You had to walk through three feet of snow just to get to school. They get there on Rollerblade skates. You had an AM radio. They have boom boxes. And now there’s this thing called edu-tainment. High technology that makes learning involving, fun and exciting. What a concept.

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be up and running right away. And they’re backed by a three-year warranty along with a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week support hotline to answer any of your computing questions. And with literally thousands and thousands of CD-ROM titles currently available (and a bunch more coming every day), you can do just about anything. From recreating a space shuttle launch to baking your favorite cake with Better Homes and Gardens to leafing through an entire set of encyclopedias stored on one six-inch compact disc complete with audio and video. As a matter of fact, once you have your Presario Multimedia PC at home, there’ll probably only be one thing standing between you and a whole new world. Your kid.
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Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis was a last link to a certain kind of past, and that is part, but only part, of why she is mourned.

**A Profile in Courage**: The testament of her strength and mystery

**The White House Years**: Hugh Sidey on J.F.K’s First Lady

**A Friend Remembers**: John Russell on the private Jackie

**DIPLOMACY: China Trade**

Clinton mulls a compromise that will please nobody

**HEALTH CARE: Learning to Think Small**

For the President, half a plan may be better than none

**Endangered Chairman**: Can Clinton prevail without Rosty?

**NORTH KOREA: Pushing It to the Limit**

Pyongyang and Washington collide again over nukes

**MIDDLE EAST: Changing of the Guard**

Israel completes its pullback from Jericho and the Gaza Strip

**THE POLITICAL INTEREST**: Is It Time for Him to Go?  

Warren Christopher’s days at State may be numbered

**BUSINESS**: Is Coke’s OK Soda the Real Thing?  

The new soft drink uses irony to woo skeptical teens

**ON THE MONEY**: Rooting for the Federal Expresses  

For the price of a seat, you can own a share of a sports team

**TECHNOLOGY**: Brave New Tomato  

Genetically altered food moves from lab to grocery

**SCIENCE**: Cosmic Hula Hoops  

The Hubble telescope finds mysterious rings of light in space

**THE ARTS & MEDIA**


Music: Why is Pink Floyd still around and so successful?

Art: A retrospective of works by Willem de Kooning

Books: V.S. Naipaul is a great writer, but his latest fails

Television: Political comics Dennis Miller and Bill Maher

**PEOPLE**

69

**ESSAY**

70

*Cover: Photographed in Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, 1959, by Mark Shaw—Photo Researchers*
AFTER A LIFETIME SPENT OBSERVING, a journalist sees so much pass by that it can blur with the years. But every reporter remembers the special moments and the extraordinary people he encounters.

TIME contributor Bonnie Angelo and columnist Hugh Sidey both covered the White House during the 1,000 days of the Kennedy Administration. Those times, and now the remarkable woman who helped define them, are gone. But Angelo and Sidey recall the vivid moments they saw.

Sidey covered the Kennedys' initial journey abroad after winning the White House. The trip was to a summit in Vienna. On a stopover in France, the press landed before the President so they could see the First Couple greeted by President Charles de Gaulle. The scene had all the pomp and glamour the media had been anticipating. There had been rain earlier, and the tarmac was glistening; sunlight was starting to cut through the clouds. As Air Force One touched down, the first thing Sidey noticed was that it had a new paint job—

MEMORIES OF CAMELOT: Angelo and Sidey have fond, vivid recollections of Jackie during the Kennedy Administration

Jackie's work. She had gone to designer Raymond Loewy to give the jet a new look; it was now a striking blend of teal, blue and white, proof of her sense of style and spectacle.

“The Kennedys emerged and were greeted by De Gaulle,” Sidey recalls. “The President said a few words, and Jackie had a few lines in French, graceful, elegant. I can recall standing down there and responding not as a reporter, but as an American. I was proud of this young couple, and I was deeply touched by the majesty of the moment.”

Angelo remembers the First Lady's impact on the home front. “After all this time,” says Angelo, “those three short years are still in my head like a video.” The whole country seemed to want to play godparents to the First Children, Caroline and John-John. Women, impressed by Jackie's impeccable taste, rushed out to buy clothing that looked like hers.

“Jackie was a reporter's dream,” says Angelo. “From the moment she stopped the Inaugural balls in their tracks as people gaped at this dazzling new First Lady, she was a megastar.”

Despite all the media attention she commanded throughout her life, Jackie never lost her regal bearing, her effortless dignity. Her enduring grace was one of the main reasons journalists found her so endlessly fascinating, and so entirely unforgettable. Says Angelo: “To the end—too soon, too soon—Jackie was a class act.”

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SOUTH AFRICA IS ON THE THRESHOLD OF A rebirth, a complete makeover (Cover Stories, May 9). You can feel the excitement and eagerness as the land waits for change. I don't see darkness. I see only a light, one so bright that we need to shield our eyes from it. I am proud to be a white South African who is taking part in this important process to rebuild and reshape our country's future. South Africa, hold your head up high, and we'll show the rest of the world we can make it.

Tamryn Bekker
Stellenbosch, South Africa

POLITICALLY, FREEDOM HAS COME TO South Africa, and the world can breathe a sigh of relief. But as Martin Luther King Jr. said in his last speech, "We've got some difficult days ahead." That F.W. de Klerk should have a continuing role in South Africa's political affairs is fitting and appropriate. But as a co-Vice President, De Klerk should not be relegated to the traditional role of so many now forgotten U.S. Vice Presidents. Political freedom for all would have been longer in arriving without De Klerk's belated conversion. A relatively peaceful and free election would have been impossible if he hadn't unveiled his iron fist at the 11th hour. Nelson Mandela never turned the other cheek voluntarily, and as a young man, he engaged in retaliatory activity. But after all the humiliation and injustices he has endured (including 27 years of incarceration at hard labor), he is incapable of hate. He and De Klerk should work well together in making a tortured, blood-soaked land into a decent place to live and a major player on the world stage.

Shelby Sankore
Philips Ranch, California

I UNDERSTAND THAT WE WANT DEMOCRACY in South Africa to succeed, but I am not altogether happy with the U.S.'s giving the South African government $600 million in aid. I would much rather see us use that money to assist poor American blacks, who by any measure have suffered something quite similar to apartheid for several hundred years. Wouldn't it be better to help our own people get ahead, rather than aid others in a distant land? All African Americans should be outraged, for once again the concerns of the American black community have been overshadowed by the interests of others.

Kenneth M. Bauer
Santa Monica, California

THE TRUE HERO OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN election is De Klerk. He had the courage to dismantle the system he came to lead, knowing full well that he was bringing about the end of his own leadership. But he had the fortitude to see the process through to its end. The real test of Nelson Mandela's leadership comes now, when he has to manage the aspirations of his people.

Chintamani Rao
Jakarta

THE STORY OF MANDELA'S RISE TO THE presidency of South Africa should be bedtime reading for the blacks of America. In spite of the demagogic utterances of Louis Farrakhan and his more vociferous disciples that "the honkies" have kept American blacks in bondage, it is clear that these orators are doing their part to stifle the aspirations of their people. The Farrakhans live in gilded palaces and have reaped success from preaching hate. No American black had to take the punishment that Mandela received. Farrakhan and his followers could learn much from Mandela's humility, his compassion for his jailers and his recognition that people without color are important players in the rehabilitation of
underfed, underhoused and undereducated masses of black South Africans. Let every black child in America read the story of Mandela and realize that working with steadfastness of purpose and dedication can make miracles happen.

