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LIFE



SOUTH AFRICA'S WINNIE MANDELA

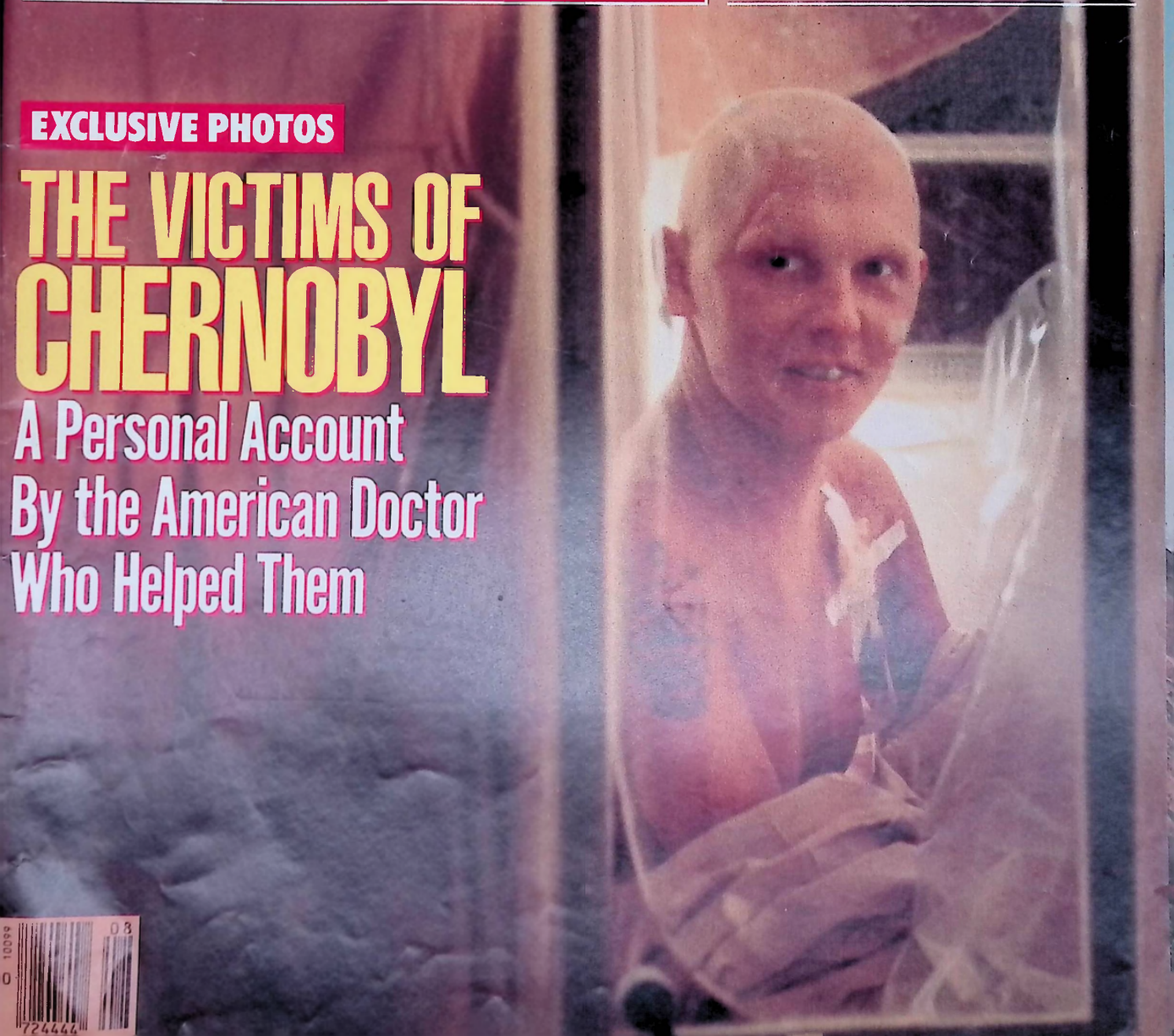
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El Paso, Tex., glows at night **40**

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ALONG AMERICA'S BOTTOM LINE

One hundred and fifty years ago, Texas won its independence from Mexico. These days the line between the two lands, the Rio Grande, is a 1,254-mile-long border of fresh tensions. LIFE's editors agreed that it was time to take a look at what was going on there and dispatched photographer Harald Sund and reporter Linda Gomez on a series of expeditions totaling 29 days.

In 1981 LIFE had sent Sund to Europe to photograph the Iron Curtain, a whole series of borders stretching from Norway to Turkey. The result of his trip was a portfolio of revealing photographs: a Finnish soldier on skis, East Berlin's dead zone at night, a Czech patrol on duty, vistas in Austria, Hungary, the Danube River, Turkish mountains—4,500 miles of spectacular variety. But when Sund got to Texas to photograph its border, he was astonished by what he found. "Over and over," he says, "I felt as if I were discovering a new country, one no one knew about."



HARALD SUND

Harald Sund stands in Laredo, Tex., with reporter Linda Gomez just across the border in Mexico.

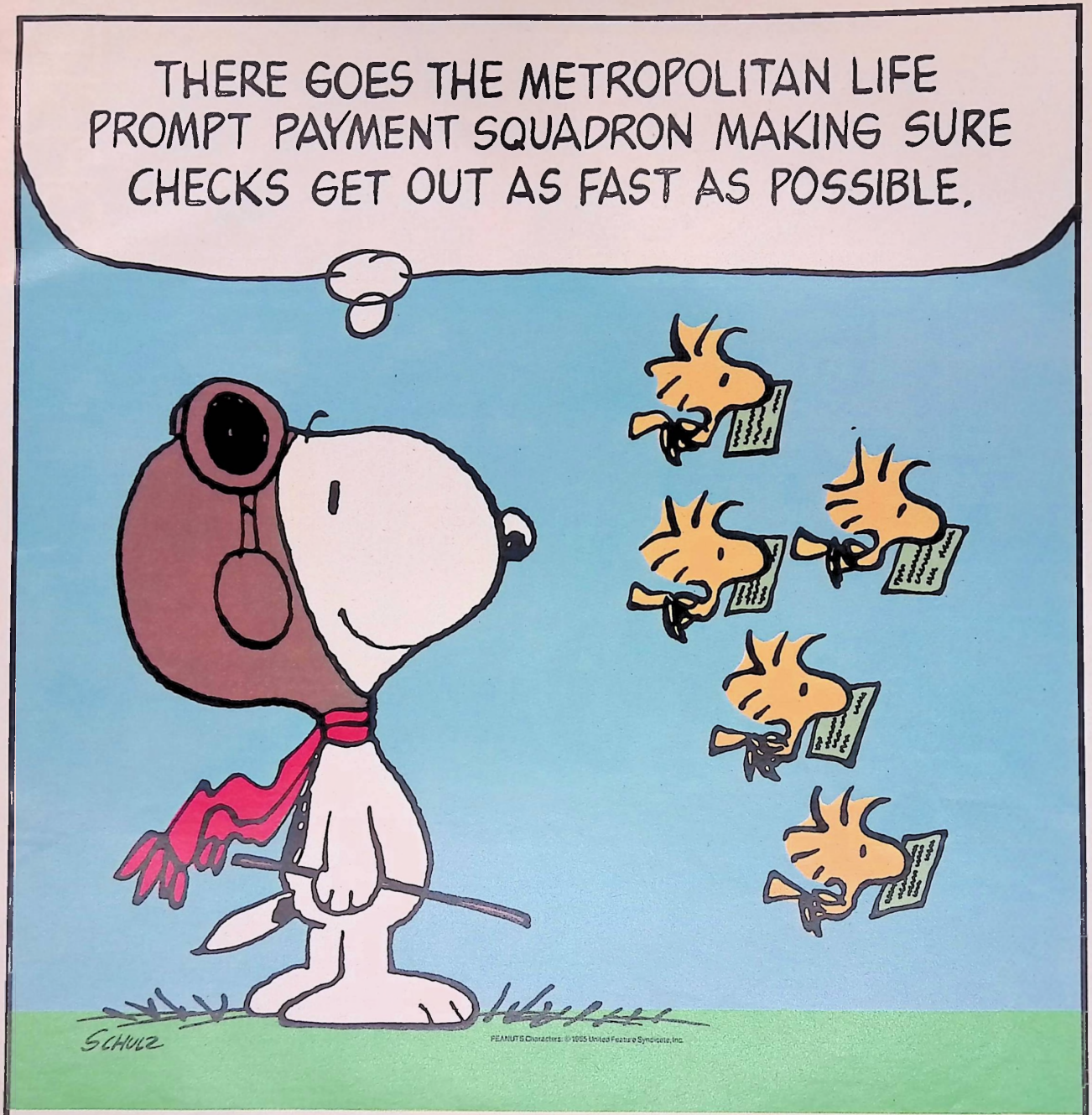
Sund was selected for the assignment because, picture editor John Loengard says, "the camera tends to make things look smaller, and Sund is interested in keeping things as big as he possibly can." It's only natural to think of Sund "when we do a monumental subject."

Sund, who works out of Seattle, is the son of Norwegian immigrants. His father was editor of *The Washington Posten*, a Norwegian-language newspaper, and ran a small grocery in Seattle's public market. Harald remembers his childhood as "full of the aroma of chocolate and coffee." He picked up his first "real" camera in 1967 when he was 24 years old and knew from that moment on that he had found what he most wanted to do. He started in fashion, but his love for nature led him to landscapes, where he has established his reputation. He swears that the secret to good photography is "Norwegian bakery goods—specifically, what my mother makes."

In this issue are two other articles that deal with subjects much in the news. Since April 28, when word first came out that large amounts of radiation had been detected in Scandinavia, Americans have had to piece together a frightening story about a nuclear accident in Chernobyl. Thousands of people were exposed, we heard. The death toll was mounting. Hundreds were taken to Moscow for treatment. It was hard to know what had really happened. Now Dr. Robert Gale, a California cancer specialist who was invited to Moscow to help the Soviets treat radiation victims in the first weeks after the explosion, shares with LIFE's readers the exceptional photographs he took there and tells of his involvement with the patients. He is the first American to report on this terrifying accident, and he describes the site of the disaster.

South Africa, too, is a challenge for U.S. media, as the government in Pretoria tries to contain the steadily growing revolt of the blacks by censoring the news. When the last clampdown came recently, LIFE reporter Chris Whipple and *Detroit Free Press* photographer David Turnley were there doing a story about Winnie Mandela, wife of the imprisoned black leader. Their work continued, a bit more cautiously perhaps, and the result is a close-up from behind the censors' wall of the woman who has become an indomitable symbol to those blacks who have sworn to end apartheid in their native land.

Judith Daniels
Managing Editor



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By Loudon Wainwright

TRAVELING COMPANIONS ON UNCHARTED TRIPS

In the game we play, I am Babar, king of the elephants, and she is Celeste, my queen. Seated together on the couch or propped up by pillows on the big bed, we take trips dictated by her whim. I drive an imaginary car or boat to an island or to some secluded picnic place. If I ask her along the way what animals we see, she takes a closer look and decides immediately that they are zebras or gorillas. If I ask what sort of sandwiches she has brought for lunch, she calls out right away peanut butter and jelly or shrimp on a raisin bagel and reaches into a make-believe basket to find me one. The two of us travel together most easily in this land where reality doesn't matter.

After three and a half years of second fatherhood, I'm finally beginning to realize that I'm not going to be able to work out a perfect relationship with this miraculous child of my impending dotage. In spite of our occasional idylls, Anna and I both demand a lot from reality, and we are clearly going to have some of the same problems I recall having with the four practicing adults who were born way back when I was considerably younger than most of them are now.

I'm not quite sure why I thought it would be possible this time. Perhaps the hope to be a perfect father in some way made up for the anxiety I felt about the whole undertaking. "Last Chance Parent," went the interior headline, "Finds Highest Reward in Meaningful Connection."

Actually there are at least a couple of things wrong with that kind of dreaming. But basically the idea of a practically flawless relationship ignores the raw reality of natural differences between any parent and child, no matter how special the circumstances. Indeed, the circumstances can widen the gulf.

Take the simple matter of metabolism. Surely no one who has a small child or can remember the experience of having one will be surprised to learn that there is currently good scientific evidence that the brains of such children are lots busier than those of adults. The lightning of changing ideas flickers visibly over their faces. An unskilled observer, enriching his meager scientific diet in the pages of *The New York Times*, has little difficulty accepting the findings of a pediatric neurologist in California, Dr. Harry T. Chugani, that metabolic rates in the brains of kids from three to seven are twice as high as adults'. Studies done in Chicago by Dr. Peter R. Huttenlocher show a much denser concentration of neural pathways (synapses) in children. Not only, it seems, are the energy rates higher inside those beautiful heads, much more is likely to be going on.

As if these facts weren't intimidating enough, I've discovered some others that emphasize even more the great physical gap between Anna and me. My source was nutrition and health writer Jane Brody, whose cheery certitude now and then makes me feel that I am only a bran muffin or two away from perpetual youth. This time she was writing about how exercise actually slows the aging process.



ILLUSTRATION BY KIM WILSON EVERSZ

But I am not a man who is easily deflected by good news, and sure enough I found in Brody a compelling trove of geriatric horror.

By the time one passes 60, she advised as if she had some uncanny access to my curriculum vitae, "blood flow from the arms to the legs is 30 to 60 percent slower than at age 25." The heart's ability to pump blood is reduced each year. "The chest wall stiffens with age," she continued cruelly, and the available oxygen supply is cut down by 50 percent in men by the age of 75, 29 percent in women. There is a decline in muscle power of up to 30 percent by 60. By the time a person becomes 70, nerve messages are traveling along their pathways at speeds down as much as 15 percent from the glorious days when one could see a red light and decide practically instantly to stop.

So where does that leave the two of us, a kid with an incandescent curiosity about a broadening world and (according to Brody) an increasingly breathless man who wishes that things weren't moving quite so fast? The main thing I've got going for me, in fact, may be that Anna doesn't realize yet how powerful she is. My size and big voice give me a commanding edge. How long can I maintain it? Before her own synapses begin to thin out (Huttenlocher finds them drastically reduced by the time children reach adolescence), will I have helped her make good choices for herself? In the years ahead will she hear in my urging—to love reading, to love herself—the sort of boring parental pieties she will reject? What will keep us close as, in one terribly real way, we hurtle past each other on our different journeys?

A friend of mine told me the other day that he found the worst thing about getting older was the loss of his fantasy life. He no longer takes the great head trips—metaphysical, geographic, sexual—that were for so long so much a part of his secret existence and provided relief and contrast for his "regular" life, as well as occasional incentives to change it. A whole cerebral land he'd often traveled, a whole plane of imagination was gone.

It occurred to me with a shock that this had been true for me as well. My fantasies often took the form of vague plans for the future—that odd little town on the Connecticut shore would be a good place to buy an old house someday, I would soon take a class in music appreciation that would finally put the whole jumble in order, I would go out there to that marvelous island and live with those amazing people and write a wonderful book about them. But now such thrilling plans no longer slid into my head. It was as if some sterner part of me had lost patience with my games. Stick to things as they are, old man, he admonished.

And to a large extent I obeyed that sour voice. Reality—more correctly, my own glum view of it—held sway. No more big, overblown ideas, and damned few little ones, either. Or anyhow that was the case until Anna began asking me along on *her* fantasies. The invitations were irresistible; her eagerness just to make things up encouraged me to do the same. Now I tell her I see giraffes among the zebras. And my boldness could grow with practice. That, perhaps, is the greatest gift she's brought me in this compelling domestic version of instant replay, the chance to shove reality back into its place and keep pretending. ♠


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LETTERS

Movie Special

The best buy in movies this year was your special issue celebrating them. It was, in fact, the best investment I made this year.

Patty Beaudet
Chicago, Ill.

Your May issue was a waste of paper and ink. Has news been replaced by tidbits of Tinseltown gossip?

William Marvin
Dawson, Ill.

Cover Girls

A toast to photographer Greg Gorman for his vibrant cover portrait of Jessica, Goldie, Barbra, Sally and Jane. The glamour and glitter were there, but so were the beauty and strength of these women.

Jeanne Gardner
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

You forgot Liza on your cover.

Jay Brome
Castro Valley, Calif.

Although Meryl Streep shares a spread with Jack Nicholson, you failed to mention her in your "five-star extravaganza."

Cindy Osterberg
Garden Prairie, Ill.

▶ *The five actresses on our cover create, produce and in some cases direct films starring themselves. Neither Minnelli nor Streep does so.*—ED.

The View from Here

I would like to thank Loudon Wainwright for helping me realize that I am not abnormal or selfish for wanting to enjoy a movie by myself and at the earliest possible time of the day.

Joe Eric Garlington
Effie, La.

Movers and Shapers

The Annalee Jefferies you show with astrologer Carroll Righter looks remarkably like Anne Jeffreys of stage, screen and TV (*Topper* and *General Hospital*).

John Springer
New York, N.Y.

▶ *The actress is, indeed, Anne Jeffreys. Our apologies.*—ED.

Talent '86

Jeff Goldblum was absent!

B. J. Berman
Allenhurst, N.J.

How could you forget the steamy William Hurt? Remember, this fine young actor *won* the Academy Award!

Sandra McHugh
Hollywood, Fla.

...Michael J. Fox?

Susan Brown
Towson, Md.

...Mickey Rourke?

Gail Perkins
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Spielberg

There it is again: parents holding offspring upside down! Steven and Amy look delighted. Wish I could say the same for Max.

Sara Berezin
Morton Grove, Ill.

Classic Hollywood

I was surprised and disappointed not to find Katharine Hepburn!

Henry Hull
Meriden, Conn.

How could you leave out Cary Grant?

Selma Goldstein
Flushing, N.Y.

▶ LIFE *invited both Hepburn and Grant to participate.*—ED.

Myrna Loy, Loretta Young, Joan Fontaine?

Nancy Hall
Weston, Mass.

Please know that I am in no sense an "overseer" for my husband's oil and cattle interests. I've tried for nearly 38 years to oversee Buddy Fogelson himself, with no success. He runs his own show!

Greer Garson
Dallas, Tex.

Mr. America

Lee Iacocca's mother looks as if she's come right out of a Norman Rockwell painting [June]. Bless her for giving him to us.

Patsy Seybert
Indianapolis, Ind.

Hemingway's Eden

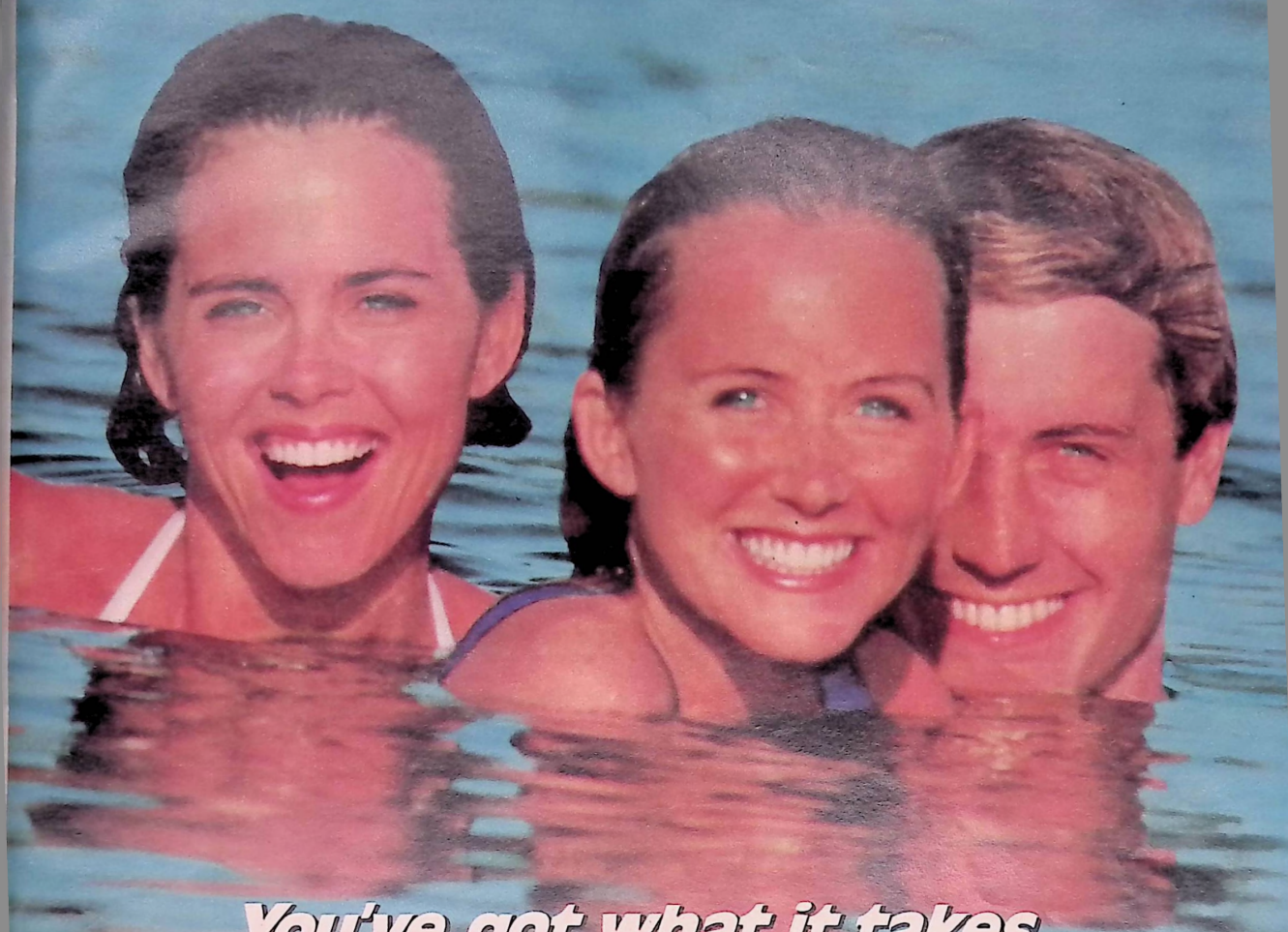
Mr. Hemingway's last novel should have been buried with him!

Joan Gregory
Bradenton, Fla.

