LIFE AND DEATH IN SARAJEVO

The Star-Crossed Olympics

Nancy Kerrigan, foreground, and Tonya Harding
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TO OUR READERS

LETTERS 6
CHRONICLES 15
MILESTONES 23

POLICY: This Time, Says NATO, We Mean It 24
Bosnia's Serbs are told: Stop the shelling or get bombed

THE POLITICAL INTEREST: Sarajevo to Needle Park 29
On Bosnia and drugs, sweet words mask meager policies

SARAJEVO EYEWITNESS: Who's Happy Now? 30
Journalist Zlatko Dizdarevic tells how it really is

MIDDLE EAST: Partway Home 34
Israel and the P.L.O. take a step toward Palestinian self-rule

SOUTH AFRICA: Bound for Victory 35
Mobilization matters most if the A.N.C. is to win big

DIPLOMACY: Irreconcilable Differences 41
Clinton and Hosokawa can't agree on trade—and they say so

THE BUDGET: President Meets "Pay-as-You-Go" 42
Clinton juggles priorities and gets bad news on health care

SCANDALS: Tailhook Finally Flames Out 45
A judge blasts the Navy chief and dismisses the last charges

BUSINESS: Sculley Splits 46
Apple's erstwhile visionary and Spectrum file for divorce

COVER: Heads Up! It's the Olympics 48
At last the real Games begin. But the preliminaries have been fascinating, a combination of skulduggery on ice, murder, accidents and a stampede of tabloid journalists.

THE ARTS & MEDIA
Music: Fed up, the Metropolitan Opera fires one of its biggest but most temperamental stars, soprano Kathleen Battle 60
Cinema: Reality Bites takes a tart look at the postcollege crowd 64
Theater: Edward Albee returns with a stunning drama 64
Books: Reflecting on life's final mystery—death 68
An obsessive novel about obsessive love 70
Show Business: With a monstrous portrayal, a star is born 73

Cover: As the Games begin, all eyes are on the ice

THE BUDGET: Clinton's plan has plenty of give-and-take

Music: The Metropolitan Opera boots a fiery diva

PEOPLE 75
ESSAY 76

COVER: Photomontage: Kerrigan photograph for TIME by Neal Preston—Outline; Harding photograph by Tom Treick—The Oregonian/Sygma

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When Time's winter Olympics reporting crew arrived in Norway, news-desk editor Susanna Schrobsdorff recalls, "the Lillehammer organizing committee told us, 'There is no bad weather, just bad clothing.'" Schrobsdorff still thinks there may be more to it than that. Norwegians, she says, "are quite capable of chatting outside in -4°F temperatures for hours, wearing their elegant gray-wool and elk-skin coats unbuttoned while we freeze in high-tech winter getups."

Schrobsdorff may not have conquered the weather, but she is the nerve center for nearly everything else for our 11-person team in Lillehammer. She doesn't ski or skate, and she majored in English at Barnard before joining Time's New York City news desk a decade ago. But she has covered Olympics both chilly (Calgary in 1988, Albertville in 1992) and steamy (Seoul in 1988, Barcelona in 1992) and developed a dual role as reporter and logistics organizer. Says deputy chief of correspondents Paul Witteman: "Susanna has been our decathlete, mastering every-thing from telecommunications in Spain to computers in France to transportation in Seoul. She has reported from Odessa, Ukraine, about figure skater Oksana Baiul and from Copenhagen about the moves and moods of Torvill and Dean. I first saw her in Calgary being hugged by stuffed bears, which were that year's Olympics mascots. Now we all feel the same way about her."

Witteman and Schrobsdorff are joined by contributor John Skow, picture editor MaryAnne Golon, assistant picture editor Mary Worrell-Bousquelle, picture operations manager Kevin McVea and photographer Jose Azel are veterans too.

Schrobsdorff's way of relaxing after the Barcelona Olympics was to get married. She is based in Brussels. Her husband, a Swede with roots in the north, lives in Stockholm. The wedding was in Lapland. She wore a crown of gold with spikes festooned with pearls, and looked, she says, "like an escapee from EuroDisney." Despite the ancient rivalry between Norway and Sweden, she has been greeted warmly—and efficiently. "The Norwegians are so organized that we finished most of the work last September. We're still waiting for the Barcelonans to send the rest of our phone bill."

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( Rick Gongorek is a Prudential Securities Broker )

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California: State of Shock

"The earthquake was Mother Nature's kind warning that California is not yet prepared for the Big One."

Peter W. Mitchell
Oceanside, California

HAVING LIVED THROUGH A MAJOR EARTHQUAKE in 1989, I feel so sorry for the people living in Los Angeles [CALIFORNIA, Jan. 31]. In many ways the terror of the aftershocks is worse than that of the original quake. Sleep comes lightly, if at all. You don't like being inside, and you bolt for the door at each new tremor. Eventually, the fear subsides, but it is never completely gone once you have experienced a Big One firsthand.

James Hatfield
Santa Cruz, California
AOL: Hardhat2

IF ANGELENOS HAVE ANY SENSE AT ALL, they will leave their freeways unrepaired, so that in their ideal climate, they can build a livable, human-oriented city suited to walking, cycling and mass transit.

Karen Sandness
Portland, Oregon
AOL: KSand

LOS ANGELES IS A CITY OF PEOPLE WITH an incredible reserve of strength. In the days following the earthquake, Angelenos reached out to one other with kindness and mercy. They recognized that their shared experience had brought down not only walls and highways but social barriers too. San Diegans, as well, united in a massive effort to assist their neighbors by sending truckloads of needed supplies. This is not Lisbon. It is a land blessed by a glorious climate, an abundance of natural resources, and a people who responded with the best possible human behavior, with courage and compassion for one another.

Marlene Shelton
San Diego

BLAM! IT SOUNDED AS IF A FREIGHT TRAIN had hit my bedroom wall. It was pitch dark. As my eyes opened, I sensed I wasn't in my bed; I was flying out of it. I hit the carpet, but I was still moving. It was a major earthquake. And I was almost directly over the epicenter. The violent shaking that followed the initial loud bang continued for what seemed like a very long time, though it was actually only about 30 seconds. Unable to walk, I crawled across the room to get under a door frame. Finally, the shaking stopped. But it was still black, and the sounds of dozens of car alarms filled the night air. I found my clothes and groped my way through broken glass to the front door. Once outside, I looked toward a bright glow coming from the building next to mine. Fire! I needed to call the fire department, but the phone wasn't working. As I hopped into my car, I screamed to neighbors to bang on all the doors and get people out. Oh, no, my cellular phone in the car wasn't working either! I drove to the fire station. By the time the fire fighters arrived, the building next to mine was a roaring inferno.

The sun finally rose over the horizon, and I expected to see my home was ashes. It was still standing, but for nearly five days, I was without water, gas, electricity and telephone. That was a week I'll never forget. Life will never be the same here, but it will go on. So we pick up the pieces and begin again.

David L. Peltz
Northridge, California
AOL: DnP1

MANY PEOPLE CANNOT AFFORD TO MOVE from the earthquake zones of California, but millions can. I do not admire the so-called stalwart spirit of Californians who choose to remain, earthquake after earthquake, any more than I would admire the stalwart spirit of someone who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

Kit Lennon
Rochester, Minnesota
AOL: Ksen

EAST COAST OR WEST, IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE. If Mother Nature has proved one thing, it is that she can be a real bitch.

Jeff Outcalt
Columbus, Ohio
AOL: JOut

ISN'T IT FUTILE TO CONTINUE PUMPING billions of reconstruction dollars into Southern California for what may be only a temporary remedy? Shouldn't we as a
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nation seek some long-term solution? Shouldn't the bulk of the available money and effort be spent on evacuating the area and helping people relocate and rebuild their lives in a safer, more permanent environment? Must we wait for the Big One before we can act courageously? 

Philip Heiberger  
Wyncote, Pennsylvania

SHOWING ON YOUR COVER A BEREAVED mother at the moment she learns of her son's death is an unnecessary intrusion into private grief. You have no business forcing it into the minds of millions of your readers.

Tim J. Mahon  
Santa Ana, California

YOUR COVER PHOTO ALONE CAPTURED the feelings of those of us who were jolted awake at 4:31 a.m. and scrambled for our loved ones, fervently praying this was not the Big One. As the aftershocks subside and we try to return to our normal lives, it becomes increasingly clear just how important and fragile life is.

Theresa Maher  
Huntington Beach, California  
AOL: Theresa MM

All Shook Up

WHILE MANY THINGS SHIFTED IN THE LOS Angeles area, Sherman Oaks is still in the San Fernando Valley, somewhat north of Beverly Hills, not south of Santa Monica, as your map indicates—at least this week. Asenath Hammond  
West Hollywood, California  
You're right; things weren't shaken up that much.

The Big Chill

"THE SKY IS FALLING!" SO SAID CHICKEN Little. "The greenhouse effect is coming!" So say tree hugging environmentalists. "The Ice Age Cometh?" you ask [Science, Jan. 31]. Who knows what Mother Nature is up to? The sky never fell; the greenhouse effect isn't here yet; and I'm freezing! I bet Mother Nature is having a good yak at our feeble attempts to predict the future.

Gary Brunner  
Blanchester, Ohio

CONNECTING THE COLD WEATHER WITH A new Ice Age is surely interesting speculation, but it's more likely that what we are seeing is the beginning of the greenhouse effect. Weather researchers all over the world have long predicted that global warming will cause extreme weather, both hot and cold.

Martin Larsson  
Lundsbrunn, Sweden

IN JULY AND AUGUST, THE DOOMSayers warn us of the dangers of global warming. In January and February, we're threatened with the coming of the Ice Age. Come on, guys! These are called summer and winter! They teach this stuff in school.

Gordon Hunt  
Oakville, Ontario

Is McCarthyism Back?

BOBBY RAY INMAN'S CLAIMS OF A "NEW McCarthyism" by the press fall upon deaf ears [Defense, Jan. 31]. Here is a Washington insider criticizing other insiders, including the press. Who's he kidding? As Clinton's proposed Defense Secretary, Inman knew exactly what he was getting into when he accepted the nomination. In any case, the U.S. is probably much better off without him. At least Les Aspin had the guts to go against the military-industrial complex. Inman is the military-industrial complex. Given all our other problems, the last thing we need is unrealistic military spending.

Eric Berman  
Palmdale, California  
AOL: GroupNexus

I WATCHED INMAN'S TV NEWS CONFERENCE, and was pleased that someone had the guts to refuse a nomination to a high office because he didn't want to put up with the usual media character assassination and said so publicly. Characteristically, the media have widened their eyes in innocence and said, "Who, us? The man must be mentally ill, or he has something dirty to hide." If the media cannot see and understand their own virtues and flaws, they will continue to lose credibility. Aren't you somewhere down with used-car salesmen these days?

Gerald W. Mason  
Hoquiam, Washington

YOUR UNFAIR, UNBALANCED ATTACK ON Inman (and attack it most certainly was) only serves to prove his point. The media have the thinnest skins of all!

Lewis C. Rich  
Merritt Island, Florida

To Russia with Tough Love

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR ARTICLE ON RUSSIA'S STEP BACK FROM ECONOMIC REFORM [Russia, Jan. 31], I wonder how we in the U.S. would feel about foreigners mic- ing in our internal economic and political affairs. During the Gulf War, we heard a lot about our "national interests." Isn't it time to apply the same thinking to our relations with Russia? Shouldn't we be concerned with possible international aggression and not what type of economy Russia has? While recognizing that the two are linked, we should not confuse the primacy of one over the other. It may be time for some tough love, like the end of the free ride for Russia that Charles Krauthammer calls for in his essay.

John T. Mannhaupt  
Carrollton, Texas  
AOL: JackinTX

THE NEWS FROM RUSSIA IS BAD, BUT IT should have been expected. For too long, the West has indulged in self-delusions that have distorted American policies. We must reassess the prevailing myths and face the facts. Russian reform strategy has failed, largely because of incompetent advice from the West. Pro-Yeltsin strategy was based on overrating his abilities and underestimating his unpopularity. The West's cheering of Yeltsin overlooks the fact that he has become a pawn...
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Reliability
“What will I have to do if the thing stops working?”

Games
“I wouldn’t mind being able to run that game that lets you play Pebble Beach.”

Software
“Lots of colleges require word processing, and the programs that help you with your SATs are supposed to be really good.”

Connections
“I keep hearing about all the things you can do if you have Prodigy and America Online?”

Simplicity
“Could we please get a computer I won’t have to ask my brother the geek for help with?”

Speed
“It’s got to be fast, so we need a 486, the higher the megahertz the better.”

Memory
“Trust me on this, we have to have 4MB of RAM at least.”

Storage
“The bigger the hard disk, the more stuff I can do.”

Modem
“This is key. It’s how I get into on-line bulletin boards and the Internet.”

Multi-media
“A computerized encyclopedia would be a good idea, and I understand you can put family pictures on Photo CDs now.”

The Basics
“Basically, we’re buying it for the kids, so it should come with the software they’ll need for school.”

Fax/Modem
“I’d like to be able to connect to my clients and pay our bills electronically.”

Multi-media
“I wish money were no object, but it is.”

Price
“Vd like to be able to connect to my clients and pay our bills electronically.”

Multi-media
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Price
“I wish money were no object, but it is.”
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Let's get back to basics

The United States Department of Energy released "The Domestic Natural Gas and Oil Initiative" late last year.

In releasing it, the DOE said a lot of the right things about a "renewed effort to educate the public and work with Congress on the importance of the domestic natural gas and oil industry to the U.S.'s national and economic security." We've said some of the same things.

The initiative itself is referred to as an "attempt to increase opportunities for domestic producers," and it describes the need "to eliminate regulatory overkill and work together with greater coordination and flexibility." Both positive points.

Still another plus can be found in the concept that says: "This initiative was developed with the understanding that economic, energy, and environmental objectives can be compatible, and that all activities affecting energy need to be integrated."

Unfortunately, the plan seems to fall apart after that. There just doesn't seem to be any real understanding of the basic issue—that any national energy policy should start at home.

For example, the initiative deplores our country's high level of crude oil imports, which it sees as a danger to national security. Whether the supply situation, given the wide-ranging sources of crude production and the current and projected excess capacity that exist around the world, would represent a national security problem is debatable. What we really need to argue about, however, is the proposed solution for reducing imports.

The report, for example, suggests that imported crude levels could be cut by expanding markets for domestic natural gas supplies. Yet, the U.S. is very close to being balanced between natural gas supply and demand. If demand were to increase without the ability to increase production, we would then have to increase imports of natural gas. So, assuming imported energy is imported energy, where is the benefit?

The simple fact is, if the U.S. wants to increase its domestic supply of energy, we need to open up those areas that hold the greatest promise for finding new reserves of oil and gas—the Outer Continental Shelf (OCS) and the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (ANWR). Unfortunately, in years past, the federal government has shut off the industry from exploring in most of these areas—with the exception of the central and western Gulf of Mexico. And the government took those actions despite the industry's proven ability to explore for and produce oil and gas without causing any permanent harm to the environment.

Therefore, if the government were willing to do more than just pay lip service to the theme of balancing the nation's economic, environmental and energy needs, it would lease those off-limits areas for exploration by the domestic petroleum industry. Even if such an action would not eliminate the need for imports, it would increase domestic drilling activity. This, in turn, would increase employment, generate wealth and taxes, and benefit the economy right here at home.

Wouldn't it be better to attract some of the money now being spent on the search for oil and gas worldwide into our own nation's economy, rather than sending those jobs, purchases, and taxes overseas?

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U.S.-Japan Trade Talks Fail
President Clinton and Japanese Prime Minister Morihiro Hosokawa, meeting in Washington, failed to reach an agreement on trade. The Administration had sought "objective standards" by which the opening of the Japanese market to U.S. companies could be measured. But Hosokawa said Clinton's request would lead to "managed trade." Clinton conceded, "I have no idea what will happen from here on in. This is a serious problem."

Clinton Releases Tight Budget
President Clinton sent a proposed $1.5 trillion budget to Congress that forecasts a deficit of $176 billion. Severely restricted by congressionally mandated limits, the budget increases just 2.3%, and only 36% of the total is discretionary spending. That brings government spending, as a percentage of the national economy, to its lowest level since 1979. Prominently absent: the cost of Clinton's health-care plan.

U.S. and Aristide Bicker
After four Haitian refugees were found drowned off the coast of Florida, ousted Haitian President Jean-Bertrand Aristide denounced the U.S. policy of forcing Haitian boat people to return to their country, calling the policy a "floating Berlin Wall."

