

'Glasnost' goes to the movies

MARK W. RICHARDS

By Daniel B. Wood
Staff writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Los Angeles

QUICK, get serious and let's exchange views!" said Sydney Pollack, American film director, to Elem Klimov, Soviet film director. The two *artistes*, each a decorated pillar of cinematic wisdom in his respective land, tried to wear the diplomatic sobriety of the occasion on their faces.

But they were having too much fun. The superpowers were flirting in Hollywood this week in a history-making gambit of cultural *glasnost* (openness), dubbed the "En-

tertainment Summit."

For the first time, 10 of the Soviet Union's most influential film directors, actors, and writers came to meet their American counterparts with a firm, clear, and unique agenda: examine the damaging, often vicious stereotypes that each country has reinforced of the other in television and movies.

They also tried to understand the creative processes of "the enemy" in encouraging film and video art that heals instead of wounds and talked about the possibility of future creative collaborations, even co-productions.

For seven days, guests and hosts at Warner

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A fun 'summit': Soviet film director Klimov (l.) and US director Pollack

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Bros., Columbia, and the Directors Guild of America (DGA) watched film clips from American situation comedies such as "Family Ties," miniseries such as "Amerika," and feature movies such as "Rambo" and "Red Dawn." They viewed Soviet films such as "Silver Dust," "Flight 222," "Circus," and many others.

They talked about a new era of cinematic freedom unfolding in the Soviet Union, one without which the "summit" would be impossible, and its implications for a global community of filmmakers. "I have long believed that a significant route to world peace is through its artists and filmmakers," said Gilbert Cates, president of the DGA. "This has engaged those of both sides in a lively dialogue."

"We are opening each other's eyes to this propaganda of evil stereotypes," said Vladimir Posner, a Soviet television com-

mentator well known in the West. "And we are finding what we can do to change this awful situation."

The Soviets were delighted and encouraged by their host's honesty and capacity for self-criticism. The Americans were all but astonished at the cinematic skill, wit, and humor of their guests. By summit's end, both sides were congratulating each other for an unprecedented meeting-of-the-minds, which could easily have deteriorated into a well-meaning public relations ploy.

"The artful images we produce can be far more powerful than any diplomatic exchange," said Mr. Klimov, the Soviet director recently elected head of the Film Worker's Union of USSR. "We [filmmakers] must impose the responsibility upon ourselves not to stoop to a tit-for-tat battle of negative imagery."

"I think we outstereotyped you by far," said film director Franklin

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MARK W. RICHARDS

Posner: 'We are opening each other's eyes to this propaganda of evil stereotypes'

GLASNOST from page 6

Schaffner, after one set of movie clips. Soviet films portrayed Americans as flaky, loudmouthed entertainers, or domineering, impulsive, and loud capitalists. American films, meanwhile, portrayed Soviets as militaristic "heavies," cold, inhuman types who never smiled, and enjoyed subversive tactics. The view of Soviets portrayed in American films, most agreed, seemed more overtly and intentionally evil.

By summit's end, one conclusion had closed a number of separate meetings: The way to get beyond stereotypes - even benign ones perpetrated by uninformed conceptions - is through knowledge of the other culture. More than just responsibility or even ethical considerations, the question in this nuclear age, they agreed, was one of survival.

Participants called for forums, committees, and commissions to continue the dialogue. They called for extensive travel exchanges. And they urged another summit next year in Moscow, for American directors to share their ideas with Russian audiences.

"And would it be possible for Soviet actors to portray Soviets in American films, and for Americans to play Americans in Soviet films?" asked Ludmilla Chursina, one of the leading ladies of the Soviet screen.

The idea for the summit was that of Mark Gerzon, president of Mediators Productions, a Malibu-based, motion-picture

and television production company.

A recent guest of the Filmmaker's Association in Moscow, Mr. Gerzon said he was saddened and hurt by the portrayals of Americans he saw in Soviet-made films. He remembered Soviet friends saying the same thing about Soviet citizens in American films.

"The impact on the gullible moviegoer no doubt is to reinforce the anticommunist and anticapitalist stereotypes which apparently govern thinking in the White House and Kremlin," he says. But in recent meetings in both countries Gerzon said he was struck "by the increasingly outspoken criticism of these cold-war scenarios. Many filmmakers in both nations are apologetic, some even ashamed, about their colleagues' . . . misuse of their powerful art."

