers. The chance encounter with the courier was to prove very troublesome. Three weeks later, a Uruguayan newspaperman called the Jockey Club steward at Belmont and told him that the horse in the winner's circle photograph was not Lebón but Cinzano, Uruguay's 1976 Horse of the Year. That brought Gerard under suspicion of engineering a horse-swapping "sting."

In the investigation that ensued and is still under way, it was learned that Lebón, Cinzano and a third horse, Boots Colonero, were imported to the U.S. by Gerard in early June. But the day the horses arrived at Gerard's Muttontown, N.Y., farm, Cinzano was reported to have suffered massive head injuries in a barn accident—the circumstances of which have never been explained—and had to be destroyed. New York State racing officials suspect that it was Lebón that was destroyed, not Cinzano, and that Cinzano, a blue-chip colt, was run as Lebón —a raced-out plodder who had sold at auction for $600 a few weeks before Gerard purchased him.

Gerard seems an unlikely candidate for such shenanigans. As a top track veterinarian, he tended thoroughbreds for some of America's best-known owners and trainers. But in recent years, Gerard has augmented his lucrative practice by importing South American horses. He buys cheap and sells high: Lebón was purchased for $1,600 in Uruguay and sold to Jack Morgan, a former assistant of Gerard's, for $10,000. Some racing people became wary of Gerard's activities. Says a trainer at one premier stable: "When I came to work here, my owner told me never to let Gerard in his barns, never to let him treat our horses."

New York State Racing and Wagering Board Chief William Barry has widened investigations under way before the scandal broke to include computerized screening of every owner, trainer and jockey—some 36,000 people—licensed to operate at the state's 15 tracks. One goal of the search: to check all links to Gerard, who investigators think may have owned horses racing in the state through front men. Veterinarians licensed to practice at state tracks are barred from such conflict-of-interest ownership.

That similar scandals do not occur frequently would appear to be a matter of luck rather than the thoroughness of the identification standards set up by racing officials. American-bred horses are required to bear lip tattoos in most states. However, tattoos often fade with age and —as was often done by rustlers in the Old West—can be altered. The only foolproof form of identification is comparison of the chestnuts, or night eyes—horny growths on the inside of the legs. Like fingerprints in humans, no two sets of night eyes are the same. But registration of the night eyes and tattoos is not made until a horse is brought to a track for racing, not soon after birth. Only New York tracks require the expensive night-eye procedure.

The Gerard case spotlights a problem that can only be compounded as the number of tracks and official racing days increase. In recent years, New York State has expanded its racing season from 258 days in 1973 to 302 days this year. The demand for horses to fill expanding meetings—and the opportunity for swaps and swindles—grows with each additional racing day, making it difficult for harried stewards and security investigators to keep tabs on all thoroughbreds. The growth of exotic betting devices—superfectas and the like—with their huge payoffs represents an additional impetus to crooked horsemen. Perhaps the only ones within the racing community to benefit from the latest scandal are the bookies. Says one oddsmaker: "It's very good for business. Every tout around is telling guys, 'Hey, listen, I know something about this horse. It's not really the horse . . .' " ■

Going Our Own Way—at 65 m.p.h.

The President was back on the air last week with his favorite sermon: "We simply use too much—and waste too much—energy." Once again, almost wistfully, he beseeched the American people to cut back, conserve. It therefore seems timely to ask an essential question: Is it realistic to expect a society such as the U.S.—democratic, individualistic, competitive, diverse, skeptical, market oriented—to display a sudden show of self-discipline and self-sacrifice in response to the President's plea? Popular reaction so far suggests that the answer is a plain no. After all, the American people until now have treated the energy crisis as though it were the moral equivalent of ants at a picnic.

The nation's energy binge has gone on without significant letup. Token fuel-saving gestures have been widespread, and it may be that most Americans have actually turned back the thermostat a notch now and then or switched off a needless light. Still, through last summer America had managed to use and import more fuel by far than ever before.

The trend could hardly have surprised anyone attentive to the more visible facts of 1977. City dwellers are still accustomed to seeing office buildings lit up long after the workers have gone home. Luxury-loving Americans are constantly raising their purchases and use of electrical appliances. Indeed, demands for electricity have recently strained utilities sufficiently to achieve major blackouts here and there. New structures with solar-energy devices have remained almost as exotic as ever. Nobody seems to be considering an encore of the dimmed-out Christmas that marked the ancient time of the oil embargo. This Christmas may well burn record wattage.

The picture is scarcely more sanguine in motorized America. Certainly gas thrift has not been a preoccupation of motorists—most of whom appear to view speed-limit signs as mere memorials to the official 55-m.p.h. limit. Many firms and organizations have launched car pools, but these frequently fail to get solid or even sustaining public support. In short, voluntary conservation so far has flopped in the two places where people waste most energy—buildings and vehicles.

Why have Americans so ignored the energy crisis? The most common reason seems to be the lack of any motive to do otherwise. In spite of the convincing arguments of experts, most Americans simply do not believe an energy crisis exists. In a Gallup poll last summer, only 38% of the people were willing to call the energy situation "very serious." A recent New York *Times*–CBS poll found that fully 57% of Americans just do not share President Carter's concern.

This widespread skepticism persists alongside, and maybe partly as a result of, an inextinguishable American optimism—the belief that the country will somehow solve every problem. Together, skepticism and optimism thwart all efforts to move the public. The skeptical citizen, finally, cannot possibly see anything to be gained or any self-interest to be served by cutting down on the normal use of energy.

And after all, it is only *normal* American behavior that now seems profligate. Self-interest in the U.S. is more than the norm; it is the hallowed root of a society that has thrived on the notion that the common good results when individuals strive to get and enjoy as much as they can in a competition umpired only by the marketplace. It is that notion in action that accounts for the stunning fact that the U.S. burns up such a disproportionate 32% share of the entire world's energy (while also turning out, it is fair to remember, a similarly disproportionate 31% share of the world's gross product).

The pressures for the continuation and constant acceleration of the normal American life are immense. There is not only the stubborn impulse of national habits; in numerous ways the American is stimulated to get more, go more, buy more, use more and enjoy more—all of which usually burns more energy. Peer pressure and advertising also help to inspire countless energy-using activities. Status seeking has not ended in the U.S. simply because books about it are no longer popular. To many, the big car remains an object of envious adoration, and everywhere Americans still keep up with the Joneses. For their part, the Joneses seem to be going off on weekend trips in a gas-guzzling station wagon at 65 m.p.h.

Europeans, who have scarcer resources and a long tradition of scrimping, have done predictably better than Americans in cutting back fuel use lately. But the chase after more is the inevitable expression of an American character that had crystallized by the time politicians began speaking of inhabitants more often as consumers than as citizens. This character will not be changed by preaching. So what could induce Americans to transform their nature and begin seriously conserving energy?

Specialists in consumer behavior offer no magic answers. Psychology Professor Richard Foxx of the University of Maryland has found that "if people are rewarded for reducing their driving, they will do it." Rewards? Money prizes of $10 and $15 were given to students who succeeded in logging less driving mileage during Foxx's experimental study. Maybe large organizations could offer bonus vacations as rewards to promote conservation, Foxx suggests.

Psychologist John Cone of the University of West Virginia has found that electricity customers tend to cut down if they are reminded—constantly, each day—of actual dollars spent. They fail to respond to a mere general reminder to save their money. Says Cone: "What people need is more specific feedback about how much [energy] they are really using on a daily basis." Americans, in other words, must not merely be told but convinced of their self-interest before they will alter their habitual behavior even in a minor way.

Does this suggest that Americans are incapable of sacrifice for the national interest in the energy crisis? Not necessarily. Observers as far back as Alexis de Tocqueville have noted the typical American's willingness to yield self-interest for the common good. Yet the U.S., like every known democracy, tends to put off dealing with crisis until a bit after the eleventh hour. "Americans," as Dean Rusk once said, "have a way of doing at the end of the day what they don't want to do at noon."

The energy problem is different from previous crises. Experts may—and do—see it clearly, but to most Americans it is still a mirage. Maybe Americans would respond more seriously if the threat of rationing seemed more imminent. But it is likely that people will respond with a vigorous show of will and sacrifice only when, by events or a miracle of leadership, the crisis is made both credible and unavoidable. Then, as usual, Americans will tend to do energetically what they have no real choice but to do.

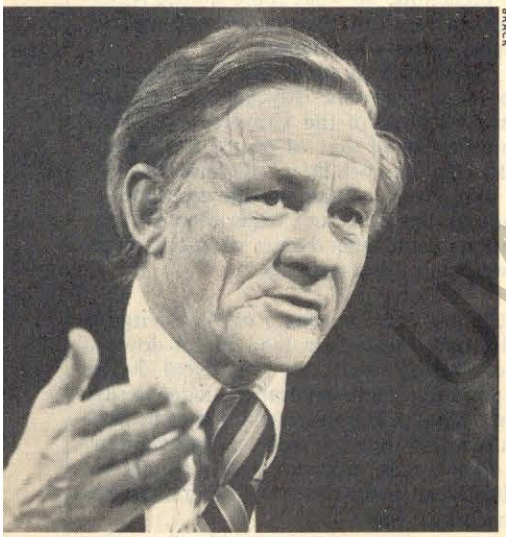
— *Frank Trippett*

UPI

Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal

BRACK—BLACK STAR

Domestic Council Chief Stuart Eizenstat



BRACK

CEA Chairman Charles Schultze

Acting Budget Director James McIntyre

MARK MAYER

Who Runs Policy?

Nobody, really—except the man in the Oval Office

During its ten months in office, the Carter Administration has put together an economic policymaking apparatus that often seems to be running a Washington replay of the classic Abbott and Costello baseball routine "Who's on first?" As the President and his aides have zigged and zagged—proposing and then abandoning a $50 tax rebate, touting a major tax-reform program, then delaying it and shifting the emphasis to tax cuts—businessmen, brokers and economic forecasters have complained that the Administration's economic voice is muffled and mystifying.

Such criticism is especially stinging to an Administration that contains an arsenal of economic brainpower. No fewer than five Ph.D.s in economics hold Cabinet-level posts. The President himself, as an ex-engineer and farmer-businessman, is comfortable with the charts and graphs that are the raw material of economic policymaking. Says one Council of Economic Advisers staffer: "Unlike so many lawyers in government, the President is used to thinking in numbers."

Nonetheless, the criticism is at least partly justified: there is in fact no economic adviser who can consistently get the President's ear to set a clear policy line. Instead, Carter gets his primary business and economic intelligence from a tight inner circle of four men. In rough order of present prominence, they are:

Charles Schultze, chairman of the CEA. Although temporarily eclipsed last spring after his $50 rebate proposal was dumped, Schultze has regained his influence. Says one Administration aide: "Charlie's forecasts of economic progress land on the President's desk at the top of the pile." Currently, Schultze is urging a new stimulus program to keep the economy from slowing down late next year.

W. Michael Blumenthal, Treasury Secretary. He has the predominant voice in foreign economic decisions but less impact on domestic affairs. He now appears to be winning a tax plan that would cut rates heavily for corporations as well as individuals. Last week, putting on the record what was already known, he told a Senate committee that the "first priority" of Carter's tax bill will be to lower rates, and that the measure will be kept "relatively simple to build confidence." That apparently means it will contain little reform; as Blumenthal well knows, the President's intention to propose such tough reforms as taxing capital gains at ordinary-income rates has been a prime reason for business anxiety.

Stuart Eizenstat, executive director of the Domestic Council. The only member of this inner circle without an economics background, he is "the keeper of the campaign promises," as another member described him, constantly reminding colleagues of the positions that Carter took before election. Eizenstat rarely raises his voice during discussions of where business is heading, but he injects a strong liberal viewpoint when talk turns to issues like the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill, which the President promised last week to support.

James McIntyre Jr., acting Director of the Office of Management and Budget. McIntyre, who was Carter's state budget director in Georgia, was at first retiring in his new post, but he has gained confidence and clout and improved his chances of staying on past the presentation of the 1979 budget, due in January. In policy debates, he plays the devil's advocate, continually arguing against new spending or new programs.

Each Tuesday morning these four, together with representatives from the National Security Council and the State Department (who speak only on international questions), meet for breakfast in the second-floor executive dining room at the Treasury Department. For up to two hours, usually over a meal of scrambled eggs and sausage, they debate policy priorities; Blumenthal presides.

Each month, Blumenthal, Schultze and McIntyre lunch with the President and Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns. Burns also breakfasts weekly with Blumenthal. Despite that regular contact, Burns is not a member of the inner circle, and his insistence on moderate growth is out of step with the Administration's current desire to push the economy ahead at a faster pace. Burns, of course, wields great independent power over the nation's money supply; last week he reaffirmed his determination, despite Administration criticism, to throttle back money growth in order to "undernourish" inflation.

After receiving information from the four key advisers, plus occasional advice from Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps or Labor Secretary Ray Marshall, the President reaches decisions pretty much by himself. He rarely meets with the in-

ner four as a group; instead he hears them out individually, acting as a stern father confessor demanding a mountain of documentation to back up every policy proposal. Says one aide: "He will decide in Schultze's favor on one issue and then in Blumenthal's favor on the next. There is no principal economic policymaker outside the President."

The amount of detail that the President demands before reaching an economic decision has already become Washington legend. Aides tell stories of Carter correcting the addition of tables in the Statistical Annex, or reviewing every figure on pages dealing with farm-price supports. But in his discussions with advisers, no overall presidential economic philosophy ever emerges. Says Lawrence Klein, Carter's chief economic adviser during the campaign: "His economics are totally non-doctrine. The President's agribusiness experience in Georgia was the most important factor in developing his economic thinking."

The Administration's style of policymaking has spurred many gripes. Harold Malingren, a Washington business consultant, grouses that "part of the confusion on the part of the business community comes from the fact that there is no coherent voice coming out of the Administration." Corporate leaders like Du Pont Chairman Irving Shapiro complain that the Oval Office has seemed off limits for business since the exit of Budget Boss Bert Lance. Last week Carter responded to that criticism by meeting with 25 businessmen to discuss the economy.

Most important, critics assert—correctly—that on many decisions carrying great economic impact the economic advisers have no voice at all or are overruled. Blumenthal and Schultze had only marginal influence on the energy and Social Security reform programs, two of the most important projects affecting the economy since the Inauguration. While Schultze has been urging tax cuts, those two programs will hit the economy with a double whammy of multibillion-dollar tax hikes that may halt growth. Officials concede the economic impact of some programs was not sufficiently taken into account but add that only the President can weigh the social as well as economic factors in a decision.

During the next few months, Carter has the option of changing two key economic players because the Federal Reserve Chairman and Office of Management and Budget Director appointments come up for review. But even if the President decides to replace Burns or McIntyre or both, the hydra-headed style of economic policymaking is not likely to change. Says one longtime Carter associate: "We almost lost the election because we didn't have a chief of staff, and Jimmy didn't change then. He's governed like this since he was running Georgia, so don't expect him to change now." ■

That Tricky Trike Strike

Dock stoppage annoys but doesn't paralyze

What dock strike? Now in its second month and with a good possibility of ending this week, the walkout by longshoremen at container ports from Maine to Texas has so far sent no more than a ripple through the U.S. economy. It has been a strike of a thousand pinpricks—an annoying shortage here, a raised price there. Unlike stoppages in major industries such as coal and steel, which threaten the nation's ability to produce, the dock strike has only slowed or stopped deliveries of hundreds of less-than-vital imported items—Danish hams, French wines, foreign cars and Mickey Mouse Tricky Trikes.

