

A LOST GENERATION
AIDS and the Arts

Newsweek

THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSMAGAZINE

January 18, 1993

LAST DAYS

The Living Death
of Castro's Cuba



ARGENTINA	\$3.50	BRAZIL	CR 440,000.00	DOMINICAN REP.	US \$2.00	HONDURAS	L 12.00	PARAGUAY	G 3,000
ARUBA	AF 5.00	B.V.I. and T.C.	US \$2.00	ECUADOR	\$14000.00	JAMAICA	JAM \$30.00	PERU	US \$3.00
BAHAMAS	BAH \$2.00	CAYMAN ISLANDS	CI \$2.00	EL SALVADOR	C 20.00	MEXICO	MEX \$65.00	SURINAM	SF 4.00
BARBADOS	BDS 5.00	CHILE	\$700	FRENCH TERR.	20.00 FF	MEXICO	MEX N\$6.50	TRINIDAD TOBAGO	TT \$9.00
BERMUDA	BZ\$ 4.50	COLOMBIA	COL \$1,500	GUATEMALA	Q 10.00	NETH. ANTILLES	NAF 5.00	URUGUAY	N \$10,000
BOLIVIA	BO \$2.00	COSTA RICA	C 350	GUYANA	G \$200.00	NICARAGUA	US \$2.00	VENEZUELA	BS 120.00
	BS 10.00	CUBA	US \$2.50	HAITI	US \$2.00	PANAMA	B 2.25	WEST INDIES	ECC \$8.00



A monument commemorating the downing of an American U-2 spy plane in 1962

■ Inside Cuba: A Slow-Motion Collapse

The Cuban revolution was an illusion, a window dressing of schools, hospitals and film festivals, paid for by billions in Soviet subsidies. Its economy incorporated the worst features of the former East bloc and underdeveloped countries. Cuba today exhibits all the pathologies of the empire it belonged to, except one: collapse. And that's coming. **World Affairs: Page 6**



Japan's salarymen may be the victims of the slump

■ Japan Feels the Pain

Glee over the betrothal of Crown Prince Naruhito only partially obscured the tide of bad news: weak car sales, mounting bankruptcies and bad debt. With its economy in recession, Japan is in gloom, looking for a bailout. Insiders predict massive government stimulus. If that doesn't work, bad times could force major changes in the way Japan does business. **Asia: Page 14**

■ A Lost Generation of Artists

When Rudolf Nureyev died last week at the age of 54, his doctor avoided saying it was AIDS. No one needed to be told. The cultural world knows the disease all too well. In every branch of the arts, a kind of holocaust mentality has set in. The personal suffering and loss is horrible enough. But the damage to the arts—works that will never be made, lessons that can't be handed on—is irremediable. **The Arts: Page 36**



Director Michael Bennett ('A Chorus Line')

World Affairs

Cuba's living death	6
Brazil: the soap-opera murder	10
Panama: sing a song of politics	11
More ethnic cleansing	12
Somalia: when is quitting time?	13

Asia

Japan feels the pain	14
The eye of the storm	18
Malaysia: monarchs on the spot	20
Cannibals of the Red Guard	21
Japan's new sweetheart	21

Europe

A right to intervene?	22
A talk with Lord Owen	29
Poland: thy kingdom come	30
Scotland's nasty oil spill	31

Business

Hackers for hire	32
China: a Communist becomes an auto mogul	34
Let's get real, real gone	35
Bottom Line	35

Back of the Book

The Arts:	
AIDS and the arts: a lost generation	36
Rudolf Nureyev, 1938-1993	41
A decade of loss	42
Science:	
Weighing the darkness	44
Yo, T. rex: your mama's a turkey	44
Environment:	
Can Russia save the endangered Siberian tiger?	45
Mind:	
Isn't it romantic?	46
Architecture:	
The town that Charles built	48
Transition:	
Dizzy Gillespie, 1917-1993	49
Movies:	
Inheriting the crown	50

Departments

Periscope	3
The Mail	4
Perspectives	5
Interview: Lord Eatwell	52

Cover: Photo by Bill Gentile for NEWSWEEK.

Vol. CXXI, No. 3, Jan. 18, 1993
 © 1993 by NEWSWEEK, Inc.,
 444 Madison Avenue,
 New York, N.Y. 10022.
 All rights reserved.



CARLOS GUARDIA—SIPA

Baby-boomer intellectuals: Blades announces the formation of his party

Sing a Song of Politics

Can salsa king Rubén Blades call the tune in Panama?