Norman E. Mann
San Diego

Substitute for Foreign Policy

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER WAS RIGHT ON the mark in noting that the central focus of Bill Clinton's foreign policy is to shed responsibility by transferring it to the U.N. or other bodies [Essay, May 9], except that Krauthammer oversimplified the situation. Bosnia, Haiti and even North Korea don't command the same worldwide concern as oil-rich Kuwait. Clinton still has not shifted from Governor to President in his approach, but the stretch of road he is driving on is a lot less straight than the one raced down by President Bush during Operation Desert Storm. Avoiding the U.N. mechanism would not make Clinton's choices easier or any solution more effective.

Mark B. Chakwin
Arlington, Virginia
AOL: Markbc

IF THE U.S. IS THE ONLY REMAINING SUPERPOWER, and if we intervene globally outside an international framework, then we become the bully of the world. The U.N. is the only substantial worldwide body. Does President Clinton's team really have a choice?

Richard Arnest
Cincinnati, Ohio
AOL: SSSupport

KRAUTHAMMER USES EVERY Cliché OF imperialism. I applaud President Clinton's brave attempts to support international democratic processes in the face of grave international consequences and personal attacks about his lack of interest and "dithering."

Florence Christoplos
Uppsala, Sweden

Confronting Priestly Pedophilia

THE HEADLINE OF YOUR ARTICLE "AFTER the Fall" includes the statement that "the Catholic Church lags behind in forging a policy on priestly pedophilia" [RELIGION, May 9]. As chairman of the ad hoc committee on sexual abuse of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, I dispute that. Roman Catholic dioceses around the country have indeed developed these policies, which must be made and acted on at the local level. Some dioceses have already revised their guidelines to make them more effective. The N.C.C.B. has

Adding (more) voices

There are some things we will never understand. Like, for example, why the Environmental Protection Agency continues to pursue its proposed mandate for the use of ethanol and ETBE (an ethanol-based additive) in reformulated gasoline (RFG).

Particularly in the face of growing opposition from a diverse chorus of voices.

So far, more than 50 U.S. senators and about 120 members of Congress have written to the EPA in an attempt to dissuade that generally responsible agency from passing a rule that would not benefit the environment but, at the same time, would increase an already generous subsidy enjoyed by the ethanol industry.

And the lawmakers are not alone in their opposition.

In commenting on the proposal, the California Energy Commission left no doubt about its sentiments. In a letter to the EPA, the Commission said it "opposes EPA's proposed Regulation of Fuels and Fuel Additives: Renewable Oxygenate Requirement for Reformulated Gasoline."

"This proposal," the Commission wrote, "is a departure from the 'negotiated regulation' agreement, moves the EPA away from their position of 'oxygenate neutrality' and interferes with the free market for oxygenates by further assisting an already heavily subsidized ethanol industry."

For the record, the ethanol industry presently enjoys an annual tax break of $500 million for the ethanol used in gasohol. The proposed mandate would add an estimated $340 million to the annual total, with the money to come from the Highway Trust Fund.

When the EPA tries to explain, by saying ethanol is a "renewable" fuel and, thus, mandating its use would be a "conservation" measure, still others disagree with that contention.

The Sierra Club, for example, in its prepared comments to the proposed rule-making, stated: "The analysis fails to establish that stimulating the production and use of ethanol will yield a reduction in fossil fuel use. Total fossil energy used in ethanol production is based on a wide range of variables affecting corn production, such as total fertilizer use, and ethanol production, such as the amount and sources of energy used for grinding corn and distillation, and transportation factors."

The Sierra Club also said the proposal failed to fully assess the cost of such a mandate and failed to fully assess alternatives.

Even Secretary of Transportation Federico Peña, in a letter to the Office of Management and Budget, voiced some concerns based on the mandate's $340 million impact on the Highway Trust Fund. The Secretary suggested that "we should rely on performance standards for emissions control and related goals, and allow competition among fuels and fuel additives to determine how these standards are met."

With all that good advice, one wonders why the EPA continues to be encouraged to play politics with America's fuel future and the environment.

But, there are some things we will never understand.
reaffirmed the basic principles for dealing with these accusations: investigate promptly; where the accusation proves well founded, remove the perpetrator for evaluation and treatment; offer pastoral assistance to victims; cooperate with investigations by civil authorities; and deal with the matter as openly as possible, giving due regard to the privacy of the individuals involved. In November the committee will offer additional recommendations, continuing to embody the conviction that the abuse of children is both a moral and a criminal offense. It is something we are determined to prevent in the future, just as we seek to heal those injured in the past.

(The Most Rev.) John F. Kinney

Goodbye to Cash

Your article on the advantages of the emerging cashless society [The Economy, May 9] overlooked its biggest benefit: crime prevention. Without cash, convenience-store holdups would be things of the past. It's hard to imagine a viable drug trade based upon either credit cards or the barter system. There would also be benefits in collecting taxes and child-support payments.

John W. Potter
Louisville, Kentucky
AOL: Allen AL023

Lighting Up Again

Your report on scientific experiments involving nicotine [Investigations, May 9] quotes a researcher as saying, "There's an overwhelming body of evidence that it does produce an addiction in humans." No kidding! There is also an "overwhelming body of evidence" when my rear end hangs out of our fireplace as I rummage through six-month-old butts trying to find one long enough to light up again. This is after I "quit" for the 173rd time in three years. And I consider myself to be somewhat dignified! There's your proof of addiction. No kidding!

Corinne Martin
Lakewood, Colorado

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She's Gone
Former First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis died in her New York City apartment, succumbing to cancer at 64.

Rostenkowski Plea Bargain?
Under criminal investigation for possible financial irregularities, Ways and Means chairman Dan Rostenkowski began exploring a plea-bargain agreement with federal prosecutors. The Illinois Democrat, who claims he is innocent, wants to avoid indictment on felony charges and the possibility of prison, if he is convicted. Rostenkowski is now said to believe his legal problems will force him to relinquish his powerful chairmanship, whether a deal can be reached or not. That is terrible news for Democrats. Without Rostenkowski at the helm, they fear for the fate of the President's health reforms.

Retrofitting Haitian Policy
To implement President Clinton's new Haitian refugee policy, the Pentagon announced it has chartered two Ukrainian vessels that will process the U.S.-asylum applications of Haitian boat people at sea. Pending the ships' deployment, though, the Administration returned home more than 1,000 Haitians.

Breyer's Washington Debut
President Clinton formally introduced Stephen Breyer, his Supreme Court nominee, at a Rose Garden ceremony in which he praised the Boston federal appeals judge as an "unquestioned leader of the judiciary" whose decisions have "protected the civil rights and individual rights of Americans." Breyer, whose confirmation seems nearly certain, promised to "make law work for people."