Tailhook: It's Over
A Navy judge dismissed the final three cases arising out of the Tailhook scandal, claiming that they had been tainted by the actions of Admiral Frank B. Kelso II, Chief of Naval Operations; a fourth case was dismissed because of insufficient evidence. Kelso, the judge said, witnessed debauched behavior at the 1991 Tailhook convention and then tried to

Israel: Syrians First, Palestinians Later
Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin is in no hurry to finalize negotiations with the Palestinians. That's because he wants a Syrian deal first, says one of Rabin's Cabinet ministers. Rabin has told his inner Cabinet that the U.S. is working to create a loose alliance of countries in the Middle East to counterbalance Iran and Iraq. Thus, normalized relations between Israel and Syria are of primary importance. Says the source: "Rabin will give the entire Golan Heights back to the Syrians. As difficult as it is, he's made up his mind to do it."
CHRONICLES

WINNERS & LOSERS

JIM CARREY

His very, very zany Ace Ventura is an unlikely box-office No. 1

SENATOR KAY HUTCHISON

Legal wrangling over evidence leads to peremptorial soprano ethics-charge acquittal

DANIEL N. HELLER

Miami lawyer wins $500,000 in harassment "apology"

JOHN SCULLY

Blue-chip executive quits new job, alleging he was suckered

KATHLEEN BATTLE

The Met fires the temperamental soprano for being diva-like

THE U.S. AND JAPAN

Clinton and Hosokawa spar publicly as summit trade talks crash

Extra! Read All About Whitewater! Or Not!

By appointing a special prosecutor, the Clinton Administration hoped in part to move the scandal out of the public eye. Did it work?

Number of news articles mentioning Whitewater during the past seven weeks

Week ending: Jan. 1 Jan. 8 Jan. 15 Jan. 22 Jan. 29 Feb. 5 Feb. 11

Source: MNS

NEWS FLASH! POLITICIANS COVER THEIR REARS!

Some legislators are hedging their bets on the health-care debate by co-sponsoring more than one of the three most prominent proposals: the Clinton bill; its chief rival, the Cooper bill (similar to the President's but without universal coverage); and the McDermott bill (nationalized health care).

Rep. Sam Gejdenson (D., Conn.)
Co-sponsor: Clinton, McDermott
Rationalization: "My basic call is that there are a number of approaches to solve this problem."

Rep. David Minge (D., Minn.)
Co-sponsor: Clinton, Cooper
Rationalization: "I wanted to support more than one to show my commitment to health-care reform."

Rep. Patsy Mink (D., Hawaii)
Co-sponsor: Clinton, McDermott
Rationalization: "I want to make sure that we have a bill."

Rep. Martin Olav Sabo (D., Minn.)
Co-sponsor: all three
Rationalization: "All three are major steps in the right direction. I'm trying to be a conduit between the three different ideas so we can have a good idea that can accomplish the goals that the President set."

Rep. Mike Synar (D., Okla.)
Co-sponsor: all three
Rationalization: "Nothing. I'm just a quitter."

It's a Wonk Thing—You Wouldn't Understand

You can laugh, my fellow Republicans, but I'll point out that the Congressional Budget Office was normally more conservative in what was going to happen and closer to right than previous Presidents have been.


Smoking Ban Wins Support

The Clinton Administration announced its support for legislation that would ban smoking in all buildings open to the public—including bars, stores and offices. Residences are excluded.

Talbott Grilled by Senate

President Clinton's nominee for Deputy Secretary of State, Strobe Talbott, underwent semitough questioning by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee about several articles critical of Israel that he wrote during his 22-year career at TIME magazine. Explaining that he had changed his views on "many" subjects, Talbott said, "I have always believed that a strong Israel is in America's interest."

The Plague Goes On

On top of the fires and earthquake, the beleaguered citizens of Malibu had to endure mudslides caused by two days of heavy rains in Southern California.

Winter Asserts Its Power

Snow and freezing rain disrupted lives in large areas of the eastern U.S. In Washington much of the Federal Government was closed on Friday, and in New York City,

cover up his knowledge of the affair. Kelso denies being aware of any improprieties.

Hutchison Cleared

Texas Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison was cleared of ethics charges after the judge refused to rule before the trial on the admissibility of evidence seized in a raid of the state treasury offices. Faced with the judge's decision, the prosecutors declined to go ahead with their case.

Tonya Scores

The U.S. Olympic Committee struck a deal that allows Tonya Harding to compete in the Winter Games. In exchange, she will pay a $25 million lawsuit. However, Harding could still be disciplined after the Games in connection with the attack on Nancy Kerrigan.

Smoke Rises In New Mexico

A new smog alert has been declared in New Mexico, where pollution levels have reached unhealthy levels for people with respiratory problems.

The Forgotten Man

As the economy improves, the number of unemployed Americans continues to decline. However, the benefits of economic growth have not been felt by everyone.

Extra! Read All About Whitewater! Or Not!
Term-Limit Law Struck Down

The case will probably be closed early.

snow, the stock exchange execution rested its case in the Court; 14 other states have appealed to the Supreme Court; congressional members can have their names on a ballot (a de facto term-limit law). The case will probably be appealed to the Supreme Court; 14 other states have term-limit laws.

Courtroom Roundup

In New York City the prosecution rested in the conspiracy trial of four defendants charged with bombing the World Trade Center; the defense team is expected to complete its presentation within days. Meanwhile, in Santa Barbara, California, the grand jury in the child-molestation investigation of Michael Jackson heard testimony from its first witnesses, including actor Marlon Brando’s son Miko, who has worked as a Jackson bodyguard.

New Rules Proposed for Pilots

Prompted by a crash that killed 18 people in Minnesota last December, the Federal Aviation Administration proposed that pilots of commuter planes with 10 or more seats be required to undergo the same safety training as pilots for airliners. The rules would take effect in about 18 months.

WORLD

This Time, We Mean Business

Withdraw your guns or face our bombs. That was the essence of NATO’s message to Bosnian Serbs: issued after a tense 14-hour meeting at NATO headquarters in Brussels. The ultimatum gave Serbian forces 10 days to pull back the mortars and heavy guns they have used to encircle Sarajevo for the past 22 months. The deadline: next Monday. By week’s end a tentative cease-fire appeared to be holding.

WHAT IS NORTH KOREA DOING WITH ITS PLUTONIUM?

WASHINGTON—The INTERNATIONAL ATOMIC ENERGY AGENCY will circulate a report this week detailing the agency’s unsuccessful negotiations with North Korea over nuclear safeguards. Barring an eleventh-hour breakthrough, the report will say that those safeguards have broken down and that the IAEA is no longer sure what North Korea is doing with its plutonium stockpile. The IAEA is likely to force the issue and refer the matter to the U.N. Security Council, which will then have to decide whether to impose sanctions on North Korea. Pyongyang has threatened to treat sanctions as an act of war.

China’s Grumpy Old Men

HONG KONG—Aged Chinese leader Deng Xiaoping, who finally made an official appearance in Shanghai last week after being out of the public eye for almost a year, is the focus of much silly gossip over what seems to be a battle between him and rival Communist Party elder Chen Yun to see who can maintain his faculties longer. A source close to Deng’s inner circle tells this story: the 89-year-old Deng can no longer write but can walk 50 steps; the 88-year-old Chen can write but can walk only 30 steps. Says the source: “Deng is so feeble, taking him out in public has become an enormous production.”
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Trouble in South Africa
During a week in which Nelson Mandela registered his African National Congress to participate in South Africa's first-ever all-race elections, several parties decided to boycott the vote. The Freedom Alliance, an umbrella group of black and conservative white organizations, all of whom are demanding autonomous regions of their own in the new South Africa, failed to register in time to participate in the April ballot. At least 14 parties will compete in the election.

Waiting Game
When Israel and the P.L.O. first signed their in-principle peace agreement in September, the details of its first stage, self-rule in the Gaza Strip and Jericho, were supposed to take just one month to negotiate. Last week Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres and P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat signed a partial deal in Cairo that resolved several disagreements but left unresolved such important issues as economic relations and the exact size of the Jericho enclave.

Agony in Sudan
After more than 10 years of civil war, hundreds of thousands of Sudanese are now facing severe drought and renewed fighting as mainly Christian rebels from the southern portion of the country battle offensives from the Islamic fundamentalist government in the North. Last week a report submitted to the U.N. cataloged cases in which both government and rebel forces have massacred civilians, tortured prisoners and kidnapped children for use as slaves or soldiers.

Anger in Warsaw
To express their fury at declining living standards, some 30,000 Polish workers from around the country converged on Warsaw and marched through sleet and snow in one of the largest demonstrations the country has ever seen. The protest was sparked by a December report in which the government admitted, "There are no resources available unexpectedly, as donor hearts are wont to do? The Bureau of Prisons says he would be. Murphy has his doubts. Doctors see a logistical snarl that could hopelessly compromise the success of the transplant. The authorities shrug. "The Bureau of Prisons doesn’t have a hang-up," explains Robert McFadden, executive assistant to the warden at Rochester. "When we’re presented with the information we request, we can go forward.”

Murphy’s troubles started in 1990, when he was fired from his job as a warehouse foreman in Kansas City, Missouri, for being sick too much. Suffering from what he thought was pneumonia, he got a chest X ray, which showed that his heart was greatly enlarged. He was told he would need a transplant and placed in intensive care.

Murphy improved just enough to be released. Divorced, broke and sick, he was arrested with a bag of methamphetamine in his home in 1991. He says he was merely keeping it for a friend, though in anticipation of being paid for doing so.

Pudgy, stringy-haired, constantly out of breath, Murphy has deteriorated since he was incarcerated in March 1993. A local attorney has filed suit against the Bureau of Prisons seeking his release, but Murphy doesn’t really have time for a protracted legal battle. When he arrived at Rochester, he says, he could walk a lap or two on the prison track. Now he’s winded after climbing down a flight of stairs. He must sleep virtually sitting up, and gets oxygen all night. He fears that a heart attack or stroke could leave him on life support rather than kill him outright. "Serving a four-year sentence on life support," Murphy shudders, "That’s scary.” Ironically, his life seeps away just minutes from the Mayo Clinic, home to a world-famous heart-transplant program. "It drives me crazy,” he says. He stops to breathe. “I’m sitting here dying, and there’s nothing I can do about it.”

The Ultimate Health-Care Story
By MARC HEQUET, in Rochester, Minnesota

Convict DeWayne Murphy needs a heart

DeWayne Murphy, also known as Prisoner 06764-045, won’t step outside during winter: the frigid Minnesota air leaves him gasping. His sleep is plagued by night sweats and cramps. "They sent me here to be rehabilitated," he says of the Rochester Federal Medical Facility, where he is incarcerated. "But how can you be rehabilitated if you die?"

He’s got a point. Though Murphy is just a first-time felon serving a mandatory four-year sentence for drug possession, the ailing 33-year-old inmate finds himself on a kind of de facto death row: his weakened heart has one-sixth its normal pumping power. He needs a transplant.

New hearts are difficult for anyone to come by; for inmates, it’s even harder. The U.S. Bureau of Prisons doesn’t pay for transplants. Medicare will pay— if Murphy is released. The bureau will release Murphy—if a doctor accepts him for the necessary pre-transplant work-up. But no doctor will take him—unless he’s released.

It may sound like a somewhat heavy-handed lampoon of the American health-care system—bad Joseph Heller, say. It gets worse. If Murphy is furloughed for the prolonged pre-transplant regimen, afterward he would return to prison. Would he be furloughed promptly again if a heart became available unexpectedly, as donor hearts are wont to do? The Bureau of Prisons says he would be. Murphy has his doubts. Doctors see a logistical snarl that could hopelessly compromise the success of the transplant. The authorities shrug. "The Bureau of Prisons doesn’t have a hang-up,” explains Robert McFadden, executive assistant to the warden at Rochester. "When we’re presented with the information we request, we can go forward.”

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Peptic ulcers can be cured, not just treated, with antibiotics, reports the National Institutes of Health. A special panel has concluded that the bacterium Helicobacter pylori causes ulcers and can be wiped out by a combination of drugs such as tetracycline, metronidazole and amoxicillin.

Many elderly women fail to perform breast self-exams because of arthritis, failing eyesight or loss of feeling in the fingers. Now a researcher has developed an alternative—self-exam: the woman lies down and uses the palm of her hand to sweep over the breast, a more comfortable technique than the usual one of standing in front of a mirror and using the fingertips on the breast. In addition, women with poor eyesight can use a handheld magnifying mirror to look for lumps.

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Make big bucks the natural-disaster way

Heroic rescues, food-stamp fraud, heartwarming acts of charity, price gouging...a major natural disaster like last month's Los Angeles earthquake can bring out the best as well as the worst in victims. A compendium of bad postcalamity behavior:

Los Angeles Earthquake
Over 50,000 survivors have applied for food stamps, and rampant cheating is suspected. Relief workers have imposed a 72-hour waiting period to cross-check names and addresses. Complaints are also rising about landlords who refuse to refund rents and security deposits on condemned apartments.

Summer '93 Midwest Floods
Out of 7,349 Kansas City, Missouri, households receiving food stamps, one-third were found to be not entitled. Aid workers were forced to close down the program and later announced an amnesty to persuade impostors to turn in their ill-gotten stamps. Other abuses: a 600% price hike for towing mobile homes to higher ground; flood-damaged, though perfunctorily spruced-up autos pouring into used-car lots.

Hurricane Andrew
South Florida saw widespread price gouging in the form of $4 candy bars and $6 cans of baby formula. One store would not sell batteries without the purchase of a TV or radio. A woman filed for an $11,500 loss of household goods, but the address she gave investigators turned out to be in Biscayne Bay. A farmer submitted a photo of someone else's destroyed mobile home and a claim of $19,440; investigators later found his actual, undamaged trailer in Tampa, clear across the state.

The Good News

Baby boomers have a much greater chance of getting cancer than their grandparents did at the same age, says a new federal study. Researchers don't think the higher risk is due to smoking or better diagnostic methods but believe it is probably the result of still unrecognized cancer-causing chemicals in the environment.

Smoking cigarettes not only increases the risk of lung cancer and heart disease but also causes damaging bone loss in women. A new study, based on 41 pairs of female twins, has found that women who smoke a pack a day through adulthood reach menopause with bones that are up to 10% less dense than those of nonsmokers—and more vulnerable to fractures. Researchers speculate that smoking interferes with the body's estrogen production.

The Bad News

Peptic ulcers can be cured, not just treated, with antibiotics, reports the National Institutes of Health. A special panel has concluded that the bacterium Helicobacter pylori causes ulcers and can be wiped out by a combination of drugs such as tetracycline, metronidazole and amoxicillin.

Spectra has brought a $300 million lawsuit claims against Sculley's $10 million lawsuit claims. Caserta failed to mention anything to him about an ongoing SEC investigation. In turn, Spectra has brought a $300 million lawsuit against Sculley for breach of contract.

U.S. Recognizes Macedonia
Despite Greek objections, the U.S. recognized the former Yugoslav republic of Macedonia as an independent state. Greece fears that the new republic may lay claim to part of the contiguous Greek province of Macedonia.

Finnish Line
In Finland's first direct presidential elections since the country gained independence from Russia in 1917, a former U.N. mediator has won the presidency. Martti Ahtisaari, 56, owes his ballot-box victory primarily to promises to battle recession. Now in its third year, Finland's present economic slump is its worst in 60 years.

Business

Sculley Sues, and Gets Sued
John Sculley, former chairman of Apple Computer, abruptly left his new job as head of Spectrum Information Technologies, charging Spectrum's chairman Peter Caserta with fraud. Sculley's $10 million lawsuit against Caserta failed to mention anything to him about an ongoing SEC investigation. In turn, Spectra has brought a $300 million lawsuit against Sculley for breach of contract.

Two Software Giants Merge
Electronic Arts, a leading producer of games for personal computers and videogame machines, announced it will acquire Broderbund Software in a $400 million stock swap. Broderbund, specializing in educational software, made its name with the phenomenally popular Carmen Sandiego?

Airwave Auction
The Clinton Administration will permit commercial users to take over a large chunk of the radio band that is now controlled by the Pentagon and other federal agencies. The auctioning of 200 megahertz worth of airspace will...
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take 10 years to complete and could raise as much as $7 billion in revenue for the government.

THE ARTS & MEDIA

The Boot

Kathleen Battle, the famously temperamental soprano, was summarily fired by New York's Metropolitan Opera. Reason: "unprofessional actions" during rehearsals for Donizetti's La Fille du Régiment. Battle said she was "saddened" by the decision.

Found and Lost

Undercover police posing as art buyers recovered the 16th century painting by the Italian Renaissance master Raphael known both as The Madonna with Child and Lamb and The Madonna of the Hay. The canvas, never publicly exhibited, disappeared in the early 1980s. After agreeing to pay $24 million for it, the police reportedly detained businessmen and art dealers. But just as the art world got one masterpiece back, it lost another. Edward Munch's painting The Scream was stolen from the National Art Museum in Oslo. It had been on display as part of a Munch exhibition in conjunction with the Lillehammer Olympics.

Oscars for Oskar (Schindler)?