"When I return to Moscow, I will tell the director that the Americans laughed at his characterization of one American," Victor Dyomin, a Soviet film critic, said of the film "Solo Voyage," directed by M. Tumanishvili, known as the Russian equivalent of "Rambo." "We must all keep hitting home one point - that's it's shameful to intentionally make someone hate what they are ignorant about."

Both Americans and Russians called for individual, self-policing on this point, steering clear of formal controls by studios and the bureaucratic Goskino, the Soviet Union's state committee for motion pictures.

Between the lines of the summit, observers speculated on ulterior motives for the thaw in relations that led to the sum-

mit. Some say Mikhail Gorbachev, hungry for foreign currency, wants to lure expensive American productions to Soviet-bloc countries, and find more outlets for its own films. And then, there is the American lure of largely untapped Soviet audiences.

In any case, Americans found their Soviet counterparts rejoicing. Artists have replaced bureaucrats at the upper echelons in the Soviet movie hierarchy, according to Klimov, who heads the 7,000-member association of film directors, screenwriters, screen actors, and set designers known as Soyuz

Kinematografistov. He says the reform there - aided but not begun by recent Gorbachev reforms - is so dramatic that the government is not only allowing criticism of the regime but asking for it.

"There is no comparison to the way things were run five years ago," Klimov adds.

"I think it will be some time before we can figure out anything constructive that comes out of this [summit]," said director Pollack, who served as host for one meeting. "But some wonderful seed work has been planted. Consciousness has been raised on both sides."

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Nuclear Policies Gone Out Of Control

In the annals of downplaying, Caspar Weinberger's comment about the nuclear weapons protest that drew between 500,000 and 750,000 citizens to New York was punchless. He could murmur only that "I don't think that anybody rushes back and says, 'We have to change our policy' . . . or something because there was a rally."

A mere rally? This was both the largest outpouring of people and the

broadest coalition of antinuclear sentiment ever organized in the United States. If we look back on the August 1963, civil-rights protest at the Lincoln Memorial as the peaking of the nation's awareness of its racism, and the beginning of the process to change it, then one day the New York weapons protest will likely be seen as the moment the shift from nuclearism began.

This was not the Berrigan brothers leading a lonely band of brave souls in a prayer vigil at the entrance to the Pentagon. Nor was it a romp of sophomores out for a weekend of military-baiting in the style that prompted Richard Nixon in 1970 to cynically dismiss student demonstrators: "You see these bums . . . blowing up the campuses . . . Get rid of the (Vietnam) war and and there'll be another (issue)."

In 1982, the issue is not different. Now, as then, citizens are demanding accountability from a govern-

ment perceived to be out of control in its military policies.

The peace movement of the late 1960s had strengths and weaknesses peculiar to the Vietnam war. It was strong because the disenchantment

Colman McCarthy

came in large part from returning survivors of the war who agreed with the peace protestors at home that the Johnsons, Westmorelands and Kissingers were obsessed men. It was weak because the fighting, dying and maiming were borne disproportionately by the children of the poor and lower classes, groups that are at the top of most other victimization lists. This weakness meant that the war would eventually end more because the public tired of a misguided policy that wasn't producing victory than because too many of the poor and lower classes were dying.

In the disarmament movement of the early 1980s, the strengths and weaknesses are reversed. The strength is that everyone, the rich and the upper middle classes included, sees his life and possessions at stake when the nukes begin to fly and death covers Ground Zero. The establishment understands the political relevance of protesting. This includes mainline bishops to obscure conservatives in Congress like Rep. Larry J. Hopkins of Kentucky who said last week that "we are on the brink of nuclear insanity."

It's regrettable that the best thing about the burgeoning peace movement is the basest element of human nature, self-survival. But it wasn't until word spread (from the eloquent word in Jonathan Schell's "The Fate of the Earth" to the frightening word in the reports of Physicians for Social Responsibility) that the policy-makers are putting everyone at risk

that demonstrations of between 500,000 and 750,000 were able to be organized. Everyone or everyone's representative came to New York on June 12.

The weakness of the movement is that it is not based on deep-rooted pacifism. A nuclear pacifist says, don't drop nuclear bombs because one might blow up me—but let's keep spending for bigger tanks, wider aircraft carriers and sneakier helicopters. Someone else can be ordered into war to risk his life maiming them.