INSIDE WASHINGTON

Reno's Costly Cancellation
Attorney General JANET RENO canceled out of a Drug Enforcement Administration memorial service for slain agents that was held last week, angering many in the DEA, who take the event very seriously. In fact, Reno is the first Attorney General in 11 years not to attend or at least send a proxy. Reno's excuse: a public appearance with Clinton at a school. At the fiv, rank-and-file have been irked by Reno's fondness for what they regard as silly p.r. events. One senior executive has criticized her—and been placed on unpaid leave.
Justice Thomas' Lament
Justice Clarence Thomas appeared before two conservative groups to lambaste the "judicial-rights revolution," blaming it for excusing away the culpability of black and poor defendants and contributing to crime.

White House Disclosure
The White House released the Clintons' financial-disclosure statements for last year. The couple's net worth was estimated at between $633,015 and $1,620,000, with Hillary Rodham Clinton owning most of the assets in the blind trust that holds virtually all the couple's wealth. Her share: between $500,001 and $1 million.

Haldeman's Diaries
Former President Richard Nixon continued to engender controversy even after his death, this time as a result of the posthumous publication of the diaries of H.R. Haldeman, his chief of staff, who spent 18 months in prison for Watergate-related crimes. Among the diary's revelations: Nixon's nasty, insulting remarks about blacks and Jews, and a foreign policy frankly based on the political calculus of the 1972 presidential elections.

The Great Gold Heist of '94
Forced by a federal court order to abide by an 1872 mining law, Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt signed over nearly 2,000 acres of federally owned land in Nevada for a mere $9,765 to a Canadian-based company, enabling it to mine what could amount to billions of dollars of gold on the property free of any royalties. A disgusted Babbitt urged Congress to speed up an overhaul of the antiquated law to end such sales.

Feds Target Prom Principal
On the 40th anniversary of Brown v. Board of Education, the landmark school-desegregation decision, the Justice Department went to court to...
Rising Tensions over the South China Sea

HONG KONG—China announced plans last month to look for oil in an offshore area in the South China Sea, over which Vietnam has already claimed sovereignty. The dispute could lead to a confrontation because the area may contain as much as 700 million tons of oil, and Vietnam has already leased it to a Mobil-led joint venture. Vietnamese officials believe the region is non-negotiable. A military analyst told TIME that the Vietnamese defense budget has recently increased by nearly 50%, largely to beef up its air force with an eye toward protecting the reserves. Says the analyst: "The Vietnamese are not [equipped] to take on the Chinese. But you can't discount Vietnamese nationalism."

The Clinton Administration Up Against Itself

WASHINGTON—The Clinton Administration has been pushing for the development of the CLIPPER CHIP, a technology that would enable the government to "wiretap" scrambled digital communications. Now one of the Administration's own federal-budget-office examiners has denied a request for the almost $15 million that would allow government agencies to continue working on the chip. The agencies, backed by Vice President Gore, are appealing.

What London Is Missing Out On

The news last week that the London police would begin packing heat may have been a bit overplayed. Some will. But bobbies on the beat will remain without guns, leaving them comparatively defenseless next to their well-armed foreign brethren.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CITY</th>
<th>STANDARD POLICE WEAPONS</th>
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<tr>
<td>Bogotá</td>
<td>.38 cal. special with a 4-in. barrel, either Smith &amp; Wesson or a stainless-steel Ruger; nightstick</td>
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<tr>
<td>Johannesburg</td>
<td>Z-88 9-mm automatic or P-38 service pistol</td>
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<tr>
<td>London</td>
<td>A 12- to 15-in. wooden truncheon</td>
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<td>Los Angeles</td>
<td>9-mm Beretta with 16 rounds; 21-in. aluminum baton with a short side handle for two-handed leverage; small canister of pepper spray</td>
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<tr>
<td>Madrid</td>
<td>Star 9-mm Parabellum pistol</td>
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<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>9-mm Glock; SIG-Sauer or Smith &amp; Wesson semiautomatic, currently replacing .38-cal. pistols; plastic or wooden baton; pepper-spray canister</td>
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<tr>
<td>Singapore</td>
<td>.38-cal. Smith &amp; Wesson; 38-cm wooden baton</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. Petersburg</td>
<td>Russian-made 9-mm Makarov pistol</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stuttgart, Germany</td>
<td>Walther P-5 9-mm pistol</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tokyo</td>
<td>.38-cal. New Nambu revolver; collapsible aluminum baton. 330 mm when extended</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tombstone City, Arizona</td>
<td>SIG-Sauer .45 semiautomatic pistol; pepper-spray canister; Remington 1187 semiautomatic 12-gauge shotgun carried in the car</td>
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No Breakthrough on Golan

Talks inched forward between Israel and Syria. Secretary of State Warren Christopher shuttled between the two states, trying to advance a deal whereby Israel would trade the occupied Golan Heights for full peace with...
Syria. Progress looked possible when Tishrin, the mouthpiece of the Syrian ruling party, wrote that Damascus would consider accepting a withdrawal from the Golan in phases. Until now, Syria has rejected a staged pullout, which Israel prefers in order to build trust gradually. Christopher left the Mideast without any tangible achievement to boast of. Late last week, in a move which may further imperil Mideast negotiations, Israeli commanders abducted the leader of a militant Shi'ite faction in Lebanon.

Meanwhile, in Gaza…

Ending 27 years of occupation, Israel completed its withdrawal from a self-rule enclave in the Gaza Strip. The pullout “corrects a tremendous mistake,” said Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres. A rump force of Israeli soldiers will remain to protect the 19 Jewish settlements in the Gaza Strip. At week’s end, Islamic militants killed two Israeli soldiers at a border checkpoint.

France Raises Bosnia Ante

Reflecting its increasing frustration with the continuing war in Bosnia, France said it would withdraw 2,500 of its soldiers from the U.N. peacekeeping force in the former Yugoslavia within months if there is no progress toward peace. France’s 6,800-member contingent—largest in the 28,000-strong U.N. force—is costing the country billions, a commitment French Defense Minister Francois Leotard said he is unwilling to keep up without seeing results: "No one is obliged to do the absurd."

Malawi Elects New Prez

Sweeping the world’s oldest leader from office, Malawians elected former Cabinet Minister Bakili Muluzi to replace Hastings Kamuzu Banda, who is believed to be in his 90s, in the country’s first free multiparty elections. Muluzi promised that Banda, who had ruled the southern
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Always Say Die

**BEVERLY HILLS COP III**, opening next week, is said to be "Die Hard in an amusement park"—one in a series of current Hollywood projects in various states of gestation that have been described as Die Hard in one place or another:

- **BEVERLY HILLS CoP III**, opening next week,
- **OFF THE Grid**: Die Hard on a Canadian dam
- **HUDDLED Masses**: Die Hard in the Statue of Liberty
- **THE RiG**: Die Hard on an oil rig
- **TUNNEL 3 Down**: Die Hard in a New York City sewer
- **TRACKDOWN**: Die Hard in the Chunnel
- **STATE OF THE UNION**: Die Hard in the Capitol building
- **SPEED**: Die Hard in a bus
- **Rock Bottom**: Die Hard in a cave
- **RETURN TO SENDER**: Die Hard in a post office
- **THE First Gentleman**: The husband of the first woman President is an ex-cop—one who can't stop solving crimes.
- **Galaxy Beat/A/B**: A ragtag crew of intergalactic peacekeepers travels the cosmos in the year 4049 A.E. (After Elvis).
- **Women's Best Friend**: A single woman has a pet dog who suddenly turns into Paul Sand—but only she can hear him talk, and he still looks like a dog to everyone else.
- **Weldon Pond**: An animated sheep that used to star in sleeping-pill advertisements haunts the ad agency that created him.
- **Frogmen**: Retired Navy SEALs reunite in civilian life for adventures under the leadership of O.J. Simpson.
- **Trackdown**: Die Hard in the Chunnel
- **White House One**: Die Hard in the White House