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STAGING A SUPER STING

Like most of us, John Samaniego remembers exactly what he was doing on that day in January when he first heard the news that the space shuttle had blown up. He was behind the counter of Johnny's Thrift Shop, located on Third Avenue in an almost seedy section of Birmingham's West Side, negotiating to buy a 1985 white Cadillac De Ville from a couple of thieves. They did not know that Samaniego—known to his clientele as Johnny Rubio—was an undercover cop.

"Did you peel it?" asked the unshaven Johnny, his eyes languid beneath an overlong shock of black hair. ("Peeling," in this context, is the act of gouging a hole in a car's steering column so it can be driven away keyless.)

"Yeah, it's peeled," answered one of the men. Otherwise, the De Ville was immaculate. On the legitimate market it would fetch nearly $20,000. But Johnny offered just $500, and they took it without a murmur. When he told them, however, that payment would be by check, they began to squirm. "You know, dudes, I was ripped off twice when I first opened," explained Johnny in his calm and reassuring way. "So I can't keep no more than petty cash here." The two accepted that explanation—and the check.

The De Ville was one of 113 vehicles that Johnny bought during a five-month, videotaped police sting operation code-named Western Sizzler. Johnny also bought a mountain of other property stolen from the people of Birmingham: VCRs, musical instruments, televisions, motorcycles, tool chests, hair dryers, computers, wristwatches by the bag, gold chains, guns, credit cards, a 10-speed bicycle, fishing tackle, a microfiche reader and even an American flag. For property valued at more than $2 million, Johnny paid just $39,850—80 percent of it with checks. It was this twist that made Western Sizzler so audacious, even unique among police sting operations.



J. ROSS BAUGHMAN/VISIONS

Undercover cop Johnny Samaniego offers to buy a client's pistol. Police charged the man with receiving stolen property.

What Birmingham shares with nearly every other American city is a crime problem—particularly a seemingly unending epidemic of burglary and theft. Police chief Arthur V. Deutcsh puts it this way: "It's the low-level, opportunistic punks who are turning our homes and businesses into one big security zone. Even if they haven't hit you yet, you're always afraid in the back of your mind that they will."

They hit, for example, 18-year-old Becky Holmes. Glancing out her bedroom window one morning, she saw that her red Camaro Z28 was gone. She cried not only because the car was a month old but also because in a little bag between the bucket seats was the ring her husband had given her when they first started going together. (She had planned to take it in for repair.) Thieves hit Hattie Coleman, wife of the Rev. Larry Coleman. Her car was stolen while she was at work for Southcentral Bell. Mrs. Coleman cried not for the car but because of what was in the trunk—her husband's preaching Bible, annotated and filled with typewritten texts of his sermons.

At Ensley High School a batch of band instruments was stolen one night. Thieves stole Wanda Jackson's car from the parking lot of a Food World supermarket as she shopped after work. "If you have an ex-husband, he probably took it," counseled a Food World clerk. "Honey," answered Mrs. Jackson, "my husband is at home waiting on his dinner."

These crimes, representing a bare few among many during the period of Western Sizzler, occurred in all parts of Birmingham. What they had in common was that all the booty was sold at Johnny's Thrift Shop, where the stocky, hirsute man behind the counter paid for it by check.

In secret, Mayor Richard Arrington authorized funds for Western Sizzler. A sting team of seven officers was selected to work under Detective Inspector Richard Townes. It included camera and audio technicians, and evidence and paperwork specialists, but the key figure would be the front man dealing with the wary, potentially violent customers. He would have to be a consummate actor and psychologist. Able undercover men available in Birmingham might be recognized by the locals, so Townes borrowed the 34-year-old Samaniego from the Tuscaloosa police.

Samaniego had been raised in Huntsville, Ala., but his family roots were in northern Mexico. Before graduating with degrees in social work and criminal justice from the University of Alabama, he took up police work. He has been specializing in undercover narcotics work for the past four years.

The first location considered for the new enterprise was near two other thrift shops. Johnny quickly realized that it wouldn't do to be competitive. If the other proprietors suspected he was buying stolen merchandise, they might notify the police, and that would mean letting other officers in on the secret of the sting. The fewer who knew, the better. And so he settled on a former sewing-machine repair shop, now vacant, on a strip of Third Avenue lined with auto dealers. The sting team stocked the shelves with unwanted knickknacks from their own homes. It wasn't meant to attract customers. The idea was to buy rather than sell.

Shortly before opening, Johnny began handing out his business card ("We buy and sell used merchandise") at local hangouts. He didn't say outright that the merchandise could be stolen goods, but asked by one man what he would buy, Johnny said, "TVs, VCRs, car radios, stuff like that." The man gave Johnny a wink. "Now I know where you're coming from," he said. Still, it was two weeks before Johnny was offered the first stolen items—a pair of Kenwood speakers for which he paid $45. "Later, when I realized how little these guys would take," says Johnny, "I'd have offered thirty firm." On October 8, Johnny bought his first stolen car—a 1983 Buick Electra. At $500, he now figures he paid at least twice too much.

If Johnny's rapidly growing cadre of clients had been able to inspect closely a carton marked POTS AND PANS set on a head-high shelf behind the counter, they would have discovered a quarter-inch hole in the P of PANS. Through that aperture a Panasonic miniature video camera with a tiny lens recorded each transaction. In an adjacent room a second camera peeped through

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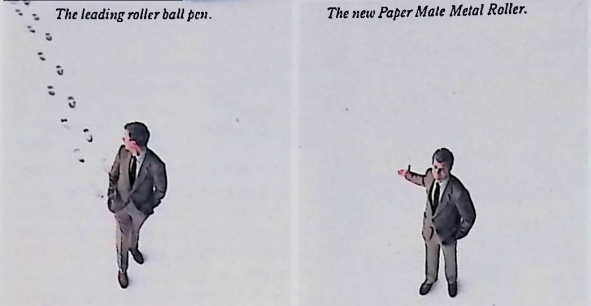
Peter Hellman writes articles on crime and is the author of Chief, *a book about New York detectives.*

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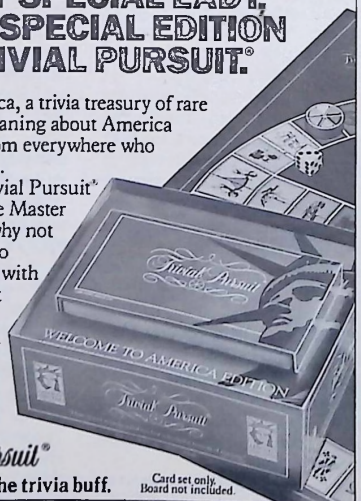
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AMERICAN ADDRESS



After the sting, stolen cars went home with their happy owners.

a hole in a curtain covering the front window. It recorded the arrival of customers and Johnny's inspection of cars offered for sale. The video views were monitored from a control room in the rear. At least two members of the sting team were always on hand to back up Johnny. Customers frequently pulled guns from under their coats—with no intention other than to sell the weapons to Johnny. If a gun was aimed at him, however, he could duck behind a counter "padded" with thick steel plate. Thanks to Johnny's calming manner, it never came to that.

Getting customers to accept payment by check was not easy, but getting them to show a driver's license or other ID from which Johnny would copy down pertinent information into his ledger was hardest of all. Even the most swaggering among them sensed this couldn't be a wise move. "It's just so that when they call from the bank to okay cashing the check, I'll know that it's really you," explained Johnny. One man, claiming not to have brought his driver's license, promised to return. (That was the only way he would get his check.) He was true to his word. Johnny saw that the photograph on the license appeared to be that of the customer, although the name was not the same as the one he had first given.

"They took away my license," the customer explained. "This one belongs to my identical twin brother."

"If he's your identical twin, how come you two guys have different names?" asked Johnny.

"We have different fathers," was the inventive reply.

Returning stolen property to its owners immediately would have meant compromising the sting operation, so merchandise quickly began to fill the rear of Johnny's Thrift Shop. The overflow cars were stored on a remote farm.

Last February 12, Johnny bought a trombone for $10 and one more car. Then he closed the shop permanently. That night—it was bitter cold in Birmingham—three teams of armed police spread out over the sleeping city with warrants for the arrests of 57 of Johnny's clients. Before going to jail, each had the chance to confront Johnny, now wearing his badge. Some merely shook their heads in disbelief. But one of his most loyal customers, Arvin Sexton, stared especially long and hard. Then he wept like a child who'd just learned that the kindly man behind the beard wasn't Santa Claus after all. "I guess this is what happens when you do wrong," Sexton said. The cops liked that.

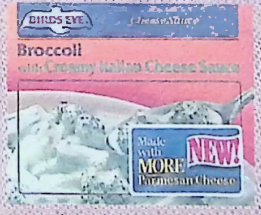
The following week the vast trove of recovered property was put on display in the municipal sports auditorium—though only 85 of the 113 vehicles would fit. Citizens trooped through, looking for their stolen goods. Becky Holmes and Wanda Jackson got their cars back. The Ensley High School band got its instruments. The Colemans recovered not only their car but the Bible and choir robes in the trunk. Looking skyward, Reverend Coleman said, "The Lord is watching out for us. Always." ♠



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By Anne Fadiman

LAURIE SHEPHERD: A WOMAN'S HOME IS HER CASTLE

The summer I was six, my brother and I decided to build a castle. We picked the size: a hundred feet high. We picked the design: drawbridge, turrets, parapets, crenellations through which boiling oil could be poured on the heads of unwelcome visitors. We picked the building material: brick. Having read in our encyclopedia that bricks are made of clay and straw, we mixed some mud with a few weeds, poured it into a milk carton and laid it in the sun to dry. Our hopes were cruelly blighted when we peeled off the cardboard a few days later and the contents crumbled in our hands. The entry in the family album reads diplomatically: "Anne and Kim plan castle in backyard. Almost succeed in making one brick." To this day, "castle" is a Fadiman code word for any dream a bit too big for its dreamer.

In most children's fantasies, as with mine, there is a Grand Canyon–size gap between imagination and execution. Laurie Shepherd is one of the rare exceptions. When she was six, she wanted to build a log cabin. Her design was conspicuously devoid of turrets and parapets. There were no provisions for boiling oil. She envisioned a single room made of notched pine logs, chinked with clay and moss, warmed by a modest wood fire.

More than two decades later, Shepherd wrote in her journal, "Most of my dreams flash through my mind, entertain me for a moment, then leave as quickly as they came. But one dream lingered, lodged in my heart . . . my log cabin dream. It had been growing for twenty years until I could almost hear a voice saying, 'Work on me, Laurie. Make me happen.'" Today Laurie Shepherd lives in the northern Minnesota woods, on the banks of the Mississippi River, in a log cabin she built with her own hands.

Shepherd's philosophical mentor is Henry David Thoreau, who on Independence Day, 1845, walked a mile and a half from Concord, Mass., to Walden Pond and began his residence in a 10-by-15-foot house he had built for $28.12½. At the end of his tenure there he wrote: "I learned this, at least, by my experiment. . . . If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."



ARNOLD ZANN/BLACK STAR

"My dearest creations," says Shepherd, 36, "are my cabin and my son."

I have no doubt that the shade of Thoreau looks approvingly on Laurie Shepherd's castle, which, unlike the still-airborne Fadiman version, has an exceedingly firm foundation of concrete blocks backfilled with gravel. The builder credits its existence to two factors. "First, my cabin is *very small*," she says. (Thoreau: "Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity!" Fadimans of the world, take note.) "Second, I believe that the earlier you get your idea, the more likely you'll follow through. I've read about homesteaders in Alaska who try living in the bush for two weeks and then head back to Los Angeles. I bet those people didn't start dreaming their dream until they were in their twenties. If you've lived with it all your life, you don't give up."

Thoreau first saw Walden Pond when he was four. "It is," he wrote, "one of the oldest scenes stamped on my memory." When Shepherd was four, living in a Minneapolis suburb, she saw her first log cabin. "It was nestled in the woods, covered with snow, with a warm glow in the window," she says. "It looked like *home*." At six, Laurie began building elaborate cabins with Lincoln Logs that belonged to her two older brothers—and adamantly refusing their help. At eight, for a Brownie project, she made a log cabin out of real twigs notched with a jackknife. Leaning on a stump by the front door was a small clay man holding an ax. "When I looked at pictures of pioneer families," she says, "I was always much more interested in the father than the mother. He got to build the cabin, while she sat around making hooked rugs."

Laurie developed several other unorthodox interests, abetted by her father, a producer of television commercials. When she announced at age six that she wanted to work in a filling station, he built her a wooden gas pump. When she announced at age eight that she wanted to be a tightrope walker, he strung a rope between two trees on which she rapidly became adept at one-legged aerial knee bends.

Laurie's mother, an advertising copywriter, bought her daughter frilly dresses and decorated her bedroom in pink. Her campaign to wean Laurie from her tomboy ways was as doomed to failure as Widow Douglas's attempt to make Huckleberry Finn (one of Laurie's heroes) wear shoes. During the summers, after her parents were asleep, Laurie frequently climbed out her bedroom window and spent the night walking barefoot through the woods, looking for animal tracks, pretending she was the last Indian scout in Minneapolis.

Laurie also enjoyed sneaking onto local building sites after hours. Annoyed that her private forest was being turned into a housing development, she knocked over boards and upended buckets of nails. Although she thought the houses hideous, she was fascinated by the carpentry. At age 11, using wood she had liberated from the construction scrap piles, and her father's tools, she and a girlfriend built a Huck Finn–inspired raft and a tree house constructed to building-code specifications with studs precisely 16 inches apart.

"My father taught me to swing a hammer with my hand way back on the handle, *pow! pow!* like a man and not *tick tick tick* like a girl," says Shepherd. "He never said it was too dangerous, even when I smashed my fingers. I wish he'd lived to see my cabin. He would have been so proud. And Mom—well, she's changed her mind about her little blond daughter. When I was 28 and finally ready to start building, she gave me a hatchet and three pairs of work gloves for Christmas."

In August 1978, Shepherd drew a circle around April 15 on her calendar for the following year and wrote: *Move to woods.* "I'd been living in two worlds," she says, "the real one and the dream one. In the real world I'd gone to college, taught high school art, quit my job, learned some more carpentry. In the dream world I lived in an imaginary log cabin in the north woods. I realized I was going to feel restless all my life unless I could make the two worlds one."

Shepherd gave herself nine months—an appropriate gestation period—to earn enough money to buy land and construction materials. From six to nine a.m. she drove a school bus. From ten a.m. to three p.m. she slept. From three p.m. to seven p.m. she worked, variously, as a piano tuner, insurance salesman and chimney sweep. (For the latter job, she wore a secondhand top hat and tails.) From ten p.m. to six a.m. she washed dishes. "You'd be surprised what you can do," she says, "if you know exactly what you're working toward."

On the weekends when she

wasn't operating a 10-ton wrecker in the Army Reserve, Shepherd drove from Minneapolis to northern Minnesota and looked for land. She found her building site, 70 miles northwest of Duluth, on October 7, 1978: eight heavily wooded acres surrounded by state forest, inhabited by bears, beavers, porcupines and wolves. Four hundred feet fronted directly on the Mississippi, 90 miles from its source. "*The Mississippi!*" she says. "I could be Huck Finn after all!" On April 15 on the dot, she moved to the woods.

If Huckleberry Finn had lived in Minnesota instead of Missouri and piloted his raft down the Mississippi River in 1979 instead of circa 1840, he might have seen a curious sight: a beautiful blond woman 10 feet off the ground, balancing on a narrow log, going *pow! pow!* with a hatchet. Laurie Shepherd, former tightrope walker, was putting all her childhood skills to use at once.

After the basement was excavated with a backhoe, Shepherd did virtually every phase of the construction herself, with weekend reinforcement from Donna Aske, a friend she had known since the seventh grade, and occasional help from other volunteers. "If they were men," she says, "I usually let them do the easy stuff. Otherwise it would have been like having my big brothers build my Lincoln Log houses for me." The only major task she delegated was the felling of the trees in a nearby forest. There were no Norway pines—a tall, straight species favored by cabin builders and telephone companies—on her property, and even if there had been, I suspect she might have suffered a terrible crisis of conscience if she had taken her own chain saw to them. Shepherd refuses to have a Christmas tree because, as she explains, "You have to cut it down." (Thoreau: "There is a higher law affecting our relation to pines as well as to men.")

With the matter-of-factness of a housewife describing a cake recipe, Shepherd ticks off the stages of her six-month cabin raising: digging a latrine hole so deep she couldn't climb out until a friend dropped by and gave her a hand; building the outhouse; peeling the cabin logs with a drawknife; raising the logs; measuring each notch with a special compass called a scribe; cutting the notches with a chain saw (her only power tool), hatchet and chisel; hewing the logs with a hatchet until they settled evenly; chinking the interstices with fiberglass and, later, with cement; cutting out the doors and windows; laying the ridgepole and rafters; laying the roofing, subfloor and floor; building the porch. The logs weighed a total of 36,000 pounds—910 pounds apiece for the long ones, 610 for the short ones. To raise them, Shepherd used neither a forklift nor the standard pioneer method of a dozen brawny men. Instead, she built a two-woman-operated pulley system from a diagram in the U.S. Army Engineers' field manual. At the end of each day she walked with a stoop from bending over to chop notches. Her hands felt like claws from grasping tools for hours on end. She was covered with poison ivy rashes and mosquito bites. She had never been so happy in her life.

On the weekends, if a major job had been completed, Laurie Shepherd and Donna Aske celebrated by driving 30 miles to the nearest ice cream parlor and ordering gargantuan sundaes. (Shepherd was partial to hot fudge on peppermint bonbon ice cream.) During the week Shepherd worked alone, spending her evenings in her tent writing a detailed journal that was later published as a book called *A Dreamer's Log Cabin*. She found her own company quite sufficient. (Thoreau: "I never found the companion that was so companionable as solitude.") Every night, covered with sweat, pine resin and wood shavings, she ran down to the Mississippi with a cake of biodegradable soap and shampooed her hair under the stars.

Henry David Thoreau left Walden Pond after two years and two months. "Perhaps it seemed to me," he wrote, "that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one." Laurie Shepherd has lived in the woods for seven years, and she intends to stay there for the rest of her life. Her small pine cabin has turned out to be a castle just the right size for its dreamer.

Since 1980 Shepherd has worked as a teacher of learning-disabled teenagers in a high school 25 miles away. In the summer she still bathes in the river; in the winter she heats water on the

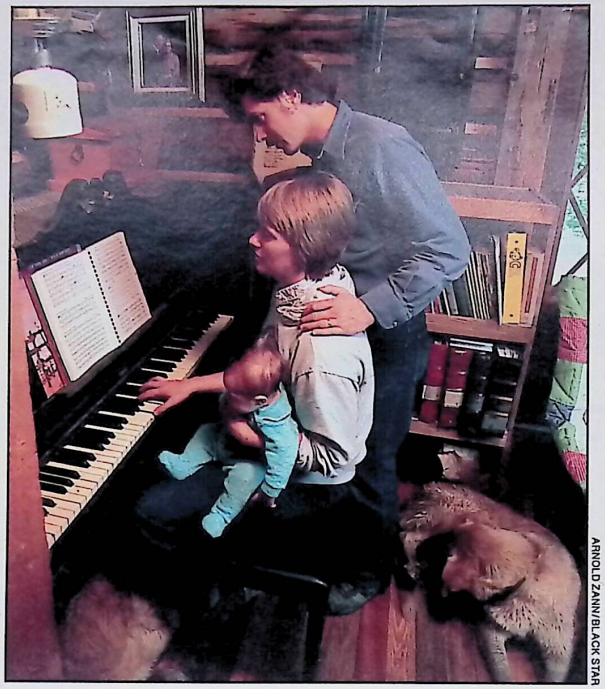
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wood stove, hoists a bucketful to the ceiling on a pulley, stands in a garbage can with a plastic curtain tucked around her and takes a long, hot shower. She cooks vegetarian meals, many of whose ingredients come from her garden, on the wood stove in winter and on a two-burner propane stove in summer. At night her only light comes from kerosene and propane lanterns. There is no plumbing; during the winter, the temperature in the outhouse occasionally dips below −40°. Though she has to chop firewood and pump water from a well, she claims that because she has no refrigerator to defrost, no vacuum cleaner to run, no light bulbs to change, and no appliance repairmen to call, she spends far less time on housework than the average American woman.

Along with a new 10-by-14-foot room extending from its east wall, Laurie Shepherd's cabin has acquired two other additions: a man and a child. Several friends had told her that she would never find a husband in the north woods, and she had replied that that was not what she was looking for. Kent Carlson, an electrician and airplane mechanic, entered her life quite unexpectedly after hearing her give a lecture in Minneapolis about her log cabin. They were married in 1983 on the summit of Drizzlepuss, a 11,500-foot peak in the Tetons. At least for the moment, Carlson, 38, has shelved his technological career. He now shares his wife's teaching job, each of them working half the week.



