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COVER

Men of the Year
The Peacemakers 32

The conflicts in the Middle East and South Africa seemed frozen in a no-exit of chronic hatred. Then four men decided to find a way to break out, despite continued rage around them.

Yitzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat: A pair of old warriors choose to follow the fork in the road toward peace—and history.

Conversations with Rabin and Arafat

Nelson Mandela and F.W. de Klerk: Two men who do not much like each other agree to remake the country they share.

Conversations with Mandela and de Klerk

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COVER: Photographs for Time by Gregory Heisler
TO OUR READERS

JOURNALISM CAN BE A COMPLICATED business, and also very simple. We have long thought that one of the best ways to report what a major newspaper thinks is one of the most obvious: just ask. With few exceptions (Hitler was otherwise engaged), we’ve done interviews with almost every Man or Woman of the Year in the past several decades. Some, of course, are easier than others. Our correspondent was expelled from Iran only days after his Man of the Year interview with the Ayatollah Khomeini (1979) was published, and we were able to print an interview with Solidarity leader Lech Walesa (1981) when Poland was under martial law thanks only to a correspondent’s ingenuity: he sewed the transcript into the lining of his overcoat and smuggled it out. Except in such obviously dicey situations, we’ve usually found getting Man of the Year interviews, even under deadline pressure, to be fairly simple.

This year we tested that finding. For 1993’s Men of the Year issue, we needed to get four interviews—all four of them with world leaders; all four of them at peak, frantically busy moments in their lives; and all four of them in about a week.

On Dec. 7, chief of correspondents Joelle Attinger and managing editor Jim Gaines met over dinner in Oslo, where Nelson Mandela and F.W. de Klerk were to receive their Nobel Peace Prizes three days later, and considered the problem. Mandela’s people told Johannesburg bureau chief Scott MacLeod that they might be able to give TIME an hour or so early the next morning, but De Klerk could set aside only 20 minutes in Oslo. Not enough. O.K., then, he would have 90 minutes in Rome the night before seeing the Pope on Monday. Done.

Getting Yasser Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin was more complicated. They were supposed to meet in Cairo on Dec. 12 or 13, but their schedule (not to mention their peace agreement) was in flux, especially given the violence erupting in the occupied territories. Both sides had consented in theory to give TIME a joint interview in Cairo, which would have been a historic scoop (and convenient under the circumstances), but in case of a hitch there had to be a plan for seeing them separately, at P.L.O. headquarters in Tunis and in Jerusalem. How in the world would all TIME’s party—including the correspondents who cover these leaders, as well as photographer Gregory Heisler, his two assistants and their 350 lbs. of equipment—ever make it to the right place on time on short notice? The answer was expensive but simple: a chartered jet. Attinger found an eight-seater in London, and she had it flown to Oslo.

Next morning Mandela made good on the interview, starting at 7:30, and by 10 a.m. Wednesday there was one down, filed a flight plan for Tunis. There was a small problem: no response from the tower there. Armstrong said he wouldn’t advise taking off without clearance; he didn’t want to risk being mistaken for a military jet in the airspace of the P.L.O.’s host country. That sounded reasonable.

Also stuck in the airport, by coincidence, was Dr. Ahmed Tibi, one of Arafat’s backstage emissaries to Rabin. He was frantic because he had missed his connection to Tunis, and was sure that Arafat would be furious when he was late for their meeting. Beyer spotted him pacing in the lobby and offered him a ride. “He rolled his eyes,” she recalls with a laugh, “as if he couldn’t believe a journalist had anything to offer him.” When he saw she had a private jet at her disposal, his attitude changed abruptly, and TIME had an important source aboard—captive all the way to Tunis.

Once there, all the team could do was sit and wait for the call from Arafat. It came at midnight Friday; the interview started after 1 a.m. Saturday the 11th and, with time out for photography, went on for more than two hours. During the interview Arafat changed signals on the joint interview: Absolutely not, he said; there would be no time. Apparently the implementation of the peace agreement was in trouble.

With two interviews down, it was wheels up for Rome—this time with cases of photography equipment jamming the plane’s only lavatory. The team met with De Klerk in the Grand Hotel Sunday evening—and then, three down, made a late-night takeoff for Jerusalem, to which Rabin had returned after his meeting in Cairo with Arafat (sure enough, no agreement). At 4:30 Monday afternoon, as furious settlers loudly demonstrated against the peace agreement outside his office—and six days after that dinner in Oslo—Rabin gave one of the most relaxed interviews of his life.

Sometimes it just comes easy.

[Signature]
President

Our interviewing team as it passed through the Rome airport: Heisler, Beyer, Fischer, Attinger and Gaines; in the background, the crew to go. Where to next? Cairo seemed like the right staging point. There Cairo bureau chief Dean Fischer advised that Arafat would see TIME in Tunis between Friday and Sunday, unless he didn’t; with the chairman, you never knew. But even if not, the joint interview in Cairo was still possible. From Jerusalem bureau chief Lisa Beyer came word that if the Cairo interview didn’t happen, Rabin would see us Monday afternoon, the 13th, in Jerusalem.

When TIME’s pilot, captain Tony Armstrong, asked where he was flying next, he was advised to watch CNN; if the meeting in Cairo and the peace agreement were definitely on, the team might stay put for the joint interview. Otherwise, it looked like Tunisia.

After a night of no clear news, there was no point in waiting, and the captain

TIME, JANUARY 3, 1994

4
Automakers Shift into High Gear

“Detroit may boast about its increasing share of the U.S. auto market, but the real benefits will come when exports increase.”

Mark P. Hirsh
New York City

IT’S EXCITING TO SEE AMERICA’S BIG Three automakers finally realize that by working together they can achieve goals they only thought about in the past [BUSINESS, Dec. 13]. It would serve their best interests—and those of corporate America—if they would consult with the blue-collar workers at all levels to help make a turnaround happen.

Bob Bilow
Watertown, New York

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT AMERICAN-made cars are improving in quality. There is also no doubt that when it comes to a new $20,000 car, the Japanese offer a far superior product. But the U.S. should not be afraid of foreign competition. Hard work and perseverance should put American-made products back on top by the year 2000.

Douglas B. Levy
New York City

DETROIT MAY BOAST ABOUT ITS INCREASING share of the U.S. auto market, but the real benefits will come when exports increase. American automakers need to learn one more lesson from the Japanese: how to build from the ground up a car tailored to the needs of the world’s other great markets and bring home the bacon.

Mark P. Hirsh
New York City

THE EUROPEANS AND JAPANESE ARE STILL miles ahead of Detroit in technology, aesthetics and ergonomics. Most of the cars coming out of Detroit look like cheap knock-offs of better-made foreign models. The bottom line is that the Big Three still can’t build good cars. They don’t have to; they’ll always have the customer with the buy-American mentality to fall back on.

Bill Cecotti
Oradell, New Jersey

WHEN YOU TRAVEL TO MEXICO, YOU WILL notice on the back window of Ford cars a sticker that reads EL FUTURO D E M E X I CO ES E H I C H O EN M E X I CO, which translates, “The future of Mexico is made in Mexico.” If America intends to survive as an industrial power, its motto should be, “The future of the U.S. is made in the U.S.”

Fay Malissa
Philadelphia

Holocaust Horror Revisited

“SIX MILLION DIED!” THIS SIMPLE QUESTION was asked by the woman sitting behind me at a showing of Schindler’s List [HOLOCAUST, Dec. 13]. In these words lies the reason Steven Spielberg’s brilliant film is so very important. Americans are ignorant about the Holocaust, and ignorance leads to denial. I hope Spielberg’s film will enable them to view the horrors of the Holocaust almost as if they were experiencing them firsthand. Spielberg is a genius who has made history. Now he is helping preserve it.

Seth Zachary Nagel
Athens, Ohio

UNFORTUNATELY, ACCORDING TO A SURVEY by this organization, nearly 40% of American youth do not know what the Holocaust was. A majority cannot correctly answer even one of four simple, basic questions about it. One can only hope Spielberg’s film kindles interest in educating our children about the worst crime in modern history. Other recent surveys by the American Jewish Committee show that one-third of the American people find it “possible” the Holocaust never took place. Our surveys in France and Britain, by contrast, show that such potential “Holocaust deniers” make up only 6% of the French population and 16% of the British.

David A. Harris, Executive Director
American Jewish Committee
New York City

THE GENOCIDE UNDER HITLER WAS A horrible atrocity, but isn’t it time to stop ignoring this century’s many other genocides? Why the silence concerning the 6.5 million Mao Zedong killed? Or the 20 million Stalin was responsible for mur-
There is no law that says you
  can't make love at 4 in the afternoon on a Tuesday

shall not study a sunset or train butterflies  must pay tax on itemized moments of pleasure

may not have extra mushrooms with your steak  can't disembark in Tortola and stay there

must pack worry along with your luggage  can't learn about life from a turtle

must contribute to the GNP every single solitary day of your life

absolutely must act your chronological age not your shoe size  shall maintain strict economies of emotion

can't make love again at 5 in the afternoon on the Tuesday we spoke of earlier

because the laws of the land do not apply  the laws are different out here
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dering? Or the 2 million killed by black-African governments in Uganda, Burundi, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Sudan, and other nations? Or the Japanese genocide that killed 2 million in World War II? And on and on. Your reviewer, like many other people, is dismayed that so few young Americans have heard of the Holocaust. But everyone should be angered by ignorance of the other genocides mentioned above. Probably 80% of Americans—young and old—have never heard of them.

John Larsson
Morro Bay, California

Spielberg Has Brought Humor, Tears, Joy, Pain, Love and Every Other Conceivable Emotion to Audiences All Over the World, and He Has Sent a Message Along with His Entertainment. Schindler's List Speaks for Itself as Superb Moviemaking.

Elena Kieskin
St. Louis, Missouri

Larry King's On-Air Uniform

YOUR ITEM "LARRY THE SHRINKING VIOLET" [CHRONICLES, Nov. 29] noted that I had dropped by a party held by Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen the night of the Administration's NAFTA victory. I was en route to a taping of my show at CNN, and I was not wearing a "cozy white warm-up outfit," as you said, but my usual on-air uniform: dress shirt, tie, suspenders, respectable dark dress trousers and my favorite baseball jacket, which celebrates Japan's Nippon Ham Fighters team. That didn't seem to bother anyone; President Clinton even asked where he could get a jacket like mine. I own no white warm-up outfits, cozy or otherwise. I always dress nice.

Larry King
Washington

Cocaine Trade Lives On

COLOMBIAN DRUG BARON PABLO ESCOBAR is finally dead [DRUGS, Dec. 13]. But even if Escobar's rival Cali cartel cashed in on all its chips, the highly lucrative cocaine market would be taken over by operators in one of several other countries. The concept of drug legalization should be given serious consideration. There is substantial support from influential libertarians for ending yet another nefarious prohibition.

Bill DeMayo
Corona del Mar, California

Taking Responsibility for AIDS

NO ONE CAN REASONABLY DENY THAT those of us who are HIV positive are obliged to act responsibly to prevent fur-

ther transmission of the AIDS virus. Ami
tai Etzioni's view, however, is grossly wrongheaded [ESSAY, Dec. 13]: for years the gay community has been taking concrete steps to educate people on how to prevent transmission of HIV. He utterly fails to address the irresponsibility of a society that neglects to educate its children adequately on AIDS prevention and relies on exhortations to abstinence rather than providing condoms, the most effective available means of prevention.

Michael A. James
New York City

IT IS ABOUT TIME SOMEONE MADE SENSE of the deadly AIDS epidemic. If we look for a cure over many years while we fail to stem the epidemic, endless thousands more will die. The so-called public-health agencies have done far less to control the spread of HIV than has been done for other highly fatal, dangerous infections.

William B. Schafer, M.D.
La Crescenta, California

A Different View of Hubble

YOUR ARTICLE ON THE HUBBLE SPACE Telescope repair mission [SPACE, Nov. 29] called the satellite a "$1.6 billion disappointment that has kept astronomers in anguish since it was launched three years ago." In fact, the Hubble telescope has opened up new horizons for astronomers, allowing scientists to peer farther into the depths of space and more closely at nearby stars and galaxies than ever before. Whether the value of pure science is enough to justify the Hubble's cost is certainly a matter for debate, but the value of Hubble to astronomy is irrefutable.

Peter Raouen
Kalispell, Montana

The Scoop on Snoop

GANGLSTA RAPPER SNOOP DOGGY DOGG [INTERVIEW, Dec. 13] seems to contradict himself in his conversation with TIME. He states that his mother was strict and that if other parents were as exacting with their children, there wouldn't be as much violence. But why, if his mother was such a successful disciplinarian, is the Dogg facing murder charges? He tells us about some portions of his past that involved active violations of the law. The whole perspective as seen by Doggy Dogg is another of those "poor, picked-on blacks" views. His music is not of concern to me, but his way of thinking is.

S. Robert Flanigan
Pensacola, Florida

It was fascinating to read your mother's... interview with Snoop. Nice to hear about a flattering story of success that has to say... fascinating story.

Ernest P. Mathews
Vancouver, Washington

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After one year, over three fourths of men reported some hair regrowth.

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Side effects were minimal: 7% of those who used Rogaine had itching of the scalp. Rogaine should only be applied to a normal, healthy scalp (not sunburned or irritated).

Make it part of your normal routine.

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The Week
December 19–25

NATION
Clinton and the S&L
Further questions surrounding the suicide last summer of deputy White House counsel Vincent Foster arose when it was disclosed that files containing information about the First Family’s personal finances had been removed from his office before investigators had a chance to see them. The files contained documents related to the Clintons’ investment in Whitewater Development Corp., a real estate company connected to a failed Arkansas savings and loan that is under investigation by the Justice Department. Senate Republican leader Bob Dole said the Senate Banking Committee should examine the S&L in question and its link to the Clintons. At week’s end, the President instructed his personal attorney to hand the files over to the Justice Department.

Clinton and the Troopers
Two Arkansas state troopers revived rumors about Clinton’s pre-presidential private life by claiming they helped then Governor carry on extramarital affairs when they served on his security detail in Little Rock. A third trooper swore in an affidavit that neither he nor his colleagues were offered federal jobs by Clinton in return for their silence, despite the claims of the two troopers. In an interview, the third trooper did say he and Clinton had discussed a job for one of the two troopers. White House aides, Hillary Rodham Clinton and the President, all dismissed the allegations.

Inman’s Zoe Baird Problem
Still another problem for the Clinton Administration last week was the public admission that Defense Secretary–nominee Bobby Ray Inman failed to pay Social

In the Spotlight: Bill Clinton, who during this holiday season has been beset by suggestions of scandal, both personal and financial

Inside Washington

Heads to Roll at State and the NSC
Major changes in Clinton’s foreign policy team are imminent. Sources say that Strobe Talbott, the State Department’s Ambassador at Large to Russia and the former Soviet republics, is expected to become Secretary of State Warren Christopher’s No. 2 man. The Administration is concerned that its European policy is unfocused; Talbott (a former TIME columnist) would be expected to address this problem. He is said to be already interviewing candidates for top State and National Security Council posts.
WINNERS & LOSERS

STEVEN SPIELBERG
In the summer, a billion-dollar popular hit: Jurassic Park. In the winter, an Oscar-contending critical coup: Schindler’s List

MOHAMMED FARRAH AIDID
From fugitive to victor over the U.S. the Somali clan leader returns from hiding more powerful than ever

AL GORE
Slow and steady tortoise to Clinton’s hare, he becomes the most consequential V.P. in modern history

EVANDER HOLYFIELD
Regains heavyweight crown from the man who had vanquished him in first such restoration since Ali

LYLE LOVETT
Marries Julia Roberts

BENAZIR BHUTTO
The Pakistani PM regains power in spectacular comeback

ROBERT JAMES WALLER
Bridges of Madison County lives on the best-seller list all year, only to be displaced at No. 1 by his new novel

TCI CEO JOHN MALONE
With TCI–Bell Atlantic merger, the prophet of the information highway pockets shares worth $1.1 billion

TONY KUSHNER
His Pulitzer- and Tony-winning Angels in America is the first American play in years that really matters

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY
Texas, New Jersey, Virginia, N.Y.C. and L.A.

ROSS PEROT
Still whiny, cranky and short, he becomes ever more irrelevant as his polls fall, his TV infomercial ratings fade and he flops in the NAFTA debate

MICHAEL JACKSON
The world’s biggest celebrity is accused of sex with boys, and the odds against career revival are very long

THE ATF
Few had even heard of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms until the Waco assault

PHILLY MITCH WILLIAMS
Pitches in three losing World Series games, giving up deciding homer in last

BABY JESSICA
Torn from the only family she knew

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
His too cute, too expensive Last Action Hero flames out

J.F.K. CONSPIRACY BUFFS
With the publication of Case Closed, suddenly everyone agrees: Oswald did act alone

CHEVVY CHASE
How desperate was his show? He resorted to pre-SNL shlock

KIM CAMPBELL
In a year, the Progressive Conservative emerges on the world stage as Canada’s first woman Prime Minister; then sees her party lose 152 of its 154 seats—including hers

BOB PACKWOOD
Dear Diary: Why didn’t I simply resign?

Security taxes for his housekeeper. He made the $6,000 payment covering seven years of delinquency after being offered the Cabinet post.

And as for Rosti’s Scandal...

House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski was beset with new questions about alleged improper financial dealings. The Chicago Sun-Times reported that the Democrat’s payroll included ghost employees who either did not work for him or had not done so in years. The wife of a Chicago alderman, for instance, reportedly received a salary for five years after quitting her job in 1987. Rostenkowski is already under investigation by a federal grand jury for allegedly trading free stamps for cash at the House Post Office and allegedly using campaign funds and his office account for cars and to rent space in a building owned by his family.