**Sources**: The Hollywood Reporter and Saver Pictures.

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**THE BAD NEWS**

- **Trans fatty acids, found in margarine and foods with partly hydrogenated oils, could be responsible for 30,000 deaths a year from heart disease, scientists say. The acids raise levels of "bad" cholesterol and lower levels of "good" cholesterol.**
- **A new study says some 42,000 of the caesarean deliveries each year—10.5% of all births—are performed unnecessarily.**
- **Women who gain weight during their 20s, even as little as 10 lbs., may be substantially increasing their risk of developing breast cancer later in life.**
- **More than 80% of apple, peach and celery samples gathered for a recent study contained pesticide residues—even after washing and peeling.**

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**It Could've Been Worse**

The networks have announced their fall lineups, with a handful of new shows chosen from among dozens of contenders. Here are a few that didn't make the cut:

**COMEDY**

- **Double Rush**: A ragtag crew of bike messengers in an updated version of *Taxi.*
- **Galaxy Beat**: A ragtag crew of intergalactic peacekeepers travels the cosmos in the year 4049 A.E. (After Elvis).
- **Girl's Best Friend**: A single woman has a pet dog who suddenly turns into Paul Sand—but only she can hear him talk, and he still looks like a dog to everyone else.
- **Welding Pond**: An animated sheep that used to star in sleeping-pill advertisements haunts the ad agency that created him.

**DRAMA**

- **The First Gentleman**: The husband of the first woman President is an ex-cop—one who can't stop solving crimes.
- **Taking Liberty**: Set in 1778, this drama claims that the true hero of the American Revolution was a barmaid named Nell. With David Ogden Stiers as Ben Franklin.
- **Frogmen**: Retired Navy SEALs reunite in civilian life for adventures under the leadership of O.J. Simpson.

**Source**: The Hollywood Reporter and Saver Pictures.

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**BUSINESS**

**Fed Raises Rates**

In a move that was widely anticipated, the Federal Reserve raised two short-term interest rates by half a percentage point in the hope of warding off inflation while sustaining economic growth. In response, banks raised their prime rate half a percentage point to 7.25%. Economists also expect the increases to stabilize the very volatile stock and bond markets.

**Lowering Risk**

A General Accounting Office study issued on derivatives—the faddish, hard-to-explain high-finance tools—calls for more international supervision and regulation. The report argued that a derivatives collapse could cost taxpayers millions in bailouts for banks.

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African nation as a dictator since its independence from Britain in 1963, would be offered a house, a car and a pension. Said Muluzi: "Let's face it, he's an old man. We don't like to kick around somebody that age."

**New N. Korean Nuke Talks**

The Clinton Administration has decided that North Korea has met key demands on the inspection of its nuclear program and so the U.S. will resume high-level talks with Pyongyang. North Korean officials have also agreed to meet with International Atomic Energy Agency officials to discuss future IAEA monitoring of its spent reactor fuel that could be used for nuclear weapons.

**Dominican Vote Fraud Alleged**

Officials in the Dominican Republic said the ballots cast in the country's election would be recounted after the leading challenger to aging, blind President Joaquin Balaguer charged that the vote was tainted. Balaguer was only 1% ahead of former Santo Domingo mayor José Francisco Peña Gómez in the counting.

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**CHRONICLES**

**THE GOOD NEWS**

- **Regulating levels of chemotherapy to reflect the changes in body rhythms that occur during day and night can increase its effectiveness, researchers say. Tumors shrank significantly in half the patients treated this way, compared with 30% of those who received regular therapy. Doctors have discussed the strategy, known as chronotherapy, for at least two decades, but only recently found a practical way to deliver doses linked to body rhythms.**
- **Muscular dystrophy researchers have for the first time identified a key molecule involved in forming connections between muscle cells and neurons, thereby affording new insights into why muscle cells die in muscular dystrophy patients. The discovery opens the way to fresh approaches in treating the disease.**
- **Women who gain weight during their 20s, even as little as 10 lbs., may be substantially increasing their risk of developing breast cancer later in life.**
- **More than 80% of apple, peach and celery samples gathered for a recent study contained pesticide residues—even after washing and peeling.**

**THE BAD NEWS**

- **Trans fatty acids, found in margarine and foods with partly hydrogenated oils, could be responsible for 30,000 deaths a year from heart disease, scientists say. The acids raise levels of "bad" cholesterol and lower levels of "good" cholesterol.**
- **A new study says some 42,000 of the caesarean deliveries each year—10.5% of all births—are performed unnecessarily.**
- **Women who gain weight during their 20s, even as little as 10 lbs., may be substantially increasing their risk of developing breast cancer later in life.**
- **More than 80% of apple, peach and celery samples gathered for a recent study contained pesticide residues—even after washing and peeling.**

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**Sources**: American Society of Clinical Oncology, Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology, American Society of Clinical Oncology, Public Citizen Health Research Group, Environmental Working Group.

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**TIME**: MAY 30, 1994
Markedy, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Telecommunications and Finance, is planning to introduce legislation that would enact tighter controls.

**Social Security Independence**
The House voted 413-0 to make the Social Security Administration, now a division of the Department of Health and Human Services, an independent agency. It is hoped that the new arrangement would make it easier to combat fraud and track misuse of disability benefits given to people suffering from drug and alcohol addiction.

**Science**

**Coming to America: RU-486**
The abortion pill RU-486 may be available to women in the U.S. in two years. After more than a year of negotiations, the French manufacturer, Roussel Uclaf, has agreed to give all patent rights for the pill to the non-profit research group the Population Council. The organization will begin clinical trials in the fall and will help find an American firm to produce the controversial pill, which can end pregnancy within seven weeks of conception. Fearing boycotts and protests by antiabortion groups, Roussel had backed away from trying to market RU-486 in the U.S.

**The Arts & Media**

Tony, Tony, Tony

Stephen Sondheim's Passion and Disney's Beauty and the Beast led this year's Tony Award nominations with 10 and nine, respectively, even though both opened to mixed reviews. In a season that made it sometimes difficult for the nominating committee to meet a minimum of four plays per category, revivals made just as much news, topped by She Loves Me, which also received nine nominations. The most honored drama was Tony Kushner's Perestroika, the second half of Angels in America, with six nominations.

