Ice Follies
The Strange Plot to Cripple Nancy Kerrigan

Tonya Harding
Nancy Kerrigan
THE BEST-SELLING CAR

AGAIN.

FORD TAURUS IS THE BESTSELLING CAR IN AMERICA. AGAIN.

The car that made history is once again making headlines. Because Ford Taurus is once again the best-selling car in America.

And the best keeps getting better. For 1994, we made over 50 improvements to Taurus. Changes that range from providing dual air bags** as standard equipment to improving suspension systems for better ride and handling.

For so many people, for so many reasons, it's Ford Taurus.

FORD F-SERIES IS THE BESTSELLING TRUCK IN AMERICA. AGAIN. (THAT'S 17 STRAIGHT YEARS.)

America's toughest truck is also America's favorite truck. Ford F-Series has been the sales leader for 17 straight years!

F-Series is a safety leader, now offering a standard driver's air bag.** It's a leader in innovation, with exclusive options like an anti-theft system and CD player. And, with more F-Series pickups on the road than any other, it also makes a clear statement of quality.

F-Series. The truck that's built Ford tough is tough to beat.
AND TRUCK IN AMERICA.

AND AGAIN.

ONCE AGAIN, 5 OF THE 10 BEST-SELLING CARS AND TRUCKS IN AMERICA ARE BUILT BY FORD.

Add the names Ranger, Explorer and Escort to Taurus and F-Series and you've got an impressive list: Five of the top ten vehicles sold in America. Ford is the leader and intends to remain the leader by continually creating innovative products you want to own. Like the all-new Mustang. Just introduced on December 9, it's already been named Motor Trend Car of the Year.

"Have you driven a Ford lately?" For more and more people, the answer is an enthusiastic "Yes!"

QUALITY HAS ITS REWARDS.

** Always wear your safety belt.
† 1992-1993 CY manufacturer's reported retail deliveries by division.
†† Available on models under 8500 lbs. GVWR. Always wear your safety belt.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD LATELY?
MELINDA HOWELL will tell you that NUCLEAR energy WORKS AS HARD AS SHE DOES to keep her community clean.

Secretary and treasurer of "Keep Feliciana Beautiful," Melinda Howell helped start up the newspaper recycling program in her Louisiana community a few years ago.

She understands the environmental benefits of this program firsthand. The same goes for the nuclear electric plant that's 10 miles from her family's home.

"The biggest benefit of that plant is no air pollution," she says. "The air stays clean."

There are more than 100 nuclear plants in the U.S. Because they don't burn anything to make electricity, they help protect the environment and preserve our natural resources for future generations. All while providing enough electricity for 65 million homes.

No single energy source is the whole answer to America's energy needs. But from Melinda Howell's point of view, nuclear energy is part of the answer.

For a free booklet, write to the U.S. Council for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 66080, Dept. H, Washington, D.C. 20035.

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COVER: Photo illustration. Photograph by Merlin A. Summers.
Men of the Year

“Mandela with De Klerk and Arafat with Rabin challenge us all to conquer the past and to wage peace.”

Ed Kayser
Sparkill, New York

I applaud your choice of Men of the Year [Jan. 3]. Any positive reinforcement of hopeful activity on this war-torn globe is a step in the right direction. We can only pray that the efforts of Yitzhak Rabin, Nelson Mandela, F.W. de Klerk and Yasser Arafat will bring further acclaim to the people they represent.

Rod Lusey
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Via America Online

Time’s decision to put warmongering Men of the Year on the cover is an affront to every civilized person.

Claudia Strasbaugh
San Diego

Congratulations on a fine choice. These four men have done much in 1993 toward shaping the future of their countries and the world.

Daniel R. Smith
Franklin, Maine
AOL: DanielSil04

This must be the most inappropriate selection ever. The past year was anything but the year of the peacekeepers. There has been un hiatus fighting in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Croatia, Azerbaijan, Georgia, Afghanistan and Tajikistan. There were petty thugs at work in Haiti and killings in Iraq, Somalia, Algeria, Egypt, Turkey and Britain as well as on America’s streets. Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization may have signed a piece of paper, but Israel has yet to withdraw from occupied territory as agreed, and the violence continues. Progress in South Africa may make many of us feel good, but it is globally insignificant and at best the exception that proves the rule. This was the year of the killer.

Michael B. Wall
Munich

Mandela with De Klerk and Arafat with Rabin challenge us all to conquer the past and to wage peace. The peacekeepers demand that we challenge the ignorance that perpetuates racial, ethnic and religious differences. As a philosophy, I am forced to see ideas turned into divisive ideologies, as an educator, I am forced to see future generations fed the food of animosity. Forty years of research and work—including five years behind the Apartheid Curtain—have taught me to celebrate the successes that can occur when people bridge gaps by recognizing our common humanity.

Ed Kayser
Professor of Education and Philosophy
St. Thomas Aquinas College
Sparkill, New York

Labeling Arafat a peacemaker is an offense to all peace-loving people, not to mention the countless victims of his terrorist acts. Apparently to qualify as a peacemaker all you need is to perform terrorist acts for decades, murdering innocent people, and then attempt to make peace with those you’ve waged war on.

David Weidisch
West Chester, Pennsylvania

In this terrible time of ethnic strife, the four men that you selected have certainly displayed conviction and courage. I want to thank peacekeepers around the world who have worked for years to create a climate in which politicians can shake hands. The tenuous peace process started by Arafat, Rabin, Mandela and De Klerk now needs nurturing among the people in their communities. Ultimately, peace is in the hands of the people. Margaret Mead wrote, “Never doubt a small group of thoughtful, committed people can change the world. Indeed, it’s the only thing that ever has.”

Karen Wald Cohen
New York City

Thanks to Rabin and Arafat for demonstrating the courage and bravery necessary to boldly face the future, the opposition and the past. The two men have set upon a historic journey whose significance is equal to, if not greater than, that of the first lunar landing. In these times, when the individual seems helpless to change the world for the better, the efforts of Arafat and Rabin give mankind a new sense of hope and achievement.

Adrienne Shinn
Columbus, Ohio

Your Men of the Year have proved what I’ve known all along: If given half a chance, people can solve problems constructively, not destructively. With South Africa and the Middle East finding a resolution to their difficulties, can Cuba be far behind?

Renée Newbold
Newport News, Virginia

Though all your Men of the Year rose to the occasion, it should be noted that they had different occasions to rise to. If their respective agreements come to fruition, Arafat and Mandela stand to gain in power and stature. As for Rabin, while the dynamics of Israeli politics may change, his position within Israeli politics will remain essentially the same. Of the peacekeepers you honored, De Klerk alone stands to lose power.

Simeon Brett
San Diego
AOL: SimeonB

Your four peacemakers will have to meet at a table covered with a red cloth to hide the blood on their hands.

Ira Scott Johnson Jr.
Ocean City, New Jersey

Oh, Those Pesky Taxes

After I learned that Clinton’s nominee for Secretary of Defense, Bobby Ray Inman, was one of those people who did not pay Social Security taxes for his household help [Chronicles, Jan. 3], it dawned on me that if the entire Washington establishment paid its past due Social Security taxes, it would make a real dent in the deficit.

Frank H. Martin
Laconia, New Hampshire

Is President Clinton missing a chance to assist the IRS in collecting these taxes by not nominating everyone making more than $100,000 a year to some high office? It seems to awaken in each of them a patriotic duty to correct their oversight.

Ernest J. Allen
Dunnellon, Florida
AOL: ERNESTJ550

I am a small-town housewife who had domestic help during the 1980s and ’70s and religiously filed those pesky Social Security tax forms and paid the amounts due. The Administration ex-
THE WAR BEGINS

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

STOCK UP ON CANNED GOODS.

IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG BATTLE.

FILL THE FRIDGE

BECAUSE NOBODY Wants TO RUN OUT.
IN EACH OF US, THERE'S A DREAMER AND A REALIST.
BUT NOW THEY CAN SHARE A RIDE.

FIND YOURSELF IN AN EXPLORER.
The world's just too big to be left unexplored.
ter evidence. To my eye, the uncleaned "before" photograph shows spiritual be-
ings in cloudy, exalted combat for pos-
session of the heavens. By contrast, the
cleaned "after" version shows a butty
blond obscenely turning a dark-diapered
male on his head.
I find the "restoration" a fleshy, vul-
gar travesty of Michelangelo's sublime
vision. It seems the cleaning of the Last
Judgment, like the previous cleaning of
the Sistine ceiling, is an unmitigated di-
saster. So why don't more authorities
stand up and cry scandal? Good ques-
tion. I do not say that the present art-
history, art-restoration complex is al-
together corrupt. I do say that it breeds
a deficiency of intellectual candor.

Alexander Eliot
Venice, California

How to Buy a Good Car

TELL BILL CECCOTTI, WHO WROTE A LET-
ter about the problems of American-
made automobiles [LETTERS, Jan. 3],
that if he doesn't know how to buy a good car,
it is not Detroit's fault. I have had two
new cars in my life, both American
made. One went for 157,000 miles in 11
years, and the only main component I
had to replace was the radiator. The oth-
er is a 1985 model that just turned 73,000
miles. So far, I have installed a wind-
shield-wiper switch, a muffler hanger
and a sensor. Total cost: $96. Let's see
how well fancy foreign models handle 10
years of frost heaves, road salt and inces-
sant freeze-thaw cycles.

Bruce Abbott
Franklin, Maine

Weapons in the Gulf War

YOUR ITEM "NO GAS USED AGAINST U.S.
Troops" [INFORMED SOURCES, Jan. 3]
states that "after exhaustive research,
congressional investigators have con-
cluded there is no solid evidence that
Iraq used nerve or mustard gas against
U.S.-led troops during the Gulf War." As
a Desert Storm veteran who covers this
subject on a regular basis for the Ameri-
can Legion, I disagree. Congress is still
investigating the matter. The Pentagon
has avoided the subject of biological
agents and nuclear materials. Moreover,
it has not addressed the issue of U.S. use
of nuclear, biological and chemical
weapons. You should not be so gullible as
to believe the Department of Defense.

Kimo Hollingsworth, Assistant
Director
National Legislative Commission
American Legion
Washington

Fleshy and Vulgar Restoration

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR STORY AND
photographs of the restoration of Mi-
ichelangelo's fresco Last Judgment
on the west altar wall of the Sistine Chapel [ART,
Dec. 20]. When I was TIME's art critic
(1945-60), I too would have jumped at
the chance to publish this before-and-af-

The Case Isn't Closed

IN BRANDING "J.F.K. CONSPIRACY BUFFS"
as one of 1993's "losers" [CHRONICLES,
Jan. 3], TIME has once again looked like
a sill for the Warren Commission. You
stated that with the publication of the
book Case Closed, "Suddenly, everyone
agrees: Oswald did act alone." Well,
everyone does not agree. Consistently,
public opinion polls show that 90% of the
American people believe there was some
sort of conspiracy involved in the murder
of President Kennedy. It appears that,
despite your words, the only people who
believe in "the lone gunman" theory are the media
establishment and TIME.

Lonnie W. Neubauer
Washington

Against Suppression

AS EDITORIAL-PAGE EDITOR AND EDITOR
in chief of the University of Michigan
Daily in 1991-92, we couldn't help doing
a double take upon reading your piece on
Bradley R. Smith and his Committee for
Open Debate on the Holocaust [PRESS,
Dec. 27]. As your article pointed out,
the Daily published a full-page Smith
(Holo-
cast denial) ad in 1991, and, yes, we
penned the editorial defending that de-
cision. But we did not naively support
the paper's decision to print the ad on
First Amendment grounds. We un-
derstood, in 1991, as we do now, that the First
Amendment played a limited role in our
decision to publish the ad. It merely em-
powered the Daily to decide whether to
print Smith's ideas without the fear of
repression.
What most inspired us to defend the
paper's printing of the ad was the princi-
iples of free expression that stand behind
the First Amendment. In full recognition
of that inspiration, our editorial didn't
simply cite the First Amendment but went
on to state our commitment to the
broader principles of free speech. You
left that part out of your article. The prin-
ciples we upheld at the Daily don't advan-
tage suppressing outrageous ideas be-
cause of their content. Instead they
demand that such views be exposed to
the marketplace of ideas, where they will
surely be discredited. That is exactly
what happened to Smith's nonsense in
1991. Perhaps our Daily editorial was not
as clear as we would have liked.

Stephen Henderson, Andrew Gottesman
Lexington, Kentucky

Lyle for a Day

KUDOS TO YOU FOR SELECTING LYLE
Lovett as one of 1993's winners [CHRON-
ICLES, Jan. 3]. You say it is for marrying
Julia Roberts, but is that the only reason?
Why not list Lovett's less than clever
songwriting or his stupendous voice? Or
why not list Roberts as a winner for her
good taste in men? As an aspiring actor,
I admire Roberts for her success and abili-
ty, but as a closet guitar picker, I would
like to be Lovett for just one day. In fact, my
loving and faithful wife long ago put this
"unhunk" of a man on her short list of
guys for whom she might forgo our vows.
If she would leave behind our collection
of Lovett CDs, I guess there would be no
hard feelings.

John Pierson
St. Louis, Missouri

Clinton Nightmares

A SPECIAL INDEPENDENT PROSECUTOR
should investigate Bill and Hillary Clin-
ton's involvement with Whitewater De-
velopment and his alleged adulterous af-
fairs [THE PRESIDENCY, Jan. 3]. Here is a
man who is supposed to be an example of
leadership to all Americans, young and
old, and also to people of other nations.
As a free and independent nation, we
must demand the truth. Remember how
outraged we were by Richard Nixon? If
we don't get to the bottom of this mess,
we owe Nixon an apology.

Wayne Peterson
Hastely, Minnesota

I AM COMPLETELY DISGUSTED WITH THE
attention paid to the stories about Presi-
dent Clinton's alleged affairs. The media
should be reporting on Clinton's work as
President—health care, education and
welfare reform, national service, child
protection, the Brady Bill, his policies in
Russia and North Korea—instead of
jumping on the uncorroborated accounts
of two guys who admittedly are looking
to write a book. How very interesting
that a conservative magazine decided to
...
It was designed on the assumption that your permanent teeth should be exactly that.

If the Oral-B Advantage® Plaque Remover doesn't look like an ordinary toothbrush, there's good reason. It isn't.

Its goal is to help preserve your teeth for a lifetime. Therefore, it was designed to eliminate plaque and fight gum disease as effectively as possible.

The Advantage Plaque Remover offers

**THE EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE OF THE ADVANTAGE PLAQUE REMOVER**

is due to a unique bristle structure. It incorporates two specific Activity Zones.

**THE POWER TIP** bristles, at the anterior end of the brush, extend above the main bristle surface to remove plaque not only between teeth, but behind back teeth as well.

**THE ACTION CUP** with bristles cut to a precise 60-degree groove, conforms to tooth and gum contours, removing plaque from tooth surfaces and at the gumline. It features Indicator® bristles that fade as the brush wears out.

Together, these two structural innovations are designed to make the Oral-B Advantage Plaque Remover one of the most effective plaque-removal instruments you can buy.

several highly innovative features. The ergonomically designed handle—with its thumb ridges and Universal Grip—enhances maneuvering and control to clean every tooth surface.

The oval head improves access to the rear portion of your mouth, where serious dental problems often start.

And the unprecedented bristle structure is a story unto itself.

Introducing the Advantage™ Plaque Remover.

In total, it took hundreds of design experiments to create the Advantage Plaque Remover. Dentists, scientists, technicians and engineers worked tirelessly in the quest to develop one of the finest home oral-care instruments in the world.

We urge you to test the result of their efforts for yourself.

Look for the Advantage Plaque Remover wherever you find Oral-B. Like all our products, it's designed to work with you, your dentist and your hygienist to help you keep your teeth for life.

Oral-B
The Brand More Dentists Use.

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break this story only at the end of a very successful year for the President, when he has been going up in the polls. It is a sad day in America when greed and sensationalism can overcome maturity, rationality and responsibility.

Janice McDavitt
San Jose, California

Dalliances of the Past
Our story about charges by Arkansas state troopers that Bill Clinton was an obsessive womanizer [THE PRESIDENCY, Jan. 3] sent readers riffling through history books to come up with examples of other well-known figures who were similarly accused. "Nagging the President about alleged dalliances serves no purpose," says Sid O'Neil of Alamo, California. "St. Augustine and Ben Franklin enjoyed ample satisfaction and no criticism from similar activities." Paul Wasserman of Northridge, California, comments, "Let's say for the sake of argument that a President was involved in skirt chasing. Did it affect his ability to govern? Many of our great leaders have had a wandering eye—Thomas Jefferson, Dwight Eisenhower, Franklin Delano Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy, just to name a few. Ability to lead is apart from any personal flaws a Chief Executive may possess." Al and Jean Boehme of Madison, Wisconsin, see it from a different angle: "The latest sex allegations about Clinton might lead people to believe he is a greater admirer and follower of J.F.K.'s than previously thought."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:
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We don’t just want you to clean your teeth.
We want to help you keep them.

At Oral-B, our purpose is to do everything we can to enhance the health of your teeth.

Accordingly, Oral-B Tooth and Gum Care Toothpaste is the only dentifrice formulated with stabilized stannous fluoride—the one form of fluoride clinically proven not only to fight cavities, but to fight plaque bacteria as well.

For decades, the dental profession has recognized stannous fluoride’s unique value. In fact, dentists dispense more stannous-based home fluoride treatments than any other kind.

Now the laboratories of Oral-B have pioneered a technique of stabilizing stannous fluoride and incorporating it into the new Tooth and Gum Care formula. This breakthrough is so noteworthy that it has been awarded two U.S. patents.

With Tooth and Gum Care Toothpaste, the same potent form of fluoride used in dental offices is now available to you between visits to your dentist.

And it is available in a remarkably pleasant-tasting form. Tooth and Gum Care is flavored with natural oils extracted from specially selected mint leaves—rather than the synthetic flavorings found in most toothpastes.

Look for Tooth and Gum Care wherever you find Oral-B. Like all our products, it’s designed to work with you, your dentist and your hygienist to help you keep your teeth for life.

Introducing Tooth and Gum Care Toothpaste.
Strange and wondrous things happen on a coral reef, as Shakespeare wrote some centuries ago. And while many of us are now able to slip on the wet suit to see the reef world firsthand, our understanding is still composed of snapshots, taken on the all-too-brief visits we air breathers can make.

The ocean deep is not unknown to Mobil. Our search for hydrocarbons has taken us across assorted frontiers to some of the most isolated spots of this planet. We approach each one with the structure to brush nature as lightly as we can, and to leave no lasting impact. And so it happened that one of our offshore producing platforms in the Gulf of Mexico came to coexist with a magnificent reef, the Flower Garden Banks about 120 miles southeast of Galveston, Texas, and about a mile from our platform-

The Banks are the northernmost tropical reef system in the United States. While Mobil and the reef were able to coexist in symbiosis—our platform's benign structure provides haven for growing communities of fish and wildlife that also interact with the reef—we decided to share this unique relationship with specialists.