Big retailers are not much affected. Their sizable inventories of imported goods were ordered and delivered long before the strike began and probably are sufficient to meet demand through Christmas. Some importers shifted away from container ships to break-bulk carriers (conventional freighters), which are still being handled by longshoremen. One day last week, New York harbor was filled with 54 freighters—half break-bulk and being unloaded, half containerized and untouched by strikers' hands. Goods are also being shipped in containers through West Coast ports, which are not struck. The increased traffic has taxed facilities there, but sellers have still another trade route: air freight. Pan American's air-freight business via Kennedy Airport was up a third over last October. Prices of some air-freighted goods have risen to cover the added shipping costs: Bloomingdale's, the big Manhattan department store, has tacked 40¢ per lb. onto the price of cheese flown in from Europe.

Yet any strike wreaks some degree of havoc, and the dock stoppage is no exception. In Chicago, some of the display props for Carson Pirie Scott's two-week promotion of Italian wares never arrived. Gabriel Industries cannot get battery-powered motors for its Erector Sets; Ideal Toy, based in New York City, has laid off some 200 of its 2,500 workers.

Hardest hit is Puerto Rico, which is almost entirely dependent on ocean shipping for its survival. About 80% of shipments to San Juan from Gulf and East Coast ports have been blocked. Fomento, the island's economic development agency, issued a report saying that at the end of the strike's sixth week—about now —67,000 jobs would be threatened, adding to unemployment that already stands at 194,000. At least 60 companies have shut down, and 3 million man-days of work have already been lost.

At the weekend, negotiations resumed between shippers and the International Longshoremen's Association amid signs of an early settlement. Employers made a new wage offer; but the major stumbling block remained container shipping's threat to job security. Teddy Gleason, the I.L.A.'s crusty boss, who turned 77 last week, summoned his 130-man wage-scale committee to the new talks, at New York's Downtown Athletic Club, and there were rumors that the shippers were feeling pressures to enable the walkout to end. Any deal, however, would have to be approved by the rank and file, so containers will not begin moving immediately and the shortages will last a bit longer. ■

AP

Container ships with giant cranes tied up at Elizabeth, N.J., pier

The strike of a thousand pinpricks had little impact on the U.S. economy.

Taking the Risk Out of Gambling

At Harrah's casinos, the bettors take all the chances

The business of gambling is exciting new interest far outside Nevada these days; casinos are scheduled to open next year in Atlantic City, N.J., and there is talk of legalizing them in Florida and possibly New York. Starting a casino, however, hardly gives investors a license to coin money, as the owners of some deficit-ridden Nevada operations have discovered: gambling is a fast-paced, cash-heavy business that, like any other, must be tightly run to turn a profit. How tightly, TIME *Correspondent John Quirt learned by studying Harrah's, one of the oldest (it celebrated its 40th birthday Oct. 30) and most successful Nevada gaming concerns. His report:*

Harrah's approach to managing the chaotic business of gambling is to leave nothing to chance. High above its crowded Reno and Lake Tahoe casinos, where $2 billion changes hands each year, security guards crawl along steel catwalks and watch for cheaters through one-way ceiling mirrors. Near by, cashiers match bingo winners against a computerized list of more than 4,000 cards. Players who switch cards, load dice or pinch bets pose a constant threat to profitability. So does the danger of thievery by employees: to discourage theft, cash from the company's 3,900 gaming tables and slot machines is counted under the watchful eye of closed-circuit television cameras. To prevent overstaffing in the casinos—another potential drain on profits—head counts are taken on the floor every four hours and used to compute the number of employees who will be called for each shift.

Harrah's is literally run by the book. More than 50 operations manuals, written by executives over the past quarter of a century, spell out everything from window-washing policy to the importance of maintaining a businesslike decorum. The company's pit bosses are referred to as administrators, and cocktail waitresses taking orders at the craps tables are instructed to call out, to the bartender, say, "Two double Scotches for C" instead of shouting the word craps. Every effort is made to dispel the rowdy, green eyeshade image of gambling. New croupiers are taught the "theory of craps," while Twenty-One dealers are told to slap their hands and hold them upward when they leave their posts to show that they are not concealing any chips. Department heads are required to write daily reports on customer complaints and answer them by letter or telephone. Other supervisory personnel, meanwhile, prepare nightly lists of high rollers in the house.

While such attention to detail enables top management to monitor every aspect of the business, it also creates a blizzard of paper work. Concedes Chairman Bill Harrah: "The danger is that you can become overorganized and start getting answers and information that you don't really need. It's something we fight all the time." For Harrah, a quiet ex-Californian who owns 84% of the company's stock, fussing over minutiae is a hard habit to break after 40 years. Recently he ordered a hotel restaurant billboard repainted after noticing that the rack-of-lamb dinner on it "looked raw." At 66, though, Harrah has begun delegating more decision making to subordinates. A close friend of many show-business celebrities, he still helps set entertainment policy at the company's two theater-restaurants. Acts containing excessive profanity or political and homosexual jokes are rejected, explains Harrah, "because we can draw plenty of people without them."

That is no idle boast. The 1,600 seats in Harrah's showrooms are almost always filled every night, and top performers sell out nearly a month in advance: a recent John Denver engagement drew 82,000 telephone-reservation requests in a single week. During the fiscal year that ended June 30, Harrah's hotels averaged a high 92% occupancy rate and net profit rose 25% from 1976 to a record $14.6 million on a 13.5% increase in revenues, which totaled $161.6 million. Unlike many casinos in Las Vegas that cater primarily to heavy-spending Eastern gamblers, Harrah's has boosted its earnings—an average of 19% a year, compounded, for more than two decades—mainly by mass-merchandising its casinos and shows. Last year it spent $36 million on promotion and brought in more than a quarter of a million patrons by bus, mostly from nearby California. Acknowledges President Lloyd Dyer: "We are the Safeway of the industry."

The supermarket approach, though, is slowly giving way to a new opulence as Harrah's tries to upgrade the quality of its clientele. Each room at its recently expanded Tahoe hotel cost $100,000 to construct and contains two baths with telephones and miniature Sony TV sets. A similarly posh addition is planned eventually for Reno, where the company faces new competition next year from two large hotels now under construction, the MGM Grand and the Sahara. In still another move designed to boost income, Harrah's has begun manufacturing more $1 one-armed bandits—slot machines that take a dollar to play. They produce higher revenue per pull and are even more profitable than the company's moneymaking nickel and dime slots.

With $50 million in spare cash, Harrah's is starting to search elsewhere for new jackpots. On the drawing board at corporate headquarters are plans for an Australian casino ("They're the gamblingest fools in the world down there," says Dyer) and "Harrah's World," a Disney-like entertainment-gambling complex west of Reno. But the company's aversion to debt and its insistence on rigid controls over the tiniest details of its business mean Harrah's will probably not diversify very fast. The odds are heavy against its opening a casino in New Jersey any time soon. ■

MICKEY PFLEGER

Gamblers jam blackjack table at Harrah's casino in Reno

Going by the book on washing windows, and calling craps a decorous "C."

At the Top Of the Tower

Sears picks a middle-line boss

RICH FAVERTY

Telling in front of company headquarters

When Sears, Roebuck's profits tumbled 28% in 1974, it was all too obvious why. Seeking a fashion image, the company had been stocking and advertising higher-priced goods; when the recession suddenly made shoppers price conscious, Sears was stuck with unsold inventories, and discount merchandisers like K mart successfully invaded its old middlebrow market. Since then, Sears has shifted back into its traditional niche between the low-priced stores and the fashion shops, largely at the urging of Senior Executive Vice President Edward R. Telling. Last week Telling, 58, got his reward: a committee of directors chose him to take over from Arthur M. Wood as chairman and chief executive after Wood retires in January at 65.

Telling beat out four other Sears executives, including President Dean Swift, who some thought had the inside track. But Swift had been neutral in the fashion *v.* tradition battle; Telling strongly supported the move back to the middle market and, since he was boss of all field operations, his voice was decisive. Says he: "We are not Bloomingdale's or K mart. We are once again back to where people feel comfortable with us." The move has been a huge success: Sears' sales of $15 billion and profits of $695 million in 1976 both set records. In the first half of this year, sales jumped 14.6% and profits 63% from a year earlier.

Telling, who joined Sears in 1946 as a trainee and worked his way up through the store-manager ranks, has earlier triumphs to his credit. As head of Sears' then small eastern division in the 1960s, he talked his superiors into a major expansion. Sears had traditionally resisted building stores in the East—largely, according to company legend, because the longtime chairman, General Robert E. Wood, once failed to get loans for Sears from several New York banks and angrily vowed to stay out of that market. The eastern expansion paid off handsomely: the area today ranks in the top two of Sears' five territories for sales.

Personally, Telling is noted for a phenomenal memory; associates insist that he can recall the stock numbers of items Sears stopped carrying 20 years ago. As a manager, his style is demanding but not abrasive. One colleague says that in 25 years he has never heard Telling raise his voice. That style is well known to store managers. For the past two years Telling has been the link between headquarters in the 110-story Sears Tower, the world's tallest building, and 55 field executives and has been noted for tightening management control. Says Telling: "With five different territories, we were accused of being five different companies. Strong people were running the territories and strong people ran headquarters. Getting corporate directives carried out in the field was difficult." Nonetheless, he did it, and when he moves into the chairman's office, there will be less doubt than ever about who is minding the store. ■

No-Brand Groceries

"Standard" quality, low price

In 66 Chicago-area Jewel Food Stores, the items on one stretch of shelf space stand in drab contrast to the rest of the brightly colored, elaborately packaged brands. The cans and packages, in uniformly dull black, white and olive labeling, bear only the unadorned name of the product—corn flakes, tomato juice, applesauce—in blunt, stencil-like lettering. Yet these no-name groceries have become hot items, and they could herald a change in the way that Americans shop. Reason: prices of the generic-name groceries range 10% to 35% below those of comparable brand-name products, and even undercut Jewel's Cherry Valley and Mary Dunbar house brands by as much as 15%.

Jewel has been quietly test marketing the new line for almost ten months, but officially announced the program only last month. Jewel, along with its 59-store affiliate, the Star Market chain in the Boston area, now offers as many as 88 no-brand products ranging from flour to laundry detergent. To keep prices at rock bottom, Jewel and Star will spend nothing on advertising or promoting the no-brand goods. They also use the simplest packaging (no cellophane windows or four-color lithographs on boxes) and limit variety and size (generally the packages are fairly large).

The products are provided by the same domestic processors that supply the chain with its private labels and its well-known national brands. The food items meet all the minimum Government requirements for quality, and the packages and cans are made and labeled according to specifications laid down by Jewel. The difference is that unlike the major brands, which usually demand top-grade foodstuffs, the generic products are the cheaper, "standard" quality goods. Thus the green peas are more pebble-sized than petit, the rice is not always whole grain, grapefruit sections are broken and peanut butter contains specks of peanut skins.

But the prices! An 18-oz. jar of no-name peanut butter at Jewel costs 34¢ less than Skippy; a 14-oz. bottle of no-name ketchup costs 22¢ less than Heinz, and 25 lbs. of dog food sells for $2.80 less than Gaines Meal. Says Jewel President Walter Elisha: "Consumer response has been overwhelmingly favorable." That is not hyperbole. One morning, Star stacked 500 cases of no-name tuna in twelve of its suburban stores. The 6½-oz. cans sold for 59¢ each, *v.* 89¢ for Star-Kist. Though the food chain expected the supply to last a week, it was sold out by early afternoon. ■

BILL DICKINSON

Shopper picks brandless flour in Boston

Pebble-sized peas and broken grapefruit.

The Uranium Cartel's Fallout

Billion-dollar lawsuits are popping up everywhere

Normally, Santa Fe, N. Mex., Judge Edwin Felter spends his days dealing with burglaries, muggings and an occasional divorce case. But this month Felter's courtroom has become center stage for more than 200 top corporate, international and antitrust lawyers. By a quirk of jurisdiction, Felter is presiding over one of the largest and most complex corporate lawsuits ever filed in an American court—a $2 billion-plus action by a New Mexico uranium mining company, United Nuclear Corp., against General Atomic Co., a 50%-owned subsidiary of Gulf Oil Corp., for fraud, coercion and breaches of the nation's antitrust laws.

The case, which has already produced more than 10,000 exhibits, is a key part of the continuing legal fallout from the operations of the now notorious world uranium cartel. The cartel included companies from Canada, Australia, Britain, France and South Africa, as well as the governments of all those countries except Britain. Gulf Oil, the only known American participant, was represented through a Canadian subsidiary. The cartel existed only from 1972 to 1975, but it cashed in on a bonanza that would make an OPEC oil minister jealous: during those three years, world "yellowcake" prices zoomed from less than $6 per lb. to about $42, where they have since remained.

As prices climbed, United Nuclear found that contracts it had signed with a now defunct Gulf subsidiary and with General Atomic to deliver more than 27 million lbs. of uranium at set prices ranging from $9 to $14 per lb. could be filled only at a huge loss. All the time, it now claims, officials of both Gulf and General Atomic, neither of which were formal cartel members, concealed their knowledge that Gulf's Canadian subsidiary was helping to drive prices up by participating in the cartel. United Nuclear now seeks not only to have the contracts voided but to collect damages of $2.27 billion from G.A. In a countersuit, General Atomic denies all allegations and asks that United be forced to fulfill the contracts.

The cartel's operations are being probed in other courtrooms too. In Richmond, Va., federal court, 15 of the nation's largest electric utilities are suing Westinghouse Electric, the nation's largest supplier of uranium to private industry. They seek to compel Westinghouse to honor contracts to deliver 65 million lbs. of uranium at an average price of $10 per lb. Doing so could cost Westinghouse as much as $2.6 billion. To avoid that loss, Westinghouse is using the same argument as United Nuclear, that it was victimized by the cartel. Meanwhile, Westinghouse has filed its own suit in Chicago against Gulf and 28 other companies that it says were either cartel members or had ties to the group. Westinghouse is asking for triple damages.

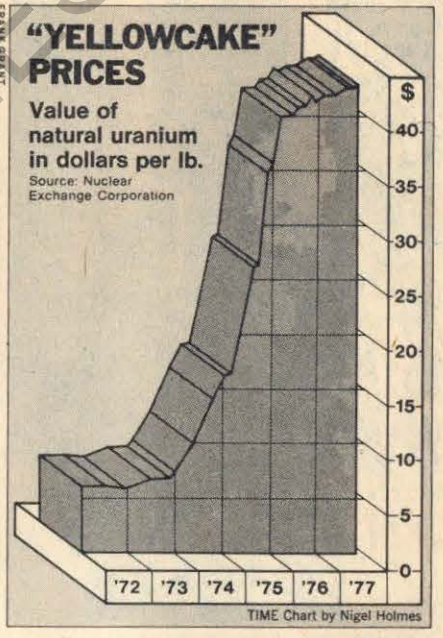
All the suits raise two important questions: Did Gulf join the cartel willingly, despite its protestations that it was forced into the group by the Canadian government? And did the cartel's operations, even though they were confined to foreign markets, help to push up prices in the U.S.? If the courts decide that both answers are yes, Gulf would be open to antitrust prosecution by Washington, to private suits by any U.S. buyers of uranium who were hurt by the price blowup and even, conceivably, to suits by some of the 30 million-odd U.S. individuals and businesses that are paying higher rates for electricity because nuclear-power companies are paying more for uranium. In New York State alone, these increases are expected to cost customers as much as $1 billion between now and 1980.