Steven Spielberg, Hollywood's perennial also-ran on Academy Award night, may finally win the big prize: his movie, the acclaimed Schindler's List, got 12 nominations, including Best Picture and Best Director. Other contenders for Best Picture: The Fugitive, In the Name of the Father, The Piano and The Remains of the Day. Two actresses were double-listed: Emma Thompson (as Best Actress for Remains of the Day and Supporting Actress for In the Name of the Father) and Holly Hunter (Best Actress for The Piano, Supporting Actress for The Firm).

BIGAMY ALLEGED. By JACK KENT COOKE, 81, multimillionaire Washington Redskins owner, regarding his colorful fourth wife of 38 years, MARLENE RAMALLO CHALMERS, 37 (or thereabouts); in Washington. Cooke says Chalmers "falsely obtained" a divorce from her prior husband. His stunning declaration follows embarrassing escapades by Chalmers, including a drunk-driving arrest.

CONVICTED. Actor-rapper TUPAC SHAKUR, 22; of assaulting film director Allen Hughes, who had fired him from the movie Menace II Society; in Los Angeles. Shakur also faces sodomy charges in New York City.

AILING. JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS, 64; with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, a treatable form of cancer; in New York City. While undergoing chemotherapy, Onassis is maintaining her normal schedule.

DIED. HOWARD TEMIN, 59, winner of the 1975 Nobel Prize for Medicine; of lung cancer; in Madison, Wisconsin. Temin, who was both a nonsmoker and a leading campaigner against tobacco use, won his Nobel for discoveries in genetics that later allowed researchers to identify the AIDS virus.

DIED. WILLIAM CONRAD, 73, large, boom- ing-voiced actor; of a heart attack; in North Hollywood, California. Star of the 1970s TV detective series Cannon. Conrad later played the tough district attorney in CBS's Jake and the Fatman. He was the original Marshal Matt Dillon on radio, and provided the resonant narration for The Bulwinkle Show. His film credits included East Side, West Side and The Naked Jungle.

DIED. JACK KIRBY, 76, comic-book superhero artist who collaborated on the creation of Captain America, Spiderman, the Incredible Hulk, the X-Men and many others; in Thousand Oaks, California. In the 1950s and '60s, Kirby helped refashion superheroes into the more human, more vulnerable, more neurotic characters we know and love today. His bold drawings and layouts have influenced two-generations-and-counting of younger artists.

DIED. JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS, 64; with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, a treatable form of cancer; in New York City. While undergoing chemotherapy, Onassis is maintaining her normal schedule.

DIED. RICHARD BISSELL, 84, CIA pioneer of secret aerial reconnaissance and the covert-operations chief who directed the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion fiasco that sought to topple Fidel Castro; in Farmington, Connecticut.

DIED. JOSEPH COTTEN, 88, tall, elegant, popular and critically acclaimed leading man of stage and screen classics; in Los Angeles. Underwriting his career at first by selling vacuum cleaners, paints, newspaper ads, and even playing some professional football, Cotten got his first big break when he joined Orson Welles' Federal Theater and Mercury Theater in the 1930s. His Broadway debut in The Philadelphia Story (1939) and his Hollywood premiere in Welles' Citizen Kane (1941) propelled him to 40 years of stardom. Among his many films: Shadow of a Doubt, Gaslight, Duel in the Sun, The Farmer's Daughter, The Third Man and Touch of Evil.

By Christopher John Farley, Wendy King, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alain L. Sanders, Anastasia Toufexis, Sidney Urohurt
This Time We Mean It

NATO's pull-back-or-we-bomb ultimatum to Bosnia's Serbs looks genuine, but will it help end the war?

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

What made the mortar shell that burst in Sarajevo's central market that Saturday morning different from the innumerable other rounds that have slammed into the Bosnian capital over the previous 22 months? "Strategically it meant nothing," says a senior U.S. diplomat. But the grisly footage broadcast round the globe showing 68 people blown to bits while peacefully shopping made for peculiarly revolting television. The timing of the attack, seemingly planned to kill the greatest possible number of innocent civilians, dramatized the brutality of the war all over again to a world populace that had grown numb to reports of concentration camps, ethnic cleansing, mass rape and daily casualties.

The market images prompted a Western outcry that this time the Serbs had gone too far, that U.S. credibility was at stake, and that the NATO alliance was in jeopardy. Something had to be done. The answer last week was an ultimatum to the Serbs to stop shelling Sarajevo or face allied bombs. But hadn't we heard all that before?

Americans and Europeans remember a long series of empty Western threats to intervene to stop the slaughter. Only a month ago, a disgusted State Department official had summed up President Clinton's strategy: "The object of U.S. policy is to keep Bosnia out of the headlines. Every day it's not in the news is another day of success." The 120-mm shell that hit the market made that policy a thundering failure and raised embarrassing questions: If even this could not move Clinton and the leaders of Western Europe to act, would anything do so? If not, how could anyone believe anything they said ever again?

The 16-nation NATO alliance responded with yet another warning, only this one was not so vague. It took the form of a flat ultimatum to the Serbs: Stop shelling Sarajevo. Pull back all big guns, heavy mortars and tanks 12.4 miles from the Bosnian capital or put them under U.N. control. And do it in 10 days, by 1 a.m. Feb. 21, Sarajevo time. After that, NATO warplanes will bomb or strafe any weapons still in the exclusion zone, or any artillery pieces still firing into Sarajevo from beyond it.

Strong language, and carrying something of the conviction born of despair. A long series of earlier warnings—most recently a NATO resolution last August authorizing air strikes to prevent the "strangulation" of Sarajevo—had sputtered to nothing. For that very reason, argued a NATO official, if the Serbs defy the new ultimatum "we have to attack. If we didn't, NATO's credibility would suffer a fatal blow."

But will air strikes or Serb compliance with the ultimatum actually do much to
It was not much different from earlier blasts—but the pictures of the carnage in the market pricked the world's benumbed conscience.
GRAVESIDE GRIEF:
Family members try to console a woman crying over a just-interred victim of the market shelling. Even burying the dead can be hazardous for Bosnians; funerals sometimes come under fire.

SERBIAN FORCES:
The Muslim defenders of Sarajevo actually have a wide edge in manpower over Serb besiegers like these riflemen. It is the big guns that hold the city helpless.

TEMMPTING TARGET:
A gunner's-eye view of Sarajevo from a Serb emplacement overlooking the Grbavica section. For 22 months shells rained down from these guns. Will they be moved this week?
end the war and stop the killing? The Pentagon is dubious that NATO planes can do much damage. In the face of past threats, the Serbs have proved adept at backing down just enough to keep things quiet for a while, then stepping up the fighting again. There is also a fear that the ultimatum and air strikes are a mere facade behind which the U.S. will help pressure Bosnia's beleaguered Muslims into settling the war on terms amounting to a surrender to Serb aggression. One U.S. diplomat cynically believes some air strikes will in fact be conducted "because that will help us press the Bosnians to sign on to the dismemberment of their country."

Clinton denies any intention of twisting the Bosnians' arms until they sign a peace they find intolerable. But his language hardly sounded reassuring to the Muslims' sympathizers. Early last week he drew little distinction between aggressors and their victims, remarking that "until those folks get tired of killing each other over there, bad things will continue to happen."

And in the course of announcing the ultimatum, he asserted that "there is an awful lot of fighting and an awful lot of dying going on now over relatively small patches of land and issues like a path to the sea for the Muslims'"—showing little recognition that such small patches of land could constitute the difference between a barely viable Muslim state and one that could never sustain itself.

Even so, Clinton has moved some distance toward the strong U.S. involvement that all sides believe is the key to any settlement of the war. He has not so much led as let himself be led—by French pressure and his own more hawkish advisers. Given his months of pledges and backdowns, he has hardly prepared the country to invest in a peace negotiations were going nowhere; both Serbs and Muslims were thought to be gearing up new offensives; France and Britain were grumbling about pulling out of a U.N. peacekeeping force that only seemed to be exposing their troops to danger. The Europeans, says a senior official at the State Department, "were calling, even pleading, for U.S. leadership."

That prodded Christopher into asking his aides to review the options again. By the time they arrived home from the summit, they had drafted a plan to invigorate the Geneva talks backed by a threat of military action against the Serbs. But the emphasis was on diplomacy—until the mortar shell struck the market. Then, says one official, "the use of force became a first priority."

In Paris, as well: the day after the blast, French Foreign Minister Alain Juppé and Defense Minister François Léotard were already calling for an ultimatum, and Washington swiftly agreed. Transatlantic telephone conferences between Presidents Clinton and François Mitterrand helped iron out some minor differences. By the time NATO ministers met in Brussels Wednesday, there was a joint Franco-American proposal on the table, possibly the first in the 30-odd years since Charles de Gaulle began fulminating against "les Anglo-Saxons."

By then, some of the doubters had been
brought into line. Britain reluctantly acquiesced on the condition that military action be severely limited. Clinton persuaded Canadian Prime Minister Jean Chrétien to go along despite worries about the safety of 2,000 Canadian peacekeepers. Even Green, the most pro-Serb of the NATO nations, decided not to vote for the ultimatum, but cast no veto either.

When the council finally approved the resolution after 14 hours of debate, NATO Secretary-General Manfred Wörner, who left a sickbed against his doctors’ orders to preside, enthused that its vote marked “a decisive moment in the history of our alliance.” So it was, though a somewhat ironic one: NATO was formed 45 years ago to resist any Soviet Bloc invasion of Western Europe, but its first shots fired in anger, if any, will be a pre-emptive, not a defensive, act against antagonists having nothing to do with a Soviet empire that no longer exists. A NATO diplomat says the ministers in Brussels never even discussed what Moscow might think.

They didn’t have to; they well knew. Air strikes against the Serbs could severely strain relations between the NATO powers and Russia, many of whose citizens empathize with the Serbs as fellow Slavs and Orthodox Christians. If the ultimatum had to be voted on in the U.N. Security Council, Boris Yeltsin’s government would almost certainly veto it, if only to respond to public anger fanned by nationalists like Vladimir Zhironovsky, who was in full cry last week.

NATO finessed that by insisting that its ultimatum is justified under previous Security Council resolutions. U.N. Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali, who has resisted previous attempts to take military action, will have to approve launching the first air strike, but this time he is virtually certain to do so, say NATO officials. NATO officials hope Moscow will confine itself to speechmaking rather than seriously trying to block action against the Serbs.

In any case, the ultimatum is narrowly drawn. It does not authorize air strikes outside the Sarajevo region. The Serbs will not even be required to lift the city’s siege. NATO hopes that will happen if the Serbs can no longer use their big guns to offset the Bosnian government’s advantage in manpower. But if the Serbs withdraw their artillery while keeping up the sniper fire that has killed many Sarajevans, that would not trigger air strikes. How come? Says U.S. Ambassador to NATO Robert Hunter: “We did not want to create any illusions that this will end the war.”

The Serbs have been alternating bluster with hints of cooperation to leave open—probably up to the expiration of the ultimatum—whether they will provoke air strikes or not. Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic makes the absurd claim that newfangled fatalism. “If we pull our artillery out,” said Goran Bogic, “the Muslims will overrun us in 10 minutes.” In Sarajevo, Serb forces not only held to a cease-fire but also started placing some heavy weapons under U.N. control—though U.N. troops were not even certain the meager haul of cannon had ever been emplaced around Sarajevo.

The biggest question is what kind of final settlement the new Western policy is aiming at. Clinton’s aides say it is the U.S. pledge to participate vigorously in negotiations, as much as the ultimatum, that distinguishes this initiative from earlier ones. National Security Adviser Anthony Lake insists “this is not an effort to impose a settlement on the Bosnians. It is an effort to work with them to [decide on] realistic terms.”

But what is realistic? French officials openly rejoice that the U.S. now backs the plan dividing Bosnia along ethnic lines. Fair enough; there would be no way of reconstructing a single Bosnia without helping the Muslims reconquer territory already taken by the Serbs, and that would mean a long ground war that nobody wants—least of all Bill Clinton. He tempered his support of the air-strike ultimatum by repeating his promise not to put U.S. ground troops into Bosnia, except maybe, eventually, to help enforce a formal peace settlement. So the question comes down, crudely, to the terms of Bosnia’s eventual partition into ethnic states, and whether the Muslims will get enough territory to have a fair chance of independent survival.

Clinton had better get the answer right. Many critics believe the ultimatum was a hasty, ill-thought-out move, “a classic example of foreign policy by CNN,” as one Democratic congressional aide puts it. Be that as it may, the stakes go far beyond Bosnia: in the opinion of not a few critics, thugs around the world, from Zhironovsky in Russia to Kim Il Sung in North Korea, are watching Bosnia for clues as to how far the U.S. can be pushed, and how it responds to the challenge.

LYNDON JOHNSON USED TO SAY THAT A GOOD POLITICAL CANDIDATE can "make chicken salad out of chicken s—-". Judged by that recipe, Bill Clinton is a master—at least rhetorically. Consider last Wednesday, when the President dealt with two substantively unrelated issues, one foreign, one domestic.

On Bosnia, the President said, "Our nation will not stand idly by in the face of a conflict that offends our consciences." Sound familiar? During the 1992 campaign, Clinton said, "History has shown that you can't allow the mass extermination of people and just sit idly by and watch it happen." Between then and now, about all that's happened is that the number of idle threats has come to rival the death toll. But I really mean it this time, Clinton insists: If the Serbs don't cease their strangulation of Sarajevo, fire will rain from the air next week—more than five months after the very same pledge was first uttered by NATO last August.

O.K., assume the planes do finally fly. What exactly will this latest expression of faux muscularity achieve? "Air power alone" won't end the war, says the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "It's bombing as therapy," says Michael Mandelbaum, a Johns Hopkins University foreign policy expert who advised Clinton during the campaign. "Therapy for us, that is; proof that we've done something at last—even if the Serbs simply move their heavy weapons and strike elsewhere, or hunker down till the dust clears." Ground troops could settle the conflict, but Clinton has ruled them out. He says he favors lifting the arms embargo so the Bosnians can defend themselves on a level killing field, but he has yet to seriously push his preference.

What's left is the bargaining table, which sounds fine unless the White House's promise to "encourage" Muslim flexibility only means that the Muslims should roll over and become good victims. Whatever the final resolution—if there is one—political pressure without military force will never produce an equitable solution. Can anyone doubt that aggression and genocide will ultimately be rewarded: that Bosnia, if it survives at all, will barely resemble its former self; and that the "bold tyrants watching to see whether 'ethnic cleansing' is a policy the world will tolerate" (to use Secretary of State Warren Christopher's words) will have their answer? What will Clinton the saladmaker do and say then? He'll ignore the capitulation, crow that his artful diplomacy produced a negotiated peace and turn anew to the domestic battles that interest him most.

That brings us to Clinton's drug strategy, which he introduced last Wednesday in the same slick way he handled Bosnia. The President portrayed his moves as a grand departure from the drug wars of previous Administrations. Gone, though, is Clinton's promise to provide addicts with "treatment on demand" and his pledge to spend more money on education and prevention than on law enforcement. If approved by Congress, Clinton's overall antidrug budget will climb about $1 billion, but even after including the dubious allocation of $285 million for community policing as a "prevention and treatment" expense, the ratio split will still favor enforcement 59% to 41%—down only slightly from George Bush's emphasis, which had the ratio at 65% to 35%.

More worrisome is the shortfall between those cocaine and heroin addicts who desperately need treatment and those who will actually get it. Depending on which Administration document one reads, the total number of needy addicts ranges between 11 million and 2.7 million people. Whatever the best guess, Clinton's new dollars will aid only 74,000 addicts. "It's inexplicable," says Matha Falco, who ran the Carter Administration's interdiction efforts as the first Assistant Secretary of State for International Narcotics Matters. "Everyone in the field, and Clinton too, knows the supply-side efforts have largely failed. Clinton's effort moves in the right direction, but at a pace that won't have a significant impact in our time. With the money he proposes, he can't even seriously reach a quarter of the pregnant addicts he promised to help as soon as he took office."

Equally distressing is how Clinton has shortchanged the drug-education budget. The White House claims that its $191 million increase will ensure that "all children" will receive the antidrug message "effectively." The math is goofy. Only half the nation's 47 million schoolchildren are exposed to any form of drug education today; Clinton's new funds will move that figure to 60%; at best.

The President contends that every dollar spent on drug education and treatment yields "a $7 investment" as crime and prison costs fall and economic productivity rises. Why then has he shifted away from what he knows he should do? "You can't appear soft on crime when crime hysteria is sweeping the country," explains an Administration official candidly. "Maybe the national temper will change, and maybe, if it does, we'll do it right later."

