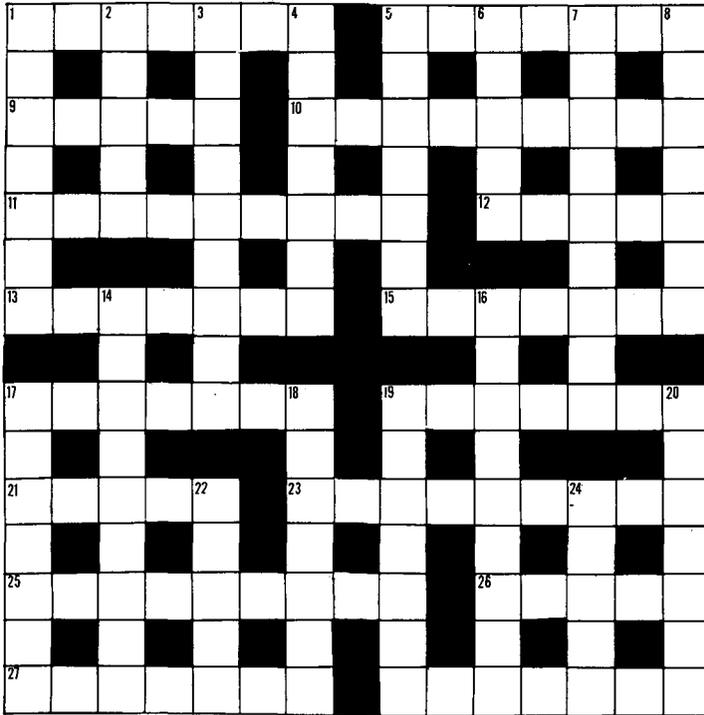


the political puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. Ripper offspring out for White House? (7)
5. Another seeker to make a call we arrange. (7)
9. To articulate in something evil. (5)
10. Choices from the Spanish notices upset. (9)
11. Cleared away meager dwelling in winter vehicle. (9)
12. Precedes scout and follows spread. (5)
13. Streakers upset industries without ire. (7)
15. Flow back particle version. (7)
17. Simpler pile ran. (7)
19. Gambling game burns me. (7)
21. Certain concepts, for example sad, confused. (5)
23. Unequivocal feather privilege? (9)
25. Playful tune from April and Commerce Commission in union. (9)
26. Vision from a gem I fractured. (5)
27. White House aspirant without TV offspring? (7)
28. Candidate? Not Edward in key district. (7)

Down

6. Machine tool found in flathead screw factory. (5)
7. Make a glad noise together. (9)
8. Oriental enters a composition. (7)
14. Pain pride makes little one uncomfortable. (6,3)
16. Placed underwater, is mime upset? No, sir! (9)
17. Albert, Edward, or William, for example. (7)
18. Communist Duce arranged and cut down to size. (7)
19. Know rye? It's broke! (7)
20. The boys who joined Parke-Bernet. (7)
22. No tears up for ex-number two. (5)
24. Rather large blinding light. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 50.

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Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.



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press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera that Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professional racket. "They

Shoot Ten-Year Olds. Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

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And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were



dammed if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kusun, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands,

crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

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NEW TIMES

The Mouse that Roars

Open Files: Letting Exxon In

by Thomas Redburn

No piece of legislation has ever reached the altar with a richer dowry of good-government approbation than the Freedom of Information Act, known in government circles as the FOIA. It was embraced publicly by nearly every politician with a fervor previously reserved (in the days before population explosion) for celebrations of motherhood. The struggle was long, beginning way back in the late 1950s, when the issue was first raised, to 1966, when John Moss of California forced the first information act through Congress, up to 1974, when a fearless legislative branch overrode President Ford's veto to add new teeth to the FOIA; and at every stage the air was thick with praise. A typical example comes from Ralph Nader's Freedom of Information Clearinghouse: "Information is necessary to determine whether the government is protecting the public interest. Access to such information is the lifeblood of a democracy, and if it does not flow to the citizenry, democracy withers."

If the results of the Freedom of Information Act have not completely lived up to these high sentiments, they have, at least, opened a few little cracks in the edifice of government

operations. Nader and his own associates have used the Act repeatedly to pry documents and data out of recalcitrant agencies and have brought lawsuits which have set precedents in interpreting the law. A handful of newspapers, theoretically among the principal beneficiaries of the law, have bestirred themselves to file requests for information their reporters were denied. Most recently, private citizens have sent their cards and letters streaming into Washington demanding to find out what the FBI and the CIA may be hiding from them in the files.

Yet despite all the good it has done, the Freedom of Information Act has also had consequences rather different from those advertised by its sponsors. Just as freedom of the press is, in Liebling's phrase, guaranteed only to those who own one, freedom of information has been guaranteed mainly to those who can hire high-powered lawyers to Indian-wrestle the government into submission. The mixed results of this well-intentioned act add another small chapter to the majestic saga of the American law. They also suggest that Congress could take a second look at the fine-sounding reform bills it periodically deigns to pass.

After the more restricted, original

Thomas Redburn is an editor of The Washington Monthly.