As a result, the High Island A-389 platform has become a marine research base as well as a natural gas production facility. Researchers from Texas A&M, the University of Texas Marine Science Institute, the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) and others are regular visitors here. The schools and institutes are able to carry out these studies 24 hours a day, any day of the year, instead of being limited to sporadic visits by ship. Instead of the enormous expense in using a research vessel, the scientists have made High Island A-389 their "vessel," saving money, time and headaches.

This reality... of vigorous schools of amberjack and barracuda feeding on the tropical fish, invertebrates and algae that shelter both in the submerged structure of Mobil's platform and in the reef... is at odds with the myth of an inevitable clash between nature and the oil industry.

This reality... of Mobil offshore gas platform workers neatly going about their business just a mile from a rare reef system, while government and university environmental researchers eat and sleep and go diving from the same platform... is certainly at odds with the myth of an inevitable clash between offshore oil exploration and environmental experts.

It's unfortunate that reality isn't more widely understood and recognized in the U.S. Just like it's unfortunate some environmental critics don't understand how well Mobil studied the environment in the area to begin with, in order to come up with the most compatible plan for producing natural gas from the deposits below the seafloor.

We've gotten awards for our work at High Island A-389 and other Gulf of Mexico platforms, which is nice. But what would be nicer would be for some of our critics to take another look—at the reality of offshore exploration.
You want to keep your teeth for life. We want to help.

If you’re dedicated to keeping your teeth for life, you know the importance of removing the plaque bacteria brushing and flossing may leave behind. But even so, the performance of new Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse will surprise you.

Its active ingredient—Cetyl Pyridinium Chloride—has been clinically proven to kill 90% of plaque bacteria on contact.

Further studies have shown that it considerably reduces regrowth of plaque between brushings.

This is highly significant news to those who are striving to fight plaque in the interest of improved oral health. It strongly suggests that Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse should be an essential part of your daily oral-care regimen.

But here is equally significant news: Its natural mint flavor, combined with special low-alcohol and alcohol-free formulations, makes Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse as pleasant as it is powerful. So if you’ve felt compelled to choose between a good-tasting rinse and an effective one, now you can have both.

TO KEEP YOUR TEETH HEALTHY FOR LIFE, it is essential that harmful plaque bacteria be controlled through regular brushing, flossing and rinsing. Cetyl Pyridinium Chloride (CPC) has been known to the dental profession for decades as an effective antibacterial agent. The CPC compound chemically attaches itself to plaque bacteria and quickly kills them. It also attaches to tooth surfaces, where it remains effective against bacteria for several hours. Unlike most other rinses that use synthetic flavors, Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse combines CPC with natural oils extracted from specially selected mint leaves. It is therefore extremely pleasant to the taste.

Its unique combination of efficacy and taste makes Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse your most intelligent rinse alternative.

Look for Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse—low-alcohol or alcohol-free—wherever you find Oral-B. Like all our products, it’s designed to work with you, your dentist and your hygienist to help you keep your teeth for life.

Introducing Oral-B Anti-Plaque Rinse.
Give Yourself A Lifetime Achievement

The Lincoln Town Car is such an appropriate reward for your lifetime of accomplishment, you might even consider an acceptance speech. The Town Car certainly gives
you plenty to talk about, beginning with the traditional spaciousness of its interior. You could go on about Lincoln's commitment to safety technology that includes standard ABS brakes and dual air bags.* And you'll never run out of compliments for its proliferation of elegant appointments. Finally, you might praise the powerful V-8 engine, and the smoothness of that legendary quiet ride.

So deliver that acceptance speech if you like. And please...try to keep it under three minutes.

For further information about the Lincoln Town Car please call 1 800 446-8888.

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TO OUR READERS

FOR THE PAST 13 YEARS, THE LOOK of this magazine—its cover images, its typefaces, its mixtures of text, photographs and illustrations—has been the responsibility of art director Rudy Hoglund. He has held that post longer than anyone else in TIME’s history, and he is now leaving to take up the same duties at our sister publication MONEY.

Rudy came to TIME in 1977, called on by art director Walter Bernard to help with the magazine’s most comprehensive redesign ever. This major overhaul nettled some readers—it is a rule in publishing that all such changes prove controversial—but the new look quickly became popular and extensively imitated. Succeeding Walter in 1980, Rudy deftly adapted to new technology that allowed the magazine routinely—and in spite of breaking news and tight printing schedules—to use color on every page. Then came the microchip age, and Rudy moved his staff from the traditional design tools—paper, pencils and razor blades—to the computer screen. One sign of his success was the National Magazine Award for Excellence in Design, which he won for TIME in 1986.

Rudy calls the changeover to computer design the “most rewarding” episode of his long tenure. “Plus I had access to the best illustrators, fine artists and photographers in the world.” To make even better use of these resources, Rudy led a team that two years ago undertook another thorough redesign of the magazine, the results of which have been evident in every issue since April 20, 1992.

He was aided in this enterprise by design director Arthur Hochstein, who now assumes Rudy’s position.

Arthur joined TIME in 1985 after working at the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, where he served as both the editor and the art director of that paper’s Sunday magazine. Word people and design people are not supposed to get along, but Arthur seems to co-exist with himself quite happily. He is famous in our halls for the very good headlines he comes up with for covers and page layouts and the very bad puns (“The Vegas Notion” for our recent cover on the Nevada gambling mecca) that he sticks in as dummy copy.

“Rudy taught me to favor the demands of journalism over those of pure design,” Arthur says. “I want to continue that tradition.” We think both MONEY and TIME are lucky to have art directors with such good eyes and clear visions.

Managing Editor

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Granted, with a starting price of around $47,000, the County and even more evolved County LWB are hardly inexpensive.

But then again, nothing else on the road is better equipped to help you pass the salt.
NATION

Clinton's European Adventure
On his first European trip in office, President Clinton delivered a well-received speech in Brussels in which he stressed U.S. commitment to Europe and pledged to keep 100,000 troops there. Brussels was the site of a two-day NATO summit, and the alliance agreed to Clinton's Partnership for Peace plan. The initiative provides for the possibility of former Warsaw Pact countries' joining NATO gradually over an unspecified period. The President toured Prague with Czech President Vaclav Havel and then arrived in Moscow, where he urged Russians to continue reforming their economy. In the Kremlin, Clinton signed an agreement with Boris Yeltsin and Leonid Kravchuk, the President of Ukraine, dealing with Ukraine's nuclear weapons.

Counsel for Whitewater
After nine Democratic Senators urged him to take the step, President Clinton finally agreed to call for the appointment of a special counsel to investigate his involvement with the Whitewater Development Corp. in Arkansas. Senate minority leader Bob Dole and other Republicans who had long insisted on the appointment of a special counsel continued to call for a congressional investigation as well.

No Vote Suppression
Federal and state investigators announced that they had found no evidence of vote suppression in last year's gubernatorial election in New Jersey. Edward Rollins, the campaign manager for Governor-elect Christine Todd Whitman, had boasted that the campaign made payments to keep blacks away from the polls.

INSIDE WASHINGTON

In the Spotlight: Lorena Bobbitt, who testified that her husband's brutality drove her to cut off his penis, and whose claims of abuse were supported by a parade of witnesses.

From the Man Who Brought You Willie Horton ...

FLOYD BROWN IS BACK. He's the conservative who created the original Willie Horton ad in 1988 and made a video rehashing the Gennifer Flowers mess in 1992, and he is now covertly feeding information and hard-to-find documents to reporters and congressional Republicans looking into the Whitewater affair. Brown's associate David Bossie has been to Little Rock several times digging for dirt. Evidently some Whitewater tale tellers prefer to deal with Brown & Co., figuring Brown can be trusted to protect their sources.
from the polls. He later recanted the remarks. Whitman takes office this week.

Wilder Withdraws
Virginia Governor Douglas Wilder used his State of the Commonwealth address to announce that he had dropped plans to run for the U.S. Senate. He would have battled arch-nemesis Senator Charles Robb for the Democratic nomination in a contest that many had expected to be a muddling embarrassment to the party.

Arrests in Kerrigan Attack
The bodyguard of U.S. figure-skating champion Tonya Harding and two other men were arrested for the brutal assault on Harding’s rival Nancy Kerrigan in Detroit. According to his lawyer, bodyguard Shawn Eric Eckardt told investigators that he had taken part in the plot to injure Kerrigan but denied being “smart enough” to plan it.

More Combat Jobs for Women
Lame duck Defense Secretary Les Aspin overruled the Army and Marine Corps to approve a policy that will expand the presence of women in ground-combat forces. Women still won’t engage in fighting, but Aspin has ordered that they be allowed to take dangerous support jobs that have been closed to them. The two services have until May 1 to provide a list of what these jobs will be.

Davidians on Trial
In San Antonio, Texas, the trial began of 10 men and one woman who are members of the Branch Davidian cult and who are charged with murder and conspiracy to commit murder in connection with the death of four federal agents. The agents were shot during a raid on the cult’s compound near Waco in February 1993.

Cheating at Annapolis
In the largest cheating scandal since it adopted its honor code in 1951, the U.S. Naval
Academy is attempting to determine how many members of its current graduating class had advance knowledge of the questions on an engineering exam given in December 1992. As many as 140 cadets out of a class of 1,100 may be implicated.

**Trying Again in Vidor**
In the predawn darkness, four black families quietly moved into an all-white housing project in Vidor, Texas. The project had been seized by federal authorities after previous attempts at integration failed when whites drove away several black families by harassing them.

**Mrs. Bobbitt in the Dock**
In Manassas, Virginia, the now infamous Lorena Bobbitt went on trial for severing her husband's penis with a kitchen knife. She testified that her husband John Wayne Bobbitt often beat her and forced her to have anal sex.

**Mistrial for One Menendez**
After 19 days, the jury deliberating the charges against Erik Menendez said it was hopelessly deadlocked. The judge declared a mistrial, so Menendez, accused along with his brother Lyle of murdering their parents, will have to be tried again. Lyle's jury is still in deliberations.

**WORLD**

**NATO Threatens Air Strikes**
At their Brussels summit, the 16 members of NATO again threatened to use air strikes against Serb forces in Bosnia to protect Sarajevo. The allied leaders repeated a promise they made last August to "prevent the stranguulation" of the city. They also said they would study measures to relieve the eastern Bosnian town of Srebrenica, where Canadian U.N. peacekeepers are trapped, and to reopen the airport in the northeastern Bosnian town of Tuzla. NATO officers said that it was unlikely air strikes would be launched before next month and that U.N.

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**RAW DATA**

The city of Manassas is not happy with the kind of attention it has been receiving, and so has prepared this map to set the record straight. (Excerpts from the accompanying text are at right.)

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**MEDIA ADVISORY**

(MANASSAS, VA: 1/10/94)

The dismemberment of John Bobbitt took place at Maplewood Garden Apartments in PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY. The temporary disposal then occurred nearby... also in PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY.

The celebrated reattachment took place at the very fine Prince William Hospital which is located in MANASSAS.

[We're] justly proud of our low tax rates, high quality/low cost water... a safe and progressive airport...
**DISPATCHES**

**By Jeffery C. Rubin, in Fontana, California**

**Industrial Flea Market**

"These foundations are a wonder to behold," says George Trentz wistfully as he stands before a row of crumbling concrete walls, virtually all that remains of the former Kaiser Steel Corp.'s mill in this town, an hour's drive east of Los Angeles. The plant, once 20 stories high and 100 yds. long, has been reduced to a ruin, and as workers with acetylene torches continue their cutting, Trentz watches the factory where he worked for years literally disappear before his eyes. If it were simply another smokestack victim of America's decline in manufacturing, it would just be allowed to sit and rust. Something stranger is happening, though: the plant has been sold to the Chinese, and they are taking it apart rivet by rivet and shipping it back to their country, where they will rebuild it to help satisfy China's insatiable industrial appetite. Thought to have expanded at a torrid rate of 13% in 1993, China's economy has been the fastest growing in the world for two years in a row.

Looking at the piles of rubble and scrap, it is hard to imagine that when it opened in 1978, the Basic Oxygen Process Shop No. 2, known as "the BOP shop," was among the most formidable steelmaking facilities in the world. The two huge Voest-Alpine furnaces could produce up to 2.8 million tons of high-grade carbon steel annually. But soon after Kaiser built the plant (at a cost of $287 million), the company encountered new environmental regulations and rapidly rising union wages that made the mill noncompetitive with overseas producers. Within five years Kaiser shut the plant down. For a decade the BOP shop came to life only occasionally as a movie set—in 1990, for example, the finale of Arnold Schwarzenegger's apocalyptic Terminator II was filmed here.

Then, in late 1992, the Shougang steel corporation of Beijing agreed to pay $15 million for the plant. Soon after, 290 engineers and laborers arrived from China to begin packing up their new possession. After being cut or unbolted, each piece—some are bigger than a boxcar—is numbered and labeled in Chinese characters to ensure that the 60,000-ton jigsaw puzzle can be reassembled correctly back home in China. The furnaces now hang oddly in the open air, but within weeks they will be lifted from their cradles and made ready for transport to the port at Long Beach.

"China could build a new steel mill like this one," says Wang Shengli, who is overseeing the project. "We bought this one because we can have it operating sooner than if we built our own." The mill will be put up in the southern Guangxi region; the cost of dismantling, moving, and reconstructing it will be at least $400 million.

The Fontana mill is the largest plant bought in the U.S. and taken home by the Chinese, but it is hardly the only one. In North Carolina the Chinese picked up a secondhand nuclear-plant control room, in Pennsylvania they purchased a used microchip-making facility, and in Michigan they bought an auto-engine assembly line. If China's economy keeps going along as it has been, the steel, microchips and engines made in these newly exported plants may ironically come back to America one day—as imports.

Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali would have to authorize each individual strike. President Clinton cautioned, "We should not say things that we do not intend to do."

...As Serbs Pound Sarajevo

As if to underline their disdain for the West's threat, Serb artillerymen continued their relentless shelling of Sarajevo, killing at least 16 people and wounding 40 others. Bosnian government soldiers launched an attack of their own, killing three Serbs. U.N. officials closed the Sarajevo airport when a 128-mm rocket hit a runway just hours after the airport had reopened to allow relief flights to land.

Ukraine to Be Nuke Free?

Ukrainian President Leonid Kravchuk signed an agreement in Moscow with President Clinton and Russian President Boris Yeltsin to dismantle his country's nuclear arsenal, the world's third largest. Ukraine will turn L800 warheads over to Russia for destruction. U.S. government payments for the weapons' enriched uranium, along with promised aid, will total more than $1 billion. The ballyhoo in Kiev must still rattle the pact, so the fate of the missiles remains in doubt.

Mexican Cease-Fire

President Carlos Salinas of Mexico declared a unilateral cease-fire in the government's battle against rebellious peasants in the southern state of Chiapas. He offered amnesty to any guerrillas who laid down their arms and ordered the 15,000 troops sent to the impoverished state to fire only if fired upon. Manuel Camacho Solís, formerly the Foreign Minister, was appointed peace envoy to meet with the rebels.

Israel, P.L.O. Start and Stop

Negotiations between Israel and the Palestinians reopened in the Egyptian
town of Taba, but three days later, delegates again halted the talks. "On the civilian issues, we are coming closer. On the security issues, there is a lot to be done," said Major General Amnon Shahak, head of the Israeli delegation.

BUSINESS

Low, Low Prices

Wholesale prices edged up a negligible 0.2% last year, and consumer prices posted the smallest gain in seven years—only 2.7%. Analysts predict continued low inflation in 1994. Meanwhile, spurred on by purchases of cars and home-related goods, retail sales last year soared 6.2%, the biggest annual advance since 1989.

Rules for the Info Highway

Vice President Al Gore unveiled the Administration's grand design for the coming information superhighway. Though a bit stingy with details, Gore said the Administration will push for legislation that encourages deregulation and greater competition among traditional rivals, allowing telephone and cable-TV companies to enter each other's business, for example. He also indicated that the Administration will press the telecommunications industry to provide both affordable "universal service" to all households and free access to the info highway to schools, libraries and hospitals. Initial industry reaction was favorable.

Paramount Board Favors QVC

The board of Paramount Communications recommended that shareholders reject Viacom's latest bid and again advised that they accept QVC. Network's offer, estimated to be more generous by about $600 million.

A Break in the B.C.C.I. Probe

An agreement with Abu Dhabi's ruler, a principal backer of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, has given new life to the

THE GOOD NEWS

✓ Nursing a baby can significantly lower chances of getting breast cancer later in life, a new study shows. Mothers who begin breast feeding in their teens and continue for at least six months reduce the risk of cancer before menopause almost by half.

✓ Spinal-tissue injuries frequently lead to paralysis, but researchers in Japan say they have cut the spinal cords of newborn rats and reattached the severed ends without inflicting permanent damage. After a few months, these rats were running and climbing nearly as well as uninjured ones.

✓ Rats navigating a maze make only half as many errors when given a new "smart" drug called amf, which affects receptors in the brain. If proved safe, the drug could be used to treat Alzheimer's patients.

THE BAD NEWS

✓ Thirty years after the Surgeon General's first warning about the hazards of smoking, cigarettes and other tobacco products still kill more than 420,000 Americans each year.

✓ Health officials report that the deadly hantavirus that last year killed 32 people in the Southwest has made its first appearance east of the Mississippi, in a Florida drug-treatment center.

✓ The number of foster children in the U.S. has doubled, to 442,000 in the past 10 years. As a group, they receive the worst health care of any American children.

✓ Elderly Americans who have many sex partners or are otherwise at risk to contract AIDS are one-sixth as likely to use condoms as a comparable group in their 20s.

Diagnosing Bill Gates

In its Dec. 27/Jan. 3 issue, the New Yorker ran a long piece about autism called "An Anthropologist on Mars," and in the following issue the magazine ran a long piece called "E-Mail from Bill" about Bill Gates, chairman of Microsoft. In some ways, the articles were strangely and intriguingly similar.

An Anthropologist on Mars

Some autistics possess an "excellent ability of logical abstract thinking."

Autistics suffer "impairment of social interaction with others."

Many autistics show "repetitive or automatic movements, such as spasms, tics, rocking." Some autistic children "rock back and forth."

Autistic children sometimes suffer "sudden panics or rages, and scream or hit out uncontrollably."

Autistics "do not make eye contact."

The home of one autistic family had a "well-used trampoline, where the whole family, at times, likes to jump and flip their arms."

E-Mail From Bill

A Microsoft executive is quoted: "Bill is just smarter than everyone else."

A former girlfriend is quoted: "People who know Bill know that you have to bring him into a group ... because he doesn't have the social skills to do it on his own."

"While he is working, he rocks ... [H]is upper body rocks down to an almost forty-five-degree angle, rocks back up, rocks down again. They claim I started at an extremely young age," said Gates.