New Rules for Military Gay

The guidelines that officially put into place the Pentagon’s “Don’t ask, don’t tell, don’t pursue” policy pertaining to gays in the military were announced. The rules will allow gay or lesbian soldiers to serve in the armed forces but only if they are not engaging in homosexual sex. Under the policy, a soldier seen at a gay bar, for example, would not be subject to investigation, but a soldier seen holding hands with a person of the same sex might be. Gay rights activists argued that the regulations are so vague that officers will be able to enforce them in whatever way they see fit. The constitutionality of the policy is also in question, and outgoing Defense Secretary Les Aspin has said, “We fully expect lawsuits on this.”

Pentagon Christmas Bonus

Stepping in to defuse a high-level budget dispute, President Clinton decided to grant the Pentagon an extra $10 billion over the next five years. The funds will cover
pay raises and quiet those in Congress who felt the President had cut the military budget too deeply.

Shali in Somalia
Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General John Shalikashvili went to Somalia last week to firm up plans for the March 31 withdrawal of U.S. troops. Germany and Italy confirmed that they will also pull out their peacekeepers when the Americans do.

Ickes joins White House Team
Clinton named Harold Ickes, a New York labor lawyer and son of F.D.R.’s Secretary of the Interior, as his deputy chief of staff. Ickes will use his expertise as a tough political dealmaker to coordinate efforts to pass the President’s health-care reform plan.

New Crime-Fighting Measures
In two separate White House ceremonies President Clinton took steps to combat crime. First, the President awarded $80 million in grants to communities for the hiring of police officers. These were the first grants in a $150 million program and will help cities hire 100,000 new officers. Clinton also signed the National Child Protection Act, which creates a data base of all indictments and convictions for child abuse, sex offenses, violent crimes and felony drug charges. The information will be available for background checking to those hiring child-care workers.

Human Radiation Experiments
The Department of Energy said last week that 750 poor women who went to Vanderbilt University for free prenatal care in the 1940s were fed radioactive pills as part of a government experiment to study the absorption of iron among pregnant women. The tests are blamed for the cancer deaths of at least three children born to these women. It is not yet known whether the subjects were told what was in the pills.


time, January 3, 1994
A THICKER SLICE.
A RICHER GRAVY.

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Archdiocese May Go Bankrupt
Unless it is helped by faithful parishioners, the Catholic Archdiocese of Santa Fe, New Mexico, may have to file for bankruptcy. The archdiocese is burdened by heavy legal fees resulting from dozens of sexual-molestation accusations brought against its priests. Victims are demanding settlements that total nearly $50 million.

Jackson Speaks
In a carefully staged four-minute live television address from his Neverland Valley Ranch in California, Michael Jackson came out of seclusion to declare that he is "totally innocent" of the "disgusting" child-molestation allegations that have been leveled against him and that he has been manipulated by the "terrible mass media." Fighting back tears, he revealed that police, armed with a search warrant, last week photographed his genitals and buttocks in what he called "the most humiliating ordeal of my life."

World
I.R.A. Negotiates
Gerry Adams, leader of the Irish Republican Army's political wing, called for "direct and unconditional dialogue" on Northern Ireland, but Prime Ministers John Major of Britain and Albert Reynolds of Ireland said their offer to include the I.R.A. in bargaining sessions only if it renounces violence is nonnegotiable. Adams also called for the release of "political prisoners"—hundreds of captured I.R.A. gunmen and bombers held in British prisons—but British officials have ruled out any amnesty for them. I.R.A. guerrillas, meanwhile, disrupted London's commuter railway system with bomb threats and set off explosives in London, Belfast and Londonderry, injuring six people.

Yeltsin Reforms Reformism
Russian President Boris Yeltsin, responding to the unexpectedly strong showing by

Greater Expectations
What are the proper borders for a country? The Germans thought Germany should contain all German-speaking people; Poland and Czechoslovakia disagreed, and World War II was the result. Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the new political star in Moscow, believes Russia should include the striped sections of the top map below (note the desired piece of land in the northeast corner). Radical Palestinians envision a Palestinian state with the pre-1947 British Mandate borders as reflected in the map below and to the left. And Serbs hope to create a Greater Serbia that would encompass the striped portions of the map below on the right.
Happiness the Patti Davis Way

For most people in therapy, the years of big bills and 50-minute "hours" lead merely to healthier, more balanced emotional lives. But for the famous and semi-famous—for the Roseanne Arnolds, the Suzanne Somerses and the daughters of recent two-term Republican Presidents—the rewards of painful self-reflection are more quantifiable: invitations to appear on Sally Jessy, book contracts, speaking engagements, invitations to appear on Oprah and so on. For celebrities, personal growth comes with a sense of obligation to suffer all the little inner children to come unto them, particularly if there is a fee involved.

Accordingly, Patti Davis, middle-aged rebel daughter of Ronald and Nancy Reagan, has come to Manhattan's Doral Inn hotel to conduct a one-night-only seminar called Recovering from Dysfunctional Families. The class, which costs $39 to attend, is offered by the Learning Annex, a New York City adult-education center that provides urbanites with such courses as Start Your Own Cheese Business or Mini Goat Farm and Design Your Own Jewelry: Bead Stringing. Among the 70 seminar participants seated in the hotel's ballroom—a drab hall in which one suspects no ball has ever been held—are a few hippie-ish girls, a handful of senior citizens and a long-nailed Whoopi Goldberg look-alike who spots Davis and whispers incredulously to her neighbor, "That's Nixon's daughter?"

Looking rather haute lounge act in black ribbed velour leggings, suede boots and a bolero jacket, Davis is of course nothing at all like either of the demure, well-behaved Nixon girls. Her days as a drug-using dater of '70s rock personalities are detailed in her autobiography, The Way I See It, a book that also devotes a good deal of print to depicting Nancy as a violent harridan.

Tonight, though, Davis is selling forgiveness, so anyone hoping for three hours of Mommy bashing will be disappointed. There are some jabs, yes ("The Reagans parented America in the '80s. I was on one therapist's couch, and the country was on the other"), but Davis is here to help her audience let go of their anger. "You want someone to be more loving, you be more loving," she says. "You want someone to be more forgiving, you be more forgiving." To illustrate this point in a way everyone can relate to, Davis refers to her experience as the daughter of a President who secretly supplied arms to the contras and remarks that for her, "Nicaragua, that was a lesson in forgiveness."

When Davis completes her talk, admirers approach. "I can't tell you how much you've helped me," says a bespectacled college-age girl. A woman asks her to look over a self-help book she is writing, but Davis declines. "My name is Gunter," announces a stout man with a German accent. "I owe my own recovery to John Bradshaw." He asks Davis to sign a copy of The Way I See It. During her lecture Davis found time to mention a book of hers that will soon be published. "I have a novel coming out," she told the class. "It's called Bondage. It's very erotic." Someday, someone may hold a successful seminar titled Recovering from Reading an Erotic Novel by Patti Davis.

Vladimir Zhirinovsky's ultranationalists in parliamentary elections, acknowledged that two years of proto-capitalism had created hardships and said his government would do more to help the poor and unemployed. However, Yeltsin also announced that First Deputy Prime Minister Yegor Gaidar, chief architect of the free-market reforms, would remain in office and that "the course he is following will continue." Yeltsin replaced the Security Ministry, successor to the KGB, by a streamlined counterintelligence agency, denouncing it as "the last bulwark of Soviet totalitarianism."

Ukraine Defuses a Few Nukes
The world's third largest nuclear power, Ukraine, announced it had removed the warheads from 17 of its SS-24 ballistic missiles inherited from the Soviet Union and aimed at North America. Despite the goodwill gesture, Ukraine officials are still negotiating with Russia and the U.S. over the final disposition of the country's 1,600-warhead arsenal.

Milosevic Retains Power
Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic, a chief architect of the Serbs' war of expansion in Bosnia, retained control of the government as his Socialist Party increased its representation from 101 to 123 seats in the 250-seat legislature. Whether the Socialists form a minority or a coalition government, President Milosevic will remain in control.

South Africa Onward, Upward
In its last significant act as a white-dominated body, South Africa's Parliament approved a constitution granting equal rights—including the right to vote—to all citizens for the first time. The document will come into force as soon as it is signed by President F.W. de Klerk. A pair of last-minute efforts to include racialist provisions in the constitution—one by right-wing white groups to create a separate "white homeland" and another by
Monthly Report to Product Managers

Summary

Current analyses of the marketplace strongly suggest that electronic instruments will grab an ever increasing share of the market for musical instruments. To stay competitive in the next decade, Encore must pursue this growing business. Executive management is committed to making a sizable investment in research and development over the next two years to make this possible. To this end, Encore will form an Electronic Instruments Division headed by Vice President Don Hall. The existing organization will be renamed the Acoustics Division to be headed by Vice President Greg Reiter.

How do we get there?

While our entry into the electronic instrument business means the company will need to recruit outside personnel, executive management is most interested in moving a core group of current product managers to

In 1981, Microsoft created the MS-DOS operating system. And laid down the foundation for the entire industry of personal computing.

THE LAST FEW YEARS HAVE BEEN LEADING UP TO SOMETHING.

In 1990, Microsoft Windows 3.0 gave your computer a friendly personality that made it easier to use.

Now in 1994, Microsoft introduces a whole new way to work with your computer.
INTRODUCING THE NEW
NOW ALL YOUR PROGRAMS

Want a word processor that's dramatically easier to use? Consider new Word 6.0. It understands how you work, so it does things like fix typos instantly. And formats your documents automatically.

May we present the world's first intelligent spreadsheet, new Microsoft Excel 5.0. It performs your routine tasks for you so you can focus on your data. To change a chart, just drag and drop the new data into place.

The Microsoft Access database is the most flexible and powerful way to work with information. Want to know which clients placed an order today? The answer is a point and click away.

Instantly turn any information into effective presentations using new PowerPoint 4.0. Helpful wizards guide you through the steps to get the results you want.

Summary. Long-term sales projections continue to support the electronics side of our business. To this end, executives are developing technology to interface Encore electronics with emerging digital telephony and cable TV technology.
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THE GOOD NEWS

✓ Fewer youngsters worldwide are dying of childhood diseases now than at any other time in history. About 90% of children today are vaccinated against such deadly illnesses as measles and polio, compared with 20% in the early 1980s. According to the U.N., measles killed 1.1 million children in 1983, down from 2.5 million a year just a decade ago. Polio crippled 140,000 children last year, down from 500,000 in 1980.

✓ A simple medical device that looks like a plunger may be more effective than the traditional hand-pressing technique used in CPR to save heart-attack victims. The small suction pump compresses and expands the patient's chest more vigorously, reduces the risk of broken ribs and allows more blood to flow through the body.

THE BAD NEWS

✓ Drinking three cups of coffee a day during pregnancy more than doubled the risk of miscarriage in a study of 331 Canadian women. Although another recent study suggested that consuming moderate amounts of coffee had no effect, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration advises expectant mothers to cut down on the caffeine they consume.

✓ Blood pressure is measured by a ratio of two numbers. For years, doctors thought the bottom number, which measures blood pressure between beats, was more important in determining a person's risk of a heart attack or stroke. But new research shows that even a slightly elevated top number, which measures pressure when the heart is contracting, can be just as deadly.


THE CHRONICLES

MAP

Roseanne's TV Ratings

Typical households of Roseanne fans have an annual income of $50,000. They support gay and abortion rights, but see themselves as more conservative than liberal. Their favorite foods are spaghetti, barbecue and pizza.

The Price of Fame 1993

Mikhail Gorbachev, who funnels the cash to his foundation, has begun to learn about that great capitalist commodity, the personal appearance. But as this list of remarkable fees reportedly paid in 1993 suggests, he'll need to talk about more than geopolitics to hit it big.

- Mikhail Gorbachev to address the National Republican Senatorial Committee... $70,000
- George Bush to address Amway distributors... $100,000
- David ("Son of Sam") Berkowitz for an exclusive interview on Inside Edition... $200,000
- Joey and Mary Jo Buttafuoco for an exclusive interview on A Current Affair... $500,000

black parties to preserve the special powers of blacks in autonomous areas created by apartheid—failed.

Castro Daughter Flees to U.S.

Using a wig and a fake Spanish passport, Fidel Castro's illegitimate daughter escaped out of Cuba aboard a tourist flight to Spain. She then flew to Atlanta, where she was granted political asylum. Alina Fernández Revuelta, 37, who has denounced her father as a "tyrant," said she hopes her 16-year-old daughter will be allowed to join her in the U.S.

BUSINESS

Fickle Paramount

In a dramatic turnaround, prompted by a stinging defeat in the Delaware courts two weeks before, Paramount's board recommended its shareholders accept the hostile buyout offer of Barry Diller's QVC Network. The board decision, which stockholders will now consider, is a hard blow for Paramount chairman Martin Davis, who had sought to negotiate a friendly but $500 million-less-generous takeover by Viacom. In its final bid, QVC added a mere $100 million in cash to the $10 billion-plus offer it had already made. Viacom may still increase its own offer.

Happy New Year

The Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development predicted a sluggish rate of growth in 1994 for the G-7 leading industrialized countries. The exception? North America, where the group foresees a 3.1% increase in gross domestic product for the U.S. and a 3.7% rise for Canada. Meanwhile, the U.S. Commerce Department said the U.S. economy grew at a 2.9% annual rate during the third quarter.

Colder Pizza

Responding to a nearly $79 million jury award to a woman struck and injured by a Domino's Pizza driver, the company announced it would abandon its very suc-
cessful marketing ploy and no longer promise to deliver its pizzas within 30 minutes.

No Handguns at Wal-Mart
Starting in February, Wal-Mart will stop selling hand- guns at its stores, though will still offer them through catalogs and continue selling shotguns and rifles in stores. “The mood of the country is changing,” said a spokesman.

SCIENCE
Fossil Find
Paleontologists have believed for a long time that the first amphibians to crawl on land became extinct 190 million years ago. But scientists in Australia announced that they have uncovered the jaw-bone of a labyrinthodont, forerunner of the land dinosaurs, that was alive and well as recently as 110 million years ago. Apparently the unique climate and relative isolation of the continent helped to protect the ancient order from its predators.

THE ARTS & MEDIA
CBS Shutout
NBC snatched up the last available National Football League television package, retaining its rights to broadcast American Football Conference games for four more seasons and shutting out CBS from an N.F.L. deal for the first time since the mid-1990s. CBS, which had previously lost its National Football Conference contract to upstart Fox, will now field a severely shriveled sports lineup featuring NCAA basketball and the 1994 Winter Olympics.

Cultural Anti-Imperialism
In the wake of the failure of GATT negotiations to resolve differences between the U.S. and Europe over entertainment exports, Spain imposed additional restrictions on American movies, and France approved a law requiring radio stations to play French music at least 40% of the time, starting in 1996.

MARRIED. DONALD TRUMP, 47, publicity-addicted casino operator; and MARLA MAPLES, 30, occasional actress and mother of his two-month-old daughter Tiffany; in Manhattan. More than a thousand guests attended the 15-minute ceremony in the Grand Ballroom of Trump’s Plaza Hotel, causing limo-lok in the surrounding streets. Among the invited: soap-opera villain Susan Lucci, fight promoter Don King, Wall Street raider Carl Icahn, ex-jock O.J. Simpson and Howard Stern. In their wake trailed 17 television-camera crews, 90 paparazzi and a small army of bodyguards. The newly minted Mrs. Trump topped her off-the-shoulder white satin dress with something borrowed: a $2 million tiara. Discreetly overlooking years of lurid tabloid copy that preceded the event, the presiding Rev. Arthur Cialdich said of the couple, “Their dream is true and innocent—to find the closeness of two souls rightly mated.”

BACK AT WORK. ROBERT CASEY, 61, Governor of Pennsylvania; after six months spent recuperating from a rare 13-hour heart and liver transplant; in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. In an emotional ceremony, under a banner reading WELCOME BACK GOVERNOR, YOUR RETURN IS OUR BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT, a gaunt Casey announced his new legislative priority: health-care reform. His transplanted organs came from a young victim of gang violence, and the Governor remains in touch with his donor’s family.

DIED. JANET MARGOLIN, 50, actress; of ovarian cancer; in Los Angeles. Margolin’s uncut emotion and striking brunette beauty were displayed to their greatest effect in her debut film, David and Lisa (1962), a ground-breaking study of disturbed teenagers with Margolin opposite Keir Dullea. In an utterly different vein, she is also remembered as the long-suffering wife of inept criminal Woody Allen in Take the Money and Run (1969).

DIED. MOSES GUNN, 64, actor; from complications of asthma; in Guilford, Connecticut. Co-founder of the Negro Ensemble Company, Gunn, the oldest of seven children of a St. Louis, Missouri, laborer, made his off-Broadway debut in the legendary New York premiere of Jean Genet’s provocative The Blacks (1962). Gunn won Obie awards for his work in Titus Andronicus (1967) and The First Breeze of Summer (1975), and was admired for his Othello. Movie credits included The Great White Hope (1970) and Shaft (1971).

DIED. ALEXANDER (“Sandy”) MACKENDRICK, 81, director; in Los Angeles. Joining England’s Ealing Studios as a scriptwriter in 1946, Mackendrick went on to direct the nimble Alec Guinness satires Man in the White Suit (1951) and The Ladykillers (1955). His major American credits: the biting Burt Lancaster—Tony Curtis show-biz expose Sweet Smell of Success (1957).

DIED. W. EDWARDS DEMING, 93, American industrial-efficiency expert and guru of the postwar Japanese economic miracle; in Washington. Deming was a modern illustration of the biblical truth that a prophet is without honor in his own land. Educated in mathematics and physics, he worked with Bell Labs’ Walter Shewhart during the 1930s developing quality-control theories that stressed achieving uniform results during production rather than through inspection at the end of the production line. During World War II Deming successfully applied his approach to the making of airplane parts. Ignored by postwar American industry, the unfeasible Deming took his gospel to Japan in 1950, where it was embraced. His ideas finally took root in the U.S. in the 1980s, when the Detroit auto industry asked for his help in competing with the very Japanese firms he had inspired.