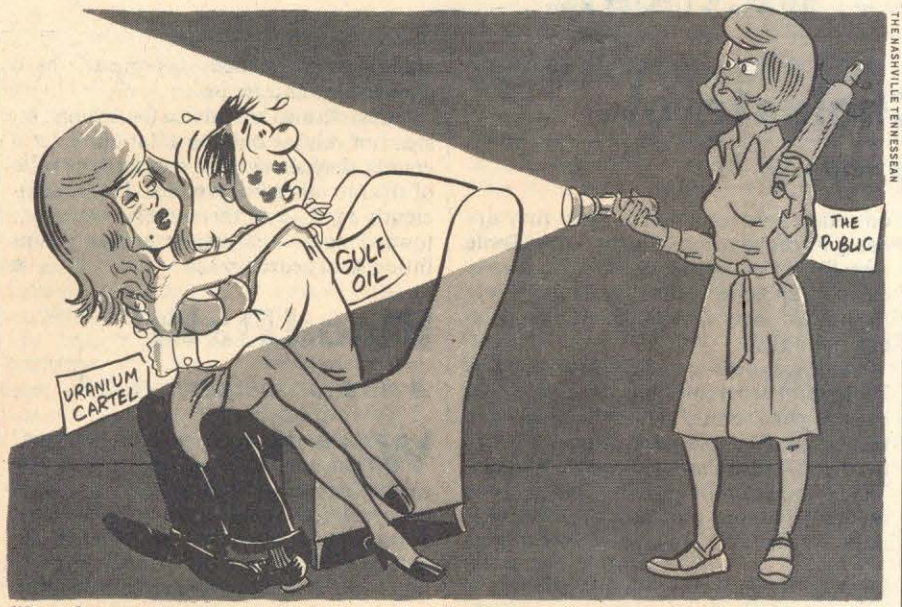
Considerable evidence already exists. During the past year, a federal grand jury, a House subcommittee and a New York State legislative office have been investigating the cartel's operations. They have turned up documents that tell an amazing tale of market rigging. The cartel—known as the Club to its members—was organized by the Canadian government, initially to prevent what in 1972 looked like an imminent drop in the price of one of Canada's most important export commodities. At the time, the world supply of uranium exceeded demand by 400%, according to some estimates, and if newly discovered deposits in Australia had been made available to the world market, demand would have been unlikely to catch up with supply until the early 1980s. As it happened, Australia embargoed uranium exports until last August, and the Arab oil embargo of 1973 caused a huge acceleration of demand for uranium from nuclear-power plants around the world, so prices might have gone up anyway. Meanwhile, the cartel swung into operation.

The group set up a formal headquarters in Paris, complete with a paid secretariat, policy and operating committees and detailed rules for dividing up markets

FRANK GRANT

Electric railway in Canada hauls uranium ore from mine to mill





"But, dear, a Canadian devil made me do it!"

and fixing prices. Those rules forbade members to share markets or rig prices in France, South Africa, Australia, Canada and the U.S., in order to stay clear of local antitrust rules. But whenever a member company learned of a potential order from an outside country—Japan, say, or Spain—it had to inform the secretariat. The cartel would then select a member to bid at a price it had set; to preserve appearances, another member would be chosen to bid at a higher price sure to be rejected. The cartel also imposed penalties on members. On one occasion, it ordered Gulf's Canadian subsidiary to buy 300 tons of uranium from an Australian company, as a penalty for attempting to step into a deal that the cartel had earlier approved for the Australian firm and a Japanese customer.

Gulf maintains that it joined under an implied threat of being run out of Canada, where it has a big uranium-mining operation. But some Gulf letters and memorandums unearthed by investigators seem to indicate that the company was, at minimum, anxious not to be left out. One Gulf lawyer wrote a memo in June 1972 outlining the potential advantages of membership, and suggesting that if the cartel's activities ever came to light Gulf could blame everything on the Canadian government. Another Gulf officer took it on himself to pull together several scattered sets of cartel rules into a single code of conduct.

What influence the cartel may have had on American prices is hard to establish. The group's operations excluded the U.S., which maintained an import ban on foreign uranium fuel until the first of this year. The ban is now being gradually phased out. Nonetheless, many American uranium producers keyed their prices to world prices that Gulf's opponents charge were at least heavily influenced by the cartel.

According to Gulf, prices in the U.S. were driven up in large part not by the cartel but by its legal opponent, Westinghouse. To increase sales of its nuclear reactors, Westinghouse offered purchasers long-term, low-cost supplies of uranium fuel, though it did not own the uranium; for a time it scrambled to buy yellowcake wherever possible, and its purchases helped to lift the price. Gulf Chairman Jerry McAfee says sarcastically: "The company sold short some 60 million pounds of uranium and now is attempting to win court sanction for breaking its commitments. I think they are entitled to the same right that any commodity speculator enjoys when he has badly misjudged the market"—presumably meaning the right to go broke.

Whatever the courts rule, the cartel's shenanigans are certain to refuel congressional demands that the nation's oil companies divest themselves of their nonpetroleum activities. At the least, the trials will give yet more ammunition to oil-industry critics who charge that some of the world's largest and most powerful corporations think they have become a law unto themselves. ■

A Tenth Planet?

Something new under the sun

Charles Kowal lacks the academic credentials and worldwide renown enjoyed by many of the other scientists at the California Institute of Technology. Though he is the author of some two dozen scientific papers, he has neither a Ph.D. nor a coterie of doting graduate students. What Kowal, 37, does have is a discerning eye and an insatiable appetite for scanning the sky. During the past decade, he has discovered one comet and five more that had somehow been "lost," as well as the 13th—and what may prove to be the 14th—moon of Jupiter, and 80 supernovas, or exploding stars. Last week Kowal announced an even more remarkable sighting: a small, faint object orbiting the sun between Saturn and Uranus. It could be the solar system's tenth planet.

Kowal's latest finding was based on photographs taken in mid-October through the Hale Observatories' 122-cm. (48-in.) Schmidt telescope atop California's Mount Palomar. A microscopic examination of photographic plates exposed on successive nights revealed a short, faint trail of light between the orbits of Saturn and Uranus; the object that made it appeared to be moving in relation to the stars that formed the background. Kowal promptly called Brian Marsden of the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Mass., for help in verifying his discovery. Marsden, who serves as a clearinghouse for reports of astronomical discoveries, passed the news to Tom Gehrels of the University of Arizona. Checking plates made a week before Kowal's shots, Gehrels spotted the mysterious light trail, thus confirming the finding.

Kowal's observations indicate the object is between 160 and 640 kilometers (100 and 400 miles) in diameter—larger than most of the asteroids that orbit between Mars and Jupiter, but far tinier than the smallest of the nine planets, Mercury. It orbits the sun in the same plane as the planets and is currently about 1.5 billion miles from earth. Depending upon whether its orbital path is nearly circular or highly elliptical, the object could take anywhere from 60 to several hundred years to complete a single circuit.

Then what is "Object-Kowal," as it has been temporarily dubbed? Kowal says that his discovery "really doesn't resemble anything else we have seen," and tentatively describes the mystery object as a "miniplanet." If scientists decide that it can indeed qualify as a planet, Kowal, in keeping with astronomical tradition, will be accorded the honor of proposing its permanent name. He already has a name in mind. But for now he is keeping it secret, saying only that it is "based on traditional mythology." ■

"Good" v. "Bad" Cholesterol

At last, a fatty molecule that may help your heart

Cholesterol has been portrayed as a kind of coronary time bomb. One study after another has shown that people with the highest concentration of the fatty molecule in their bloodstreams run the greatest risk of atherosclerosis. This is the buildup of fibrous fatty plaques in the blood vessels and a precursor of heart disease—the leading cause of death in the U.S. Hence, the reduction of blood (or serum) cholesterol has become a prime goal of doctors and patients alike. Still, physicians have been puzzled by one observation: though some patients show a seemingly dangerous level of serum cholesterol, they somehow remain immune to coronary disease.

Now this paradox is being explained. Pondering data from a massive study of coronary problems in five different areas —Framingham, Mass., Honolulu, San Francisco, Evans County, Ga., and Albany, N.Y.—Statistician Tavia Gordon of the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., noticed an unusual correlation. Virtually all those with heart disease—regardless of age, sex or racial background—also had reduced levels of a substance called high-density lipoprotein (HDL) in their blood. By contrast, those free of atherosclerosis showed remarkably elevated HDL counts.

"Mr. Cholesterol" and shoppers in TV margarine commercial

Like tiny garbage trucks, hauling it off for disposal.

Consisting of molecules of fat, including cholesterol, and protein tightly bound together into a single chemical complex, the lipoproteins are part of an intricate transport system. Among the largest and lightest of these globules are the very-low-density lipoproteins (VLDL). They carry some cholesterol but mainly other fats to various parts of the body. The slightly heavier low-density lipoproteins (LDL) move cholesterol from cell to cell, where it is used to produce sex hormones, among other things. Any excess cholesterol is picked up by the heaviest lipoproteins, HDL, which, like garbage trucks, haul it off to the liver for disposal.

Because HDL usually accounts for only a small portion of the blood's store of lipoproteins—perhaps no more than 20% in most adults (but as much as 50% in infants)—doctors long felt that it could not have any really significant effect on total cholesterol levels. Now they are being forced to reconsider that view. Some researchers believe lipoproteins not only carry off cholesterol but may actually help flush away fatty deposits from plaque on arterial walls.

If these ideas are indeed correct, any cholesterol program should be directed, at least in part, toward raising the supply of these "good" cholesterol-disposing HDLs in the bloodstream, as opposed to the "bad" cholesterol-depositing LDLs. Some tactics for doing that are already available. At Stanford University, researchers have discovered that middle-aged male runners have HDL levels nearly 50% higher than their peers; their levels might be mistaken for those of young women, who are naturally endowed with more HDL and seldom have heart attacks. Other studies have shown that shedding flab and following a diet rich in vegetables and vegetable oils, but low in red meat and dairy products—along with moderate drinking (a cocktail or two a day)—can also elevate HDL. In the future, drugs may also be used; a compound known as PHB (for sodium para-hexadecylaminobenzoate) has been shown by Boston University's Dr. William Hollander to raise HDL levels in monkeys.

Such measures will not by themselves provide foolproof insurance against atherosclerosis. Dr. William P. Castelli, director of laboratories for the Framingham Heart Studies, advises people to keep a tight rein on their consumption of such cholesterol-rich foods as meat, hard cheese, eggs and cream.

Castelli also has advice for doctors: instead of relying only on total cholesterol counts, they should also measure the ratio of HDL to other lipoproteins. If it is sufficiently high—and there are no other untoward signs—the patient probably runs little risk of heart disease. ■

Blood Bath

A cure for schizophrenia?

What is the cause of schizophrenia? That question has long stirred passionate debate among doctors. The most common of major mental disorders, schizophrenia is in fact not the Dr. Jekyll–Mr. Hyde split personality of myth but a whole family of illnesses characterized by such distressing symptoms as delusions, disordered reasoning, hallucinations, withdrawal and other bizarre behavior. In his classic studies, the Scottish psychiatrist R.D. Laing has argued, almost poetically, that schizophrenia is only a reaction to the insanity around us —of parents, family and even society at large. Humbug, reply more orthodox physicians, who say that schizophrenia is most probably a result of a flaw in body chemistry.

Last week the argument was tilted sharply in favor of this organic explanation of the disease. At the annual meeting of the Society for Neuroscience in Anaheim, Calif., two California scientists reported that they had isolated a chemical from the blood of schizophrenics that may be at the root of their illness. Drs. Frank Ervin of U.C.L.A.'s Neuropsychiatric Institute and Roberta Palmour of the University of California at Berkeley described the substance as a variant of a peptide—a short chain of amino acids —that belongs to a family of newly discovered opiate-like brain hormones called endorphins.

Ervin and Palmour emphasize that they have no firm proof that the molecule, which they have dubbed leu-endorphin, is the cause of—or even related to—schizophrenia. But if it is, its removal offers possible treatment for the illness, which accounts for nearly 20% of the mental patients in U.S. hospitals.

The California researchers isolated the peptide from material filtered from the blood of schizophrenic patients who had undergone hemodialysis—blood purification by kidney machine. Of ten patients studied, seven showed such a pronounced remission of their symptoms that they were able to leave the hospital for the first time in years. In fact, dialysis seems so promising that a dozen clinics are now planning to begin using it in experimental treatment of schizophrenics. ■

Milestones

BORN. To **Kathleen Kennedy Townsend,** 26, a law student at the University of New Mexico and daughter of the late Robert F. Kennedy, and **David Townsend,** 29, teacher of Greek at St. John's College: their first child, a daughter, and Rose Kennedy's first great-grandchild; in Santa Fe, N. Mex. Name: Meaghan Kennedy Townsend.

BORN. To **Marisa Berenson Randall,** 30, jet-setting actress *(Barry Lyndon, Cabaret),* and James Randall, 33, a rivet manufacturer: their first child, a daughter; in Los Angeles. Name: Starlite Melody.

DIED. René Goscinny, 51, creator of *Astérix,* France's most popular comic strip; of a heart attack; in Paris. Astérix, a diminutive Gaul, was a spokesman for all the shrewd little guys who fearlessly take on bigger adversaries—not for ideological reasons but in order to be able to eat, drink and be merry. Three weeks before he died, Goscinny realized his dream of being syndicated in the U.S.

DIED. William C. Sullivan, 65, former No. 3 man at the FBI who became an outspoken critic of Director J. Edgar Hoover; of a gunshot wound received while deer hunting near his home in Sugar Hill, N.H. As head of the domestic intelligence division for a decade, Sullivan was involved in many abuses including "black bag" operating and illegal wiretapping of National Security Council phones that were later revealed by the Senate Intelligence Committee. Though long a loyal lieutenant of Hoover's in his obsessive war against Communism, Sullivan later criticized Hoover's extremist views and retired in 1971 after arriving at his office to find his nameplate gone and his lock changed.