"If he strongly disagrees with what you're saying, [Gates] is in the habit of blustering out, 'That's the stupidest f-ing thing I've ever heard!' People tell stories of Gates spraying saliva into the face of some hapless employee."

"He did not look at me very often but either looked down as he was talking or lifted his eyes above my head to look out the window."

"He has planned a full-size trampoline for a house he is building."

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global fraud investigation of the rogue bank. Sheik Zayed bin Sultan al-Nahayan has agreed to allow B.C.C.I.’s No. 2 man, Swaleh Naqui, to be extradited to the U.S. for trial on fraud charges, and to give prosecutors access to other former officers and to bank records. In turn, the U.S. has promised the sheik that he will not face criminal or civil charges in the U.S. and that a $1.5 billion lawsuit against him will be dropped.

Blue-Chip Layoffs Persist
The troubled Westinghouse Electric Corp. said it would shed 6,000 employees, or 11% of its work force, over the next two years. CTE Corp., the nation’s largest local phone company, said it would cut 17,000 jobs, or 13% of its work force, over the next three years.

SCIENCE
Snapshots from Space
The before-and-after pictures said it all: images of distant stars and galaxies that had been fogged and blurry were suddenly breathtakingly clear. Not only was NASA’s Hubble repair mission an unqualified success (boosting the agency’s chances of getting funding for its next big project, the space station), but astronomers now have a scientific tool of unprecedented power. Discoveries—black holes, white dwarfs, new solar systems—could pour in for years to come.

Sonic, the Hedgehog Gene
Scientists have identified a new class of genes—to be called hedgehogs by convention—that control a master switch in DNA molecules that tells cells whether they are to become skin, bone or muscle. The new genes are being named for hedgehog species, such as Indian and moonrat. One of them is even called Sonic, after the hedgehog hero of a popular video game.

CHRONICLES

MILESTONES

DEBUTING. JERRY BROWN, 55, former Governor of California and occasional presidential candidate; as a radio talk-show host; in Oakland, California. Brown ran the nation’s most populous state for eight years and challenged two future Presidents—Carter and Clinton—on their road to the White House, but he is about to take on his biggest opponent yet: Rush Limbaugh. Brown is launching his two-hour daily radio talk show on Jan. 31. About 50 stations throughout the country will carry the program initially.

DIED. HARRY NILSSON, 52, singer and songwriter; of a probable heart attack; in Agoura Hills, California. Winner of two Grammys, Nilsson was best known for his recording of Everybody’s Talkin’, the theme song from the movie Midnight Cowboy.

DIED. JOHAN JORGEN HOLST, 56, Norwegian Foreign Minister; of a stroke; in Oslo. Holst served as Norway’s Foreign Minister for more than a year, but as the man who arranged the secret negotiations leading to last September’s historic accord between Israel and the P.L.O., he played a crucial role in world politics. When Holst was appointed in April, some of his countrymen feared that he lacked the necessary savvy for the post. Those doubts were erased by the revelation of Holst’s peacemaking efforts between the two Middle East antagonists. Among other unorthodox strategies, he was host of relaxed meetings in his own home, at which Israeli and Palestinian officials divined their time between impassioned negotiating and playing on the floor with his young son. Holst’s grueling shuttle diplomacy may have caused his stroke.

DIED. JOHN BRADLEY, 70, American serviceman pictured in the classic World War II photo of the U.S. flag being raised on Iwo Jima; of a stroke; in Antigo, Wisconson. Bradley, the lone Navy man amid five Marines, is seen in the foreground, second from the right. “I just jumped in and gave them a hand,” he once recalled. “I just came along. I was in a certain place at a certain time.” Bradley was the last of the men pictured to survive.

DIED. CHARLES STONEHAM (“Chub”) FEENEY, 72, former president of baseball’s National League; of a heart attack; in San Francisco. He never played an inning, but Chub Feeney was around baseball all his life. Three years before Chub’s birth, in 1921, his grandfather acquired the New York Giants. By the ’50s, he was in essence the Giants’ general manager, and he oversaw their World Series win over the Indians in 1954, their National League pennant victories of ’51 and ’62, and the team’s epochal move from the Bronx to San Francisco’s Candlestick Park in 1958. In 1970 he was named National League president, a post he held till 1986. When he got the job, the new president observed that after a lifetime as a Giants partisan, “I’ve got to remind myself that I’m the only guy in the ball park who is there to root for the empire.”

DIED. SRI CHANDRASEKHARENDO SARS-SWATI SWAMIGAL, 99, one of five major leaders of Hinduism; in Ranchipuram, India. The son of a poor Brahman schoolteacher, Saraswati displayed such promise that he was chosen by a religious predecessor to be a spiritual leader when he was 13. He devoted the rest of his life to learning religious texts and nearly a dozen languages, becoming the greatest living scholar of his faith. The swamigal, who journeyed throughout India by foot over two decades, was a committed believer in religious tolerance, a tenet he preached in spite of the recent rise of an often violent form of Hindu chauvinism. For that he earned the respect of India’s Muslim minority.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt, Christopher John Farley, Sophronia Scott Gregory, Michael Quinn, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alain L. Sanders
I will put first things last. I will study a sunset. I will be naked more. I will discover a color.
It's different out here.

I will memorize clouds. I will see something beautiful though meaningless.

I will be amphibious.

I will eat a mango.

I will get a really good tan.
As Reno chooses a special prosecutor, new questions arise in the Whitewater case

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

If there is anything Bill Clinton does not need, it is another embarrassing question about Whitewater. In fact the President has agreed, most reluctantly, to the appointment of a special counsel to investigate that mess largely to move the questions off the front pages and TV network news for a while. But now Time has turned up evidence that Bill and Hillary Rodham Clinton participated in deals in which the same land was sold and resold—in one case to themselves—at rapidly escalating prices for reasons that cannot quickly be pinned down.

Even in the middle of what should have been a heady European trip, a senior aide reported Clinton to be "vexed" and "frustrated." In Brussels, Prague, Kiev and Moscow he was winning favorable press coverage for his handling of foreign policy. But at every stop he kept hearing that awful word Whitewater to his obvious dismay. Presidential aides had fought to portray criticisms of Whitewater and related deals as partisan Republican sniping. But now nine Democratic Senators had joined the clamor for a special counsel to take an independent look.

A conference call Tuesday night between Clinton's entourage in Prague and people at the White House ended with no final decision. But before leaving the Czech capital Wednesday morning, Clinton told advisers, "I want to get on with the business of my presidency," and gave the go-ahead for a special counsel. Officially, the decision came in a letter from White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum to Attorney General Janet Reno.

That gave White House aides a reason to turn aside any new Whitewater questions: from now on, it's all up to the special counsel.
counsel. But there are questions about the special counsel. Who will be chosen? Reno's only answer was someone "tuggeledy independent." Outsiders could agree only on a general description: the counsel should be someone well known and respected, at least within the legal profession; probably retired or semi-retired (because he or she could not be involved in any active litigation); and preferably a Republican. How broad or narrow will the probe be? Said Justice Department spokesman Carl Stern: "We're not going to tell the special counsel what to investigate. He or she is going to tell us."

The difference could be crucial. An inquiry focused narrowly on Whitewater and the failed Madison Guaranty Savings & Loan, whose owner James McDougals and then wife Susan were partners with the Clintons in that land venture, might be concluded speedily, but be open to charges of inadequacy. A broader investigation could turn into a fishing expedition lasting for years.

In any case, matters meriting a special counsel's attention keep piling up. The fundamental questions still are: Was any money from Madison Guaranty improperly funneled into Governor Clinton's campaigns, or into the Clintons' pockets? And did the Governor repay with political favors to the S&L? But any attempt to answer quickly leads into a tangled financial-political underbrush, which seems to get thornier every day. Some new problems:

RUNAWAY INFLATION? On July 14, 1978, Arkla Land Co. sold a 3,600-acre tract in northern Arkansas to a company called 101 River Development Inc. for a price equivalent to about $400 an acre. On Aug. 2, a 230-acre parcel was resold. The buyers: Bill and Hillary Clinton and James and Susan McDougals. A deed examined by TIME in the Marion County seat of Yellville is recorded in their individual names; tax stamps indicate the price was $203,000, or roughly $882 an acre—more than double the per-acre price only 19 days earlier. Little more than a year later, on Sept. 30, 1979, the Clintons and McDougals sold the land again, to their newly formed Whitewater Development Corp. The price, again as calculated from tax stamps: $250,000, or just under $1,057 an acre.

Why the rapid price inflation? Why did the Clintons and the McDougals pay twice the price paid by 101 River? Why was the price increased almost 25% a year later? The only explanation available, and a not fully satisfying one, comes from James Patterson Jr., who was involved in several ways: he was secretary of 101 River Development, which sold the land to the Clintons and McDougals, and also president of Citizens Bank and Trust in the tiny Arkansas town of Flippin, which loaned money to 101 to buy the land and later advanced a $182,611 mortgage loan to Whitewater so it could repurchase the same land. Patterson, in an interview with TIME, insists that the sale to the McDougals and Clintons was an arm's-length transaction. The reason they paid more per acre than other buyers of acreage from the large parcel was that they bought better land with a large amount of river frontage. And the reason his bank extended such loans, Patterson said, was to boost local economic development.

PROFIT OR LOSS? The Clintons have contended that rather than improperly profiting from their half-share in Whitewater, they lost nearly all the $69,000 they invested. But that claim is becoming increasingly difficult to support. For one thing, Whitewater's purchase of the land for $47,000 more than the Clintons and McDougals had paid for it would have yielded each couple an initial profit of $23,500, if they had a fifty-fifty share in everything. The profit may have been entirely on paper; even so, they should have paid federal capital-gains taxes on it. The Clintons' tax returns from 1980 through 1987 show no such payment; their 1979 return is unavailable.

Besides the $183,000 loan from Citizens Bank, Whitewater was started with a down payment of $20,000. But documents establish that the $20,000 was also borrowed, from Union Bank of Little Rock. That raises the question of whether...
the loan from Citizens was prudent, given that there was no cash down payment. Also, it is not known for sure how much, if any, unborrowed cash the Clintons put into Whitewater.

Further, records and interviews with Chris Wade, the real estate agent who sold the lots for the Clintons and McDougals and ended up buying much of the land from them, indicate that Whitewater over the years took in around $270,250. Wade claims that Whitewater spent $40,000 on improvements like roads, and carrying costs on the land may have eaten up much of the rest. But it is hard to see how the Clintons’ half-share could have resulted in a loss of anything like $69,000. McDougals has told the Associated Press that he thought their cash investment, and loss, was only about $9,000 up to 1986.

**CONFLICT OF INTEREST?** A Governor going into partnership with a man whose main business is regulated by the state government seems questionable to begin with—or at least an occasion for special vigilance. But at least one more specific potential conflict has been turned up by *Time*. In 1983, Madison Guaranty sought state approval, over the objections of a rival S&L, to open a branch in Salina County. A six-member board established to decide such cases had a temporary vacancy. Governor Clinton sent a letter to one Dick Fisch (nobody today recalls anything about him) appointing Fisch a “special member—.. to specifically hear” the Madison case. The board, including Fisch, voted to approve Madison’s application. As it turned out, the branch never opened. No matter; in the view of some lawyers, it was unethical for Clinton to decide who should vote on an application from a business partner of the Governor’s.

**TRYING TO MISLEAD REGULATORS?** Rose Law Firm, in which Hillary Clinton was a partner, represented Madison Guaranty for a retainer of $2,000 a month, and in 1985 Mrs. Clinton presented to a regulator appointed by her husband a plan for a sale of preferred stock to shore up the S&L’s finances. In support of that petition, Richard Massey, another member of the Rose firm, wrote two letters. One, in June, acknowledged inferentially that Madison did not meet federally mandated cash requirements but cheerily asserted that “the applicant anticipates that no deficiency will exist in the near future.” The next month Massey advised that Madison “anticipates...improvement of its financial condition and services provided to customers.” Massey told the Associated Press that he was merely passing on what he was told by Madison management.

Those rosy opinions were sandwiched between totally contrasting judgments by the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, which supervised S&Ls whose deposits were insured by the Federal Government, as Madison’s were. In 1984 audit, the bank board warned that Madison’s “investment and lending practices in real estate developments” were jeopardizing its “viability.” In 1986, eight months after the second Massey letter, another bank-board
Where It Hurts

What rankles about Whitewater? The facts most needed to judge the Clintons remain unknown. In their absence, the nation is left with a jumble of disturbing impressions. First is the sense that we’ve been here before. Bill Clinton is a famous corner cutter. Ask him about something he perceives as uncomfortable, and he goes into lawyer mode. "I’ve caused pain in my marriage," he said, when Gennifer Flowers’ charges surfaced. He didn’t outright admit to philandering. He said "everyone" knew what he meant, and probably everyone did, but Clinton wasn’t going to be any clearer. He didn’t break American laws, he said, when the pot-smoking charges flew—a dodge that held for a nanosecond, until it was revealed that Clinton’s noninhaling had taken place in England. And then there was the draft.

Since those activities and Clinton’s tortured explanations took place before he was elected President, voters had a chance to review the evidence and pass judgment. Ultimately, enough people either believed Clinton or considered his truth shading less important than the need to improve on George Bush’s performance. Today Americans can gauge Clinton by his record in the Oval Office as much as by anything else.

Where, then, does Whitewater fit in? It’s different—or could be—because the wrongdoing (if there was any) may have involved abuses of power while Clinton was serving as Governor of Arkansas. On the other hand, Whitewater too is from the past. So even if the worst were proved—and no one yet knows what that is—the offense might not warrant impeachment. Even proof of an ethical lapse by then Governor Clinton is not likely to harm him as much as an error committed during his presidency, such as the unproved allegation that he recently dangled a job offer in front of an Arkansas state trooper in return for the trooper’s silence about Clinton’s alleged sexual shenanigans before he won the White House.

The President’s call for an independent Whitewater investigation temporarily quells the political outrage, but many people still think Clinton must be guilty of something because they know he isn’t stupid. Here’s a policy wonk well versed in every domestic issue that ever made a Sunday-morning talk show, a politician with near total recall of conversations and events from long ago, a meticulous record keeper capable of itemizing underwear donations to charity. Why, then, are so many vital Whitewater records missing? How is it possible that two respected lawyers like Bill and Hillary Clinton don’t possess a paper trail capable of proving their innocence—unless they’re hiding something? How could products of the Watergate generation ignore the central lesson of Richard Nixon’s downfall: stonewalling, and even its mere appearance, can be at least as corrosive as laying out the whole tale publicly, unless the true story transcends mere embarrassment?

Then there is the matter of the President’s overall credibility. Are these nagging qualms so damaging that Clinton’s legislative agenda will be jeopardized? Republicans, of course, and some Democrats think the President’s ability to accomplish health-care reform has been compromised. But one senior Democratic Senator insists that Clinton has already ended up as “just another player with his own vision of how to resolve the matter.”

More important, but thankfully vague at this point, is whether the scandal has hobbled Clinton’s ability to command public support in a crisis. When a President, like Bush before the Gulf War, seeks public approval for a life-threatening mission with an argument that finally relies on a plea to “Trust me, you elected me,” this is no trifling question.
Behind the slowdown lie aggressive steps by several states including Maryland, Oregon and Florida to contain medical costs. Many private companies are taking their own measures. Typical is Intel, the microchip manufacturer, which suffered 20% annual increases in health-insurance premiums until the introduction of a managed-care program in 1990 that covers 20,000 U.S. employees. Now costs are edging up only 5% a year.

Another ingredient of medical-cost containment involves the decision by many hospitals, pharmaceutical companies and other providers to stabilize or lower their prices, perhaps in hopes of heading off congressional action on health-care reform. This, at least, is the argument advanced by Administration experts who caution that decelerating costs could prove illusory and that only a full-scale, Clinton-style reform with mandatory price restraints can tackle the job in the long run. "Medical inflation slowed in the late 1970s just in time to defeat a previous effort at cost containment," recalls Laura Tyson, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. "Later on, prices resumed their former upward spiral."

Moreover, advocates of reform argue, inflation is only one of many health-care problems that need fixing, most notable among them the lack of coverage for 37 million Americans, which the Clinton plan is designed to remedy. "Warns Paul Begala, a senior Clinton political adviser: "The American people believe something serious must be done in a country where any one of us could lose our medical insurance tomorrow."

The sentiment among critics of Clinton's plan leans toward proposals that are more incremental, with less ambitious financing and lower costs. The one claiming the most support so far is the Breaux plan, also known as "Clinton Lite." The proposal matches many features of the President's proposal but does not put limits on insurance premiums and will not yield universal coverage.

Several Republican legislators have developed their own, mostly incremental plans, hoping to avoid the awkward choice between opposing reform altogether and voting for some variation of the Clinton plan, for which the President will get most of the credit. But, as the saying goes, you can't beat something with nothing. And the Republicans have yet to agree on an alternative that isn't Democrat in design.

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**Health Care**

**Crisis? What Crisis?**

As medical inflation eases, so does the sense of urgency that Clinton needs to push his revolutionary plan

By ADAM ZAGORIN WASHINGTON

The latest assault on Bill Clinton's top domestic goal began with 10 words on a Sunday-morning talk show last week. "We do not have a health-care crisis in America," declared Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the Senate Finance Committee chairman. His words sent shivers through the White House, where creating a national sense of urgency about health care is regarded as critical to propelling the President's reforms through Congress. As the week progressed, things only got worse. The American Medical Association, it was disclosed, is preparing a plan to lobby for 37 significant changes in Clinton's plan, including the elimination of proposed limits on doctors' fees. Then came a letter, signed by 565 economists, warning about fallout from the price controls contained in the Clinton proposal.

Administration officials quickly tried to dampen the rising rebellion. Senior economic advisers led a hurried but urgent campaign to prevent the influential Business Roundtable from endorsing a more modest alternative to the President's 1,300-page plan. White House economics chief Robert Rubin and Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman telephoned insurance-company execs at Prudential, Chubb, American International Group and CNA to urge them not to endorse the rival plan, backed by Representative Jim Cooper of Tennessee and Senator John Breaux of Louisiana. But the Administration's pre-emptive effort met with resistance. Late Friday an informal straw poll of the Roundtable's policy committee turned up broad support for Cooper-Breaux.

On his return from Europe this week, Clinton aims to launch an all-out campaign for passage with his Jan. 25 State of the Union speech. But attitudes about health-care reform have shifted in the months since Clinton unveiled his plan in September. The economy has rebounded strongly, and a growing number of legislators have been denying the existence of a national medical emergency. Certainly one aspect of the crisis, the skyrocketing cost of care, has abated. Medical inflation fell from an annual rate of 6.3% in the first half of last year to 4.4% in the second half, according to the consumer price index. New projections indicate that the Federal Government will spend $120 billion less on Medicare and Medicaid through 1998 than was estimated only a year ago.
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Diplomacy

Bear Hugs All Around

In the wake of Clinton’s saxophone summity, his advisers claim that everyone came away happy. But the President’s work may have only just begun.