The nuclear pacifist still believes in violent force as the way for nations to settle their disputes. He is not necessarily supporting the young who refuse to cooperate with draft registration nor is he giving sympathy to tax resisters. It's only when Ground Zero overlaps his own property line that he begins to squirm.

Already the Reagan administra-

tion shows signs that it understands this weakness. Contrary to what the unrushed Weinberger says, it has changed its policies: by changing the tone of its policies. Talk bordering on ranting is no longer heard about limited nuclear war nor demonstration bombs.

Instead Ronald Reagan tells Europeans, straight from the heart not the hip, that he respects their peace marches and he would be leading them were he not the man who must stand up to the Russian bear. At home, Reagan writes a letter to Ann Landers. "I want you to know that I'll take second to none in my concern over the threat of nuclear war," he tells Ann, who had received a letter from "Terrified in D.C."

The next challenge for the disarmament movement is to increase its militance while Reagan strives to decrease the appearance of his.

Letters in VIEW

Sunday, April 15, 1984

Singling Out the Soviets

Si Frumkin (View Letters, April 1) is unhappy that the March conference between U.S. and Soviet writers did not discuss *his* agenda. Instead, the writers talked about methods of achieving peace and better understanding between their nations.

Frumkin's agenda would concentrate on a meeting with South African writers, so that the subject of apartheid could be politely avoided.

There is a valid point in his suggestion, but Frumkin seems to miss it completely. The fact is that in spite of the medieval-type horrors of apartheid, the U.S. and South Africa maintain reasonably workable relations at the international level.

And in spite of the way women are treated in Saudi Arabia (as fourth-class citizens, based on our standards), U.S. diplomatic relations with that country have continued intact.

A dozen other examples can easily be cited of nations whose internal policies are distasteful or downright repugnant to most of us in the U.S., but who nevertheless continue to maintain effective relations with us.

Why does Frumkin insist on singling out those internal policies of the U.S.S.R. which are particularly distasteful to him, and then proceed to declare that these internal policies must determine the basis of U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations?

C. H. RICHARDSON
San Juan Capistrano

22 Part VII/Sunday, April 1, 1984

Letters in VIEW

U.S.-Soviet Writers' Conference

What good manners! What delicacy! What hypocrisy!

I can hardly contain my admiration for the restraint (or was it just ignorance?) shown by the U.S. writers during their weeklong conference with their Soviet colleagues ("U.S. and Soviet Writers Break the Ice" by Kathleen Hendrix, March 21). How could they avoid the one topic that typifies current Soviet literature more than anything else: that the best Soviet writers, such as Solzhenitsyn, Aksionov, Voinovich, Maksimov and many, many others, have been sent into exile abroad and cannot have their work published or distributed in the Soviet Union?

I am glad that disarmament was discussed, but here again the restraint and good manners prevailed. Apparently no one dared mention the arrests and psychiatric detentions of the few genuine peace activists in the U.S.S.R., the destruction of the Helsinki Watch groups, the trial of Olga Medvedkova, a member of the Group to Establish Trust U.S.-U.S.S.R.

I realize that we must spare the feelings of those who come here as guests. I would suggest, therefore, that the same American writers next meet with a delegation of officially approved writers from South Africa and have a conference that politely avoids the subject of apartheid and the banning of books by black and dissident writers. If this is absurd, then so is the double standard that is applied to the Soviets.

SI FRUMKIN
Studio City

NUCLEAR WINTER - CHANGING OUR WAY OF THINKING

By Dr. Carl Sagan

Dr. Sagan is David Duncan Professor of Astronomy and Space Sciences at Cornell University. At his request we are printing only a limited excerpt from his Marshall Lecture of April 18, 1985, delivered in Washington, D.C. under the sponsorship of the Natural Resources Defense Council and transmitted to Globescape via video broadcast satellite.

I wish it weren't true that the United States and the Soviet Union have together contrived a doomsday machine that threatens everybody on the planet. Unfortunately this does seem to be true, and so if it is true it seems to me there is no more important topic. Whatever your aspirations may be for the future, whatever your expectations for your children and grandchildren might be, all are fundamentally threatened by the danger of nuclear war.

There are some 55,000 nuclear weapons on the planet today, almost all of which are more powerful than the bombs that destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Of those about 18,000 are strategic weapons, weapons designed to go from the homeland of one adversary to the homeland of the other. The prompt effects of nuclear war are of course well known. Everyone knows about the blast, the immediate fallout, the plumes of radioactivity that go downwind of the targets. The death and destruction from such prompt effects is of course chilling and would represent by itself an unparalleled disaster in the whole history of humans on earth.

