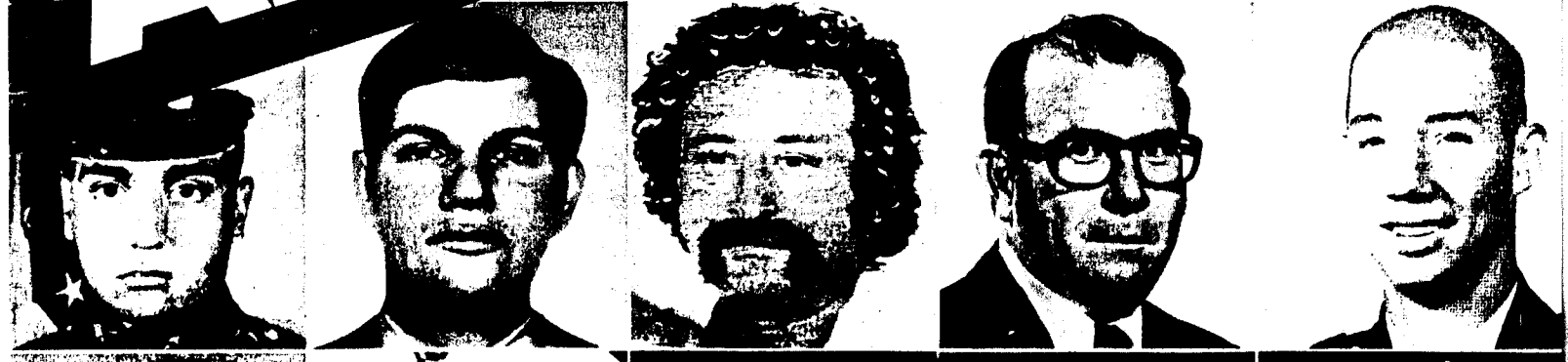


Newsweek

September 1975



America's Vigil



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AMERICA'S VIGIL

It was a time for flying the flag and candlelit church services as the continuing crisis in Iran fostered an American vigil of hope—and a test of patience. For this week's cover story, NEWSWEEK correspondents across the nation and in foreign bureaus contributed to a set of compact portraits of 21 of the 50 Americans for whom Christmas can mean little more than the 52nd day of captivity at the hands of young Islamic militants in the U.S. Embassy in Teheran. Separate articles in the cover package describe the deposed Shah's uneasy new life in Panama and profile Iran's enigmatic man of power, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the austere revolutionary whose ultimate professed aim is to "liberate the whole of the Middle East." *Page 18*

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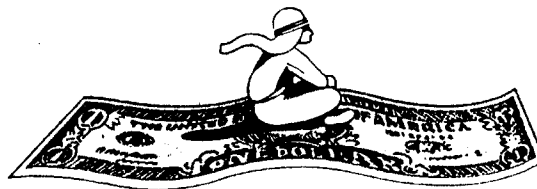
CHRYSLER'S LIFELINE?

Chrysler Corp. has been inching closer to bankruptcy for months, dragged down by a sales curve made worse with each headline on its financial crisis. Last week, in a climax of feverish lobbying, Congress finally tossed the ailing automaker a lifeline: \$3.5 billion worth of help that includes \$1.5 billion in Federal loan guarantees—provided Chrysler can extract \$2 billion in concessions from its workers, bankers, suppliers and the state and local governments with a stake in its survival. The package convinced chairman Lee A. Iacocca (right) that his company would eventually turn the corner, but many analysts remained doubtful: with the entire auto industry in a massive sales slump, Chrysler could fall victim to forces beyond its control. *Page 52*