—By Melissa August, C.J. Farley, Christine Gorman, Sophronia Scott Gregory, Michael Quinn, Jeffery Rubin, Alain Sanders and David Seideman
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THE YEAR MAKERS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JANET WOOLLEY
To Conquer The Past

By LANCE MORROW

Low in the central brain lies the limbic system (hypothalamus, hippocampus, amygdala), where the aggression seems to start.

But there is a higher brain as well. If war originates as an impulse of the lower mind, then peace is an accomplishment of the higher, and the ascent from the brain's basement, where the crocodile lives, to the upper chambers may be the most impressive climb that humans attempt.

In 1993 the traffic was heavy in both directions, from the world's lower brain to the upper, and back down again. Gestures of statesmanship, as lately in Northern Ireland, alternated with low-brain savagery: the lashing tribal wars of Bosnia, Somalia, Kashmir, Afghanistan, Angola, Burundi, Georgia, Nagorno-Karabakh... The list of conflicts went on and on, like a vicious geography lesson. The euphoria that had attended the fall of the Berlin Wall, the disintegration of communism and the end of the cold war had some seers announcing that amid instant global communications, the "end of history" had arrived in the triumph of free-market democracy. But the brilliant moment faded, and left a sinister aftermath. The shadow was evident last week in Russia, where the followers of the fascistically minded Vladimir Zhirinovsky unexpectedly won 23% of the popular vote in the recent parliamentary elections and became an ominous new power. Zhirinovsky's ascent looked disturbingly similar in some details (anti-Semitism, fanatical nationalism, anger and economic privation among the people) to Hitler's rise in the 1930s.

When incoming CIA Director James Woolsey testified before the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence last February, he described the realities of the new world order: "We have slain a large dragon, but we live now in a jungle filled with a bewildering variety of poisonous snakes."

For years the conflicts in the Middle East and South Africa have amounted to terrible local dragons in their own right, with histories of deep hatred and the potential to erupt into wider violence—even, in the case of the Middle East, into nuclear war. These struggles were not ideological, like the standoff of the superpowers. South Africa and the Middle East worked at a nastier level, closer to bone
and gene and skin. They had, over the years, arrived at stalemate, a no-exit of chronic hatred. The struggles (whether to liberate one’s own people, or to suppress the dangerous other tribe, or simply to survive in the moral airlessness) became prisons.

The Men of the Year of 1993—Yitzhak Rabin and Yasser Arafat, F.W. de Klerk and Nelson Mandela—did nothing more and nothing less than find a way to break out.

By tradition, Time’s Men and Women of the Year are those who have most influenced history, for good or ill, in the previous 12 months. By that standard, Rabin, Arafat, Mandela and De Klerk might be perceived as odd choices. Neither peacemaking deal is complete. Extremists on all sides threaten to destroy the arrangements, which look at times like fragile shelters being nailed together in a high wind. The regions seem just as violent now as they did before Arafat and Rabin shook hands on the White House lawn, and before Mandela and De Klerk locked into their collaboration toward a new South African constitution.

And yet...

**Peacemaking, like warmaking or courtship,**
depends upon exquisitely balanced, mysterious and usually unpredictable combinations of context, timing, luck, leadership, mood, personal needs, outside help and spending money—all of these factors swirling around in a kind of Brownian motion. Certainly one of the forces behind peace in both the Middle East and South Africa was what one observer called “a biological compulsion” in all four men to reach a settlement. Mandela is 75, De Klerk 57, Rabin 71 and Arafat 64. “They were aware they did not have much time left,” says William Quandt, who was at the National Security Council during the 1978 Camp David negotiations. “And if they waited, history would write about them as people who had missed a chance to end their careers with a capstone achievement.”

Beyond that, they were impelled, or at least strongly encouraged, by new historical realities. The cold war left Arafat without a Soviet patron; backing the wrong side in the Gulf War cost him his wealthy oil-state sponsors. The Israelis were growing weary of the economic and moral costs of the endless occupation. In South Africa the white minority faced a catastrophe: a main achievement of apartheid had been to inflict fatal damage on the country’s economy. As for Mandela’s African National Congress, it foresaw a descent into chaos and civil war that might destroy any nation worth its inheriting. And so on.

Some thought that South Africa and the Middle East proved what might be called the Exhaustion Theory of Peacemaking—which arises from the cynical and accurate observation that peace is the last resort when all else has failed. True: if either side had been able to conquer, it would have let victory dictate the peace.

All that said, the settlements-in-the-making in the Middle East and South Africa were hardly involuntary, and they were far from inevitable. Without Rabin and Arafat, the Israelis and Palestinians would have continued down the same bleak, violent road they have followed since 1948. Without Mandela and De Klerk, blacks and whites would have descended into the bloodiest race war in history. In 1993 Rabin and Arafat, Mandela and De Klerk all rose to the occasion
before them. Their common genius was that they saw in the convergence of circumstances a ripeness of moment—and that they acted.

They worked in pairs at their two separate projects, even though something inside each man came to the rendezvous reluctantly, uncomfortably—faute de mieux, as it were history had given him no choice. Each needed his other, absolutely, in order to succeed—and each knew it. Each of the men was putting himself at enormous personal risk in the enterprise—not now from his long-sworn enemy but from those on his own side who would cry betrayal. But each had the armor of his record in the struggle. Just as only a longtime anticommit-
ist like Richard Nixon could convincingly make the opening to China, so only men with the longevity in their conflicts of Rabin, Arafat, De Klerk and Mandela had the credibility to make peace.

None of the men much liked his partner. They were bound to-
gether, two by two, as if in an impossible combination: they became each other's stepwinds. Their negotiations at times resembled nothing so much as the conflict they were trying to resolve. Mandela and De Klerk were at each other's throats even as they accepted the No-
bel Peace Prize together. Rabin could barely stand to shake Arafat's hand on the White House lawn. Each of the settlements-in-progress shows that peacemaking is often as difficult and dirty, in its own way, as warring. The Men of the Year sometimes seemed to be elabo-
rating a variation on Churchill's thought about democracy: peace is the worst mess, except for the alternative.

For all that, these four men reasserted the principle that leaders matter: that an individual's vision, courageously and persuasively and intelligently pursued, can override the rather unimaginative human preference for war. If strong, focused leadership had come from Europe or from Washington, might it have averted the Bosni-
an bloodbath? If Jean-Bertrand Aristide were a Mandela—and if he had some equivalent of De Klerk as partner on the other side—could Haiti have been saved? No one can quantify a negative, but it seems obvious that the absence of leadership—the opportunities squan-
dered or unenvisioned—costs the world dearly every day.

War is a profound habit—and sometimes a necessity. When Neville Chamberlain declared “peace for our time” after Munich, he gave peace-
makers a reputation for fatuous optimism and appeasement from which it took them years to recover. Philosophers of war since Hiroshima have taught, hopefully, that the nuclear threat has made armed conflict ultimately untenable as a Clausewitzian instrument (foreign policy that happens to kill) useful in settling disputes. But not everyone has absorbed the lesson. Among other things, war has an archetypal prestige and bristling drama with which peace has trouble competing: Milton's Lucifer in Paradise Lost is much more interesting than Milton's God. War is rich and vivid, with its traditions, its military academies, its ancient regiments and hero stories, its Iliads, its flash. Peace is not exciting. Its accoutrements are, almost by definition, unremarkable if they work well. It is a rare soci-
ety that tells exemplary stories of peacemaking—except, say, for the Gospels of Christ, whose irenic grace may be admired from a distance, without much effect on daily behavior.
Kant said that even a race of devils, provided they were intelligent, would be forced to find a solution other than war for their disputes. "Nature," Kant thought, "guarantees the final establishment of peace through the mechanism of human inclinations." The race of devils was busy in 1993, but the mechanism of human inclinations was working as much in the uglier direction, toward war. The global village is really a large, disorderly global city, with many poor neighborhoods, a few that are rich and a number that are terribly dangerous. But as the Balkans reminded everyone, the global city has no police force. Bosnia has been a tragedy of peacemaking turned against itself: the U.N.'s lightly armed blue helmets became virtual hostages to the Serbs and an excuse for Europeans and Americans not to use real force lest the peacekeepers be hurt. The collapse of international law and civil behavior, and the failure of the U.S. or Europe to do anything effective to stop the killing, helped subvert the idea that the world had made much progress toward the higher brain. The reckless sighing and the elaborate international shrugs that masked themselves as realism were somehow worse than plain indifference.

It was against all the usual inclinations of the war devils that these four men took what must be the first step in the metaphysics of peace: they recognized the other's existence. They crossed the line from the primitive intransigences of blood/color/tribe to the logic of tolerance and, farther down the road, of civil society. They asserted the power of the future to override the past, a fundamental precondition of change. Few forces are more intense than tribal memory and grievance, the blood's need for vindication. The past wants revenge, like Hamlet's father's ghost. Peace settlements in South Africa and the Middle East will bury the bloody shirt, shut down the past as an imperative.

The projects of Mandela–De Klerk and Arafat-Rabin are not yet realized, of course. Leaders must bring followers along. Leaders must exercise the visionary's gift. They must tell their people a new story about themselves (in these cases, the story of themselves at peace, to replace their older myth of struggle) and make it plausible. Peace is a way of reimagining the world. Often the peace must actually be made before people will embrace the idea. We do not know—and may not know for months or years—how good these four will be as storytellers.

Of course, it is possible that the year's peacemaking has merely lit a couple of candles on an altar that has been dedicated for centuries—and is still dedicated—to human sacrifice on an Aztec scale. Blessed are the peacemakers, and few in number. Still, in the words of Dominique Moïsi, deputy director of the French Institute of International Relations: "The fact that Muslim and Jew, black and white, accept each other proves that war between civilizations is not inevitable. This sends out a global message of hope."

Jean Cocteau remarked in his memoirs that stupidity is always amazing to behold, no matter how often one has encountered it. If war represents at bottom a kind of moral stupidity, the Men of the Year were making their way out of that violent region and toward a better part of the mind. That too was amazing to behold. —Reported by J.F.O. McAllister/Washington, with other bureaus
Yitzhak Rabin
& Yasser Arafat

By NANCY GIBBS

Tunis is quiet after midnight, when the phone rings. This is a Yasser Arafat tradition, summoning visitors at all hours to make their way through a gauntlet of steel barricades to a villa in a quiet residential corner of the city. The stucco house looks like any other, except that it is surrounded by young men in jeans, bearing Kalashnikovs, smoking cigarettes. Their job is to keep the Chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization alive—and they take it seriously. Male guests are patted down, their pockets emptied, wallets searched. Women are scanned with ultrasonic metal detectors, their purses ransacked. The bodyguards, members of Arafat’s élite Force 17, open the matchboxes and start striking the matches in the dark courtyard to be sure they do not contain detonating devices.

Over the years Arafat has probably had more people trying to kill him than any other public figure in the world. Closest to succeeding were the Israelis, who might have buried him under the rubble in the Tunis bombing raid that killed 73 people in 1985, had the Chairman not been running late that day. Now Israel wants to keep him alive—to hold him to the pledge of peaceful coexistence that he made with a handshake on a sunny September day in Washington. At that moment, in accepting far less than the independent state he has always promised his people, he became a traitor to many of his own. So now it is the Palestinian extremists who seek to kill him in order to kill the peace accord.
In mid-December TIME's Jim Gaines, Joelle Attinger, Lisa Beyer and Dean Fischer met separately with Rabin and Arafat and asked them about common issues. Excerpts from the two interviews:

**RABIN:** I've said more than once, we make peace with enemies, sometimes with bitter enemies.

**ARAFAT:** It was the results of the Israeli election last year against Yitzhak Shamir's policy that made a deal first seem possible. This was a very important signal for me that the Israelis are willing to achieve peace.

**RABIN:** I knew that the key for any meaningful movement toward peace was with either Syria or the Palestinians. Through my explorations done quietly, I concluded that there would be a better chance to do it with the Palestinians. And I realized that everything is dictated by the P.L.O. What we did in recognizing them would have been unheard of four years ago. I believed that I had to do something which is not expected.

**ARAFAT:** The intifadah motivated the Israelis. There were no signs that it would end anytime soon. There was no military solution, only a political solution. This superarmy was running after kids and fighting against women.

**RABIN:** No doubt the intifadah brought the Palestinian cause to the headlines of the world. It created problems for us, and it continues. Now it's less an uprising and much more terror in opposition to the agreement. I didn't believe the present situation could last without an increase in extremism among the Palestinians. The tendency shifted more and more toward extreme Islamic, fanatic, terrorist movements. That is the threat to hopes for peace. I believe that we have a window of just a few years to try to face this threat with the
Palestinians, with the Syrians—at least to have peace with the inner ring.

ARAFAT: It is very accurate to say there is opposition from some Palestinians. There are 10 Damascus-based organizations supported by the Arab opposition. They have been financed by some Arabs from the gulf states and also by the Iranians. But this opposition does not have the ability to overcome the masses.

Now I am sorry to say that the Israeli settlers and the army are leaving very deep scars, and everybody is asking, What is the meaning of peace? asked Rabin many times, Why are you giving more cards to the opposition? Withdraw, leave it to me.

ARAFAT: There must be compromise. Not compromise just from one side, not mutual concessions, but mutual agreement. I haven’t the ability to get what I need. And the other side hasn’t the ability to get all it wants.

RABIN: What we are trying to create here is peaceful coexistence between two entities who do not much love each other. Geographically they are mixed up; they crisscross one another daily by vehicles. There is no line that divides. We have to create the confidence that will allow this unique intermin arrangement to work. The real problem is to what extent the P.L.O. will have the ability to take over what we are ready to give them and to fulfill their commitments. The P.L.O. has never been responsible for running the life of a large community.

ARAFAT: George Washington did it. So did De Gaulle. I will show you something [He pulls out a gold cross of Lorraine, on a chain around his neck]. De Gaulle sent it to me in 1970. Mugabe, Banda, Loktia and Nehru all did it too.

For us it is easier because the P.L.O. is more than just an organization. We are responsible for the whole life of our people. We have a parliament representing Palestinians everywhere; no

There is an air of bravado in the room this December night. The peace on which Yasser Arafat has staked so much is not yet real for the men and women and children dying in the streets of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Yet the P.L.O. leader greets his guests warmly, giving no sign he is troubled by the turmoil of things not done. He is direct and engaging, full of a charm half calculated, half natural as he makes his case. Asked if he has concerns about his own personal security, he chuckles. “I only fear God.”

Visitors to Yitzhak Rabin’s modest office in western Jerusalem expect their sessions with him to be strictly business. He is known to be abrupt, omitting from such visits so much as hello or goodbye. The office is hectic. Chants of angry Jewish settlers camped outside to protest the peace agreement fade in and out. A delegation of conservative Knesset members argue against giving weapons to the future Palestinian police force.

But Rabin is calm, almost relaxed. Those who know him well say that since he signed the Declaration of Principles with Arafat, his manner has softened: he smiles more and grimaces less. Though he has taken a great gamble with his country’s future, the mission of seeing it through—and the confidence that he has made the right choice—has energized him. As he talks to his guests, it is clear he has thought deeply about what he wants to get across. “Arafat carried out what I consider to be atrocities,” he says. “But I’ve said more than once in the context of the Arab-Israeli conflict, we make peace, or we negotiate meaningful steps toward peace, with enemies. Sometimes bitter enemies.”

Peacemakers are not yet a fact between the Israelis and the Palestinians. But Rabin and Arafat are Men of the Year because they have taken those meaningful steps from which it will be difficult to turn back. The idea of peace, once planted, is a powerful incentive to two peoples who have lost so many lives, so much time, so much prosperity in bloody wars.

Both leaders proved, against expectations, that they could grasp the moment. Perhaps that recognition grew out of their historical memory: between them they have given nearly 100 years of full-time service to the struggle. Would the next generation of young radicals feel the same urgency to settle for compromise that these two aging men share? During a heated debate with reluctant associates earlier this year in Tunis, Arafat pounded on the table and boomed, “I cannot be excluded from this historical process!”

They also share a confidence in their ability to deliver on their promises. Arafat has the mystical arrogance of the survivor, so often has he cheated death at the hands of his enemies and political destruction at the hands of his friends. Rabin’s confidence is that of a proven warrior committed to peace—a “carnivorous dove,” as Ariel Sharon put it. Rabin told aides privately that he was prepared to step ahead even if most Israelis were not ready. “For a peace agreement,” he told them, “the people will support us.”

But not all the people. Both men are dangerously flanked by extremists. Muslim fundamentalists and other militant factions have vowed to break any deal that delivers less than an independent Palestinian state now, this instant. Fanatical settlers and other right-wing Jews swear never to give up one inch of the West Bank soil that is part of what they call Eretz Yisrael, the land God gave to the Jews. The pressure from enemies only complicates an already knotty negotiation. When the two were alone with President Clinton just before the ceremony in Washington, Rabin recalls, “Arafat and I didn’t exchange anything, except I told him it’s going to be very difficult to implement the accord. He said, ‘I know.’”

Unlike many Israelis, Rabin has managed to accommodate his view of Arafat as a terrorist and a murderer with the belief that he is a man with whom Israel can do business. “I came to the conclusion that it’s in their interest as well as our interest,” he says. “It is not based on any feeling of affection or affiliation.” Arafat is just as sternly pragmatic. “He is the boss, and without him, the accord will not work. He was my enemy, but he is a man who fulfills his commitments.” After he grudgingly shook hands with Arafat on the White House lawn, Rabin said, “Of all the hands in the world, it was not the hand I wanted or even dreamed of touching.”