Under the mushroom cloud from a single explosion, which results in effect from unleashing the physics of the center of the sun briefly on the surface of the earth, would be numerous fires coalescing into a merging of fires many tens of square kilometers in extent, feeding a great upward draft creating a dark pall of sooty smoke from the burning of the city.

Imagine something comparable happening over every city targeted: smoky clouds rising, coalescing, and covering very large areas. The west-

erly winds that prevail in the Northern Hemisphere would soon spread a significant dark cloud over the entire northern mid-latitude target zone that embraces the United States and the Soviet Union.

Such a cloud would screen all but one percent of sunlight on the average, leaving too little for plants to photosynthesize by, enough for humans to see by, but also accompanied by significant drops in temperature. In our calculations they are certain to be more than ten Centigrade degrees for a war in July, which would mean that substantial parts of the planet would fall below the freezing point of water in mid-summer. The climatic effect following the use of even a small fraction of the nuclear weapons now deployed would be what is called nuclear winter.

The nuclear arsenals of the United States and the Soviet Union are vastly in excess of any conceivable use to deter an adversary. What they threaten is a huge excess of destruction. No doctrine, no belief system, no economic system, no social order, no religious faith can be more important than the issue of safeguarding the human species. When it first became clear that nuclear winter was a possibility, that there was a hitherto unglimped possible catastrophic climatic consequence of nuclear war, it was immediately clear that there were policy implications.

Considering the dictum that even the end of the world is unlikely to change thinking in Washington and Moscow there has been some movement. After all, the Department of Defense now at least considers it a possibility that there would be a disaster of global proportions in the earth's climate following a nuclear war. The President of the United States has compared the consequences of previous large volcanic eruptions on the climate with the possible consequences from nuclear war, so to that extent nuclear winter has become very rapidly integrated into the conventional wisdom. But

maybe no more than ten degrees but maybe 20 or 30 degrees. When you consider the nature of the web of life on this planet—the enormous interdependency—if you start turning off the lights and lowering the temperatures, you are going to rip the delicate fabric that interconnects all life on earth.

After Congress enacted legislation requiring the Department of Defense to assess the threat of nuclear winter, it responded with a 17-page report which fundamentally says that yes, nuclear winter is likely or possible but no, it doesn't change a thing.

If it is true that our global civilization is at risk, much less the human species itself, then it seems to me when you ask what policy changes the threat of nuclear winter has worked, the answer is nothing.

A single day below freezing is adequate to destroy the Japanese rice crop. An average temperature three degrees below normal is enough to destroy all wheat and barley in Canada. A one-degree average global temperature decline was sufficient in the year 1816 to produce what in North America was called the year without a summer. We are talking about temperature drops significantly greater than that:

that a higher standard of care is required of us. The United States and the Soviet Union are free, I suppose, to decimate their own populations, if that is what their decided-upon policy is. But threatening the planet is another story, undoing the human enterprise is another story. If there is even a modest chance that this is the consequence of a global confrontation, nuclear war between the United States and the Soviet Union, then I maintain that we are obliged to rethink policy at its fundamentals.

22 Part V / Friday, June 21, 1985

DOONESBURY By Garry Trudeau

CONSUELA, I'M HAVING AN AIDE DROP OFF A COPY OF MY PROPOSAL TODAY. I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND.

NOT AT ALL, DARLING. WHAT'S HIS NAME?

6-21

WILLY ROYCE, HE'S A PERFECT DEAR, AND A REAL FIND. HE USED TO WRITE POSITION PAPERS FOR JESSE JACKSON.

JESSE JACKSON? OH, DEAR. YOUR AIDE ISN'T BY ANY CHANCE BLACK, IS HE, LACEY?

DOONESBURY By Garry Trudeau

6-22

PASS CARD? OFFICER, THIS ISN'T PRETORIA.

NO, SIR, IT'S PALM BEACH. ALL HOTEL AND DOMESTIC EMPLOYEES MUST CARRY I.D.'S.

6-22

SO? THAT'S THEIR PROBLEM.