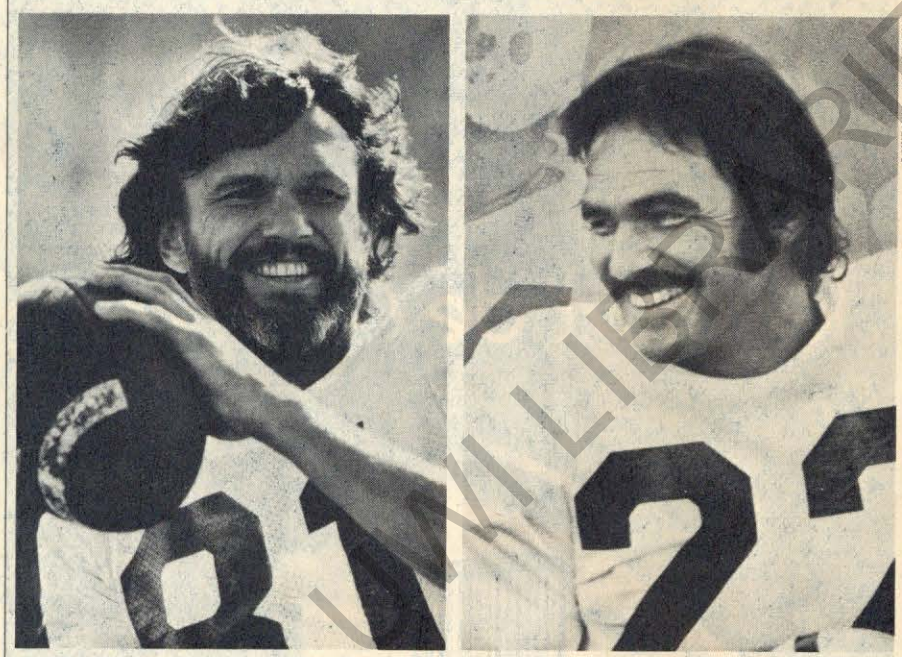
DIED. Roswell Garst, 79, Iowa farmer who played host to Nikita Khrushchev during the Soviet Premier's 1959 visit to the U.S.; of a heart ailment; in Carroll, Iowa. A pioneer in corn growing and cattle-feeding techniques, Garst arranged the first sale of U.S. corn seed to the Soviet Union—an act that helped ease East-West relations during the cold war. When Khrushchev visited Garst's Coon Rapids farm, he remarked, "I have seen today how the slaves of capitalism live, and they live pretty well." Describing himself as a sort of "corn belt Brigitte Bardot" for visiting Russians, Garst continued to welcome them to his farm even during the '70s.

DIED. Stanley ("Bucky") Harris, 81, member of baseball's Hall of Fame who managed five major league teams during his 29-year career; of Parkinson's disease; in Bethesda, Md. After playing second base for the Washington Senators, Harris became the "boy manager" of the team at age 27 and led them to the 1924 World Series title. After that the gentlemanly pilot had a flurry of failures, but in 1947 he guided the Yankees to the world championship.

Good Ole Boys

SEMI-TOUGH
Directed by Michael Ritchie
Screenplay by Walter Bernstein

Semi-Tough may or may not turn out to be the year's best comedy—there's *Annie Hall* to remember and Mel Brooks yet to be heard from—but it is without a doubt the year's most socially useful film. Dan Jenkins' bestseller has been slow to reach the screen, and in the intervening years the subject of his satire—pro football's Lombardi era, with all its dark Nixonian overtones—has lost some of its edge. Adapter Bernstein and Director Ritchie have found a contemporary lunacy with the same rich possibilities in the human-potential movement, and for that they earn the gratitude of right thinkers everywhere. The Kilgore Rangerettes really ought to spell out their names between halves of the Super Bowl.



NEIL LEIFER—CAMERA 5

Buddies Kris Kristofferson and Burt Reynolds suit up in *Semi-Tough*

The talk is R-rough, but the players are nice to hang out with.

Jenkins' good ole boy heroes are just the same. Billy Clyde Puckett (Burt Reynolds) is still a natively shrewd running back with a gift for putting on people who think they're smarter than he is because they don't talk in a Southwest Conference drawl. His roommate and lifelong good buddy, Shake Tiller (Kris Kristofferson), is still a sticky-fingered end and an earnest naïf. They are still involved, more as pals than as lovers (though that, in time, develops) with Barbara Jane Bookman (Jill Clayburgh). She is a version of that most delicious of Hemingway's conceits—the intelligent and entirely feminine woman who is capable of being a man's man when the occasion warrants it.

What disturbs the good-natured serenity of this trio now is not the spartan demands and hope of playing in the Super Bowl but the intrusion of self-realization. There is a special emphasis on an est-like movement called BEAT. Shake is converted to it, and his new-found saintliness threatens the stability of the *maison à trois*. His "seriousness" turns Barbara Jane's head. She must be rescued from both BEAT and marriage by Reynolds, who pretends a conversion of his own in order to expose the shallowness of the movement. The Ritchie-Bernstein version of an est seminar is done with marvelous malice, but it is not their only target. Along the way they take on rolfing, pyramid power and even something called movagenics, which invites its adepts to drop down on all fours and crawl around looking for their lost center of consciousness as if it were a cuff link that had rolled under the bed. Indeed, the movie's funniest moment occurs when Robert Preston, a Texas oilman who owns the team, attempts to proselytize for this cult. He has had an office built to facilitate practice of his new faith. It has a teeny-tiny door you can enter only on your knees, a legless desk resting on the rug, pictures hung at baseboard level.

All the leading players are nice to hang out with, though Clayburgh, who blends something of Carole Lombard and Jean Arthur, deserves special mention. The script talks R-rough, but there is sweetness as well as smartness in it. The acute observation of cult behavior, not to mention the sporting life, suggests painful research somewhere along the way. The picture is, above all, a principled comedy, speaking lightly but honestly about life as it is—and what it might be—in our times. That sets *Semi-Tough* apart from anything else in recent memory.

—***Richard Schickel***

Gotta Dance

THE TURNING POINT
Directed by Herbert Ross
Screenplay by Arthur Laurents

You yield to *The Turning Point* reluctantly, knowing well that it is conning you—with sentiment, with flamboyance, with sheer slickness. The story is an odd combination of "Old Acquaintances" and one of those 1930s musicals in which the kid from the chorus becomes a star overnight. The old acquaintances in this case are actually old rivals—ballet dancers who chose different roads many years back and must now deal with the consequences. The ambitious one (Anne Bancroft) has become a great star, is now fading, and fighting it. Her friend (Shirley MacLaine) may have been as talented, but she married, had children, is running a ballet school in Oklahoma. Shirley has always wondered whether she too might have been famous if she had stayed on with the Company—collectively portrayed by the American Ballet Theater. Meantime, her daughter (Leslie Browne) has grown into a talented dancer, and when the Company comes to town she is offered a place with it. Mother and daughter head for Manhattan, where the girl's rise is meteoric even by movie standards of 40 years ago: she shortly has the starring role in a new ballet.

That is simply ludicrous. More believably—indeed, touchingly—the two older women are granted, through the girl, the opportunity to come to terms with some unresolved issues. Bancroft, a would-be mentor, must fight through her resentment of youth and that freshness of talent for which no amount of hard-won skill can totally compensate. As for MacLaine, she comes to see that she cannot live through her daughter the life she did not choose. Both get a chance to work out their previously unspoken grudges, on the night of the girl's première, in a knockdown fight on the theater steps.

Director Ross, a sometime choreographer, conveys the sweat and hard work of dance, the sheer pain of the effort to appear effortless. Writer Laurents has a similar capacity for catching the pretenses and bitchiness of life in a dance company. These touches lie at the heart of the picture's appeal, grounding it in a reality that offsets its gee-whizness.

Finally, there is the dancing. Ross has

PETE TURNER

Browne and Baryshnikov in *Turning Point*

A lucky, likable triumph over the odds.

very effectively staged it for the camera, coming closer to the spirit of live performance than any other film director ever has. He is, of course, lucky to have Mikhail Baryshnikov's spectacular leaps and ardent partnering to shoot. In fairness it should be said that Baryshnikov is also lucky, far more so in his movie debut than poor Rudolf Nureyev was in *Valentino*. Aside from dancing, he is required only to be sexy—in other words, himself—as he conducts an initiatory affair with Leslie Browne, and that he manages with aplomb. In short, he is likable, triumphing over his deficiencies of language, just as the movie triumphs over its shaky premise. It is hard to imagine anyone, with the possible exception of pre-adolescent males, who will not, in the end, turn on to *Turning Point*. — **R.S.**

Fearless Fonz

HEROES
Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan
Screenplay by James Carabatsos

Henry Winkler is the biggest star on prime-time TV and understandably so. As Fonzie, the motorcycle-crazy greaser of *Happy Days*, he raises '50s cool to the boiling point. The Fonz is no different from the hero of any other ABC sitcom, but Winkler does not settle for mugging his way through the role. Instead, he galvanizes the tube with shrewd comic timing and swaggering sexuality; he gives the audience Bugs Bunny crossed with James Dean, and each week some 47 million Americans go wild.

Becoming a movie star is something different. As such talented TV comics as Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Burnett and Dick Van Dyke have learned, high Nielsen ratings do not necessarily pave the way to a successful film career. Television fans don't like to pay good money to see stars they can see at home for free, nor are they fond of watching their favorite performers playing new roles. Winkler is surely aware of these potential pitfalls, but he has nonetheless jumped into the fray. In *Heroes*, a determinedly high-minded movie, he drops his Fonzie mannerisms to play Jack Dunne, a crazy Viet Nam veteran who escapes from a VA psycho ward to traipse across the country and find himself.

Winkler's ambitions are admirable. His greatest fans are kids, and he deserves credit for leading them to a film that does not pander to the Fonzie hysteria. His performance is not bad, either. He works hard, in the manner of an intermediate acting student, and occasionally his character comes alive. The same cannot be said of *Heroes*. This film is as flat as an average made-for-TV movie, though considerably more pretentious than most.

If *Heroes* were not so dull, it would be a cause for outrage. Director Kagan and Writer Carabatsos borrow freely from other movies—notably *It Happened One Night*, *Morgan!*, and *Five Easy Pieces*—without ever advancing any insights of their own; there are more cute platitudes along Jack's road to self-realization than there are toll booths. The film's final ten minutes are a minor scandal. After wasting an audience's time for two hours, the movie unleashes a gory, cathartic fantasy sequence in which the hero relives the horrors of his Viet Nam combat.

The ruse does not work in any case, for at the end of *Heroes* one does not pity the Viet Nam dead so much as the casualties in the movie's cast. Chief among them is Sally Field, the film's love interest and an actress of considerable skill. In *Heroes* she plays a young woman who is also on the road to find herself, but the character is so clumsily defined that she is a blur upon the screen. Harrison Ford, the witty Han Solo of *Star Wars*, fares no better—but such is Kagan's touch that *Heroes* could probably reduce Robert Redford to the stature of Troy Donahue.

Despite two mad scenes and numerous other opportunities to embarrass himself, Henry Winkler does manage to survive *Heroes*—but barely. In the future he would be wise to apply the Fonz's cagey bike-riding style to his fledgling movie career: while TV actors have every right to burst out of the 21-in. screen, they are more likely to land safely if they look before they leap. — **Frank Rich**

Tone Deaf

THE GOOD AND THE BAD
Directed by Claude Lelouch
Screenplay by Claude Lelouch

Claude Lelouch is fascinated by relationships between people who have not actually met and stories that end where most movies begin. In *And Now My Love*, he did a trim, romantic film in which he delayed the meeting of his lovers until the end, showing how their lives paralleled and even brushed against each other for years. In *The Good and the Bad*, he is after larger game. As the title implies, he is meditating on morality this time, a subject not entirely suited to his temperament. Lelouch fecklessly insists on making a film that weirdly has the tone—most of the time—of a light entertainment.

Here the distant antagonists are a crook (Jacques Dutronc), working his way up from the small time in pre–World War II France, and a cop (Bruno Cremer), who is working his way up in the police bureaucracy. The film dawdles perhaps too long over their early struggles for advancement. On the other hand, both are established as men of some decency in their private lives—a point to be borne in mind once Lelouch finally arrives at the heart of his film, namely the war years.

The cop goes to work for the Vichy government, under the impression that even if the new order is in power, the old criminal order will still be up to its traditional tricks—and in need of pursuit. He does not seem to notice that his new masters have unconscionably broadened the definition of criminal. Meanwhile, back in the underworld, Occupation spells opportunity for Dutronc and his pals—until his common-law wife (Marlene Jobert) is captured and tortured by Cremer. The detective's wife (Brigitte Fossey) is, in turn, taken hostage by the criminals and threatened with whatever fate is visited on the cop's captive.

This is the film's turning point. The detective's wife falls for her captor, and after prisoners have been exchanged, she betrays her husband's anti-Resistance strategy to him. Jacques then makes a formal alliance with the Resistance. At war's end both lawbreaker and law enforcer end up with medals—not entirely deserved, especially by the latter.

The film has an interesting story to tell and some nice, if familiar, points to make about how circumstances can change, and change again, our definitions of who is good, who is bad. And there is something admirable about Lelouch's refusal to overdramatize the moral questions that he is examining. Yet in the end this hurts the film dramatically. There really is more here than meets the eye of this light-minded romantic, with his strongly developed taste for period décor and graceful camerawork. One may be a trifle tired of films and books that pore over the sorrow and the pity of how people behaved during the German Occupation. But we are probably not yet ready for something that too often verges on the bouncy in dealing with an inescapably tragic era. There are good performances and affecting moments in this movie, but it is deaf to the basic tone of its historic moment. — **Richard Schickel**

KIT LUCE

Experimental vintner and vinifera enthusiast Treville Lawrence in his wine cellar in The Plains, Va.

Living

Shaking California's Throne

Good vineyards are popping out all over

Thomas Jefferson, who knew well the wines of France and Italy, dreamed of growing great vintages in Virginia. To no avail. European vines, planted by Italian workers at his estate near Charlottesville, soon succumbed to insects and disease. For almost two centuries it was considered impossible to raise in the East, South or Midwest—anywhere save California—any vine but the American *Vitis labrusca,* whose fermented grapes have an acid, musky, "foxy" flavor.

Now, on Jefferson's old acreage, *Vitis vinifera,* the noble vine of Europe, is being grown. These vines and French-American hybrids, crossbreeds developed for more changeable climes, are also being cultivated in at least 27 other states and yielding serious table wines. They are not, and never will be, Lafites or Cortons, but they are at least comparable to the local wines of France, and at best may prove in time to be far superior.

Jefferson's vision is being realized through science: the adaptation of distinguished vines that will survive cold climates and disease—and through art: the translation of grapes into wine. Eminent wine scientists, from Emile Peynaud of Bordeaux to Maynard Amerine of the University of California, have paved the way. At great expense and with the priestly dedication that produced the vintages of Europe, their test tubes are being translated into bottles by a new breed of American winemaker.

On a recent U.S. tour, Helmut Becker, a West German oenologist and a founder of the German Wine Academy, reported: "Without doubt, the wine grape can be grown in almost all parts of the U.S., with the exception of Alaska. California's privilege to be the only vinifera grape-growing area does not exist any more." He added: "The states of Washington, Oregon, Ohio, Michigan, New York, Indiana, Pennsylvania and others are shaking the throne of California by competing with their fine quality and fruity wines [whose] freshness and elegance are a challenge to all of us."

Indeed, while California produces six of every ten bottles of table wine consumed in the U.S., and has doubled its production in a decade, wineries in every other grape-growing state command a fanatic following—even for the vintages that can be admired only for pricey presumptuousness. Experts believe that the good ones are here to stay; that this is, in every sense, a growth industry.