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**Milestones**

**Recovering. Bill Moyers, 59, TV journalist; from surgery; in Manhattan. The host of Bill Moyers' Journal and other public-television series checked into New York's Mount Sinai hospital after complaining of chest pains. Moyers underwent a single-bypass heart operation.**

**Running for office. Marion Barry, 58, city councilman in Washington; for his former post as mayor of the city.**

**Arrested. Mark Duper, 35, former Miami Dolphins' Pro Bowl receiver; on cocaine-related charges; in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. Duper and his brother-in-law were freed pending arraignment; they were caught during a sting operation.**

**Died. Henry Morgan, 79, radio satirist; in New York City. Born Henry Lerner von Ost, Morgan was said to be the youngest radio announcer in America when he began working in 1933 at 18. In the polite world of broadcasting, he became known for aggressively impertinent, ad-libbed satire that led to his own network program by the '40s. After the opening words, "Good evening, anybody, here's Morgan," anything was fair game—even his advertisers. The Adler Shoe Co. suffered through the satirist's observation, "These elevator shoes will make you almost two inches taller than she is. You, of course, will still be a klutz." Life Savers candies withdrew its sponsorship after he denounced the famous hole-in-the-middle as "unethical." Such unrestrained irreverence led to his blacklisting by red hunters during the '50s, but Morgan eventually returned, on television, as a regular guest on the urbane game shows What's My Line? and You've Got a Secret.**

**Died. Gilbert Roland, 88, film star, in Beverly Hills, California. The virile, magnetic son of a Mexican bullfighter, Roland had a career that ran from the silent era to well into the age of television—a half-century during which the quintessential Latin lover was praised for his powerful portrayal of the lover Armand in 1927's Camille opposite screen legend Norma Talmadge; appeared as the Cisco Kid, an Old West Robin Hood, in 11 pictures starting in the late '40s; costarred in some of the most famous movies of the day, including Mae West's She Done Him Wrong, the Errol Flynn swashbuckler The Sea Hawk, the John Garfield Cuban revolutionary saga We Were Strangers; and had his own star turn as an aged treasurer in 1951's The Bullfighter and the Lady. Through the '50s and '60s, Roland was a constant presence on TV, with spots on fabled series like The Alfred Hitchcock Hour and The Fugitive.**

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**By Leslie Dickstein, Christopher John Farley, Lina Lofaro, Lawrence Mondi, Michael Quine, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alaina L. Sanders, Sidney Urquhart**

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**TIME, MAY 30, 1994**

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America's First Lady

Few people get to symbolize a world, but Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis did, and that world is receding, and we know it and mourn that too.
HE WAS A LAST LINK TO A CERTAIN KIND OF PAST, and that is part, but only part, of why we mourn so. Jackie Kennedy symbolized—she was a connection to a time, to an old America that was more dignified, more private, an America in which standards were higher and clearer and elegance meant something, a time when elegance was a kind of statement, a way of dressing up the world, and so a generous act. She had manners, the kind that remind us that manners spring from a certain moral view—that you do tribute to the world and the people in it by being kind and showing respect, by sending the note and the flowers, by being loyal, and cheering a friend. She was a living reminder in the age of Oprah that personal dignity is always, still, an option, a choice that is open to you. She was, really, the last aristocrat. Few people get to symbolize a world, but she did, and that world is receding, and we know it and mourn that too.

Those who knew her or watched her from afar groped for the words that could explain their feeling of loss. A friend of hers said, with a soft, sad voice, that what we're losing is what we long for: the old idea of being cultivated. "She had this complex, colorful mind, she loved a turn of phrase. She didn't grow up in front of the TV set, but reading the classics and thinking about them and having thoughts about history. Oh," he said, "we're losing her kind."

I echoed the sentiment to another of her friends, who cut me off. "She wasn't a kind, she was sui generis." And so she was.

America continues in its generational shift; the great ones of the '50s and '60s, big people of a big era, are going, and too often these days we're saying goodbye. But Jackie Kennedy's death is different. No ambivalence clouds her departure, and that leaves us feeling lonely. America this week is a lonelier place.

SHE WAS TOO YOUNG, DESERVED MORE TIME, AND THE FACT THAT she didn't get it seems like a new level of unfairness. She never saw her husband grow old, and now she won't see her grandchildren grow up.

But just writing those words makes me want to break out of sadness and reach back in time and speak '60s-speak, or at least how the '60s spoke before they turned dark. So I guess I mean want to speak Kennedyese. I want to say, Aw listen, kid, don't be blue—"the thing about this woman and her life is that she was a patriot, who all by herself one terrible weekend lifted and braced the heart of a nation."

That weekend in November '63, the weekend of the muffled drums, was the worst time for America in the last half of this century. We forget now the shame we felt as a nation at what had happened in Dallas. A President had been murdered, quite savagely, quite brutally, and the whole appalled world was looking and judging. And she redeemed it. She took away the shame by how she acted. She was young, only 34, and only a few days before she'd been covered in her husband's blood—but she came home to Washington and walked down those broad avenues dressed in black, her pale face cleansed and washed clean by trauma. She walked head up, back straight and proud, in a flowing black veil. There was the moment in the Capitol Rotunda, when she knelt with her daughter Caroline. It was the last moment of public fare-

WITH HIM, GOOD OR BAD

He was the dramatic principal, whirling Caroline overhead in Georgetown. But she was a complement and a counterweight, not scenery.
Having closed Aristotle Onassis' coffin in Neuilly, France, in 1975, the private woman braved a now familiar wall of flashes.

well, and to say it she bent and kissed the flag that draped the coffin that contained her husband—and a whole nation, a whole world, was made silent at the sight of patriotism made tender. Her Irish husband had admired class. That weekend she showed it in abundance. What a parting gift.

A nation watched, and would never forget. The world watched, and found its final judgment summed up by a young woman, a British journalist who had come to witness the funeral, and filed home: "Jacqueline Kennedy has today given her country the one thing it has always lacked, and that is majesty."

To have done that for her country—to have lived through that weekend and done what she did from that Friday to that Monday—to have shown the world that the killing of the President was not America, the loving dignity of our saying goodbye was America—to have done that was an act of supreme patriotism.

And a lot of us thought that anything good or bad she did for the rest of her life, from that day on, didn't matter, for she'd earned her way, she deserved a free pass, she'd earned our thanks forever.
IN A REMARKABLE INTERVIEW SHE GAVE THEODORE WHITE THE FOLLOWING December, she revealed what a tough little romantic she was. "Once, the more I read of history the more bitter I got. For a while I thought history was something that bitter old men wrote. But then I realized history made Jack what he was. You must think of him as this little boy, sick so much of the time, reading in bed, reading history, reading the Knights of the Round Table, reading Marlborough. For Jack, history was full of heroes. And if it made him this way—if it made him see the heroes—maybe other little boys will see. Men are such a combination of good and bad. Jack had this hero idea of history, this idealistic view." And she spoke of Camelot and gave the world an image of her husband that is still, for all the revelations of the past three decades, alive. She provided an image of herself too, perhaps more than she knew. The day before she died, a young schoolteacher in New York City who hadn't even been born when she spoke to Teddy White, told me of his shock that she was leaving us. "I thought she would be like Guinevere," he said. "I thought she would ride off on a horse, in her beautiful silence, and never die."

HER FRIENDS SAW A GREAT POIGNANCE IN HER, AND A GREAT yearning. Behind her shyness there was an enormous receptivity to the sweetness of life and its grace. A few years ago, friends, a couple, gave a small dinner party for two friends who had just married, and Mrs. Onassis was among the guests. It was an elegant New York gathering, a handful of the renowned of show business and media and society, all gathered to dine on the top floor of a skyscraper. The evening was full of laughter and warm toasts, and the next day her hosts received from Mrs. Onassis a handwritten, hand-delivered letter. "How could there be an evening more magical than last night? Everyone is enhanced and touched by being with two people just discovering how much they love each other. I have known and adored [him] for so long, always wishing he would find happiness . . . Seeing him with [her] and getting to know her, I see he has at last—and she so exceptional, whom you describe so movingly, has too. I am so full of joy for both—I just kept thinking about it all day today. What wonderful soothing hosts you are—what a dazzling gathering of their friends—in that beautiful tower, with New York glittering below . . ."