Presidential leadership is often defined as the ability to rally the nation to unpopular causes. Leadership also demands that a President forthrightly explain why actions aren't taken or why they are paltry compared with past rhetoric. Clinton is doing neither. Unfortunately, on the streets of both Bosnia and America, the consequences of that behavior produce casualties that far transcend the President's own diminished moral and political credibility.
Under the Gun
In Sarajevo

Nothing can be explained to anybody who isn't there

By ZLATKO DIZDAREVIC SARAJEVO

A DAY AFTER THE NOTABLE AND—AS Manfred Wörner said on Wednesday evening—"historical" decision made by NATO in Brussels. I bumped into a good friend on the street. He greeted me with a hearty, "Hello, happy fellow," quite unusual given the conditions in Sarajevo these days. It wasn't easy for him to hide the devilish cynicism in this greeting, nor could we keep from breaking up completely.

We both knew, of course, what the meaning of this "happy fellow" was. Everyone in Sarajevo who managed to watch TV on Wednesday night—meaning those who had enough juice left in the old car batteries to power a set—knew that the reference was to a much commented-on piece by a member of the foreign press corps. Amid the general madness following the news of the ultimatum directed at the Serbs, the reporter had come to the conclusion that Sarajevans were very happy and satisfied with this "historical event," that the tormented city found itself overwhelmed by an unexpected sense of optimism and, one could almost say, good fortune.

How can we tell the world that we are far from happy and that we are not optimists at all? On the contrary, we're desperate because of the obvious fact that, once again, nothing will be done. Again, the cunning Serb President Slobodan Milosevic, along with Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic, will just take advantage of the situation for the umpteenth time to prepare new fortifications. When such powerful TV networks determine that we are pleased and optimistic in Sarajevo, then we simply have to become optimists.

I must say that I was even a little sorry seeing so many good and conscientious journalists from all over the world getting so excited, rushing around Sarajevo like little kids, sincerely convinced that they were participating in some great and fateful event. We can't really get angry at all these folks who take their work so seriously. Personally, I'm not even upset about the reporter, who had declared me a happy optimist. All we ask is that these reporters listen a little less to what the "historical figures" at "historical gatherings" have to say and rely a little more on their own eyes and their own intelligence.

That acclaimed night in which—so they say—the page of history turned for our stricken land, we were, my friends and I, at Asha's café. Asha—doctor, pilot, race-car driver—is now a café owner. As we stared at a miniature TV screen, not quite believing what a fuss the world was making over the latest great swindle, one of our companions seemed to be melting into ecstasy over everything he was hearing.

When the news report was over, he turned to us as if he were carried off by a dream. "Imagine how beautiful the fountain near the cathedral would be with all those colors and watery figures," he said. We looked at him, dumbfounded. We reminded him that this was a historical moment and that the war—so they say—is coming to an end. "Oh that," he replied. "I heard about that. I'll buy five kegs of beer tomorrow and call 50 of our friends, and we'll all get good and smashed from joy. But forget that for now. Let me tell you about this fountain I saw once a long time ago in Rome. I'm almost sure we could put something like that up in Sarajevo, over by the cathedral, because it would really look super there." And then we continued talking about the fountain.

Later on, Mr. Wörner seemed quite serious and extremely angry at his press conference in Brussels. We found it very moving when a journalist advised him to be extra careful, since Mr. Wörner, believe it or not, had come to the "historic" meeting against doctor's orders. And we were even more moved when he answered that same journalist's question about the fate of Karadzic's weapons in the so-called Serb capital of Pale—weapons that would not come under the control of the U.N. Not even the
What will it be possible to talk about with this young boy one day? Someday the world will have to watch out for boys who dream of their murdered fathers.
A journalist understood the answer, nor did we happy campers at Asha’s cafés.

This, of course, is not important. The important thing is that we had already been identified as optimists so that from our optimistic corner we could discuss that fountain and think about drinking those few kegs of beer. We then heard that on this “remarkably calm and peaceful day” in Sarajevo, as one foreign reporter put it, “only” 18 people, including three children, were wounded by “a few wayward bullets.” Truly a peaceful day.

The next day I tried to verify our lack of feeling. Who knows, all our emotions have been dried up to such a point that maybe we Sarajevans are really doing the world an injustice, a world that thinks victory over the forces of evil has finally come to pass, a world that believes there is true reason for rejoicing. At Muhammad the barber’s, in “the street where the President no longer lives,” as the barber likes to advertise, I encountered a strange atmosphere. Totally oblivious, like in the old days, people were talking about a soccer game broadcast from Germany, and then about whether or not some idiots from a pirate radio station should be arrested after they called for retaliation against the Serbs still living with us in Sarajevo for the massacre in the marketplace.

Muhammad the barber went on and on about the best thing to do with the pile of wood he had gathered from digging up tree stumps all last summer: now there was gas, and it wasn’t even that cold, so he had all this extra wood on the terrace. Should he sell it, or save it for next year? “Next winter everything will be back to normal, the occupiers are on the way out, it’s all signed, and peace is coming,” I said, half seriously and half in jest. Everyone stared at me, and a young soldier in camouflage fatigue scarily waved his hand. “What kind of 10-day ultimatum? Are you nuts? So they can say they’ve given a damn. In these 23 months, more than 200,000 people have been killed, and still nothing. Maybe all those bodies really were just plastic dummies, like Karadzic says.

The citizens of Sarajevo, offending everyone as usual, think the so-called historical event in Brussels is no more and no less than a great lie. That is why we are neither happy nor optimistic but completely desperate and full of sorrow. It is not because no one wants to help us. We don’t even pay attention to the big lie that this is a case of crimes against humanity. On the contrary, it is clear to Sarajevans that this is a crime that humanity itself has afflicted upon simple, unassuming people.

Sarajevans think this business of pulling back the tanks, the mortar launchers and the other big guns is an absolute farce being carried out simply to show that, finally, something is being done. But the whole operation simply marks significant new gains for Slobodan Milosevic and Radovan Karadzic: What can a distance of 12 miles mean for those who have missile-launching systems, aircraft and howitzers? What would the withdrawal of 50 or 100 tanks mean for those who can, with half an hour of maneuvering, bring in 100 more tanks and an additional 500 cannons? But the significance of taking 20 guns and both tanks from our army is all too well known. What does it mean for the army of Bosnia-Herzegovina, an army that has had to put together practically every bullet piece by piece?

Finally, and this is the most important aspect, what do we get out of this when the operation has been completed? We get a blockade of Sarajevo moved 12 miles from the city, instead of 3 miles away as we have now. Finally, and this is the most important aspect, what do we get out of this when the operation has been completed? We get a blockade of Sarajevo moved 12 miles from the city, instead of 3 miles away as we have now. Finally, and this is the most important aspect, what do we get out of this when the operation has been completed? We get a blockade of Sarajevo moved 12 miles from the city, instead of 3 miles away as we have now.
similar wall stretches across Nicosia in Cyprus.

Maybe I should be even more explicit: Sarajevans truly think that for Karadzic, a speedy agreement to withdrawal from the mountains above the city is only a way of saving his own skin. It is only a way of saving his army and weapons, only another ploy to gain time until the world's attention span, now fixed on the horror of the marketplace, fades, and the story begins all over again. Soon the idea of a division of Bosnia and Sarajevo as the only solution will come back in through the front door, right to the table around which various war criminals will be seated.

Where, actually, does the misunderstanding lie, if there is a misunderstanding at all? It is in the very assumption that moving the guns will change the minds of those who have been firing the guns at innocent civilians these two years. Of course we can disagree about whether 1,000 or 5,000 or 10,000 innocent people killed constitutes a greater or a lesser crime—if a crime can even be measured in such a way. As far as I am concerned, it is totally irrelevant to me after meeting a child whose leg was amputated. He had gone to bed before Christmas with the hope that Santa Claus would bring his leg back.

What do you think—did he get it? And what do you think it will be possible to talk about with that child one day, and with thousands of other Sarajevo kids whose hair turned gray before they even went to school, if they ever did get to school? It's all the same to me after talking to an 80-year-old grandmother who, amid the worst bombardment of Sarajevo, walked through the middle of the main street and at the frantic warnings to hide because she could get killed, quietly but clearly answered, "That is why I am crossing the street like this, my son. But unfortunately, I won't get hit."

In the so-called historical decision from Brussels, those who talked about plastic dummies cynically placed at the market in Sarajevo are not even touched. Maybe they have divined the real truth: we in Sarajevo and grand strategy refuses to defend the most elementary principles on which its own foundations rest? Can we no longer be helped by any movement forward or backward, no matter how many miles it is measured in. We've already got to the point where it doesn't matter if those above us continue to shoot or not. It has already been a long time in Sarajevo since people have stopped running across streets marked WARNING: SNIPER.

The other day I heard the following from a university professor I know. "A friend of mine and I agreed to leave Sarajevo," he begins, "at least for a bit, just the day when at the train station, you could buy, like before the war, a train ticket and sit in the train and actually get somewhere. Until recently, the two of us had only one problem: when would that ticket booth open again and when shall we get into a train? The more I think, the clearer it is that the real problem is this: Where can the two of us go from here? There is nowhere to go. Except to Podlugovi, 12 miles from here."

In Podlugovi, to be honest, express trains never stopped, they speeded on to other distant stations.

It is important to preserve the smile, even an idiotic one. And to be an optimist, waiting for the train to Podlugovi. The important people in the world shouldn't think we are unhappy about having our legs pulled by all these "historic" moves. Even plastic dummies should show a little respect for history.

For history.

Zlatko Dizdarevic is an editor at Oslobodenje, Sarajevo's sole surviving daily newspaper. Translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Ammiel Alcalay.
Almost Halfway Home

Israel and the P.L.O. settle more terms of self-rule, but Palestinians in the territories are unimpressed

By LISABEYER GAZASTRIP

ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL PLAN, by now Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat should be ensconced in new headquarters in the West Bank, overseeing Palestinian self-rule in Jericho and the Gaza Strip. The Israeli occupation authorities should be leaving those enclaves as the two sides prepare for an expansion of Arafat’s authority into the whole of the West Bank by summertime. Instead, Arafat remains in exile, occupiers continue to control every aspect of Palestinian life, and the Israelis say it could take the rest of the year to implement autonomy in just these two areas. No wonder Palestinian residents are losing faith in their dream of a better future. Says Ghazi Abu Jayyab, a Gaza-based activist: “People have stopped believing things will change.”

In Cairo last week Arafat and Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres shook hands on a new agreement they insisted had brought the stalled peace plan much closer to fruition. Negotiated with the help of Egyptian Foreign Minister Amr Moussa and President Hosni Mubarak, the accord settled a number of sticky disputes that have delayed the transfer of power, notably concerns about the safety of Jewish settlers in the enclaves and the control of border crossings into the occupied territories. But the pact leaves for further negotiations numerous other issues, including the size of the Jericho district and economic relationships. Until they are resolved, Israel refuses to relinquish any of its authority to the Palestinians.

How much their leaders may defend the Cairo agreement, it has generated antipathy among Palestinians in the territories, who think its terms tilt heavily in Israel’s favor. “We got almost everything we wanted,” says Uri Dromi, head of Israel’s government press office. “Why should I apologize for our success?” That is just what troubles Dr. Eyad Sarraj, who runs a mental-health clinic in Gaza. “Under this agreement, we will have an occupation in everything but name,” he says. “Instead of being next door to me, the Israeli army will be a few meters farther away. Gaza will continue to be a prison, with Israel controlling all our exit points.”

Now that Arafat and Peres have signed another accord, the Palestinians will be able to raise their colors over home territory—something they’ve been doing for five months. That’s hardly enough for the activists.

The Israeli soldiers will be stationed in the three areas in the Gaza Strip where 5,000 Jewish settlers live. The army will also control three roads linking these communities to Israel. Many Palestinians see the military’s future presence in the area as a violation of the peace accord signed by Israel and the P.L.O. last September, which called for a “withdrawal” of Israeli military forces from the Gaza Strip, rather than the redeployment now planned. The Israelis will also retain ultimate jurisdiction over the border crossings. Egypt and Jordan. The Palestinians will have their own wing in the border terminal, through which Palestinians will pass, but these travelers will still be subject to Israeli security checks. Israel maintains the right to refuse entry to anyone who is not a resident of the West Bank or Gaza Strip, and can restrict the return of refugees from the Arab-Israeli wars, quashing Palestinian hopes of unfettered immigration.

In the interest of granting the P.L.O. at least the trappings of real authority, the Israelis did agree to allow armed Palestinian policemen at the border terminals, as well as the Palestinian flag. But that concession did not much impress residents of the territories, who have freely been flying their four-color banner for five months.

Arafat’s aides think they deserve credit for even getting Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin to resolve most of the security issues, especially since his military advisers kept raising objections right up to the last minute. At 7 p.m. last Wednesday, when the Egyptians summoned journalists for the signing ceremony, Peres suddenly received a telephone call from Rabin urging flexibility, while Moussa offered a compromise that allowed a Palestinian policeman to join an Israeli policeman at the magnetic gate for Palestinian travelers. It was not until after 11 p.m. that Peres and Arafat initiated the agreement.

If Arafat’s constituents are feeling let down, it is partly because the P.L.O. chairman raised their expectations too high when he made the original agreement with Israel in September. He told them then that he had achieved “sovereignty” in the Gaza Strip and Jericho, when in fact the accord provided only for limited self-rule. Now every missed deadline feeds distrust on each side about the good faith of the other and breeds violence among the disappointed citizens in the territories. While Palestinian factions fight one another in Gaza, a black market in guns is flourishing as ordinary citizens seek to protect themselves.

Rabin says it will take at least a month more to resolve the remaining details of the Gaza-Jericho pact. But negotiators on both sides are hoping that after their toughest problems are tamed in Cairo, the rest of the work will go quickly. “I accept his deadline,” says P.L.O. senior negotiator Nabil Shaath, “but I hope to beat it.” The pace will have to pick up, however, before the goodwill spreads beyond the negotiators to the people whose lives they are shaping.
Bix

An ecstatic Nelson Mandela, determined to muster massive support, hits the campaign trail in Soweto as South African blacks get ready to vote for the first time

HAPPINESS AND HATRED WALK SIDE by side on South Africa's road to democracy. Nelson Mandela wants to focus attention on the better life to come, "the historic moment when all South Africans, blacks and whites, will work together to build a new country." But while joyous crowds of African National Congress supporters chant and cheer at his every appearance, Afrikaner Resistance Movement leader Eugene Terreblanche warns of trouble to come if whites are not given their own state. Last week a visibly angry Mandela repeatedly interrupted his upbeat campaign speeches to warn that he would match violence with violence if right-wing sabotage did not stop. In the past month, more than 40 bomb blasts have brought down electrical pylons and damaged A.N.C. offices and homes, as white holdouts like Terreblanche call for "total war."

The national election campaign of 1994, the first in which black South Africans will be allowed to vote, is under way—four years after Mandela's release from prison. Although his message of hope has been blurred by threats of violence, the election does not seem to be in serious jeopardy. As the 75-year-old leader of the A.N.C. sped from stadium to stadium in his cream-colored Mercedes, he gave clenched-fist salutes and spoke solemnly to the faithful. His tones were alternately regal and schoolmasterish, his jokes slow to develop, and much of his dry but earnest text came straight out of a yellow-and-white binder labeled BRIEFING NOTES—CONFIDENTIAL.

His stiffness does not matter: the crowds shout and ululate no matter what he utters. He is making an effortless transition from freedom hero to South Africa's President-almost-elect. His organization, however, must work much harder to transform itself from a liberation movement with a history of violence into a modern, functioning, grass-roots political party. Some of Mandela's top lieutenants are learning to perfect their new roles as politicians under the tutelage of Swedish Social Democrats and such Clinton campaign stalwarts as pollster Stanley Greenberg and media adviser Frank Greer. The foreign experts are coaching the A.N.C. on everything from organizational structure and strategy to the finer points of television appearances and how to handle reporters.

That may add polish, but the A.N.C. bandwagon is already a juggernaut. There is hardly any doubt that the Congress will win a majority in the country's first free, multiracial parliamentary and provincial elections on April 26, 27 and 28. But the A.N.C. wants to win really big and capture at least 67% of the 22.4 million eligible voters
in the nation of 38 million people. That way the A.N.C. would take 328 seats, or two-thirds of the 490-seat bicameral Parliament—enough to write and ratify the permanent constitution all by itself. Since almost three-quarters of the potential voters are black and a majority of them back the A.N.C., this might look easy. It is not. Last week a boycott of the election by an odd-fellows alliance of blacks and conservative whites looked certain when talks with the A.N.C. and the government over ethnic autonomy sputtered to a near halt as the deadline to get on the ballot passed. Some die-hard whites have voted against participation. Additional pressure came from Zulu King Goodwill Zwelithini, who told President F.W. de Klerk that if the interim constitution did not give more powers to regional governments, he would not abide by the results of the coming election and would initiate the secession of the 8 million-strong Zulu nation. Whether he has only one telephone, one fax and two reluctant copying machines, he has lots of helpers. Their job, he says, is "to make sure people know how to register their support when the time comes." Mandela's fans are demanding the houses, security and comforts denied them for decades.