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revolution ever had a parliament. We have democracy. We have established universities, schools and hospitals. We have a political department, one of the strongest in the Arab world.

RABIN: Let the Palestinians run their affairs, create a situation in which no Israeli soldier will have to maintain public order, whether in Gaza or the West Bank. Let’s give it to the Palestinians, as long as there is security for us. No more occupying another people.

ARAFAF: What is important for me is to fix my people on the map of the Middle East and not to be like those who have been canceled out in international agreements, like many communities after World War I and II. It is the continuous tragedy of my people that I cannot forgive. We have paid a very high price.

RABIN: I’ve never tried to put myself in their shoes. I don’t pretend that I can imagine myself as a Palestinian. I understand their desire for their own entity, but at the same time I can’t understand why they missed so many opportunities in the past that could have prevented much, much bloodshed, at certain moments in which we were ready for compromise. I hope that Arafat learned a lesson, as I learned the lesson, that you have to be more forthcoming.

ARAFAF: I have many dreams: a Middle East without wars and violence and oppression, a Middle East that cooperates, that is prosperous, that could contribute to the new world order. If I am elected (in balloting for a self-government council scheduled for mid-1994), I will carry on in my responsibilities. If not, I will return to work as an engineer. When I was in Lebanon I built a bomb shelter outside my residence. Beside it another shelter was built by a big company. The Israelis bombed them. The other one, which was deeper, was destroyed. The one I built was not destroyed.

I will design my own house — not in Jericho but in Jerusalem. I will be immune to it in others. A Scotch drinker and chain smoker, Rabin has never had a nickname, and there is no such thing as a Rabin joke, either about him or by him. Emotion and warmth seem foreign to him. Once on a visit to the White House in 1977, Rabin was asked by President Carter if he would like to drop by Amy’s room and say good night. He said no, he wouldn’t.

While Rabin labors in the shadow of great nation builders David Ben-Gurion and Golda Meir — Arafat stands alone as a folk hero to his people. The teetotaling vegetarian is conniving, disarming, engaging, and quick with such perfect sound bites as the fact that his favorite cartoon is Tom and Jerry, since the mouse so often wins. He is a master of symbolism: never much of a soldier, he chose a fighting man’s khatmis and holster for his daily costume. His checkered kafiyeh provides instant recognizability in a crowd—a risk, perhaps, to one who lives in the cross hairs, but a shrewd asset when it comes to maintaining his mystical stature. The headdress had no special meaning until he draped it to approximate the shape of mandatory Palestine. Then it became an emblem of Palestinian identity.

Golda Meir once argued that there was no such thing as a Palestinian; at the time, she wasn’t entirely wrong. Before Arafat began his proselytizing, most of the Arabs from the territory of Palestine thought of themselves as members of an all-embracing Arab nation. It was Arafat who made the intellectual leap to a definition of the Palestinians as a distinct people; he articulated the cause, organized for it, fought for it and brought it to the world’s attention as no Kurd or Basque had ever managed. Until 1991, when he wed Suha Tawil, a Christian less than half his age, he was always said to be married to the revolution. Now it would be more accurate to say Suha is married to the revolution.

As a boy growing up in Jerusalem and Cairo, the son of a spice merchant and grocer, Arafat had no revolutionary ambitions. He applied to a Texas university in 1949 to study engineering, but by the time the State Department had sorted out his visa, he was caught up in the struggle between the Palestinians and the newly created state of Israel. After graduating from Cairo University, he went to Kuwait to make his fortune in construction. By age 30 Arafat was a rich man, driving a Thunderbird, moving smoothly through the prosperous circles of Palestinian exiles, and preparing to launch his crusade.

His Fatah organization, which he founded in the late 1950s with other educated, well-to-do Palestinians, eventually became the heart of the P.L.O. During the first few years, he had the most to fear from other Arabs: he came to know his way around the jails of Syria and Egypt; it was Israel that never once held him in prison. By the 1960s, Fatah was divided into two factions. There were the “sane ones,” who urged building up the infant group before launching guerrilla attacks against Israel. And there were the “mad ones,” already out for blood: Arafat was their leader. Whether he gave the orders or not, his organization has always been linked to some of the bloodiest acts of terrorism in the Arab-Israeli conflict, including the massacre of Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics in Munich and the 1974 murder of Israeli schoolchildren at Maalot.

For years the Israelis saw Arafat as the main obstacle to peace-making. Israeli troops had his head in their gunsights when he led his defeated soldiers, under a U.S. guarantee, out of the wreckage in Beirut in 1982. The alternative to killing him was making him irrelevant. Even when the Palestinians joined in Mideast peace talks in Madrid in 1991, Arafat was officially kept out. When Rabin came to power in mid-1992, he looked for more moderate leaders to speak for the Palestinians. But the negotiators made no secret that they took their orders from Arafat and that it would be dangerous to cross him. “They believed,” says Rabin, “that whoever will emerge as a leader, he will not survive.” So he was left with Arafat. Four months ago, as the secret talks in Oslo were close to success, Rabin told his aides, “It’s about time we took off the masks at the masked ball and talked to the man in charge.”

Arafat was ready to listen. He tells a strange story of what brought him to Oslo. Just before a plane he was riding in crashed during a sandstorm in Libya last year, he saw images of two slain comrades, which he took as a sign of his own approaching death. Then he saw a vision of al-Aqsa mosque in Jerusalem, which he believed meant he would pray there before he died. He realized that the only way to fulfill that dream was to work out a peace with Israel. The realities of the moment left him little choice: Arafat and his organization were in trou-
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ble. After losing his Soviet sponsors, he alienated his rich Arab patrons by siding with Iraq in the Gulf War. Strapped for cash, he had to cut back funding for Palestinian schools and hospitals, students' tuition and widows' pensions in the occupied territories, which hurt his popular support. The militant fundamentalists of Hamas were winning converts and beating his candidates in elections for chambers of commerce, labor unions and student organizations. Bankrupt, dismissed by some U.S. officials as a spent force, Arafat needed Rabin. And in turn Rabin needed the Chairman.

Like Arafat, Rabin had not intended to make a life of soldiering; he too wanted to go to the U.S. to become an engineer. But he had earned a reputation as a gifted military commander in the Palmach, the commando unit of the Haganah underground army. On the eve of his country's war for independence in 1948, Rabin was persuaded by his military superiors to abandon his study plans and join the battle. He was charged with helping to break the Arab blockade of Jerusalem and to keep the road to Tel Aviv open for convoys. The brigade he commanded lost 70% of its members before the fighting was done. To this day, Israel maintains the rusted wreckage of the convoys as memorials along the highway. "I remember the names of those who died inside those vehicles," Rabin says.

By age 32 he was a general; 12 years later, he became chief of staff and devised the tactics for Israel's brilliant victory over Syria, Egypt and Jordan in the 1967 Six-Day War. Swashbuckling Defense Minister Moshe Dayan took most of the credit—an injustice that rankles Rabin to this day. Nevertheless, he always subscribed to the Labor Party doctrine that one day Israel would have to trade back territory for peace.

The general first became Prime Minister in 1974 after a stint as ambassador to Washington. His tenure cut short in 1977 by a scandal over a small but illegal U.S. bank account he maintained with his wife, he retreated to Labor's backbench until 1984, when the national unity government of Shimon Peres, his bitter rival within the Labor Party, turned to him as Defense Minister. Rabin seemed just the man to suppress the intifadah—the uprising against Israeli rule in the occupied territories that began in December 1987.

Tough and unrelenting toward the protestors, Rabin is said to have told his troops to "break their bones," ordering deportations and the destruction of Palestinian houses. Yet he was quicker than many to grasp the import of the uprising. As early as February 1988, Rabin was telling Labor Party activists, "I've learned something in the past 2½ months—among other things that you can't rule by force over 1.5 million Palestinians." Annexing the occupied territories would dilute the Jewish character of Israel, he believed. But military rule would mean endless war.

In the 1992 elections, Rabin campaigned as the man who could bring the country peace with security. But to succeed, Rabin told Israelis, they would have to relinquish a central part of their identity—their sense of fearful isolation. "For many years, by necessity, by threat from wars, terror," he explains, "we developed a feeling of a besieged country, that the whole world is against us. This created a certain national psychology: Don't trust anyone; everybody is against you. It created a mistrust of peace." As a sabra—a native-born Israeli—Rabin does not have the refugee mind-set shared by the country's founding fathers. They feared any concession toward the Arabs was the first step toward annihilation. Rabin also had a special plea for the Palestinians. "You who have never known a single day of freedom and joy in your lives: listen to us, if only this once."

The Prime Minister has a keen sense of history, and especially of his own place in it. He confides to close friends the feeling that he has never been given the prominence in the annals of Israel that he deserves. Now, as an old soldier who has seen too much death, he wants to be remembered as a peacemaker. He went some distance toward that end on the White House lawn, where the man not known for eloquence delivered himself of an exhortation for the ages: "Enough of blood and tears! Enough!"

Arafat is no less aware—and no less the engineer—of the historic role he is enacting. "This is my destiny," he tells his visitors, not long before a new day dawns in Tunis. "No one can escape his destiny."

"In the ancient lands of Moses and Jesus and Mohammed, two men are playing to history—and history is paying them back."—Reported by Lisa Boney/Jerusalem and Dean Fishcer/Tunis

REMEMBER living there with my uncle, near the Walling Wall. The house was demolished. I imagine a future Jerusalem as a capital of two states, without a Berlin Wall.

RABIN: Jerusalem is a different issue from others. For us it's the symbol. In the Jewish tradition, there is at the same time Jerusalem in the heavens and Jerusalem on the ground. Jerusalem is a living city, but also the heart, the soul of the Jewish people and the state of Israel. We understand that Jerusalem is holy to Christianity and Islam. We believe that we have to secure free access for the believers of the other religions. We believe the administration of the holy shrines, not the holy city, should be by them.

ARAFAT: For centuries we lived together with Jews. When Europe was in the dark ages, we lived together. We called them our cousins. It is a part of our tradition.

RABIN: The historic breakthrough was not now. It was when President Sadat, the leader of the largest Arab country, came to Jerusalem and succeeded in bringing down all the walls of suspicion, hatred, prejudices vis-à-vis Egypt. Arafat is not in a position to do it because he is not in control of the people in the territories. His influence is limited to the members of his organization. Because of that we need minimum security assurances. Still, I believe that we have passed the point of no return.

ARAFAT: Everything comes at the right time. When I started with my revolution, everything was destroyed. We said then that we wanted to live peacefully with the Jews. Some of the Arabs said we were traitors. It took many years for this to be accepted by the Arabs. Things will work out, if not this time, the next time. There is no other alternative. Wars are an impossibility for everybody.
Two days before receiving his Nobel Peace Prize, African National Congress (A.N.C.) President Nelson Mandela entertains visitors and well-wishers at the Grand Hotel in Oslo, Norway. Tall, exquisitely tailored, he dispenses soft handshakes and his world-famous smile. The 27 years he spent in South African prisons seem somehow to have left him younger than his 75 years; he looks well rested and benign. The mention of a newborn baby boy makes him beam. Because of his confinement, he did not get to see his own two youngest daughters grow up, and since his release he has kindled a love affair with his grandchildren.

Gradually, as Mandela begins to talk of how his fellow Peace Prize winner, South African President F.W. de Klerk, has “disappointed” him during their long, tortuous negotiations toward a new, free, just South Africa, his sunny demeanor fades. Once started on this subject, he has trouble stopping. His voice rises; the smile becomes a scowl. Blacks have been killing other blacks in gruesome ways and growing numbers back in his country, and Mandela says he knows who is partly to blame: “There is no doubt that the National Party is involved in violence; we have got very solid evidence.”

Two days after the Nobel ceremony, De Klerk, 57, sits in an ornate suite in another Grand Hotel, this one in Rome, Italy, where he awaits an audience the next day with Pope John Paul II. For someone who has just been heralded and laureled as a peacemaker, De Klerk falls into moods that
In mid-December TIME's Jim Gaines, Joelle Attinger and Scott MacLeod met separately with De Klerk and Mandela and asked them about common issues. Excerpts from the two interviews:

**DE KLERK:** In prison, Mr. Mandela, probably had a perception of leaders of the National Party that was proved wrong when he met us. My first meeting with him in 1989 was fairly relaxed. We came to grips with some fundamental things, basically the need to solve the problem of South Africa through negotiation and recognizing each other as main players who would have to take the lead.

**MANDELA:** I found Mr. De Klerk very positive, very bright, very confident of himself, and ready to accommodate the views I expressed. The National Party had announced a (reform) program in which they talked about “group rights.” I said to him, “Look, this will introduce apartheid through the back door.” He replied, “Well, if you don’t like it, then we’ll scrap it.” I smuggled a message to the A.N.C. leadership in Zambia and said, “I think we can do business with this man.” I did not expect that he was going to be so positive.

**DE KLERK:** I don’t believe I am irreplaceable. I don’t believe he is irreplaceable. The fact is we were around, and we were the leaders.

**MANDELA:** I was disappointed by him because he did things that I did not expect. Such as the question of violence. I said to him that if there is anything that will create bad blood between us, it is the slaughter of human beings with government connivance. That is the one thing that has created a great deal of friction between me and De Klerk.

**DE KLERK:** A different approach from the A.N.C. could have prevented much of the grief. Mandela could have started...
negotiating sooner. They should never have embarked on acts of terrorism, killing innocent civilians; it had a dramatic effect on white public opinion. If they had refrained, we might not have had the state of emergency we had. Sanctions were quite counterproductive. They built a strong sense of nationalism. We will not allow the world to tell us what to do.

MANDELA: In spite of my criticism, it must be acknowledged he has made a very important contribution to the transformation of an apartheid state to a nonracial society.

MANDELA: When I was sent to jail, my mother got a terrible shock. She had never been to school, and valued education. She had in mind a dignified profession for me. I had to sit down and explain to her why I was in jail. N. C. She became so convinced that later she said to me, "If you don't join other children and fight for our liberation, I am going to disinherit you."

DE KLERK: My brother was a very liberal editor of a daily newspaper. He was criticizing us, he was urging us to do what we are doing now. My father, a Cabinet minister in three apartheid governments, would agree with me today; he died in 1979. I had discussions with him; at dinner, invariably, before we reached the sweets we got on to politics. He was a man who always looked for justice. He asked himself, If a plan cannot work, then it becomes immoral to continue something you acknowledge in your own conscience cannot work.

MANDELA: Chief Albert Luthuli (A.N.C. president, 1952 to '67) believed in nonviolence as a way of life. But we who were in touch with the grass roots persuaded the chief that if we did not begin the armed struggle, then people would proceed without guidance. Armed struggle must be a movement intended to hit at the symbols of oppression and not to slaughter human beings.

DE KLERK: Our cherished ideal border on the bellicose. He is irked at his co-recipient and dissatisfied with what he takes to be the world's misunderstanding of himself. Smaller, more delicately featured than he appears in photographs, the President nurses a Scotch and cannot resist complaining.

He feels Mandela has upstaged him in Norway and maligns him in general. He, the son and grandson of National Party leaders who helped erect the artificial of apartheid, has traveled further from his heritage than anyone could have predicted. He has dismantled the past and prepared his nation for democracy. And what does he hear from Mandela, the A.N.C. and others? That he is a foot dragger, unconcerned with the injustices and violence suffered by blacks in his land, even, perhaps, secretly instigating such turmoil; that he is not an architect of progress but at times its impediment.

"If I start defending myself on that," De Klerk says, "I am hurling forward in his chair and clenching his teeth. I would also have to go on the attack."

The mutual bitterness and resentments between De Klerk and Mandela are palpable. How could these two have agreed on anything--lunch, for instance, much less the remaking of a nation? In one sense, the answer is simple. Mandela and De Klerk perfectly meet the first precondition of peacemakers: they do not like each other very much. Harmony is only intermittently triumphs, seems grateful for the gift of the other. But those triumphs are immense. These unlikely allies created the conditions for an event the world could not have foreseen only a few years earlier. "Our goal is a new South Africa," De Klerk told the audience at the Nobel awards ceremony. From the same platform, Mandela proclaimed, "We can today even set the dates when all humanity will join together to celebrate one of the outstanding victories of our century."

That victory was not easily won, and the mutual enmity between Mandela and De Klerk may be due in part to battle fatigue. There is another reason. Both men knew that their collaboration would, if successful, lead to political rivalry between them. De Klerk the incumbent and Mandela the challenger are now active candidates for the presidency of South Africa. Thanks to their work, the election scheduled for April 27 will afford all the nation's citizens, including the previously disenfranchised blacks who, numbering 28 million, make up 75% of the population. Given the stunning majority of potential black voters, Mandela is regarded as a shoo-in. Not by De Klerk, who seems determined to prove that he has not negotiated himself out of his job.

But it is not just casting eyes at the same prize that has made Mandela and De Klerk so uncomfortable together, so prone to display visceral anger toward each other's words and deeds. (They are not, after two dozen meetings, even on a first-name basis; it is "Mr. Mandela" and "Mr. President.") The task they have been forced by circumstances to undertake in concert has tested their characters in fiendishly exasperating ways.

Both De Klerk and Mandela are attorneys, skilled in the art of compromise. Both also have stubborn streaks and strong, entrenched opinions, shaped in large measure by their very different South African pasts. For De Klerk, a fourth-generation Afrikander and hence a beneficiary of white privilege under the old system, change has meant revoking the legacy of his forebears. He vehemently denies, however, that he has done so, and he claims that his father, who died in 1979 after serving in three apartheid-enforcing governments, "would agree with me today."