"With New York glittering below. The world, I am told, is full of those notes, always handwritten and lucid and spontaneous—and always correct. "The notes were the way she was intimate" with outsiders, said a friend. The only insiders, really, were her family.

THERE WAS ALWAYS IN HER A SENSE OF HISTORY AND THE SENSE that children are watching—children are watching and history will judge us, and the things that define our times are the great actions we take, all against the odds and with a private valor of which the world will little note nor long remember. But that's the big thing—the personal struggle, and the sense that our history day by day is forged from it. That was her intuition, and that intuition was a gift to us, for it helped produce the walk down the broad avenues of Washington that day when her heart was broken.

She was one sweet and austere tune. Her family arranged a private funeral, and that of course is what she'd want and that is what is fitting. But I know how I wish she would be buried.

I wish we could take her, in the city she loved or the capital she graced, and put a flag on her coffin and the coffin on a catafalque, and march it down a great avenue, with an honor guard and a horse that kicks, as Black Jack did, and muffled drums. I wish we could go and honor her, those of us who were children when she was in the White House, and our parents who wept that weekend long ago, and our children who have only a child's sense of who and what she was. I wish we could stand on the sidewalk as the caisson passes, and take off our hat, and explain to our sons and daughters and say, "That is a patriot passing by." I wish I could see someone's little boy, in a knee-length coat, lift his arm and salute.

Peggy Noonan was a special assistant to President Reagan. Her latest book is Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.
A Profile In Courage

The most private of public persons, Jacqueline Onassis radiated restraint and strength.
She was at her best in the crunch. When disaster struck in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963, those who saw her said she was tearless, perhaps spacy, "with a 50-yard stare." But she knew what she had to do to fulfill her commitment to her husband, her children and her country. Her bright pink suit was soiled with blood and gray matter, but she would not change it or leave John F. Kennedy's body.

Everyone present tried to get her away from a gory scene, but there was nothing spacy, nothing at a 50-yard remove, about her defiant resolve. When one of several doctors at Parkland Memorial Hospital in Dallas urged her to leave, she said, "Do you think seeing the coffin can upset me, doctor? I've seen my husband die, shot in my arms. His blood is all over me. How can I see anything worse than I've seen?"

Often described as a mannequin, remote and elegant, she seemed determined to underscore the bloody reality of death by gunshot. At Parkland, where the President was taken by ambulance, every time the Secret Service urged her out, she walked right back in, circling the trauma room. Dr. Marion Jenkins, now 76, remembers that in the minutes after the shooting, "I noticed that she was carrying one hand cupped over the other hand. She nudged me with her left elbow and then with her right hand handed me a good-sized chunk of the President's brain. She didn't say a word. I handed it to the nurse. Then they led her out of the room again."

After Kennedy was officially declared dead, the various tubes and his back corset—all were removed. His wife approached the body, and, as Jenkins recalls, "she started kissing him. She kissed his foot, his leg, thigh, chest, and then his lips. She didn't say a word." A wife's final anointment and farewell.

When her father died, she put a brace-let he had given her into the casket, to be buried with him. In Dallas she had nothing but her wedding ring. She put it in. Then, turning to her husband's close aide, P. Kenneth O'Donnell, she asked, "The ring. Did I do the right thing?" O'Donnell told her to leave the symbol where it lay.

In the public eye, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' heroism is imprinted through indelible images: at L.B.J.'s side, with a gaze more eloquent than any words, as he took the oath of office; gripping Robert Kenne-
dy's hand and then her children's; receiv-
ing the flag that had covered J.F.K's coffin.

There are no pictures of her heartbreak and bravery at Parkland. Yet Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis radiated courage and restraint, glamour and conspicuous shyness. What she thought about her crowded life no one knows because, with the exception of interviews granted to Theodore White and William Manchester in 1963 and 1964 respectively, she never spoke about her experiences after the assassination or revealed her reactions or opinions. Tapes of these interviews exist; White's will be released next year, but Manchester's are embargoed until 2064.

If she set out to weave an elaborate mystery, she could not have used a better tactic. But those who know her deny that that was her aim. A friend since Vassar days says Jackie had no idea how to answer questions and was scared of the press: "People thought she was stuck-up, but she just didn't have much confidence." Said author Manchester (The Death of a President). "After Kennedy died, she was exposed to a pitiless spotlight, and she did not know how to handle it." But another observer from White House days claims that Kennedy himself engineered the Garboesque stance; he knew that if she ever began talking, she would reveal how little she knew or cared about politics or public issues.

In truth she was apolitical. She supported the campaigns of Bobby and other Kennedys, but that kind of ambition was not in her blood. After her second husband, the Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis, died, some would-be kingmakers got together in New York and, hoping to advance Democratic Party prospects, came up with a grand plan to have her run for the Senate. Her reply said it all: "If I could do it three days a week."

Her interests were always arty. During her senior year in college she won Vogue's Prix de Paris, a contest that awarded the winner a year in Paris and an internship with the magazine. Her essay was on the great Russian ballet impresario Serge Diaghilev, among others. Diaghilev was a shrewd, sophisticated choice, bound to knock the glossy one-upping editors back on their heels. Says a Jackie watcher of impeccable credentials: "You could talk with her about Baudelaire, but not about Cromwell." Jacqueline Bouvier's world was far from the wheel-and-deal politics that her future husband cut his teeth on. Hers was a background of manicured lawns, riding lessons and outings at the ballet. The Bouviers were an old Catholic family entrenched in New York society; her father, known as "Black Jack" because of his dark good looks, lived recklessly both in the stock market and in his dashing private life. Several of the men whom Jackie later found attractive—her husband, her father-in-law Joseph Kennedy and, later, Aristotle Onassis—bore some resemblance to her glamorous papa. Her mother Janet was steelier, both more conservative and more ambitious. Black Jack was an exuberant but careless investor; the Wall Street crash of 1929 finished his market ride. His marriage began to falter then, and it ended when Jackie was nine. Janet then married into one of the richer branches of the vast Au-

PONIES AND POISE

She knew privilege, but also its price. Buddy the pony must have been a hefty expense in 1933, four years after the Crash wiped out her father. She wore a $59 off-the-rack gown to her coming-out party.

From the start, marriage to Jack was not easy for Jackie. There were problems—his wandering eye, her clothing bills—but mostly the trouble was that he was constantly running for President. Jack was not easy for Jackie. There were problems—his wandering eye, her clothing bills—but mostly the trouble was that he was constantly running for President. Jack would take her to parties and then leave her alone while he worked the room. In response she developed her famous I'm-here-but-I'm-really-not-here approach to the world. More often than not, she answered questions with her dazzling smile—period.

She wanted children, and suffered through a miscarriage and the birth of a stillborn baby. Caroline was born in 1957. John Jr. was born in 1960. When she was
TO KNOW WHAT CARS AND TRUCKS WILL BE LIKE IN 2005 TALK TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE THERE.