ARNOLD ZANN/BLACK STAR

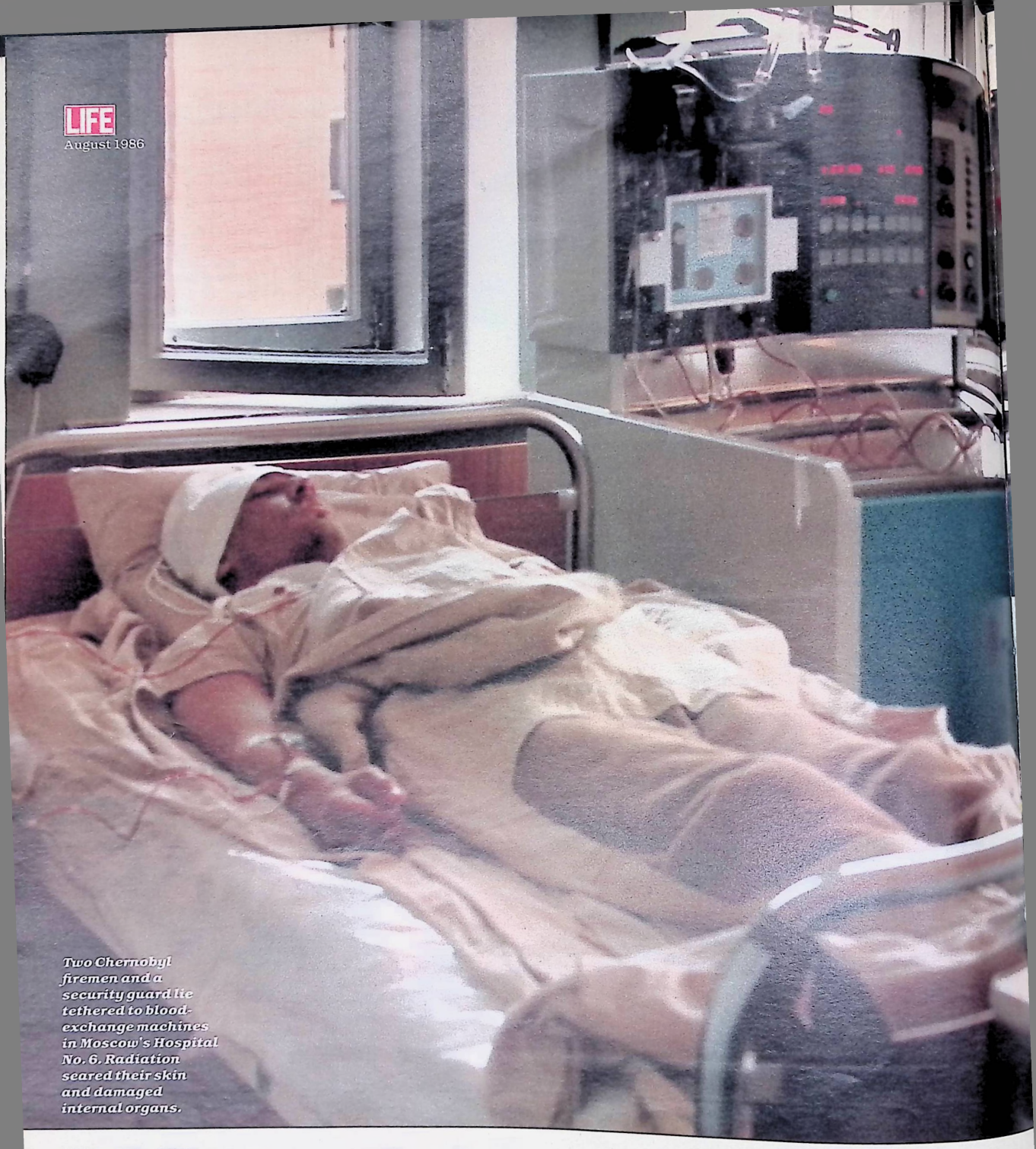
In the evenings Shepherd serenades husband Kent, baby Luke and dogs Bjorn and Ginger. "Life is far richer without TV," she says.

"I would never have built the cabin this way myself," says Carlson. "I like electricity and power tools and squared logs with neat dovetail joints. But I respect Laurie's desire to live more simply, to use fewer resources, to take up less space on the earth. It's a good, laudable goal, and I'm perfectly willing to make some compromises in order to share it with her." Says Shepherd, "Kent is one of the few men strong enough not to be threatened by moving into his wife's house and his wife's job. I think he's adapted remarkably well to living with someone else's dream."

Last April, Luke Shepherd Carlson was born. His parents think it would be nice if he became the first President since Abraham Lincoln who was raised in a log cabin. ♣

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LIFE
August 1986

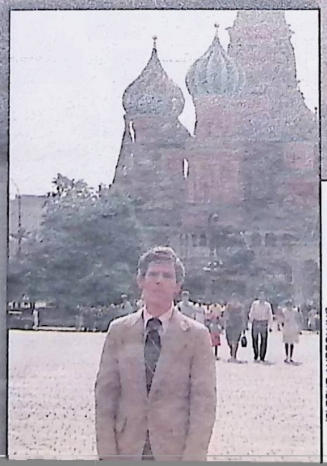


Two Chernobyl firemen and a security guard lie tethered to blood-exchange machines in Moscow's Hospital No. 6. Radiation seared their skin and damaged internal organs.

WITNESS TO DISASTER

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR AT CHERNOBYL

"It was like a battlefield situation," recalls Dr. Robert Gale *(right)*, describing the decisions that had to be made about which radiation victims would receive lifesaving bone marrow transplants. More than 100,000 Russians were dangerously exposed when the power plant at Chernobyl erupted last April, and it may be years before the world is able to measure the aftershock of this most devastating nuclear accident in history. On these pages are Gale's private photographs and his account of the dramatic role he played in the USSR.



DR. ROBERT GALE (2)



Ten days after he entered the reactor, this fireman lost his hair, and radiation burns blistered his body. A bone marrow transplant saved him.



JOHN BRYSON/SYGMA

HOW COULD I GET A MESSAGE TO THE RUSSIANS?

Robert Gale, 40, wears wooden clogs in his UCLA operating room. His wide ties are emblazoned with sheep or whales. He had bagels shipped from L.A. to Moscow for his breakfast. He enjoys his reputation as a maverick, but among his peers Gale is also renowned for running an international network of bone marrow transplant centers. Nonetheless, he was rebuked last year by the National Institutes of Health for performing certain transplants without first receiving approval from hospital authorities. Gale replied to the charges, "The NIH's interpretation is that these were experiments that should have gone through a review board. My interpretation is that these transplants were being done to benefit each patient." In the Soviet Union, Gale and his Russian colleagues used the now-accepted procedure—injecting healthy marrow into patients to restore their blood production system—on 13 radiation victims, saving five.

Today Russians regard Gale as a hero. Pravda prints poems about him: "God is in . . . Dr. Gale, born the year of Hiroshima." He entertains the prospect of earning both the Lenin and the Nobel peace prizes, but admits, "I'd like to get the Nobel—in medicine." Gale's story, as told to associate editor David Friend and reporter Marie-Claude Wrenn, follows.

On April 29, three days after the accident, I was shaving in the bathroom of my Bel Air home, listening to the radio. There were reports of increased radiation levels in Scandinavia. By mid-morning it became clear: There were casualties. It suddenly dawned on me that they would need our help. But how could I get a message to the Russians? I called Dr. Armand Hammer, head of the President's cancer panel. I knew of his connections with the Russians. "Dr. Hammer," I said, "they might need bone marrow transplants."

At the Moscow hospital, a gowned and masked ward nurse wipes her feet before checking on a patient. Some 300 of the most serious cases were transferred to Moscow from the Ukraine.



DR. RICHARD CHAMPLIN

Two days later, at 7:30 a.m., acting ambassador Oleg Sokolov called. "How soon can you come?" he asked. "I'll be on the 3:30 Lufthansa flight that connects through to Moscow and arrives at 6:10 on Friday," I said. It's against my religion to take check-in baggage, so I just grabbed a bag, trying to cover what I'd need in the Soviet Union.

The day after I arrived in Moscow, I met with Aleksandr Baranov, head of hematology, and his associates. The Soviets were highly organized. They had already screened about 2,000 people in Kiev, took the 300 most severely affected and flew them to Moscow. They had emptied part of Moscow's Hospital No. 6 and filled it with radiation patients. To visit them we changed into blue uniforms, masks and shoe covers. Then we entered an anteroom to the sterile block—special rooms with plastic walls called life islands. Inside were three patients breathing filtered air. Just before meeting them, we put on another gown, for their protection.

I was introduced to the first patient, who seemed pleased to see me. This fellow, a fire fighter, had handled radioactive water; so the worst burns were on his hands, which were bandaged. His chest and legs had patches of what looked like a peeling sunburn.

HERE I WAS FACE-TO-FACE WITH PEOPLE WHO HAD BEEN ACCIDENTALLY RADIATED

During the first few days I saw 80 such patients—firemen, paramedics, guards who had been at the plant. Some had inhaled and ingested radioactive particles, fumes from burning plastic. One injured physician was part of a medical team that went in. His was a very sad case. He had performed what was considered a heroic deed, and he got radiated. Too ill for a transplant, he died within two weeks.

Here was the largest group ever exposed to a reactor accident. So this was a bit of history. I thought, "These are the unfortunate ones who got high doses of 200 to 1,200 rads. Not a small number are going to die in the next month." Doctors spend huge amounts of time, professionally and socially, discussing what would happen if someone dropped a bomb or a nuclear submarine radiated its crew, and here I was, awestruck, face-to-face with people who'd been accidentally radiated.

As the days went on we saw patients with nausea—a common symptom of radiation exposure—



DR. ROBERT GALE

A very ill patient receives an infusion of artificial plasma.

vomiting, diarrhea, jaundice, loss of hair, confusion, high fevers. Some became comatose. In time, 22 in the hospital died.

Family members play a more active role there than they do in our hospitals, bringing cooked food, making it more personal. One patient's wife was a nurse. It was particularly hard on her when he died. I remember her sitting out in the corridor, crying, being consoled by Dr. Baranov. Pretty stoic people, I thought. ⇉



DR. RICHARD CHAMPLIN

Gale (center) removes a donor's bone marrow to a beaker. The U.S.-Soviet surgical team performed one or two difficu

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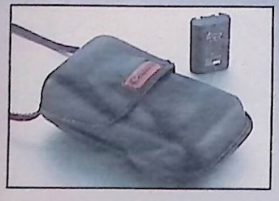
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THE LONGER WE WAITED TO OPERATE, THE GREATER THE CHANCE OF DEATH

This was an accident—not an act of God but an act of man—that presumably could have been prevented. But we did manage to *save* five through our efforts, which made it all worthwhile.

While I was over there, I thought of [Russian writer and doctor Anton] Chekhov. He once said that he had a wife and a mistress—medicine and literature—and he didn't think either suffered from his infidelity. It struck me that my role went beyond that of a physician's. There was a delicate political aspect too—I was representing the West. But the most difficult time came on the wards. Together with the Soviet doctors, we had to decide who to save, who could not be saved. It was like a battlefield situation. If someone was going to die of his burns, we excluded him from transplant. We had to do all we could to save the group that remained. We were running against the clock.

For a number of complex reasons, we needed to do the transplants in the first week after I arrived or the second week at the latest. And the longer we waited to operate, the greater the chance of death from infection or bleeding because of diminished white blood cells and platelets.

For bone marrow transplants a sibling is usually the best donor, so the Soviets, even before we arrived, had searched all over for potential donors. They notified relatives as far away as Vladivostok and Tashkent, and flew them to Moscow. Then the family members, if their tissues matched the patients', had to be told about the operation. For the recipient, the entire procedure—from the transplant until the time the marrow functions—can be quite dangerous and risky. Nevertheless, the radiation victims were so seriously ill, the prospect of the operation and its aftermath became secondary. We did the surgery in two parallel teams across the operating table. The Soviet doctor had two nurses; my partner Dick Champlin or.I had two nurses. Very efficient—there was no language problem.



Gale lands back in Kiev after his flight over Chernobyl.

Every day when I left the hospital I put my hands and feet on a Geiger counter to check radiation—to prevent me from spreading too much outside the hospital. There were similar concerns about the patients. There is an endless chain: their urine ⇉

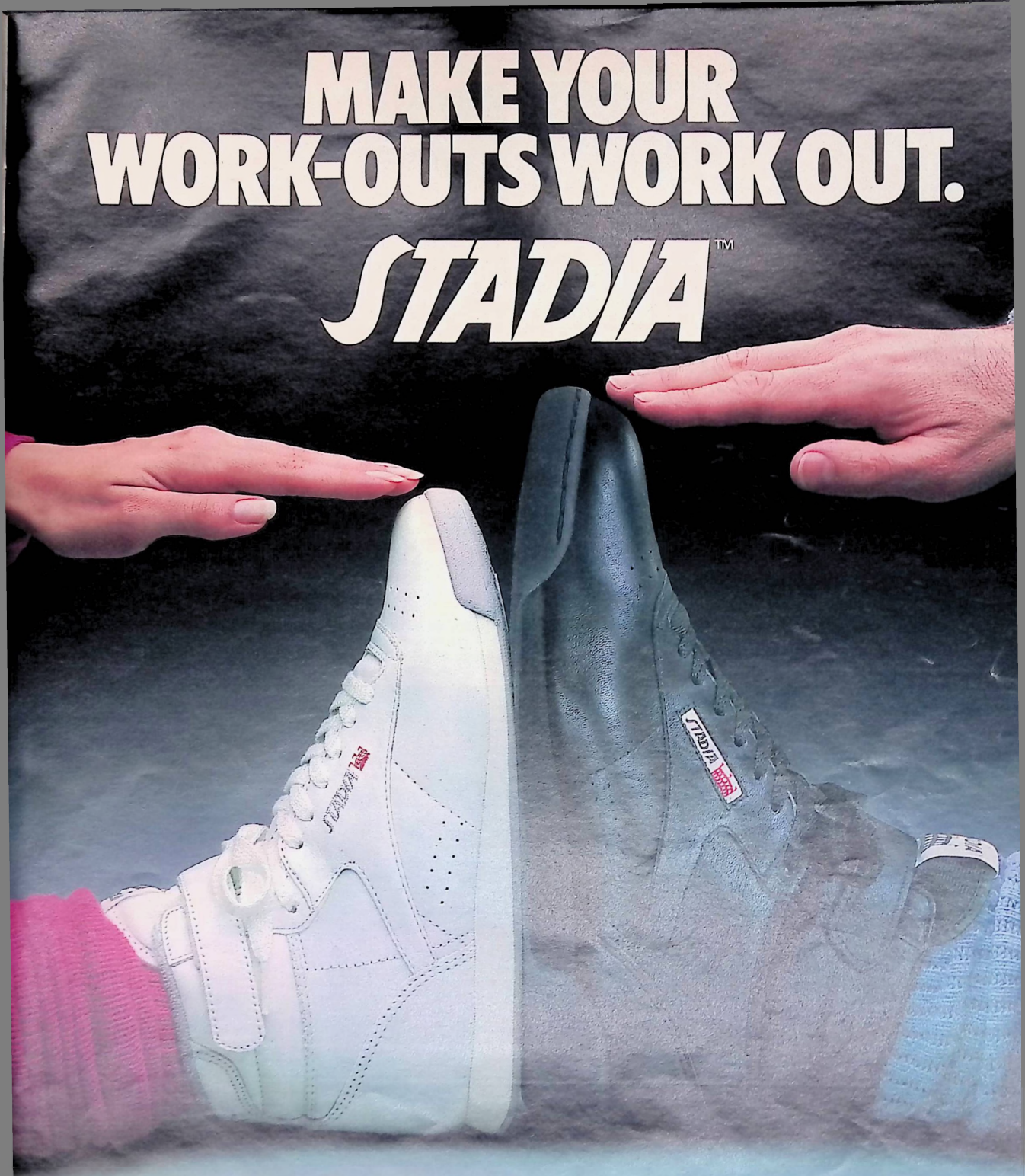


DR. ROBERT GALE (2)

On a Kiev ward, Gale points to a patient's chart and confers with Soviet physicians. Up to 500 people were hospitalized there.

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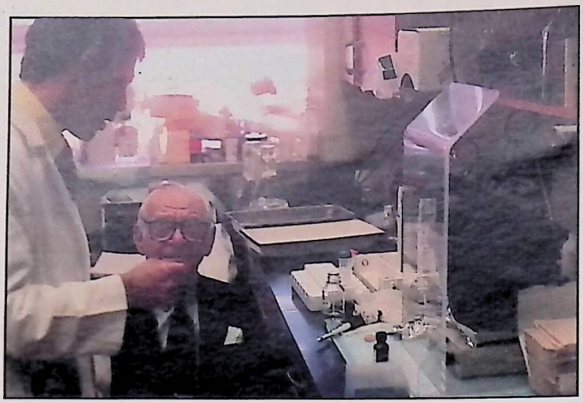
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Dr. Armand Hammer, friend and patron, visits Gale's UCLA lab.

and blood were radioactive. When you took blood from them to the lab, the lab became radioactive. This problem had to be contained.

There were also logistical problems of epic proportions. When I first got there I had to get on the phone to coordinate the shipping of $800,000 worth of high-tech medical machinery and medicine from all over the globe. And despite the best plans, these things got lost. So we went out to the Sheremetyevo airport—another doctor and I—with crowbars and started opening the crates until we found what we wanted.

After a few days of hard work, and with no access to sports news or Western beer, one of my colleagues began to come unglued. We decided that if we could bring in $800,000 worth of equipment we could get two cases of Watney's Ale. We had them flown in.

In time we got the Russians to think like American businessmen. We said, "Nothing is impossible." On one occasion we wanted to change an electrical socket to receive a centrifuge. They called in 10 technicians. They all looked at the plug for a half hour, shaking their heads, "Impossible." We said, "Gotta have it. That's it." And I have to hand it to them. They rewired the room.

RIGHT BELOW US WAS AN EMPTY CITY—THIS WAS IT

While I was in Russia it became a real obsession to see Chernobyl. Finally, they allowed me to fly over it with the head of the Ukrainian task force on Chernobyl. I sat next to the helicopter pilot, with a 180° view through the cockpit bubble. We had masks to protect us from radioactive particles. As we flew out of Kiev I watched the beautiful wooded countryside. It was about 10 a.m., a bit hazy. I couldn't take pictures—they had surgically removed my camera.

Then I saw the absolutely huge power station on the edge of a river. I saw the smokestacks and five helicopters swarming over the crippled reactor, dropping boron and sand to seal its core. We began to circle in ever-decreasing radii, 100 meters above it. It was impressive: the imploded roof caved-in reactor, five-story building, debris.

But the eerie part was this dramatic *lack* of things happening. This huge industrial complex was devoid of people. And then I saw the city of Pripyat nearby. Its 40,000 people had been evacuated the day after the accident, and its 20 or 30 modern high rises, white and brown, were totally vacant. Things obviously had been left in haste—laundry by open windows, a soccer ball lying in a field, a playground. Just completely deserted. No sign of any action. Out of one eye I could see the nuclear reactor. Right below us was an empty city.

This was it. This is what it would look like. This is what the atom could do for good or for bad. And I thought: This is a tremendous lesson. I felt a sense of awe and a pressing need to try to memorize this. Supermarkets, schools, a stadium—empty. This was something terribly important, like Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Dachau—and somehow I felt I had to transmit this message. I thought of something I had said in the meeting I had with [General Secretary Mikhail] Gorbachev just before I left Moscow: If you consider the limited nature of the accident and the tremendous medical resources that were required to respond to it, then it should put to rest any notion that we could respond effectively to a nuclear accident of a greater magnitude.

I was alone the last night, packing in my hotel room. The TV set was on and caught my eye. They had dedicated an hour to 20 of the people who had died. There was a backdrop of Chernobyl on the screen and a vignette about each of the 20. They would give a name, Toptonov or something, and show him in his school clothes, his fireman's uniform. I knew these people. I knew all of them—but as patients. It's very easy to lose the context, that they were normal human beings until this happened. Now I saw them as people who were regarded as heroes. And I was close to tears as I watched our failures roll by, one by one. ♠



JOHN BRYSON/SYGMA (2)

Wife Tamar, 36, Shir, seven, Elan, two, and Tal, nine (right), relax with Gale in the family's Bel Air backyard.



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MOTHER OF REVOLT

SOUTH AFRICA'S BLACKS LOOK TO WINNIE MANDELA



AP

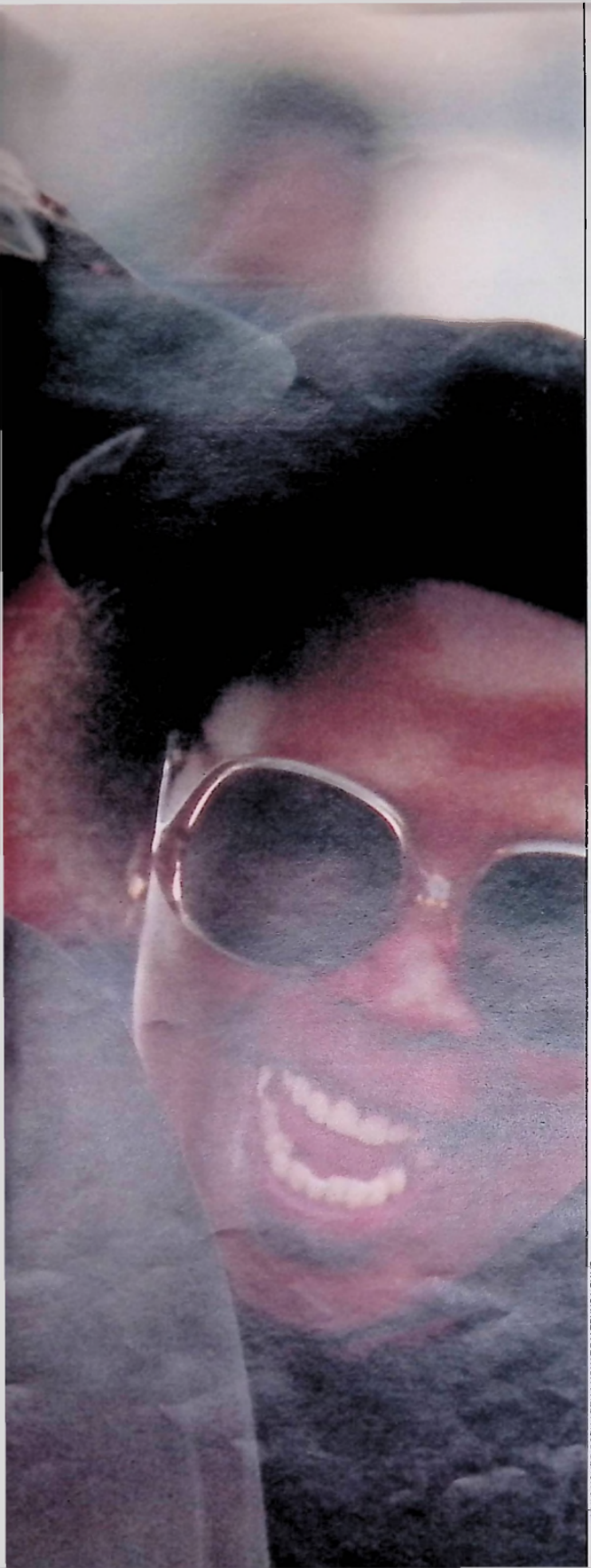
Nelson Mandela, in jail for 22 years, founded the militant wing of black resistance in 1961.