By BRUCE W. NELAN

The President of the U.S. traveled through the snows of Moscow to the dacha where an empire had been unmade. The sumptuous three-story house is called Novo Ugarevvo, and it was there in April 1991 that Mikhail Gorbachev negotiated the far-ranging reforms that four months later triggered the coup against him: the coup that brought on the Russian revolution that wiped away the Soviet Union and brought to power Bill Clinton’s host, Boris Yeltsin. Last week, as trees and fencers glowed with lights marking the Russian new year, saxophone music floated out of Novo Ugarevvo.

The American President had already practiced saxophone diplomacy twice before on his trip; once when he accepted a gift sax during the NATO summit in Brussels and then at a jazz club in Prague. The Russians handed him a third opportunity. Midway through an “informal” 22-dish dinner that included moose lips (“This was not a chocolate dessert,” joked an American official), Yeltsin gave the President a five-inch blue-and-white porcelain figure of Clinton, one hand waving and the other clutching a saxophone. Suddenly—but to no one’s surprise—a real one appeared, and Clinton rose to the occasion, performing My Funny Valentine and, in spite of the season, Summertime.

With the White House awash in Whitewater, Clinton reveled in his chance to conquer new worlds, to prove that a self-described “domestic” President could hold his own in the complex realm of international politics. He brought his genial man-of-the-people act to the streets of Brussels, Prague, Moscow and Minsk, even as he tackled economic and security issues from Russia to Bosnia with wonkish concentration. Boasting of break-throughs on Ukrainian nuclear arms and the detargeting of Russian missiles, Clinton proclaimed his trip a success. Said a senior official traveling with the President: “We absolutely did everything and got everything we hoped for.” But while music hath charms, Clinton’s work on the international front may be just beginning.

The foremost issue was Russia. At meetings with NATO partners in Brussels and with Central European leaders in Prague, the same worries emerged over and over. Would Russia backslide from reform and closer ties with the West? Would it reclaim its old sphere of influence in Central Europe? Indeed, Yeltsin looked with dismay at attempts of former East-

And all that jazz: Clinton and Czech President Vaclav Havel, left, hit it off immediately and went pub-hopping in Prague

Bill and Boris on tour in the Kremlin: Clinton offered to become an “unofficial spokesperson” for Yeltsin
bloc nations to join NATO. Why should they want to join? “Russia does not threaten any country in Central or Eastern Europe,” he told Time.

As Clinton and his senior aides rode from their hotel to the Kremlin for their first round of talks, they wondered whether they would find Yeltsin firmly on course for more economic reforms or possibly planning to trim under pressure from the extreme nationalists and communists in the newly elected parliament. In political shorthand, the apprehension had a name: Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the most visible and loudest of Moscow’s band of neofascists. But Clinton was more broadly concerned last week with resentment among the Russian people and with whether Yeltsin would have to respond by firing some of the best-known reformers from his Cabinet and by slowing down the transition to a free-market economy.

Almost as soon as they sat down in the Kremlin, Yeltsin reassured them, saying, “There has been no backpedaling. We will continue to go steadily ahead and in some areas may intensify reform.” The Americans received that pledge, said one, “with an audible sigh of relief.” The Russian President went on to describe the state of Russia’s economy and so did several ministers. Their presentations lasted 50 minutes, and though some eyes glazed over, Clinton’s didn’t. He listened attentively to each minister and jotted down pages of notes.

In scenes reminiscent of his election campaign, Clinton took to the streets of Moscow selling Yeltsin’s reforms, going so far as to answer questions from Russians in a televised town-hall meeting. At times the performances on the street and on the air made his advisers edgy. “In things like this, there are a lot of difficult issues where language matters a lot, where it’s a lot easier to have a script,” said a U.S. official.

The view that Russia has become a puppet of the U.S. has helped fuel nationalist sentiments among the likes of Zhirinovsky. Still, the head of the Liberal Democrats professed no interest in Clinton’s visit. “It’s not important to us,” he told Time. He was apparently busy. At last week’s opening sessions of the Duma, the lower house of parliament, Zhirinovsky got into a slapping match with a fellow legislator at the parliament cafeteria. They were arguing over who should be served first.

The capstone to the trip, and to months of painstaking U.S. diplomacy, was Ukrainian President Leonid Kravchuk’s agreement to dismantle all 175 of the intercontinental missiles and more than 1,500 nuclear warheads left behind in Ukraine when the Soviet Union collapsed. After a brief stopover at the airport in Kiev, Clinton joined Kravchuk for a press conference in front of a blue curtain hastily hauled up from a snack bar. Kravchuk had made the same promise before, only to be stymied by the Ukrainian parliament. But he flew to Moscow to join Clinton and Yeltsin in putting his signature to the written agreement. At the same time, Yeltsin and Clinton dramatized the message that the U.S. and Russia are no longer enemies. They announced that as of May 30 their strategic missile systems will no longer be aimed at each other or at any other country.

A senior American official says the only thing more difficult than dealing with Russians or Ukrainians is “dealing with both of them at the same time.” The hardest part, he says, “was getting the Ukrainians to be realistic about what to expect from us. They were thinking of billions in compensation when we were thinking hundreds of millions.” Washington officials cannot be sure Kravchuk will deliver this time either, but they hope he will be able to sell his parliament on accepting pledges of more than $300 million in aid, Russian and U.S. security guarantees, and up to $1 billion worth of fuel for peaceful nuclear programs. The most potent weapons must be deactivated within 10 months.

BORIS YELTSIN: “May God Help Us”

While preparing for the summit and the opening session of the new parliament, Boris Yeltsin responded to written questions from TIME’s Moscow bureau chief, John Kahan. It is Yeltsin’s first exclusive interview with an American publication since the collapse of the Soviet Union.

What are the prospects for reform in Russia, given the opposition in the parliament?

The elections showed once more that the majority of voters are against the return to a communist utopia and support free enterprise and a diversified market economy. There are differences over the question of how to carry out reforms and at what speed, of how to overcome those temporary difficulties that inevitably affect the lowest-paid segments of the population. I have fully resolved that we must keep on with the strategy of democratic reforms. At the same time, we will have to make certain corrections in our tactics. We must heed the signal that voters have sent us. A constructive opposition, rejecting extremism and political violence, can also make its contribution to the search for the best solutions. Those whose thinking has been frozen in the dogmas of a totalitarian past, whether Soviet or imported from abroad, will have to bow to the will of the people.

What can the West do to help reform? Of course, the Russian people themselves will determine the fate of our reforms.
beyond that the timetable remains secret and U.S. officials hope the warheads can be removed from the most modern and threatening missiles before a recalcitrant parliament in Kiev might be able to intervene.

Integrating the East bloc into the Western military alliance remains an open question. Russia looks askance at applications to NATO by the leaders of Poland, the Czech Republic, Hungary and Slovakia, and Lithuania as well, all of whom have been invoking the dread name Zhironovsky and the shadow of Russian nationalism. In Brussels, Clinton won unanimous approval from NATO representatives, loath to defend a slew of new members, for his Partnership for Peace. It allows new applicants to join in alliance military exercises and training without firm guarantees on when they might win full membership. Polish President Lech Walesa was particularly displeased at what he saw as a Belgian waffle. Even so, he and the others signed on when Clinton arrived to talk it over with them in Prague.

In an interview with Time, Yeltsin was diplomatic but negative about expanding NATO. "We not only do not regard NATO as hostile to Russia," he said, "we do not even rule out the possibility that we might join it at some stage." But he then went on to warn that the "hasty entry" of some countries into NATO would "create a feeling of isolation in others" and "play into the hands of nationalists." At a joint press conference with Clinton on Friday, Yeltsin went further, arguing that if NATO is to take in new members it should accept Russia and the former Warsaw Pact states simultaneously. "Admitting us one by one is no good," he said. "I am against that."

Secretary of State Warren Christopher told Time that Russia would join the Partnership for Peace—and someday might even join NATO. Integrating "all of Europe in one fell swoop" was an attractive concept, he said, but when Yeltsin spoke in those terms he was "defining a kind of Utopia."

Clinton's last appointment in Europe shaped up to be his most difficult and potentially least fruitful. He was to fly to Geneva on Sunday for talks with Syrian President Hafez Assad aimed at getting the Middle East peace process moving again. Clinton will, says Christopher, "let Assad know of our desire for a comprehensive peace." For his part, Assad will be looking for assurances that Clinton is ready to put some of his own time and effort into the process. It is not known whether the Syrian President appreciates the saxophone.

For all his exertions in foreign lands, Clinton was preoccupied with thoughts of home—especially of family. At 3 a.m. Thursday, hours before his first meeting with Yeltsin, Clinton stood in the hallway of his Moscow hotel, talking with his senior aides about his mother, Virginia Kelley, who died three days before he left for Europe. He had been mourning her throughout the trip. Clinton carried several chapters of the unpublished manuscript of her memoirs with him to Moscow. The President, says a White House staff member, "has effectively become the editor of her autobiography." In the hotel hall he was telling senior officials stories from its pages. Later that day, Clinton made an unscheduled stop at a newly rebuilt church near Red Square. A priest showed him to a corner. "I was looking for a place where I could say a prayer for my mother," he told one of his aides. The President lit a candle and, for a few moments, stood contemplating the flames that illuminated an Orthodox crucifix. —Reported by David Aikman and James Carney with Clinton, with other bureaus
When it's time to ship out with the fleet, Bruce Bober enlists the help of his Saturn wagon.

When you were a kid, were you sure about what you wanted to be when you grew up? Well, Bruce wasn't either, but he got a big hint at age eleven when he discovered a love for building things that move. And he's been immersed in model-making ever since. (See photo.)

Not surprisingly, Bruce has managed to use his talents as a tinkerer in his career. He happens to be a Saturn engineer, and his skills at figuring things out come in pretty handy in our Body Development Group.

Like a lot of Saturn team members, Bruce decided to buy a Saturn of his own. (His wife Diane lobbied for a Saturn coupe.) But since the family's got such a hobbyist lifestyle (and because his fleet had graduated from bathtub size to pond size), Bruce decided what they really needed was the Saturn wagon, and its better boat-hauling abilities. (After using it for chauffeur duty, Diane finds the wagon more than adequate in the fun-to-drive category. In fact, she says the kids only like to ride in Dad's car now.)

Even so, as much as he likes his Saturn wagon, we can't say that Bruce is completely satisfied. You see, we still don't offer the Saturn model he really wants. Which is, of course, a Saturn that floats. (See photo again.)

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Bruce Bober is pictured with a 1993 Saturn SW2. Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the 1994 Saturn SW2 is $12,395, including retail prep, Tax, license, transportation, and options are extra. If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new-vehicles, coupes, and wagons, please call us any time at 1-800-522-5000. © 1993 Saturn Corporation.
DON'T TREAD ON MY LAB
Researchers brace themselves for a new era of tighter control and stinger funding from Washington

BY PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

S

CIENCE IS LIKE A FLASHLIGHT; WHAT it illuminates depends on where it is pointed. Traditionally, U.S. scientists have been free to decide for themselves where to focus their research. From time to time, politicians and interest groups would lobby for specific agendas—space exploration, say, or AIDS or breast cancer. But by and large, science in America has been run by the scientists.

That is about to change. In what could be the most significant redirection of U.S. science policy since World War II, the Clinton Administration this month is launching an ambitious Cabinet-level effort to set national priorities and push the country's vast federal research program toward those goals. In effect, the government has grabbed the flashlight.

The immediate aims, as President Clinton never tires of saying, are to boost the economy, strengthen U.S. industry, protect the environment, improve education and create jobs. The scientific resources that could be applied to that campaign are immense: more than 700 federal laboratories, hundreds of university research facilities, 2½ million scientists and engineers, and a national research budget of $76 billion. But the risks, say critics, are equally immense. By putting blinders on the pursuit of knowledge, they fear, the Administration could frustrate a research community that is the envy of the world.

The policy that the Administration inherited dates back to the late 1940s, when the scientific resources that had been marshaled for World War II—including the top-secret Manhattan Project, which built the atom bomb—were reorganized to serve the period of economic growth (and the uneasy peace) that followed. Under a philosophy outlined by Vannevar Bush, science adviser to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, the huge flow of public dollars allocated to cure diseases and fight the cold war was distributed according to a chaotic system dubbed "scientific pluralism." Basically this meant that the money was funneled through review boards manned by scientists, who gave it to researchers proposing projects considered worthy. The system led to quite a bit of waste and overlap, but it also produced a series of unparalleled triumphs, from conquering polio to creating the transistor.

Then, in the late 1980s, the cold war eased and the money ran low—in part because the economy sagged as budget and trade deficits soared. American scientific breakthroughs were still leading to dazzling new products—but too many of them were being manufactured in Japan. Pressure began to mount in Congress to cut defense funding and reshape America's amorphous research effort into a coherent program that would aid industry. But Presidents Reagan and Bush resisted the pressure because the strategy smacked of government meddling in the marketplace.

Clinton, in contrast, has embraced the idea of a national industrial policy, making it a cornerstone of his plan to reinvigorate the economy. Last November he created the National Science Technology Council, a Cabinet-level body on a par with the National Security Council and the National Economic Council and composed of the Secretaries and directors of all the research-oriented departments and agencies in the government. Preliminary meetings of the council's nine subcommittees have been under way for the past three weeks, and the President is scheduled to chair the first formal meeting next month.

The science council should have a busy year. One of the first items on its agenda will be to decide the fate of the nation's federal research labs, including the three nuclear weapons-building facilities (Los Alamos, Sandia and Lawrence Livermore), which each spend about $1 billion a year. Military research makes a tempting target for budget cutters; the government spends more than 60¢ of every research dollar on defense applications, and the President has said he wants that cut to 50¢.

But research in the service of defense is not the only science under scrutiny. Over the next year the NSTC plans to review all federally funded projects—civilian and military—with an eye to weeding out redundancies and identifying technology that could be put to use by U.S. companies. Presidential science adviser John Gibbons,
who heads the NSTC, makes no secret of the
fact that some government-sponsored sci-
ence will have to be axed. “We’re going to
do new things,” he says. “But we can only
do those by not doing some things we are
doing now.”

What will those new things be? Gibbons
points to the Clean Car Initiative launched
last fall, a project designed to transfer tech-
ology developed in federal labs to the auto
industry as a way of helping it meet tough
new pollution standards. The science coun-
cil plans to launch a dozen similar projects
over the next 12 months, focusing on such
areas of applied research as construction
technology, manufacturing techniques,
new materials and manpower retraining.

Some projects are already getting mon-
ey under a new $464 million program de-
signed to encourage “dual-use” research
projects, which have both military and in-
dustrial applications. Among the 160 pro-
posals selected for funding:

- A virtual-reality-type head-mounted dis-
play developed for military aircraft that can
also be used on assembly lines to project in-
structions and data without tying up as-
sembly workers’ hands.
- A computerized triage system that can
track the diagnosis, status and location of
patients in both civilian and battlefield
trauma-care units.
- A cooperative undertaking by four
Massachusetts universities to retrain dis-
placed defense engineers and help them
find employment in biotechnology and
biomedicine.

Not surprisingly, the Clinton
plan has won the tentative approv-
al of industry. “The whole research
and development enterprise is be-
ing rethought,” says Daniel Burton
Jr., president of the Council on Compe-
titiveness, which represents the chief execu-
tive officers of 140 U.S. firms. “What
they’re trying to do is make sure that there

is a solid, results-oriented goal driving re-
search, and not just research for research’s
sake.”

Not everybody shares Burton’s enthusi-
asm. Some critics are worried that private
companies will use the science council as a
virtual R. and D. lab, allowing them to reap
the benefits of millions of dollars of federal
science money without having to contrib-
ute a dime. Others fear that the science bu-
reaucracy will get bigger, not smaller, mak-
ing it a tempting tool for pork-minded
politicians. Paul Romer, an economist from
the University of California, Berkeley,
questions how effective the NSTC will be at
dismantling wasteful or irrelevant pro-
grams. “It will make virtually no difference,”
he predicts. “That spending is there
because somebody who is politically power-
ful wants it there.”

Scientists, of course, tend to bristle
when they hear people speak dismissively
of “research for research’s sake.” Leon Le-
derman, former president of the American
Association for the Advancement of Sci-
ence, points out that many of the century’s
most important scientific advances—from
Einstein’s theories of relativity to Watson
and Crick’s DNA double helix—came out of
just this kind of “pure” research. Leder-
man supports the President’s efforts to
bring more coherence and high-level atten-
tion to science policy, but he warns the
Administration not to put its eggs into too
few baskets. “There is not enough wisdom
in the world to say what projects are going
to have big payoffs,” Lederman observes.

Still smarting from Congress’s decision
last fall to pull the plug on the $11 billion
Superconducting Supercollider, many sci-
entists fear that the new focus on results-
oriented research will make funding for
pure science scarce. There is already
“heightened anxiety” within the scientific
community about a tightening of research
budgets, says Philip Griffiths, director of
the Institute for Advanced Study in Prince-
ton. “Scientists are having trouble finding
support for their own work, and it’s even
gloomier for their students.”

American science at its best derived its
greatness from the bottom up; the plural-
istic approach freed the best minds of se-
veral generations to pursue the questions
they found most interesting. The chal-
lenge facing the Clinton Administration is
to focus the scientific flashligh without
leaving whole pathways to knowledge in the
dark. — Reported by Dick Thompson/
Washington

Can federal know-how help
industry?
The Clinton Administration has picked
advanced manufacturing technology, like
these robotic arms, as one of the
nine research areas that will get
special attention
and funding.
Hubble Out Of Trouble
Super photos prove the repairs were successful

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

Shortly after midnight on Dec. 18, just five days after the shuttle Endevour returned from the daring mission to repair the Hubble telescope, scientists secretly put the refurbished instrument to its first test. They ordered the Hubble to point toward a bright star and beam its image to Earth. Anxiously, they crowded around a computer screen at the Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore, Maryland, as they waited for the picture to appear. The Endevour astronauts had installed the telescope’s corrective lenses and other equipment perfectly. But it wasn’t certain that the devices would actually work. As the star’s image came up on the screen, the scientists stared for a second—then burst into cheers. The Hubble, hobbled for nearly four years by an improperly ground mirror, was going to be as good as new.

In fact, said NASA administrator Daniel Goldin, presenting the first images from the born-again telescope at a press conference last week, “it’s better than new. The telescope now gathers light four times as efficiently as it did before the repairs.” Its eyesight is so sharp, say scientists, that if it were sitting in Washington, it could spot a firefly in Tokyo.