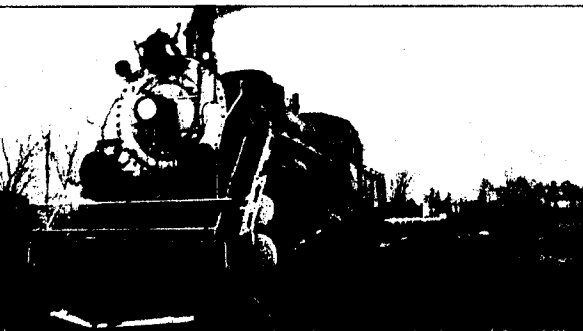
OPEC IN DISARRAY

OPEC's oil ministers met in Caracas last week to set world oil prices for 1980—and for the first time in cartel history, they failed to reach a consensus. The result: an average OPEC price of \$27 a barrel and continuing chaos in the market. But a glut is developing, and it may not be long before oil prices stabilize—or even fall. *Page 30*



A SPANISH MASTER

Two major artists are being honored by retrospectives at Carnegie Institute's Museum of Art in Pittsburgh. The paintings of Willem de Kooning look splendid, but the revelation is the sculpture of a Spanish master, Eduardo Chillida. *Page 67*



LITTLE RAILROAD THAT COULD

The Rock Island line is in bankruptcy. So is the once mighty Milwaukee Road. The romance of railroading has long ago disappeared down the track—except in the area of southern Illinois known as Little Egypt. There the 8.5-mile Crab Orchard & Egyptian Railroad has maintained the old mystique, and in the process it has become a backbone of the local economy. *Page 59*

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novels. What is this, Graham Greenspan?

Despite his real New York locations, director Robert Moore misses the sniff and snap of New York; his scenes in restaurants and concert halls are limp and flat. And the counterplot, involving George's press-agent brother Leo (Joe Bologna) and Jennie's friend Faye (Valerie Harper), has been thinned out. So has Valerie Harper: why would such a lovely woman and appealing performer want to look so painfully emaciated? You find yourself counting her tendons instead of listening to her lines.

JACK KROLL

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS IN OLD HAVANA

The time is 1959; the place, Batista's Havana, a tropical city where everything is for sale. While Castro's guerrillas wage terrorist raids from the hills, blond strippers imported from Hollywood strut their wares in grand, half-empty casinos, and American and British businessmen descend on the decomposing body politic like vultures. The ingredients for a great movie about the Cuban revolution are all present in Richard Lester's *CUBA* (with a large debt to "The Godfather, Part II"), but what is made of them is another matter. If movies could be said to have neuroses, one might diagnose "Cuba" as suicidal. By the time this atmospheric but thoroughly muddled story reaches its conclusion, the film has totally self-destructed.

From the start, Lester works himself into a dramatic and ideological corner by simultaneously soliciting our sympathy for the revolutionary cause and asking us to identify with a hero (Sean Connery) who is a British mercenary working for Batista. One waits for the dialectic to be resolved. One waits for Connery to act, to argue his case, to change his mind, to do *something*. Instead, he bumps into an old flame (Brooke Adams, slipping in and out of a Cuban accent) and spends most of the movie trying to woo her away from her philandering playboy-husband (Chris Sarandon). But don't expect sparks from this love story. While Connery gives a surprisingly pallid performance, Adams is a total enigma. Is she a clandestine revolutionary, a Fascist, a masochist, a tease? Or just that old standby, the Woman of Mystery?

Perhaps no director could have resolved the hopeless contradictions built into Charles Wood's screenplay, but Lester's detached, satirical style just makes matters worse. It's one thing to turn genres on their heads, as he has done with success in the past ("Robin and Marian," "The Three Musketeers"). Here he simply betrays whatever emotional force the material might contain. You could almost call this mongrel movie a fractured Brechtian rehash of "Casablanca." But that makes it sound far more interesting than it is.

DAVID ANSEN

NEWS MEDIA



St. Petersburg Times

Anti-Scientology protest in Clearwater: The papers led the counterattack

CHURCH VS. PRESS

Four years ago, an unknown group called the United Churches of Florida paid almost \$3 million in cash for two landmark buildings in Clearwater, Fla. The local press was properly curious about the organization. When the United Churches turned out to be a front for the Church of Scientology, the press intensified its efforts to learn more about the secretive group. Last week, The St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times began a fourteen-part series which pulls together the astonishing details of the Scientologists' self-styled plan for "taking control" of Clearwater.