Amid the competition for black votes, says campaign coordinator Ketso Gordhan, "for the A.N.C. this election is not about how sophisticated your message is but about mobilization." Mandela is the first to warn his voters against complacency. The "greatest danger," he tells the crowds, "comes from members of the A.N.C. themselves." Surveying the bewildered faces before him, he continues, "If we believe we have already won the election, a large number of people who support us may prefer to remain in their homes." Deputy campaign chief Patrick Lekota puts the warning in everyday terms: "People support us," he says, "but if we don't urge them, they will wake up and think, 'Well, I must go look after my goats.'" When they come home, the polls will be closed.

Part of the A.N.C. challenge is even more basic than getting people to the ballot box. They must know what to do when they get there—and many have no idea. Not only are South Africa's 16.2 million eligible black voters casting ballots for the first time, but more than half are illiterate, and about 7 million of them live in rural areas far from the reach of campaign rallies and party workers. The tactics of the A.N.C. over the past 10 years led its followers to scorn the local preselecetions of the apartheid era rather than take part in them. "We come from a tradition of boycott politics," says national campaign chief Popo Molele, who was convicted of treason in 1988 as a leader of the antigovernment United Democratic Front. "The vast majority of our people are not oriented toward participation. Now we have to teach them."

Classes are in session from the northern Transvaal to Cape Province. Khayelitsha, a sandy, windswept tract along the South Atlantic coast, is the largest black township in the Cape Town area. Its small A.N.C. campaign office—one of 94 around the country—is a whitewashed single-story building in a neighborhood where thieves and vandals have driven out most residents and shopkeepers. Behind barred windows, regional secretary Richard Dyantyi, 24, a slim former marketing student, directs the A.N.C.'s organizational work. Though he has only one telephone, one fax and two reluctant copying machines, he has lots of helpers. Their job, he says, is "to make sure the people know how to register their support when the time comes." Each morning he and half a dozen volunteers set out in a minibus loaded with A.N.C. pamphlets, calendars and stacks of sample ballots. Learning about the vote comes with vaccinations, dental care and family counseling in Khayelitsha, as the minibus visits community centers andclinics around the township. At one clinic, Dyantyi's aides display a sample ballot, explaining the list of the 10 political parties up for election with their colors or symbol and a photograph of their leader. One of the workers, Boiswa Fusile, shows the folks how to mark the ballot and warns that doing it wrong could be "a vote for the opposition," that is, for incumbent President F.W. de Klerk. The new voters hiss.

Relatively few blacks will be voting for De Klerk's white-dominated National Party, and few of the 3.6 million eligible whites will cast their ballots for the A.N.C. But there is a bloc of about 2 million colored, or mixed-race, voters and 650,000 Indians the A.N.C. wants to win over. That will be where the party does need to convey a sophisticated message, since the colored and Indian communities are not convinced that they will fare better under a black-majority government. "The coloreds have always been marginalized by the A.N.C.," says Lawrence Solomon. "We want to keep our identity, just like everyone else."

With only the margin of his victory in doubt, Mandela is cautioning his voters not to expect too much too soon. The A.N.C.'s election platform promises to provide jobs, education and housing. But impoverished black citizens will not become employed homeowers "driving a Mercedes" the day after the election, Mandela tells them. What they can expect after April 29, he vows, is a government that will address their needs, ignored for so long. —Reported by Peter Hawthorne/Cape Town and Scott MacLeod/ Johannesburg
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T was really no surprise that last week's meeting between Bill Clinton and Japanese Prime Minister Morihiro Hosokawa ended with sour expressions—for eight months the two nations have failed to agree on how to measure progress in Japan's efforts to open its markets. But given the tradition of smoothing over differences at the close of most summits, the unvarnished frankness at the final bow of this one was something new. At a joint press appearance, with Hosokawa at his side, Clinton let loose. By Japan's markets "still remain less open to imports than any other" major nation's, he said. Japan still "screens out many of our products, even our most competitive products." Clinton's summation was startlingly blunt: "It is better to have reached no agreement than to have reached an empty agreement."

"What you saw today was the ending of the former U.S. policy of trade insanity," said a senior Administration official. "That is, doing the same thing over and over again and expecting a different result." The meeting was the first of the biannual summits required under the trade agreement signed in Tokyo last summer by Clinton and former Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa. The pact aimed at trimming Japan's trade surplus with the U.S., which has jumped to a near record $60 billion. Last summer's agreement called for "objective criteria" for measuring progress, and the sticking point ever since has been each side's differing notion of what objective criteria may be. To the White House, the term refers to numerical targets by which to measure the openness of Japanese markets—the ratio of imports to total GNP is one gauge the U.S. has discussed. The Japanese scorn that approach as "managed trade," saying it would amount to permitting the U.S. to establish import goals for its products in Japan. They prefer vague promises to do better.

Two weeks ago, when it became apparent that last-ditch trade talks in Washington were breaking down, Hosokawa quietly dispatched a high-level envoy to head off a conflict. When that failed, he sent an even higher intermediary, Foreign Minister Tsutomu Hata. But a Thursday breakfast meeting between Hata and U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor was ended abruptly by Kantor, who complained that Hata had brought nothing new. After Hosokawa arrived later that day, Hata asked for one last, late-night session. But after three more hours of talks that broke up at 4 a.m., there was still no progress.

Nothing in American public opinion discouraged Clinton from continuing the hard line later that day. Standing up to Japan never hurts an American President, especially one trying to escape an image for indecisiveness in foreign affairs. Meeting with Hosokawa at the White House, with Vice President Al Gore, National Security Adviser Anthony Lake and Secretary of State Warren Christopher present, Clinton told the Prime Minister they might be so far apart that there was not much more to discuss.

The two nations did manage to agree on measures to discourage North Korea from developing nuclear weapons, assist poor nations with population control, fight AIDS and rebuild the despoiled environment of Eastern Europe. The irony of the split on trade is that Clinton and Hosokawa are similar politicians, and the Prime Minister came to the U.S. with a number of domestic achievements calculated to make the White House happy, including a difficult agreement in the Japanese parliament on a $141 billion package of tax cuts and other measures designed to stimulate Japan's weakened economy. Although Washington was disappointed that the tax cuts would be rescinded after one year, the package could still help Japanese consumers buy imports.

The real showdown is just starting. Within hours of the farewell press conference, the White House was insisting that the postsummit breakfast on Saturday would be a purely social affair, with further negotiating ruled out indefinitely unless the Japanese change their position on numerical targets. With that unlikely, trade sanctions against Japan become a real possibility. "I have no idea what will happen from here on," Clinton said at the press conference. But he already has some ideas. —Reported by David Aikman/Washington and Edward W. Desmond/Tokyo
THE BUDGET

Famine-And Feast

Clinton’s $1.5 trillion budget restrains defense and domestic spending but lets entitlements roam free

By JOHN GREENWALD

IF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WERE A FAMILY, the budget Bill Clinton unveiled last week would leave little room for anyone to have fun. There would be no pay raise for either Mom or Dad, no vacation, no new car, and less money (after inflation) even for such necessities as food, shelter and clothing. And if the family were like the U.S. Government, that strapped little foursome would legally have no choice but to cut back. The President must meet legally mandated spending limits, so he proposed slashing appropriations for seven of 14 Cabinet departments, shrinking some 300 programs and eliminating more than 100 others. Everyone from poor families who receive home-heating assistance to communities hard hit by layoffs would feel the pinch. Indeed, as Clinton declared in a statement that contained both a boast and more than a touch of rue, the document represents “the toughest budget in spending cuts that Congress has yet seen.”

If Clinton were still a student at George-town University in Econ 101, his budget might rate a B-minus. The document reflects more honest economic assumptions than any of the Reagan or Bush budgets, whose rosy scenarios quickly wilted under congressional scrutiny. The Clinton budget also shows the agony of an instinctive do-something Democrat caught in the strait-jacket of 12 years of federal overspending. At the same time, the budget remains a halfway measure that fails to reflect the cost of health-care reform fully or to address the most intractable problem of federal spending—middle-class entitlements.

WHERE WE’RE HEADED

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<th>Total Outlays</th>
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TIME, FEBRUARY 21, 1994
After he encountered Republican naysaying, Panetta cried, "Does it really hurt that much to admit we are impacting on the deficit?"

down from 4% when Clinton took office. Altogether the budget was a remark-
ably restrained document for a President who truly believes in the power of gov-
ternment to do good—the first such Presi-
dent since Lyndon Johnson. It showed
clearly how Clinton, under the pressure of
spending caps first enacted in 1990 and
reinforced last year, has adopted the tradi-
tionally Republican issues of austerity and
deficit reduction. "When it comes to elimi-
nating unnecessary programs," declared
Senate minority leader Robert Dole, "Clin-
ton may more support from
Republicans than from members of his
own party."

The Clinton plan elicited predictable partisan sniping. Dole complained that
next year "federal spending will still in-
crease by $34.3 billion, and taxes will go
up by a whopping $93 billion." Republi-
cans argued that Clinton's cost savings
would simply finance other programs in-
stead of being used to cut the deficit fur-
ther. But the deficit will come down, so that
response prompted an exasperated outcry
from Budget Director Leon Panetta. "Does it really hurt that much to admit we are impacting on the deficit?" he de-
manded during a congres-
sional hearing.

Clinton's budget also
displeased the opposition
because, in one respect at
least, it truly
sharp departure from 12
years of Republican rule.
Ronald Reagan chopped
federal spending for pub-
linc housing and other do-
mestic programs and
poured more than $1 trillion into Pentagon
coffers. Now Clinton is rearranging the
government's priorities. With no head-
room to raise discretionary spending,
which pays for everything from missiles to
milk subsidies, he has little choice but to
shift funds away from some projects to pay
for increases in those he most favors.
Among other things, that means cutting
defense projects. The President thus wants
to cancel or stretch out orders for weapons
such as the B-2 bomber and the F-18 fight-
er and use the savings for crime fighting,
childhood immunizations and highways.

However realistic Clinton's budget esti-
mates may be, his calculations are more
questionable when it comes to the big-tick-
et item of health care. According to the
nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office,
the massive health-care program proposed
by Clinton would increase the deficit $74
billion over the six-year period that ends in
the year 2000. The White House, by con-
trast, estimates that the program will cut
the deficit $56 billion over the same period.
The discrepancy hinges on a cbo opinion
that federal costs for subsidizing medical
insurance premiums of small and medium-
size companies will far outstrip Adminis-
tration projections.

The cbo also asserted that the em-
ployer mandates called for in the Presi-
dent's health plan, which by 2004 will
amount to $750 billion, should be con-
sidered government receipts. Before you
could say Newt Gingrich, Republicans
leaped up to claim that the cbo agreed
with them that the mandates
were a tax. cbo director
Robert Reischauer expressly
refused to use that word,
however, and did supply
some applause lines for Clin-
tonites as well. He estimated
that cost-containment provi-
sions of the President's plan
would reduce the total med-
ical bill of Americans $413
billion over five years, start-
ing in 2000, and could begin
to cut the deficit in 2004.

NEW CHALLENGE TO
Clinton on health care
could come from ideas
put forward by Yale-
economist James Tobin, a
Nobel laureate, that have be-
gun to attract congressional
attention. Instead of requir-
ing employers to pay health-
insurance premiums for
their employees, as Clinton
would have it, Tobin wants
individuals to pay for their
own insurance. To help
them, he would create a fed-
eral program called Fedmed,
a sort of Medicare for those under 65 that
would offer universal insurance covering
all costs. Individuals who could not pay
the full premiums would receive federal
vouchers. Among the benefits: people
could choose their own doctors and
change or lose jobs without forfeiting
their medical coverage. Tobin's ideas
have intrigued Congressman Pete Stark

Reischauer said
the White House
health-care plan
would swell the
deficit at first but
then could help
reduce it
of California, who chairs the health panel of the House Ways and Means Committee. Stark likes Medfed largely because it jibes with a bill he submitted last year to extend Medicare coverage to all Americans. New York’s Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who chairs the Senate Finance Committee, also has shown keen interest. Says a congressional source: “It’s perfectly timed and comes from a very respected source at a time when no one quite knows what to do.”

As the politicians wrangle over health-care choices, the public seems to be growing restless. Many people now appear far more interested in holding down medical costs than in achieving universal coverage. In a Time/CNN poll conducted by Yankelovich Partners last week, respondents were asked which they believed was the bigger problem: high health-care costs or the fact that medical coverage is not available to everyone. A resounding 67% picked high costs, while 27% chose the absence of coverage, a result that roughly mirrors the percentages of those covered and not covered by private health insurance. Only 46% of those surveyed said they would be willing to pay higher taxes to help finance health insurance for everyone; that was down sharply from a similar poll in November 1991, when 70% said they would pay more taxes to ensure coverage for all Americans. The public still seems confused by the health-care debate, with 57% saying they understand current proposals only somewhat; and despite all his efforts, Clinton is losing support for his plan—just 43% now generally approve of it, down from 50% in mid-January.

As part of its campaign for health reform, the Administration included in the budget some projections for the “net taxes”—the difference between all federal, state and local taxes people pay and the benefits they receive—for future generations. According to the calculations, those born after 1992 may have to cough up 82% of their lifetime earnings in net taxes. However, the Administration claims, the net rate would become 93.7% but for the package of tax hikes and spending cuts that Congress narrowly passed last year. The main cause of these runaway—and highly theoretical—rates is the uncontrolled cost of health care. The health-care debate, with 57% saying they understand current proposals only somewhat; and despite all his efforts, Clinton is losing support for his plan—just 43% now generally approve of it, down from 50% in mid-January.

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Lost in the Fun House

A Navy judge blasts the Chief of Naval Operations as the last cases in the Tailhook investigations flame out

By RICHARD LACAYO

The 1991 convention of the Tailhook Association really must have been a bash. Afterward no one seems to have remembered a thing. For more than two years, there were investigations into claims by 63 women that they were assaulted at the annual hell raiser for Navy and Marine flyers. As many as 200 party animals may have joined in the main offense, a poke-and-grab gauntlet along the third-floor corridor of the Las Vegas Hilton. But not one of the 140 cases under investigation ended in conviction for any of the men whose manners and memory—and maybe their consciences—were lost in the fun house.

Last week the four remaining men charged in Tailhook had their cases shut down with both a bang and a whimper. Captain William T. Vest Jr., a Navy judge presiding over three of the cases, issued an angry pretrial ruling that laid much of the blame at the feet of the Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Frank B. Kelso II. Vest accused Kelso of using his influence to manipulate the investigation and the subsequent disciplinary process "in a manner designed to shield his personal involvement in Tailhook." Despite Kelso’s denials under oath, Vest said there was persuasive evidence, including the testimony of more than a dozen witnesses, that the admiral was at the scene during some of the wildest episodes at Tailhook but never raised a hand to stop them. Since that was the very accusation faced by Kelso’s subordinates, Commanders Thomas Miller and Gregory Tritt, Vest dropped the charges against them, as well as an assault charge faced by Lieut. David Samples.

Navy brass could have appealed the ruling and pressed for a trial. That might have spared them the embarrassment of not obtaining a single conviction—if they could stand the embarrassment of pursuing lower-grade officers for crimes their superiors may have winked at. They opted instead to take no further action against the three. A few days earlier, the Marines, citing lack of evidence, dismissed charges of misconduct and obstructing an investigation against Lieut. Colonel Cass D. Howell.

With that, the Tailhook scandal flamed out, leaving only smoke and mirrors behind. In a report issued last April, Pentagon deputy inspector general Derek Vander Schaaf, who was called in to examine the Navy’s sluggish probe, concluded that of the nearly 2,400 naval officers interviewed, several hundred had concealed information. "Collective stonewalling," he concluded, "significantly increased the difficulty of the investigation." Some prosecutions ran aground when witnesses had trouble identifying their assailants; in October the Marines dropped all charges against a captain accused of molesting Navy Lieut. Paula Coughlin after it was concluded that she had misidentified her alleged attacker. Coughlin, the first woman to come forward with accusations in the scandal, resigned from the Navy last week, saying the abuse she suffered at Tailhook and "the covert attacks on me that followed have stripped me of my ability to serve." Among other things, she cited a newsletter called the Gauntlet and published by ex-Navy flyers under a pseudonym—"Paul A. Coffin."

Kelso, however, was adamant that he was not leaving, despite Vest's criticisms. Even before arriving at Tailhook, the judge ruled, the admiral should have been primed to head off trouble. Given the gathering's reputation for heavy drinking, porn films, strippers and prostitutes "as part of the planned activities in the hospitality suites." But three of Kelso’s aides testified under oath that he was nowhere near the third-floor scene of the crime, much less a witness to the alleged assaults. In part because of the conflicting testimony, former Secretary of Defense Les Aspin last year turned down Navy Secretary John Dalton's recommendation that Kelso be removed.