That’s not hard to believe, considering the before and after pictures NASA unveiled. Blurred blobs have turned into sharp, clean images of galaxies, supernovas and stars. But, says senior project scientist David Leekrone, “these are the very first test images. We’re not pushing the telescope to its limits yet.” As they do, scientists will almost certainly be able to start solving some of astronomy’s greatest mysteries: How old is the universe? Do giant black holes lurk at the cores of galaxies? How did the galaxies get formed? Are there planets circling other stars? And besides searching for those answers, the Hubble will treat astronomers to a clear, close view of a space spectacular in July: the collision between comet Shoemaker-Levy 1993e and Jupiter.
EDUCATION

SEMESTER BREAK

In a dustup over campus sexual politics, a collegian charged with intimidation is asked to study elsewhere

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE WORDERED what college administrators dream after too much cheap faculty-party wine, the nightmare goes something like this. Two freshmen: one a scholarship student from a tough neighborhood and the other a well-traveled white woman educated on the Continent. She claims sexual harassment, and he charges cultural insensitivity.

Swarthmore College president Alfred Bloom awoke one morning last semester to find that dream come true. Ewart Yearwood, a 5-ft. 11-in., 185-lb. Hispanic freshman from New York City, met petite Alexis Clinansmith, product of Michigan and the International School of Paris, not long after both watched the obligatory orientation-week video on date rape. They agree on how their “relationship” started: he picked her out of the freshman “face book” and decided he wanted to date her; they chatted at a party, crossed paths around the campus and talked on the grass one night. She told him she had a boyfriend; he observed that no romance lasts forever.

But as the story unfolds, the perceptions diverge, and by the end of the semester, the college faced a crisis. Clinansmith says Yearwood began to stalk her, to lurk outside her dorm and send lewd and threatening messages. Yearwood admits to some aggressive flirting—at one point, he reached out and caressed her cheek—but denies doing anything wrong. In the end, Swarthmore president Bloom made a decision that some might call Solomonic and others a novel attempt to pass the buck. Bloom found Yearwood guilty of intimidation (but not sexual harassment) and offered him a deal. If the young man would enter behavioral counseling and take a semester’s voluntary leave of absence, Swarthmore would pay his tuition at another college. Yearwood said Columbia sounded good. Soon an application landed in Yearwood’s mailbox.

As punishments go, it was an extraordinary proposal: the notion of one elite college paying another to take a troublesome student off its hands. The deal’s emphasis, says Bloom, is on counseling. Yearwood, he observes, still does not think the problem is that he is intimidating but feels instead that “other people don’t stand up to his intimidation.” Without the leverage of a promised semester elsewhere, the student would be unlikely to seek help. “If we’d just suspended him,” argues Bloom, “he’d become even more hostile.”

But some Swarthmore students believe that Bloom in his creative sentencing was succumbing to intimidation rather than battling it. “If I had my way, we’d tar and feather and toast him,” says sophomore Laura Starita of Yearwood. “When you have someone like that, he’s a danger to everyone on campus, especially women.”

Even Swarthmore’s Hispanic Organization for Latino Awareness refused to back his cause. Says member Andy Danilchick: “The issue is behavior, not culture.”

Yearwood’s supporters, on the other hand, decried what they viewed as a violation of his free-speech rights, portraying him as a victim of gender politics and socioeconomic prejudices. “We are from two different worlds,” says Yearwood of Clinansmith. “People from my background, from an urban setting, understood.”

Yearwood was not entirely new to the sheltered academic lifestyle. Born in Belize and raised by an aunt and grandmother, Yearwood excelled in the public schools, and with help from Prep 9, a recruiting program for gifted minority students, he vaulted into private boarding schools. But two years ago, he was expelled from St. Andrew’s School in Delaware following repeated incidents of what its headmaster calls “staring” and “vulgar comments” directed at female students. Admits Yearwood: “When I reflected on it, I thought, ‘Damn, that was inappropriate.’ ”

Legally, a private school can act with near impunity within the confines of its closed community, a point echoed by Bloom in reflecting Yearwood’s defense of his “intimidating” manner. “He said, ‘That’s the way the world is.’ But that’s not the Swarthmore world.” In keeping with the college’s Quaker tradition, Bloom chose to give Yearwood another chance. Last week, however, Columbia rejected Yearwood on academic grounds, and the application deadline for many other schools he might have considered has passed. Bloom’s nightmare begins once more. — Reported by Mubarak Dahl/Swarthmore and Sharon E. Epperson/New York
For Martin Davis, the embattled chairman of Paramount Communications, these are soul-trying times. Just four months ago, Davis engineered a merger agreement with MTV-owner Viacom Inc. that would have made him chief executive of one of the world's media giants. But Hollywood wizard Barry Diller, who now chairs the QVC home-shopping network, crashed in with a hostile bid for Paramount that triggered the first major takeover battle of the 1990s. Paramount directors spurned Diller at first but endorsed his bid in December after Delaware court rulings compelled them to entertain all offers. The board last week reaffirmed support for Diller's bid, worth about $9.9 billion, vs. Viacom's offer, worth some $9.4 billion. That made him the heavy favorite to win the company unless Viacom chairman Sumner Redstone can top the rival bid.

No matter whether Diller or Redstone prevails, Davis, 66, will soon leave the company he has run successfully since 1983. There would be no place for Davis under Diller. And two weeks ago, Viacom announced an $8.4 billion merger with home-video retailer Blockbuster Entertainment. That deal enabled Viacom to sweeten the cash portion of its bid for Paramount but left little in the way of a role for Davis. With the bidding war now in its final phase—a winner is expected to emerge in early February—Davis met last week with TIME Boston bureau chief Sam Allis and business editor Sam Gwynne for the Paramount chairman's first major interview since fall.

TIME: Why did you change your initial position and endorse the QVC bid this week?
Davis: I didn't change anything. The change came about because of the court ruling in Delaware. We started off with a merger in September of Paramount and Viacom, and that merger is not going to take place along the lines we envisioned. The court, with which we respectfully disagreed, mandated that we auction off the company, and that is exactly what we have been doing. The latest QVC bid is a superior offer.

TIME: Considering that you set out to merge with Viacom on your own terms, why isn't this a failure for your strategy?
Davis: I don't think it's a failure in the long term. If you go back to what we started to do in 1983, we've been consistent in what we've done. We have built shareholder value. We built a superb company, as evidenced by the fact that we have an auction going on. Somebody wants it and is willing to pay a steep price.

TIME: Do you see yourself being part of the management of the new company, whatever the acquiring entity is?
Davis: Let me tell you what I told Diller, with whom I have a merger agreement. I told him I will stay on as long as necessary to insure a smooth transition. I have spent most of my professional career here, so I'm not prepared to just leave tomorrow. I will stay on as long as I can. But that is not a permanent assignment.

TIME: Let's say the acquiring company is a merged Viacom/Blockbuster. We noticed that when they announced their merger, they did not include you in their future management plans.
Davis: Which was correct. And they should not have. Because I can't make a commitment to anybody, other than to make sure we have a smooth transition. Otherwise I would be tilting, and I won't tilt.

TIME: What might you have done differently? This has been a wild ride.
Davis: I wouldn't have done a thing differently. Seriously. What we did was the right thing in our view, and I would do it again today. I could not conceive of it coming out the way it did.

TIME: Did you know when you began your talks with Sumner that an aggressive competitor like Diller could try an end run?
Davis: No. Theoretically you always go into play when you do a transaction. That's par for the course. But we did not see it coming, in spite of what everybody else thinks we saw. Nobody perceived, including our bankers—but I'm not going to blame this on bankers—that there was another valid bid out there that could match the power of the two companies together.

TIME: Now that you are the auctioneer, does it make you sad that you won't be managing the assets you have built?
Davis: I would be misleading you tremendously if I said it doesn't bother me. I'm saddened by it, but I'm also happy with it. Because my first obligation and the obligation of the board has been to get value. We've achieved something, and of that I am very proud. When I do leave here, I'm going to leave behind assets that weren't here in 1983, including a balance sheet that was tottering on the brink of bankruptcy and is now very strong.

TIME: Has this been a personality-driven contest?
Davis: Only in the media. I think the media have seized upon it, and "nemesis" has been given a new meaning. I think it's totally exaggerated. I think if you put Barry Diller and myself out in the ring in Madison Square Garden, you'd have 12 people show up, all from the New York press. Who cares? He and I have a cordial relationship, and we have had one for some time.

TIME: What are the origins of your dispute with Diller in the early '80s at Paramount?
Davis: I had a style. I make no apologies for it, and I could be very tough about it, and I would insist on certain things because I wanted this company to survive. Now, some of us had differences of opinion, and I daresay Barry Diller was not the only one who left at that time. The only difference is that in the motion picture business in Hollywood, if somebody gets a scratch, right away it's cancer.

TIME: Have you talked to Sumner Redstone since the board meeting Wednesday?
Davis: I talked to him. I talked to Barry. I called them both.
TIME: Can you tell us about those calls?
Davis: I called Barry to congratulate him and told him we had reaffirmed our recommendation for QVC, and I called Sumner and told him the same thing.

TIME: How did they react? Sumner could not have been very happy.
Davis: I don't think he was surprised, but again. I can't speak for him. He acted professionally. He did not raise his voice, he did not get excited. I think he understood. At least I hope he did.

TIME: How often do you talk to Barry?
Davis: Yesterday I talked to him three times. I haven't talked to him today. I will see him next week.

TIME: What kinds of things are discussed? Are you talking about nuts and bolts, transition?
Davis: Absolutely. We're talking about this company and what has to be done here—some of my views, which he needs to listen to in terms of what needs to be done. But those are confidences I'd rather keep to ourselves. We've discussed individuals as they pertain to the company. He's been very professional about it. I've seen him more lately since I have a merger agreement with him.

TIME: Do you think Sumner understands why you've decided to endorse Barry Diller's bid?
Davis: I think he understands full well. Look, he's under the same court directive we're under. It's no different for him. He has to do what he has to do. Clearly Viacom never had mind to keep upping its bid. But I haven't changed my mind about the first deal that was done. From a financial standpoint, from a long-term standpoint, it was the right deal. I'll say that to my dying day. Because you would have had a different company and a different balance sheet and with unusual strength to go forward.

TIME: Do you think it's accurate when people say this deal is a throwback to 1980s swashbuckling?
Davis: No. That's pure nonsense. The 1980s was purely going on overextending debt and looking for never-never land. Balance sheets meant nothing in the 1980s. Today anybody who takes on a load of debt is going to work his tail off to bring it down. You can't just call up a Drexel or a Goldman or a Merrill Lynch and say, gee, I've got this wonderful idea, I need 7 billion bucks, do you think you can finance me?

TIME: So this isn't a 1980s flashback?
Davis: No. If it was an '80s flashback, you wouldn't have a Comcast in the picture, you wouldn't have a Blockbuster in the picture, or a Nynex in the picture. These are all strategic investors, as opposed to financial players.

TIME: What makes this deal so special? Is there anything unique about this that makes it different from other deals?
Davis: Basically it was a garden-variety transaction. That's what we started out with. It was an intelligent, common-sense merger. Nothing convoluted about it. Nothing sinister. Nothing clandestine.

TIME: What happened to it? What caused it to mutate?
Davis: If it was a machine-tool company, you wouldn't be sitting here today.

TIME: So we're talking about Hollywood and sex appeal?
Davis: We're talking about whatever the media created, and that's what also makes it silly.

TIME: What's in the future for Martin Davis?
Davis: As soon as that court decision was affirmed, my plans, my life changed. And it's all very positive. I'm leaving behind a great company. Looking to the future. I do have a lot of possibilities. I am clearly on the road to establishing something.

TIME: Will it be running your own show?
Davis: Very definitely.
Tarnished VICTORY

OLYMPICS BOUND?
As Harding wrestles with her inner demons, Kerrigan must battle her physical pain. In the end, gold may elude both women in Norway.
Charges and questions swirl around her, but did Tonya Harding know about the plot to maim her rival?

By JILL SMOWLE

“I don’t see anybody as my top competitor. I see myself as my top competitor. I’m the one I have to beat.”
—Tonya Harding, after winning the 1994 U.S. championship

No one really believes such a practiced sound bite, least of all the skaters themselves. But Tonya Harding is not—nor has she ever been—like most skaters. She is neither polite nor polished, sociable nor sophisticated. Instead, she is the bead of raw sweat in a field of dainty perspiers; the asthmatic who heaves uncontrollably while others pant prettily; the pool-playing, drag-racing, trash-talking bad girl of a sport that thrives on illusion and politesse. While rivals fairly float through their programs, she’s the skater who best bullies gravity. She fights it off like a mugger, stroking the ice hard, pushing it away the same way she brushes off fans who pester her for autographs. So when Harding says her demons are all internal, she is neither psyching herself up nor talking herself
down for TV. She is speaking the truth.

She wants gold at the Olympics and the rewards of fame. "To be perfectly honest," she said last week, "what I'm really thinking about is dollar signs." And so to the creed of the Games—faster, higher, stronger—she adds words she knows all too well. Harder. Longer. Badder. She has worked so hard, tried for so long, wanted so bad. But always the gossamer princesses seduced fortune and celebrity away, leaving her with only tire and ice. And one in particular kept crossing her path—until they both reached Detroit two weeks ago.

The Jan. 6 attack on skater Nancy Kerrigan was shocking and chilling enough. But when the rumbles began that Harding or her entourage might somehow be involved, a grimly familiar tale of random violence turned into something far more gothic. Even people without the faintest interest in the crystalline world of figure skating could not help marveling at the spectacle. Did the scrappy girl from the trailer parks, who has climbed so high and suffered so much, possibly plot to destroy her rival? Or did her violently jealous husband assemble a gang of goons to act without her knowledge but on her behalf? If so, was the motive love or money? If not, why are others smearing his name with dirt? And if Tonya Harding turns out to be innocent, how searing must it be that more than a few people could imagine her guilt?

CERTAINLY HARDING WAS TARNISHED by the company she kept. One suspect after another was taken into custody, even as the reports circulated that Tonya herself and her husband Jeff Gillooly were under investigation. On Thursday police in Oregon arrested her hulking bodyguard, Shawn Eckardt, 26, who went to high school with Gillooly. Eckardt's lawyer, Mark McKnight, said his client had admitted to authorities that he had taken part in the plot, but was "not smart enough" to have designed or carried out the plan. The police also arrested Derrick Smith, 29, another bruiser, described by neighbors as having a taste for wearing camouflage and "playing army." Both Eckardt and Smith were charged with conspiracy to commit the assault on Kerrigan. Eckardt quickly made bail and was released.

On Friday Shane Stant, 22, surrendered to authorities in Phoenix, Arizona. Rumored to be the man who actually struck Kerrigan with a retractable black aluminum police baton, Stant checked into a suburban Detroit motel on Jan. 4 and left two days later. The Boston Globe reported that Stant told a source that "Harding was in on it way back." Indeed, she allegedly staged a death threat against herself in November as part of the plan.

Early in the week, when reporters asked Harding if she had been involved, she replied, "You guys know me better than that." After that she ducked out of sight, and was spotted only once late in the week arriving at her tiny cabin on a Christmas-tree farm in Beaver Creek, where she and Gillooly had been living since they were evicted from their apartment last fall for not paying the rent. For all the rumors, police disputed a Boston TV report that Harding's name was...
break some legs for $65,000?"

contained in a sealed warrant. But both were wanted for questioning, and they hired a pair of high-profile, out-of-town lawyers, both former U.S. Attorneys. After a meeting with the Portland district attorney Friday, no charges were brought against either Harding or Gillooly.

The conspiracy might never have come to light were it not for the wildly assorted cast of characters who teach and study at Pioneer Pacific College, a small vocational school outside Portland. It was here that the players converged: Eckardt, the bodyguard who allegedly helped hatch the plot; Eugene Saunders, the young-born-again pastor to whom Eckardt confessed, with a frightening telltale tape; and Gary Crowe, the private detective who ultimately blew the lid off the story.

Crowe, an affable, tweed-clad private detective, taught a tough course in legal procedure. Among his 20 students, Eckardt certainly stood out, by virtue not only of his 350-lb. frame but also of his blustery tales of having worked at various times for the FBI and the CIA. Eckardt, says Crowe, "lives in a world of shadows and trench coats." Also in the class was Saunders, 24, the pastor of a small evangelical congregation in suburban Gresham. Rotund and clean cut, with the zeal of a Boy Scout, Saunders signed up for the course because of his commitment to defending religious freedom.

At the Jan. 8 class, Saunders approached Crowe with a disturbing story, which Crowe recounted to Time. The previous night, Saunders said, he had been invited to Eckardt’s house and heard more than he wanted to hear. Eckardt talked about a recent meeting before which, he boasted, “I swept the room” for bugs, then planted a tape recorder. With that Eckardt proceeded to produce a cassette and play it for the unsuspecting minister. According to Crowe, Saunders heard three people debating a grisly plot: one was Eckardt, one an unidentified man from Arizona, and the third person Eckardt identified as "Tonya Harding's husband."

At one point, Saunders said, he heard this third man ask, "Why don't we just kill her?" "We don't need to kill her," Eckardt allegedly responded. "Let's just hit her in the knee."

As they listened to the tape together, Eckardt started to come unhinged. He told Saunders that "the guy in Arizona" was the hit man. He had not been paid the $100,000 he was promised, and might be coming to Portland. Eckardt’s concern was so intense he started to give Saunders the tape for safekeeping—"It was almost in my hand," said Saunders—then decided against it.

Crowe says he would have dismissed the report had it come from a con man like Eckardt. But knowing Saunders to be devoutly honest, Crowe called his father Alan, who pressed him about the credibility of the tale. "I don’t want to parade a ridiculous story about a national figure," Alan warned. They settled on a strategy. Alan Crowe phoned an investigative reporter with the Oregonian while Saunders and an attorney approached the Clackamas County D.A., who steered Saunders to the FBI. All of this left the FBI scrambling to follow up Saunders’ leads even as the story was leaking to the press. No one has come up with the tape, though police last week did recover the assault weapon from a dumpster near the attack site.

Saunders was not the only source with information about a conspiracy. Rusty Rietz, 38, was a former aluminum worker who was also in Crowe's course, studying to become a paralegal. Rietz told Time that he too visited Eckardt’s house in early January, when he had to stop off to pick up a computer disk. The bodyguard, Rietz says, invited him inside to "talk confidentially."

"Would you kill somebody for $65,000?" Eckardt asked. When Rietz said no, Eckardt pressed.

"Oh, that's nice," Rietz joked, at which point Eckardt concluded, "Well then, I guess I'll have to send my team." Rietz assumed this was Eckardt doing his usual weird cloak-and-dagger routine. But only seven days later, Rietz said, he "put the pieces together."

On Saturday Sarah Bergman, 20, a friend and classmate of Eckardt's, told Time another tale of Gillooly. A week before the tournament, she said, Eckardt told her that "Jeff wants me to do this for Tonya. Jeff wants me to set it up so that Tonya can win the Olympics. They’re going to break [Kerrigan's] legs." The plans did not go at all smoothly. Eckardt, she says, had to deal with two sets of hit men. The first pair absconded with $55,000 without doing the deed. Eckardt, she said, "was really upset. He said, 'They took all my money! How am I going to pay for this?'

