



Ferguson Jenkins faces the most serious repercussions of his drug charges from the baseball commissioner.

SPORTS

Drugs and the hero

By Rick Ridder

There is a propensity among "summertime" baseball fans to focus only upon the contests between the pennant contenders, and to dismiss the late season bouts between mid- and low-standing ballclubs as irrelevant at worst and perfunctory at best.

The faithful, though, are at these games. The heroes of summer are approachable now. They have been humanized by their performance record. The ballplayers chatter along the sidelines about duck hunting, goin' home, and even baseball. They are free with their words; there is nothing to hide when you are 27 games out with 26 to play.

Some are free with their actions, and at times it brings joy, and at times it brings regret. For Ferguson Jenkins, it brought regret.

Ferguson Jenkins expected his suitcases to be with the suitcases of the other members of the Texas Rangers. But his suitcase and the suitcases of five other Rangers were misplaced from Texas by the airlines. So when his suitcase arrived in Toronto Aug. 25 it was not provided the "no search" treatment by customs agents normally accorded professional athletes' bags traveling with their teams.

Jenkins was arrested as he was shagging flies at the ball park and informed that Canadian customs agents found \$500 worth of illegal narcotics in his luggage. There were four grams

of cocaine, two ounces of marijuana and two grams of hashish. He was arraigned two days later on charges of "simple possession" of illegal drugs. The trial date for Jenkins, a Canadian citizen, was set for Dec. 18.

Jenkins, who won 20 games in seven out of eight years, up until now has been a virtual shoe-in for baseball's Hall of Fame. Additionally, he was named Canadian Athlete of the Year in 1974, and last year he received the Order of Canada, the highest civilian honor in that country.

The issue, both temporarily and ultimately, has been and will be decided by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Kuhn temporarily suspended with pay Jenkins on Sept. 8 for refusing to cooperate with the Commissioner's investigation of the alleged drug possession. As Jenkins' lawyer, Edward Greenspan, put it, "His [Kuhn's] decision is devoid of any fairness, decency, justice and rationale. He doesn't respect one of the basic lessons of law, and that is the right of a client to remain silent before any tribunal or hearing before his trial."

Kuhn's quick hook was surprising in that it was expected that Kuhn would not act until after the December trial. Indeed, Kuhn in his suspension letter to Jenkins wrote, "While I am, of course, disturbed by pendency of drug charges against you, I am prepared to defer further proceedings by this office in that regard until they have been concluded." But as a result of Jenkins' lack of cooperation,

Kuhn thought it "fair" that Jenkins be out of uniform until he is willing to talk to the Commissioner's investigators.

The Major League Player's Association quickly filed a grievance over Kuhn's action, but any redress would not come until after the end of the season.

Kuhn's decision may also be considered hasty in that if he had done nothing at all, it would keep the problem of drug use by ballplayers off the sports pages, as well as provide Kuhn time to decide how to proceed if Jenkins is found guilty. With drug use widespread among athletes, future arrests of athletes for drugs are almost certain. How Kuhn acts in the Jenkins affair will begin to mold the precedents for future drug cases not only in baseball, but will guide other sport commissioners in their drug cases.

If Kuhn bars Jenkins from baseball for life, as some have suggested, he will be placing baseball's standards far above society's. To some extent Kuhn can find a precedent for such action. Famed Baseball Commissioner Judge Mountain Kenesaw Landis banned eight Chicago White Sox from baseball in the Black Sox scandal of 1919 despite all eight receiving not guilty verdicts. However, public outcry for their suspensions was intense.

Public outcry over Jenkins' alleged transgression has been substantial but by no means overwhelming. This moderated reaction may be a result of the

public's growing awareness of drug usage by athletes, and sentiment that Jenkins should not be unduly condemned for possession of substances so readily found among his peers.

Kuhn has a more difficult situation. If in an attempt to make Jenkins an example to other possible offenders, he suspends Jenkins for life for the misdemeanor, how does that square with giving George Steinbrenner a one-year suspension for his conviction on a felony charge for illegal campaign gifts? Instead, Jenkins will probably be convicted on a misdemeanor, Kuhn will suspend Jenkins for two months of next season, and

Jenkins will return telling the world he hasn't touched anything but aspirin since August of 1980.