AT Ford Motor Company, we give our young designers all the tools they need to help them INVENT THE FUTURE. We even link them electronically to other Ford design studios from Turin, Italy to Melbourne, Australia. In this "GLOBAL STUDIO" environment, these men and women of the computer age design vehicles for people living in a RAPIDLY CHANGING WORLD. In this way, our customers get what they want before they even know they want it. To us, that's part of what quality is all about.
later asked which First Lady she admired most, her reply was surprising—Bess Truman. And the reason: her sensible way of bringing up her daughter Margaret in the White House glare.

By 1960 there were visible cracks in the marriage and gossip about J.F.K's supposed affairs. At one point Joseph Kennedy offered Jackie a million dollars not to leave Jack, and reportedly she took it. The presidency did not initially improve matters. For one thing, she disliked the White House. "Like a hotel," she complained to Time's Hugh Sidey, "everywhere I look there is somebody standing around or walking down a hall."

She made peace with the problem by asserting her own aesthetic. She had a stage built and invited performers like cellist Pablo Casals and the American Ballet Theatre—a glamorization of politicos that was unprecedented. More important, she redid the place, replacing routine reproductions with authentic period pieces and fabrics. In behalf of her cause, she was able to put aside her shyness and skillfully persuade rich collectors to part with their treasures in the name of history. The redecoration was a triumph celebrated on TV when the First Lady led correspondent Charles Collingwood through the rooms and explained her inspirations. Eighty million people tuned in.

"She had the most remarkable visual memory of anyone that I have ever known," says Manchester. "When I interviewed her in Georgetown in the spring of '64, she would describe a scene, and she would even describe the configuration of the clouds in the sky. Later I would look at the photographs of that time, and she would be right."

The First Lady was also instrumental in propelling the preservation movement. In 1962 everyone, including the President and his advisers, was resigned to the fact that the historic 19th century town houses around Lafayette Square in Washington would be torn down to make room for a large federal office building. "She refused to give up," said John Carl Warnecke, an architect who helped develop a plan to preserve the 19th century character of the square. "She said this is 'a last-ditch effort.'
A SWEET SALVATION

In 1959 she shared a tender moment with Caroline, age one. Much later she would note that it is children who enable widows to go on.

A lot of other people have taken credit for Lafayette Square, but she was the true savior. After leaving the White House, she would help save New York City's Grand Central Terminal from the wrecker's ball.

She came to terms with bringing up Caroline and John in the proverbial fishbowl. In her protectiveness of them can be found early signs of how vigilant and tough she could be when her family and her values were at stake. Still the camera images of the kids are unforgettable, and the President was not above promoting photo ops. One day he brought little John to the Oval Office, and the cameras caught the toddler maneuvering between his father's legs through the crawl space under the Executive desk. And the nation's children came to envy Caroline her pony, the redoubtable Macaroni.

In time, Jackie's marriage grew more stable, though the couple often separated on vacation. Initially appalled by the restrictions of working and living under the same roof, Kennedy settled in. He gained new admiration for his wife just by watching the world's reaction to her grace and beauty. Jackie had been considered a liability by Massachusetts pols when J.F.K. was a Senator. She was, they said, too remote.

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too snooty. But as First Lady she came into her own. Charles de Gaulle arrived in the U.S. with his nose in the air; he considered Jackie empty and much too beau monde. But he was attracted to her. What exquisite French! Such sound Gallic genes!

Later the Kennedys visited France, and the welcome was tumultuous. It was a proud and happy hero who said, “I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris.” Talking in French to De Gaulle, the First Lady said, “My grandparents are French.” Replied the great one-up man: “So are mine, madame.”

During the 1,000 days of Kennedy’s presidency, the First Lady’s greatest impact was on style. She revolutionized dress for a female public figure. She loved slacks and shorts and riding habits. What she did not do was overdress—ever. Gone were the klutzy handbags, the fussy hats, the grim shoes, the clashing colors and unphotogenic prints. The young Halston made her the famous pillbox hat. For the rest she looked toward Paris—Jackie was a frank Francophile. The American designer Oleg Cassini made her copies of current couture, and Jackie encouraged people to believe she bought American. But she also shopped quietly at Givenchy and Balenciaga. Because her elegant taste was always restrained, it was very hard to tell the difference.

Her husband sometimes erupted at the bills. Nixonites accused her of spending $100,000 on her wardrobe. She snapped back in a New York Times interview: “I couldn’t spend that much unless I wore sensible underwear.” But Jackie was really not just a clotheshorse. She applied the same sense of style to herself as she did to the White House. Says Richard Martin, associate curator of the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s Costume Institute: “Her style was not vanity but a way of living, not simply adorning herself but expressing her vision of beauty in the world.” The museum’s collections contain couture clothing from Onassis, all of it donated anonymously.

In 1963 a third child, Patrick, was born to the Kennedys, but he lived only two days. His father went down to the hospital boiler room and wept. But they were a real family now. After the assassination, Jackie recalled to Theodore White the nights when Jack would turn on the phonograph in their bedroom and play the title song from the Broadway hit Camelot. Perhaps he saw his presidency as a chimera, “that brief shining moment” that must not be forgot. But the song was instead a premonition of tragedy.

The Kennedys went to Dallas on a political fence-mending trip in a state the Democrats had barely won in 1960. The shots rang out as they endured a hot motorcade trip across town. Afterward many people tried to persuade Jackie to change her clothes, but she insisted on wearing the stained pink suit. “I want them to see what they have done,” she said. She also refused to take tranquilizers, fearing they would blunt her reactions and interfere with her planning—because plan the funeral she did. The riderless horse, the eternal flame, the wailing Irish bagpipe—all were her idea. When the hearse rumbled past, she asked little John to salute his father. The nation saw her then as a mother, first and foremost.

The next day she wrote a long letter in
Once, in Camelot . . .

By HUGH SIDEY

She was a butterfly caught in the political torrents of Washington, detoxing many of its coarse rituals but fascinated by its drama.

Jackie Kennedy went to Milwaukee when Senator John Kennedy announced for the crucial Wisconsin primary in the winter of 1960, and the temperature was near zero. She sat in a jammed and tacky hotel hall, stiff-backed in a short-sleeved designer sheath with delicate leather gloves up to her elbows, eyes wide and smile frozen. A New York and Washington thoroughbred in the land of parkas and beer. She never yielded.

The night before Jack flew to Los Angeles for the Democratic Convention, where he would be nominated for President, the two retreated into a stark hotel suite. After months of delegate hunting, the real game was afoot, and she knew that ahead lay surging crowds and screaming groupies. The moment was almost desolate, the beginning of something strange and maybe not nice. It was in Jackie's circled eyes. She could not raise room service. She found Cokes, remade the bed while her husband talked Vice Presidents with a friend.

She was tortured in those first days in the White House. Just when the idea of making the White House a living stage of American history and beauty seized her is hard to say, but within days she had called friends to try out her idea, to hustle funds to restore the old mansion as it had been in the days of Jefferson and Madison. There was Jackie prowling government warehouses for old furniture and diving into the White House basement, smudging herself with dust but scrounging up desks, tables and chairs.

The White House began to take on its historic designs; the place shone with new paint and gardens. She was ecstatic to find the original woodcuts for wallpaper ordered in the early days. New panels were printed. She relished the great view down toward the Mall from the Truman balcony. “This is what it is all about,” she told a visitor, sweeping her arm from the Washington Monument to the Jefferson Memorial. “This is what these men fight so hard for.”