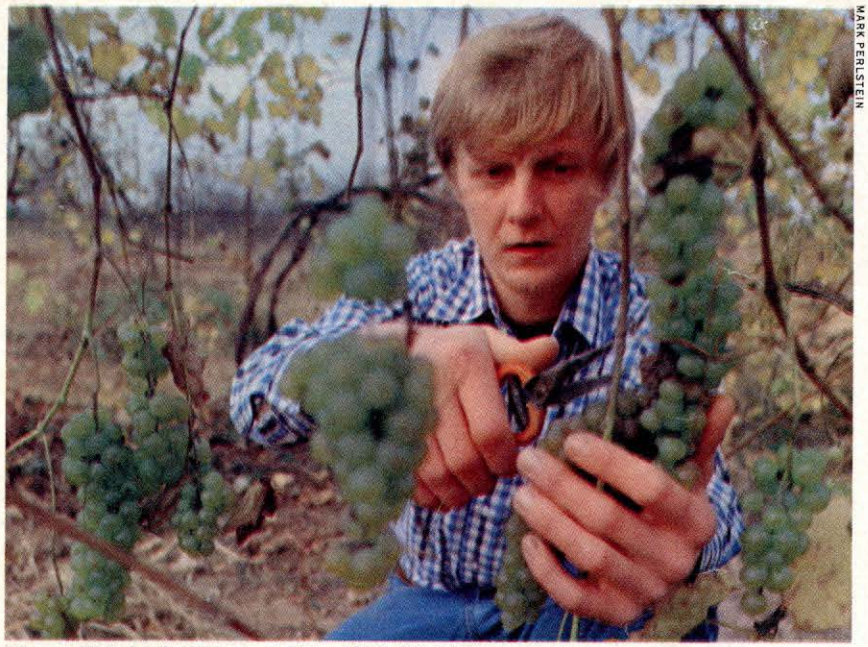
The market is there. U.S. wine consumption has increased by almost 60% in this decade. This year or next, for the first time, Americans will down more wine than hard liquor.* Wine already outsells spirits in nine states: Arizona, California, Idaho, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oregon, Rhode Island and Washington.

What might be called the new Châteaux Peorias are largely the fruit of one man's work: Konstantin Frank, 78, a Russian of Alsatian ancestry whose family had tended wines for more than 500 years. With Soviet university degrees in viticulture and oenology, he had the temerity to plant 2,000 acres of vinifera in, of all places, Odessa, where winter temperatures plunge to −40° F.—a country where, says Frank, "if you make spit, it will freeze before it hits ground." Moving with his family to the U.S. in 1951, he was disappointed by many of the wines that were being produced by the big New York State companies. Made basically of labrusca, many of these wines were watered, sugared and tarted out with as much as 25% California wine, shipped in by tank car—and legally sold as New York State wine.

It had been assumed for centuries that European vines could not survive the Northeast's killing winters. Grafting varietal vines on hardy Canadian rootstock, Frank proved to New York vintners and other aspirants in Virginia, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Arkansas and elsewhere that a noble grape could indeed be grown outside California's kindly climate. Frank, who immigrated to this country with $7 in his pocket, is now worth $5 million and has his own 78-acre vineyard in the munificent Finger Lakes district of upstate New York.

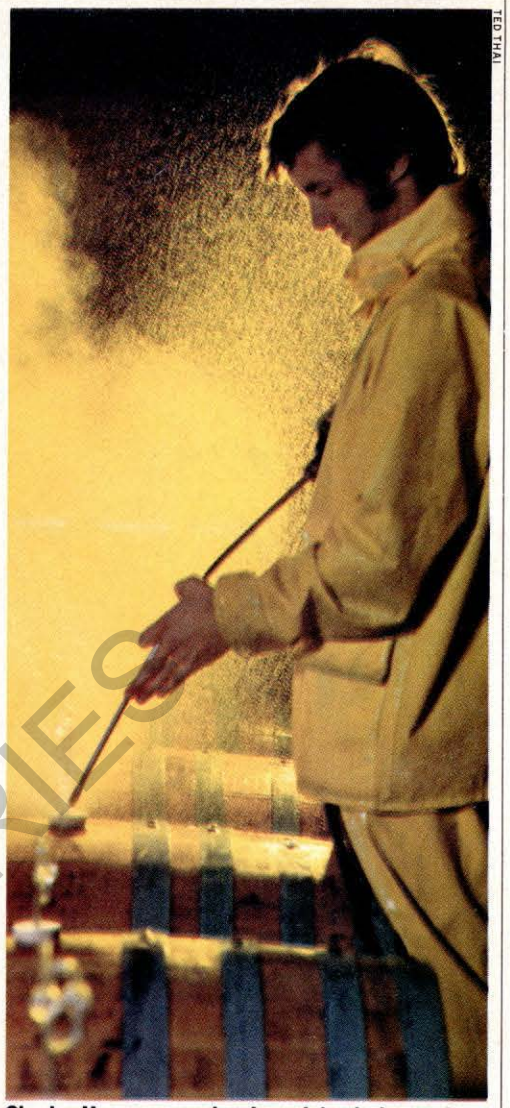
Thus, theoretically at least, the adapted *Vitis vinifera* can be grown just about anywhere from Odessa, U.S.S.R., to Odessa, Texas. Another missionary for its widespread propagation is Treville Lawrence, who runs an experimental vineyard in The Plains, Va. Says he firmly: "The key to quality is vinifera. There is no other

*Even so, American wine consumption is relatively minuscule (1.8 gal. per person annually) compared with Italy's (30 gal.) and France's (27 gal.).



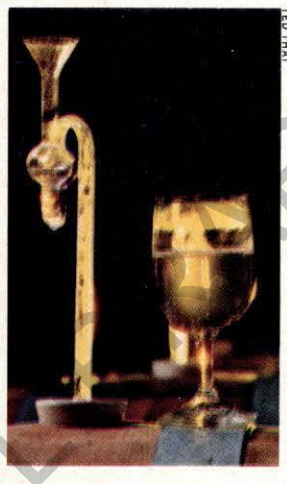
MARK PERLSTEIN

Vineyardist checks grapes at Tabor Hill in Michigan



TED THAI

Charles Hargrave washes Long Island wine casks



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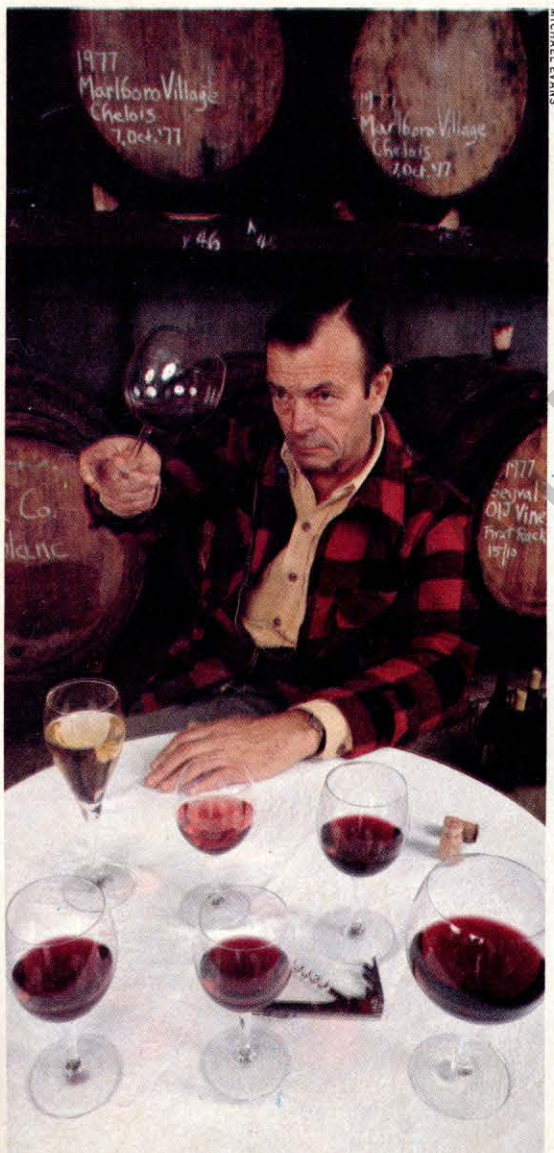

MICHAEL EVANS

Benmarl's Mark Miller samples Hudson Valley wine

MICHAEL MAPLE

Al Wiederkehr at his family vineyards in Altus, Ark.

Wineries in 28 states now command a fanatic following, even for vintages that can be admired only for pricey presumptuousness.

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TED THAI

Louisa Hargrave, with son, testing wine

Impressive hints of the future.

way to make a good wine. Other wines are simply hamburger wines." Among the vinous aristocrats that are flourishing in many of the wine-growing states: Cabernet Sauvignon, the soul of the great red Bordeaux; Pinot Noir, the heart of red Burgundies and a major source of champagne; Sauvignon Blanc, whence flow Bordeaux's finest whites and those of the Loire; Chardonnay, the *esprit* of all fine white Burgundies; and Riesling, the small yellow grape from which come the classic wines of Moselle, Alsace and the Rhine.

It may be possible, but in regions with short growing seasons and brutal winters, many winemakers—*pace* Dr. Frank—do not find it practical to grow *Vitis vinifera*. They compromise with hybrid vines, developed in France and the U.S. over the past century, that are tough enough to survive nearly anything but an atomic blast. The most successful strains—whose names are listed on an honest bottle—include: Seyval blanc, Baco noir, Marechal Foch, Aurore, Leon Millot, Chancellor, Chelois, Villard and Vidal. They have been a major force in the vineyarding of America. The hero of the hybrids is Philip Wagner, who imported the first of these vines and grows them in his Boordy Vineyard near Baltimore. Wagner is in fact more committed to growing vines than making wines, and has helped seed huge acres of farmland with his hardy hybrids.

The growing and making of wines can be a hobby for some. For the most part, however, the new challengers are businessmen who figure on a solid cash return on their liquid investment. Regardless of the cost of the land, it may take at least $1,300 an acre to plant the good vines —though the return can be bountiful: around 3,000 bottles. The further cost of fertilizing, weeding, spraying, pruning, picking, vinification and bottling makes wine a costly enterprise. Then add the investment in sophisticated equipment: a single stainless-steel 1,000-gal. vat can soak the vintner for some $6,000.

Small wonder that most of the Châteaux Peoria enterprises are tiny by California standards and much of their wine is sold locally, often on their own premises. Few have more than 100 acres in vines. (On the other hand, Burgundy's La Romanée-Conti vineyard, one of the world's most justly famed, encompasses barely 4½ acres.) Some of their owners, and professional oenologists, point out that the soil and microclimate in, say, parts of Massachusetts and Michigan are in many ways closer to the great wine-growing regions of Europe than are overheated California's. Writes Anthony Spinazzola, a wine columnist for the Boston *Globe:* "The greatest wine has always been made where the vine is at its extreme climatically, when the grape is right on the edge of its endurance."

Among the dozens of widely scattered Châteaux Peorias that boast some distinction:

Hargrave, a Long Island vineyard that only five years ago was a 66-acre potato farm, was founded by Alex Hargrave, 31, who holds a Harvard M.A. in Chinese studies, with the help of his wife Louisa, who studied wine chemistry, and his brother Charles. The Hargraves plant only vinifera, no hybrids. Remarked Alex: "If you can grow avocados, why grow brussels sprouts?" In spite of the Hargraves' recently planted vines and inexperience, their Sauvignon blanc was given top rating among New York wines tasted recently by Wine Author Alexis Bespaloff *(The Fireside Book of Wine)* and *Vintage* Magazine Publisher Philip Seldon. Seldon was also "impressed with the hints of the future" in the Hargraves' Pinot Noir.

Wiederkehr was named for Johann Wiederkehr, who settled in Altus, Ark., in the 1880s because the Ozark Mountain country reminded him of his native Switzerland. Johann planted native Concords and Delawares, but in 1958 his grandson Alcuin, now 43, began experimenting with vinifera and last year sold 10,000 gal. of such wines as Cabernet Sauvignon and Gewurztraminer, some of them in his own Alpine-style restaurant.

Tabor Hill was founded in 1968 in Buchanan, Mich., by Leonard Olson, then a 26-year-old steel salesman. "When we started with our vinifera, the local farmers said we were full of prunes, that it wouldn't work." Yet a 1971 Tabor Hill Vidal blanc was served in the White House by Michigander Gerald R. Ford. Though Olson and his partners are still struggling financially, they have visions of a mini-Napa Valley on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Meredyth, near Middleburg, Va., has been growing hybrids only since 1975 and already produces 85,000 bottles a year. Says Owner Archie Smith: "We're selling almost as quickly as we can get it out." Nearby **Piedmont** is the state's first commercial vinifera winery, and expects to double its capacity over the next two years. Both Meredyth and Piedmont used to be cattle farms. Says Piedmont's manager, Jim Cockrell, 35, who over the past four years oversaw the transition from cattle farm to vineyard: "It sure beats milking cows twice a day."

Benmarl, a Hudson Valley vineyard, was first planted in the mid-1800s and replanted in the '60s. Its new vintner, who grows both hybrids and vinifera, is Mark Miller, 58, a former magazine illustrator. He has successfully financed his operation by forming a Société des Vignerons, a group of people who for an initial fee as high as $500, plus up to $50 a year, buy "vine-rights"—two vines—and are entitled to twelve bottles of Benmarl wine annually. The 900 members of the société also get first choice on all other Benmarl wines. A thirsty lot, they bought up 18,000 gal. last year.

Wine, like every other form of art and artifice, stands or slumps on manners. These new American vintages are well-trained: they do not speak out of turn. They await parental approval. They are infants. Alexis Lichine, a wine grower, shipper and guru *(The New Encyclopedia of Wines & Spirits),* observes that it has taken 20 centuries for the wines of Europe to evolve. Says he: "All it takes is time, trial and a great measure of good luck." To which, in the U.S., might be added patience, faith, curiosity and quite a few dollars. ■

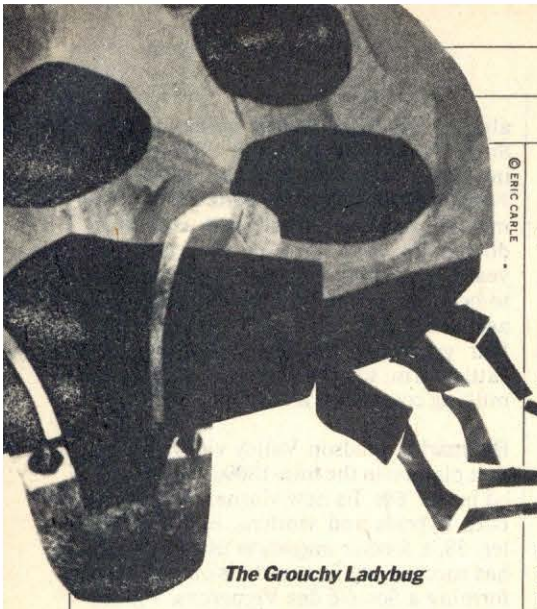
KIT LUCE

The Philip Wagners with their Boordy wine

Heroes of the hardy hybrids.