The Commissioner's action will not stop drug usage in baseball or in any other sport. However, there will be team bag searches now at international airports. But that will be the next effect of the Jenkins affair on the national sport, because baseball will not ask, "If the person who received the highest civilian award in Canada is using drugs, what could the bench-jockey be doing?" Maybe he isn't just thinking about duck hunting, goin' home and baseball. ■

RADIO

Unions find all ad dollars are not equal

By Robert Spaulding

"We don't want to become involved in what is strictly an internal labor-management dispute. We're sorry but we can't accept your ads."

That statement by the manager of radio station WOOK in Washington, D.C., cut short the efforts of a local union to take their message directly to workers via the airwaves in an organizing campaign.

Broadcast advertising is once again being recognized by union organizers as an effective means of building support. But resistance from the conservative broadcasting industry has been sharp, and promises to remain a major stumbling block. Station managers exercise complete control over what ads are aired, and they are using that discretion to reject union spots at an alarming rate.

"Yeah, there has been resistance," one union organizer said. "Radio has ties with industries that have a stake in keeping out unions."

The ads rejected by WOOK were eventually aired on another station, but the representation election at a local meat distribution company was lost by only eight votes. "Some people said that the ads they heard were convincing," an observer said, adding that airing the ads on WOOK might well have made the critical difference. That particular station was especially important because it was played during work hours at the company.

The ads rejected by the station were straightforward: "If you work at Murray Steaks, listen to this. The law is on your side. You have the right to a union. With a union, you can get better vacations, make better wages and get better dental and medical benefits. A union can help you get them all. So vote for the Meat Cutters Local 593. Vote yes on Jan. 26."

Why do stations turn away advertising customers when those customers are unions? Aren't broadcasters eager to accept advertising dollars at any time?

Normally, the answer to that last question is yes. But the more direct the union message, the greater the difficulty in getting it aired. Advertising that is not directed to specific organizing campaigns, like the well known "Look for the Union Label" campaign of the International Ladies Garment Workers (ILGWU), or the excellent national

media campaign by the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), runs into less difficulty. The stakes are higher for national campaigns in terms of advertising sales and profits, and the message is clearly perceived as less of a threat. Large advertising agencies handling the accounts—J. Walter Thompson, in AFSCME's case—make a difference as well.

Much of the new and productive use of the broadcast media is in this form of institutional advertising, and more union ads than ever before are going on the air. The nature and content of those ads, however, are clearly affected. Unions frequently have to avoid direct organizing ads in exchange for less pointed, informative ads.

"It's not a question of what you prefer, but what you can get on the air," the head of one international's communications department comments.

Tactically, many prefer the less direct approach. "Our strategy is not to put on things that are combative," he adds, citing the dual purpose of most ads in reaching both workers (potentially new members) and the general public for public relations purposes.

In some places, where only one or two stations exist, the question of access is critical. The Federal Communications Commission does not regulate the selection of advertising by stations except in a few special circumstances. (Political advertising is subject to the Equal Time Rule, and controversial issues of public importance are covered by the Fairness Doctrine, requiring a "balanced" presentation of both sides of the issue.)

In some cases, unions have fought back. Last year, the Food and Beverage Trades Department, AFL-CIO, filed a petition to deny the license renewal of two Alabama TV stations, WHNT-TV and WSLA-TV, when they refused to air spots supporting the two-year-old boycott of Winn-Dixie supermarkets, a large anti-union retailer in the South. In this case, the conflict of interest was explicit: a member of the board of directors of Winn-Dixie owned a substantial share of both stations. The petition to deny was initially turned down by the FCC, but is under appeal. ■ Robert Spaulding is the former editor for the AFL-CIO's Food and Beverage Trades Department.

Frustration of youth in '70s Italy

By Diana Johnstone

Everything went wrong in the '70s. In their latest film, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani approach the universal debacle through three idealistic young Italians defeated in their aspirations to share love and creative work. It is the tragedy of a generation unable to change the public world or even the private world of personal relationships, a generation that seems to have run up against some invisible barrier to human progress, like the sound barrier or the speed of light. Noble projects collapse without anyone even understanding why. For this predicament, the Taviani brothers find the image (and their film's title) of *Il Prato*, the meadow, where nature at first appears relatively tamed, but turns out to be crawling with bugs and little beasts slaughtering, devouring and rotting just beneath the surface.