Since Kelso plans to retire in July, he has probably escaped the legal gauntlet of Tailhook with no more than the non-punitive letter of caution he received last October. About 60 other Navy and Marine officers have been subject to administrative discipline, a measure that can sometimes short-circuit a career. And the commander of the Naval Investigative Service and the Navy’s judge advocate general were relieved of their commands. As for the Tailhook Association, the Navy severed all ties with it and warned service members away from the 1993 convention, which in any case was a tea party. Tailhook’s main legacy may be to have shamed the Navy into its decision last year to permit women on combat ships. The carrier Dwight D. Eisenhower is already being reoutfitted to take aboard the first of them. "It’s largely due to the Tailhook embarrassment," says Northwestern University professor Charles Moskos, a military sociologist. As with a lot of drunken festivities, maybe the headache that followed will stay in memory more sharply than the party itself.

—Reported by Bruce van Voorst/Washington
A Very Messy Divorce

John Sculley parts ways with Spectrum, leaving a trail of mutual recrimination

By JOHN F. DICKERSON MANHASSET

ON A SUNNY WEEKEND DAY LAST SEPTEMBER, John Sculley scribbled a note on the screen of his Apple Newton palmtop computer in the living room of his Greenwich, Connecticut, home. "Let's make Spectrum a world success," he wrote to Peter Caserta, president of Spectrum Information Technologies. Caserta and his aides, who had come to woo Sculley, then demonstrated how their wireless technology could reproduce the scripted message on a fax machine a few rooms away. As the fax whirred, the former chairman of Apple Computer saw visions of a global wireless revolution and his own role in it. "That's when the light bulb went off in my head," he remembered. Within weeks, Sculley and Caserta announced their corporate betrothal, whereby Sculley would become Spectrum's new chief executive, bringing to the marriage the reputation of a man who had transformed Apple from an $800 million upstart to an $8 billion giant.

Last week the marriage ended as precipitously as it had begun. Sculley resigned from Spectrum and filed a $10 million lawsuit against Caserta. Two days later, Spectrum countersued for $300 million.

With a vision he once publicly compared to Barry Diller's plans for GVC, Sculley had hoped to parlay the valuable patents of the once little-known company into a behemoth befitting a new name he dreamed up for Spectrum: Global Wave Communications. What to was have been a comeback for the 54-year-old executive, who stepped down last June after failing to restart Apple's stalled rise, instead poses new questions about his business acumen.

Sculley claims that he was hoodwinked and blames Caserta for tarnishing his image. His suit charges that Caserta made "fraudulent misrepresentations" in order to reap profits on the stock-price increase inspired by his hiring. Indeed, Spectrum shares rose from 3% to 11% on the announcement, and a month later, Caserta and two of his top executives cashed in some of their options for a reported $13.2 million profit. It was not until late last month, says Sculley, that he learned of an eight-month-old investigation of the company by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Nor did he find out until after becoming chief executive that Spectrum had been using aggressive accounting practices to report licensing fees. At Sculley's insistence, Spectrum recalculated its earnings for the past six months using more conservative methods. A restatement, issued just moments before his resignation, turned the company's earnings for that period from a $1.1 million profit to a $5.3 million loss. "If I had been properly informed," said Sculley in a press release, "I would not have joined the company."

Caserta denies that he and his colleagues were out to make a fast buck, and says Sculley was made aware of their plans to sell stock. His company also denies that Sculley was kept in the dark about the SEC inquiry, claiming that Spectrum executives briefed him at a dinner three days before he signed his employment contract.

Caserta and his fellow Spectrum officers are also accusing Sculley of concealing his charges as part of a shrewd "exit strategy" that would release him from his employment contract. "He wanted out. He didn't relate to us. He was like a fish out of water," Caserta told TIME last week. "He needed someone to attack so that he could get out of this gracefully."

Spectrum also contends that Sculley's Monday morning phone call to ensure that the restatement of earnings was released came five minutes before he announced his resignation. It was not, the company says, a final act of fiduciary duty, as Sculley claims, but a maneuver to protect himself by covering a potentially negative market reaction to his departure with an equally depressing earnings report. In record trading volume Monday, Spectrum's stock lost more than half of its value—dropping from 5% to 2%. At week's end the company's shares, once as high as 13%, were trading at 3%.

Sculley's lawyer responded to the Spectrum suit by accusing Caserta of "tornhing shreds of facts with wild, unsubstantiated theories to arrive at the version of events he desperately wants the world to believe." Sculley claims to have investigated the company thoroughly before signing, but his suit suggests otherwise. Though rumors of an SEC investigation had been swirling since May, Sculley says he took Caserta at his word that there were no outstanding "problems" at the company. Also slipping through Sculley's inquiries were the aggressive accounting measures he lists among his reasons for leaving. The same procedures were included in a quarterly report filed before he joined the company. Sounding oddly like one of Sculley's detractors at Apple, his spokesman conceded, "He paid more attention to the patents and technology than the financial stability of the company."

As in most divorces, the courts will take months to sort out who did what to whom. Meanwhile, Sculley did manage to make an appearance Thursday at Vice President Al Gore's panel on the information highway. When it came time to introduce himself, he said, "I'm John Sculley, and I don't work for anybody." Given his recent troubles, that might just become a permanent answer.
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Finally, The Games

But the preliminaries have been a distraction: a discouraging combination of skulduggery on ice, personal tragedy, mishaps and mayhem.

Photograph for TIME by Clive Brunskill-Allsport
For two weeks the whole world is young and strong and fearless, sporting and peaceful and clean. That is the Olympic myth and the wellspring of the Games' enduring appeal. They are like a national patriotic day for the whole world, a day when flags wave and people march and the grim realities of the past and, often, the present, are forgotten in a global surge of pride and unity. The reality has often been less inspiring—in Hitler's Berlin in 1936, in the Munich beset by Palestinian terrorists in 1972, in the tit-for-tat cold war boycotts of 1980 and 1984, not to mention the myriad smaller moments when political bitterness or personal dishonor or random fate blighted the panorama of joyful striving. But whatever the misdeeds and mischances, the myth continually reasserts itself and endures, so it is always a surprise when the Olympics fall short of what the world imagines, a respite from the ordeals of daily headlines and household heartbreak.

This year's games, in bucolic Lillehammer, in serene Norway, promised to be more than usually escapist. The ideological bombast between East and West has vanished without even the vestige of the old order that marked the Albertville competition in 1992—the "Unified Team" of swiftly separating nations that were united only in rejecting their common heritage. This year's tiny host nation, a folksy land of reindeer and trolls, has welcomed the world with no harsher intention than occasionally overcharging for a beer. Yet as the Lillehammer Games began in panoply and kitch, they seemed, especially to Americans, painfully ill-starred. From murder and mayhem to medical peril, from fatal accidents to merely mortifying tumbles, from wolf-pack aggression by American reporters to spontaneous affronts by the egalitarian hosts toward the pampered panjandrums of the International Olympic Committee, the news often evoked disillusionment or dismay.

And over everything has loomed the assault on Kerrigan made a kind of crude competitive sense—a product of ambition, anxiety and greed—many of the sad stories that led up to the Games seemed, by contrast, altogether senseless. They involved suffering that could bring no one any gain.

Skier Ulrike Maier, seeking a few extra points for her World Cup standing in a routine downhill race in the final season of a career that had already brought two world championships, broke her neck last month and died. Conditions were unquestionably risky. The timer pole that she hit was controversially sited. And Maier, a consummate pro, knew the dangers. But the slope was familiar, and 67 other competitors that day survived uneventfully. Her death emphasized for athletes and audiences alike the inherent risk in the Olympic goal of "faster, higher, stronger" to the limit. It also underscored a hard lesson every competitor learns in death's little precursor, defeat: Luck is more than half of life.
German women's luge coach Sepp Lenz is back at work, hobbling on one leg. He lost the other last December when U.S. slider Bethany Calcaterra-McMahon collided with him on a track in Winterberg, Germany, after he failed to hear the "all-clear" signal that indicated she had started her race. He, of course, will never be the same; perhaps neither will she. German and American lugers had another, even darker, intersection last October, when skinheads beat up medal hopeful Duncan Kennedy, who intervened in a barroom incident to protect teammate Robert Pipkins, a target because he is black. Athletes may appear to lead charmed lives, at least in triumph. But an athlete is always a citizen of the larger world, vulnerable to all its whims.

American ice dancer Elizabeth Punslan learned that last week, days before she left for Lillehammer with her husband and partner Jerod Swallow. Her father was stabbed to death in his Michigan home, allegedly by her mentally disturbed brother. Speed skater Kristen Talbot learned it when she risked her physical ability to compete by giving a bone-marrow transplant last Jan. 11 to her brother Jason, gravely ill with aplastic anemia. Luger Cammy Myler, already chagrined at the dislocated shoulder last September that dimmed her medal chances, felt her injury diminish in meaning when her brother and sporting mentor Tim was hospitalized for potentially fatal colon cancer.

The hosts were not exempt from family travail, not even cross-country skier Ve- gard Ulvang, whose love of risk and three 1992 gold medals make him Norway's best-loved sportsman and its choice to take the Olympic athlete's oath. An American reporter reduced him to tears at a press conference by asking about the impact on his training of his brother Ketti's disappearance while jogging last October and of Ve- gard's fruitless search for the body, lost in snow at least until the spring thaw.

Ulvang was at the press conference to explain his jarring assertion that the ser- vice of I.O.C. president Juan Antonio Samaranch in the Cabinet of Spain's dictator Francisco Franco decades ago was "bad" and "may not be worthy of sport." The same day, in a rehearsal of an attempt to outdo the melodrama of 1992 in Barcelona—when an archer ignited the Olympic flame with a streaking arrow—Norwegian ski jumper Ole Gunnar Fidjestol sought to soar down the slope, vault into the air and ignite Lillehammer's flame from a smaller one in his hand. But he crashed askew, incurring a concussion and dropping both the torch and his place of honor. The privilege went to Stein Gruben, who brought the stunt off stirringly.

Fidjestol's tumble was a visual encapsulation of Norway's final week of preparation. Its meticulous planning was offset by Ulvang's provocative remarks and by a barrage of bad press and hostile poll results about high-living I.O.C. members—who will have cars when even Lillehammer residents must ride buses or walk, who stay on expense account at the best hotel when ordi- nary Norwegians are priced out of most housing in Lillehammer and some are camping overnight outdoors, and who consume foods and beverages considerably grander than the communal cafeteria fare of the athletes. Some I.O.C. Pooh-Bahs were so miffed they threatened to leave.

Soon all this unhappiness will be outshouted by the welcome advent of actual competition. Can Katarina Witt come back from six years of taking it easy on the ice-show circuit? Is Bonnie Blair still the fastest woman on earth, or at least the fastest three inches above it? Does anything remain of Alberto Tomba but the boasting? These are sporting questions to be resolved on the rink or slope, not in a courtroom or hospital operating theater. And as always, there will be surprises, fresh faces emerging, familiar ones sagging, obscurities having everything go right on one perfectly timed day. Once those stories start, these Olympics will seem less doomstruck.

One grim image ought not to fade: As he arrived in Norway, luger Igor Boras confronted video of the assault on a marketplace in his hometown: 69 people died and more than 200 were injured in that worst attack yet on civilians in Sarajevo. A decade ago in that beautiful pastel city, everyone in the world was young and strong and fearless, sporting and peaceful and clean. Back then, so long ago, the harshest stories being told were of how much one had to pay for a beer.
The coming showdown between Kerrigan and Harding adds a squalid new dimension to women’s figure skating

By MARTHA DUFFY

ALL THE ELEMENTS WILL BE IN place—the spotlights, the swelling waltzes and jazz tunes, the sequined sprites taking to the air. The glamour event of the Winter Olympics, the women’s figure-skating competition, always the grand finale, has proved the durable stuff of fantasy. Thousands of little girls would like to catch the sparkle from those glittering beads and waft away to the Olympics too. Their elders say simply that they like to watch the sport because it looks both artful and effortless, like flight.

But this year all that gauze and grace will not conceal the fact that skating has been marred by the spectacle—part crime show, part soap opera—of Tonya Harding, her spooky husband and seedy associates all blaming one another for last month’s attack on her rival Nancy Kerrigan. Harding is determined to skate—and by braving the court with her case has made sure that the U.S. team remains Harding and Kerrigan. Now, sports officials are looking for ways to have the star-crossed duo practice separately until the women’s figure-skating competition begins next week.

Otherwise, the efforts of other athletes competing in more decorous endeavors will be overshadowed as the public and the media hunger for a catfight. Notwithstanding the blades on ice, the skate-off will be much more polite. Nevertheless, for the skating community, the mess underscored the fact that the sport is no longer a sheltered world of quaint skills. It is far, far from the old days when folk traced patterns on the dark ice of country ponds and competition was a genteel affair involving ladies and gentlemen.

Harding is at the center of this are-you-ready-to-rumble transformation of the sport. “I’ve been skating 20 years for a gold medal,” she told TIME last week. “And I’m not going to give up until I get one.” Her lawyers plowed right into the legal obstacles that precede the
Feb. 23 competition. Last week the U.S.O.C. called a hearing in Norway on Feb. 15 requiring Harding to respond to charges that she not only failed to live up to the Olympic code of conduct but participated in the crime or failed to report her knowledge of it. The result could have led to her expulsion from the Games. Harding struck back by asking for a temporary restraining order—and filing a $25 million lawsuit. On Friday a circuit-court judge in Oregon gave both sides the weekend to try to sort things out. On Saturday, the U.S.O.C. said it would cancel its disciplinary hearing in exchange for Harding’s dropping her lawsuit. The judge affirmed both the skater’s “right to a fair and impartial hearing” and the U.S.O.C.'s “right and obligation to oversee and discipline” Olympic athletes.

Harding’s dream is that “the gold” will transform her life, which, as she underscores in the media, has been a hardscrabble road. Allegedly her on-again off-again husband Jeff Gillooly shared her vision. According to Gillooly, when Harding interpreted disappointing scores in a Japan competition last December as a sign that she might be frozen out of the Olympic Games (in fact she flubbed a crucial combination), Gillooly fell into a discussion of sporting politics with his old friend Shawn Eckardt, who ran something called World Bodyguard Services from his parents’ Portland, Oregon, home. Eckardt recruited two associates to right matters by maiming Nancy Kerrigan, the favorite to win the U.S. National Championships—the event that determines who goes to Norway.

It was not a dream team. According to Gillooly’s statement to the FBI, Harding was worried early on that Eckardt could possibly pull off the attack. The plotters’ schemes would seem almost ludicrous if it weren’t for their viciousness. A scenario that called for running Kerrigan’s car off the road was rejected because the team was afraid that their own “beater car” might be disabled and strand them at the scene of the crime. The hitman, Shane Stant, roamed Cape Cod in a vain attempt to find his quarry. She wasn’t there, though Gillooly claims that Harding herself made phone calls to get the times of Kerrigan’s practices. When Stant finally scored in Detroit, Eckardt boasted to Gillooly that Stant had hit Kerrigan six times over her body, including once in the head.

Fortunately, he landed only one blow to the knee, slightly off-target. Is Gillooly credible? In a TIME-CNN poll taken last week, 54% of respondents found his tales more believable than Harding's (26% supported her). Meanwhile, even as the national champion took her case to network and tabloid television last week, only 38% thought she should remain on the team; 52% said she should be expelled. Still, when asked whether Olympic athletes should be held to higher standards than ordinary citizens, 64% said the same rules should prevail.

On Saturday, Harding was presumed Olympic until proved guilty.
Harding has much at stake. Especially for women, figure skating is a big-money sport. Harding has said that when she skates, she often sees dollar signs. After a ragged childhood (her mother has married seven times, her father left home in 1985), she yearns for the limousine life. Hardship, she told Time, "made me know the reality of money, that you might have some one day, and the next day it could all be gone." It's hard to know whether any of her dreams will survive when the headlines and lawsuits have faded, though plans to film her life story are already in the works. As for her nemesis, even before the notoriety she recoils from, Kerrigan was the most sought-after skater in some years for endorsements, shows and franchises.

Too bad for Tonya. For all her street smarts, she seems not to have grasped a basic truth: life is not fair. Compare these rivals. Both women come from working-class backgrounds. Harding is a powerful skater with a mighty jump. Just as impressive to a connoisseur is the forceful way she strokes along—almost into—the ice. It's sheer, thrilling athleticism. But Harding's body is not ideal; she has thick thighs and forearms. Also, she is not musical. Kerrigan is—and a good deal else. She is a good jumper when not plagued by nerves. Her balance of skills is the strongest among women skaters, and she performs with an undulating, pleasing lyricism. To complete the picture, she is lovely to look at, with a lean musculature, sculpted features.