Even after a government crackdown sealed off Soweto, LIFE *had exclusive access to Winnie Mandela at home and on visits to her imprisoned husband.*

As South Africa lurches toward chaos, one woman commands the respect of blacks who—unarmed and powerless though they are—feel that the only answer to brutal oppression is violent resistance. She is Winnie Mandela, 51, wife of Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned leader of the outlawed African National Congress. His release has become the key to any resolution of the conflict.

With her husband on the run from police, they had only four months together during their first six years before he was sentenced to life imprisonment for sabotage in 1964. At the time, she says, "I was just a little girl fumbling along. I could not even find my own political direction. I was not Mandela's product." But Mrs. Mandela had already been restricted to the Johannesburg area. In the years that followed, she was repeatedly imprisoned (she once spent 17 months in solitary), interrogated, put under house arrest and forbidden to meet with more than one person at a time. In 1977 the government banished her to Brandfort, a remote township. "My life was determined at the stroke of a pen by a silly white teenager sitting behind a desk," she recalls. "Nothing angered me more than that." She was supposed to disappear. But last August, in defiance of her exile, the "Mother of the Nation" returned to her home in Soweto. At funerals and protests, the mere presence of the imposing woman with the broad smile, colorful dresses and ever-changing hairstyles sets off frenzied chants of "*Mama Ngawethu!*" (Our Mother).

As she leads the increasingly impatient cry for "*Amandla!*" (power), Mrs. Mandela is an unabashed advocate of the violent overthrow of the Afrikaners. "They are going to fight to the last drop of blood," she told LIFE. "Violence is the only language we speak together. Unarmed as my people are, we shall have to fight to the last man."



DAVID TURNLEY/DETROIT FREE PRESS-BLACK STAR

At a funeral for a black activist in Soweto, Winnie Mandela acknowledges an adoring crowd.

Text: Christopher Whipple

MEMENTO OF A WEDDING SHE COULD NOT COMPLETE



DAVID TURNLEY/DETROIT FREE PRESS-BLACK STAR

Mrs. Mandela shows two-year-old grandson Zondwa the uncut portion of her wedding cake, which she has preserved in a box for 28 years. The Mandelas could not finish the five-day tribal ceremony in Winnie's Transkei home because a banning order confined Nelson's movements. ➵



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HER TINY HOUSE BUSTLES WITH GRANDCHILDREN AND COMRADES

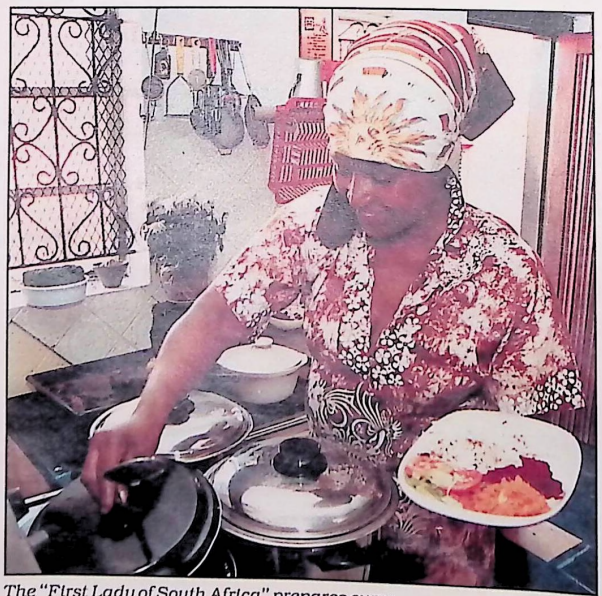


DAVID TURNLEY/DETROIT FREE PRESS-BLACK STAR (2)

Mrs. Mandela hugs Zondwa. "I've had my moments of wet pillows," she says of life without her husband. "But my tears long ago dried up."

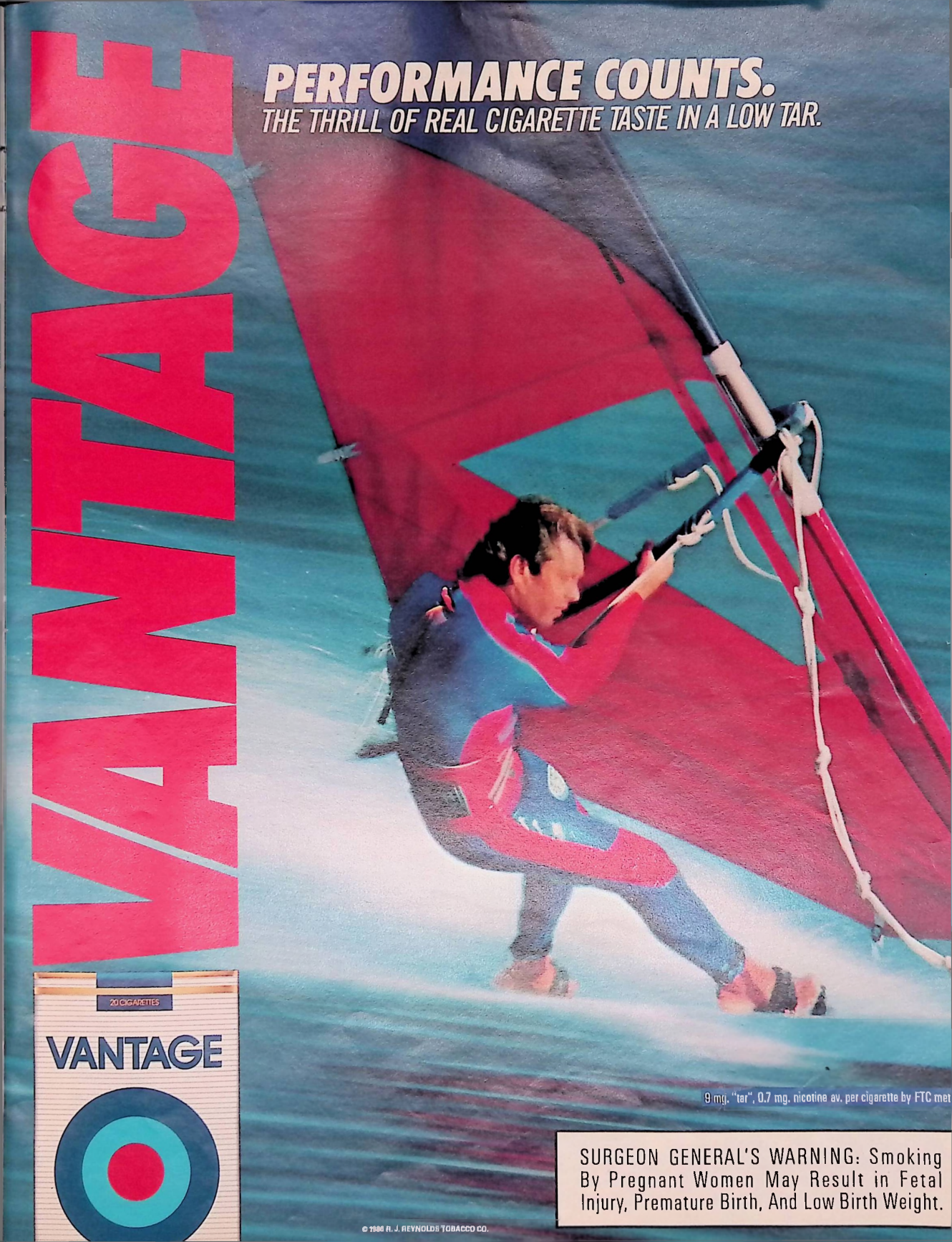
Winnie Mandela's home, a four-room red brick house in a volatile Soweto neighborhood, is modest even by the standards of the impoverished township. It has no heat or toilet; she uses portable foot warmers and an outhouse in the backyard. The place is surrounded by walls, with a padlocked gate monitored by a video camera and intercom. Students at a nearby school known as Mandela High frequently barricade an intersection with burning tires and sing a song, "Free Nelson Mandela." The living room is decorated with 20-year-old photographs of her imprisoned husband. Over the bedroom door is a sticker: We Reject Apartheid Celebrations.

Since her arrival back in Soweto, Mrs. Mandela, an experienced social worker, has received a constant parade of visitors who come seeking help with problems ranging from detained children to abusive husbands. While her daughter Zinzi, 25, studies at the University of Cape Town, Mrs. Mandela plays full-time mother to granddaughter Zoleka, five, and grandson Zondwa, a loud and unruly child she has nicknamed Gaddafi. After tucking them into bed, the woman who holds honorary doctorates from universities around the world often sits up until two a.m., writing correspondence course assignments in political science and public administration.



The "First Lady of South Africa" prepares curry.

Several times a week, Army Casspirs—armored vehicles—rumble up the street and surround the house; Mrs. Mandela keeps a bag packed for a quick escape. Despite police surveillance, young township radicals come and go, seeking blessings from "Mommy." Bidding farewell recently to two teenage comrades, Mrs. Mandela smiled and embraced each one. "Represent us well," she instructed them. "The nation hugs you." ➡


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MILITANT MARCHES AND A MARRIAGE OF PRISON VISITS



DAVID TURNLEY/DETROIT FREE PRESS-BLACK STAR (2)

On a return visit to Brandfort, Mrs. Mandela leads young comrades chanting "Viva Mandela."

Nomzamo (she who strives) Winnie Madikileza was a 22-year-old social worker at a Soweto hospital when Nelson Mandela "called out of the blue" one day in 1957. One of 11 children of a school principal in Transkei, she had first glimpsed "the aura of the man" when Mandela, then a strapping 39-year-old lawyer who defended apartheid victims, drove by her bus stop on the way to his Johannesburg office. A few months after their first date over curry at an Indian restaurant, Mandela matter-of-factly instructed her: "Zami, there is a friend of mine who makes wedding gowns. Will you report to her?" Even before he was sent to prison, their time together was limited to the hour between five and six a.m., when Mandela would come out of hiding long enough to jog, bathe, drink his orange juice and dash off again. Mandela was almost fatherly toward his young bride, and Winnie was as much in awe of him as in love. She called him Mandela. "He didn't belong to me. He was the people's man," she says. "I never had the dreams of a young girl falling head over heels with a Prince Charming. There was no time for that."

For more than two decades—while Mandela was imprisoned on Robben Island, the infamous, windswept rock in Cape Town Harbor—the family was permitted two visits a year. They talked to him, through a glass partition, on a phone monitored by a guard. But since he was moved to Pollsmoor Prison on the mainland in 1982, the family has been allowed one 40-minute visit each week. In May 1984 they had their first "contact visit." The couple hugged and kissed so fondly for so long that the Afrikaner guard turned away in embarrassment.

To get to the prison Mrs. Mandela boards a two-hour flight to Cape Town. Their visits take place in a small holding cell; a guard sits 10 feet away and scribbles notes of their conversations. According to Mrs. Mandela, her 68-year-old husband is in good health. "He is *so fit*," she marveled after a recent visit, sitting in the waiting room with daughters Zinzi, Zeni, 27, and Zeni's husband, a Swaziland prince. Six feet four and broadly built, Mandela stays trim by jogging around the courtyard of his second-floor cell; he tends a vegetable garden and takes five correspondence courses (one in Afrikaans). Guards jump to his requests. Recently, dressed in a custom-tailored rental tuxedo, he witnessed an inmate's wedding.



With daughter Zinzi and friend, Mrs. Mandela leaves the maximum security block of Pollsmoor Prison after a visit with her husband.

"He has never been despondent," says Mrs. Mandela of the man whose loud, booming laugh always threatened to give him away during his years on the run. "He is the same man who entered the dock." She says he still addresses her like a daughter. "I don't think I ever really grew up in his eyes. I'm just one of his three girls." Zinzi disagrees: "It's hard to visit with Mama, because they only have eyes for each other." According to his younger daughter, "Tata" is a warm and doting but very strict father. Several years ago he was upset when he learned that Zinzi was assaulted by a boyfriend and hospitalized. "He always wants to know who I'm seeing," she says. "He asks, 'How intimate are you with this boy, darling?' And I tease him: 'Oh, Tata, *very* intimate.' "

After Mandela had rejected State President P. W. Botha's offer to free him on the condition that he renounce violence, Zeni's nine-year-old daughter, Zaslwe, asked him, "Granddad, don't you love us? Why don't you want to come back to us from jail?" Mandela replied, "Darling, I haven't got the key to open the cell door. You know who has the key?" He pointed to the guards standing behind them. "Ask these men. They will go to their master. If he opens it, I will come out."

Prison policy permits discussion of only personal matters; politics is off-limits. But some Afrikaner guards have become so fond of the family that they look the other way. During a recent conversation about Reagan and negotiation, the only interruption was the crying of their grandson Gaddafi.

Mrs. Mandela admits that she may be more militant than her husband. "Mandela the man is so soft, so warm inside that I know he could never make a revolutionary," she insists. "I know that he could never fire one single shot. That is perhaps the greatest difference between him and me. I have been so brutalized by these people that I know I would hit back."

She has not entirely lost hope that one day Mandela will be freed. "I have had to forget I am a lady," she says. "I am the most unmarried married woman." But his release seems unlikely as long as the government refuses to discuss his principal demand: full political rights for the black majority based on one man, one vote. "The government knows where the key to peace is—behind bars," she says. "But Mandela is not going to hold any miracle when he steps out of prison." ♠

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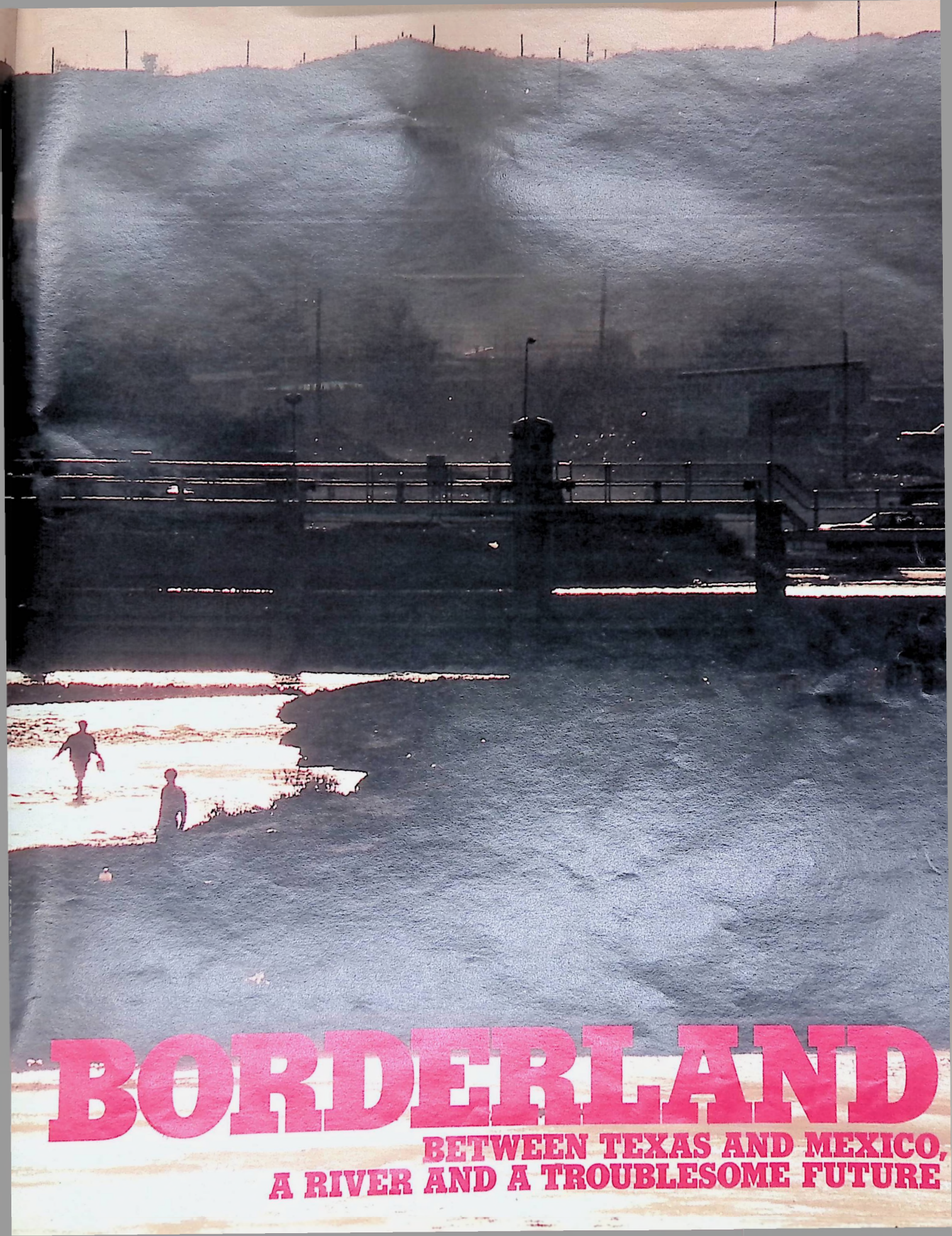
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On the 150th anniversary of Texas's independence from Mexico, the two lands seem closer in many fundamental ways than ever before. They share economic woes, and both are suffering from growing drug and immigration crises. The Rio Grande marks their boundaries, but on the ragged outskirts of El Paso and Juarez, where headgates slow the flow, men wade easily back and forth.

Photography: Harald Sund
Reporting: Linda Gomez
Text: Vance Muse



BORDERLAND

BETWEEN TEXAS AND MEXICO, A RIVER AND A TROUBLESOME FUTURE



THE PREHISTORIC PAST ON VIEW

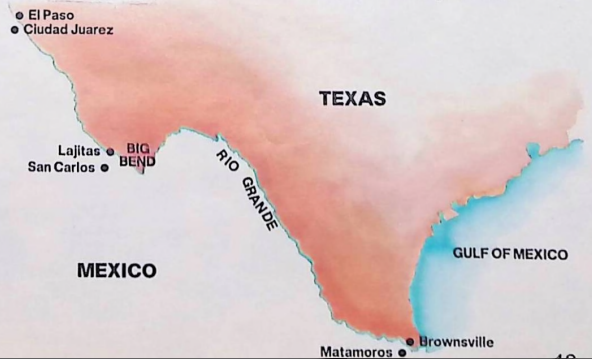


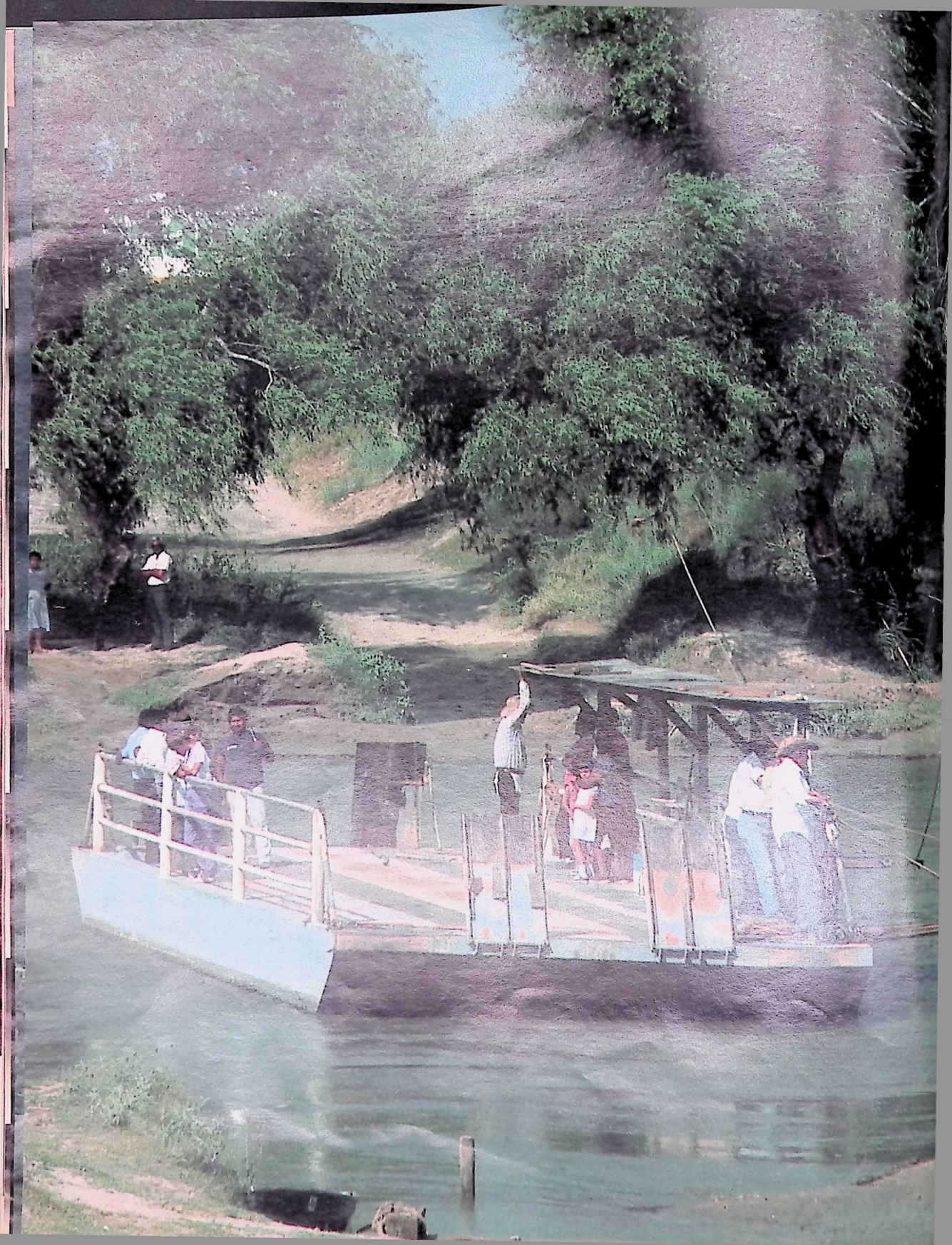
Rafters explore Santa Elena Canyon in Big Bend, the U.S. National Park cradled in the wilds of the Rio Grande. The Santa Elena is one of the deepest river gorges in the West—its walls, Texan and Mexican, tower 1,800 feet over the water. Above: In Lajitas, Tex., Jacinto Hernandez, 60, and his son, Jacinto, 18, shoot a midnight game of pool in the local trading post.