Filmed in and around the medieval Tuscan town of San Gimignano, *Il Prato* is crammed with symbols, which tend to outweigh plot and character development. Still, the characters come across due to the personal warmth of the actors, not-

ably Isabella Rossellini (daughter of Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini) as Eugenia. The Tavianis can be heavy-handed, as when they parody ecological idealism as nostalgia for a fairytale world, where Eugenia as Pied Piper leads the children she has been trying to initiate into self-expression.

But whatever its shortcomings, *Il Prato* is an important film. It conveys something of what it is like to be 20 years old in Italy after the failure of the left.

Eugenia has a degree in anthropology, but, unable to find work in her field, commutes to a dull file clerk job in a tax office. She lives with Enzo (Michele Placido), a graduate agronomist who wants to take over an abandoned hillside in Tuscany for an ecological farming commune. While Enzo is away, Eugenia meets Giovanni (Saverio Marconi), who falls in love with her. In principle, they believe love should be generous, not possessive, that Eugenia should be free to love them both. In practice, it doesn't work. Meanwhile, local property-owners defeat Enzo's commune before it even gets going, and he is forced to take a job wrapping gift packages in a department store. Par-



Isabella Rossellini

ents snatch back their children from Eugenia's little theatrical group. Enzo and Eugenia do not belong to the generation of the '60s, who could combine normal careers with political activism. They are children of the '70s, ready to live communism directly, but trapped in a society that rejects their generosity and their talents.

Giovanni suffers from a failure of vocation that is more subtle but related. He wanted to make films. Instead he works as

a lawyer handling several cases at once in an overcrowded, understaffed, chaotic government legal aid office. His father, a biologist happy in his work, urges Giovanni to do what he wants, even offering him money. But Giovanni doesn't believe he has the right to be special, to express his sensibility as an artist, any more than he has the right to take Eugenia away from Enzo—even if his very life depends on it. Giovanni says he has (unlike Enzo) left the "great collective illusions" behind him. But passage through that vision of a generous world, that exhilarating sense of shared human purpose, has permanently destroyed the contrary illusions that feed competitive individualism and personal ambition. The best of the generation that has lost hope of achieving the communist ethic is still unable to go back to a capitalist ethic.

The blockage is characteristic of Italy today, and so are the different ways the trio react to it. Giovanni, portrayed as most lucid (at least, it is his point of view that dominates), gives up. Enzo, driven by the need to give meaning to life, tends to regress into childish outbursts of fear and anger. As usual in Italian cinema, it is the woman whose sense of preserving life is the strongest. Eugenia decides to try a fresh start by going to Algeria. (Many young Italians in the wake of revolutionary hope are starting over, by having children or going abroad.)

All Taviani films deal with the baroque themes of dreams and awakening, illusions and disillusion. *Allonsanfan* and *San Michele Aveva un Gallo*

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both portrayed revolutionary illusions and disillusion of earlier periods. The latter, practically buried alive under its cumbersome and misleading title, was the bitter fable of a romantic 19th-century anarchist whose imagination and spiritual force sustain him through a decade of solitary confinement only to bring him face to face with a younger generation of Marxist revolutionaries who have nothing but scorn for his unscientific approach to the masses. With *Il Prato* the Taviani brothers bring the generational shifts up to date—and this time it is the Marxists' children (or great-grandchildren) who wreck the hopes of their elders. As if to underscore the irony, the Tavianis cast Giulio Brogi, the anarchist of *San Michele*, as Giovanni's biologist father in *Il Prato*, a conventional Marxist (in Italian terms) who is given the ordeal of seeing hope die with his son's generation. His science and technology can do nothing. The injustice of it moves him to want to revolt, but what is the sense of revolt without progeny? The dialectic process has jammed, and the contradictions, instead of jumping leapfrog ahead, cancel each other out in indecipherable confusion.