Still, De Klerk was not born a reformer. During his rise through the ranks of the National Party, he allied himself with its verkrampte, or "closed-minded conservative," camp. He was a pragmatic politician, eager to press the flesh and do the deal. He proved cautious in his personal life as well. He married and stayed married to his college sweetheart. An earlier generation of South African leaders liked to relax by hunting big game; De Klerk took up golf.

One thing that rankled Mandela's supporters
throughout the talks was De Klerk's dogged refusal to condemn the principle of apartheid. The President will admit that the system led to injustices, particularly the forced removals of blacks from places legally declared off limits to them. "That is where it became wrong, where it became morally unjustifiable, where it became an impecuniousness of the dignity of people." Even so, De Klerk speaks wistfully about "grand apartheid" as a system that might have worked in South Africa had all the nation's diverse ethnic and tribal groups accepted geographic separation voluntarily.

Mandela, a child of the oppressed majority, finds this notion hateful. It has been the labor of his life to overthrow apartheid, not because it didn't do its job but because it was morally repulsive. Part of Mandela's irritation with De Klerk seems to stem from this fundamental disagreement over why change was necessary. True, Mandela largely achieved through negotiations his vision of a nonracial, majority-run South Africa. But to be sure success, Mandela was compelled to forgive his own people for the black code and tell him that his own moral code tells him is unforgivable.

That he bowed to such compromise is testimony to the fact that the Nelson Mandela who walked with such dignity out of prison in February 1990 was not the same firebrand who had been placed there 27 years before. Born into the royal family of the Thembu, a clan of the Xhosas tribe based in the Transkei, Mandela was trained as a boy to rule someday as a chief. Instead he became a lawyer and an A.N.C. militant. He was just a few months after then A.N.C. leader Chief Albert Luthuli was awarded the 1960 Nobel Peace Prize that Mandela urged the party leadership to take up arms. Committed to nonviolence, Luthuli was deeply ambivalent about the proposition.

Mandela remembers Luthuli finally telling him, "We are going to keep to nonviolence, but we give you permission to go and start the organization to embark on armed actions. You will report to us from time to time on the progress you're making, with the understanding that the organization as such is not going to be involved."

As a founder of Umkhonto we Sizwe, the armed wing of the A.N.C., the young Mandela participated in acts of violence. But the attempt to maintain the fiction that the A.N.C. was uninvolved was quixotic. The government had already banned the organization in 1960; by 1962 Mandela was under arrest, and two years later he was sentenced to life imprisonment for sabotage.

Several interesting changes occurred during Mandela's long, long incarceration. For one thing, his enforced isolation slowly transformed him into a mythic figure. Incommunicado, without the opportunity to speak out on specific issues, Mandela in his silence became South Africa's most persuasive presence: an inspiration to blacks, a reeducation to whites. What is more, he sensed the moral power his confinement had conferred. Mandela had always been willing to talk; violence was his recourse when the other side would not listen. One day in 1986 he sat down and wrote a letter to the government proposing a dialogue on the nation's future. This gesture received a secret but surprisingly willing response from President P.W. Botha, a hard-liner on apartheid who nonetheless had begun to sense his country's escalating dilemma. Apartheid was collapsing of its own inherent absurdity. Moreover, the outlawed A.N.C.'s 1984 call to make South Africa "ungovernable" had been answered by a surge of black demonstrations and acts of civil disobedience. To put down such unrest, the government had to use increasingly brutal police and military actions, many of them filmed by news cameras and televised to appalled viewers around the globe. These ugly spectacles increased international pressure for economic sanctions against South Africa. Whites saw their nation becoming an international pariah.

Realizing he needed Mandela, Botha arranged a meeting with him at the presidential residence, Tuynhuys, in Cape Town in July 1989—Mandela had been slipped out of prison for the purpose. The two issued a joint communiqué committing themselves, in general terms, to peace. A month later, Botha, whose authoritarian style had impeded real progress, was nudged out of office by party leaders.

Though he was not one's idea of a revolutionary, De Klerk had carefully watched Botha's struggles to accommodate irreconcilable forces and had clearly seen that half measures were hardly going to bring domestic peace and renewed economic growth. De Klerk also had a natural interest in his own political future. In 1985 he had asked two consultants what he should do to succeed Botha; they both told him to soften his image on the necessity of preserving apartheid.

was self-determination. Grand apartheid was the concept of "separate development," bringing full political rights to the Zulus, the Xhosas and others; self-rule taking into account the diversity of identities. America is the only exception where the melting pot works. In the rest of the world, nation-states that have clear majorities of one ethnic group within the country have been the pattern. So I say separate development was morally justifiable if you look at it as a constitutional option. When apartheid started, the colonial powers weren't worried about black political rights at all. In America racial discrimination was thriving.

Mandela: The government did not want any form of demonstration from blacks, no matter how disciplined, how peaceful. Any demonstration was regarded as a declaration of war against white supremacy.

De Klerk: The A.N.C. would not have negotiated if they thought they could win the armed struggle. Their goal was to take over all power.

Mandela: Many of our staunch comrades, very militant, said that as a result of the armed struggle, many of our people were arrested, and we gave the regime the opportunity to destroy completely the movement inside the country. But what the government did was to send in their armored cars, and the soldiers went from house to house beating up people. We say that is no different.

De Klerk: I don't think it was a good idea to tell people where to live and to kick people out of particular townships. It became forced removals. That is where apartheid became morally unjustifiable. As it failed, it became more and more racist and less and less morally defensible. People's dignity was being impaired, and it brought humiliation. I have said this and again. "We are sorry that this happened."

Mandela: I don't think it is
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Men of the Year

This, cautiously, he began to do. Upon taking office, De Klerk announced, "Our goal is a totally changed South Africa." In December 1989 he convened a historic bosberaad, or bush council, at which he won his Cabinet's authorization to lift the government's ban on the A.N.C. and to release Mandela in February of the following year.

Then came the hard part.

Shortly before Mandela was freed, he and De Klerk met for the first time, again at the presidential residence in Cape Town. Things went well, both men now recall. Like partners in a soured marriage looking back to the heady days of courtship, they remember how pleased and surprised they were by each other's responsiveness, courtesy and willingness to cooperate. "We immediately started talking freely to each other," says De Klerk. "He met me on a basis of equality and discussed issues objectively," Mandela notes. "I was tremendously impressed."

Once out of prison, Mandela commended De Klerk as "a man of integrity." Months later, he retracted this judgment. As the intense bargaining between them began, Mandela was first startled and then outraged to discover that De Klerk was not a meek facilitator of historical inevitability but a tough, grudging opponent. De Klerk kept attempting to insert into any proposed power-sharing agreement checks and balances that would still give whites some guarantees of a voice in future governments. Mandela briddled and complained that the National Party "keeps looking for ways to exercise power even if it loses a democratic election."

Both men have tempers that are ordinarily tamed in public. In private, however, they grew increasingly angry with each other. De Klerk flew into rages at the charge that he did not care about township violence—as if, Mandela suspected, he could not stand being scolded by a black man. And Mandela's story reserve sometimes dissolved as well. A Mandela aide commented about some of these torrid sessions: "I sometimes feel sorry for De Klerk after the old man bullies him." Their disagreements became so acrimonious that Mandela and De Klerk at one point broke off all personal contacts, communicating only through letters and public statements. But both had invested too much in the process to let it founder. Shrewdly, they delegated the day-to-day haggling to subordinates.

And the leading understudies, government ministers Roelof Meyer, 46, and A.N.C. secretary-general Cyril Ramaphosa, 41, eventually came through with the crucial compromise: an agreement to establish a government of national unity for five years after the first free elections in April. Full-scale majority-rule democracy would arrive, with some time allowed for all South Africans to get used to it. In perhaps their finest moment since their first meeting, De Klerk and Mandela recognized the wisdom of this plan and made critical concessions. De Klerk dropped his insistence on building in some form of white veto over majority rule. Mandela relinquished his demand for a strong centralized government and accepted a form of federalism that grants nine provinces some attributes of autonomy. And then both men, despite private disappointments over details, energetically sold this plan to their people.

The exact nature of what Mandela and De Klerk together have achieved may not be clear for many years. The nation they share has an explosive history of racial, ethnic and tribal violence. Can an infant democracy heal the searing wounds of past injustices and bind up all the diverse people of South Africa?

Sometimes against their wills, instincts and self-interests, Mandela and De Klerk have nevertheless made that question their nation's most urgent concern. And both deny they deserve much individual credit for what they have done so far. "I think it would have been possible for others to do the same," says De Klerk. Mandela argues that his success was really the triumph of the A.N.C.: "I don't think there is much history can say about me. I just want to be remembered as part of that collective." Both are too modest. If the chain of events they have set in motion leads to the conclusion they both want, then the future will write of them—as it will of Yasser Arafat and Yitzhak Rabin if their vision is realized—that these were leaders who seized their days and actually dared to lead.

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THE PRESIDENCY

The Nightmares

"We have not done anything wrong. The allegations on abuse of the state or the federal positions I have—it's not true."
Before Christmas

Cheer was hard to find at the White House after episodes from Bill Clinton's past came to haunt him

By RICHARD LACAYO

Bill Clinton is usually a great off-the-cuff speaker, able to answer complicated questions smoothly and with a sure command of detail. But at times last week he found himself struggling for words. The worst moment came when a radio reporter questioned the President on vivid new charges about a painful old subject: extramarital affairs. "So none of this actually happened?" the reporter asked. The President answered in the tones of a man stumbling through thickets of misgiving. "I have nothing else to say," he declared. "We...we did, if, the, the, I, I, the stories are just as they have been said." Finally he arrived at the assertion he might have begun with: "They're outrageous, and they're not so."

This was not the way the White House was planning to greet the holidays. After a turbulent but ultimately productive first year, polls were showing that the President's approval rating had jumped to a gratifying 58%. White House aides, looking forward to a long-overdue breather, had lined up a series of Yuletide photo ops and year-end interviews that would let the President and Mrs. Clinton focus on the budget victory, the come-from-behind NAFTA triumph and next year's campaign on health care.

The week opened instead with two painful blasts from the past, one about sex, the other about money. The twin controversies prodded back to life old campaign questions about Clinton's judgment, character and trustworthiness. "We've been having acid flashbacks," groaned one official. The most titillating charges, which came to light in the conservative monthly the American Spectator and in the Los Angeles Times, portrayed Clinton as a reckless, obsessive womanizer who used state troopers to arrange trysts even after the presidential election and then tried to bribe potential squealers with offers of federal jobs. The portrayal seemed perilously close to the old "Slick Willie" caricature, potentially the kind of story that could seriously damage Clinton's hard-won image as a steadfast, effective leader. Yet the sex stories were probably the lesser of Clinton's headaches last week, because the most credible of them took place before he began to run for President, a period during which he had already admitted that he had caused "pain in my marriage."

Far more swampy were new suspicions that the Clintons, as First Couple of Arkansas, had somehow acted improperly while a real estate partner ruined a savings and loan institution that eventually cost taxpayers $47 million to bail out. The Justice Department is investigating the now defunct S&L
and the Clinton partnership to see whether money from the thrift was diverted to support faltering real estate schemes, including a development company called Whitewater in which the Clintons had invested, and to finance politicians—Clinton among them. At week's end the President decided to give Justice all personal documents related to Whitewater, a move that may satisfy investigators for the moment. But the potential conflicts of interest in the case are sure to invite further scrutiny: Hillary Clinton did legal work for the failed thrift, and a Clinton friend served as chief thrift regulator.

The shock and gravity of last week's potential scandals had a visible impact on the Clintons. The First Lady reacted defiantly, standing by her man and accusing their accusers of a political conspiracy. "I find it not an accident," she said, "that every time he is on the verge of fulfilling his commitment to the American people and they are responding, out comes yet a new round of these outrageous, terrible stories that people plant for political and financial reasons." Mrs. Clinton threw herself into her work with fresh vigor, but her husband seemed somber and distracted in private meetings. In public he was unusually careful in his words. "I just don't want to do anything to prolong this," he said.

The Spectator article, long on damaging detail but short on corroboration, was based largely on interviews with two Arkansas state troopers, Larry Patterson and Roger Perry, assigned to Clinton's security detail in the 1980s. They picture the Clintons as a pinstripe Jiggs and Maggie—him often tiptoeing home past midnight, her sometimes greeting him on his return with a mouthful of four-letter words and a temper that Patterson says once resulted in a smashed cupboard door. Their relationship, author David Brock wrote, "is more a business relationship than a marriage."

As to the working methods of Clinton's alleged womanizing, Perry and Patterson claim he sometimes visited mistresses when he was supposed to be out jogging, then splashed himself with water to give the impression that he was sweating from a long run. Other women were supposedly dalled with in parked cars, where Patterson says he twice saw a woman perform oral sex on Clinton. The troopers were around to wipe makeup off his shirt collar or arrange hotel.

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<th>THE DUBIOUS VENTURE</th>
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<td>During the 1980s, the Clintons were involved in an Arkansas real estate partnership with a crash-and-burn thrift-operator whose collapsed institution cost taxpayers $47 million. The Clintons deny any wrongdoing, but many mysteries endure, including how much they knew about their partner's activities and whether any of the S&amp;L funds were diverted into the Governor's campaign coffers.</td>
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| 1976 | Clinton became Governor and appointed James McDougal an economic-development adviser. Later that year, Bill and Hillary Clinton joined with McDougal and his wife Susan to form a real estate partnership, Whitewater Development, to subdivide a steep, rocky 230-acre parcel on the White River into 44 homesites. The Clintons took out an unsecured, $20,000 bank loan for their share of the down payment on the land purchase of $203,000. Whitewater invested $40,000 over the next two years on roads and surveys. |
| 1979 | " |
| 1982 | McDougal bought Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan, a sleepy institution with assets of $2 million, situated 75 miles north of Little Rock. \*WITHE WATER\* Whitewater's books reportedly showed nearly $300,000 in revenues from plot sales. Mrs. Clinton borrowed $30,000 from a McDougal-owned bank to pay for a model home on the development. |
| 1983 | McDougal rapidly expanded Madison Guaranty, prompting the Arkansas banking commissioner, Marlie Jackson, to warn the S&L to stop making imprudent loans. The banking regulator told Clinton about McDougal's shoddy practices, Jackson claims, but no action was taken. |
| 1984 | Tens of thousands of dollars in mysterious checks began moving through Whitewater's account at Madison Guaranty, according to a later probe by the Resolution Trust Corp. The investigators suspect that McDougal was operating a check-kiting scheme to drain money from the S&L but found no evidence the Clintons were aware of it. |
| 1986 | FEBRUARY: David Hale, a local judge and a federally sponsored lending-company operator, claims Clinton and McDougal asked him to arrange a loan of $300,000 to clean up dubious loans at Madison S&L: Clinton denies it. Hale approved the loan for that amount to McDougal's wife, claiming she qualified as a disadvantaged small-business owner. |
| OCTOBER: Using some of the proceeds from the loan, Whitewater bought 810 acres from International Paper, paying $100,000 down. The McDougals later defaulted on the loan and the property reverted to International Paper. The Clintons claim they never knew about the purchase. |
Y FAR THE MOST INFLAMMATORY charge in the Times, however, was Perry's claim that President Clinton called Danny Ferguson, one of two troopers who had originally tried to remain anonymous, and offered federal jobs to Ferguson and Perry in exchange for their silence. If true, the accusation could open Clinton to charges of bribery or other criminal misuses of office. The White House acknowledged that Clinton had called the troopers in September, but heatedly rejected the claim that any job offers were made. Last week Ferguson came forward to deny Perry's story. At the prompting of Clinton adviser Bruce Lindsey and former campaign aide Betsey Wright, he issued a signed affidavit in which he insisted that neither he, Perry nor Patterson was offered jobs by Clinton in return for silence.

1985 JANUARY: Clinton appointed a friend, Beverly Basset Schaffer, as head of the State Securities Department, which helps supervise S&Ls. Schaffer did not disclose that she had been assigned to a Madison Guaranty project at her law firm.

1988 APRIL: Bill Clinton asked McDougall to host a fundraiser to pay off a $50,000 personal loan that Clinton had borrowed to help finance his 1984 re-election campaign. The event raised $35,000, but regulators are now investigating whether some of the money was diverted from Madison S&L.

1991 Hillary Clinton, whose law firm represented Madison, proposed an unusual stock sale to shore up the troubled S&L. Schaffer's agency approved the deal, but it later fell through.

1992 MARCH: To answer questions about their involvement in Whitewater, the Clintons asked Denver attorney James Lyons to audit their investment. He calculated they received no return on their $80,000 investment through May 1991.

1993 JULY: Just before Foster's suicide, Lyons talked on the phone with Foster several times. Lyons says he talked only about "personal matters." After Foster's death, White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum removed files from Foster's office that contained material about the Clinton's finances.

1989 Federal regulators liquidated Madison S&L at an estimated cost of $47 million to taxpayers.

1992 OCTOBER: The RTC notified the Justice Department that Whitewater may have benefited from the suspected check-kiting scheme at Madison S&L, though there is no evidence that the Clintons knew it. Justice decided not to pursue the case.

1987 McDougall sent all Whitewater records to Hillary Clinton at the Governor's mansion, he claims. The Clintons contend that they received an incomplete set of documents.
Ferguson and his attorney Robert Batton added an ambiguous wrinkle: in a September phone talk with Clinton, Ferguson asked if the President had ever received a memo from Perry requesting a position on one of the President's councils on drugs. Batton said Clinton was unaware of the request but offered to try to track it down. According to Batton, he asked Ferguson to get in touch with Perry to find out the content of Perry's memo allegedly beating his wife. The pair is also being sued by an insurance company, which charges that Patterson lied about a one-car collision, in which he hit a tree while driving a state car; Perry and a female officer were passengers. Patterson and Perry both admit lying about the incident in depositions.