Plunging through the mountains of West Texas and northern Mexico, the Rio Grande keeps to itself, leaving the vast lands as dry as the moon, beautiful but godforsaken. Pterodactyls once soared from these cliffs. Human history in these parts goes back 10,000 years. Texan Jack Skiles, 55, who owns a 7,000-acre spread on the river, rides the range with a keen appreciation of what has gone before. Skiles has unearthed fossil remains of bison, ancient horses, woolly mammoths. He also found an Indian corpse, stomach intact. "That fellow's last supper came about fifteen hundred years ago," Skiles figures. "It consisted of grasshopper mandible, prickly pear seed, snake vertebrae and white-footed mouse."

Skiles's ranch has seen better days, when cattle fetched a good price and when ranchers could run sheep and goats without fear of predatory eagles. "Now the birds are a protected species," Skiles says. "I think I should have a right to protect my sheep—but I don't." Still, Skiles will stay. He loves his land. "It forces you to be honest with yourself."

MAP BY BOB CONRAD





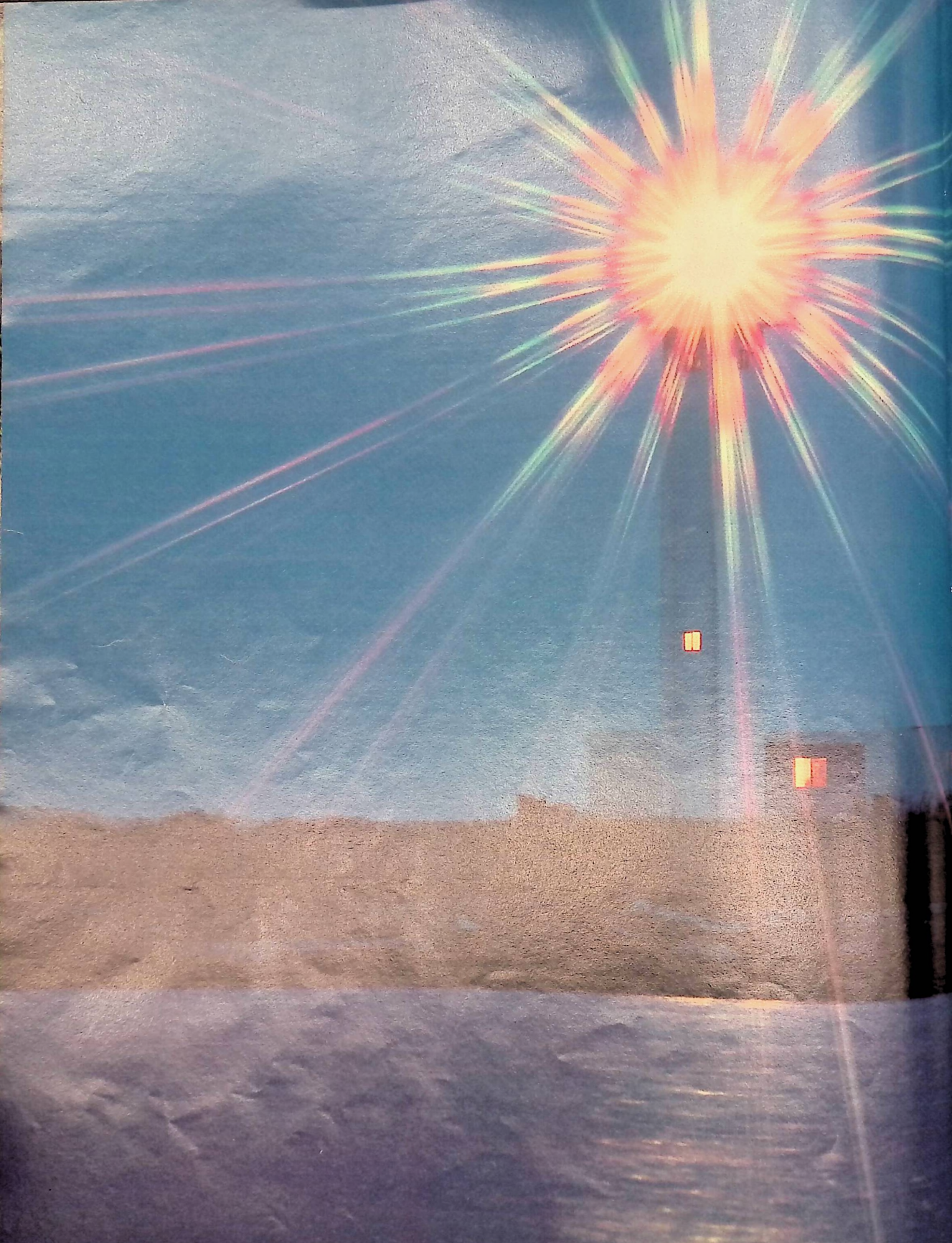
A WATER ZONE THAT BINDS AND NURTURES



A hand-pulled ferry unites families living a river apart, crossing from Diaz Ordaz, Mexico, to Los Ebanos, Tex. Bringing tortillas, this morning's passengers will return with milk, not easily obtained on the other side. The Los Ebanos ferry—25 cents each way—is a family enterprise. Says Alberto Simo, 68, "We've run this crossing from the time of the Spaniards. In the old days it was in a canoe." Above: Seasonal workers harvest cabbages near Donna, Tex. The area's annual income from agriculture is $320 million.

As it snakes south and east through land that begins to flatten out and turn green, the Rio Grande loses force. Though it is an international boundary for 1,254 miles, it is not always a formidable one—much of the river poses no barrier to the people who live along either side of it. Mexicans cross as easily as if it were a flooded street, using bridges, stepping-stones, mules, the backs of strong friends. At high water places they float across—by boat, inner tube or raft. Thousands make legal crossings every day. They come to visit family and friends living on the Texas side, and they come to work the farms of the river valley.

Agriculture has thrived along the river since 1500 B.C., in irrigated fields that might otherwise support only cactus and tumbleweed. The fertility impressed its first European visitors. When Spanish explorer Cabeza de Vaca wandered the region from 1528 to 1536, he wrote that he and his men were greeted by inhabitants bearing "beans, many pumpkins, calabashes . . . and other things." The growing season can be as long as 340 days a year. It is no surprise that there are prosperous citrus groves in the Rio Grande Valley, or that corn, aloe vera and peppers flourish. Vineyards, though, are unexpected. Del Rio has had wineries since 1881, when Frank Qualia came from Milan to try his hand at New World wine-making. Thomas Qualia now tends the vines his grandfather planted a century ago. "I'd be a rancher," he says, "if I didn't love to grow things."





AT THE GULF, A BEACON

The lighthouse in Bagdad, Mexico, illuminates river and gulf for shrimpers and fishermen. Beacon keepers Alberto Lopez and Fabian Cruz, both in their 20s, live next door with their wives and children. "We take turns," says Cruz. "One night I sleep, the next night he sleeps. And all of us eat lots of fish."

SHARING DREAMS, AMERICAN AND MEXICAN



Pascual Alvarez finds a slice of shade in Lajitas.



Auden Lozano is in charge of running up flags.



Mimi Webb-Miller supervises plowing on her ranch.

Pascual Alvarez, 86, gets up in San Carlos, Mexico, boards a rowboat docked on the riverbank, pays the pilot a few pesos and crosses over to Lajitas, U.S.A. He then treats himself to bread and a bottle of milk.

Lajitas is a remarkably clean town because for $75 a week Alvarez sweeps its streets every day. It has an official population of 48, but is growing—thanks to some developers who have put up three hotels for tourists, a desert museum and a gift shop that sells such things as tarantulas suspended in plastic cubes. Pascual Alvarez is part of today's Lajitas, a dot on the map since the 1850s, when it was a trading center for area ranches. The Lajitas Trading Post, in its original adobe building, remains the town hub with locals and visitors congregating there.

Alvarez knows just about all there is to know about the borderland and its personalities. Having grown up in Chihuahua, a Mexican state that hosted more than its share of desperadoes early in this century, Alvarez recalls Pancho Villa and comments on the legendary mustached bandit. "The man I saw," Alvarez says, "was actually Doroteo Arango, who took Pancho Villa's name. Villa had been an important figure, a political boss. Now everyone remembers Arango as Villa, forgetting who the real Pancho Villa was. That shows you what memory is about."

As activity picks up in this remote town, so does Pascual Alvarez's business, and he is happy about that. "I have always worked," he says. "I always will." Telling of a time when folks said he was a better worker than men half his age, Pascual Alvarez reveals his secret. "I have always had *need*. When young men say I am foolish to work for so little pay, I tell them they don't understand. I work because it's what I know."

His fourth grade schoolteacher, Johnnie Chambers, 56, calls Auden Lozano, nine, "a whiz at math, full of great dreams—and a fine flag monitor." Auden is one of her 50 students in a two-room Texas schoolhouse, which sits at the end of a road paved not two years ago. It is the only school in Candelaria, up a lonely highway from the Big Bend. Built at the turn of the century, the school is half adobe, half stucco, but shows no signs of wear—no broken windows, graffiti, litter. Though Auden's father is a handyman and his mother a teacher, most of the Candelaria students are "ranch kids," the children of agricultural workers. English is their second language, the one they use at school. A blackboard lists some of the words that give them the most trouble: blithe, buoyant, cajole, jocund. "They already know Spanish," says Chambers. "My job is to make sure they've got perfect English." She is bilingual but rarely uses Spanish in the classroom.

Her compadre in education is Tip Chesney, 31, a former census taker. Chambers's and Chesney's ranches are far enough from Candelaria that they share a cottage near the school during the week, commuting to their homes on weekends. "Johnnie and I love our work," says Chesney, "but we also agree on the frustrations—there's just not enough time to do everything, especially for the brightest kids." Science classes tax Chesney the most. "It's so exciting," he says. "But try giving three different lessons to three different levels at the same time. You wind up not knowing your own name." When Auden moves on to Presidio High School in four years, he will have something the children across the river do not have—English. And because of that alone, his chances for a better life are increased immeasurably.

Mimi Webb-Miller, 37, does a small business as a tour guide, leading city slickers around her 3,000-acre Rancho Milagros, 10 miles south of the border. The name means "miracle ranch," and Webb-Miller swears it's true. A spring spills water pure enough to be bottled. The old Comanche Trail runs through the land, and Webb-Miller has discovered burial grounds on the property. Among the treasures: Indian pottery shards and arrowheads, and buttons from Spanish soldiers of the 1700s.

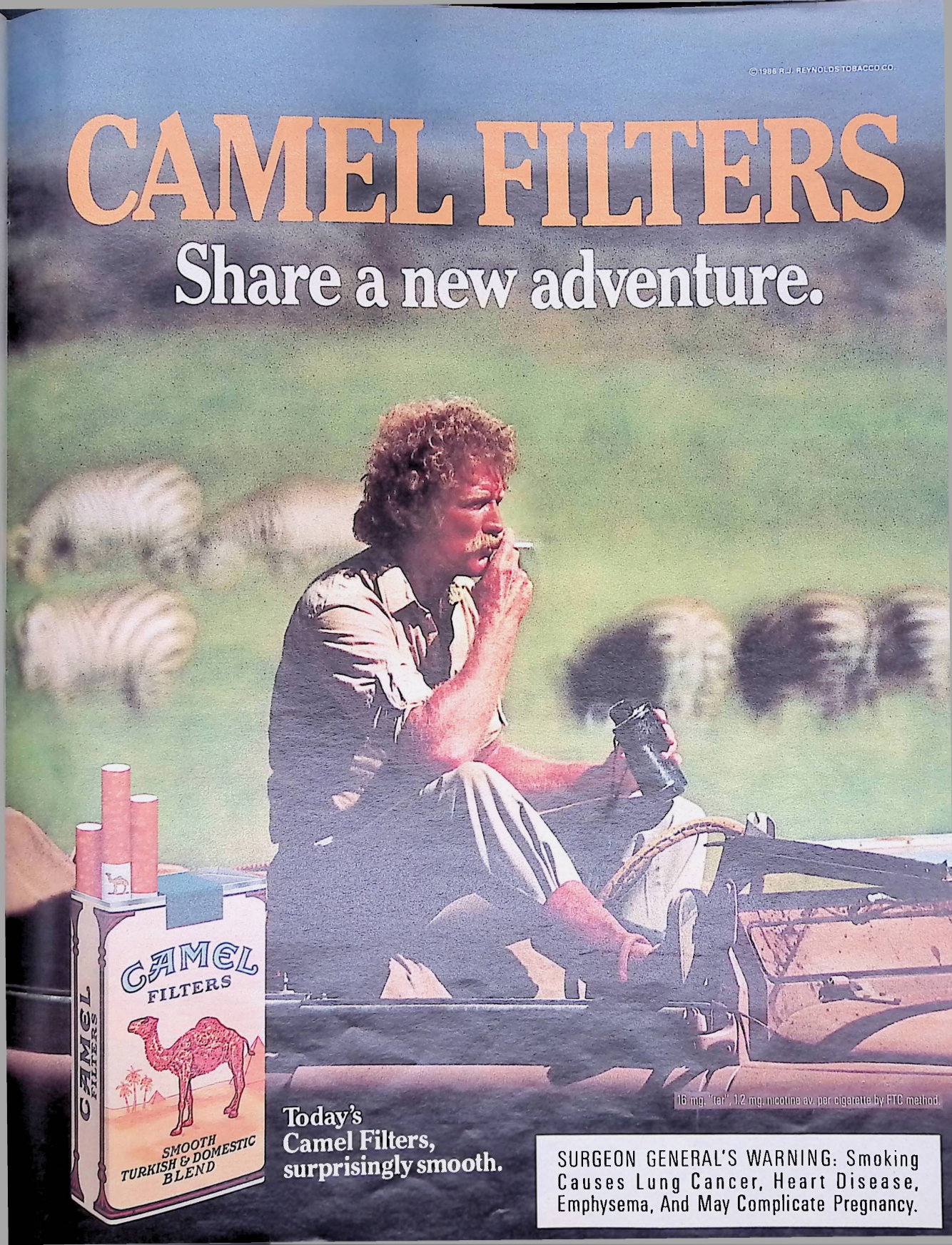
In a land of dark-haired beauty, Mimi Webb-Miller stands out. A blond debutante from Wichita Falls, she went to south Texas—and changed her life. "I met a Mexican at a cockfight," she says, "then got on a horse, crossed the river and found heaven." That relationship ended, but Webb-Miller stayed on, in love with the land and the people. "Sometimes I wish I had dark hair and eyes," she admits. "But they accept me."

Webb-Miller kept goats on her ranch until a bout with tuberculosis took all her savings and nearly her life. She had to sell her goats. It will be a while before she will run more livestock, but in the meantime she grows corn, melons and sugarcane, sharing the work with ranch hands and a mule named California. And then there's her tour business. For $90 a day, she provides each guest with a horse, barbecue, beer and lodging. For gringos, a horseback expedition on the borderland—complete with Indian burial ground and waterfall—is a real getaway. When Webb-Miller's customers are lucky, Rancho Milagros also offers something miraculous in the night sky: small lights like flames of Roman candles. "Around here," Webb-Miller says, "they say those lights are young witches learning to fly. They practice flying in the canyons so they'll hit water when they fall." Local legend has it that the mysterious lights appear all over the borderland. Recorded descriptions of them go back at least a hundred years. "Never look directly at the lights," Webb-Miller cautions. "If you do, the witches will follow you home." ➳

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TO BE BORN IN BROWNSVILLE



Midwife Margarita Garcia, 51, of Brownsville tends to a new baby—one of the 5,000 births she has supervised during the past three decades.

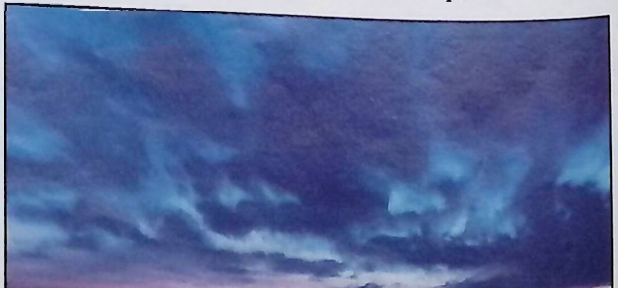
Birthright has a powerful meaning on the border, one well understood by Margarita Garcia, a midwife for 31 years. She works out of her house near International Boulevard in Brownsville, Tex. Apart from a rooftop sign (painted with a stork announcing *Se atienden partos*—"Births attended to here"), Garcia does not advertise. "I would never dream of it," she says. "Very humble, poor women come here because their friends have delivered with me, or their sisters have, or even their mothers. They trust me." Garcia is licensed and keeps up-to-date with her profession, constantly refining hygienic practices. For her services she asks $180 and requests only pertinent medical information from patients. She will not pry into the legal status of the women. Many have come from Mexico to give their babies U.S. citizenship—a prize south of the Rio Grande.

Record numbers of Mexicans slip illegally over the border every day—sometimes exceeding 10,000 at just one ford in the river—seeking not just work but also what they hope will be a new life in the promised land, *el norte*. Hugh Rushton, a veteran of the Texas Border Patrol's Marfa sector, has caught illegal aliens night-trekking across the desert, hiding in filthy freight cars or squeezed into oil tankers. "You can't help but feel for those who try to come in," says Rushton. "It could just as easily have been you or me born on the other side of that line, and we shouldn't forget it." Amnesty as well as programs allowing "guest workers" to harvest American crops are among the solutions being debated in state legislatures and Congress.

The masses of illegal workers are no longer a force that Texas can exploit or ignore, not when that state is suddenly unable to take care of its own. The bottomed-out oil prices that have hit Texas's economy have also shaken Mexico, where the major export is crude oil. With an unemployment rate of 15 percent, an additional 25 percent without sufficient work and a foreign debt of $100 billion, Mexico has few opportunities for the thousands of runaways who are apprehended in Texas and sent back.

Mexico's one booming business is drugs. It is now the U.S.'s major foreign supplier of heroin and marijuana. A "Mexican mafia" controls a border network of growers and dealers, sending their goods north by caravan (backpack, mule, truck) and low-flying, radar-evading airplanes.

As Texas observes its 150th year of independence, its old oppressor faces the crisis of its modern existence. That land, though, has endured conquerors, revolutions, wars and natural disasters. For Mexico, mañana always holds hope. ♠



On a dry plain above the Rio Grande, a lonely windmill turns near Pumpville, Tex.

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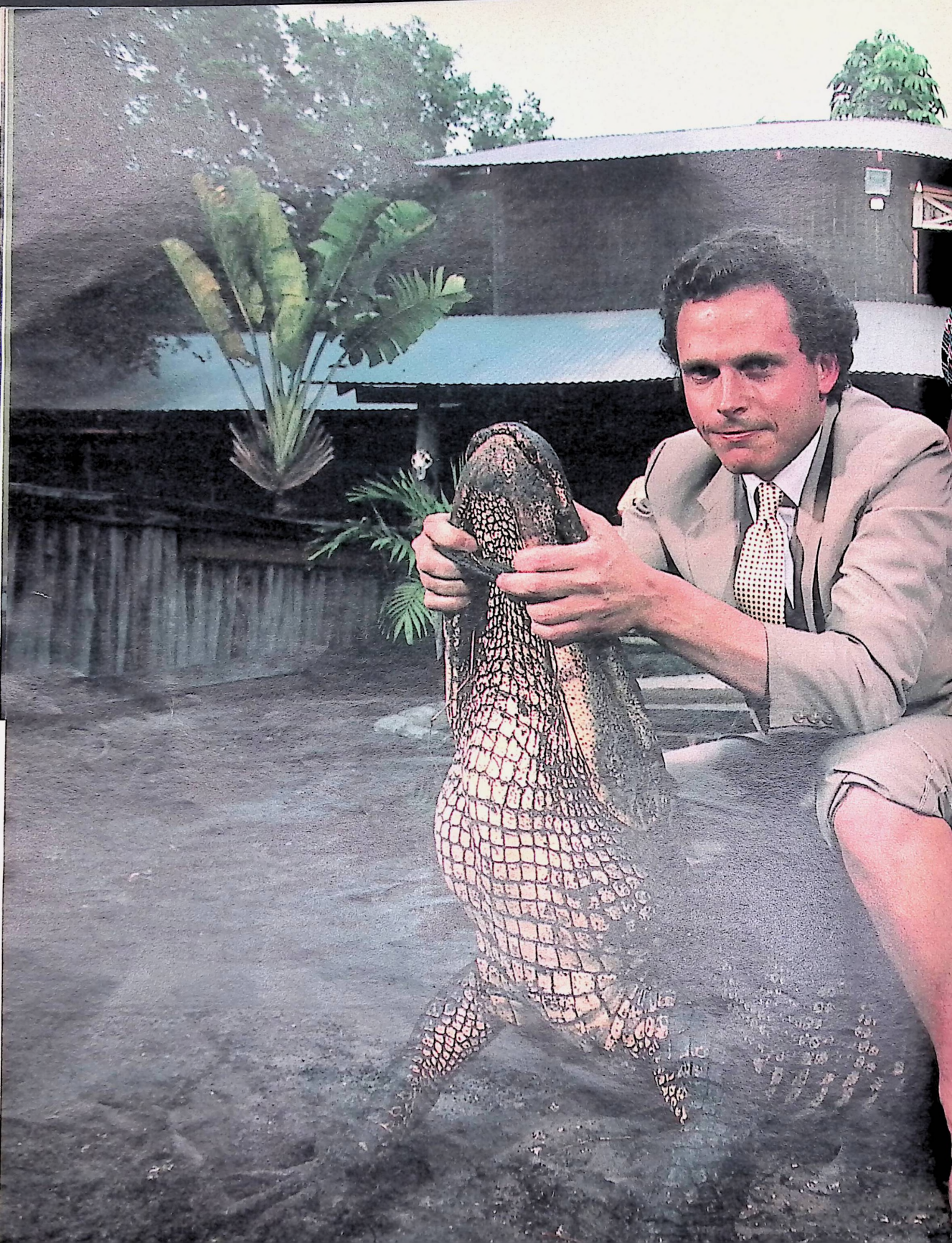
*Percentages based upon the Recommended Dietary Allowance for women 23-50 years old.