NO, SIR, IT'S YOURS. IF YOU DON'T HAVE AN I.D., THEN I'LL HAVE TO ARREST YOU FOR LOITERING.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE IS. WHY DO YOU ASK, CONSUELA?

I'M AFRAID HE MIGHT NOT GET HERE, DEAR. PALM BEACH HAS A TOWN LAW THAT'S A LITTLE...WELL, SPECIAL.

MY PASS CARD? YOU GUYS ARE KIDDING, RIGHT?

WOULD YOU STEP OUT OF THE VEHICLE, PLEASE, SIR?

LOITERING? HOW COULD I BE LOITERING AT 35 M.P.H.?

I MEANT SPEEDING. IF YOU'LL GET OUT OF THE VEHICLE, PLEASE, SIR.

THIS IS DEFINITELY BECAUSE I'M BLACK, ISN'T IT?

NO, SIR, HISPANICS ARE ENTITLED TO THE SAME TREATMENT.

G.B. Trudeau

DOONESBURY By Garry Trudeau

6-24

WELL?

I'M DREADFULLY SORRY, DEAR. YOUR MR. ROYCE DIDN'T HAVE AN I.D., SO HE WAS DETAINED.

6-24

YOU MEAN, ARRESTED? FOR WHAT? FOR BEING AN UNDOCUMENTED BLACK MAN?

ORDINARILY, DEAR, IT'S A GOOD SYSTEM. IN FACT, OUR EMPLOYEES ALL LOVE IT.

DOONESBURY By Garry Trudeau

6-25

CONSUELA, I HOPE YOU'LL MAKE MY GOOD-BYES FOR ME.

NOW, DEAR, I WOULDN'T MAKE TOO MUCH OF THIS LITTLE INCIDENT.

6-25

WE'VE REALLY MADE GREAT PROGRESS WITH THE RACES RECENTLY. WHY, IN 1979, WE DID AWAY COMPLETELY WITH AN ORDINANCE BANNING NEGROES FROM OWNING PROPERTY.

IT GIVES THEM A SENSE OF SECURITY, OF BELONGING. THE CARDS MAKE THEM FEEL LIKE MEMBERS OF OUR BIG PALM BEACH FAMILY!

ARE THEY?

DON'T BE SILLY, DEAR. IT'S JUST SOMETHING THEY CAN SHOW THEIR FRIENDS.

G.B. Trudeau

YOU DID THIS IN 1979?

THAT'S RIGHT.

114 YEARS AFTER THE CIVIL WAR?

THEY SEEMED READY.

G.B. Trudeau

L.A. Times
-6-77-83

An author who wanted to chronicle the decline of the old WASP establishment might find useful counterpoint in the course followed by Walter Annenberg as he attained the respectability that eluded his father Moses, the hard-handed parvenu who founded the family fortune.

Perhaps John Cooney had something like that in mind before his book dribbled away into an often trivial exercise in what I suppose must be called psychobiography. He opens with a procession of long, black limousines arriving at the heavily guarded gate of Sunnylands, the Annenberg estate near Palm Springs where the master maintains "a life style reminiscent of a Renaissance Venetian doge. It is impossible not to be awed by such a display of wealth as well as by the man who can wear such an immense home with ease."

The awed visitors were "the tribal

chieftains of the Republican party"—Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, congressional leader Gerald Ford and finally, Richard M. Nixon, President-elect of the United

States. They had come to bear witness to their host's place in the new American social hierarchy; Nixon was about to certify it by appointing Annenberg ambassador to the Court of St. James.

From racing forms to social norms to ambassadorship: all in the family

THE ANNENBERGS: THE SALVAGING OF A TAINTED DYNASTY
by John Cooney (Simon & Schuster: \$18.95, illustrated)

The "tainted empire" that made all this possible had its beginnings in the bloody newspaper circulation wars following Wil-

liam Randolph Hearst's invasion of New York and Chicago late in the last century.

Cooney recounts, without adding anything to it, the familiar saga of the Annenberg brothers, Max and Moe, who grew rich and notorious in the course of the contest. Moe wound up with Hearst, where he rose to the eminence of publisher and, on the side, built his own network of distribution and publishing properties, including the Daily Racing Form. With the assistance of assorted underworld characters he put together a monopoly on the sources

of information essential to gamblers, among them a special telegraph wire to serve the nation's illegal bookmakers.