One reason it was important for the White House to head off any erosion in public trust is that Clinton may well need it in weeks to come as he faces the questions surrounding former real estate partner James McDougal and the S&L he operated, Madison Guaranty. Clinton joined with McDougal and the two men's wives in a partnership to develop land along the White River. Though it was among the largest investments in their portfolio, the Clintons have described their involvement in Whitewater Development as mostly passive, with McDougal making all the decisions. Based on a campaign lawyer's report prepared in early 1992, the Clintons claim to have made no return on their investment of at least $68,900 in the partnership. Said Clinton last week: "We were clearly losing money, and we never knew, until obviously the accountant closed the books out, exactly how much we had lost." Whether the Clintons actually lost their entire investment, however, remains in dispute.

In recent weeks the Justice Department has been stepping up a three-month-old investigation into Madison Guaranty's collapse. One question that investigators want answered is whether the failed thrift received favorable

and to get back in touch with Clinton. Batton said no further discussions took place.

As the week went on, the troopers' stories, which were unsupported by notes or documents, proved almost impossible to verify. Every one of Clinton's alleged mistresses who could be identified and reached either denied the troopers' claims or refused to speak. In one allegation, Patterson claimed to have escorted a woman he identifies as a judge's wife to a send-off ceremony at the Little Rock airport before Clinton's Inaugural. At the airport, he said, Hillary Clinton recognized the woman as one of her husband's mistresses and furiously ordered the trooper to take her away.

Reached last week by TIME, the woman insisted that the story was "totally false... I have never had a relationship with Bill Clinton outside of a friendship and a professional relationship." Meanwhile, the woman who allegedly had the 94-minute, late-night conversation with Clinton came forward anonymously last week to tell the New York Daily News that "there was no sex involved" in their relationship. Clinton had been calling, she insisted, to "help her through a personal crisis."

Other doubts about the President's accusers sprung up. Both troopers acknowledged that they had been caught cheating on their own wives in the past. Patterson was once suspended from his trooper job for all-

"We were clearly losing money and never knew, until obviously the accountant closed the books out, exactly how much we had lost."

—BILL CLINTON
treatment by Arkansas state regulators, including one, Beverly Basset Schaffer, who was appointed by Clinton. That line of pursuit could also produce questions for Hillary, who as an attorney represented Madison in its bid to launch an adventurous stock scheme at a time when Clinton was Governor.

MORE TROUBLE MAY COME FROM Capitol Hill. For months Representative Henry Gonzalez, the Texas Democrat who is chairman of the House Banking Committee, has been resisting calls to step up a laggard investigation of Madison by his committee. But last week's disclosures provide ammunition for Jim Leach of Iowa, the committee's ranking Republican, who has been pushing for a more vigorous investigation. Says Newt Gingrich, House minority whip: "If we had a Republican President, there would be full-blooded committee hearings in January. What you're seeing here is Democrats banding together to cover up, ignore and minimize."

In the Senate, Alfonse D'Amato of New York, ranking Republican on the Senate Banking Committee, has called for hearings as well. But so far the committee's Democratic chairman, Donald Riegle of Michigan, has said he would rather let the Justice Department's investigation run its course. In the same vein, Attorney General Janet Reno rejected calls last week for her to appoint a special counsel to take over her department's investigations into Guaranty. She explained that since anyone appointed by her would still be seen as her operative, it would be better for experienced department investigators to carry on. With Reno's blessing, Justice officials picked a prosecutor with impeccable Republican credentials—Donald Mackay, a fraud-section lawyer who was once a Nixon-appointed U.S. attorney—to direct the criminal investigation of Madison and Whitewater.

Which of these scandals will dog the President? Perhaps not the sexual imbroglio—Americans knew Clinton had sinned but elected him anyway. Says William E. Leuchtenburg, professor of history at the University of North Carolina: "It's one question if this sort of thing arises during a campaign, and we have to wonder what sort of President this person will be. It's another thing entirely now that he's President, and we know the job he's doing."

However, the financial morass surrounding Madison Guaranty may be considered far more pertinent because it shows how Clinton runs a government. And in Little Rock in the roaring 1980s, the environment was apparently chewy and murky enough to keep investigators busy for some time to come.

REPORTED BY LAURANCE L. BARRETT and Michael Duffy/Washington and Jay Peterzell/Little Rock

WHALE OF A TALE: Jackson has steered the story through the media blitz

The Man Behind the Harpoons

WEN ARKANSAS STATE TROOPERS LARRY PATTERSON AND ROGER PERRY met with reporters last week, standing beside them as media liaison and anecdote prodger was a Little Rock lawyer whom friends of Bill Clinton have taken to calling "Ahab." It is a befitting moniker: from the moment he began telling journalists last year that Clinton was lying about the draft, Cliff Jackson has been out to harpoon the President. The question is why.

Surprisingly, the two have much in common. Both were overachievers who grew up in small Arkansas towns; both won scholarships to Oxford; they even served as co-captains on the same basketball team. Yet despite their similarities, Jackson and Clinton never became close: although Clinton today is said to remember Jackson as "a nice guy," a member of the President's Oxford coterie says Jackson was "not even in the third circle of Clinton's friends." While Jackson insists, "I have no personal vendetta against Bill Clinton," one of his friends says Clinton saw Jackson as a bumpkin and treated him badly. Whether the slights were real or imagined, Jackson, he says, never forgot.

When the two men returned home, Clinton began his rise to the top of Arkansas politics, while a flatter trajectory took Jackson into private law practice. He developed a flair for grandstanding: in 1986, for example, he filed a $2 million suit on behalf of a woman who said she had purchased a "maggoty" Her- schey's Kiss. Jackson wrote his brief in rhyme, releasing to the press such lines as, "There, wiggling and squirming all over the place, were oodles of maggots flavoring the taste." In another incident, he staged a protest of a power company's rate hike by symbolically tossing electric bills down a toilet while flushing sounds played in the background. In February 1992, Jackson turned his guns on Clinton when he unveiled a letter offering proof that Clinton had received an induction notice for the draft. Over the next few months, he told anyone who would listen—including CNN's Larry King—that Bill Clinton was not fit to be President.

A conservative who is far enough to the right so that friends jokingly say he "could be a staff adviser to Rush Limbaugh," Jackson has demonstrated an astute understanding of how the media works—and how it can be manipulated. That skill served him well two weeks ago, when he refused to allow Patterson and Perry to speak with the Associated Press after they had talked to the American Spectator and the Los Angeles Times. He told the A.P. that he "felt we needed the national TV hammer at this time." The hammer, it turned out, was CNN: on Sunday night last week the story was beamed worldwide, and by Wednesday morning it had made its way onto the front pages of the Washington Post and USA Today. Score another harpoon for Ahab.

Reported by Dan Goodgame/Washington and Suneel Ratan/Little Rock

—By Kevin Fedarko.
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TAKING STOCK  YEAR'S END IS A TIME OF TRADITION AND TRANSITION. SO FOLKS PLAY THE SPIRITUAL PARLOR GAME CALLED TAKING STOCK, IN WHICH THE PLAYERS CONSIDER WHAT THE WORLD'S SHAVERS HAVE GIVEN THEM. IN THESE PAGES IS ONE VIEW OF LIFE AT THE END OF 1993: SCIENCE LOOKS AHEAD; ART LOOKS BACK.

Each discipline could help the other. Those stratospheric Maytag repairmen from the Endeavour might be hired to wire the TV set of the future for 500 channels, and then maybe the gene wizards could splice some decent programming into it. Biosphere II might be a good place to lock away all those fun couples—Burt and Loni, John and Lorena, Ted and Whoopi—until they sort things out. But this is science fiction, mere dreamery. Art doesn't solve problems any more than (pace Janet Reno) it creates them.

What art does, or did this year, is review those thorny issues in the past tense. So much of 1993's art amounted to a gigantic act of pained remembrance. Experience the Holocaust, in a museum or a movie. Look clearly at Jack Kennedy, or recycle Teddy into pulp. Watch the Great Depression in four weekly installments. Today those who forget the past are condemned to relive it—on the big screen or small.

It is also salutary to recall 1993's failings: Mitch Williams in the World Series, Chevy Chase on late-night TV, Michael Jackson in the court of public opinion. Everyone, after all, builds a future on a resolve not to repeat old blunders. May we all profit from examining our yesterdays, todays and tomorrows. They are the only days we have.
1 The Age of Innocence. Movies, and movie critics, so regularly champion the audacious, the reckless, the most, that an achievement like Martin Scorsese's with this impeccable adaptation of an Edith Wharton novel may be overlooked. The plot brings together a gentle man (Daniel Day-Lewis) and a worldly woman (Michelle Pfeiffer). But the true subject is reticence, its charms and perils—the mannerly, orderly life that most of us try to live. Tip-toeing through the plush parlors of old Manhattan, the film finds ecstasy in the kissing of a lady's wrist, and heartbreak in a sigh. This, then, is Scorsese at his most daring: he has composed a tragic opera, sung in whispers.

2 Schindler's List
An unlikely, enigmatic hero—a playboy industrialist—rescues 1,100 Polish Jews from the Holocaust. In retelling this true story, Steven Spielberg's austere but monumental film re-creates, with chilling immediacy, a central horror of 20th century life and death. Epic cinema, tragic drama, it is also an act of remembrance and conscience that ultimately transcends the ordinary critical categories.

3 Leolo
Little boy lost: French-Canadian writer-director Jean-Claude Lauzon takes this familiar theme and replaces its sentimentality with luscious surrealism. No family could be more horrifying than little Leo's, no boy more frantic to find refuge in fantasy, no movie bolder in fashioning domestic tragedy into art.

4 In the Name of the Father
Daniel Day-Lewis is brilliant as Gerry Conlon, the Belfast lad falsely accused of IRA terrorism and imprisoned with his long-suffering da. Jim Sheridan's movie is informed by an angry passion for justice, by a splendid ensemble of actors and by some of the year's most skilfully kinetic filmmaking.

5 Farewell My Concubine
To make this show-biz epic, director Chen Kaige may have risked his professional life. The Chinese authorities first banned the film, then allowed its release after deleting scenes that depicted Maoist torture and pig-headedness. But this half-century panorama of the Peking Opera is at heart a swirling entertainment—outsize emotions drawn on a vast, colorful canvas—with a seductive, star-is-born turn by Hong Kong actor Leslie Cheung.

6 The Snapper
A fractional Dublin family faces an awkward fact: the eldest daughter is soon to give birth to an illegitimate baby. This crowd- ed, wayward, funny film, written by Roddy Doyle and directed by Stephen Frears, is a hymn to family values without any of the usual piety. It gives Colm Meaney, as the emotionally hard- pressed father, the role of a lifetime.

7 Tim Burton's the Nightmare Before Christmas
Every Burton film is Halloween scary and candy-cane sweet. So it's appropriate that the revered imaginer (Beetlejuice, the Batman films, Edward Scissorhands) dreamed up this stop-motion fable about a Halloween ghoul who wants to play Santa Claus. Directed by Henry Selick, Nightmare is Disney's weirdest cartoon ever: chilly, rollicking, endlessly inventive. And it's animated by Danny Elfman's magical-spokeykeal score. Is this the first Hollywood musical to set every one of its 10 songs in a minor key?

8 King of the Hill
In Depression-era St. Louis, a 12-year-old (played with wary, wily reserve by Jesse Bradford) mobilizes both imagination and practicality to survive on his own after his family breaks up. Director Steven Soderbergh takes a strong-minded look at a hard-luck life.

9 Like Water for Chocolate
Home cooking is the sorecery of the oppressed. In this sprawling banquet of a romantic Mexican melodrama, forbidden love finds the recipe for fulfillment—even if it takes a lifetime and beyond. Screenwriter-novelist Laura Esquivel and her husband, director Alfonso Arau, capture a savory passion that comes straight from the hearth.

10 Shadowlands
The oddest of couples—an emotionally choked Oxford don and a high-spirited American poet—find a transforming moment of happiness as they confront her imminent demise. Richard Attenborough's film gains strength from the sterling performances of Anthony Hopkins and Debra Winger as the live-and-learn lovers.
The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader-Murdering Mom (HBO). Holly Hunter, mystically mute in the movie The Piano, chattered compulsively as Wanda Holloway, the home- maker accused of plotting to eliminate her daughter’s cheerleading competition. Her hilarious, high-strung performance was just part of the fun of this delicious send-up of TV’s ripped-from-the-headlines docudramas. Director Michael Ritchie (Smile) brought his deadpan wit to a marvelous script by Jane Anderson, and Lucy Simon contributed an infectious, country-flavored score.

The Great Depression (PBS)
In the tradition of The Civil War and Eyes on the Prize, this documentary series (from Eyes creator Henry Hampton) brought another patch of American history to life with an artist’s eye and an educator’s passion. Everything from the headlines to the political battles was made fresh, dramatic, relevant.

Laurel Avenue (HBO)
A working-class black family in Minnesota battles against drugs, crime and assorted family crises. This two-part drama, directed by Carl Franklin (One False Move), was startling in its frankness yet leavened by a stubborn optimism, a far cry from TV’s usual easy sentimentality.

Bakersfield P.D. (FOX)
The little series that couldn’t. This loopy comedy about a provincial police department provided more laughs than any other new show this season, yet its ratings have not budged beyond the Nielsen basement. After sticking with the show longer than expected, Fox is finally pulling it off the air. And so goes the saddest story of ’93.

NYPD Blue (ABC)
Here’s the happiest: at a time when serious dramas have virtually disappeared from prime time and new shows seem doomed unless they get sure-fire time slots, Steven Bochco returned to form with a fierce, unfashionably hard-edged police drama—and scored a surprise hit. Stars David Caruso and Dennis Franz provide solid character groundwork that has eclipsed the well-publicized (and very occasional) glimpses of nudity.

Perot vs. Gore (CNN)
Perhaps not since the Army-McCarthy hearings in 1954 has a public figure been so thoroughly undone by a performance on television. The Vice President is no star debater, but he was good enough to expose the mean-spirited bluster of the little man from Texas. The second big loser of the evening: the strangely passive moderator, Larry King.

... AND THE WORST

Cloning David Letterman
White guys sitting around talking, wisecracking, introducing nutty comedy bits: Doesn’t anybody have any new ideas for a late-night show? Chevy, Conan, Jay and soon Greg Kinnear (from E’s Talk Soup) are all trying vainly to duplicate Dave. Come back, Joan Rivers, all is forgiven.

Wild Palms (ABC)
Granted, Oliver Stone and Bruce Wagner’s futuristic mini-series eventually ran out of gas in the plot department. Still, the ride was bracing—full of unnerving images, a richly imagined vision of the technofuture, and a paranoid atmosphere more convincing than anything Stone managed in JFK. No other mini-series all season offered half as much.

The Larry Sanders Show (HBO)
A sitcom about a talk show, starring a real-life talk-show host, who last starred in a sitcom as himself, a comedian with a sitcom. One’s first impulse is to tell Garry Shandling to get a life. The second is to revel in this wicked exposé of show-business narcissism—TV’s shrewdest media satire since Tanner ’88.

60 Minutes . . . 25 Years (CBS)
The anniversaries keep piling up, but this time Mike, Morley and the rest of the gang did more than the obligatory clip job. They gave us a piquant peek at the show’s foibles as well as its triumphs. They reminded us too that for all their many imitators, the old codgers still do it best.

Hard Copy (SYNDICATED)
But the new kids are changing the rules. Less tacky than A Current Affair, more fun than Inside Edition, this compulsively watchable tabloid show strikes a nice balance between sensationalism and enterprising journalism. When Michael Jackson or River Phoenix is in the news, everyone else seems a day behind.
THE BEST DESIGN OF 1993

1. James Ingo Freed: U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum. It's hard to imagine a more difficult architectural commission: design a museum devoted to the Holocaust that is also a fitting memorial to its victims—and make it beautiful and decorous, and put it on the Mall in Washington, which has heretofore been reserved for stone commemorations of American goodness (George Washington, Abraham Lincoln) and American tragedy (Vietnam). And it's hard to imagine a more successful job of it than that managed by architect Freed, a partner of I.M. Pei's. With its exhibits designed by Ralph Appelbaum, Freed's museum is neither a pious, too-easy-to-take abstraction nor a meretriciously Disneyesque Auschwitz-land; rather it is a craftsmanlike, thoughtful and powerfully disturbing hybrid of both, a ghostly but never wholly literal evocation of the camps as well as a sublime contemplation of history (even, with its Speerish neoclassical façade, architectural history) and memory.

2. Frank Gehry: Weisman Art Museum
Like Frank Lloyd Wright, Gehry, 64, seems to become fresher and more creative as he ages. This year's masterpiece is the Frederick R. Weisman Art Museum at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis. The smallish museum concentrates on 20th century American art, and the exterior can be seen as a tough, gleefully manic (that is, American) work of Cubist sculpture or as a giant brushed-stainless-steel popcorn kernel, or as a wizard's castle in some 23rd century fairy tale. Inside, where huge skylights bathe the galleries in sunlight, the feeling is serene but never static.

3. David Killof: Daybreak Grove
The proportion of America's homeless population consisting of families with children increased 30% during 1993, according to a report issued last week. Which makes Daybreak Grove, a tiny but splendid attempt in the San Diego exurb of Escondido to give a few impoverished families homes, all the more heartening. The project shows that low-income housing need not be dreary or demeaning: this is a lively and dignified piece of tightly woven architecture. Architects Christine Killof and her partner, Chilean-born Remé Davids, have used as their central idea a traditional Latin American form: each two- and three-bedroom unit is built around a small internal patio, and all 13 are arrayed around a central plaza and playground.