From the moment they moved their Program Headquarters to Clearwater in 1976, the Scientologists followed their customary practice of trying to inhibit media coverage. But this time, the local press counterattacked. After the Scientologists filed a \$1 million libel suit against The Clearwater Sun, the paper countersued for abuse of legal process and subpoenaed the church's financial records—whereupon the church dropped its action. Before the Scientologists could even follow up their threat to sue The St. Petersburg Times, that paper filed suit to enjoin church agents from harassing its reporters. Both papers even joined a lawsuit on the side of the U.S. Government, successfully seeking the release of more than 48,000 documents seized by the FBI in raids on Scientology offices in Washington and Los Angeles. Besides thousands of internal Scientologist memos, the materials included copies of correspondence taken from the offices of the Times and its lawyers.

The Scientologists' files form the basis of the Times's series, which, among other

things, documents a crude pattern of attacks on reporters—and others—who questioned the church's operations. Some examples:

- A scheme to discredit Times reporter Bette Orsini, who was investigating the church. Using state documents, Scientologists anonymously sought to defame Orsini's husband by falsely implying that he was guilty of financial misconduct as director of the local Easter Seal Society.
- Surveillance of The Clearwater Sun by a church agent who obtained a job in the Sun's news room.
- Smear campaigns against officials of The St. Petersburg Times built upon rumors linking them with such groups as the CIA, the FBI and the Communist Party.
- Undermining the Congressional campaign of Clearwater Mayor Gabriel Cazares, who criticized the church. Scientologists staged a fake hit-and-run accident with a car in which he was riding to discredit him.

Headline coverage of the revelations has led to a rare public outpouring in normally conservative Clearwater. More than 5,000 citizens have held two demonstrations to call for a Congressional investigation into the church's activities and to demand that the Scientologists pay property taxes.

The Scientologists responded to the series by calling on the Times to balance its coverage with positive aspects of the church "rather than focus on isolated instances from the past." But Times editor Eugene C. Patterson praised the series, written by correspondent Charles Stafford. "The cult is still here," Patterson wrote in a signed editorial. "But the community's uncertain-

NEWS MEDIA

ty about the facts is gone forever." Patterson has no intention of lowering his paper's guard. Indeed, he already has had his office swept twice by debugging experts, and recently he installed a paper shredder.

ARLIE SCHARDT

A MAGAZINE FOR THE OVER-45 SET

The word is out on Madison Avenue: there really is life after 45. The media—and America's advertising and marketing wizards—are proclaiming that looking good, enjoying music and even making love are no longer reserved for those between the ages



Robert R. McElroy—NEWSWEEK

Hertz (left) and Hooper:
It's fun to be 50

of 18 and 34. Gone, says Stephen O. Frankfurt, director of creative planning at Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc., advertising agency, is the dogma that "middle-aged people are sexless, hopeless and resistant to change." In its place comes Prime Time, a glossy new monthly magazine aimed at the freshly discovered "maturity market."

Prime Time is only the newest magazine created for the over-45 set: other publications in the field are hastily pepping up their contents. Last year, Whitney Communications Corp. changed the name of its nineteen-year-old monthly from Retirement Living to 50 Plus. The magazine has also switched its theme from looking back to looking forward and has increased circulation from 103,000 in 1977 to 195,000. "Our readers have earned both the income and the right to enjoy themselves," says 50 Plus publisher Tom W. Carr, "and we'll show them how." As another sign of the market's

potential, Modern Maturity (circulation: 7 million), the magazine for members of the American Association of Retired Persons, will start carrying ads in the spring. And next March, a new cable-TV network, Cineamerica, will begin beaming programs designed for over-50 viewers.

Publishers have not yet proved that readers over 45 share enough interests to create a commercially successful editorial product. But advertisers are convinced the group provides a lucrative market. Americans aged 45 to 64 now compose more than half of all U.S. households earning more than \$25,000, and they possess 53 per cent of the nation's discretionary income. "The new magazines, cable networks and things like videodiscs are going to aim for the audience that is growing and spending through the 1980s," says Frankfurt, "and that's the older audience."