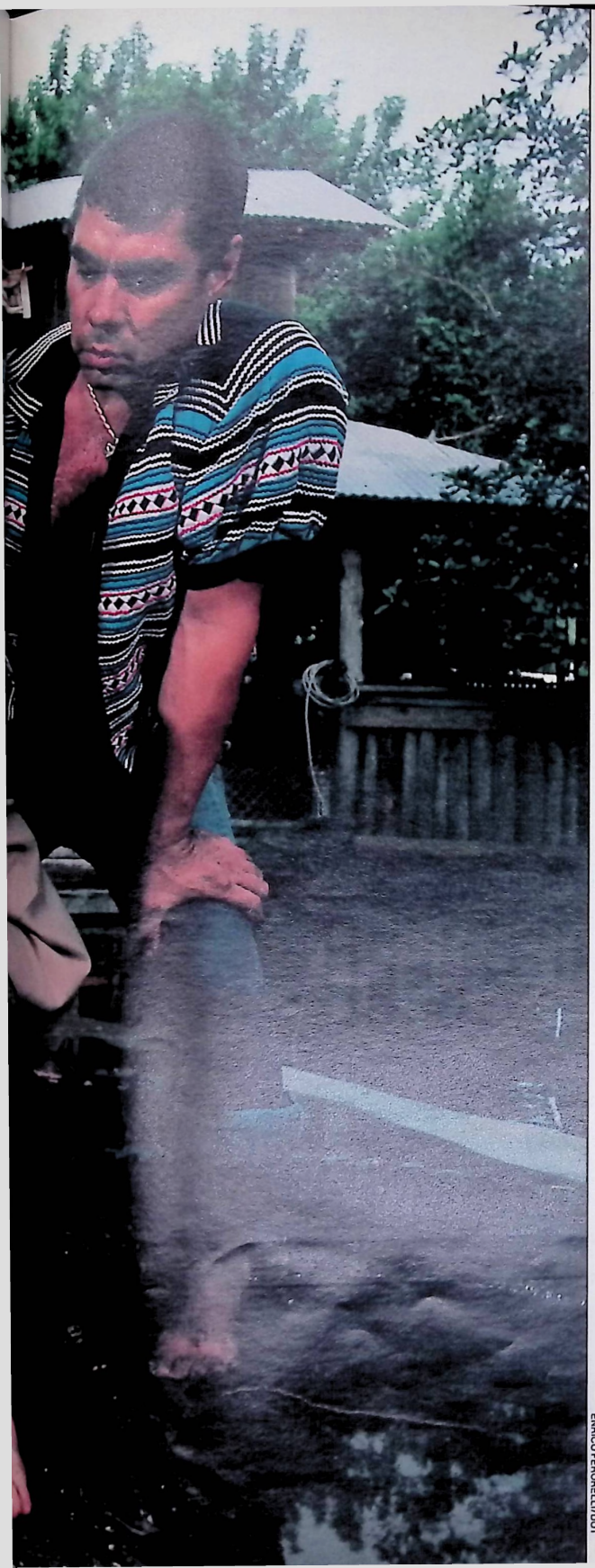


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In Hollywood, Fla., Terry McAuliffe takes on Chief James Billie's 'gator. The day before it had chomped off a man's thumb.

THE FUND-RAISER

THE DEMOCRATS' WHIZ KID WILL DO ANYTHING FOR A BUCK

The upcoming Senate elections are already the most hotly contested in years. Though the GOP now has a 53 to 47 edge, the Democrats have a better than 50-50 chance of regaining control. In the House the Democrats could well boost their 253-to-182 majority by 10. Rightly or wrongly, these midterm elections will be seen as a referendum on the President. In the next few months, LIFE *will single out for inspection a few of the livelier combatants.*

This year, when a congressional race can cost a candidate as much as $1 million, the key players are the party fund-raisers. Their tactics vary from mass mailings to celebrity peddling. "There are three important elements in winning an election. Money, money and money!" says Terry McAuliffe, the political animal astride the apolitical beast at left, who specializes in a zany mix of sledgehammer persistence and personal magnetism.

As finance director of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, McAuliffe—known as the Macker—already has a hefty $10 million of the $15 million he is expected to raise during this election cycle. He's after another $5 million moonlighting as fund-raiser for Bob Graham, Florida's Democratic candidate for senator, and for 14 other hopefuls.

Recently McAuliffe solicited $15,000 from Florida's Seminole Indians. Chief James Billie dragged a hissing, 280-pound, nine-foot alligator from a murky pool and told McAuliffe, "You ain't getting nothing today if you don't wrassle one." McAuliffe

'JEEZ, THIS JOB IS A COOKER'

rolled up his pants and spent five minutes in hand-to-jaw combat. He got his pledge.

"With McAuliffe working for the competition," says one GOP fund-raiser, "the blossom is fading on the rose." Two years ago the Republicans took in $4.23 for every dollar raised by the Democrats. First-quarter receipts for '86 show the Republican advantage down to less than two to one.

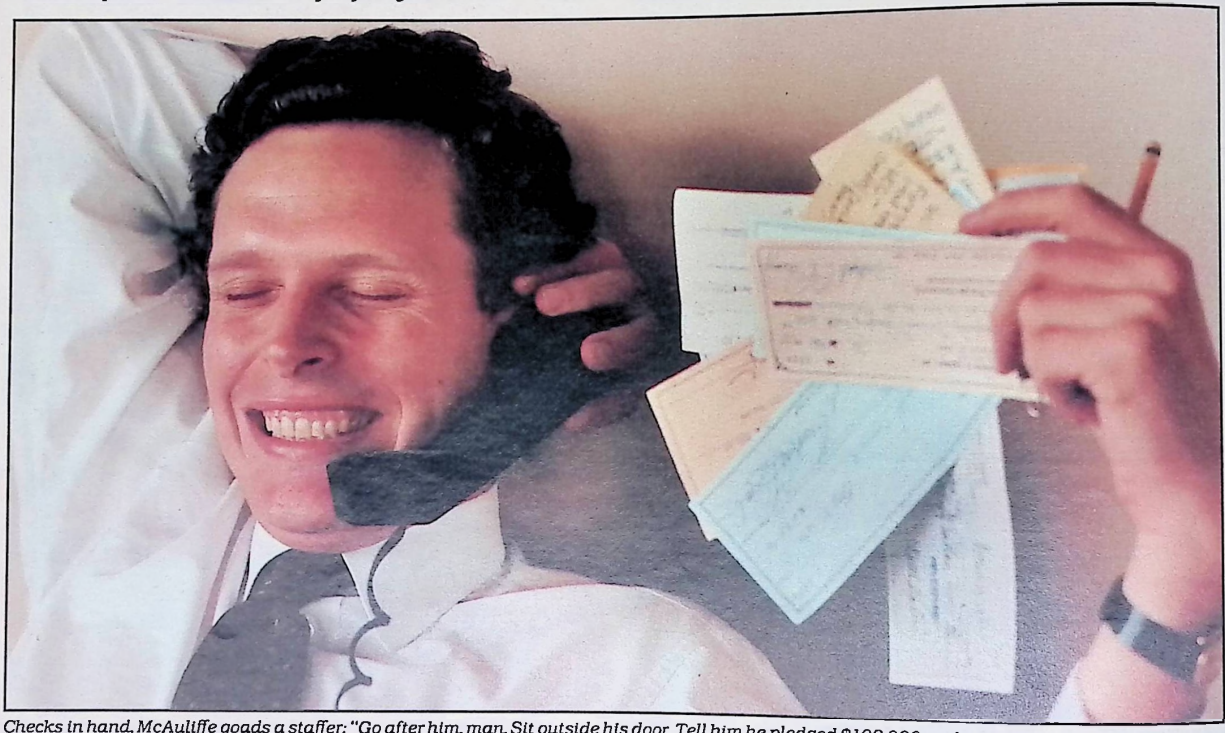
Born in Syracuse, N.Y., McAuliffe, 29, has been wheeling and dealing for the Democratic party since the 1980 Carter-Mondale campaign. He's also a lawyer, a venture capitalist, a stockbroker and a bank director. "Believe me," he says, "I work hard and play hard." A typical day begins at dawn with a six-mile jog. McAuliffe attends seven a.m. mass several times a week and by 8:30 is at the Democratic National Headquarters on Capitol Hill. There he rides herd on 23 staffers including eight young "entrepreneurial types." "I'm a terrific delegator, just like Ronald Reagan," he says, "but my guys produce their quotas or they're out."

Recently in California McAuliffe himself brought in $400,000. "When a guy says no, I go right back at him four, five, ten times. If you keep pushing, the bucks will come in." He recalls the time Florida Congressman Bill Nelson was "in isolation" at the Houston Space Center before his first mission. " 'Bill,' I said, 'You made a commitment to bring in $5,000. What's more important, the Democratic majority in the House or your space shuttle?' Well, the check came the next day."

Lately McAuliffe has gotten calls from would-be presidential candidates—he won't say who—eager to discuss financial strategies for '88. "I'm not ready to make up my mind yet who's going to get my expertise," he says. ♠



McAuliffe turns on the charm and takes out his notes at a breakfast for big-time donors.



J. ROSS BAUGHMAN/VISIONS (4)

Checks in hand, McAuliffe goads a staffer: "Go after him, man. Sit outside his door. Tell him he pledged $102,000 and you're there to collect."



"Why do they need a hunk when they've got the Mackerr?" he says of Warren Beatty, with Gary Hart (right) and candidate Mark Green.



At a Washington disco, McAuliffe puts the squeeze on his favorite Democrat, Georgetown University law student Dorothy Swann.

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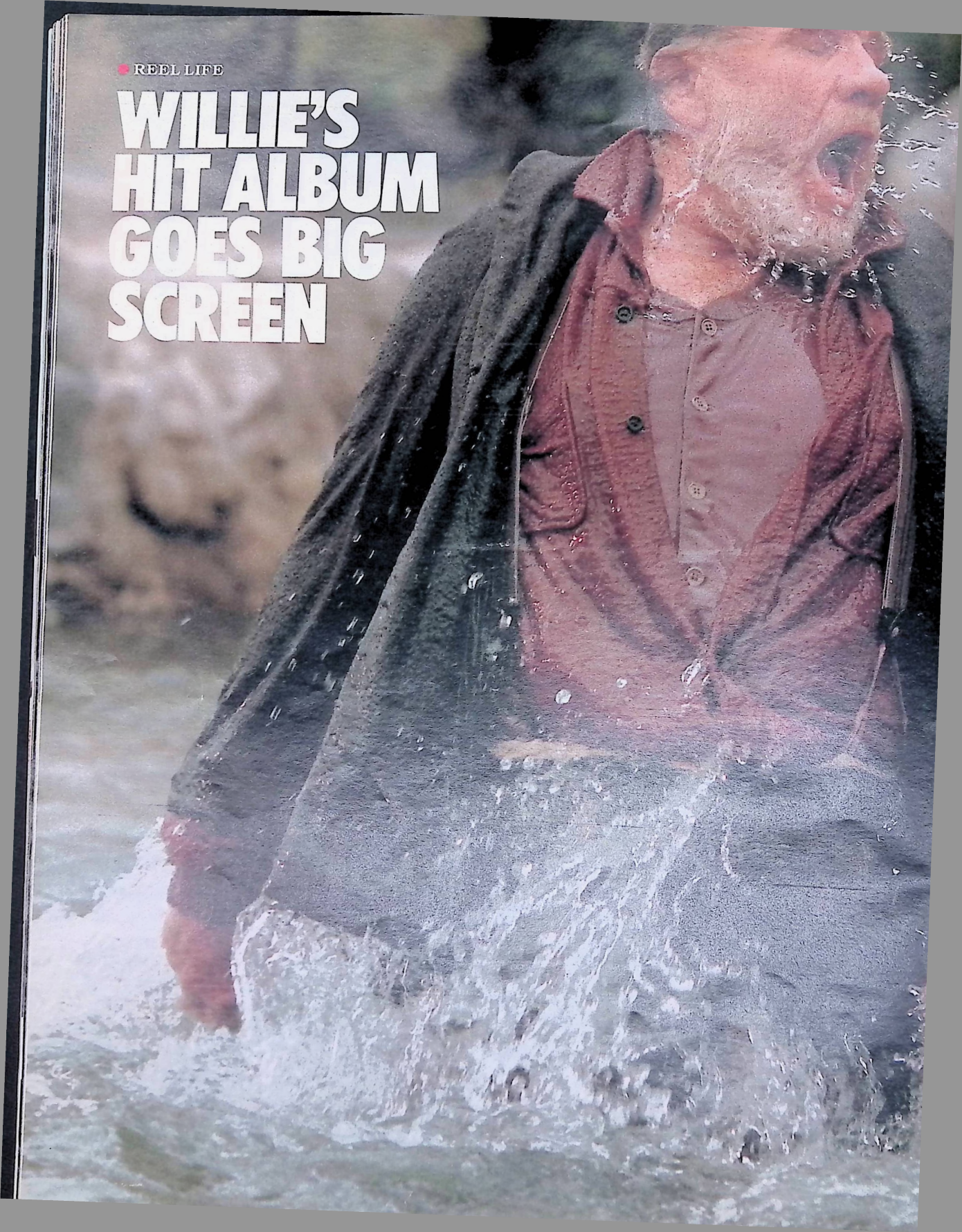
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WILLIE'S HIT ALBUM GOES BIG SCREEN



FRIENDS PITCH IN TO HELP THE STAR PRODUCE 'RED HEADED STRANGER'

Making a movie of *Red Headed Stranger*, his 1975 chart-topping country album, was a powerful obsession that wouldn't let go. From the beginning, its story of love and violence in the Old West was unfolding as a movie in his mind, says Willie Nelson. He dreamed of portraying the preacher-turned-killer on-screen. Universal Studios optioned *Red Headed Stranger* but eventually let it slip into "turnaround"—Hollywood limbo. So Nelson acquired the rights and spent much of the next five years shopping for financing. With fellow Texan Bill Wittliff—screenwriter and coproducer of *Country, Raggedy Man* and *Barbarosa*—Nelson plunged into the risky business of doing their own producing.

Despite the pleading of his wife, Connie, Nelson stubbornly mortgaged property to raise $1 million for the 1878-style wardrobe, props and three Western sets. Friends and neighbors pitched in. Towns were built on land adjoining his private golf course outside Austin, turning the place into a studio back lot. Wittliff virtually ignored his book publishing business, Encino Press, to take on the chores of writing, coproducing and directing. Together, Wittliff and Nelson assembled a crew and pruned more than $11 million from Universal's original $13.5 million budget. They signed a native Texan, Morgan Fairchild, to play the preacher's faithless wife and Katharine Ross (star of *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*), 43, as his salvation. The actresses agreed to defer half their fees. As the cameras rolled, LIFE went on location with *Red Headed Stranger*.

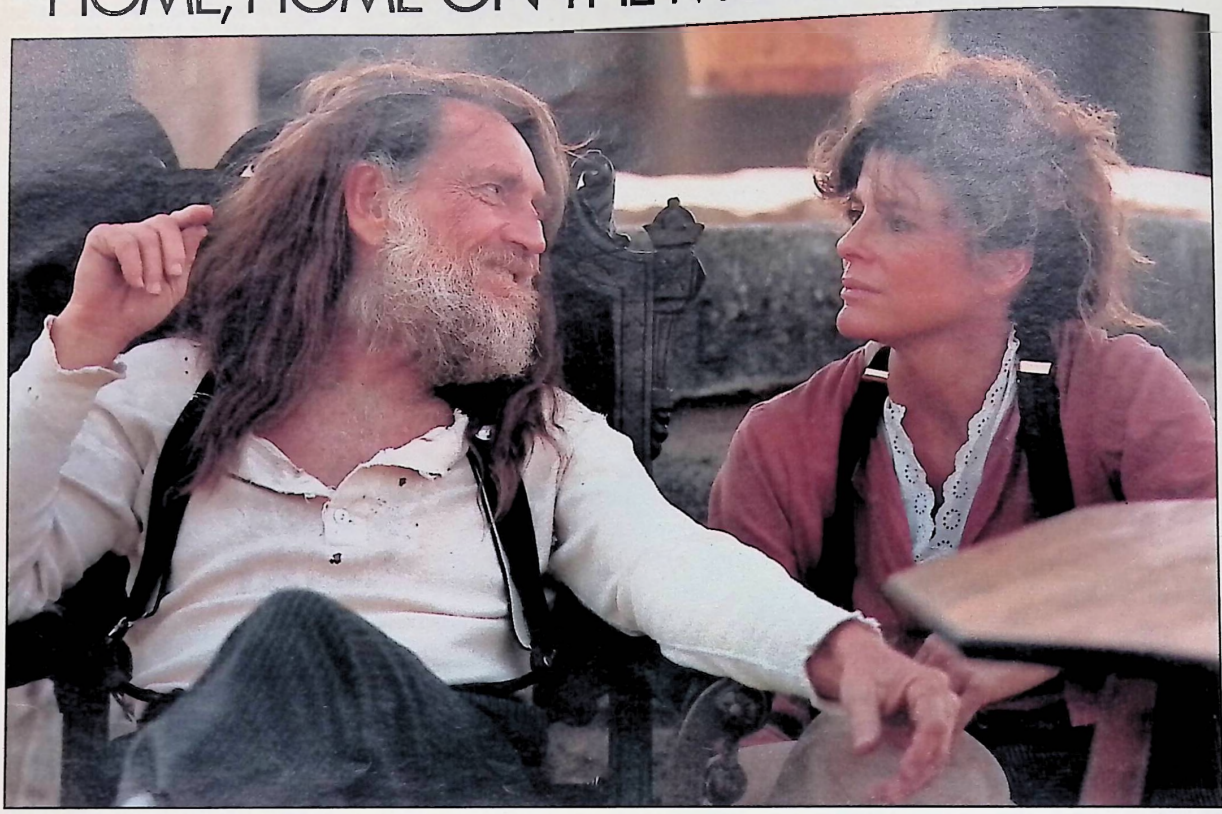
As preacher Julian Shay, Nelson sobers up a besotted sheriff, played by R. G. Armstrong, in a scene that both enjoyed in the scorching Texas heat. Below, Nelson, 53, sprays on a little water as he and Morgan Fairchild, 36, head west. Says the TV actress, "My character just doesn't have the pioneer spirit." The film opens next month, with Willie singing Stranger *songs throughout his movie.*



MICHAEL O'BRIEN/ARCHIVE (2)

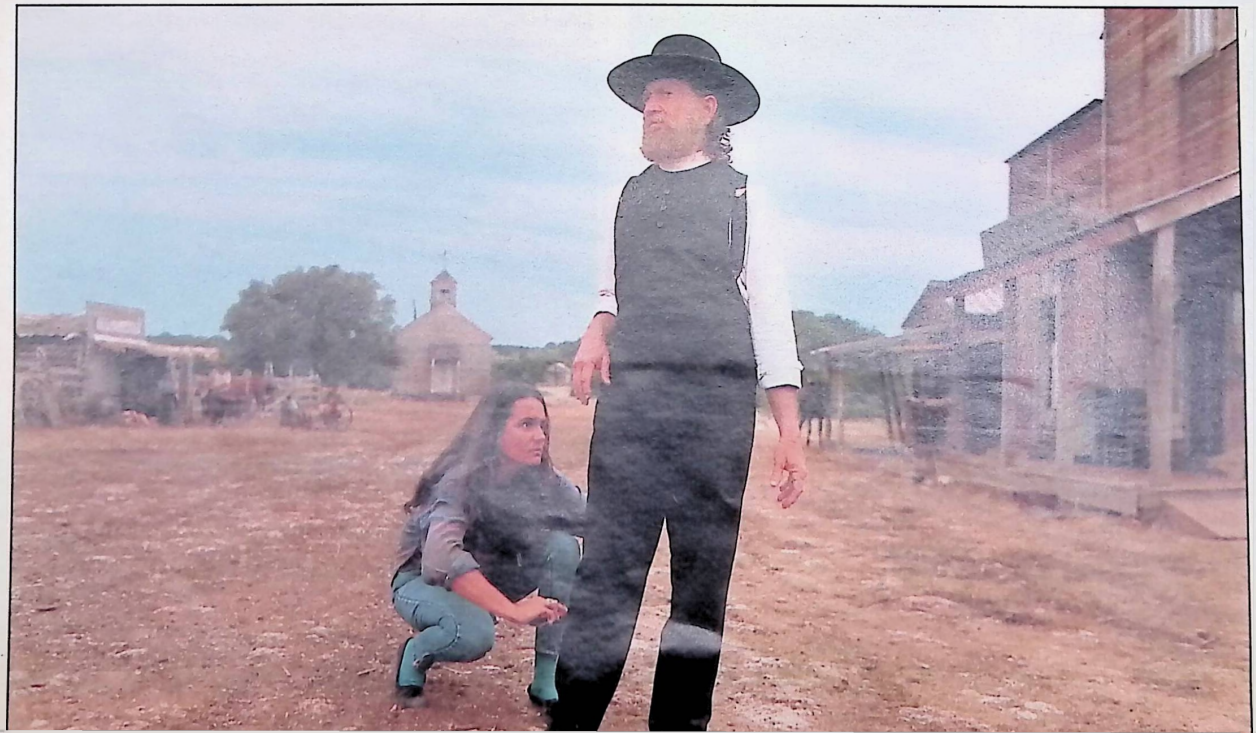
Text: Cheryl McCall

HOME, HOME ON THE MOVIE LOCATION

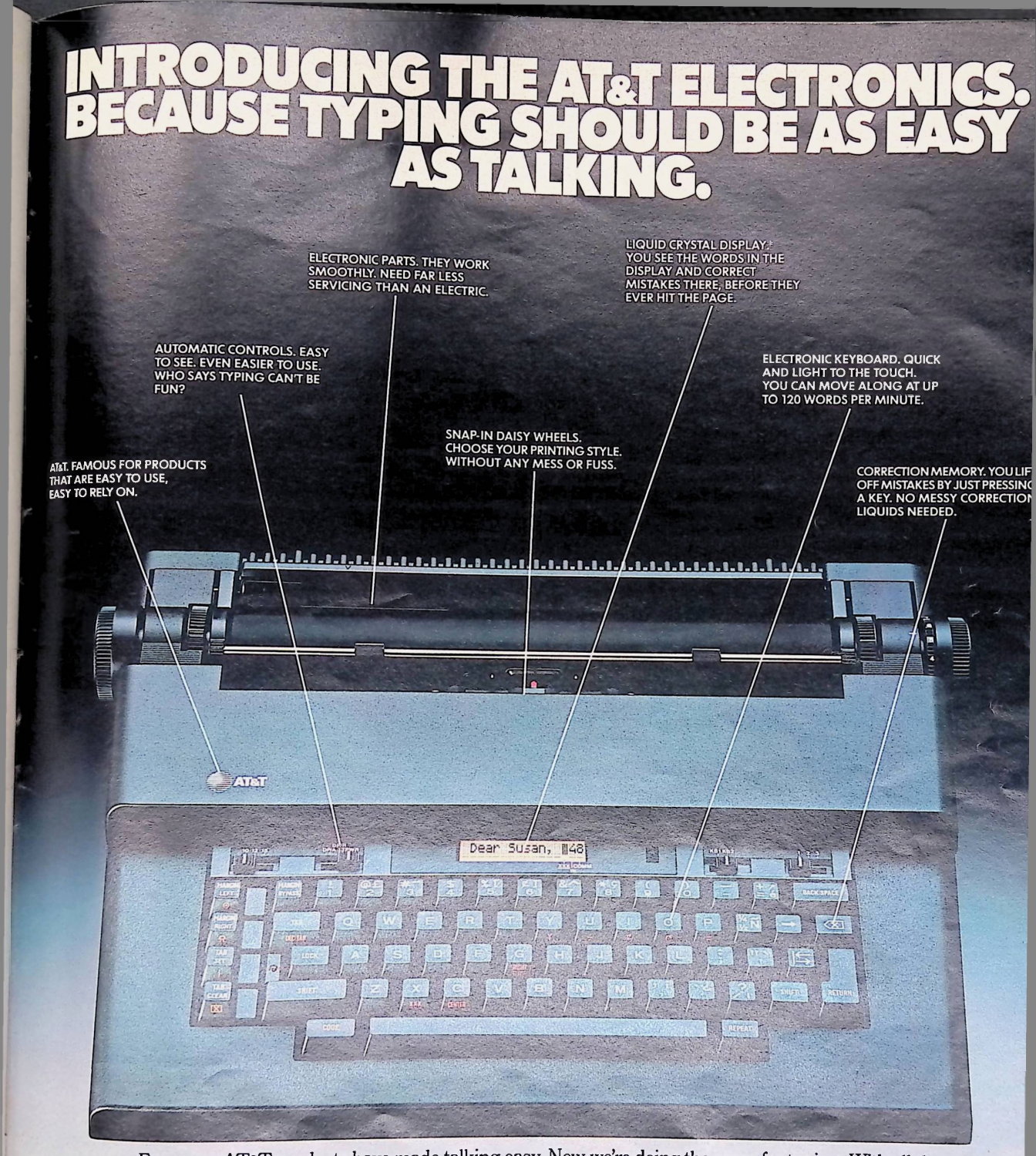


MICHAEL O'BRIEN/ARCHIVE (2)