A MARRIAGE OF SORTS

Since 1990, Harding has twice sought a restraining order against Gillooly, whom she wed when she was 19; now divorced, they still live together.
Both Nancy Kerrigan, 24, and Tonya Harding, 23, are soap-opera fans, though only Harding’s life resembles one. Kerrigan’s sturdy family life and stable upbringing imbued her with a manner so authentic and unassuming that even last week’s media barrage seemed not to faze her. Through her good years (a bronze medal in the ’92 Games) and bad (a dismal fifth-place finish at the ’93 World Championships), Kerrigan has drawn on the unconditional love of two parents, two devoted older brothers and an extended family of aunts, uncles and cousins, who turn out to competitions to cheer her on. Blessed with long, slender limbs and a natural elegance, she also reaps the rewards of a photogenic beauty that last year won her standing as one of PEOPLE magazine’s “50 Most Beautiful People in the World.”

Still, according to her coach Evy Scotvold, the nurturing and support Kerrigan receives has bred some immaturity and insecurity. “She’s a very dependent person,” he says. It was not until 1992 that Kerrigan moved out of her parents’ wood-frame home in blue-collar Stoneham, Massachusetts. But last week, when Kerrigan wasn’t doing her daily round of physical therapy and hydrotherapy sessions, she was home with her parents in Stoneham, with all the world camping outside. Asked at a snowy press conference what would make a happy ending to her story, Kerrigan made no mention of medals or movie deals. “The most important thing is to be happy and healthy,” she said.

Harding, by contrast, would make an unlikely role model—though her grit and spirit have served her well in surviving a turbulent childhood and triumphing in a grueling sport. Tough, self-sufficient and bruised well beyond her years, Harding has never known stability either on the rink or at home. She moved between eight different houses in six communities in her first 18 years, during which her father Al, who has variously driven a truck, managed apartments and worked at a bait-and-tackle store, was her best friend. He gave her her first gun, a .22, when she was five, taught her to hunt and fish and fix a transmission. Her parents’ marriage fell apart in 1985, and two years later her mother married James Golden, her sixth husband (who told TIME last week that yet another divorce is in the works). Soon afterward, Harding moved in with Gillooly, whom she had been dating for three years.

In March 1990, when Tonya was 19, they were married; 15 months later she filed for divorce. At the same time, Harding sought a restraining order to keep Gillooly away. “He wrenches my arm and wrist, and he pulled my hair and shaved me,” she wrote in her petition for the order. “I recently found out he bought a shotgun, and I am scared for my safety.” A police report filed the next month quotes Harding as saying that Gillooly had cornered her in a boatyard and threatened, “I think we should break your legs and end your career.”

The following March they got back together—but by last July Harding was seeking a divorce and a restraining order. This time the petition read, “It has been an abusive relationship for the past two years, and he has assaulted me physically with his open hand and fist.” The couple again reconciled, but not before their divorce was final. At a competition last October, Harding explained, “We’re trying to get the divorce annulled.” She then stated, “I’m definitely married.” Since moving to Beaver Creek two months ago, the couple has maintained such a low profile that others living on their road didn’t know of their famous neighbors until last week.

The picture of Gillooly remains fuzzy; he seems to project virtually no identity beyond that of being Harding’s on-again-off-again spouse. The youngest of six children, Gillooly is a high school graduate who has been a lifelong resident of the Portland area. Fellow workers at his last job, on a conveyor line at the Oregon Liquor Control Commission warehouse in Portland, say Gillooly was an average guy and an average worker. His supervisor, Ron Marce, says Gillooly quit. “He started out good, but it deteriorated,” says Marce. “It happens. It’s boring work.”

As the scenario of a baton-for-hire attack on Kerrigan unfolded, it was easy to speculate on the motives behind the assault. Worse crimes have been committed in the name of money and celebrity. But even the most creative commentators had trouble imagining what line of reasoning could have convinced the conspirators that the macabre assault would enhance Harding’s Olympic edge and marketability. If the crime was solely the work of a zealous entourage that aimed to cash in on her post-Olympic fame, even the most narrow-minded conspirator must have feared that the attack might backfire, sabotaging Harding’s concentration on the ice and further tainting her gashy image.

If Harding herself was involved, surely it must have occurred to her that she risked sitting out the Olympics in a jail cell. Indeed, last week Claire Ferguson, president of the U.S. Figure Skating Association, said that the case “may be a rolling stone that rolls right over her.” While Ferguson said that evidence of Harding’s involvement had not emerged, she said her chances of being at the Games were “looking pretty grim.” Simply having had a suspect in her employ may mean Harding’s ouster.

The very blow that was apparently designed to shatter Kerrigan’s hopes and improve Harding’s prospects promises to have the opposite effect both on the ice and off. If Harding skates in Lillehammer, she will face a chilly reception from a panel of judges reluctant to bestow gold on a skater who has cast so dark a shadow over the sport. “Subconsciously they’re probably going to mark her down,” says Seppo Iso-Ahola, a University of Maryland sports psychologist.

Moreover, Harding can kiss the “dollar signs” goodbye. The combination of her manner and the scandal is sufficient to drive most potential sponsors away. Kerrigan, meanwhile, already enjoys lucrative endorsement contracts with six companies, including Reebok and Campbell’s soup. The events of the past week have made Kerrigan even more valuable. “People are calling from all over the country with offers for television and book deals,” says Jerry Solomon, her agent. If Kerrigan can find the resources to overcome her legendary skittishness to do well at the Olympics, she might earn more than $10 million in contracts. She doesn’t even have to win gold.

At the time of the attack, Kerrigan tearfully asked, “Why me?” Last week Harding may very well have been asking herself the same question.

—Reported by Jordan Bonfante, Patrick E. Cole and James Willwerth; Portland, William McWhirter; Detroit and Janice C. Simpson; Stoneham
NO HOLIDAY ON ICE

Dreams of gold and glory in figure skating are very elusive. To become a champion, start with talent, money, monomania and a top-ranked coach.

By MARTHA DUFFY

ONCE UPON A TIME—ONLY A FEW years ago, really—a skating rink at dawn bore a certain resemblance to a monastery. The assembled acolytes performed their early devotions, except in this case, they were tracing meticulous patterns on the ice with profound concentration.

That lyrical tableau is no longer to be seen. Four years ago, the lords of figure skating eliminated school figures—the art of laying down perfect circles and then re-tracing the etching exactly—from competitions. The decision changed the nature of the sport—and brought whoops of joy from would-be champions. Now they could concentrate on flashy leaps and spins; certain skaters—Nancy Kerrigan among them—who had trouble with patchwork could surge ahead.

One would think this liberation would make the sport slightly less laborious. Not at all. Skating remains one of the most arduous athletic endeavors a child can pursue. To be an Olympic-caliber competitor in any sport requires tremendous devotion at an early age, but a youngster who desires to be the best on ice faces special demands. Serious training can easily cost $40,000 a year in coaching fees, costumes, skates and living expenses. The little prodigy who can already do a double flip rarely lives near one of the dozen or so shrines where the top coaches preside: either a family relocates to a place like Colorado Springs or Lakewood, Ohio, or the parents make boarding arrangements. Contrary to common perception, the sport is not patrician, at least not since World War II. Often parents must take two jobs to meet costs.
Not even persistence guarantees

No matter how poor the skater, paying the bills is easy compared with following the training regimen. Roughly four hours on the ice, five or six days a week (a slight reduction from the old days). And corner cutters might as well not bother. Says coach Carlo Fassi, who trained Peggy Fleming, among others: "If you stop for two or three weeks, it's grueling to get into shape again." Then comes weight training to strengthen the upper body. Finally, there are ballet or jazz classes. Scott Davis, 21, rebelled against these extra lessons until his Colorado Springs–based coach, Kathy Casey, told him to pack his bags and head back home to Montana. He surrendered, and is now a two-time U.S. gold medalist.

What propels a little child, sometimes just three or four, into this paramilitary life and persuades his parents to change their lives in order to support the endeavor? For one thing, the future stars tend to know right away that they can really excel at this. In Kerrigan's case, her group of six-year-olds was still sitting on the ice waiting for the teacher to show them how to stand and glide when little Nancy began sketching spins. Skating talent—if not the persistence to perfect it—is almost always obvious.

The dream follows magically, as dreams do. Says coach Don Laws: "For a girl, it's very often the vision of Dorothy Hamill. Her Olympic year was 1976, but they still idolize her. All the young ones see themselves going to the Olympics." So may their parents, but the financial reward is more and more a factor—the heady prospect of endorsements and contracts.

Fassi emphasizes that determination is all. "Form is not always consistent," he says, "particularly when learning a new jump." Casey says she always keeps in mind that her talented charges have given up some social life: "Late nights, club trotting, little of that." But not even persistence guarantees success. Particularly in girls, the body changes in adolescence with the growth of hips and breasts, and a skater may gain too much weight. When Tonya Harding added 8 lbs. after her 1991 national title, she put herself out of the running. The psyche may also fluctuate: fear of competing, as Fassi notes, is paralyzing. Kerrigan and her coaches, who have lived through her tendency to omit jumps in performance, know this too.

If either Kerrigan or Harding does not skate for the U.S. Olympic team, the alternate is Michelle Kwan, only 13. As gold medalist and TV commentator Dick Button observes, she is already "beautifully put together," and she is equally adept at putting together her life. When her coach, Frank Carroll, advised her to spend another year maturing in the junior division, she waited until he went away for a few days, and successfully applied for senior status by herself. Placing second in the Nationals in Detroit two weeks ago was a triumph. On the ice she shows the kind of bravura that launches a major career.

No matter who represents the U.S., they will find some strong, attractive competition, but no one who is dominant. Among them:

Oksana Baiul, 16, put the skating world on notice when she won last year's world title in Prague. (See box.)

Surya Bonaly, 20, is the purist's bane and the crowd's darling. This tiny French girl leaps with abandon, spins her own way, often at a scary tilt, and in between pumps her way around the rink. But within the past 15 months she has decided to add some discipline to her act. Her stroking is smoother, her program better paced. She is talented enough to execute difficult moves correctly and zany enough not to lose her wit and vitality if she chooses to.

Chen Lu, 16, is the first skater of consequence to come out of China. Born into a family of athletes—her father was a member of the national hockey team—she nonetheless learned much about her art from videotapes. She has a liquid style and a command of the ice beyond her years. So far, she has proved to be no more than competent at the crucial jumps, and at times her programs have been more dutiful than sparkling. But this is a newcomer to international competition, emerging from a country with no skating tradition. She has gained experience on exhibition tours, but

"GLIDING AND CRYING": World champion Oksana Baiul was handicapped by personal loss and Ukraine's economic turmoil

ather had deserted the family when she was two. So only her coach, Stanislav Korytek, was left, and he was at her side at the funeral. Afterward, he observed, "She needed to go on the ice. She was just out there gliding and crying, crying and gliding." A year later, Oksana had to sever another tie. As the Ukrainian economy worsened, the coach found it hard to support his family. He jumped at a job offer in Canada, but before leaving, he bequeathed Oksana to his colleague, Galina Zmievskaya. She had already trained 1992 Olympic gold-medal winner Viktor Petrenko. She took in Oksana as a third daughter.

Quickly the girl leaped from 12th place in the former Soviet Union to second in Europe. Then came victory in Prague. She

The Odyssey of An Orphan

Strange fog has shrouded the rink at the Odessa Sports Palace, making the skaters look as if they are gliding on air. The decrepit building's ancient cooling system is losing the battle with September sunshine. When the air finally clears, only one skater still looks as if she is floating. She is Oksana Baiul, 16, the world figure-skating champion and the favorite to win the gold in the Olympics next month. It is astonishing that she can train at all on the soft, uneven ice, but a bad surface has been just one of the problems she has had to cope with.

The worst was losing her mother to cancer at 13. Oksana's fa
Success

The Chosen and a Wannabe
France’s Surya Bonaly, center, and China’s Chen Lu, right, belong to skating’s current charmed circle. But challengers keep coming. At the U.S. Nationals, Michelle Kwan, left, 15, placed second to Harding.

she may need another year or so to express the authority that seems innate to her.

For athletes in this charmed circle, it’s a great life if you don’t weaken. Dick Button marvels at the number of competitions (Skate America, Skate Canada, Piruetten), plus the tours that clog a skater’s year. “The pressure is never off,” he says, especially in an Olympic year.” Button is skeptical of the demands made by the three-month-long, 59-city Tom Collins tour (April 11 to July 12), but in fact this is the ambition of every first-class competitive skater. Collins, the impresario, picks mostly Olympic and national medalists, along with some other favorites, and he treats them well: good hotels, flights rather than bus hops for distances of more than 200 miles and, best of all, good money. The pay varies—reportedly $5,000 for an Olympic bronze winner, ascending to $15,000 a gig for a gold medalist. Kerrigan has signed for the upcoming hit parade, as have Brian Boitano, Viktor Petrenko, Davis, Bahl and Bonaly.

For the skater who turns professional—an evaporating distinction now—there are ice shows too. For every top performer, endorsements can pay for all the years of sacrificial and professional life they’ve put into the sport. A high-profile endorsement deal might lift a skater out of the Olympic wilderness, but it’s rare that such a partnership will last more than a few years. The pressure of making a living in an ice show can be just as intense as the pressure of competition, and the skills demanded are different. The purest performers are driven not by money but by desire to perfect their craft.

Friends help make her costumes, and Petrenko chips in on skates. Even Zmievskaya gets to the rink early, shovel in hand, to clean the ice. So why do they stay here rather than seek out prestigious shelter in the West? Zmievskaya explains, “We want to be in Odessa. We would never have the money to pay for everything in America. Here our choreographers are free, the best and most famous in the world.”

Still, Oksana spins between expensive hotel suites during U.S. tours and the dingy apartment block where she lives in Odessa. Million-dollar endorsements are not hard to foresee. American friends like skater Jill Trenary think that Oksana will handle it all when the time comes.

Right now she and her coach are concentrating on her new short program, set to Swan Lake. “Go, go!” shouts the teacher. “You should be flying.” It is advice that Oksana Bahl does not need.

—By Susanna Schrobsdorff/Odessa
Mother-and-Child Reunion

Big-city hospitals have developed inventive programs to solve the tragedy of abandoned babies

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

INFANT T, INFANT M AND INFANT D occupy identical cribs in a small, drab ward on the second floor of Washington's District of Columbia General Hospital. A Fisher-Price mobile dangles above each bed. No one ever visits them. They have never been outdoors.

The babies were born in October, November and December. They have long since outgrown the maternity ward. They are healthy. In fact, there is no reason why any of them should not be home now—no reason except that they have no homes. Their mothers left a hurry weeks ago, providing only phony addresses and phone numbers before slipping back to cocaine habits and homelessness. Among the other things they neglected to leave behind for their children were names.

Abandoned babies were far less painful to contemplate before the crack and AIDS epidemics, back when they came swaddled in baskets with heartbreaking notes, in the thousands rather than in the tens of thousands. Now they are a shared social nightmare, the blame for which may depend on the political philosophy of the beholder. Conservatives might find it hard to imagine a purer shirking of personal responsibility than the mother who throws her child, at birth, upon the charity of the state; liberals may decry the forces that drive poor, addicted and HIV-positive women into this most wrenching and demeaning admission of failure.

Last November the Department of Health and Human Services, in its first such tally, reported that 22,000 "boarder babies" were deserted in 851 hospitals in 1991. Three-quarters of the infants tested positive for drugs at birth. They had no relatives, only nurses; no world beyond the ward. Some stayed in the hospitals so long they learned to walk there. Most were doomed to an early entry into America's brutal foster-care system, and in the meantime each baby's maintenance cost up to $1,500 a day.

But since 1991, at D.C. General and other institutions around the country, another story is emerging. The three infants with their mobiles, pitiful as they are, represent a sharp decrease from two years ago, when the daily census of abandoned babies ran as high as 25. "We used to have them in four or five rooms," says D.C. General's communications director, Linda Ivey, proudly. "Now there's only one nursery." New York City's Harlem Hospital Center reports that its daily count has plunged from 20 to three. At Grady Memorial in Atlanta, the annual total of boarder children fell from 52 in 1990 to 22 last year. The improvements reflect a courageous willingness to identify—and tackle—root causes. All three hospitals practice early intervention, targeting problem mothers during pregnancy. Each addresses not only motherhood but also the addictions and other tribulations that can make motherhood seem unendurable.

Grady Memorial's Project Prevent, funded by a $450,000 federal grant, is perhaps the most aggressive program, cooperating with Atlanta's police and homeless shelters to recruit pregnant drug abusers. Each woman receives personal attention from project adviser-advocates. The program also pays for transportation and other child-care costs until the birth. Chicago's Haymarket House even houses its clients during pregnancy and provides follow-up services for as long as three years. Says director Wanda Thomaston of her clients: "It's often their first sober pregnancy. They've never felt their babies move or experienced labor pains."

But it is D.C. General's Maternal and Child Health Project that does the most with the least. Combining a $110,000 grant from the Washington Junior League with other donations, the hospital runs a 10-week support program for patients drawn from its prenatal and drug-abuse wards. The women, many of them homeless, gather weekly for lectures. Each receives a healthy meal and two gifts, one for herself and another for her infant: a blanket, baby
"I’ve never felt this kind of love before. I have a life ahead of me and four beautiful girls who depend on me."

clothes, a car seat. “By the time the child is born,” says Ivey, “they’ve assembled a small layette.” Volunteer “godparents” help keep their protégés off drugs and attending their doctors’ appointments.

The idea that such a modest curriculum would actually untangle the web of misfortune and bad habits leading to abandonment might seem implausible were it not for the program’s success rate. Of 200 women who have attended since the Washington program’s inception, not one has abandoned her child. As Angela Holland testifies, “They taught me how to get my life back together again.”

Holland began doing drugs in 1982, at age 17, when her first child, Tracee, was a year old. The young mother’s life unraveled: they found themselves living in an abandoned house with no heat and no gas. Holland signed the baby into foster care. Over the next eight years, while nurturing an escalating habit, she managed to have two more daughters, Rickiyah and Cade. She abandoned them, leaving them with a friend shortly after her boyfriend began dealing and sharing his drugs. “That’s when I started thinking about killing myself,” she says.

Instead she moved back home to Washington and met a cafeteria worker named Corey Shackleford. He said he loved her but had a nonnegotiable demand: she must get clean. Holland allows herself a small smile. “He’d led a sheltered life,” she says. Nonetheless, that November, four months pregnant, she presented herself at D.C. General. “I told them I was a heroin and cocaine user, and sick and tired of getting high,” she says. The hospital enrolled her in the maternal-health project.