On that financial base Moe made his own bid for respectability by acquiring the stodgy Philadelphia Inquirer. He promptly launched a Hearst-style newspaper war of

Reviewed by Harry S. Ashmore

his own against J. David Stern's liberal Philadelphia Record; this served to ingratiate him with the more flexible of the Main Line Republicans who dominated the city, but his adversary also had powerful friends, including Franklin Roosevelt.

In due course government moved against the Annenberg empire where it was most vulnerable. The racing wire was closed, and the feds charged arrears on a personal income that averaged \$6 million

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The Annenbergs

Continued from First Page

per year. Moe went to prison after pleading guilty to tax evasion in return for withdrawal of the indictment brought against young Walter.

Cooney's pop psychology identifies this traumatic experience as the climax of the simultaneous denigration and indulgence Walter had suffered as Moe's only son. He had all the advantages money could buy, but he was consigned to a second-rate prep school because anti-Semitism, combined with his father's notoriety, barred him from the top-drawer academies.

Walter lasted only a year at the University of Pennsylvania, although he was to cherish it as alma mater and make it a prime beneficiary of his extensive philanthropy. He was named publisher when the family acquired the now-defunct Miami Tribune. But the title was empty, for Moe "was like a father who gives his son an electric train for Christmas and then can't keep his hands off it."

When responsibility finally descended upon Walter after his father's imprisonment, Cooney contends that he discharged it in a fashion that further enriched the family. He gives him principal credit for launching the successful magazine Seventeen, acquiring television properties when they were novel and cheap and founding the enormously profitable TV Guide. These ventures were regarded as a sort of belated bar mitzvah by his doting mother, who called them "Walter's epiphanies."

A curious quality of "The Annenbergs" is that each time the author claims competence and probity for his subject, he immediately follows with documentation that seems to refute both. After praising Walter's acumen he concedes that Walter's associates had ample reason to believe that they "worked for a feudal lord who ran his kingdom in an unpredictable and very personal manner." He goes on to record instance after instance when the publisher arbitrarily dismissed accomplished executives while retaining those who offered him nothing except obsequious personal loyalty.

For every publishing success during Walter's tenure there was at least one substantial failure. On Cooney's evidence it must be assumed that the family holding company, Triangle Publications, could afford false starts because of dependable cash flow from the foolproof base leg of the triangle put into place by Moe, the Racing Form, referred to by his son as "the old brown cow that always gives milk."

Under the Annenbergs the Inquirer could never be

rated either a journalistic or commercial success, and when John S. Knight bought it in 1969 it was a badly run-down property. Cooney says that Walter personally disdained old Moe's style of newspapering, which "could make a Lions club meeting sound like an orgy." But he never changed it, and added some captious touches of his own.

When Walter felt he had been slighted, even the most monumental public figure was likely to disappear from the news columns of the Inquirer. Among those banished were the president of the University of Pennsylvania, the chairman of the Philadelphia Stock Exchange and the entire Philadelphia Phillies baseball team.

Indeed, while his editors did a good deal of political cannonading, Walter seems to have been moved to journalistic battle only by what he deemed to be a personal affront. His political views were arch-conservative, but he subordinated them when he dealt directly with powerful men of different ideological persuasion, such as John F. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter. Cooney explains:

"As part of his shielding himself from political harm he came to identify with the men who could harm him. He made up his mind that he would never antagonize anyone with the power to hurt him or his family."

Cooney's sympathetic portrayal of the Annenbergs at the Court of St. James recounts how the ambassador and his ornamental wife Lee overcame the social snubs, the outright ridicule that greeted their arrival and ended their tour in the good graces of the British establishment, from the queen down. This resulted at least in part from generous gifts to popular British causes. And, as always, the author discounts the encomiums by noting that "the Daily Mail summed it all up in a headline, 'Santa Claus Is Leaving,' and everyone knew who was meant."

The book ends with an account of the flap caused by Lee when she curtsied to the Prince of Wales in her official role as Ronald Reagan's chief of protocol. The President assuaged her embarrassment by assuring her that it was right and proper for one of her social standing to bend a Republican knee to visiting British royalty. "After all, the Annenbergs, that highly respectable and charming couple, had known the prince much longer and more intimately than (the President) had," Cooney concludes. "The son of Moses Annenberg felt vindicated. Annenberg had become a most honorable name."

Ashmore is the author of "Hearts and Minds: The Anatomy of Racism From Roosevelt to Reagan" (McGraw-Hill).