Says Hollywood actress Katharine Ross of the local production, "We don't have a studio looking over our shoulder, making life miserable." Below, Nelson's daughter Lana, 32, serves as wardrobe mistress and dusts the boss's slacks before a scene. She's in charge of the 150 period costumes.



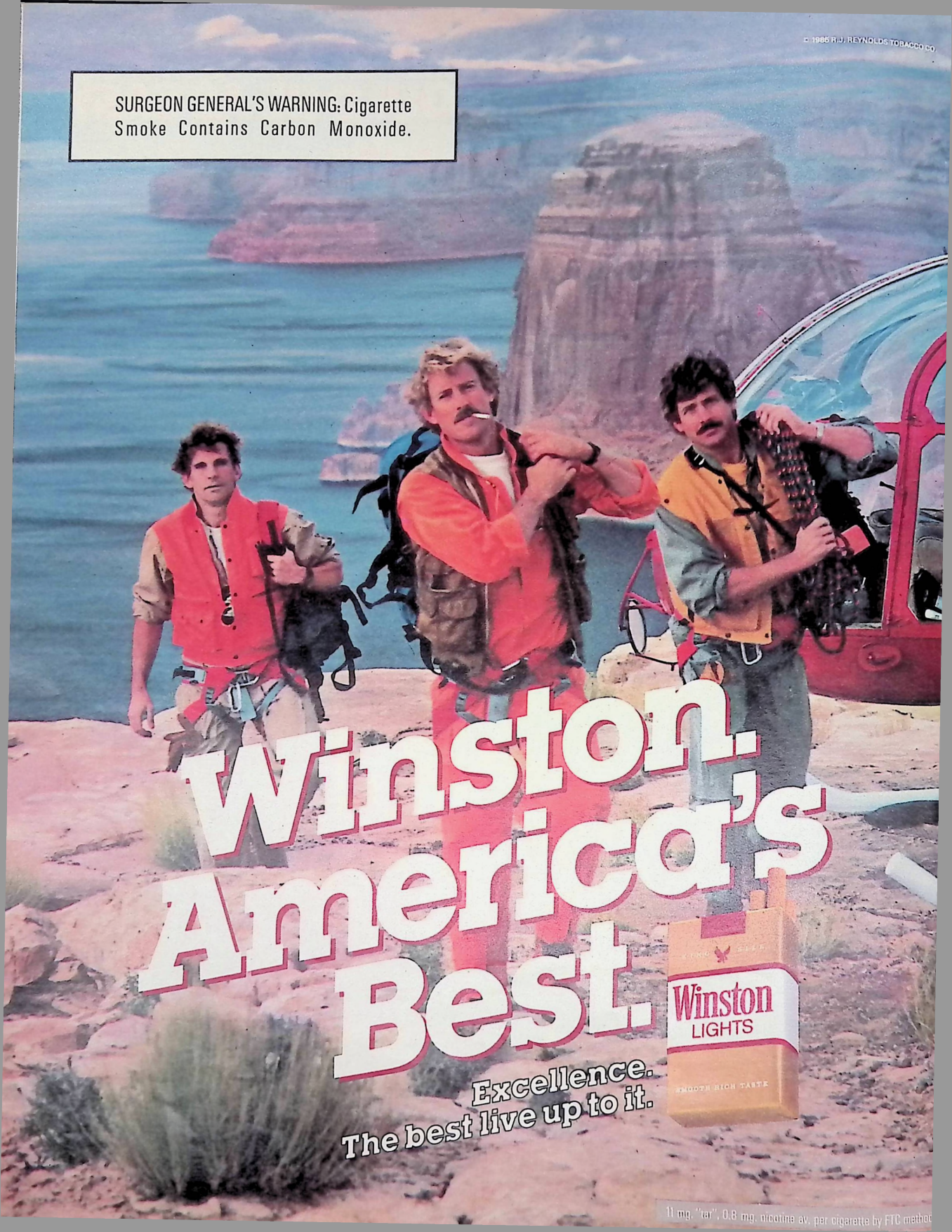
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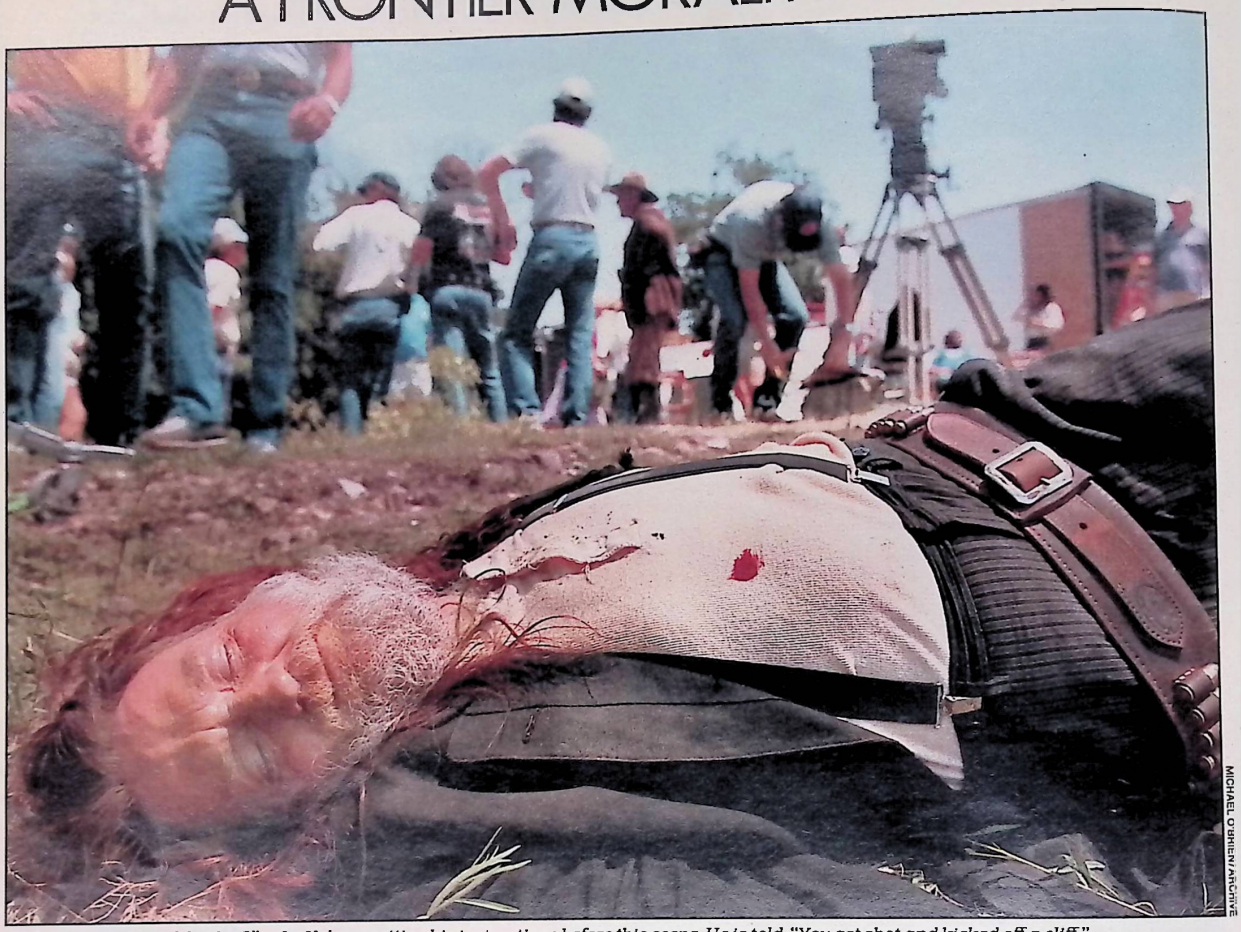
THE BASIC BATHING SCENE, CIRCA 1880



"Nobody in Hollywood would think of putting us together in a movie," says Morgan Fairchild. "But if Willie Nelson is going to kill a woman, anyone in America would forgive him for shooting Morgan Fairchild."

MICHAEL O'BRIEN/ARCHIVE

A FRONTIER MORALITY TALE



MICHAEL O'BRIEN/ARCHIVE

"What's my injury of the day?" asks Nelson, getting his instructions before this scene. He is told, "You get shot and kicked off a cliff."

"In a funny kind of way, I just simply stepped into Willie's dream," says director Bill Wittliff. "It's become an obsession for me too. I couldn't walk away from it." The writer fleshed out the record album's story of stern frontier morality with a script that explores the theme of love lost and regained against a backdrop of sin and redemption. The preacher saves a derelict town from spiritual squalor but pays a terrible price—everything he cherishes in life. By the time his rage is spent, a dozen people are dead. Nelson says he's not the least contrite about killing two women in this film. "If you like the song, the violence is there," he says. "You can't take out violence any more than you can take evil out of books. It's all part of life." Adds Nelson, "This movie covers a lot of territory—from spiritualism to lust—and takes a man all the way to the bottom and back to the top. It does it to a preacher—which is a little bit unusual."

Also unorthodox is the casting of Nelson's grandson, his band's drummer, the bass player and a bodyguard in speaking roles. Says Wittliff, "It's really a homegrown deal. We pulled people off the sidewalk, from restaurants, stores or wherever we spotted them for this." His Encino Press assistant, Connie Todd, put aside her publishing duties to audition more than 350 local folks. "When we found someone with a spark, we'd work with him or her for several hours," says Wittliff. The creative gamble has paid off with lively performances from an Austin security guard, a waitress and a computer programmer.

It's a measure of the loyalty Nelson inspires that his cast and crew are willing to endure 14-hour days on a location as hot and fly-ridden as Calcutta. What's more, they are remarkably cheerful about it. Explains bit player Bo Franks, a cohort and gun collector, "I'm doing this for free, and I loaned all the props for free. Everybody is here because they want to be part of Willie's dream. We're all busting our butts because we wouldn't think of letting him down." From the Austin hatter who made and donated dozens of period hats to the realtor who lent a 19th century water drilling rig, friends contributed what they could. Says his daughter Lana, "Daddy has set such a good example for everyone that you don't want to be the one to goof up."

As the end of the shooting approaches, day drags into night and exhaustion and tension mount. Mistakes are made, lines misdelivered, and the horses—spooked by gunfire—are edgy.

The only uncooperative member of the cast during the whole 39 days of shooting was a balky pony. "Willie, we got a problem here," crackled a walkie-talkie. "The horse wants to know what his motivation is for pulling the plow."

Nelson drinks cups of coffee and cracks jokes. Scenes are repeated until all the angles have been filmed. At 5:30 a.m. they break. Twelve hours later, after filming the preacher and his wife traveling west in a covered wagon, Wittliff and Nelson say the magic words: "That's a wrap." ♠

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Robert Bright, Junior
University of Idaho

FADS

DID WE REALLY DO ALL THOSE SILLY THINGS?

Ranging from the supine (bed pushing) to the ridiculous (Pet Rocks), the passing fancies on these pages should bring back a lot of memories—happy ones. Our national crazes made us laugh (streaking) or smile (smile buttons) and only occasionally gag (goldfish swallowing).

Characterized by an exhilarating absence of redeeming social value, fads have a tendency to originate in those twin breeding grounds of buffoonery: high schools and colleges. They also are inclined to be short-lived (remember Smell-O-Vision?) and to thrive when times are hard. The 1958 recession has been credited with spawning the Hula Hoop mania, during which 25 million polyethylene tubes were sold in four months. The following year the country's youth, still gyrating, had a fabulous trio of new obsessions to choose from: phone booth stuffing, Pat Boone white bucks and a bent-knee posture called hunkerin'. Many went ape over all three.

Whatever the un-great pastime of the moment—panty raids, Deely Bobbers, piano smashing—LIFE has been there, recording it for posterity, whose own fads we dare not contemplate.



K. E. TAYLOR

'38 *After two months of marathon dancing, bone-weary contestants were made to do "the Grind," a fast-paced shuffle. Wrote* LIFE: *"Crowds flock thickest during 'the Grind.' Then dancers drop like flies."*



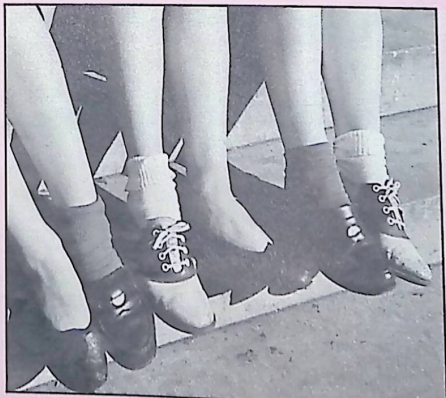
AP

'39 *This photograph of a Harvard freshman swallowing a live goldfish triggered a trend.*



MARIE HANSEN

'42 *A zoot-suiter sported a proper length of chain.*



EDWARD CLARK

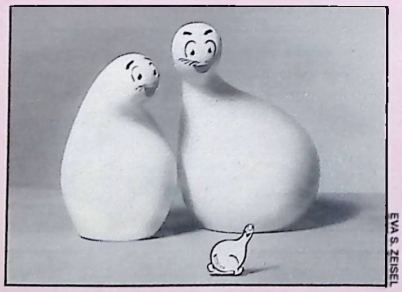
'47 *In Chicago, high school coeds swapped one shoe and one sock with friends.*

LIFE LOOKS BACK 50 YEARS



RALPH MORSE

'55 *This "happy warrior" was among millions of young Davy Crocketteers. The King-of-the-Wild-Frontier craze caused an unprecedented demand for coonskins.*



EVA S. ZESEL

'48 *One reader's salt and pepper shakers looked like cartoonist Al Capp's Shmoos, the year's favorite creatures.*



CHARLES NELSON

'47 *Pittsburgh teens walked one another's dogs. Of school fads, LIFE said, "Seldom do they make much sense."*



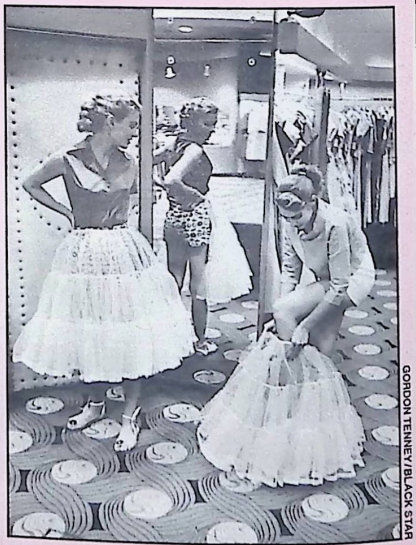
PHILIPPE HALSMAN

'57 *What was this face saying? If you were good at deciphering "living droodles," you would answer, "Mommy! You made the braids too tight."*



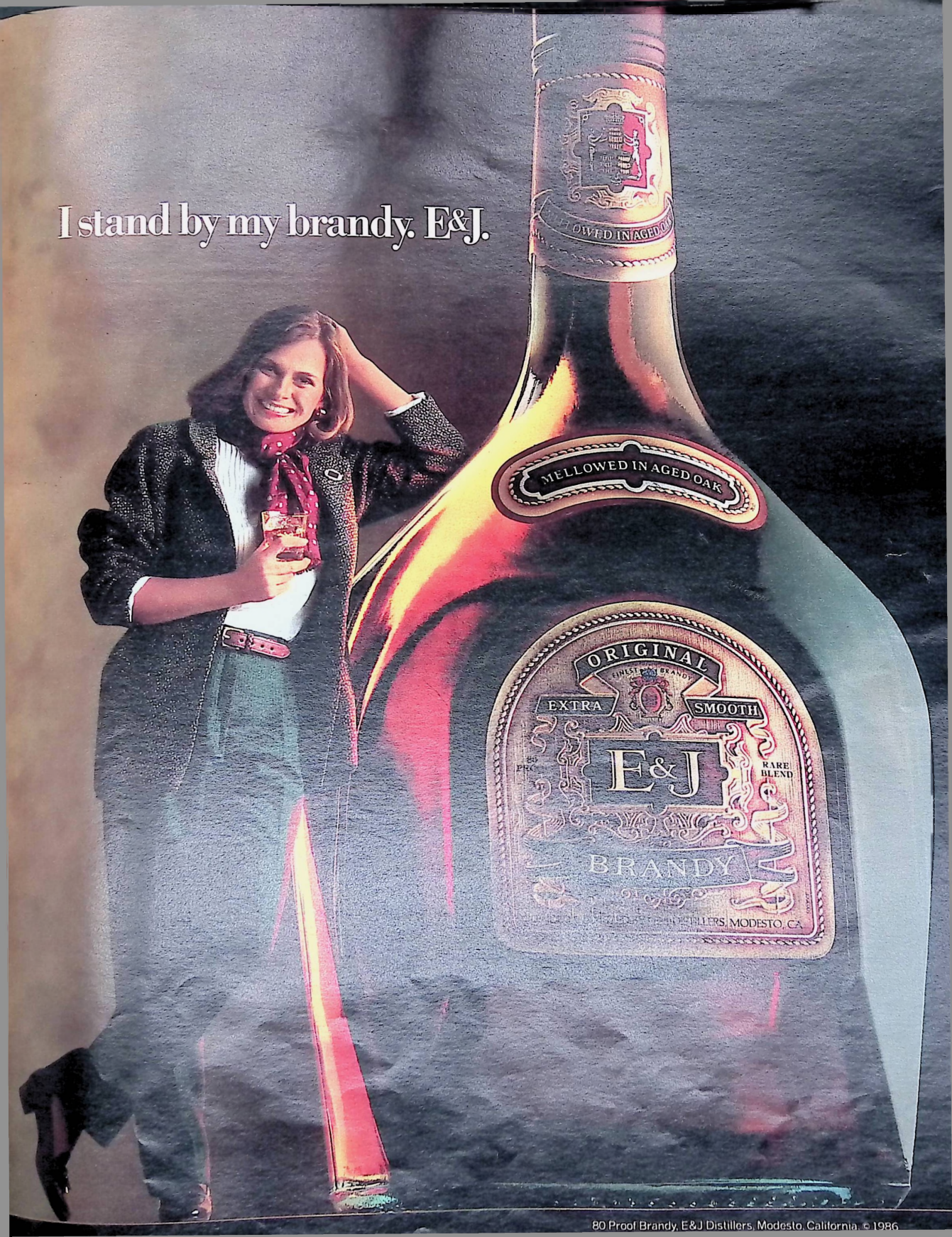
GEORGE SNOW/LOS ANGELES HERALD EXAMINER

'51 *In a piece on how Americans were spending the summer, LIFE included this Los Angeles girl and haircut.*