A Cornucopia of Children's Books

Mythical creatures and magical transformations



The Grouchy Ladybug

Caleb & Kate

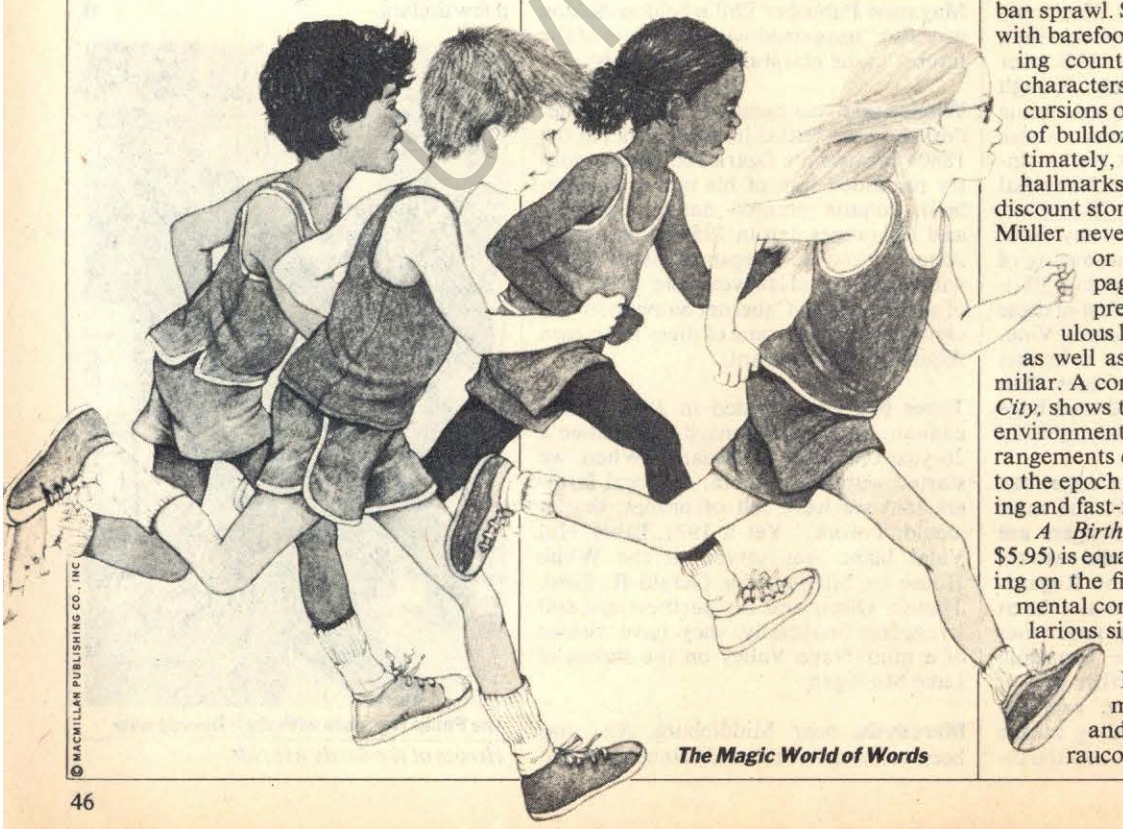
Despite the claims of publishers, the popularity of children's books cannot be gauged from sales figures. There is only one reliable indicator of favorites: the library card. Books, after all, are merely purchased by adults; they are read by the young. This year, as in all years, the market is glutted with the inane and the precious, the coy and the overproduced—volumes designed to catch the shopper's eye, not the child's heart. Still, this year, as in all years, a few volumes have the aura of permanence: books that will not only be bought but—far more important—also borrowed.

Gnomes (Abrams; $17.50), by Dutch Scientist Wil Huygen, is the most original and sustained piece of whimsy since the productions of J.R.R. Tolkien. Throughout the book that bears their name, the little creatures are treated soberly as an endangered species "well out of sight, so much so in fact that belief in their existence is waning rapidly." A series of maps, anatomical charts, even recipes are provided, enlivened with sly, soft-focus illustrations by Rien Poortvliet. *Gnomes* is one of the season's very few new books designed to be savored by the entire family. That the male gnome remains potent until about 350 years of age or that the buxom females, unencumbered by gravity, go braless may be of greater interest to parents than to the very young. The rest of this oversize book, with its bounteous legends, its wealth of robust humor and lavish illuminations, deserves a resounding G rating as ageless entertainment.

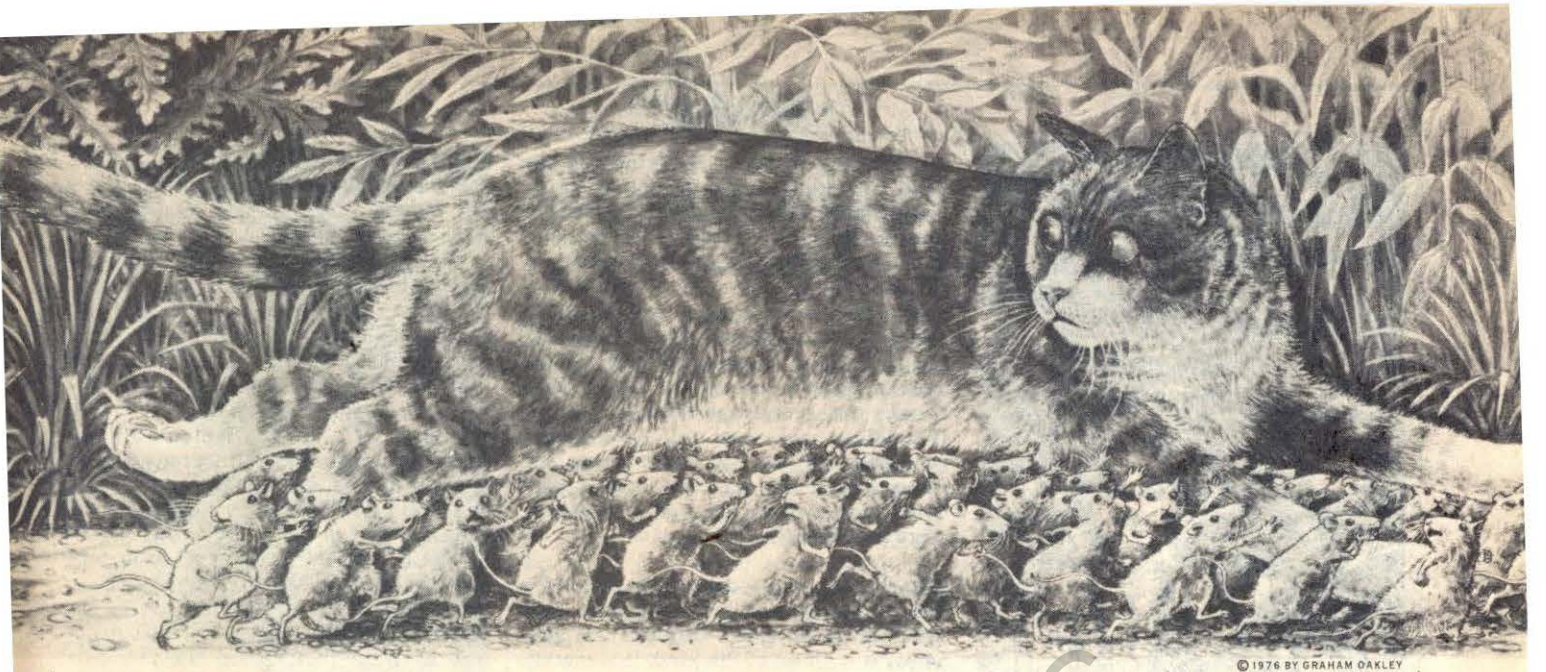
One Old Oxford Ox

Jörg Müller's *The Changing Countryside* (Atheneum; $9.95), is the pictorial equivalent of program music—an unbound suite of seven large luminous paintings (33¾ in. by 12½ in.) that spellbind without the use of words. Though Müller is Swiss, his story, unfortunately, is universal: the gradual erosion of a natural setting by urban sprawl. Starting in the spring of 1953, with barefoot farm children in a burgeoning countryside, Artist Müller takes characters and acreage through the incursions of a railroad, the depredations of bulldozer, drill and crane, and, ultimately, in the fall of 1972, to those hallmarks of Western civilization, the discount store and the parking meter. Yet Müller never stoops to cheap nostalgia or self-righteous despair. Each page is keyed to a child's comprehension; each of the meticulous landscapes shows compassion as well as irony in the face of the familiar. A companion suite, *The Changing City,* shows the same process in an urban environment, from the calm, dignified arrangements of turn-of-the-century houses to the epoch of right-angle multiple housing and fast-food enterprises.

A Birthday Wish (Little, Brown; $5.95) is equally textless—save for a greeting on the final page. But within its elemental comic-strip layout a series of hilarious sight gags are set up and sent home. Author-Illustrator Ed Emberley has never been a man to pull his punch lines, and his jokes are often a bit too raucous; but then so is the laughter



The Magic World of Words



© 1976 BY GRAHAM OAKLEY

***The Church Mice Adrift* by Graham Oakley**

The cast is Dickensian; the orange feline, Sampson, turns out to be the most unlikely Mouseketeer of the year.

© 1977 BY JOHN BURNINGHAM

Come Away from the Water, Shirley

that ensues from their close inspection.

If birthday wishes and altered landscapes are mute, *The Magic World of Words* (Macmillan; $6.95), edited by Christopher G. Morris, more than compensates. This Very First Dictionary lucidly explains some 1,500 basic verbs, nouns and adjectives in comprehensible terms that do not send the child in search of yet another word. The illustrations tend to overemphasize exurban aspects of modern life—there is a preponderance of horses to illustrate such items as "chance," "gave" and "thin"—but the drawings are cheerful and the definitions make an important distinction between childish and childlike.

Somewhere in the '50s, William Steig grew in the popular mind from comedian to artist—a leap reflected in his series of now classic children's books. *Caleb & Kate* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95) again exhibits Steig's canny palette and a galloping narrative sense worthy of the brothers Grimm. The title characters engage in one of those domestic quarrels that have no origin and a violent end. Caleb slams out of the house, followed by a cascade of insults from his wife. Kate grows to miss her husband, but in time she is consoled by the appearance of a shaggy dog. The story matches the animal—for Caleb has been magically changed into a canine. His trip back to humanity is both a moral and a merriment, revealing the author's mastery of the folk tale and his origins as a magazine cartoonist.

Every child shuttles between the indulgences of fantasy and the demands of reality. *Come Away from the Water, Shirley* (Crowell; $6.95), by John Burningham, divides the opposing worlds into two parts. On the pages to the left, Shirley's parents prepare for an ordinary day at the beach—complete with folding chairs, snacks and warnings. On the right, Shirley engages in fictive voyages that would do credit to Sinbad, confronts pirates, finds buried treasure and sets sail for shore—all in the glowing terms of a child's interior vision.

© 1976 UNIEBOEK B.V./VAN HOLKEMA & WARENDORF

Gnomes

Nancy Winslow Parker's *Love from Uncle Clyde* (Dodd, Mead; $5.25) maintains the same 20/20 insight. The title character is one of the great explorer-eccentrics. There is no finer way to say Merry Christmas, he decides, than to send his nephew a hippopotamus. The great behemoth's adventures on lawns and in bath tubs have the freshness and vigor of a kid with a new crayon, an unlined piece of paper and an unfettered imagination.

The captions of *One Old Oxford Ox* (Atheneum; $6.95) are little more than exercises in alliterative tongue twisters like "six sportsmen shooting snipe." The illustrations are some-

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Oversize landscapes show the incursions of urban sprawl in Artist Jörg Müller's wordless *The Changing Countryside*

Detail from *My Village, Sturbridge*

The aura of a rare, rescued antique.

thing else entirely. The purity of Nicola Bayley's hues and her *quattrocento* landscapes, blended with a parade of lunatic fauna, recall the work of the finest Victorian illustrators—and cry for a text to equal their richness and exuberance.

Graham Oakley manages the illustrator's most difficult balancing act: animals that are true to the story and to themselves. In *The Church Mice Adrift* (Atheneum; $7.95), without a trace of anthropomorphism, he follows the journey of displaced mice through rain, darkness, rats and cats. His cast is Dickensian, and his male lead, an orange feline named Sampson, turns out to be the most unlikely and delightful Mouseketeer of the year.

Eric Carle's bright, elemental *The Grouchy Ladybug* (Crowell; $6.95) is about a mite spoiling for a fight. But every opponent has a stinger, a scent or a size that is superior. Carle has designed the book to fit the tale: as the heroine meets larger animals, the pages grow in size. None of the confrontations manage to sweeten the insect's disposition. That transformation is accomplished by powers that neither ladybug nor reader can resist: hunger and exhaustion.

The Second Whole Kids Catalog (Bantam; $7.50), by Peter Cardozo, belongs on any whole kid's bookshelf. No matter what his or her interest—or obsession—this fat paperback has an entry to satisfy it. Like the first *Whole Kids Catalog* (1975), its encore lists scores of free items that children can send away for—posters, coloring books, even games. Is the child a budding conjuror? Self-Working Card Tricks are only a postage stamp (plus $1.50) away, as well as membership in the Young Magicians Club. Kids into cartoons and photography can study film animation, make paper movie machines and paint with the sun. From Kite Flying to the less earthbound joys of Star Trekking and Rocketry, the *Whole Kids Catalog* consistently amuses and informs. It could use one visual aid: the book has no index. Still, its 250 pages are so entrancing that the searcher for any particular item will find that getting there is more than half the fun.

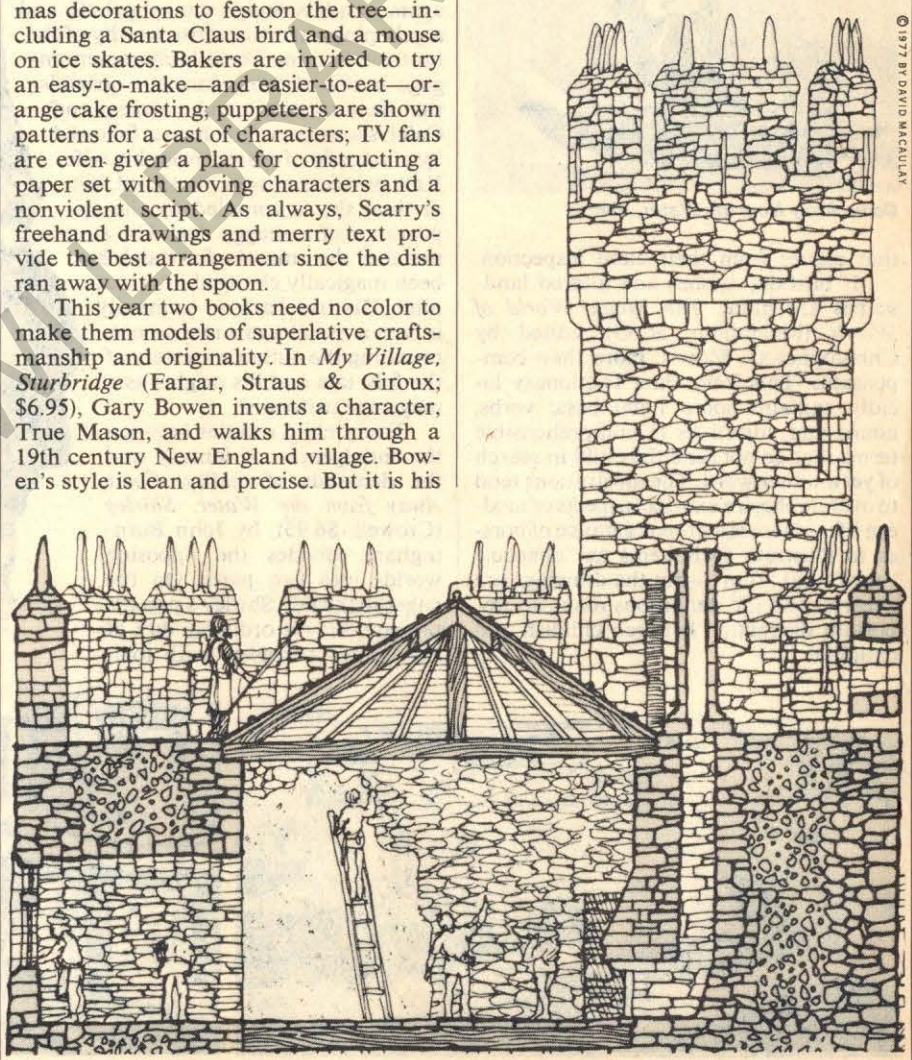
Richard Scarry should get an award for everything but his titles. His *Best Make-It Book Ever!* (Random House; $4.95) is nothing of the kind; it is merely the best of the year. Like his other amuse-yourself books, this fine, inventive paperback shows young readers hundreds of ways to brighten a rainy day or beguile the hours between *Sesame Street* and supper. This is a cut-and-paste book for all seasons: there are valentines to make, Halloween masks to wear, even Christmas decorations to festoon the tree—including a Santa Claus bird and a mouse on ice skates. Bakers are invited to try an easy-to-make—and easier-to-eat—orange cake frosting; puppeteers are shown patterns for a cast of characters; TV fans are even given a plan for constructing a paper set with moving characters and a nonviolent script. As always, Scarry's freehand drawings and merry text provide the best arrangement since the dish ran away with the spoon.