The meadow of the title is compared, through allusion to a Rossellini film, *Germania Anno Zero*, to the ruins of Berlin at the end of World War II. The despair of Berlin followed a grandiose fantasy of domination that ended in total destruction. The despair in *Il Prato*, on the contrary, is the impasse of a generous fantasy before something strangely incurable in life itself.

The most successful scenes in *Il Prato* are neither fantasy nor reality, but fleeting moments of drowsiness when Giovanni, or Eugenia, lingers on the border between dream and awakening, unsure which is which. Dozing off at the end of a happy day in the countryside, Giovanni perceives such a harmony in the gestures of the peasants around him that he imagines he understands "what it is like to conduct an orchestra." The Tavianis' most acclaimed film *Padre Padrone*, portrayed the awakening of a poor Sardinian shepherd, almost miraculously pulled by language, by culture, out of primeval bestiality towards civilization.

In the seemingly relentless pessimism of the Taviani brothers, there is perhaps this paradoxical glimmer of hope: even the most civilized among us have only begun to emerge from our long animal sleep.

It is Eugenia who voices this hope. When everything goes wrong, and mysterious impulses tear apart people who should have come together, she asks, in a dream, Is there nothing to do? And answers, "Yes, wake up." ■



When Dad attacks Mom, he loses the prerogatives of the patriarch.

The pretty good Santini

By Pat Aufderheide

The Great Santini doesn't have to be great—it isn't—to be a welcome, refreshing movie. It's a family drama about the price of modern patriarchy—*Father Knows Best* meets *The Big Red One* and there are casualties on both sides.

Robert Duvall, in a good, tight performance, is the manic Marine colonel "Bull" Meecham (a.k.a. "The Great Santini") who tells his troops to look on him as God and expects his family to do the same. His main problem is that, at a moment of career disappointment, his son—the son of "God"—is growing up, challenging his supremacy at the same time as he commands the father's adoration.

The film's rendition of 1962 is more than technically accurate (which it also is—you'd probably mercifully forgotten some of those furniture lines and brand names). The family style is also true to the aspirations of the time. Enthusiastically Cath-

olic Mom (Blythe Danner) gallantly organizes her household as a mini-version of the world. She organizes group sings; she sews and cooks and prays; she constantly translates her ebulliently authoritarian husband to her children, her servant, his colleagues; she tries to be as much the force of kindness and feeling in their mini-society as he is the embodiment of aggressive action.

What the movie succeeds in is this: it convinces us not only of the cruelty and violence in this claustrophobic family structure, but also of likeable aspects of the characters. Their weaknesses are not indictments, but they are parts of a much bigger system of belief, one that involves issues like why we fought in Vietnam and that lives on in the next generation. That's why the ending is both touching and depressing—the son steps into his father's role, with both its authoritarian and its benevolent aspects.

Too bad that this evocation of real-life tensions in domestic life doesn't extend to the movie's

treatment of race relations. A sentimental liberalism bleeds all over the screen in the subplot, which concerns gentle, flower-loving Toomer (Stan Shaw), son of the Meecham's maid and friend of the Meecham son—who violates Dad's orders to look for Toomer when he gets word that a vicious cracker is out hunting for the black man. Inevitably, Toomer's death becomes the vehicle for a face-down between father and son. The suffering black man gives the white boy the gift of freedom. (Is it enough to point out that the author of *Conrack* wrote the book on which this screenplay is based?)

But this is the major area where *The Great Santini* lapses into TV-movie style social-issue porn—that is, using a social issue as a hook on which to hang a traditional melodrama. Otherwise it's an interesting, modest but thoughtful exploration of our ideas about family and sex roles. What's most poignant is that so much harm can be done by people trying so hard to be good. ■

CULTURE SHOCK

WELL, HEY!

The *Washington Star* has provided the last-ditch case for the gas guzzler. With its large gas tank, it can move a family 250 miles from the site of a

nuclear attack. And if they get stuck in traffic, its heavy body provides protection from fallout.

POST-LITERATE SHOPPING

The Sears, Roebuck

and Co. catalog is going on TV, through a deal with Warner Amex Cable Corporation. The new high-tech catalog will feature live-action commercials rather than still photographs.