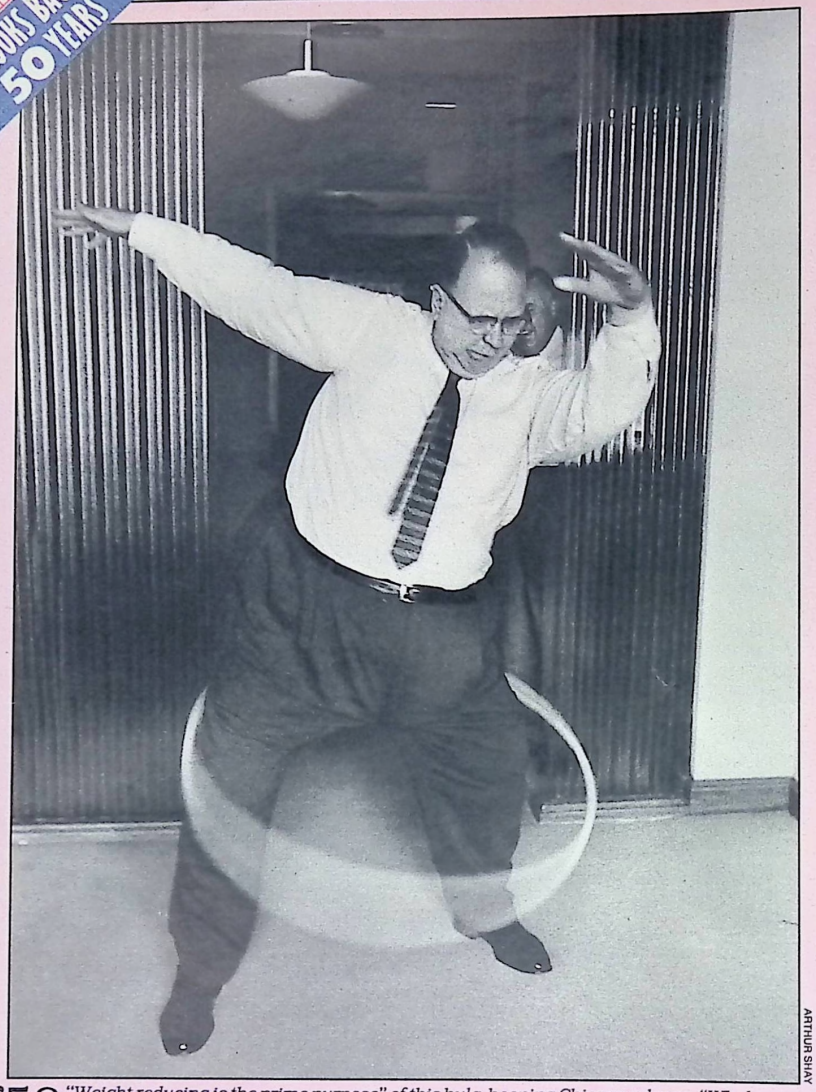


GORDON TENNEY/BLACK STAR

'56 *In a Dearborn, Mich., store, teenagers try on crinolines. The point was to wear as many at a time as possible.*


I stand by my brandy. E&J.
MELLOWED IN AGED OAK
ORIGINAL
EXTRA
SMOOTH
E&J
RARE BLEND
BRANDY
MODESTO, CA
80 Proof Brandy, E&J Distillers, Modesto, California. © 1986

LIFE LOOKS BACK 50 YEARS



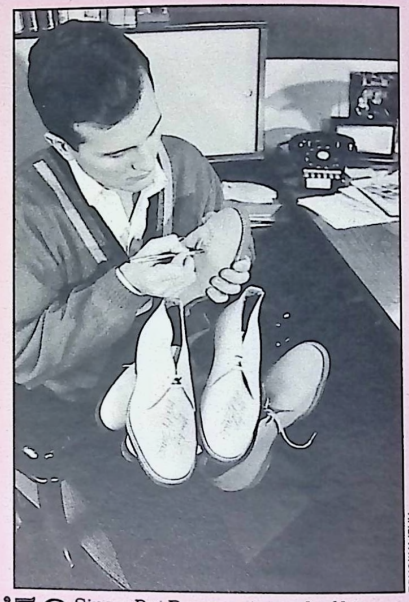
ARTHUR SHAY

'58 *"Weight reducing is the prime purpose" of this hula-hooping Chicago ad man. "Whole Country Hoops It Up" whooped* LIFE, *which predicted 15 million would be sold.*



JOE MUNROE

'59 *At California's St. Mary's College, 18 students stuffed a phone booth "cordwood style."*



RALPH MORSE

'58 *Singer Pat Boone autographed his trademark white bucks for charity.*

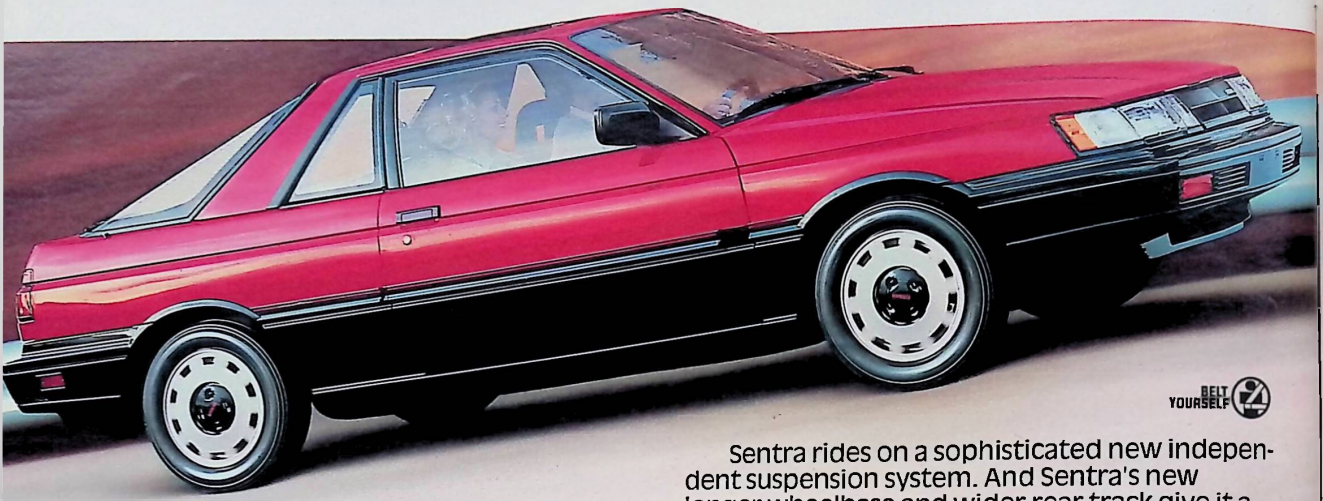


A.Y. OWEN

'59 *At the University of Arkansas, undergraduates displayed various forms of sociable squatting in a regional fad called "hunkerin'." Students, said* LIFE, *"are sure world peace would come if Khrushchev and Eisenhower would hunker at the*


"I call it Fruit and...and, simply delicious!"
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Tastes so good you forget the fiber.

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If you want a car that's fun to look at, a kick to drive and easy to own, we've got you covered. Nissan proudly announces the end of dull and boring transportation. Bye bye basics. Hello '87 Sentra!

The all-new Sentra is tight, solid and quiet—unheard of qualities in other economy cars. The standard Sentra is powered by a 1.6 liter, overhead cam, hemi-head 4-cylinder engine that delivers excellent response and great fuel-economy with its 5-speed gearbox: 28 EST City. 35 EST Hwy.*

Sentra rides on a sophisticated new independent suspension system. And Sentra's new longer wheelbase and wider rear track give it a smooth, stable ride and the kind of over-the-road response you'll appreciate every day.

The 1987 Sentra. Available in 2-door sedan, 4-door sedan, 3-door hatchback, wagon and sexy new sport coupe. Nissan has taken the economy car into a whole new dimension of sporty, first class travel. Bye bye basics. Hello Sentra!

Extended-Service Plan available. Up to 5 years/100,000 miles. Ask about Nissan's Security Plus® at participating Nissan/Datsun dealers.

*Remember, use these EPA estimates for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on driving conditions.

NISSAN



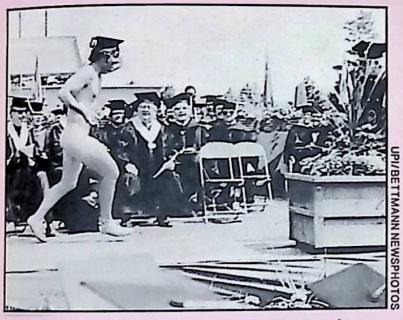
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America's number one selling import car



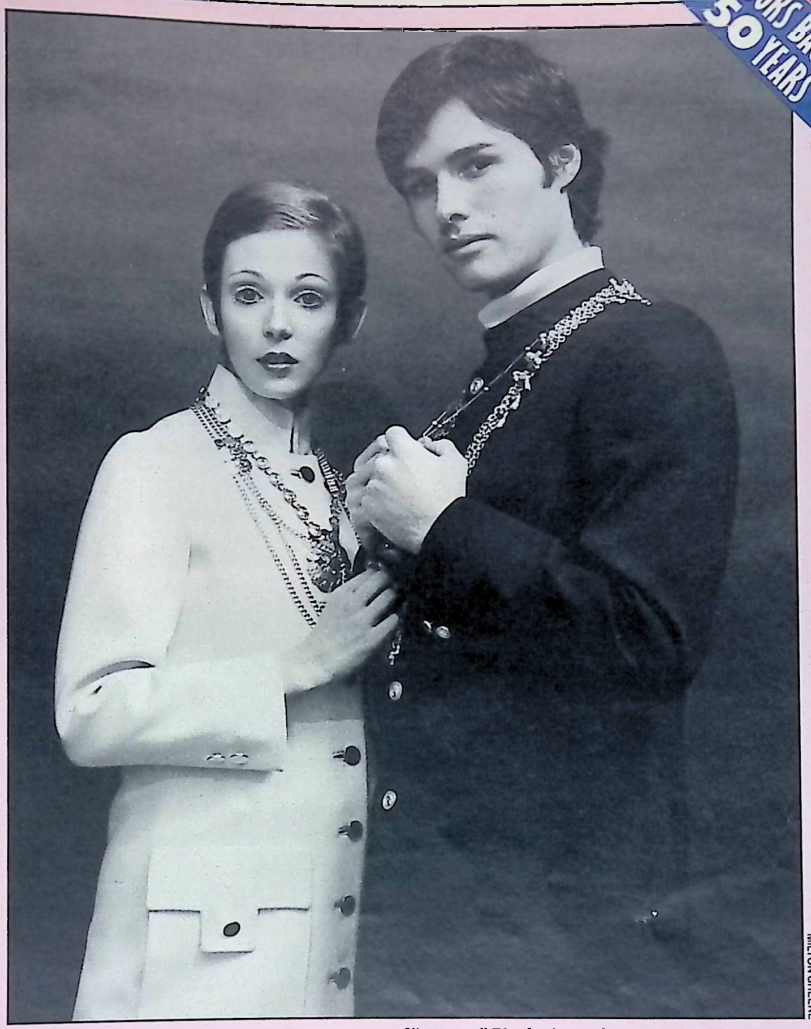
JULIAN WASSER

'64 *In the Whisky à Go Go—"a new kind of nightclub called a discothèque"—on L.A.'s Sunset Strip, a dancer did the Frug.*



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

'75 *An article titled "Once More into the Buff" included this bold streaker at the University of Colorado's commencement.*



MILTON GREENE

'68 *The Nehru jacket was a key component of "unisex." The look, said LIFE, had pessimists predicting that soon the only way to tell male from female would be to go to the beach.*



BILL BRIDGES

'61 *During the "bed-pushing craze," frat brothers rolled one "equipped with a bouncing Hollywood starlet" 42 miles.*



YALE JOEL

'61 *A quartet of Jackie Kennedy look-alikes showed off the new look: pillbox, bouffant hair and "smoothly simple" clothes.*

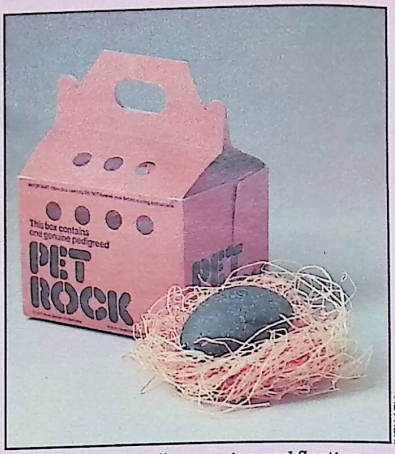


'65 *Denver teachers enjoyed "the heavenly feeling" of riding a skateboard, "the new fad and menace."*



ROBERT WILLIAMS

'81 *"Rhesus meets Rubik," said* LIFE, *which called the brain-twisting cube the fad of the year. "It's enough to make a monkey want to chuck it all and, as Chekhov said, have a banana."*



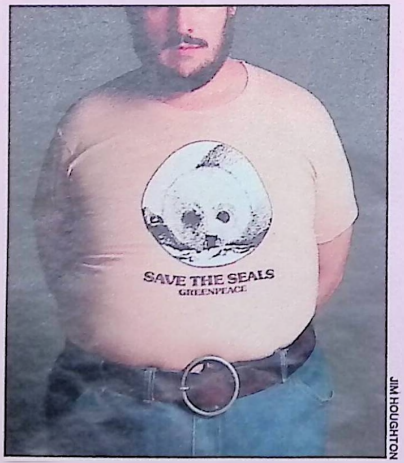
AL FRENI

'79 *Among our "pop curios and fleeting obsessions" was the Pet Rock. More than 1.2 million were sold.*



BERRY BERENSON

'72 *Plastic clogs elevated this wearer five inches. "Sure they look horrible," said* LIFE, *"but that's the idea."*



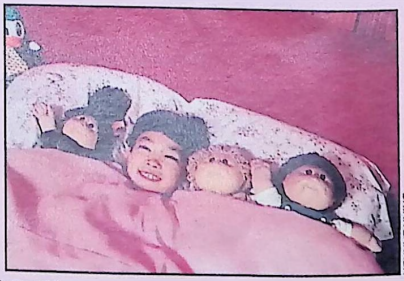
JIM HOUGHTON

'79 *T-shirts had become "up-front, low-risk modes of self-expression, supporting every possible cause."*



SHIG IKEDA

'81 LIFE *illustrated—and commented on—current fashions: "Way out was punk... way in was preppy."*



BRIAN LANKER

'85 *The nationwide demand for Cabbage Patch Kids so exceeded the supply that shoppers rioted.* ♠

The Butterflies of the World

PORCELAIN SCULPTURE COLLECTION

Individually crafted sculptures in fine porcelain with delicate hand-painting.

So exceptional an artist is Brian Hargreaves of Great Britain that he was commissioned to portray the gardens and butterflies of Buckingham Palace for Queen Elizabeth II. And his works have been exhibited at the Smithsonian Institution and the British Museum of Natural History. Now he brings his talent to the design of an exclusive collection of porcelain sculptures: *The Butterflies of the World.*

This intriguing new collection makes it possible for you to have a garden of butterflies and flowers in *your* home all year long! Fifteen delightful butterflies in their own natural floral settings — representing all fifteen butterfly families that exist in nature's kingdom.

You'll be able to display this miniature butterfly collection attractively in your home. For you will receive, as part of the collection, a beautiful *étagère* of brass and glass to hold all the sculptures.

Brian Hargreaves' designs are so finely detailed that each delicate wing of a butterfly and each petal of a flower is precisely as you see it in nature. From the Monarch Butterfly with its bright orange coloring ... to the boldly-striped Zebra Longwing ... and the spectacular Malachite with emerald-shaped wings.

The variety of colors is astonishing. Brilliant reds and rich purples ... soft greens and deep golds ... subtle pinks and pale violets ... every shade and tone nature has given to these charming creatures of flight.

Each imported sculpture will be sent to you along with reference information about the butterfly portrayed, and a Certificate of Authenticity will also be provided.

To acquire the collection, please mail your application by August 31, 1986.



Actual size.



Brass and glass étagère provided at no added charge.

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SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please mail by August 31, 1986.
Limit of one collection per person.

Please enter my subscription for The Butterflies of the World Porcelain Sculpture Collection by Brian Hargreaves, consisting of fifteen miniature sculptures to be crafted in fine porcelain, with delicate hand-painting. The sculptures will be sent to me at the rate of one per month.

I need send no money now. Please bill me $29.50* for each porcelain sculpture in advance of shipment. I will also receive a beautiful brass and glass étagère at no added charge.

Plus my state sales tax and $1.95 for shipping and handling.

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

ON THE ROAD AGAIN WITH ANOUK AIMÉE, 20 YEARS AFTER 'A MAN AND A WOMAN'

Anouk Aimée, who admits to 51, still has that old chabadabada, chabadabada. The sequel to the 1966 classic *A Man and a Woman* reunites the Parisian femme fatale with director Claude Lelouch—"He makes things happen on my face, expressions I didn't know I had"—and co-star Jean-Louis Trintignant. This time around the "woman" has progressed from script girl to film producer, the "man" from racing driver to auto rally organizer. French critics rated *A Man and a Woman: 20 Years Later* only *comme ci, comme ça* but gave the stars raves. Wrote *Le Monde*, "Age has . . . only lightly scratched them. They are magnificent."



THEO WESTENBERGER/SYGMA



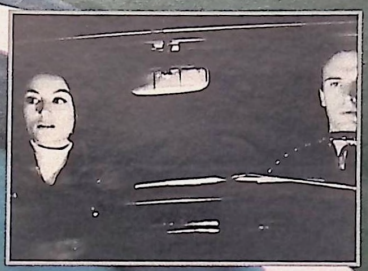




Left, from the top: (1) In the new movie, l'homme et la femme *get reacquainted. (2) At the annual "Romantic Film Festival of Cabourg," which this year featured a retrospective of four Aimee films, the actress chatted with fellow guest star Gene Tierney. (3) In Paris Aimée strolls through the National Assembly gardens with France's ex-Minister of Culture Jack Lang. Both were there to attend an antiapartheid meeting. (4) At his Paris headquarters, couturier Emanuel Ungaro fits a model while the actress looks on. As the advertising image for Ungaro, Aimée wears his clothes almost exclusively.*

Offscreen in Cabourg (right), the actress checks her reflection in the rearview mirror. "Inside I am the same as I was twenty years ago," says Aimée, whose screen character once again finds herself on a collision course with l'amour. *Inset: a scene from the original.*

HARRY BENSON (4)

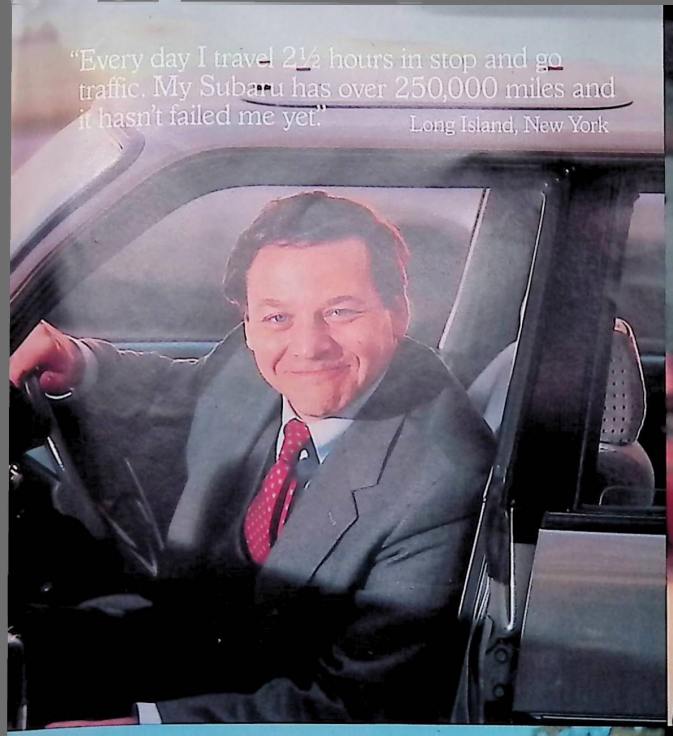


INSET: MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES



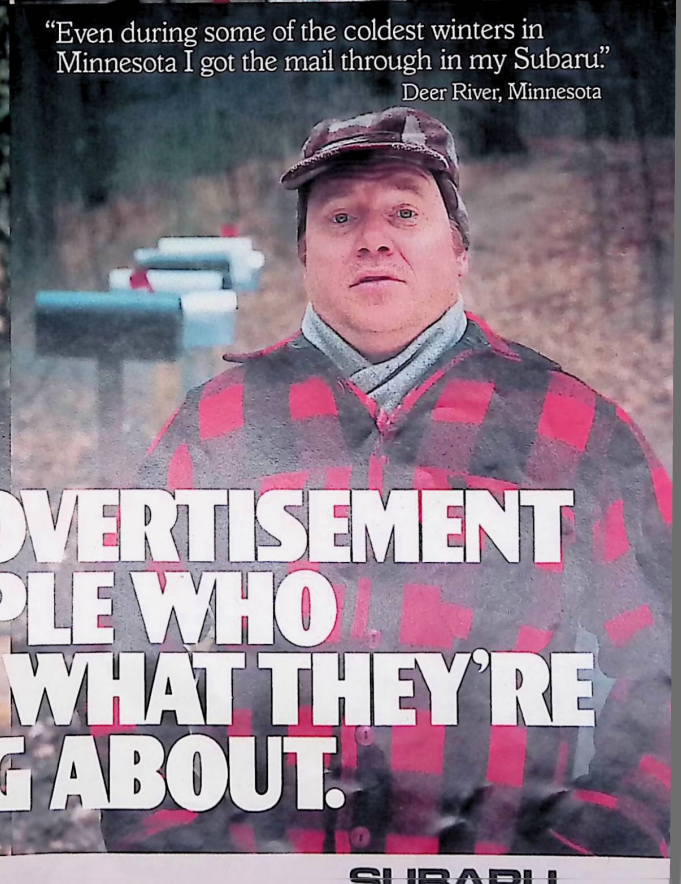
KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Following an 11-hour Amnesty International concert at New Jersey's Giants Stadium, jubilant performers display their close ties with some former political prisoners (in candlelit T-shirts). The benefit was the windup of a two-week Conspiracy of Hope tour that raised more than $2 million to help free victims of injustice. In mufti from top row left: Art Neville, The Edge (U2), Bono (U2), Larry Mullen (U2), Adam Clayton (U2), Bryan Adams. Front row: Cyril Neville, Sting, Joan Baez, Lou Reed, Peter Gabriel, Aaron Neville. ♠









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