4. Antoine Predock: House
In the capricious realm where world-class architectural reputations are created, Predock has had two things going against him: because he practices in Albuquerque, New Mexico, he has been dismissed as a regionalist, and because he is earnestly New Agey in explaining his architecture (elemental earth forces, invisible Native American residues, ufos and so on), critics and tastemakers have not always granted him his considerable due. But he has consistently produced marvelous, singular work, and the house he just finished in the Dallas suburb of Highland Park is particularly fine. Set on a steep, forested site in a neighborhood of conventionally swanky Texas mansions, the new house is a most-quietly severe collage of limestone, concrete and black steel, simultaneously grave and jazzy. Nor is it simply a multimillion-dollar one-liner.

The entrance to the place is one thing (giant, portentous limestone chunks), the inside quite another (vast, airy volumes), and the rear (a huge, mirrored steel plate) still another. Out back, a 60-ft. ramp projects uselessly and wonderfully up into the sky. With its impeccable detailing and rich, complex plan, the building reimagines the idea of the modernist villa.
Douglas Green: ETA Furniture
ETA stands for "easy to assemble," and it is, since Green, a Maine-based designer-craftsman, has conceived, refined and started manufacturing the Arts and Craftsy pieces himself. They come in kits and are made of solid cherrywood, not veneer. The component timbers are precisely slotted and notched to fit without nails, screws or glue. In each instance, the final component--for instance, the top of the dining table--acts as a keystone to hold the item together. It's the '90s ideal: classic, ingenious, unpretentious, real.

James Stewart Polshek: Ed Sullivan Theater Renovation
If you're paying one person $42 million to host America's best late-night talk show, why skimp on the studio? Within weeks of announcing David Letterman's arrival early this year, CBS bought the old vaudeville theater, thus committing itself to a crazy, six-month renovation schedule. Polshek, an unerring and seriously underrated architect, not only rewired and re-plumbed the place and removed the cat-size rats and the running stream from the basement, but he also peeled away 57-year-old walls to discover the theater's original four-story Neo-Gothic apse on either side of the stage and, throughout the theater, a vast amount of decorative plasterwork, 40% of which needed replacing. In addition, a modern TV infrastructure had to be implanted without seriously disturbing any of the splendid 1927 shell. For all that, the total cost was still probably less than Letterman earns in a year.

Kent Larson: Louis Kahn's Hurva Synagogue
Kahn, one of the 20th century's greatest architects, died in 1974 before the synagogue was built in Jerusalem, and the project died with him. Yet now it exists, virtually, thanks to a stunning act of digital cyber-architecture by architect Larson and computer expert Koji Tsuchiya. They have concocted 20 uncannily realistic "views" on a Silicon Graphics workstation. Even the materials are authentic, since Larson digitized photos of the concrete, stone and wood from Kahn's Center for British Art at Yale and used them to "build" the synagogue.

Spencer Associates: Coldwater Ridge Visitor Services Center
Leave it to Americans to take a disaster that killed 57 people just 13 years ago and turn it into an official federal tourist trap. Fortunately, this center in the blast-zone heart of the Mount St. Helens National Volcanic Monument nicely avoids both government-issue banality and hokey log-cabin regionalism. Spencer Associates, based in Palo Alto, California, has created a spectacular glass-covered grand hall, from which one can gawk at acres of ash, lava beds, charred cedars stumps and, eight miles away, the still active volcano.

Massimo Morozzi: Alessi Bottle Opener
The Italian company Alessi has produced a witty kitchen bibelot from nearly every item of houseware. Now it has got around to the lowly bottle opener. Perhaps inspired by a mental picture of millions of infantilized men sucking on beer bottles as they watch football (or soccer) on TV, Morozzi used the baby rattle as a model, producing a jumbo-size plastic opener that is both playful and elegant. It comes in black and white and--yes--blue and pink.

Roz Chast: "Mad About" CD Covers
Making a pointedly unserious attempt to attract new buyers, the classical-record label Deutsche Grammophon commissioned fey, funny cartoonist Chast to paint the covers for their Mad About series of reissues. The result: a charming new brand--and a possible explanation of why CDs are exactly the size of cartoons.
THE BEST ENVIRONMENT OF 1993

1 Solar Power Soars.
Tapping energy directly from the sun and converting it into electricity has long been a dream of ecovisionaries. Falling costs for equipment and steadily rising efficiency have finally brought solar power into the realm of the practical. The most solid indication that the technology is here to stay: 68 utilities, serving 40% of the nation's electricity consumers, formed a consortium to buy $500 million worth of solar-energy panels during the next six years. That promises to be just the jump-start solar manufacturers need to hold their own with the big boys in the oil and gas industries.

2 Ending the Free Ride
For decades, ranchers and miners could count on the U.S. government to provide cheap access to public lands. No more. Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt bucked opposition from Western politicians and persuaded the President and Congress to boost low grazing and mining fees.

3 German Recycling
Many nations are starting to recycle things that are easy to get out of the waste stream, such as paper and glass, but the Germans have gone much further. In 1993 Germany expanded its recycling program to include all product packaging—from gum wrappers to yogurt cups. A glut of recyclables has hampered the program, but the Germans are committed to making it work.

4 New Forest Service Boss
Biologist Jack Ward Thomas once headed a scientific team that called for banning timber cutting in some federal forests in the Northwest to protect the spotted owl. Environmentalists were thus delighted when the President named Thomas chief of the U.S. Forest Service, which regulates logging in national forests.

5 Taj Mahal Saved
When Shah Jahan finished the gleaming white Taj Mahal in 1648, he never dreamed that iron foundries and other factories would someday cause the monument to become yellowed and pitted. In 1993 the Indian Supreme Court ordered 230 of the facilities shut down until they install pollution controls.

...AND THE WORST

2 Oil Spills
The breakup of the tanker Braer near Britain's Shetland Islands did a lot less damage than one might expect from 26 million gal. of escaped crude oil. But after another major spill near the Strait of Malacca, off Sumatra, Britain's Transport Secretary concluded that the number of substandard tankers on the seas was an "international disgrace." A Shell International Petroleum report claimed that 20% of the world's fleet was unfit for duty.

3 Tigers on the Brink
About 100,000 tigers roamed Asia at the turn of the century; fewer than 5,000 are left, thanks to loss of habitat and the demand for body parts used as folk remedies and exotic foods (example: tiger-penis soup, popular in Taiwan). The South China tiger is "biologically unrecov- erable," say experts, and the number of India's Bengal tigers, the world's most populous subspecies, has declined 26% since 1989, to fewer than 4,000.

4 Whaling Is Back
After a seven-year hiatus, and in defiance of world opinion, Norway hoisted its harpoons and went back into the commercial whaling business last summer, taking 160 minke whales for their meat and fat. The Norwegians say they will do it again next year, too, though the hunt violates a moratorium decreed by the International Whaling Commission.

5 Ice for Antarctica
Environmentalists were angry enough when Chile towed an Antarctic iceberg to Spain for Expo '92 in Seville; they said removing even a token chunk of the all but pristine continent was a bad precedent. Chile's ill-conceived response was to haul the 85-ton ice cube back this year, burning enormous amounts of fuel and generating clouds of pollution along the way.
Hubble Rescued

The Endeavour astronauts played Mr. and Mrs. Good-wrench in space—and on live television—performing daring orbital repairs on the nearsighted Hubble Space Telescope and giving beleaguered NASA a badly needed boost.

Dark Matter Discovered

For nearly a decade, scientists had been searching for dark matter—the mysterious stuff whose gravity seemed to hold the universe together but which nobody had ever seen. This year they found it—or at least some of it—in the form of Jupiter-like clumps of matter known as massive compact halo objects, or MACHOS.

Fusion Breakthrough

The hottest place in the solar system—for a few moments—was the interior of a huge doughnut-shaped contraption at the Princeton Plasma Physics Lab, which in a burst of heat and light generated more than 5 million watts of energy, a record for nuclear fusion and a milestone on the road to making power plants fueled by ingredients from ordinary water a 21st century reality.

Fermat's Last Theorem

The puzzler that stumped the world's greatest mathemati-cal minds for 350 years was finally solved by Princeton's Andrew Wiles—or was it? Like French mathematician Pierre de Fermat, who claimed to have discovered a marvelous proof he couldn't fit in the margin of his notebook, Wiles has run into a last-minute problem but says he is sure he can resolve it.

Ancient Genes

The premise of Jurassic Park—that material from blood cells found in the thorax of a prehistoric fly might be cloned to re-create a living dinosau-r—was echoed eerily in the science journals. Not only did scientists extract bits of DNA from the bone marrow of a 65-million-year-old Tyrannosaurus rex fossil, but they also recovered intact DNA from an insect trapped in amber back in the Mesozoic era, 130 million years ago.

Biospherians Emerge

They may have been the butt of countless Leno and Letterman jokes, but the eight men and women of Biosphere II suddenly collapsed, apparently the victim of infighting, overpopulation and reckless destruction of the rain forest.

Superconducting Supercollider

Big Science took a big hit when Congress finally pulled the plug on the Superconducting Supercollider, the 54-mile-around atom smasher that was supposed to be the world's largest and most sophisticated scientific instrument but is now just a $2 billion hole in the ground. The SSC was doomed when its projected cost escalated from $5 billion to more than $11 billion, making it look less like Big Science and more like Big Bumbled Bureaucracy.

The Great Gene Hunt. It was an extraordinarily productive year for the genetic engineers racing to unravel the secrets of human DNA. Scientists not only pinpointed genes linked to more than half a dozen major ailments—including Lou Gehrig's disease, Huntington's disease, colon cancer, hyperactivity and a type of diabetes—but also sketched out the first rough map of all human chromosomes. Other researchers explored ways to use this information to replace damaged genes. The first beneficiaries of "gene therapy"—two Ohio girls who have an immune-deficiency disease—made their public debut after three years of successful treatment. More than 50 similar experiments are under way.

Human Embryos Cloned

Two U.S. researchers made copies of human embryos and nurtured them in a Petri dish for several days. The project was not the "cloning" of a Hitler or a Michael Jordan that ethicists and science-fiction writers had fantasized about, but it was close enough to launch a worldwide debate over whether science had finally gone too far.

Mayamania

A series of dramatic discoveries—including four lost cities in the jungles of southern Belize—shed new light on the ancient civilization of the Maya, which flourished in Central America between the years 250 and 900 and then

Born Gay

What makes people gay? New findings suggested it is not misguided upbringing, mental illness or willful choice, as some would have it, but an inherited propensity passed on most often on the mother's side of the family.
THE BEST PRODUCTS OF 1993

2 **Alpha-Hydroxy Acids**

Although they may sound unpleasant if not somewhat painful, alpha-hydroxy acids were all the rage in cosmetics this year. AHAs are acids derived from fruit, sugar or milk that are used in beauty creams to minimize wrinkles. Available largely by prescription until now, AHAs have turned up in skin-care products by Elizabeth Arden, Estée Lauder, Revlon and Avon.

3 **Barney**

Showing no sign that he's headed for extinction, the purple creature that parents love to hate grew into a dinosaur-size business in 1993. Sales of Barney-related merchandise, from talking dolls to music videos, topped $500 million. Next up: a radio program, a network TV special and a feature film.

4 **Ford Mustang**

Although it reached the mellow age of 30, the Ford Mustang is still sporting thoroughbred credentials. Ford has rejuvenated the aging pony car with a complete overhaul, which includes a cockpit-type interior and a more powerful engine. The Mustang has already driven off with Motor Trend's Car of the Year award.

5 **Derivatives**

Perhaps the most profitable and certainly the most arcane investments of the year were something called derivative securities. Derivatives—abstractions of stocks, bonds and futures—are a huge business ($4.5 trillion in contracts) but pose a danger to world financial markets because of lack of regulation. As such, they are often called the junk bonds of the '90s.

6 **Motorola PowerPC Chip**

Intel rolled out its new Pentium chip, but Motorola stole the spotlight with its PowerPC microprocessor. Produced in partnership with IBM and Apple, the PowerPC could pose the first serious challenge to Intel's dominance of the $67.7 billion desktop market.

7 **PDAs**

Finally, computers that are truly personal. Called PDAs (personal digital assistants), these wireless, hand-held PCs function as everything from a checkbook organizer to a fax machine. In many cases, the pen-based devices can even make and take cellular telephone calls.

8 **Bose Audio System**

Listeners got an earful from Bose as it unveiled the sleek Lifestyle 5 Music System. At $1,499, it includes a compact disc player, a remote control that works around corners or through walls, and compact, cube-shaped speakers that deliver crisp, distortion-free sound.

9 **Mattus’ Ice Cream**

For aging boomers who want to have it both ways, Reuben Mattus introduced what may be the perfect treat: low-fat ice cream. With no chalky fat substitutes or bulking agents to spoil the flavor, the frozen dessert tastes like the real thing. It contains only 3% fat, vs. 18% to 22% for superpremium brands like Häagen-Dazs.

10 **KNEX**

It's pronounced "connects," and is perhaps best described as a color-coded plastic construction set. The giant 1,800-piece set, which sells for $99.99, can be snapped together to make everything from Ferris wheels and robots to helicopters and windmills. Produced by the Rodon Group, KNEX had sales that topped $25 million last year, in contrast to just $2 million in 1992.

Seaga Night Trap

Thugs enter a bathroom, grab a young woman wearing a flimsy nightgown, then attach a hook to her neck to suck out the blood. This is a video game? Retailer Toys "R" Us decided it was not and withdrew the product from its 881 stores.

Panasonic 3DO Multiplayer. If you think you've seen graphics, wait till you check out the jaw-dropping visuals offered by this interactive system, which is bidding to be one of the main vehicles on the data superhighway. With its CD-quality sound and 32-bit processor, the Multiplayer is the most powerful video-game system yet. Designed by Silicon Valley start-up 3DO, the $700 device is being backed by AT&T, Time Warner and MCA.
Sunset Boulevard. Disappointing in London, where it played as a tragedy, Andrew Lloyd Webber’s latest has been reborn in Los Angeles as a gothic comedy. Glenn Close dispels her chilly screen persona as a manipulative and shamelessly camp-melodramatic bygone movie queen, a legend in her own mind. John Napier’s parvenu palazzo set is the grandest and wittiest of the British megamusical era.

Two Rooms. Lee Blessing’s meditation on a Beirut hostage and his grieving spouse was the play of the year, its poetic pain matched by Laura Esterman’s gutsy portrait of the wife and James Houghton’s brilliantly imaginative staging at off-off-Broadway’s tiny Signature Theater. The couple was separated in reality yet entwined in fantasy, often at the same moment.

Keely and Du. No play was more topical than pseudonymous Jane Martin’s what-if about right-to-life extremists kidnapping a pregnant woman and holding her until it is too late to abort. The Actors Theatre of Louisville production, also seen at Hartford Stage, subtly traced the evolving bond between the streetwise captives (Julie Boyd) and a captor (a superb Anne Pitoniak).

Antigone in New York. Polish émigré Janusz Golowacki has carved a niche as the U.S. stage’s foremost writer on the East European immigrant experience, and he may be the most incisive satirist as well. Washington’s Arena Stage impeccably mounted this odd lark, derived from Greek myth, about two derelicts’ attempt to bury a fallen comrade—interspersed with caustic remarks about two soulless worlds: the KGB’s Russia and Manhattan.

The Song of Jacob Zulu. Tag Yourgrau’s play about the making of a black South African terrorist was raw but unforgettable in Eric Simonson’s epic staging, brought to Broadway by Chicago’s Steppenwolf troupe. K. Todd Freeman glowed in the title role, Zakes Mokae excelled as several elders, and Ladysmith Black Mambazo, the a cappella singing group, served gloriously as a modern Greek chorus.

Tommy. There’s not much emotional depth or adolescent rebellion left in the granddaddy of rock operas as reworked by California’s La Jolla Playhouse. But this Broadway hit has an arresting light show, superb storytelling by director-adaptor Des McAnuff and that great Pete Townshend score. Maybe it will finally win a place on Broadway for the propulsive sound of rock.

A Perfect Ganesh. Two aging matrons take a vacation in India that turns into a needed spiritual quest. Terrence McNally’s surreal off-Broadway tragicomedy co-starred the Indian god of the title appearing in many guises and taking the audience on a similar journey of the soul.

Fool Moon. However you label this wordless work by inspired clowns Bill Irwin and David Shiner, its visual imagery is as lovely as anything by Marcel Marceau, and it has the same capacity to delight children while enchanting the most cerebral elders. A Broadway hit, it opens in Los Angeles in January.

Kiss of the Spider Woman. Better than the movie, bolder than the book, this brassy musical centers on a homosexual flirtation in an Argentine prison. Scenes of torture crosscut to film fantasies with hunks and feathers. Comebacks for star Chita Rivera, director Harold Prince, composer John Kander and lyricist Fred Ebb, plus a stellar debut for Brent Carver in a show asserting there can be no freedom without sexual freedom.

Three Hotels. No longer merely promising, Jon Robin Baitz is now a major playwright. Off-Broadway, three wry, elegant and searing monologues by a husband and wife unveiled a sardonic saga of international corporate greed and the resulting wreckage of one executive’s career, family and beliefs.

The Red Shoes. Little girls flocked to this Broadway adaptation of the ballet film classic, but mothers recoiled—at how the choice between marriage and career drove the heroine to suicide and at the declamatory tedium between dances. Composer Julie Seyne, 87, should have stayed retired. By closing the week it opened, the show told him so.
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THE BEST BOOKS OF 1993

NON FICTION

1 President Kennedy
by Richard Reeves. We knew he was no saint. Now we have 800 carefully researched pages to tell us that J.F.K. was more Hollywood than Harvard, a gifted politician who relied on his charm rather than deep understanding and conviction. He was often "careless and dangerously disorganized." The image of vigor was also an illusion: hormone shots compensated for failing adrenal glands and amphetamines perked him up. Reeves' dose of reality is a needed antidote to the cloying hagiographies that have marked the 30th anniversary of J.F.K.'s death.