Prime Time plans to reach the affluent members of that audience in a sophisticated way. "We'll provide lots of examples of people finding new dimensions to their lives," says editorial director Bayard Hooper, who, at 51, typifies the professionals who edit the magazine (Hooper worked at Life and Esquire). The premiere issue includes features on the joys of the empty nest, the perils of sex therapy and "Why You Don't Like the Movies Anymore." There are also handsomely photographed articles on nouvelle cuisine and Mexican vacations, as well as columns on finance and health. Future issues will feature excerpts from Gail Sheehy's new book on mid-life happiness and articles about third marriages, middle-age firings and how to enjoy winter resorts without the discomfort of skiing.

'KICKS': Founder-publisher Barbara V. Hertz makes sure Prime Time is upbeat, even rejecting ads that suggest mid-lifers are not in their prime. The first issue—with a circulation of 100,000—excluded twelve pages of ads on such products as denture creams, laxatives and burial vaults. A lively 58-year-old, Hertz was managing editor of Parents magazine for eleven years, spent nine years as director of development at Barnard College and "retired." Convinced of the need for a new magazine, she and her husband, David, invested more than \$1 million to launch her project—and they have already turned away would-be buyers. "My kicks are to see it succeed," she says, "not just to make money."

David Bendel Hertz should make good material for his wife's magazine. Soon to retire as a management consultant, he helped raise \$3 million to carry Prime Time through its two-year start-up schedule. But he did not let that interfere with his third career. At 60, he is finishing his last year of law school at New York University.

ARLIE SCHARDT

TELEVISION

TV'S LOCAL

In the beginning there was CBS's "60 Minutes," which begat ABC's "20/20" and NBC's "Prime Time Sunday." But the real explosion of TV magazine shows is on the local level, where they have become the most-imitated journalistic format since "happy talk" news. Nearly 60 big-city stations now present magazine-style programs between the end of their evening newscasts and the start of prime-time entertainment. And the viewers, it appears, are subscribing. In most instances, the ratings of TV's city magazines are gonging the game shows and reruns that have made the 7:30-to-8-p.m. period seem so interminable.

No fewer than 46 of these stations stitch together their magazines from a unique programming "cooperative" run by Westinghouse Broadcasting's Group W Productions. Under the arrangement, Group W franchises the basic format to each station and allows it to select from a "national reel" of pretaped stories supplied by the co-op's other members. Every station produces at least one local story each week and contributes it to the reel. This assures that each magazine will have some home-grown flavor—beyond that imparted by its local hosts—as well as broad national appeal. "It's a fresh-air concept," says Group W vice president George Resing. "It gives local stations a chance to make TV, not just buy it."

STRIPEASE: In content and tone, the typical Group W edition is to "60 Minutes" what People magazine is to The New Republic. True, all of them occasionally take cracks at serious subjects. Boston's WBZ has dealt with radical mastectomies and hospices for the terminally ill, while San Francisco's KPIX has attacked the gas-gulping designs of Detroit's automakers. But such moments are easily outnumbered by what Group W executives call "informational entertainment" (or, in the vernacular of the trade, "hard fluff"). In recent months, the locals have spun out features on barefoot skiers, baboon trainers, worm farms, bat hunters and a striptease artist who delivers a religious sermon before every performance.

Each nightly menu is always sweetened with three 90-second segments of how-to advice. The most popular dispensers: Chef Tell, a zany "short-order gourmet cook," and Captain Carrot, a health-and-diet tipster whose most memorable revelation was that eating pumpkin seeds can help prevent prostate trouble.

The hosts of Group W shows seem as formulaized as the format. Invariably a coed twosome, they project a youthful, fresh-perked folksiness reminiscent of Donny and Marie Osmond. They also display an inordinate fondness for going on location—and becoming part of the story. Virginia Gunn, co-host of Atlanta's WAGA