Kerrigan's comeback was done in grand style at a Boston charity benefit, televised by CBS on Feb. 5, called Nancy Kerrigan & Friends. Her program looked clean and vigorous, though her spins still lack impetus. Until then, her recovery was conducted in secrecy. The rink in South Dennis, Massachusetts, where she works, was guarded right up to the roof. But even before the show aired, her coaches, Evy and Mary Scotvold, were ebullient. Kerrigan wanted to hit the ice jumping. But Evy insisted on caution because of scar tissue: "We've had to push it, but we couldn't push it to the point of reinjury because then you're through." So there were sessions of swimming and weight lifting. And the bike. "I have to use the bike to loosen up, and I hate it," says Kerrigan, 24. The day she first pulled off a triple toe loop, says Mary with a sigh, "was... just... wonderful." The rest of the triples and spins followed, and there will be no changes in her program.

This is Kerrigan's second comeback since her 1992 bronze. The first occurred after her disastrous fifth-place finish in March during the World Championship in Prague—an event she was favored to win. Not OKSANA BAIUL

The reigning world champion makes a limpid Swan Queen on ice. But growing pains may crimp the 16-year-old's style.
strong enough in her long program, she scaled back jumps and faltered. As the medal ceremony took place, she cried out on TV, "I should be out there!"

Prague changed her life. Starting last July, she dramatically escalated her training, doing double and even triple run-throughs of her long program, a feat that requires formidable energy. Now, says Evy Scotvold, "she's very, very determined. She's got a mission in life; she's absolutely certain she's going to get that gold."

Her longtime, supportive pal, 1992 Olympic silver medalist Paul Wylie, agrees: "It helps that she knows the whole country is behind her." She has only to enter her family's home in Stoneham, Massachusetts, for reassurance. The dining room is filled with tubs of unopened mail. Her close family has always been her mainstay, the lump of gold Harding never had. But the struggle to vault their daughter to the top has been tough on the Kerrigans; father Dan is a welder, mother Brenda is legally blind. When Nancy began lessons, the family thought she might follow the path of her young coach, Theresa Martin, who was putting herself through college by teaching kids.

When Martin urged more intensive training, it took the family three weeks to decide if they could swing it. Mark, one of Nancy's two older brothers, acknowledges that "things were a little lopsided. But when it came right down to it, and they asked us, Do you want her to quit? we always said no." They still feel that way. After the assault, both brothers moved into Nancy's condo in Plymouth, Massachusetts, where she lives during the week.

Outside home, Nancy has to make sacrifices. Like any kid who gets special treatment—arriving at school late and departing early—she found herself cut off from friendships. For a period in her teens, she trained at the Skating Club of Boston, where there was a wealthy membership and social patina unknown to her. "Sometimes it seemed like they thought they were better than others," she recalls. "And I'd say, like why? We're good people. We're good skaters." A gutty response, but Nancy hardly understood that some of the snobbery was a cover for envy—which was to cast a deeper shadow later in life.

The family is still dazed by this goddess of motion in their midst. The clan was 14 strong at her first national outing (novice division) in Kansas City, Missouri. At least two dozen will make their way to Lillehammer. But even now, when the money from Campbell's Soup and Reebok is starting to flow, the Kerrigans still pitch in, ironing and lawns. Their son, a skating enthusiast, whose ice machines start closing in, and even then they may toss off a backflip or somersault, just to show who really runs this rink.

If figure skating did not have a bang-up tabloid scandal on its hands, Lillehammer would still provide plenty of drama. The truth is that there is no dominant female skater in contention. One reason may be that rule changes have altered the system that produced a steady flow of champions: Albright, Heiss, Fleming, Hamill, Witt. Those women earned their way partly through skill at school figures, now eliminated. Then there are the triple jumps, much tougher on women than men. Says veteran judge Bonnie McLauthlin: "This sport is now so tough on women that you won't see many great performances."

If a favorite can be named, it is neither Kerrigan nor Harding but four-time European champion Surya Bonaly, 20, of France. An intrepid dynamo, she has long relied on jumps and the sheer wacky originality of her program. The crowd loves it, but she loses points with the skating establishment, which considers her a mere gymnast on blades. Lately she has smoothed out her brisk but choppy style. Tireless in training, she skates all day until the zamboni ice machines start closing in, and even then she may toss off a backflip or somersault, just to show who really runs this rink.

In the European Championships last month, Bonaly bested the reigning world champ, Oksana Baiul, 16, the orphaned waif from Odessa who lives with and swears by her coach, Galina Zmievskaya. Nancy Kerrigan, a generous judge of her opponents, likens Baiul to "a little deer out there." But this is a saucy, sexy fawn who likes to caress her hips and wiggle her nonexistent behind. She can also show real emotion without appearing bratty, grin-
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The times demand...
The millions of people who have followed this drama want a cleaner finish than would have been produced by a protracted courtroom battle with no time on the rink. They want an international duel in which good sportsmanship, stay-at-home justice, and would like a little press attention that the folks back home could share in. They want the curse lifted, the Latin curse, the jinx to be broken. But why should the rest of us, who have focused feverish attention on this story even when it required a passing knowledge of the bylaws of the U.S. Olympic Committee, have to suffer? A country lives by its myths, and seldom has there been such an opportunity for an epic to be played out in an international arena as this skate-off between Harding and Kerrigan at the Winter Games. Lately, the public has been denied closure in other morality tales: neither Bobbitt will serve time; California may never be able to cobble together a jury sufficiently unaffected by victim empathy to convict the Mendez brothers; Buffalo is unlikely to ever get another chance to beat Dallas.

All who believe in justice should cheer Harding’s eleventh-hour lawsuit, which has taken her fate out of the hands of the star-chamber U.S.O.C. and put it into the slow-as-molasses legal system with all its constitutional safeguards. This is a rare moment when the interests of the low-road entertainment mongers and the sticklers for due process coincide. Otherwise, the ending would have to play out in parallel universes—Kerrigan at Lillehammer, on Saturday Night Live, and in Reebok ads; Harding on Inside Edition, the carpet of the U.S.O.C. and in No Excuses jeans ads. Worse yet, the finale could be relegated to a made-for-cable movie.

We’re already watching the movie. Unlike most dramas that can only recreate the crime, the attack in question—and most subsequent plot points—are already on film. The video cam vérité of the clubbing provides the same gritty realism that the Zapruder footage brought to Oliver Stone’s JFK. The blow-by-blow of the investigation, the arrests, the confessions, the plea bargains—it’s all in the can. There was even a play within a play when stakeout cameras captured Tonya saving her illegally parked pickup from a tow truck. The most hardened Tonya detractor must have momentarily rooted for her.

Letting Tonya skate will send a loud and clear message that crime doesn’t pay. If Harding loses, her victim is transported to the ether of celebrity as a pucky survivor of a vicious assault who goes on to bring back the gold for her country. In fact, human nature favors Kerrigan: Olympic judges, like Supreme Court Justices, read the election returns, and Kerrigan, the goddess of good, already enjoys a significant edge over Harding, the consort of thugs. On the other hand, if Kerrigan falls and Harding triple-Axels her way to victory, then what crueler punishment could be devised than for Harding to lose her medal if she is eventually found guilty?

The rivals in 1992: Once more with feeling?

Now for the Skate-Off

“Maybe I’ll give her a hug. If she’ll let me.”

That’s Tonya Harding speaking on Inside Edition, and praise be the gods of Olympus, Harding will get at least within hugging range of her rival and alleged victim, Nancy Kerrigan. This is not because Harding shouldn’t be punished. If she participated in the plot to injure Kerrigan, neither underdog sympathy nor childhood deprivation, an excessive supply of stepfathers, failure to snag endorsement contracts or other bad breaks in life should keep her from being tried and serving time.

But why should the rest of us, who have focused feverish attention on this story even when it was required of us to pass a passing knowledge of the bylaws of the U.S. Olympic Committee, have to suffer? A country lives by its myths, and seldom has there been such an opportunity for an epic to be played out in an international arena as this skate-off between Harding and Kerrigan at the Winter Games. Lately, the public has been denied closure in other morality tales: neither Bobbitt will serve time; California may never be able to cobble together a jury sufficiently unaffected by victim empathy to convict the Mendez brothers; Buffalo is unlikely to ever get another chance to beat Dallas.

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Fed up with her temperamental shenanigans, the Metropolitan Opera fires soprano Kathleen Battle

By MICHAEL WALSH

VEN BY THE FAMOUSLY HOT-blooded standards of opera, last week's passionate drama giocoso at the Metropolitan Opera in New York City was positively—well, operatic. In the fiery lead role was the mercurial lyric soprano Kathleen Battle, renowned for leaving a trail of ill will in her wake wherever she goes. Opposing her were the forces of decorum and rectitude, represented by Met general manager Joseph Volpe. The dénouement was catastrophic. Volpe, citing "unprofessional actions ... profoundly detrimental to the artistic collaboration among all the cast members," summarily fired Battle from this week's production of Donizetti's The Daughter of the Regiment and withdrew all future offers. In so doing, he set off grand international choruses of "It's about time."

The combative diva, 45, is the darling of a huge public, a glamorous former schoolteacher from Portsmouth, Ohio, who possesses one of the loveliest voices in opera today. Thanks to her supple, dulcet soprano and winning stage personality—and with the powerful patronage of Met artistic director James Levine—she has risen to worldwide fame in secondary roles that ordinarily do not make stars, parts like Zerlina in Mozart's Don Giovanni and Sophie in Strauss's Der Rosenkavalier. Battle's presence in a cast or with an orchestra practically guarantees a sold-out house; her albums, whether art songs or spirituals, are consistent best sellers.

Behind the scenes, however, Battle often lives up to her martial surname. Divas are expected to be difficult; opera lore is rife with tales of their devouring egos and overweening eccentricities—not to mention the outrageous quirks of arrogant male singers, especially tenors. But Battle is, according to many who have worked with her, impossible. Fussy, erratic and arbitrary, the headstrong soprano has infuriated colleagues and administrators and crossed swords with functionaries and hapless hoteliers across the globe. The cast of The Daughter of the Regiment applauded when it was told during rehearsal that Battle had been fired.

Stories about her pettiness are legion: the time in Boston she telephoned the management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to complain that the Ritz-Carlton's room service had put peas in her pasta; the time when, feeling chilly while riding in a limo in Southern California, she used the cellular phone to call her management company in New York, which phoned the limo service, which phoned the driver, who turned the air conditioning down; the time in New York when she and Luciano Pavarotti competed to see which could arrive later for a dress rehearsal. Battle has a penchant for changing hotel suites in the middle of a stay just to vary the color of her surroundings. After her appearances at the San Francisco Opera this season, the backstage crew sported T-shirts that read: I SURVIVED THE BATTLE.

The Met's Volpe finally lost patience.
with her rehearsal shenanigans—which included lateness and even absence, as well as withering criticism of her fellow performers and flaky, almost paranoid demands that they not look at her. Battle’s role in the production is now being sung by Harolyn Blackwell.

“I applaud Joe Volpe for standing up to her,” says Ernest Fleischmann, managing director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic. “Somebody has to say stop. It’s a salutary lesson and a help to us all.” In these sentiments, he is far from alone. Other impresarios were also harsh in their assessment. “In the Met’s place, I would have done exactly the same,” said Hugues Gall, newly appointed head of the Paris Opera. “In the 1920s the director of the Met, Gatti-Casazza, used to deal firmly with even greater stars, like Caruso. But Caruso wasn’t as crazy as Miss Battle seems to be.”

**O n the advice of her handlers, the powerful Columbia Artists Management Inc., the soprano was saying little. Battle is a reserved, private woman who has subordinated her personal life to her career; in a brief statement that was her only public comment, she complained she was never warned that her actions were out of line. “To my knowledge,” she said, “we were working out all of the artistic problems in the rehearsals, and I don’t know the reason behind this unexpected dismissal. All I can say is, I am saddened by this decision.”**

Sources inside and outside the Met agree that Battle’s downfall was triggered by her harsh treatment of co-star Rosalind Elias, 64, a veteran and locally beloved mezzo. In one high-comedy scene, Elias, as the Marquise of Berkenfield, is seated at the piano coaching the high-spirited Marie, played by Battle, in a proper old tune. Battle stiffly complained that Elias’ piano playing was inept and was adversely affecting her phrasing; she issued a series of ultimatums culminating in a demand that the solo be played by a musician in the orchestra pit.

The Met management, wearied by Battle’s incessant demands—last year, she abruptly pulled out of a Met Rosenkavalier after a tiff with conductor Christian Thielemann—informedit Columbia Artists’ formidable president, Ronald Wilford, that Battle would be fired. Wilford asked that the decision be postponed a couple of days and, in a meeting with Volpe on Feb. 7, pleaded Battle’s case. “Enough is enough,” Volpe told him. “This has to stop.” Later that day, after Battle left him three telephone messages, Volpe finally called her back and told her she was fired. Says Volpe: “Please understand that I pride myself on working with singers. What I find so unfortunate in this situation is that I was not able to make this work.”

The battle of Kathy is also complicated by her race; black singers such as Battle, Leontyne Price and Jessye Norman have had to make their way—determinedly, often courageously—in an overwhelmingly white milieu. Yet so unpopular has Battle become that she is often openly derided with the crudest kind of racial epithets—backstage at the Met she is known as the “U.N.” or “uppity nigger”—and speculations about her sanity are widespread. “She’s young, pretty, very talented and very, very screwed up,” says a Met insider. “I think she’s sick, actually, but I couldn’t tell you why.”

Why indeed? Singers, especially sopranos and tenors, are notoriously insecure. They are the only musicians who wake up every morning not knowing whether their instrument is going to be there. “A singer is really a human container for the vulnerable, invisible instrument—the voice. Because they can’t touch their instrument, they can’t see it, that makes for sensitive and fragile people,” says Elma Kanefield, a psychotherapist at the Juilliard School in Manhattan with a private practice exclusively devoted to performing artists. “This instrument is vulnerable to weather or biochemical changes or other people’s colds. I think they play out this vulnerability in other areas of life. Instead of their voices being vulnerable, they feel vulnerable.”

“I think she’s frightened to death,” says former diva Beverly Sills, now chairwoman of Lincoln Center. “She’s obviously an insecure girl, with a perfectly beautiful voice. You can’t do an opera all by yourself. No matter how big a supernova you are, if you don’t have a collaboration with your colleagues, you’re in a lot of trouble. I think it’s wiser to concentrate on singing like a prima donna than on acting like one.”

Battle’s handful of defenders agree she can be difficult but argue that her artistry makes her worth the trouble; and obliquely criticize the Met for not defusing the situation diplomatically. “Many great artists are difficult in their search for perfection in their craft,” says Peter Gelb, president of Sony Classical Film and Video and Wilford’s former deputy at Columbia Artists. Gelb has made nine TV programs with Battle. “The role of the Met is to support great talents. Nothing a producer does comes close to the challenge and difficulty great artists face when they go onstage.”

Volpe says he is keeping the door open for Battle to return to the Met, provided she cleans up her act. “If the time should come that Kathleen has been successful in working with other organizations,” he says, “then of course I would consider it.” Abandoned, scorned and vilified, Battle is at last appearing in the dress rehearsal for the Met’s 1992 L’Elisir d’Amore; with 15 minutes to go, neither was there. On deadline, both showed up. —With reporting by Benjamin Ivry/Paris and William Tyrnan/New York
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The Young and the Restive

Winona Ryder, an up-and-doing spirit in a down-and-out milieu, brightens the twentysomething angst of Reality Bites

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THINGS can't go back to normal at the end of the half-hour, like The Brady Bunch," one of the kids remarks as a new mini-crisis takes its place beside the last one nobody quite solved. "Because," someone replies, "Mr. Brady died of AIDS.

The idea that a 1970s sitcom could seem like paradise lost to a bunch of reality as it's refracted in sound-bite TV and a trashy commercial culture. It may be, of course, that Reality Bites reflects no more than the latest styles in anomic among the young and the restive. But that in itself is a useful service when a lot of movies cater to this downsize of American possibilities, maybe. Or the marknness of American reality as it's refracted in sound-bite TV and a trashy commercial culture.

It may be, of course, that Reality Bites reflects no more than the latest styles in anomic among the young and the restive. But that in itself is a useful service when a lot of movies cater to this downsize of American possibilities, maybe. Or the marknness of American reality as it's refracted in sound-bite TV and a trashy commercial culture.

He never really went away—he just turned to places like Houston and Cincinnati, where his name still conjured respect rather than condescension toward the no longer vogue—but Edward Albee has labored without the New York limelight for nearly two decades. If there is justice, that will end this week, when his stunning Three Tall Women opens off-Broadway. Out of the simplest and most familiar material—a woman of 90-plus years coping with the infirmities and confusions of the moment and looking back on a life of gothic excess—Albee fashions a spellbinder. Just when he exhausts the potential of naturalistic melodrama, a brilliant gimmick, part special effect and part structural surprise, lets him move into deeper philosophical terrain.