Over the remainder of her pregnancy, she attended group meetings in the hospital’s adolescent playroom, sitting in a circle with other participants, while dietitians, social workers and even an aerobics instructor gave brief presentations and then opened the floor to 1½ hours of lively discussion. Recovering addicts lectured on staying straight. A midwife running the parenting session gave step-by-step instruction on how to dress a child in a snowsuit to 30 young women, many of whom had never had a snowsuit of their own. “I learned how to feed my children—how to fix a healthy meal and not feed them hot dogs and beans all the time,” says Holland. “I learned you don’t have to spank them; you can just talk to them.” A woman named Michelle Nielsen became her mentor. “I’d take her to the store or to a prenatal class,” says Nielsen. “We talked a lot about God and church.”

After a particularly difficult Christmas that year, Holland became discouraged. “I started thinking, ‘What if my family doesn’t want to be bothered with me?’” She didn’t like the weight she was gaining without the drugs that kept her thin. But she managed to keep faith, and on Valentine’s Day she and Corey were married. In April she gave birth to a drug-free daughter. In June she regained custody of her first three children. Her current situation is not all roses. “Sometimes I want to pull my hair out,” she says. “Housing is really difficult for us. But I wouldn’t change nothing. I’ve never felt this kind of love before. I have a life ahead of me and four beautiful girls who depend on me.”

There are those who doubt that the D.C. General program alone is sufficient to keep such children out of the foster-care system in the long run. One skeptic is Dr. Sidney Jones, the hospital’s chief of obstetrics and gynecology. “The idea of a three-month outpatient program is a joke,” he says. “I want money for a house where these women can live for a year.” Donna Carson, founder of the Atlanta program, agrees: “A lot of mothers will abandon their babies after they get home because their life isn’t working. They need long-term support.”

Given the fiscal and social costs of institutionalizing an underclass from cradle to grave, it may be worth calculating the cost of such support. For now, however, there is a symbolic triumph in preventing children from being written off the moment their umbilical cords are cut. And something more than symbolism is occurring in Holland’s apartment in Washington’s dangerous Northeast neighborhood. A crib stands by the front door; its tenant is holding out her little arms and smiling widely, eyes as big as chestnuts. Holland scoops her up. “I love being a mother now,” she says. In her mother’s arms, Courtney Rosia Lee Holland laughs delightedly. —Reported by Ann Blackman/ Washington
Return of The Slugger

After a respite from Hollywood, programming whiz Brandon Tartikoff swings for the fences again

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

DON AND ANN BALLINGER have been married for 50 years. For 46 of them, they haven’t said a word to each other. That, at least, is the “true” story being re-enacted for the TV cameras on this particular afternoon in a rented house near Orlando, Florida.

“Louis, will you please tell your father to pass the pastry?” says the actress playing Ann, seated at the dining-room table. Louis, their middle-age son, obliges: “Dad, will you please pass the pastries to Mom?” Dad picks up the pastry dish and, smiling, gently places it next to his wife. Brandon Tartikoff watches from a cramped seat against the window. Wearing Reeboks, an open sport shirt and a Boris-and-Natasha wristwatch, he is an easygoing but focused presence. After a few rehearsals of the scene, he huddles quietly with director Hannah Hempstead. For the next run-through, the husband picks up the pastry tray without a smile and drops it abruptly in front of his wife.

“If he just plops it down,” says Tartikoff, “we’ll get a laugh.”

They’d better. The show, Weekly World News (based on the supermarket tabloid of the same name), teeters precariously between sensationalism and spoof. It is one of those high-concept, high-wire acts that Tartikoff was known for at NBC, like the “MTV Cops” that eventually became Miami Vice (big hit), or the crime fighter who could transform himself into a jungle beast in Manimal (big bomb). Weekly World News, a proposed series for CBS that will air for two episodes this spring, is as good a show as any to serve notice to the TV world that Brandon Tartikoff is back.

Few doubted he would return. As NBC Entertainment president for 11½ years, Tartikoff was probably the most influential and broadly successful TV programmer of the 1980s. He guided NBC from last to first in the ratings, overseeing such hits as The Cosby Show, The A-Team, Cheers and L.A. Law. Later he was named chairman of Paramount Pictures, but he abruptly resigned in October 1992 after just 15 months on the job. The reasons, he insists, were strictly personal: on New Year’s Day 1991 he and his daughter had been severely injured in a car accident near Lake Tahoe. Tartikoff, who sustained a broken pelvis, recovered fully, but Calla, then 8, suffered brain damage. Tartikoff and his wife Lilly moved with her to New Orleans for rehabilitative therapy, and Tartikoff said he needed to be with the family full time.

Away from the Hollywood power-breakfast scene, Tartikoff struck out on his own road to recovery. First he produced shows for New Orleans TV, among them a quiz program called N.O. It Alls, which he hopes to adapt for other cities. As his daughter’s condition has improved, he has plunged back into his old world, this time as seller rather than buyer. “Anybody who has been in a position of power for 14 years,” he observes, “says no far more often than he gets to say yes. And people remember those nos. I’m sure there are a lot of people who would be glad to see me under an overpass with a cardboard sign that says, WILL CREATE SHOWS FOR FOOD.”

Tartikoff, 45, won’t exactly be pan-
Relaxing in Florida during the taping of his tabloid spoof: “I don’t think everything has to be a totally meaningful experience”

Handling next week at the annual convention of the National Association of Television Program Executives. He will be peddling Last Call, a new late-night talk show featuring a panel of journalists and critics (among them former Esquire editor Terry McDonnell, entertainment critic Elvis Mitchell and London Times correspondent Sue Ellicott) discussing the day’s news. Designed as a sort of hip McLaughlin Group, the pilot looks more like an MTV remedial class for the news-impaired (after trading quips about Michael Jackson, these hang-loose journalists scoot over to a pool table for a couple of shots before the commercial).

Whatever the fate of Last Call, Tartikoff will be just about everywhere next season. “To use a baseball metaphor [as he does repeatedly], I have a slugging percentage of about .600,” he says. “For every 10 things I’ve brought to market, six of them will end up in homes.” Some have unusual venues. He is developing two shows for PBS: a 15-week comedy series starring offbeat stage performer Steven Banks, and Under New Management, a Coronation Street–style serial with topical humor, set in a New Orleans restaurant-bar. For CBS he is producing Nashville X’s and O’s, a nighttime soap about the lives of ex-wives of country singers. ABC has ordered The Gospel According to St. Ann, a four-hour mini-series starring Ann-Margret as a self-made sports mogul. For NBC he is developing a Tom Clancy mini-series and several sitcoms, including a comedic version of Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte and a Love, American Style with animals.

This eclectic slate has the Brandon brand: audacious, often innovative, sometimes tacky, always commercial. This was the man who could nurture a “quality” show such as Hill Street Blues while singing the praises of Punky Brewster. “He has an absolute disdain for anything intellectual,” says one less-than-admiring colleague. “He’d rather eat hamburger than steak.” Yet in a world of slick network suits, Tartikoff has always been one of the most articulate, thoughtful and candid programmers around.

He is also one of the most tenacious. Tartikoff has survived two bouts of Hodgkin’s disease; in 1982 he underwent a year of chemotherapy while continuing to run NBC programming. His car accident served merely to emphasize again where his priorities lay. “I don’t know how many times a person has to be cold-
TELEVISION

For King and Country
A wicked British mini-series imagines a political battle royal

Richardson with Kitchen as His Royal Nemesis: “The trouble is, he has ideas”

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

WHAT IS A KING GOOD FOR? Perhaps no question better illustrates the political gap separating Britain from America. The British royal family is simultaneously venerated and dragged through the mud, looked up to for stability and moral authority, and disparaged as powerless and irrelevant. Imagine if Bill Clinton had to answer to Queen Elizabeth as well as Bob Dole.

Better yet, watch Francis Urquhart (Jan Richardson) face a similar problem in To Play the King, a wickedly entertaining BBC mini-series that has just debuted on PBS’s Masterpiece Theatre for a four-week run. Urquhart, the Machiavellian party hack who schemed his way to the prime ministry in the 1990 mini-series House of Cards, is now ensconced in power but facing an unexpected challenge from the newly crowned King of England. The politically naïve but idealistic monarch (modeled loosely on Prince Charles) has taken to delivering feisty, compassionate speeches about the poor and staging canny photo ops in the gastro—a campaign that is starting to turn the nation against Urquhart’s cold-blooded Conservative policies. To the PM, His Royal Majesty is nothing but a royal pain. “The trouble is, he has ideas,” he tells an aide, words dripping with scorn. “He has a conscience. He wants to contribute.”

Surrounding this clash between King and commoner is a whirl of political intrigue. There’s a Fergie-like princess with a potentially explosive diary, a royal aide hiding a homosexual affair and assorted political tricksters, both dirty and deadly. Like its predecessor, To Play the King is a wonderfully savvy, supremely cynical picture of real-world politics that makes American efforts in the same vein (JFK: Reckless Youth) look like Saturday-morning cartoons. Michael Kitchen, as the King, is starchy yet appealingly human; in its fictional way, To Play the King does more to demystify the British monarchy than any Daily Mail photos of Princess Di in the exercise gym. The face-to-face confrontations between King and Prime Minister are epic battles of wills and words worthy of George Bernard Shaw. Yet Urquhart’s monstrousness has taken on almost Shakespearean proportions: the murder that ended Part I continues to haunt him like Banquo’s ghost.

With the key creative people from House of Cards returning (writer Andrew Davies, director Paul Seed), To Play the King is a rare sequel that advances rather than diminishes the original. But it doesn’t entirely escape redundancy. Urquhart hires a pretty young political operative (Kitty Aldridge) who is seduced by his power just as investigative reporter Mattie Storin is in House of Cards. Urquhart’s aside to the camera, charming in the first part, become somewhat precious and predictable by the end of the second.

But Richardson remains a marvel; we feast on a face that reveals everything with the arch of an eyebrow or the sag of a cheek muscle. His calculated temper tantrums are as believable as the silky menace in his most understated lines (“I couldn’t possibly comment”). This is TV’s scariest, most alluring villain since J.R. Ewing.

FURTHERMORE

Can the talk-show craze get any crazier? America’s Talking, an NBC-owned cable channel starting this fall, has launched a nationwide talent contest. First prize: a contract to be host of your own talk show for a year.

CBS has lured Francis Ford Coppola to TV. He will direct Top of the Ninth, a live drama about a major-league baseball player, to air in April.
Debra Winger: Dangerous Woman

Hollywood's hardiest risk taker and troublemaker is back, with two powerful performances

By RICHARD CORLISS

In the jungle called Hollywood, there are two tribes. One is the brown-eyed honey drippers, the other the blue-eyed truth tellers. The honey drippers address their valet parkers as darling, glad-hand everyone who branches at Patrick's, and make movies they hope the whole world will pay to see. The truth tellers take risks and make trouble. They sign up for roles in eccentric movies and turn down parts in surefire hits. They go their own way, never fretting if others don't follow.

In Hollywood the honey drippers are legion. As for the blue-eyed truth tellers—those strange, spiky creatures who might be avoided and ought to be cherished—they could all be called Debra Winger.

Truth teller is perhaps the kindest name that the industry would think to call the actress, whose strong will has often butted against Hollywood's tender backside. She was outspoken in her early plush years, when potent turns in Urban Cowboy, An Officer and a Gentleman and Terms of Endearment made her the movies' most promising—and delivering—young actress. She wore her wild streak in public: sex, drugs, locking horns with directors and co-stars. She turned down meaty roles in several popular films (including Broadcast News) and walked off another (A League of Their Own). Her star waned with brash parts in The Sheltering Sky and Everybody Wins. She made amber waves in Nebraska while trysting with Governor Bob Kerrey, before and after her two-year marriage to actor Timothy Hutton. Winger is unlikely to change, now that she wants. Sometimes I wish I were more graceful, but, hey, I'm not—though I'm working on it. And frankly, I'm more interested in people who are deemed difficult. Usually difficulty is just another word for friction, and friction creates heat. I think friction is a good thing."

Fortunately, Richard Attenborough came to the same conclusion. In casting Shadowlands, the director was looking for "an actress who in her own personality had some of the feisty, slightly abrasive elements of Joy Gresham. I knew of Debra's 'difficult' reputation—of being quite a girl, as we say at home. So I said, 'I don't mind if you slap me around the head—if at the end of the day what appears on the screen is what we all want.' And of course what happened was that she absolutely came up with the goods."

She had never lost them. At 38, Winger is no longer Hollywood's prime smart cutie. But this dangerous woman is still a beautiful one, with the searchlight intelligence radiating from her blue eyes and the seeming spontaneity, even surprise, at the corners of her famous smile. And
her pretty gifts have matured. She mixes the old guts and softness more daringly now, and the lock she has on her character is stronger than The Club.

For much of A Dangerous Woman and Shadowlands, Winger plays against her comedy strengths. She almost shields her eyes—she knows they can too easily seduce the camera—and she makes the audience struggle to like her characters. Her Joy Gresham, dressed dowdily and flaunting a broad Noy Yawk accent, seems at first punished into caricature. Martha in A Dangerous Woman trudges through town as an ostentatious object of pity. The actress won't do all the work; viewers must meet her halfway. With a Winger woman, it's always worth the effort. Joy grows subtly to human size—to a humanity that grows as her body decays. And Martha is eventually illuminated with audacious grace notes: a sick smile at a saleswoman's kindness, a tongue stuck out helpfully for her first lover.

The success of Shadowlands is "just icing" for Winger. "I was lucky enough early on to have huge blockbuster, and I saw what that meant to my life. It wasn't something I wanted. Unless you want to do the same film all the time, you have to take chances. For me it's not about box office anymore. Some people treat movies like a business, like playing the stock market, and I admire them if they do it well. I like seeing wildly entertaining films like The Fugitive and In the Line of Fire. I just don't want to be in them. That much. Part of me thinks it would be fun to run around and be silly, but I'm sure that feeling would last about two weeks."

Winger senses a mystical bond between her reel and real lives. "I don't know what comes first, the life or the art," she says, "but I think the life does. I feel it coming on, and boom! a script appears. It works that way. I had just endured two horrible deaths of dear friends from cancer, and then Shadowlands appeared. It's really sort of magical. If it stops being like this, I'll get out." She has already gotten out of Hollywood. The Los Angeles area, where Winger had lived since she was six, had become "just a place I touched down. The minute I had to spend any real time there, I'd go nuts." She keeps adjacent apartments on Manhattan's Upper West Side, but for her now is a farmhouse in upper New York State, where she plants feed corn, harvests apples ("That was a pain in the butt!") and raises Noah.

Noah is her six-year-old son by Hutton. He was a year old when his parents separated, though Hutton has become closer to Noah as the child has grown. A neighbor takes care of the farm, especially when Winger is away, but she has no cook or nanny. Noah is learning French and the recorder at a local school, but Mom is his home-room teacher. She takes him on all her film shoots. "It is hard," Winger says, "when you split and the kid is so young. Noah would walk for the first time and I'd go 'Ahhhh!' and nobody was there to share it. But at some point I realized that I could be alone." She now conducts what she describes as only "long-distance romances," but Noah is her main man. "It's lonely sometimes," Winger says, "but I am really pals with my kid, I can't talk to him about everything, but he's great company. If it weren't for him, I'd really begin to wonder what the hell I was doing here. Of course, there are some days when I put him to sleep and say, 'Well, Noah, this was a cop day. I felt like a cop all day.' He'll say, 'Ohhhh, sorry, I'll try to do better tomorrow.'"

These days, Winger isn't worried about her career tomorrow; she has no films in her immediate future. Her main mission is, in her words, "to send someone off who will be able to go further than I go. I was my parents' third kid; the other two were normal. And now, as a parent, I know that the deepest, darkest secret about children is, 'Where did they get it from? We didn't teach them that—where did they get it from?'"

If Noah grows up to be a strong, willful, sensitive fellow with a great gift for acting, he should have a clue where he got it. And if he doesn't, a certain blue-eyed truth teller will let him know.

—Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York

Furthermore

The Academy Award for Best Actor goes to . . . Jim Varney in The Beverly Hillbillies: Best Picture . . . Hot Shots! Part Deux. Seems unlikely, but the trade papers are running full-page ads of this sort, hugging almost every movie made this year. It's a seasonal thing, like the flu, and will pass once the Feb. 9 nominations are made public. Till then, the big winners will be the ad-fat fatted trades.

Cinema

Grit in the Windy City

Actress Madeleine Stowe ignites an ordinary thriller

By Richard Schickel

The suspense is not as tight as wounding it might be. The mystery is not as deep or, when unraveled, as stunning as it could be. The detective (Aidan Quinn) is a little more crudely macho than he needs to be.

But all that is important, for Blink has two terrific things going for it. One is director Michael Apted's gritty use of Chicago as a setting. He makes you feel the wind in your bones, and he puts its blue-collar toughness in your face all the time. The other is Madeleine Stowe.

Her intensity was visible but some-
ICONS OF STALINISM

Soviet Socialist Realism portrayed a godlike Maximum Leader reigning over a communist heaven

By ROBERT HUGHES

RUSSIA HAS AN INVERSE-SURVIVAL law of political totems: the more images of a leader there were, the fewer there will be. Since 1989, cities from the Danube to the Urals have heard the liberating thud of bronze Lenins being pulled from their pedestals. But the biggest migration of images into oblivion began in 1956, three years after the Maximum Leader’s death, when Nikita Khrushchev made a speech denouncing Joseph Stalin.

Throughout his rule, Stalin had sponsored a form of state art officially known as Socialist Realism. Geared to a naive, not to say brutish, mass public barely literate in artistic matters, Soviet Socialist Realism was the most coarsely idealistic kind of art ever foisted on a modern audience—though Capitalist Realism, the never-never land of desire created by American advertising, runs it a close second.

As a young man Stalin had been snubbed by the Russian intellectual elite. His revenge was to grind their faces in the ice of miracle, mystery and authority, to make culture into a form of ventriloquism from on high. Socialist Realism was a religious art celebrating the transcendent power of communist ideology, the impending heaven of world socialism and the godlike benignity of its father, Lenin’s successor, Joseph Vissarionovich Dzhugashvili, the man of steel. And like the traditional icons of Christ and the saints it replaced, the stuff was omnipresent. No square or schoolroom in Russia lacked its image of Stalin pointing to the future.

The truly astonishing thing was how quickly, after Khrushchev’s speech, it all disappeared. The statues were unpedestaled; the thousands of pictures vanished into cells; Stalin’s auto-monument, his embalmed body, which lay in state beside Lenin’s in the tomb under the Kremlin wall, was deaccessioned, hoiked out and cremated, and its ashes were scattered.

Thus by one of those ironies in which totalitarian culture abounds, Socialist Realism was censored out of view just as its sponsor had once buried Modernism—the art of the earlier Russian Constructivists. There must now be millions of Russians who have never seen one of these once mandatory icons of the dreaded father. The stuff was never popular in America either. Hence the interest of the current show at the Institute for Contemporary Art in the P.S. 1 Museum in New York City. Titled “Stalin’s Choice: Soviet Socialist Realism, 1932-1956,” it consists of around 100 paintings and sculptures exhumed from various Russian museums. Appended to it is a group of works and installations by contemporary Russian artists—Koma and Melamid, Ilya Kabakov and others—that reflect on the Socialist Realist legacy with more irony than bitterness.
Collective Farmers Greeting a Tank by Ekaterina Zernova

this was the formative art of their childhood, and they had little else.