This year two books need no color to make them models of superlative craftsmanship and originality. In *My Village, Sturbridge* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $6.95), Gary Bowen invents a character, True Mason, and walks him through a 19th century New England village. Bowen's style is lean and precise. But it is his and Randy Miller's brilliantly detailed wood engravings that grant *My Village* the aura of a rare antique rescued from some forgotten attic. David Macaulay has won an international reputation without being able to draw believable people. What he can draw—churches, cities, pyramids—he does better than any other pen-and-ink illustrator in the world. His previous books have examined the construction and administration of those structures; *Castle* (Houghton Mifflin; $8.95) once again goes through a brick-by-brick assembly, employing crosshatches and thin black lines to evoke a medieval place and period.

Caveat emptor: miracles occur in only a few books each season. And when they do, it is usually the givers who are astonished, not the recipients. This Christmas, as in the past, Ogden Nash's words will still ring true:

Sophisticated parents live agog in
a world that to them is
enchanted;
Ingenuous children just naively
take it for granted.

— **Stefan Kanfer**



David Macaulay's pen-and-ink drawings for *Castle* evoke a medieval place and period

The Press

Herbert's War

An interim victory for CBS

When CBS News Producer Barry Lando interviewed Lieut. Colonel Anthony Herbert for a 1971 report on prisoners of war in South Viet Nam, he found the soldier too good to be true: a gung-ho, ribbon-covered lifer who was being quietly drummed out of the Army for uncovering U.S. war crimes. CBS broadcast Lando's report of Herbert's plight, and Herbert later became a talk-show hero among foes of the war; his 1973 autobiography, *Soldier,* hit the bestseller lists.

For a follow-up story, Lando began checking into Herbert's career and his charges against the Army, and concluded that the colonel was indeed too good to be true. In a half-hour *60 Minutes* segment in 1973, Lando and Correspondent Mike Wallace challenged a number of Herbert's allegations, and interviewed fellow officers unable to substantiate them. Herbert sued Lando, Wallace and CBS for libel, demanding that Lando answer questions about his state of mind when he prepared the program. Lando balked, and in January a judge ordered him to comply.

Last week, in a potentially significant victory for all journalists, a federal appeals court in Manhattan declared that kind of judicial delving into editorial thought processes unconstitutional. "Such an inquiry," wrote Chief Judge Irving R. Kaufman, "unquestionably puts a freeze on the free interchange of ideas within the newsroom."

Herbert's lawyers say they will appeal to the Supreme Court. Unless the ruling is reversed, it could be used by journalists in their attempts to keep a plaintiff from prying into their thoughts during the preparation of a disputed article or broadcast. In a dissent, Judge Thomas Meskill called Herbert's questions legitimate because in order to win a libel case, a public figure like Herbert must prove that a journalist had serious doubts about the accuracy of his report, but published it anyway.

Now 47 and working as a hospital psychologist in an undisclosed Western city, Herbert may still win his four-year-old libel suit if he can prove in some other way that CBS's allegations against him were false, damaging and recklessly made. Whatever the outcome, both sides would feel better if the Supreme Court some day settled the question of whether a journalist can be forced to divulge his thoughts and opinions. "As long as the question is open," says Lando, "any time a reporter sits down to discuss something with his editor, he'll keep in the back of his mind the thought that in a year or so he may have to repeat the conversation in court." ■

The New Morality

An exclusive poll on what Americans really think about sex

After at least a decade of the famous Sexual Revolution, it is often assumed that most Americans have entered a state known as the New Morality. It is a condition in which pleasure is the principle, living in sin is no sin, and more or less anything, between consenting adults, goes. Yet although some observers have proclaimed the revolution triumphant, new battles keep breaking out. Examples:

▸ In St. Paul, where Planned Parenthood opened a new headquarters and a clinic for abortions and birth control, the building was doused with gasoline and set afire earlier this year. Rebuilt, it now is being picketed daily. Says Tom Webber, executive director of Planned Parenthood of Minnesota: "They say the rosary here. They chant it in a circle on our front sidewalk. A nun even splashed our building with holy water. My life has been threatened a number of times, all in the name of a higher morality."

▸ Los Angeles, once in the vanguard of public hedonism, has imposed a temporary moratorium on new sex movie theaters, pornographic bookstores and massage parlors. Under the revised zoning rules, which were modeled on a Detroit ordinance that has been copied in a number of other cities, no such business may open within 1,000 feet of a similar business or within 500 feet of a residential area, school, church or park.

▸ In Atlanta, Judge William Alexander of the Fulton County State Court ordered Larry Flynt, publisher of *Hustler*, to stand trial on charges of disseminating obscene material. Flynt, who faces similar charges in neighboring Gwinnett County, is free on bail while appealing a seven- to 25-year sentence in Cincinnati. The new trials could mean added penalties of up to 17 years.

After an era of revolution, is a counterrevolution under way? Is it even possible that the revolution never really succeeded, that much of America watched the New Morality—voyeuristically—without abandoning the Old Morality? Recent years undeniably have brought major changes to America's social patterns, most notably a greater openness about sex and a greater acceptance of premarital sex, homosexuality and abortion. But young people who favor the new standards are still paying a high price in family conflicts, and conservative protesters are increasingly vociferous. On all sides there are doubts and misgivings.

Listen to a few people talking: "When I first told my parents I had a new roommate, they immediately knew what was going on," says Kathy Lance, 27, a graduate student in education, who has been living with a man in Lawrence, Kans., for the past year. "My mother's first words were, 'Don't do all the cooking and cleaning.' But she was very disappointed. She just feels that it's not really right. She likes to say things like, 'With your brains, you should be using your college education.' She would like for me to teach school, then get married and have children."

"Darling, will you, will you share with me the whole middle-class guilt trip?"

"I know what is going on with my daughter, but I don't want to see it, and I don't want to discuss it with her," says Harry, who lives near Detroit. His daughter, age 26, now lives in New York. "This generation has no qualms about sharing a bedroom before marriage. I accept the right of young women to make that decision, but I don't see that they are much happier. And it's very difficult for me. I have a lot of personal feelings on it."

"Young people living together before marriage doesn't disturb me at all," says Mary K. Ellis, 60, a Detroit housewife, mother of two, grandmother of five. "In fact, I think it's sometimes a good idea. I feel people have a right to do what they want in their own private quarters. But I don't like to see sex being peddled on the streets. We had mothers in the neighborhood being accosted simply because they happened to be women." Mrs. Ellis organized her neighbors and picketed prostitutes and a motel they frequented. Result: a police raid, 19 arrests.

"Intellectually, I think it's fine to sleep around," says Linda Gams, 25, a teacher who lived with her husband Bob for a year before marrying him two years ago. "But emotionally I'd be very, very upset if Bob slept with another woman. I wish I could be more liberated about this. I always felt I had conquered this until I started living with Bob and got dependent on him. It's a definite split in me."

"A lot of people accept intellectually that their spouse will probably have an extramarital affair," says Joan, who was married to a Chicago psychologist who often advocated "open marriage." She took him at his word and had an affair. When he found out, it broke up the marriage. Says Joan: "It's easy to be glib about it when it's not happening to you."

One theme emerges through all such comments: the existence of a residual respect for the much-maligned institutions of marriage and family, and the personal commitment implied in those institutions. Adultery is often frowned on as a betrayal, and an illegitimate birth is regarded as an act of irresponsibility.

After declining 10% between 1972 and 1976, the rate of marriages is now rising (the 279,000 June brides this year made up the largest such group since 1969). Though the divorce rate is still climbing, so is the rate of remarriages. The number of people marrying for a second time has roughly tripled since 1960. And the people who have taken to living together (some 1.3 million, up 100% since 1970, but the Census Bureau does not make any effort to ascertain whether such cohabitation involves sexual relations or not) are inclined to talk about their loyalty to each other in much the same tones that newlyweds once used. Indeed, to the extent that cohabitation is now widely accepted as a fact of life, it is a modern version of the old view that sex among the young was tacitly permissible if they were planning to get married or at least were in love. It was sex between strangers, sex for the sport of it, sex for money that always aroused the strongest opposition—and still does.

Says Sol Gordon, director of the In-

"The way we dressed, what we read, how we danced—everything about us is coming back—except, of course, us."

stitute for Family Research and Education at Syracuse University: "There's a highly moral trend among college students, influenced by the women's liberation movement. One of young people's primary interests is love—falling in love and getting married. That's a new phenomenon. For the first time in history, more people may be getting married just for love than for other reasons." Donald Johnson, psychologist at the University of Colorado, sees a similar trend. Says he: "The promiscuity concept is dying out like crazy. People are talking about fidelity. It's a revolution against loneliness."

"Why shouldn't we be together —we're very much in love!" says Pamela Hudak, 21, a Boston secretary who has lived for more than a year with Herb Witten, 27. "We're faithful to each other. We never cheat. But I really don't want to get married right now. I want to wait and see where my career goes."

To find what Americans today really think about the very basic but infinitely complex questions of sexual morality, TIME commissioned the firm of Yankelovich, Skelly & White, which regularly conducts TIME's polls of voters' political, social and economic views, to undertake a special survey. Yankelovich interviewers questioned 1,044 registered voters, a group representative of various regions, races, ages and religious groups in proportion to the nationwide figures for those same groups. Thus 14% came from the Pacific Coast states, 10% were between 21 and 24 years old, 34% had only a high school education, 29% were Roman Catholic, 72% were married.

What percent ever tell the whole truth when questioned about various aspects of sex is harder to determine. In any case, the poll did not ask people about their sexual practices, only about what they thought.

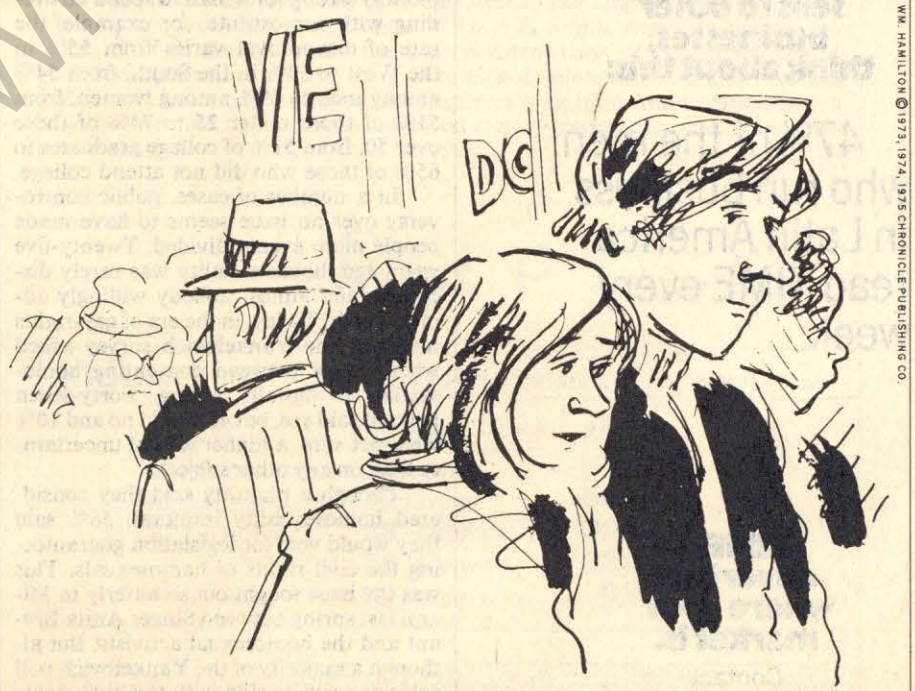
One thing most Americans are ready to confess is that while they are talking more openly about sex, they are increasingly confused about the moral values involved. Fully 68% agreed with the statement that "it's a lot better to have more openness about things like sex, homosexuality, premarital and extramarital relations." But 61% felt that "it's getting harder and harder to know what's right and what's wrong these days." Of these people, whom the Yankelovich survey categorized as "morally confused," the highest incidence occurred among those over 50 (65%) and, surprisingly, among those under 25 (66%).

The pollsters asked people to make judgments on a series of actions, deciding whether such actions were morally wrong or not a moral issue. On most issues the answers were stern ones.

Is it morally wrong for a married man to be unfaithful to his wife? Yes, said a solid 76%. Is it morally wrong for a married woman to be unfaithful to her husband? Seventy-nine percent condemned it. (Women are generally more conservative than men on these issues, perhaps because, as one woman observed, "they usually have to pay the consequences." They are even as quick to apply the double standard—*i.e.*, like men, women condemned female adultery more than male adultery.) The worst sin of all is when couples exchange partners: 81% of everyone questioned condemned it.

Is it morally wrong for teen-agers to have sex relations? Yes, said 63%. Those under age 25 disagreed, by a vote of 60% to 34%, but they were shouted down, as in real life, by their parents. The condemnation rose to a figure of 72% among those aged 35 to 49, and to 80% among those over 50.

Parents apparently suffer few illusions, however, about how much effect their frowning will have. About three-quarters approve of classroom discussions of sex relations even before high school, and more than three-quarters think parents are doing "the right thing" in instructing their own teen-age children about the use of contraceptives. Still, they keep hoping. When asked at what age it is "permissible" for a single young man to start having sex, 34% said he should wait until marriage, and 26% were not sure. Forty-two percent thought young women should wait until marriage, and



"I just don't know if an Abelard-Héloïse relationship has it for the long haul."