2 Lenin's Tomb: The Last Days of the Soviet Empire
by David Remnick. What do good journalists do when they find themselves in the middle of the story of a lifetime? Dig till they drop and type like hell. Remnick covered thousands of miles for hundreds of interviews to explain who did what to whom when the Kremlin came tumbling down. The result is history still hot from the crucible.

3 W.E.B. Du Bois: Biography of a Race
by David Levering Lewis. The first of a planned two parts, this volume tracks the controversial black intellectual from his middle-class roots in Massachusetts to Paris for the 1918 Pan-African Congress. Lewis reveals the crusading editor and author of The Souls of Black Folk to be an aloof thinker struggling with contradictory ideas about racial inclusion and separatism.

4 Leni Riefenstahl: A Memoir
by Leni Riefenstahl. At 91, the former actress and filmmaker has a lot to remember. Her Late Romantic style won raves from Hitler and invitations to his mountain lair. She glorified the New Order with striking films about the 1934 Nazi Party Congress and the 1936 Olympic Games. Whether one regards her as indomitable or abominable, Riefenstahl has written a vivid memoir of intimacies in an amoral time.

FICTION

1 Smilla's Sense of Snow
by Peter Hoeg. Denmark's exploitation of Greenland's mineral resources seems an unlikely background for a detective thriller about the mysterious death of a six-year-old Inuit boy. Unlikely too is the investigator, Smilla Qaaqigaq Jaspersen, a woman caught between the native Greenland culture of her hunter-tracker mother and the well-appointed world of her Danish father, a physician and scientist. Like Ross Macdonald in his Lew Archer novels of darkest California, Hoeg creates an unfamiliar but palpable world that steadily envelops the reader.

2 Operation Shylock
by Philip Roth. The unquotable master of comic irony comes up with another ticklish situation: a writer named Philip Roth journeys to Israel to confront a Philip Roth imposter who is trying to persuade Jews to go back to Europe and re-establish Yiddish culture. This new Diaspora aims to avert an Arab-engineered Holocaust by returning Israelis to the countries of their ancestors. Seriously funny about Middle East madness, Roth riff's with abandon not seen since Portnoy's Complaint.

3 Remembering Babylon
by David Malouf. A Celebrated Australian novelist reimagines his country's pioneer past with a haunting tale of a white man raised by Aborigines. It is the mid-19th century, and the struggling Queensland settlers are homesick for Britain and afraid of the natives. Malouf works the themes of culture clash and racial fears into a seamless narrative that amounts to a national contraespéec.

4 The Shipping News
by E. Annie Proulx. Winner of this year's National Book Award, Proulx's rambunctious second novel zeroes in on a coastal Newfoundland community coming apart economically and socially when the fishing and seal hunting industries fail. The author has a sharp ear for regional speech and a barbed and quirky style that can be both startling and humorous.

5 A History of Warfare
by John Keegan. Casting a cold eye over 4,000 years of mortal combat convinces this British historian that making war is basically a bad habit. Unromantic about the profession of arms but nevertheless sympathetic to the warrior class, Keegan conveys the grim details of warmaking operations with a stoic clarity that blurs all flags and levels all battlefields.

THE WORST

3 The Last Brother
by Joe McGinniss. Craven in concept and as suspect as late homework, this so-called biography has done what Ted Kennedy's handlers could never manage: turned the Senator into a sympathetic victim of shoddy journalism and rendered his life so absurdly that Kennedy's excesses and bad judgments seem totally unbelievable.

5 The Puglist at Rest
by Thom Jones. This collection of short stories about damaged men poses important questions: Is courage a virtue, or is it simply testosterone poisoning? Is God just a neurochemical event, part of the tantalizing aura that precedes an epileptic fit? Jones is an ex-Marine and former amateur prizefighter who puts a wallop in his prose.

6 The Last Brother
by Joe McGinniss. Who is this character with a famous name and a mind marinated in platitudes? Certainly not pure fiction, which might have been convincing, but a lifeless creature born out of New Journalism and the check-counter culture. Bad novel and bad biography, The Last Brother gives twice as little for the money.

TIME, JANUARY 3, 1994
How NordicTrack is Changing the Shape of America.

The best way to change your shape.

Most diets just don't keep the weight off. NordicTrack offers the healthiest way to lose weight. Eat sensibly and use a NordicTrack® exerciser regularly.

Then, you too, can enjoy results like this: among owners who bought a NordicTrack to lose weight, a recent study shows they lost an average of 17 pounds! And 80% of them kept the weight off for over a year!

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**The Best Music of 1993**

1. **Tony Toni Tone, Sons of Soul (Wing/Mercury).** This band may hail from Southern California, but their homestyle soul songs prove they left their hearts in Motorown. The Tony Toni ones, who are all in their 20s, evoke past greats such as the Jackson Five with vibrant vocals and melodies, but they never settle for mere imitation. Radio is rotten with musical hacks who fake the funk with computer-generated beats, but the Tony Tonies are a real band, with real instruments, who have succeeded in bringing the art of R.- and B.-songwriting back to the future.

2. **Billy Joel**

River of Dreams (Columbia). The Piano Man travels through a song cycle that begins on the emotional edge and ends baptized in hope. Totally '90s in its preoccupation with angst and property values, River also revives a pop era when hooks were called melodies and a strong man could show a sweet side.

3. **Ella Fitzgerald**

The Complete Ella Fitzgerald Song Books (Verve). Porter, Ellington, Berlin, the Gershwins: Fitzgerald honored them all and set herself up not only as a great jazz vocalist but as a trusted custodian of some of American pop's richest treasure. This elegantly turned-out set collects all eight Fitzgerald songbooks for the first time. Singly they were remarkable. Together they're a monument.

4. **Handel: Water Music**

John Eliot Gardiner Conducting the English Baroque Soloists (Philips). Gardiner's original-instruments essay of Handel's ebullient suite excels not only for the unerring intonation of the playing but for its irresistible rhythmic energy. King George I never heard it like this.

5. **Digable Planets**

Reachin' (A New Refutation of Time and Space) (Pendulum). Combining upscale jazz and proletarian hip hop, Digable Planets has brought two sides of the black experience together, uniting buppies and b-boys from Howard University to Howard Beach.

6. **Gavin Bryars**

Jesus' Blood Never Failed Me Yet (Point Music). Take one old derelict singing a strophe of a religious anthem in a raspy voice. Add one avant-garde composer (Bryars) accompanying an hour-long loop of the man's song with a kaleidoscopic underpinning of strings, winds, horns, and voices. Mix in Tom Waits' for a closing 10-minute duet of moist mystic poignancy. The new-music album of the year.

7. **Emmylou Harris**

Cowgirl's Prayer (Asylum). In her 22nd album country music's hippest traditionalist turns to God as the best part of life: wise parent, friend, ultimate beau. This sheaf of fine songs, intimate readings and delicately powerful melodies makes divine love sound like a kiss in the back of a pickup. If there's a honky-tonk in heaven, Harris will be the star act on stage.

8. **Smashing Pumpkins**

Siamese Dream (Virgin). Pearl Jam, Nirvana and other alternative bands released first-rate albums in '93; this co-ed group stood out because it dared criticize the sometimes pretentious nature of the alternative world itself. Cool albums tend to date as quickly as milk in a convenience store; Siamese remains compelling after repeated listening.

9. **Dvorak: Four Piano Trios**

The Lanner Trio (Gasparo). The Dvorak piano trios are four of the glories of the chamber-music literature; the sorrow and the pity is that they are not known to a wider audience. The Lanner Trio—William Preucil, violin; Dorothy Lewis, cello; and Cary Lewis, piano—have impeccable ensemble and golden tone on each piece.

10. **Ice Cube**

Lethal Injection (Priority). Ice Cube's raps about police brutality and white immorality enter the ear and expand in the brain like a Black Talon bullet; his lyrics are sometimes inexcusable, but his logic is often inescapable. Ignore his high-caliber insights at your peril.

**And the Worst**

More Songs for Sleepless Nights (Epic Soundtrax). The movie-sound-track boom is getting out of hand. The nostalgic-laden Sleepless in Seattle album contained actual songs from the movie, like Louis Armstrong's classy A Kiss to Build a Dream On. This shameless Sleepless sequel, featuring selections like Al Jolson's Sons of Boy, includes a disclaimer: "None of the recordings in this collection appear in the motion picture Sleepless in Seattle." Is the audience asleep?
THE BEST SHOW BUSINESS OF 1993

Dumbest Duo to Monopolize Time of Lonely Boys with Nothing to Do but Watch TV and Go "Heh-Heh, Heh-Heh"
Beavis and Butt-head, the cartoon troglodytes who critique (and promote) MTV videos. Their show became a teen fave and a parent's bane. In a crowded field, B. & B. were the year's top icons of idiot chic.

Most Lavish Home-Shopping Spree
The QVC network's $10.5 billion bid to buy Paramount Communications. Paramount had hoped to merge with TV conglomerate Viacom. But QVC's Barry Diller, who can build grudges into empires, vowed to take over his old studio by wooing or warring. The courts, and finally Paramount's board, agreed to give him the chance.

Best Equal-Opportunity Offenders
Whoopi Goldberg and Ted Danson, who achieved the impossible--lowering the moral tone of a Friars' roast--when the Cheers star, in blackface, paid an epochally crude tribute to Whoopi. She later vexed the Anti-Defamation League with her published recipe for "Jewish American Princess Fried Chicken."

Worst Network Violence
The airing of jeremiads from Attorney General Janet Reno and other D.C. solons against TV mayhem. Unable to reduce the crime rate by law or enforcement, they hope to do it by reducing the minuscule amount of violence on prime time. Killing the network messenger will change nothing, since the real carnage is on cable--and the nightly news.

Biggest Mouths. Rush Limbaugh and Howard Stern, whose combined 40 hours a week of taunting talk, schoolyard humor and bracing political incorrectness made radio the year's hot--and not air--medium. But mere radio couldn't contain these two word warriors. Limbaugh reworked his sprightly right-wing monologues into a potent TV series and two top-selling books. Stern, whose autobiography was also a chart topper, planned to end the year with a lavish, lurid pay-cable special. If the Fox Network has any money left after its N.F.L. spending binge, Stern could also become a late-night TV host--hence an invigorating earsore at both ends of the day.

Boldest Attempt at Social Enlightenment
Broadway became the Gay White Way, as shows with homosexual and AIDS themes (Kiss of the Spider Woman, Angels in America) won top honors at the Tonys and reaped a box-office bonanza. Theater is facing up to what Hollywood, until Philadelphia, has mostly ignored.

World's Most Powerful Man
Oh, maybe it's the President of the U.S., but even Bill Clinton takes orders from supermogul Michael Ovitz, whose Creative Artists Agency represents the major Hollywood talent, creates new Coke ads, advises studio chiefs--and arranges the guest list for Clinton's star-struck visits to Hollywood.

Best Reason to Get Nostalgic About the Old Rabbit Ears
It used to be CBS, NBC and ABC. Now giant telephone companies are joining with huge cable operators to form megaconglomerates that promise hundreds of channels, your every wish fulfilled at the touch of a button. Meanwhile, what channel is the Chiefs game on?

Trendiest Way to Lose Weight and Increase Lung Power
By watching the infomercials of fitness guru Susan Powter. Slim those thighs! Shout at those thighs! With heavy-metal volume! A former fatty and emotional doormat, Powter re-formed herself and in 1993 moved $50 million worth of tapes and books. She's Richard Simmons with a crew cut and extra testosterone.
**Florida State vs. Notre Dame.** Two unbeaten powerhouses, No. 1 and No. 2, meeting in mid-November with the innocent hype only the college game can provide. And then an upset, as the Irish sedated the favored Seminoles for three quarters and hung on for a 31-24 palpitator. Why, it was the Game of the Century—for one week, until Notre Dame lost to Boston College on that game's last play. F.S.U. was restored to the top of the polls, to face undefeated, uninspiring Nebraska in the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day. But once again the champ of college football will be decided by writers and coaches, not by the players. Attention, NCAA: This is a sport, not a beauty contest. Play-offs, puh-lease!

**Evander Holyfield vs. Riddick Bowe**

Former champ Holyfield was supposed to be too small, too old, too darned nice to regain his heavyweight title against Bowe. In their furious November bout, the only advantage Evander had was a huge heart. A comeback of class.

**Mitch Williams vs. the Strike Zone**

The Wild Thing's eccentric fast ball had helped the Philadelphia Phillies beat the superior Atlanta Braves in the play-offs, but in the World Series against Toronto, he lost all sense of navigation and blew two crucial games. The closer has closed in Philly: he was abruptly traded to Houston.

**Steffi Graf vs. the Ghost of Monica Seles**

With Wimbledon, French and U.S. Open victories, Fräulein Forehand had not been stabbed on the court by a man who said he did it to help Steffi be No. 1? (He was later convicted but sentenced to only two years' probation.)

**Chinese Women Runners vs. Vegetarians**

Wang Junxia and her teammates shattered world records in the 10,000 meters, 3,000 meters and 1,500 meters at the Chinese National Games in Beijing. Their coach credited their success in part to a diet spiced with gourmet dried worms.

**Michael Jordan vs. Himself**

The wonder warrior led his Chicago Bulls to a three-peat N.B.A. title. He conquered Madison Avenue with his megawatt smile. He battled the press over inquiries into his high-stakes gambling. But after his father's murder this summer, Jordan decided he'd had enough of fighting. His retirement stunned the hoop world and left a vacancy for the top spot in sport stardom.

**England vs. France**

When the World Cup comes to the U.S. in 1994, this is the vaunted matchup that won't take place; both teams got eliminated in trials. Americans will still be treated to a summer clinic in the world's most popular sport—without the criminal antics of Britain's soccer hooligans.

**Leon Lett vs. His Brain**

From showboat to goat: in the Super Bowl the defensive star's premature TD celebration cost his Dallas Cowboys a touchdown. On Thanksgiving the Cowboys lost to Miami because Lett couldn't keep his hands off a loose ball. This hotdog keeps ending up a wiener.

**The Fans vs. Miss Manners**

Michael Jackson. His troubles have made l'affaire Woody a quaint and distant memory. The year began well for Jackson—a performance at Clinton's pre-inaugural gala, a Super Bowl halftime spectacle, a TV chat with Oprah that conveyed to tens of millions the impression that he was just a regular guy who was dating Brooke Shields—but then came the summer of disaster. Charges of child molestation, criminal inquiries, an abandoned world tour, lawsuits, drug addiction, a bizarre disappearance and mysterious return have brought real-world, grownup horror to the owner of Neverland Ranch—horror he eventually had to confront. In a four-minute televised statement broadcast around the world from Neverland last week, Jackson, voice quivering, called the sexual-abuse allegations "disgusting," declared his innocence and said, "I do try to be Godlike in my heart."

Julia Roberts
Emerging unscathed from a rumor-filled pause in her career, Roberts, last seen in Hook in 1991, returned to the screen in The Pelican Brief, which opened huge in December. Earlier, in a spectacularly surprising and appealing move, she wed Lyle Lovett, music's quirkiest and most talented un-hunk.

The Bobbitts
Before their little spat made headlines, John and Lorena Bobbitt were just another ungainly couple with a lot to work out. But on a June night—after, Lorena later claimed, John had raped her—she cut off his penis. The organ was surgically reattached, and all's well that ends in media bewitchment: John, acquitted of the rape, appears as a jovial guest on the Howard Stern Show, while Lorena, whose case is still pending, has become something of a feminist folk hero.

Heidi Fleiss
She was a new kind of madam, neither a roughe nor overweight 60-year-old nor even a pedigreed East Coast socialite. Young, skinny and hip, Fleiss was charged with running a ring of high-priced L.A. prostitutes. She threatened to name names from her oversize appointment book and thereby threw Hollywood moguls (and presumably various Mrs. Moguls) into late-summer turmoil.

Burt and Loni
How did the magic unravel? After five years of marriage, Burt Reynolds sued Loni Anderson for divorce, and the subsequent conflict was extremely snarly. The high point—spectaclewise—came when Reynolds, on TV, challenged his ex to truth-serum and lie-detector tests to prove that she cheated on him before he cheated on her.

Shannen Doherty
If you were going to hate someone this year, fashion dictated that you hate Brenda Walsh, or more particularly the actress who plays her on TV's Beverly Hills 90210. That was easy. Old boyfriends called her rage prone, co-workers called her snotty, landlords called her a deadbeat. Unfortunately, marrying the 19-year-old son of George Hamilton—on a girlish whim—did nothing to help Shannen appear mature. Said to be generally just too much of a pain, she reportedly won't be asked back to 90210.

Princess Di
Indignity stalked her like a reporter from Hard Copy. First came Camillagate—the wide publication of transcripts of a racy phone call between Prince Charles and his mistress—then further revelations of steamy teletalk between Di and her own Squidgygate pal. As the year progressed, Di became more and more emotionally volatile, and soon after a tabloid ran secret photos of her working out on a weight machine, she announced her partial retirement from public life.

John F. Kennedy Jr. and Daryl Hannah
For months gossip columnists speculated about when and where America's prince would marry moviedom's most fetchingly bohemian blond. The choice the couple seems to have made was truly unexpected: a breakup.

Kate Moss
The breezy 98-pounder became the world's dominant beauty, reflecting the most dramatic change in taste since the arrival of her waifish forebear Twiggy. But Moss was also vexed by controversy, being blamed for prompting anorexia among admiring girls.

Barbra Streisand
Earlier in the year she was the most visible partner in the love affair between Hollywood and Washington: she sang for Bill Clinton, she dined with Janet Reno, she buddied up to Colin Powell. Somewhere along the line, Streisand shifted gears from Political Animal to Very-Well-Paid Vegas Casino Act, making two multimillion-dollar New Year's appearances at MGM's Grand.
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