With the help of the Russian Ministry of Culture, curators Joseph Bakshtein, Kathrin Becker, Zdenka Gabalova and Alanna Heiss have done a remarkable job on a very tight budget. A sampling of Socialist Realism was included in a broader Russian exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1977, but otherwise nothing like this show has been seen in America before. The very notion of an American museum asking for Stalinist paintings seems so weird that any interest in them is bound to seem morbid. To look at, say, Vasili Svarog’s ebullient 1939 painting of Stalin and the jolly butchers of the Politburo frolicking with smiling children in Gorky Park is like hearing a particularly ghastly fairy tale told from the point of view of the ogre.

Every painting in the show is kitsch by high-Modernist standards. And it is not easy to don the expectations of the original audience. The paintings presuppose a knowledge of Russian society, and above all a saturation with its period propaganda, that few in the West can claim. Why did it matter for political purposes that the writer Maxim Gorky should be depicted taking lessons on the rifle range from Marshal Voroshilov, the commissar of war? It mattered because Gorky, though a literary favorite and a devoted friend of Lenin’s, was opposed to shooting, and this bothered Stalin.

It is worthwhile to remember that such art—which, mutatis mutandis, has also been the formal state style of Hitler, Mao Zedong and not a few minor figures viewer most is Socialist Realism’s unalloyed fantasy. Realism in Stalinist terms did not mean painting things as they were or even as they might be: the inevitability of Socialist progress erased that conditional “might,” along with the gap between present and future. That which will be already is, under the world-sustaining gaze of Comrade Stalin. Ideology ascribed to Stalin the actual role of God, the creation of reality itself.

Socialist victory ends the class struggle and wipes out the old “capitalist” contradiction between beauty and truth. We in 1994 may get a boot from Ekaterina Zernova’s 1937 painting of collective farmers greeting a tank in a country lane with bouquets, or Aleksandr Deineka’s solemn image of Lenin (who was childless) on a country spin in an open car with seven children, thus signifying his fatherhood of Russia. Why do we laugh? Because we do not grasp how, in the words of Towards a Theory of Art by an apparatus named G. Nedoshivin, once “the basis in reality of this contradiction between poetry and truth is itself destroyed, then the truth of the social order itself appears deeply poetic… This is realized in socialist society.”

But once one does grasp this inspiring process, everything falls into place. One sees how Socialist Realism transcends history, with Stalin (who in 1917 was the editor of Prawda but had no role in planning the October Revolution) being painted into the very heart of the first Bolshevik conclaves cheek by jowl with Lenin. One sees Stalin protecting the motherland from the Kremlin ramparts, towering over generals or members of the Politburo who in biological life were considerably taller than he. There is he conducting the defense of Stalingrad (though in fact he prudently avoided going anywhere near a battle), encouraging collective farmers and listening to Maxim Gorky read.

But most of all he is busy being himself: God. Fyodor Shurpin’s Morning of Our Motherland, 1946–48, is a portrait of Stalin in the literal form of the Pantocrator, contemplating a new world he has brought into being. He wears a white radiant papal robe and is bathed in the light of an early spring morning. Behind him stretch the green pastures of a transformed Russia, Poussin (as it were) with tractors and electricity pylons, and shy plumes of smoke rising to greet the socialist dawn from far-off factories. As Dante wrote, in God’s will is our peace. No future Chernobyls here.
BOOKS

Speaking in Tongues
Nonstop chatter makes light of the law's dark side

By RICHARD LACAYO

Built as they are almost entirely from dialogue, the novels of William Gaddis are like those scenes in a Robert Altman movie where everyone talks over everyone else while each tongue is tripping on itself. For his most recent book, *Frolic of His Own* (Poseidon Press; 356 pages; $25), Gaddis practically rebuilds the Tower of Babel from the sounds and furies of the late 20th century. Drunken soliloquies, air-brained chatter and large, heavy blocks of legal gibberish are piled atop one another. One character is haunted by the thought that "reality may not exist at all except in the words in which it presents itself"—which would mean that there's lots of it, and it doesn't always fit together.

The same could be said of this light novel about such weighty notions as justice and law. Gaddis' chief litigant is Oscar Crease, a self-described "last civilized man" who brings suit to prove that his high-minded (and unproduced) stage play was stolen by the producers of a big-screen Civil War blood spatter that features "the most widely discussed mass rape scene in screen history." Crease is also suing his insurance company, which isn't paying him for injuries suffered when his stalled car suddenly ran over him. His father, a cagey federal judge, is hearing the case of an artist who wants to save his public sculpture from being dismantled to free a dog trapped underneath. Additional court time is provided by Trish, a nattering friend of Oscar's long-suffering stepister and a walking lawsuit.

Piecing all those together is quite a chore for a novel that also wants to be a religious allegory, a comedy of bad manners and a portrait of the interior life at a time when TV ads ebb the stream of consciousness like shimmering dead fish. Long stretches where the laughs come hard are followed by sudden bloomings of comic rhapsody. This wayward frolic is a bit like Oscar's car. Sometimes you could swear it was stone-dead—until it starts up and runs right over you.

William Gaddis rebuilds the Tower of Babel from sounds and furies of the late 20th century.

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**TIME**, JANUARY 24, 1994

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In cooperation with the American Heart Association
The Taut Wire of Childhood Memory

Columnists Art Buchwald and Pete Hamill describe how their early lives were seared by the Great Depression

By LANCE MORROW

American childhood sometimes emits a note that is painfully clear and haunted. It vibrates through a taut wire of memory from a long way off, even from the opposite end of a child’s life. This is not sentimental music. The sound issues from the child as involuntary realist, the one who sees with defenseless clarity and transmits without melodrama or calculation. That child’s transparency, a kind of wonder, can break the heart.

The note vibrates, unexpectedly, in memoirs by two veteran newspaper columnists, Pete Hamill (A Drinking Life; Little, Brown; 265 pages; $21.95) and Art Buchwald (Leaving Home; Putnam; 254 pages; $22.95). Both men record brusquely un cushioned childhoods shadowed by their families’ bleak vulnerability in the Depression—an era that still accounts for more residual haunted notes than Americans realize. Both men are New Yorkers. Buchwald is deadpan-Jewish-funny, with an underlayer of almost quizical pain; Hamill is Irish salon-political, with an exuberance underlaid by a taste for boozy lyricism, machismo and occasional self-pity.

It comes as a surprise that Buchwald, a man of impressively reliable, virtually industrial-strength Merriment, was formed by such a grim beginning. Buchwald’s mother was mentally ill and, shortly after he was born, departed to spend the rest of her life in mental institutions. Buchwald has no memory of her. His father, a draper at a time when few could afford drapes, was forced to place his four children in foster homes. One of the first was a boardinghouse for sick children, run by Seventh-Day Adventists, where Arthur stayed until he was five. His father visited on Sundays. When Arthur and his sister Doris started singing Jesus Loves Me, their father decided it was time for them to leave.

Buchwald tells the story in the short, strong declarative sentences that are his style—an artful, solid kind of brick masonry. Twice in his adult years, he has fallen into serious psychological depressions. “For a humorist,” Buchwald admits, “I think a lot about death. During both my depressions, I contemplated suicide. My main concern was that I would not make the New York Times obituary page.” He consulted a Dr. Morse in 1962: “What made him unique among psychologists I have known is that he stretched out on his couch and the patient sat in the chair. Morse would stare at the ceiling as he listened to my story. Occasionally, he would nod his head.” Morse asked Buchwald: “Have you forgiven your father for putting you in all those homes?” Buchwald: “Of course. He couldn’t help it.” Morse: “Okay, so maybe I was mad.

The boy whose life was riven by humiliation became a man of impressively reliable, industrial-strength Merriment once in a while, but after all, you can’t go blaming everyone for your own life.”

An unbearable note arises from a child’s humiliation—when he must impersonate an adult, must pay the price for grownups’ failures and follies. Buchwald seems to have got through it with a sturdy and precocious self-possession. He shares with his father, he says, the habit of smiling no matter what—a sort of armor, a mask of self-containment. Buchwald writes: “I must have been six or seven when I said, ‘This stinks. I am going to become a humorist.’” He got some minuscule revenge by refusing to be Bar Mitzvahed, which grieved his father, and by running away to join the Marines once World War II started. The Marines, he says, were the best foster home he had and made him a man.

Alcohol made Pete Hamill’s father just as absent as Art Buchwald’s mother was. The father, Billy Hamill, who came from northern Ireland, had only one leg; he lost the other after it was brutally broken in a soccer game. When Billy came home from the saloons at night to the family’s Brooklyn apartment, he would remove his artificial leg along with his trousers. Pete remembers them hanging over a chair in the bedroom and the smell of vomit. He had his first fight when a boy named Brother Foppiano taunted in a singsong, “Your old man’s an Irish drunk! Your old man’s an Irish drunk!”

The alcoholic’s child, of course, hates what the sauce has done to his father: “I didn’t want to be like my father,” Hamill writes, “I didn’t want to be a drunk.” Yet drinking meant manhood. It was, he lat-
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BOOKS

Lost Chords
A cellist with perfect pitch in a novel of somber dissonance

BY R.Z. SHEPPARD

REINHART SUNDHEIMER WAS A world-beating cellist until his 20s. To hear him tell it, he was betrayed by his gift for perfect intonation: "My ear began to examine each note so intensely that even a variation of a single cycle of pitch bothered me." So, at 35, Reinhardt is a reclusive music teacher in Los Angeles.

How do you warm up to a character at once high strung and low key? It takes patience, a virtue that Mark Salzman demonstrated in Iron and Silk, a 1986 account of the author's experiences in China. Now Salzman brings East and West together in The Soloist (Random House; 184 pages, $19), a novel that counterpoints Occidental self-consciousness against Oriental ego transcendence. The dissonance is played out at a murder trial where Reinhardt is a juror. There is no doubt that the young man in the dock has killed his Zen instructor. He says he beat him to death after hearing a parable that equated freedom with the killing of authority figures. The question is whether or not the accused is sane.

The answer keeps getting pushed to the bottom of the plot, while Reinhardt digresses about his attempts at human contact. He makes one promising effort with a woman on the jury; she, however, thinks Mozart "gives good sound track" and complains that Reinhardt acts "like a character in a movie with subtitles."

Quite so. Reinhardt's case history is sketchy, his asides about Bach and the Buddha a bit stuffy, and his melancholy monotone lacking in resonance. The noneffect seems deliberate, as if Salzman meant to suggest the sound of one note harmonizing.
Rap’s New Jazz Messengers

US 3 takes fusion further than some have ever dreamed

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

The young music fan was lying happily on his couch, listening to Hand on the Torch, the new CD by US 3, when he drifted into a dream about the late jazz drummer Art Blakey, leader of the influential Jazz Messengers.

"Mr. Blakey!" the fan exclaimed. "I love your work! The things you did to nurture young jazzmen like Terence Blanchard—just amazing! But you should really hear what’s happened to jazz since you, ah, passed on. There are all these young performers—such as A Tribe Called Quest, Freestyle Fellowship and now US 3—who are combining rap and jazz. You know rap: it’s kind of rhythmic recitation, done to a strong beat."

"Now I’m a little out of the loop on these things," Blakey interrupted. "So let me get this clear. While jazz music is playing, these clowns are talking? In my day we called that heckling, not music."

"Hold on, hold on. Just let me tell you about this great new group US 3. It was started by two British producer-musicians—Mel Simpson and Geoff Wilkinson. Each US 3 song features a variety of English, Jamaican and American jazz musicians and rappers."

"US 3? I don’t get it."

"Us two are the producers. The rappers and musicians collectively count as one more. Add ‘em up and you get US 3."

"Hmmm," said Blakey. "Well, let me hear some of this U2 stuff."

"US 3."
Mr. Sammons thought a dress code would improve his students' performance.

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The result has been their record of consistently earning first place in both county and state Social Studies competitions.

For consistently maintaining an atmosphere that encourages learning, even if he has to set teaching back 200 years, State Farm is proud to award him the Good Neighbor Award, along with $5,000 to the Crescent Elementary School of Beckley, West Virginia.

The Good Neighbor Award was developed in cooperation with the National Council for the Social Studies.
Bosnia's Anne Frank
Rescued from the horrors of Sarajevo, 13-year-old ZLATA FILIPOVIC arrived in Paris with a teddy bear, a few books and the status of literary celebrity. Her moving diary of life in the embattled city was published in France last month and has soared to the top of the best-seller lists there. In simple prose the teenager decries the "disgusting war" and vilifies the politicians as "the crazy kids who are ruining the lives of ordinary people." Rights to the book have been sold in 12 countries, including Germany and the U.S., where it is due from Viking in March.

Alternative Mom
A bubbly young mother who can flash a Pepsodent smile, KRISTIN HERSH is not the sort of alternative-rock songbird to remind you of Nirvana-bag Courtney Love. One of the Throwing Muses, Hersh, 27, debuts next week with her first solo CD, which features little more than her ethereal voice. Hectic tour schedules aside, Hersh is a housewife. Well, a somewhat unconventional one: when she picked up her little boy at school recently, one of his playmates turned to him and said, "That's not a mom lady.'

Meet the Flintstones—at the Movies!
JOHN GOODMAN, working-class patriarch of America's favorite '90s TV family, did little to prepare for his role as the working-class patriarch of America's favorite modern Stone Age TV family. "I went to the Museum of Natural History, and I did heavy research," jokes the Roseanne star, who will play Fred in this spring's The Flintstones. The movie, which also stars Rosie O'Donnell, Rick Moranis and Elizabeth Perkins, will not concede anything to the 1990s by presenting a more sensitive post-Neanderthal Fred. "We've taken him back a few steps," says Goodman.

S E E N & H E A R D

Is the House of Representa-tives—like the world of infomercials—becoming a haven for pseudo some-bodies? Hoping to join Love Boat's Gopher on Capitol Hill is SONNY BONO. Having served one term as the Republican mayor of Palm Springs, California, he is seeking election to Congress.

As though Michael Jackson weren't troubled enough, he must now confront the sad reality that old girlfriend BROOKE SHIELDS has moved on. She is reportedly dating ANDRE AGASSI.

Free-thinking perennial Vanity Fair cover subject DEMI MOORE has been cast as vic-timized Puritan Hester Prynnne in the screen version of The Scarlet Letter. Pity Emma Thomp-son fans.
ESSAY
Barbara Ehrenreich

Feminism Confronts Bobbitry

To read the volumes of outraged male commentary, you'd think Lorena Bobbitt had got her training in a feminist guerilla camp and her carving skills from the SCUM (Society for Cutting Up Men) Manifesto. "Go out into the world," her trainers must have told her, "find some sexist lowlife, preferably an ex-Marine named John Wayne, and, you know, cut it off!"

But Lorena Bobbitt is in many ways just your typical small-town multicultural manicurist, a woman whose ideas of political science are summed up in a statement she made about Venezuela, where she grew up: "I have a patriotism... We do have McDonald's. We do have Pizza Hut." Nor are the women who harassed Dr. James Sehn's wife in a McLean, Virginia, beauty parlor because he had helped reattach the offending organ known to be commanded from the National Organization for Women. In fact, the really interesting thing about the Bobbitt affair is the huge divergence it reveals between high-powered feminist intellectualism, on the one hand, and your average office wit or female cafeteria orator, on the other.

While the gals in data entry are discussing fascinating new possibilities for cutlery commercials, the feminist pundits are tripping over one another to show that none of them is, goddess forbid, a "man hater." And while the pundits are making obvious but prissy-sounding statements like "the fact that one has been a victim doesn't give one carte blanche to victimize others," the woman in the street is making V signs by raising two fingers and bringing them together with a snipping motion.

If the feminist intellectuals seem slightly out of touch, it's because they're preoccupied these days with their own factional matters, such as the great standoff over the subject of victimhood. On the pro-victimhood side are the legions of domestic-abuse specialists who see Lorena Bobbitt as one more martyr in women's long, weary history of rape and abuse. On the anti-side are feminist authors like Naomi Wolf and Wendy Kaminer, who claim that women have been turning away from feminism because they're sick and tired of hearing about victims and "victimology": foot binding, battering, genital mutilation, witch burnings and the like. Time to stop whining, the anti-victimhood feminists say, and go for the power.

Both sides make valid points. It's just that neither seems to grasp the brazen new mood out there represented by, among other things, a new and militant feminism. The Bobbitt story has given rise to a new kind of feminististrology, in which women who have been abused now have a right to turn the tables and strike back. They're tired of being victims. And they're eager to see women fight back by whatever means necessary.

Probably it all started when Louise—or was it Thelma?—dispatched that scumball who raped her in the parking lot of a bar. In fact, we can't get enough of warrior-woman flicks: Sigourney Weaver in Alien, Linda Hamilton in Terminator II, Sharon Stone in Basic Instinct. These are ladies who wouldn't slice anything off, one suspected, unless they meant to put it straight into a Cuisinart.

In the real world, the new mood was manifested by all the women flocking to gun stores and subscribing to Women & Guns, the magazine that tells you how to accessorize a neat little sidearm. And, without any prompting from NOW, thousands of women are sporting bumper stickers identifying themselves as BEYOND BITCH and buying T-shirts that say TOUGH ENOUGH or make unflattering comparisons between cucumbers and men.

The new grass-roots female militancy is not something that a women's studies professor would judge p.c. In fact, it looks a lot like your standard conservative antieros backlash, but with a key difference: crime in this case is defined as what men have been getting away with for centuries.

Organized feminism, of course, had a lot to do with the emergence of the new beyond-bitch attitude. Feminism raised expectations, giving millions of women the idea that makeup is not the solution to chronic bruising and that even males may be endowed with coffee-making skills. But for most women, especially the kind who don't do book tours and talk shows, the feminist revolution just hasn't come along fast enough. A sizable percentage of them have to work every day with guys whose notions of gender etiquette are derived from Howard and Rush. And all too many women go home to Bobbitt-like fellows—men who regard the penis as a portable battering ram. So the ripple of glee that passed through the female population when Lorena Bobbitt struck back shows that feminist intellectuals have it wrong. In polls, American women are strongly supportive of feminist issues, and if they nonetheless shrink from the F word itself, this is not because they think it means man-hating militancy. On the contrary, the problem with "feminism" may be that it has come to sound just too damn dainty.

Personally, I'm for both feminism and nonviolence. I ad mire the male body and prefer to find the penis attached to i rather than having to root around in vacant lots with Ziploc bag in hand. But I'm not willing to wait another decade or two for gender peace to prevail. And if a fellow insists on using his penis as a weapon, I say that, one way or another, he ought to be swiftly disarmed.
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