24% were not sure. (A 1976 survey of actual practice indicated that 55% of unmarried women had had intercourse by age 19. For men of that age, the estimates run to at least 85%.)

Is it morally wrong for couples who are not married to live together? No, said 52%. This is the only category of "liberated" sexual behavior asked about in the poll that was accepted by a majority —however thin—and that is because of large approval among men and the young. For 51% of women, living together is still considered morally wrong, as it is among 52% of those between 35 and 49. And the acceptance of cohabitation does not necessarily lead to the acceptance of illegitimate children. Seventy percent of all those polled disapproved of having children without formal marriage.

Putting aside the word moral, the interviewers then listed a number of practices and asked whether they had become "acceptable at least for other people, even if not for yourself." Once again, a majority found many things unacceptable: nude bathing beaches (61%), massage parlors (60%), male nudity in movies (59%), female nudity in movies (54%), topless waitresses in nightclubs (51%).

On each of the Yankelovich questions, there are wide divisions between groups. Just as men tend to be more liberal or permissive than women, Catholics are more liberal than Protestants. The Northeast and the West are the most liberal areas, the South the least so. The young, as always, are far more easygoing than the old, and the college-educated more than those without a college education. On the question of whether it is morally wrong for a man to spend an evening with a prostitute, for example, the rate of disapproval varies from 55% in the West to 69% in the South, from 54% among men to 69% among women, from 51% of those under 25 to 74% of those over 50, from 51% of college graduates to 65% of those who did not attend college.

In a number of cases, public controversy over an issue seems to have made people more evenly divided. Twenty-five years ago, homosexuality was rarely discussed, and almost nobody willingly admitted to it. Today, in the era of gay-rights marches, the Yankelovich survey asked whether sex between consenting homosexuals is morally wrong. Forty-seven percent said yes, but 43% said no and 10% were not sure, a higher rate of uncertainty than on any other subject.

Though a plurality said they considered homosexuality immoral, 56% said they would vote for legislation guaranteeing the civil rights of homosexuals. This was the issue fought out so bitterly in Miami last spring between Singer Anita Bryant and the homosexual activists. But although a majority of the Yankelovich poll subjects seem to side with the civil rights forces (who were defeated by a 2-to-1 majority in Miami), they do not all consider those rights unlimited. From 59% to 70% favor the right of homosexuals to live wherever they want, run for elective office, or serve in the Army, but that majority fades away when it comes to the right of homosexuals to act as teachers (44% for, 48% opposed) or ministers (44% for, 47% opposed).

The controversies over abortion, which newspapers once used to refer to as "an illegal operation," have had a similar effect. When the Yankelovich interviewers asked whether it was "morally wrong" to have an abortion, 48% said it was not while 44% said it was. This pro-abortion majority comes from men, who accept it by a ratio of 52 to 41, while women still oppose it, 47 to 44. A far larger majority (64%, including 58% of all Catholics) believe that regardless of morality, a woman should be legally free to have an abortion if she wants one. But a majority (58%) also agree with President Carter's view that Government funds should not be used to finance elective abortions for the poor.

Not only do most Americans now oppose laws against abortion or homosexuals, the Yankelovich poll shows, but they are against all Government prohibitions on sexual behavior.

In general, 70% subscribed to the statement that "there should be no laws, either federal or state, regulating sexual practice." That majority included all categories, Catholic and Protestant alike, old as well as young. Later in the survey, when asked whether they favored eliminating or maintaining "laws which regulate what kinds of sexual practices are acceptable and legal," a solid 49%-to-42% plurality wanted them eliminated.

The one apparent exception is pornography. Though adult entertainment areas have spread from Times Square and Hollywood Boulevard to even small towns across the nation, people dislike them. Fully 64% said that pornographic movies are morally wrong, and 59% said the same for advertisements promoting X-rated films. No less than 74% supported the view that "the Government should crack down more on pornography in mov-

"To tell the truth, I wish I'd been born back before sex."

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky.

The Sexes

ies, books and nightclubs." Of these, 54% said they felt this strongly. When a similar question was asked in 1974, only 42% favored a Government crackdown.

In general, it is clear that the traditional moral system has widespread support. But whether this is a yearning for more conservative moral times or simply the persistence of attitudes that were widely thought to have faded is less apparent. The Yankelovich survey asked people whether their own views about morality had become more liberal or more conservative in the past few years. In response, 42% said there had been no change, 41% said they had become more liberal and 15% said they had become more conservative. It is difficult to measure such changes exactly, but even after the process of liberalization, the majority seems to remain quite conservative. For example, 76% of the Yankelovich respondents supported the view that "permissiveness has led to a lot of things that are wrong with the country these days."

Surveys of sexual manners and mores are contradictory and tend to reflect the views of the pollsters. Perhaps the most significant such survey, however, is one taken in 1970 by the Kinsey Institute (officially the Institute for Sex Research), which is being used as the basis of a book entitled *American Sexual Standards,* to be published next year. Like the Yankelovich survey, the Kinsey study of 3,000 people showed a substantial majority (72% to 87%) disapproving of adultery, homosexuality, prostitution and casual sex among adolescents. "What really surprised us," Colin J. Williams, coauthor of the study, told TIME, "was that there existed such a hard-core bunch of conservatives in the country." In numerous places in the study, there are 20% to 40% that term "everything absolutely wrong. We call this moral absolutism, and there's a tremendous amount of it. What change there has been has occurred mainly in white, middle-class urban areas, which are the areas that the media are constantly examining. But they do not reflect the country at large."

Although nobody expects America to return to the days of the hoop skirt, a number of experts do see signs that the wildest expressions of sexual "liberation" may be ending. "I think there's a shift back, not toward conservatism but toward an end of sexuality for sexuality's sake," says Jack S. Boozer, professor of religion at Emory University in Atlanta. "What you had in the '60s was like being thrown into a forest and told there was no infallible reference point, everything was equal. The person in that forest is just as culturally deprived as the victim of malnutrition or child abuse."

Psychologist Joyce Brothers agrees. "We're not as swinging a people as we think we are," she says. "People found that instant sex was about as satisfying as a sneeze. It takes a lot of time and

A little more style than the rest.

THE CIGARETTE WITH TASTE FROM STATE EXPRESS OF LONDON.

"Tonight you're not going to talk about flying saucers, the Bermuda Triangle, weight lifting, or the esthetics of Ruskin. You're going to talk about marriage."

trouble to have sex with a lot of people, and they found it wasn't even worth the scheduling."

Barbara Seaman, author of *Free and Female,* goes further: "The backlash is against casual sex because a lot of people were hurt. It was as if there was a train gradually carrying us away from Victorian morality, but then suddenly in the '60s and '70s the train became a runaway, and a lot of passengers were injured. Now the brakes are starting to be repaired."

"Most people today are in a state of 'betweenity,'" says Marquette University Sociologist Wayne Youngquist. "They are caught between the new morality and the old. As long as they're not asked to make a statement, they'll ignore what's been going on. But they don't want to legitimate it." Youngquist also feels that while people are freer about private morality, they are becoming more conservative about the public and commercial exploitation of sex. Says he: "It's not that we have no rules, we have new rules. Kiddie porn is not free speech, it's exploitation. When you can't move down the streets because of prostitutes, it looks like hell. Do your own thing, but don't violate my space. A society that can't draw the line opens the way for normative collapse."

Columbia University Sociologist Amitai Etzioni agrees that the weakening of traditional standards could have dangers. Says he: "No political society has ever survived without its nuclear family intact. We can't go on becoming more and more liberal. We can't go on becoming ever more tolerant and pulling the nuclear family apart."

It is hard to determine exactly how a society acquires or changes such attitudes about itself. The processes of legislature and law move slowly. One unmistakable new element on the scene, however, is President Jimmy Carter, whom 53% of the Yankelovich respondents regarded as providing "strong moral leadership" (13% found him "too righteous"). Carter's influence may take some personal twists, like urging Government employees "who are living in sin" to get married (four of his top aides have done so since his election). On the other hand, the President's personal views can have major political significance, as in his opposition to Government funding for elective abortions, a view that has been widely denounced but is supported by a majority in the Yankelovich survey.

"Carter is not the final answer, but at least he gives us a glimpse of a direction," says Dean Francis B. Sayre Jr. of the Washington Cathedral (Episcopal). "In him we have a President of balance and of conscience, and that has an immediate effect." Peter Bourne, a psychiatrist who acts as White House special assistant for health issues, describes it as "a ripple effect." Says he: "When Carter talks about the positive aspects of marriage, about developing welfare programs that reinforce the family ... it makes people look at marriage differently." Sociologist Etzioni agrees: "We don't have a king or a queen to invest our identity with, so the President's position on these issues is of enormous importance. It will be the largest single force in American society."

In 1960, when John Kennedy was trying to become the first Catholic to win the presidency, many Protestants feared he might be dominated by the church's hierarchy, which had long fought against liberalized divorce laws, against artificial birth control and for censorship of books and movies. Kennedy defused that issue by confronting a group of Texas ministers and convincing them that secular principles would govern his decisions. Since then, of course, many Catholics have adopted far more permissive views. A report last June, commissioned by the Catholic Theological Society, said that just about any form of sex, including both homosexuality and adultery, could be considered acceptable, so long as it is "self-liberating, other-enriching, honest, faithful, socially responsible, life-serving and joyous."

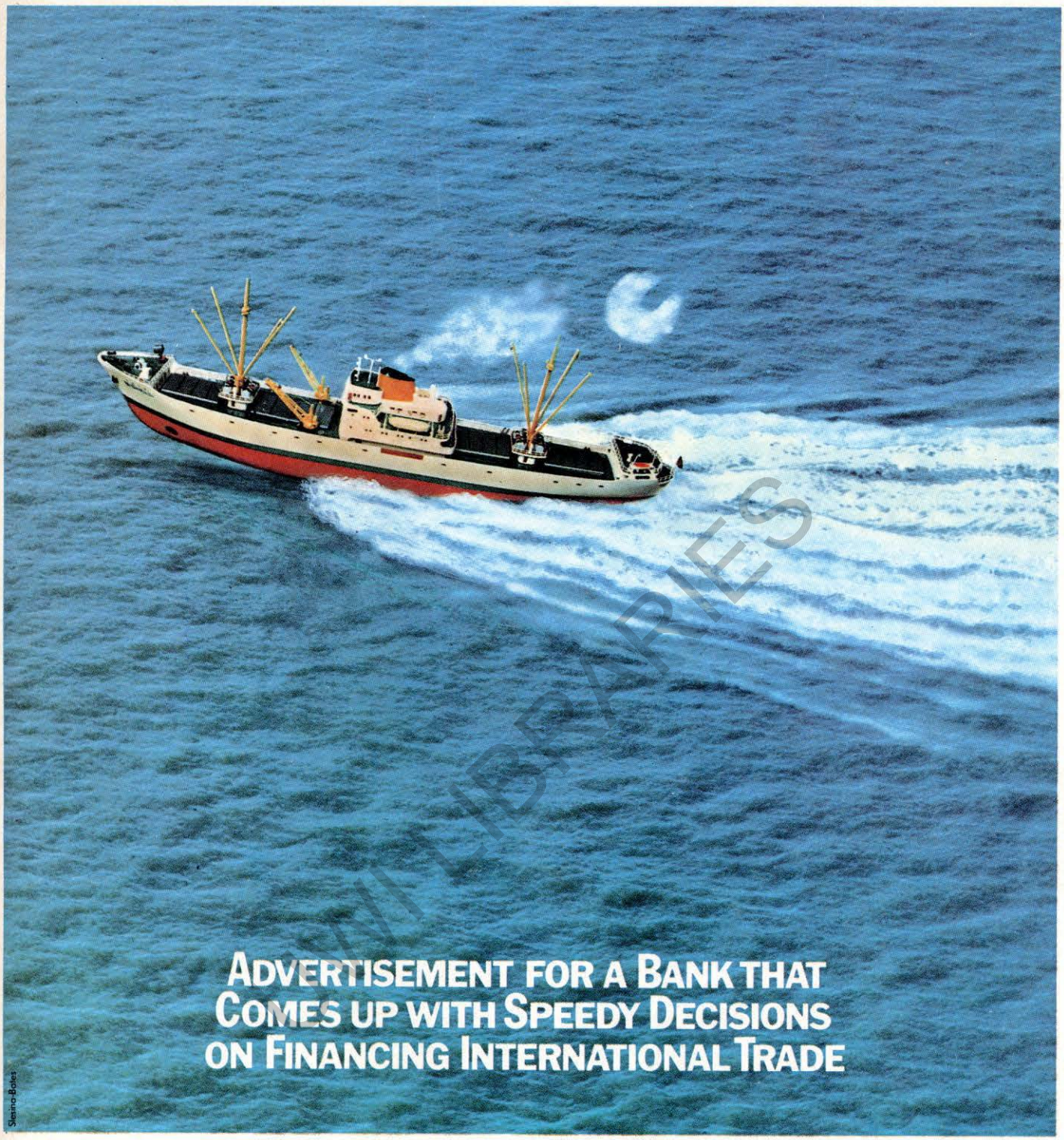
But now a Southern Baptist is in the White House, and it is evangelical Protestants who provide the most militant force for traditional morality. Anita Bryant, for one, frequently cites Scripture to support her antihomosexual campaign. Says her minister, the Rev. William Chapman of Miami's Northwest Baptist Church, with a rich gumbo of metaphors, "We're getting to the scum line in American society. People's lives are coming apart at the seams. People have burnt themselves out chewing on the cob of the liberal. We've listened to the liberal for 15 years, and what has he produced? A life that is full of the barnyard morality. The liberal dream is nothing but a hog trough."

Among more intellectual moralists, such rhetoric is hardly taken seriously. Lewis Smedes, who teaches theology and ethics at the Fuller Theological Seminary in California, is an evangelical who takes a more reasoned but nonetheless critical view of the trend of recent years. Says he: "The new morality is based on personhood and that could open the door to mass egotism. Our moral standards today are less impressed with the morality of the law or our institutions and more impressed with the value of the person. Even religious people are no longer impressed with marriage as an institution. If the union does not contribute to a person's growth, as that person perceives it, then he or she withdraws."

"You're stuffy. That's nice."

The opposition to hedonism is not limited to conservatives. The Rev. Jesse Jackson, Chicago black-activist leader, says he used to think that sexual morality was a private affair, but then he began to wonder why he saw so few young people engaged in social action. "Were they marching for full employment?" he asks. "Were they marching to rebuild cities? No, the thrust was to lower the drinking age to 18, to legalize marijuana, to engage in sex and accept no responsibility for the baby. [But] one has to have an ethical base for a society. Where the prime force is impulse, there is the death of ethics. America used to have ethical laws based in Jerusalem. Now they are based in Sodom and Gomorrah, and civilizations rooted in Sodom and Gomorrah are destined to collapse."

Jackson is exaggerating, to be sure. Even those experts who criticize the Jacobin era of the sexual revolution generally believe some good things have come to pass—greater frankness, greater tolerance, greater willingness to experiment. Many also point out that the time has come to stop equating morality with sexual morality, to separate it from cheating, betrayal and cruelty. Still, at a time when sex is being widely commercialized, when people's emotional needs are often manipulated and exploited, it is interesting simply to record that a substantial majority of Americans cling to a belief in many of the values of family life that they learned in their own homes. ■



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