Myra Carter caps a long career with a dazzling portrait of a dowager, whom she plays both in full command of her gilded domain and at the breaking point of senile decay. Marian Seldes, who won a 1967 Tony Award in Albee's A Delicate Balance, has never been better as a protective but peevish nurse-companion in the second, which is a fantasy conversation among embodiments of the same woman at three stages of life. Jordan Baker, who plays a young lawyer and then the dowager at a callow 26, looks gorgeous but hasn't a clue what to do with either of these somewhat underwritten roles.

Albee is exorcising his own demons in having the dowager deny her homosexual son. Strikingly, he keeps the son mute and gives the mother her uninterrupted say. The counterpoint between his deathbed devotion and her strident evocation of a showdown years before could feel contrived. Like all of this chamber masterpiece, it is nuanced and heartbreaking.
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Closing the Last Chapter

With unsentimental passion and chilling clarity, a surgeon reflects movingly on life's final mystery: death

By John E. Nelson

It is the "undiscovered country," as Hamlet put it. It may be life's last mystery, the only truly private realm, since sex today is practically a spectator sport. What are the contours of this frightening place? What does it look like, feel like? How does it sound? These are questions that Dr. Sherwin B. Nuland seeks to answer in How We Die (Knopf; 278 pages; $24), a series of eloquent and uncommonly moving reflections on what his subtitle calls "life's final chapter."

Thousands of tomes have been composed about death, but few of them, the author notes, are by those who see the experience most often and up close: physicians and nurses. Nuland is a surgeon who also teaches the history of medicine at Yale. He has the rare ability—like John McPhee exploring a geological fault—to explain the abstruse in language that can be both meticulously exact and wondrously evocative. In a chapter on cancer, for instance, his description of how the cells operate contains this startling analogy: "In the community of living tissues, the uncontrolled mob of misfits that cancer behaves like a gang of perpetually wilding adolescents. They are the juvenile delinquents of cellular society."

Nuland writes about death with unsentimental passion. In an opening episode—which squelishes readers may find hard to get through without wincing—he describes his first professional encounter with the phenomenon. As a third-year medical student, he was checking on a 52-year-old male who had entered the hospital with chest pains when the patient suddenly had a massive, life-ending heart attack. In a state of preternatural calm, Nuland responded to the man's chest and began massaging the still twitching heart. The organ, he recalls, felt like "a wet, jellylike bagful of hyperactive worms."

The rescue effort was for naught. Venting a death rattle, the patient staring upward at the ceiling with the glassy, unseeing gaze of open dead eyes, roared out to the distant heavens a dreadful rasping whoop that sounded like the hounds of hell were barking. The intern on duty assured Nuland he had done all that could be done. Conscious only of his failure, the doctor—too wept uncontrollably.

TIME, FEBRUARY 21, 1994
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BOOKS

Possessed by The Flesh

In a claustrophobic novel, the hero—and the reader—are captive to an erotic obsession

By JOHN SKOW

W RITER ROBERT OLEN BUTLER comes into this long, claustrophobic novel of erotic obsession with a powerful charge of literary momentum, including a Pulitzer Prize last year for a fine short story collection, A Good Scent from a Strange Mountain. He's still on his feet at the end of They Whisper (Holt; 333 pages; $22.50), but he's moving slowly, like a man who has just bushwhacked through 80 miles of tidal marsh and who needs a hot shower and breakfast. Guessing how this valiant effort will be received is chancy. Is a reader close enough to the hero's fleshy predicament to feel more involved than exasperated? Distant enough to remember that in matters of sex, all positions are ridiculous?

Ira Holloway is a man who loves women, adores their quiddities, luxuriates ceaselessly in their bodies: toes, earlobes, the whole array of earthly delights. When he is paying what would appear to be monomaniacal attention to one sweetheart, he is, naughty fellow, roistering in memory or anticipation with a flotilla of others. This isn't calculated, callous satyrism: Ira isn't Don Juan. He's helpless, a captive. (He does seem to have a job, but it's in public relations, and doesn't require much attention.) This sounds like bedroom farce, but the hero doesn't see it that way. Ira narrates his own enslavement as he pursues and marries a troubled beauty named Fiona, and his tone, between episodes of drooling, is one of earnest concern. Rightly so, because Fiona counterattacks with Ira's own weapon. She was abused as a girl by her father, and her psychologic wounds require constant, repeated assurance that her husband (who lusts for all women) desires her. "Prove it," Fiona demands, often at moments when Ira lacks inspiration. She grows excessively religious and further benumbs Ira with frenzied, eye-rolling prayer. He, of course, resorts to his anthology of remembered affairs to get him through the nights.

There should be a good sexual joke here—the tireless besieger besieged, sacked and pillaged—but the author won't let matters play that way. He allows no distance at all from constant sexual striving, less pornography than pathology. Every page of every chapter is nose to skin, eyeball to sweaty flesh, told by Ira in long, gush-of-consciousness sentences that ooze on for several hundred words. Now and then the type switches to italic as the tormented Fiona, somewhat less convincingly, rants her anguish.

Whether this is effective is a matter of taste—and endurance. Butler's earlier fiction, mostly about Americans in Vietnam and Vietnamese in the U.S., is taut and controlled (The Alleys of Eden and The Deuce are two of his novels). Here he deals obsessively with obsession, and in his frenzy forgets to let his readers up for air.

FURTHERMORE

The chilly tale is still unfolding, but that hasn't stopped publishers from competing in an Olympian race to make quickie books—and buck-from the saga of Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan. No fewer than six books have been zooming to press: four on the presumed heroine (sample title: The Kerrigan Courage) and two on the suspected villainess (Thin Ice). None have the cooperation of their subjects, and most will be in bookstores well before closing ceremonies in Lillehammer.
Come to a city where art is always on the move.

The cultural life of Madrid has officially gone into overdrive. After more than a decade of perpetual motion in the fields of music, film, art and design, the results of this "movida madrileña" have finally been recognised internationally. Not known for false modesty, the city's inhabitants have long wished to perform upon the world stage. And now, with good reason, the world is coming to Madrid. Maestros of classical music rub shoulders with the greats of pop, rock and jazz. World renowned theatre companies and ballet troupes grace the concert halls of the city. And like everything else in Madrid, the capital's art overflows into the parks and terrazas. Without doubt, last year's cultural capital of Europe now has the artistic muscle to take on the world.
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The Man Behind the Monster

Debonair and demonic in Schindler’s List, Ralph Fiennes wins Oscar’s notice, and everyone else’s

By RICHARD CORLISS

MON GOETH, COMMANDANT of the Plaszow death camp, strides into the basement of his barracks mansion and sees his maid, the lovely Jewish internce Helen Hirsch (Embeth Davidtz). He had chosen her as window dressing for the mau- sculeum he runs, but her strength and grace have touched him. For a crucial moment, on the face of actor Ralph Fiennes, evil pauses to consider itself. Could I have a decent feeling? Could I love this base creature, this beautiful thing, this Jewess? Just as quickly, and subtly, Fiennes’ face tells us no. Goeth’s fists flail out, not so much at Hirsch as at the recognition that he is doomed to solitude by his wickedness.

More than anything else in Steven Spielberg’s Schindler’s List, this potent, poignantly illuminated moral stuper of the totalitarian heart. And the performance has made an instant star of an actor previously known only in Britain. Already Ralph, Fiennes (the name is Welsh and rhymes with safe signs) has a Golden Globe Award, a New York Film Critics Circle citation and, as of last week, an Oscar nomination as Best Supporting Actor for his work in Schindler’s List. In September moviegoers will see him as Charles van Doren, that fallen saint of ’50s TV, in Robert Redford’s much touted Quiz Show. After that, who can say? Spielberg can: “If he picks the right roles and doesn’t forget the theater, I think he can eventually be Alec Guinness or Laurence Olivier.”

He is already—and this is creepy, considering the quicksilver brutality of his Goeth—a burgeoning sex symbol. Doughy and dark in the movie or slim, handsome and smiling in person, Fiennes, 31, is the improbable hunk. The real Amon Goeth was no hunk. But he was an artist of evil—grandly de- serted, creatively sadistic. He would set his dogs on children and watch them be devoured. “The people he whipped,” Fiennes says, “had to keep count of the strokes. If they lost count, the whipping started from the beginning.”

How could anyone live inside this monster’s skin for the three harrowing months of filming? Perhaps for so mesmerizing a role, the question must be, “Would any actor not want to?” “In playing Amon,” says Fiennes, who put on 28 lbs. for the part, “I got close to his pain. Inside him is a fractured, miserable human being. I feel split about him. Sorry for him. He’s like some dirty, battered doll I was given and that I came to feel peculiarly attached to.”

Fiennes is as reluctant to discuss his personal life as he is ready to analyze Goethis. But it is no state secret that he was born in Suffolk, eldest of the six children of Mark Fiennes, a farmer turned photogra- pher, and his wife, Jini a novelist and travel writer who died last year. His family moved often, and the boy was educated by Episcopalians, Catholics, Quakers and his mother. After graduation from London’s Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, he rocketed through the British repertory system. Then he attracted the best kind of attention: Spielberg’s.

The director saw Fiennes in the TV film A Dangerous Man: Lawrence of Arabia and then in a remake of Wuthering Heights. “His Heathcliff,” Spielberg says, “was a loral man, a kind of grownup Wild Child.” He met Fiennes and tested him for Goeth. “Ralph did three takes. I still, to this day, haven’t seen Take 2 or 3. He was absolutely brilliant,” the director says. “After seeing Take 1, I knew he was Amon.” In Fiennes’ eyes, Spielberg says, “I saw sexual evil. It is all about subtlety there were moments of kindness that would move across his eyes and then instantly run cold.”

During last winter’s grueling shoot in Poland, Fiennes vacuumed up nuggets of Goethiana from every source: newspapers, Thomas Keneally’s Schindler novel, testimony by the Schindler Jews. But he needed no research to feel the chill of hatred in his bones; simply by appearing in his Nazi uniform he enlisted volunteers of bigotry. “The Germans were charming people,” a sweet-faced woman told him. “They didn’t kill anybody who didn’t deserve it.”

When Fiennes, in full Hauptsturmführer regalia, was introduced by Spielberg to Milla Pfefferberg, a Schindler survivor depicted in the film, the old lady trembled. “Her knees began to give out from under her,” Spielberg recalls. “I held her while Ralph enthused about how important it was for him to meet her—and she vibrated with terror. She didn’t see an actor. She saw Amon Goeth.”

In that malevolently malleable face, the world’s filmgoers are seeing Goeth. And soon, in what looks like the blooming of a brilliant career, they may even get to see Ralph Fiennes. —Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York
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Back to Battle, for a Kiss

ROSEANNE ARNOLD is having an all new skirmish with ABC. This time she and the network (which broadcasts Roseanne) are arguing over a racy scene in an upcoming episode. In the show, Arnold goes to a gay bar, dances with a patron played by Mariel Hemingway and kisses her. Mrs. Arnold’s husband Tom says ABC has refused to air the episode. But the network insists that it is negotiating with producers “as to how the kiss will be depicted.”

Eddie Murphy Telethon?

Starring in the remake of a JERRY LEWIS movie may not be the most obvious career choice for EDDIE Murphy, but he needs a hit, so why not? Murphy will appear in a new version of The Nutty Professor. In the 1963 original, Lewis played a nerdy scholar whom a potion transforms into Buddy Love, a Dean Martin-esque lounge singer. (Murphy could update the role as a geneticist turned Hammer-esque R.-and-B. star.) Maybe Lewis anticipated the improbable casting, having once said of the film, “I thought it was everybody’s story.”

Achy Breaky Hunk

His arrival could signal an end to America’s love affair with Billy Ray Cyrus: country singer JOHN MICHAEL MONTGOMERY not only has swoonmaking good looks (thanks in part to a better barber than Billy Ray’s), but his latest CD, Kickin’ It Up, has suddenly hit No. 1 on both Billboard’s country chart and its pop chart. Adding to his good fortune, Montgomery won an American Music Award last week for favorite new country artist. Although he has a penchant for singing lyrics like, “Till death do us part/ I’ll love you with every beat of my heart,” Montgomery is a real-life lonely guy. Twenty-nine and very single, he softly confesses, “I’m hopin’ maybe I’ll meet someone soon who’ll be that special person.” But then he adds, with a country musician’s proper sense of melancholy, “I realize there’s no way to plan on these kinds of things.”
Born to Raise Hell?

Some of us, it seems, were just born to be bad. Scientists say they are on the verge of pinning down genetic and biochemical abnormalities that predispose their bearers to violence. An article in the journal Science last summer carried the headline EVIDENCE FOUND FOR A POSSIBLE "AGGRESSION" GENE. Waiting in the wings are child-testing programs, drug manufacturers, insurance companies, civil rights advocates, defense attorneys and anxious citizens for whom the violent criminal has replaced the beady-eyed communist as the boogeyman. Crime thus joins homosexuality, smoking, divorce, schizophrenia, alcoholism, shyness, political liberalism, intelligence, religiosity, cancer and blue eyes among the many aspects of human life for which it is claimed that biology is destiny. Physicists have been pilloried for years for this kind of reductionism, but in biology it makes everybody happy: the scientists and pharmaceutical companies expand their domain; politicians have "progress" to point to; the smokers, divorcés and serial killers get to blame their problems on biology, and we get the satisfaction of knowing they are sick—not like us at all.

Admittedly, not even the most rabid sociobiologists contend that babies pop out of the womb with a thirst for bank robbing. Rather, they say, a constellation of influences leads to a life of crime, among them poverty, maleness and a trait known as "impulsivity," presumably caused by bad brain chemistry, caused in turn by bad genes. What, you may ask, is impulsivity? The standard answer tends to involve people who can't control their emotions or who get into bar fights. A study conducted in Finland found that men so characterized tend to be deficient in the brain hormone serotonin—one of several chemical messengers that transmit signals between nerve cells. In another study researchers found that the men in a Dutch family with a history of male violence seemed to lack the ability to break down certain neurotransmitters, including serotonin, that build up in the brain during flight-or-fight situations. Couple this with persistent statistical surveys purporting to show that criminals tend to run in families and you have the logic behind the Violence Initiative dreamed up a couple of years ago by the Department of Health and Human Services, which included research to discover biological markers that could be used to distinguish violence-prone children as early as age five. Any doubts about the potential for abuse in such a program were erased when Frederick Goodwin, then director of the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration, lapsed into a comparison of inner-city youth to murderous oversexed monkeys during a speech about the initiative. "Maybe," he said, "it isn't just the careless use of the word when people call certain areas of certain cities jungles..." Amid the ensuing outcry, the National Institutes of Health canceled its financial support for a planned conference on the biology of violence. Now, however, bolstered by a cautious approval from the National Academy of Sciences, the conference is back on, and Goodwin is head of the National Institute of Mental Health.

Science marches on. Or does it? The whole affair is uncomfortably reminiscent—as the scientists admit—of the 1960s, when researchers theorized that carriers of an extra Y, or male, chromosome were predisposed to criminality, or of earlier attempts to read character from the bumps on people's skulls. As any doctor who ever testified for a tobacco company in one of those trials knows, the statistical association of two things, like smoking and cancer, or guns and murders, does not necessarily imply cause and effect. We know too little about the biochemical cocktail that is the brain, and all too much about how stigmatized children live down to our expectations.

Being a great fan of science, I'm all in favor of more research, testing, poking, expanding their domain; politicians have "progress" to point to; the smokers, divorcés and serial killers get to blame their problems on biology, and we get the satisfaction of knowing they are sick—not like us at all.

My real complaint is that the violence initiative doesn't go nearly far enough. Some laboratory should be looking for the racism gene, or the homophobia gene. Goodwin was right; the inner city is a jungle. But so are the corporation, the newsroom and the White House staff. The language of trial lawyers or bond traders in full testosterone fury is as blood-curdling as any mugger's. When it comes to social carnage, the convenience-store stickup can't compare with a leveraged buyout, trickling-down unemployment, depression, anger, alcoholism, divorce, domestic abuse and addiction. I'd like to see white men with suspenders and cellular phones tested for the greed gene. The genomes of presidential candidates should be a matter of public record.

I'm a middle-aged white man as afraid as anyone else of being not quite alone on a dark New York City street, and I've stared into the stone-cold eyes of a mugger while he told me, "It's just you and me." When you hear those words, it's too late to fight the war on crime. The rush to define criminals as sick obscures an uncomfortable truth about our society, which is that crime and violence often pay handsomely. Just ask the conquistadores, the Menendez brothers, Oliver North or the comfortable and respected descendants of bootleggers and slaveholders. Ask the purveyors of the most violent television program in recent memory: the Gulf War.
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