B leak is the word for the Panama City barrio of San Felipe. A quarter of its residents are out of work, and violent crackheads prowling the streets. On the reeking shore of Panama Bay, vultures claw at chunks of garbage. But San Felipe gave birth to the music of Rubén Blades, the man who in the 1970s turned the musical style known as salsa into a powerful vehicle of social comment, using mordant lyrics about a Latin American Everyman named Pablo Pueblo. Blades grew up in San Felipe before winning fame as a singer and actor in the United States. Now, after 18 years away, Blades has returned—as a politician. When Blades visited recently, local salseros like Jaime Ruiz put their instruments aside and asked what everyone in Panama wants to know: will he run for president? As neighbors cheered, Ruiz promised, "We're behind you."

Blades wouldn't say. "This shouldn't be the Rubén Blades fan club or a personality cult," he told Ruiz. "If we don't create a good government program, we shouldn't run." But Blades showed his hand more than a decade ago when, in the first flush of stardom, he began saying he wanted to lead Panama someday. Now he's 44—not much younger than Bill Clinton, his backers note—and he knows there has never been a better opening in Panamanian politics for an upstart candidacy. The election is next year. And opinion polls have already established Blades as the front runner.

The administration of President Guillermo Endara, elected in May 1989 and installed by the U.S. invasion, is foundering. Endara's three-party coalition collapsed last year; lately the country has been reel-

ing from unemployment and terrorism. Worse, the drug corruption that marked the rule of Manuel Antonio Noriega has endured; last fall government officials filed criminal charges against the attorney general, accusing him of aiding Colombia's Cali cocaine cartel. To many Panamanians, Endara's government looks like the old white oligarchy. "The polls that put me ahead don't show who's going to win as much as who's going to lose," says Blades.

Blades began railing musically against government corruption and incompetence more than two decades ago, after Noriega accused his father of being a CIA agent and the family fled to Miami. "What I'm doing now is just a continuation of what I started doing then," he says. In the 1980s, he became the thinking man's salsero, revolutionizing the genre with hits like "Pedro Navaja" ("Peter Switchblade"), a ballad



DANIEL SIMON—GAMMA-LIAISON

Crossover success: In *'The Josephine Baker Story'*

about barrio violence, and "Tiburón" ("Shark"), an attack on superpower meddling in the Third World. In 1984, he earned a Harvard master's degree in international law, then appeared in a series of film roles, such as the sheriff in Robert Redford's "The Milagro Beanfield War." He became one of the most successful "crossover" artists.

Bus lanes: Now Blades is crossing back, to a gentrified house in San Felipe. He already has a political organization: Papa Egoró ("Mother Earth" in a local Indian dialect), a party full of baby-boomer intellectuals that claims 30,000 members and makes a display of populism. In San Felipe, Blades's "social laboratory," the party consulted widely with local residents before announcing a plan for health-care reform. Blades himself is pointedly and lavishly courteous to maids and waiters. He stops in the middle of traffic jams to thank bus drivers who let him into their lanes. "This movement won't work unless it's about everyone taking part, not just politicians," he told Papa Egoró's first convention last fall.

Some doubt that populist rhetoric will prevail against Panama's four well-trenched parties. "[Blades] is being a bit presumptuous," says coffee-shop owner Santiago López, 73. "He'll find out when the bigger parties eat him alive." Several of Papa Egoró's top leaders quit a year ago, accusing Blades of arrogance and indecision. "We just didn't see enough action from him," said former party secretary general Gonzalo Moncada. And Blades is being attacked as a carpetbagger. "We got shot at, exiled, beaten," says Aurelio Barría of the new Civil Renovation Party. "We put our lives and economic futures on the line—what was he willing to sacrifice?" Blades's reply is defiant, if a bit vague: "I'm not going to let people who haven't shown an answer for the country's problems themselves tell me I can or can't enter politics here."

However the campaign plays out, Blades and his coterie of political novices are shaking the country out of its political torpor. Blades usually shows up at political meetings in jeans and sneakers; on weekends he shoots baskets with barrio kids who join Papa Egoró-supported leagues. "He's from down here, just like us," says Evelia López in her San Felipe coffee shop, "and we want him to keep moving up." It's the kind of encouragement Blades heard when he started singing. "Everyone except these people said back then that my music would fail, that no one would understand it," says Blades. San Felipe's favorite salsero may well prove the critics wrong again.

TIM PADGETT in Panama City