Let the skeptics snort about Camelot, but there was something during the Kennedy years that was magic. Jackie was more of that than anyone admitted for a long while. She smoothed the rough Kennedy edges. As much as anyone in those heady days, she grasped the epic dimensions of the adventure. No small portion of the glamour of the Kennedy stewardship that lives on today came from her standards of public propriety and majesty.

She could be naughty, perhaps acting out of knowledge of her husband’s indiscretions. Before the brutal end of the New Frontier came, there was the feeling that the two had grown closer together because of the inexorable public pressure that surrounded the White House. But in the summer of 1963 she went off with her sister Lee Radziwill for a European cruise, stayed twice as long as scheduled as stories of nocturnal sightings filtered back. Jack was sore. That was one of the reasons she went to Dallas in November on that doomed political junket, a gesture of contrition for the summer sins.

“Behind Jack,” for his kindness to her and even for tolerating the shouts of the children playing in the White House nursery school. It is signed, “Respectfully, Jackie.” It is a letter that commands infinite respect.

She moved to a house in Georgetown, but life there proved impossible. In that quaint, pricey village, houses are close to the street, and tour buses were soon belching smoke in her windows. She then sought out the relative anonymity and familiarity of New York City. She bought an apartment on upper Fifth Avenue across from Central Park. As a child, living two blocks away on Park Avenue, she played in the park. She emerged from her doorman-protected life to help Bobby Kennedy out on his presidential run. His assassination stunned and depressed her. Frank Mankiewicz, Bobby’s press secretary, recalls meeting her the night he was killed. “Jackie told me that some people are acquainted with death and some are not,” Mankiewicz says. Talking of women she had met two months before at the funeral of Martin Luther King Jr., she said, “Those women know a lot about death. They see it all around them. Now, Frank, so do we. And if it weren’t for the children, we’d welcome it.”

Not long after Bobby was assassinated, Jackie shocked the world by marrying Onassis, the Greek shipping tycoon 29 years her senior. How could she stoop so far from American royalty? She was seen in all the trite celebrity camera shots: cruising the Mediterranean behind her trademark shades, sunbathing on a Greek island, smiling broadly in nightclubs. Onassis had a magnetism that had attracted many women before her, including the great opera singer Maria Callas. But money was probably the largest motivation. Jackie had no intention of not living very well.

The union was not a success. The pair quarreled over her spending. Onassis took to calling his wife “the widow.” After his son died in an air crash, he changed that to “the witch.” Deeply superstitious, he blamed her for the loss that broke his heart.

But there was room in his world for many things, and he and Jackie were sometimes happy and at peace. For one thing, he liked the Kennedys. Jackie had had problems with them, especially Jack’s mother Rose, mostly about life-style and religious upbringing. To the Kennedys, the Hyannis
When it came to human quality, Jacqueline Onassis had perfect pitch. After her son John had read aloud at the 1979 dedication of the Kennedy library in Boston the poem by Stephen Spender that begins with the words "I think continually of those who were truly great," she brought out one of her most delicate exhalations and said, "I'd really like to meet Mr. Spender, and I'd like Caroline to meet him too."

During the dinner my wife and I set up for that purpose, she made one of the quiet but definitive remarks at which she excelled. Spender had asked her what she regarded as her biggest achievement. "Well," she said without hesitation, "I think that my biggest achievement is that after going through a rather difficult time, I consider myself comparatively sane. I'm proud of that."

At her home, with its views over Central Park, she was the very antithesis of the manipulative New York hostess. When she invited a lot of people, which did not happen often, a vast and equable good humor made its way throughout the company. She could make everyone among them feel that the evening was crowned by their arrival, and she also had a great flair for the unexpected guest.

Jacqueline Onassis never in any way compared herself with any of her successors in the White House, though she did once refer to one of them—in sympathy, not in mischief—as "a frightened little bunny who calls me almost every day." She was a willing but never gullible supporter of many a good cause. There was nothing she wouldn't do to move them along. (She drew the line at charity balls, though.) Above all, she brought a minute attention to the affectionate reassurances that keep friendships alive. Though capable of a holy rage when it was called for—for instance, when a famous figure of the day wised up a book she had promised her for Doubleday—it gave her enormous pleasure to keep friendships in repair.

She never pretended to be a great scholar, but on almost every topic of mutual interest that came up, she just happened to know the right thing to read. When my wife and I were leaving India for the first time, she made no promises. But within a couple of hours a shopping bag was brought round to our door. In it were more than 200 photocopied passages from rare 19th-century books on India, each marked in her own hand.

It was a fantasy of hers that everybody else's life was much more interesting than her own. "Think of the plots that are being hatched down there!" she would say, looking down from the balcony of the Four Seasons restaurant, with her Schlumberger bracelets dangling over the edge.

At lunchtime at Les Pléiades, the much missed art-world restaurant, she would say, "What do you suppose they're buying and selling over their cold sea bass?"

When it came to a book project, she was one of the all-time great bubble blowers. Never did those bubbles burst, either. Scheme after scheme was crowned by their arrival, and she also had a great flair for the unexpected guest. She never pretended to be a great scholar, but on almost every topic of mutual interest that came up, she just happened to know the right thing to read. When my wife and I were leaving India for the first time, she made no promises. But within a couple of hours a shopping bag was brought round to our door. In it were more than 200 photocopied passages from rare 19th-century books on India, each marked in her own hand.

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WHATEVER LIFE HELD
She died too young but lived to see her daughter Caroline (here in flight at Hyannis Port in 1959) married, and her son John respect her as confidant.

had an extraordinary ability to be interested in the person she was working with.” He adds with a flourish, “She makes you feel you could do almost anything. Any man married to Jackie probably would have to become President of the United States.”

However, says Charles Daly, director of the Kennedy Library Foundation in Boston, “she was not at all above giving very direct criticism when warranted.” He recalls the day she visited the library building designed by her friend the architect I.M. Pei as it was under construction. She saw an asphalt driveway where lawn and trees should have been. “She called one of I.M. Pei’s guys out and pointed to the asphalt,” says Daly. “She nearly ate the guy for lunch. She could be very tough.”

She was also extremely tough about keeping her private life resolutely just that. And, according to Mankiewicz, when Manchester wanted to renege on the agreement giving her final approval of the manuscript of Death of a President, Jackie fought him. “When my children grow up, I don’t want them to read all the gruesome stuff about his brain and the way he looked,” she said, according to Mankiewicz. “She wanted those passages out, and by God she got them out.”

A few glimpses of the private Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis are available. For one, she was often seen at ballet intermissions eating ice cream, something she loved. For another, she chain-smoked—out of the camera’s range—until 1987, when she told Kitty Dukakis, who had approached her for advice on being a political wife, that she was quitting. She remained devoted to J.F.K.’s memory. Over lunch with friends, she often began remarks with “Jack used to say” or “Jack thought.”

Friends observed that she kept “an ostrich position” with regard to stories of his infidelity in the White House. Indeed, she professed to be shocked by similar allegations by Paula Jones about Bill Clinton. But she had always been prim. Says Manchester: “She was appalled by Lyndon John-
You know, he squats to piss,” Jackie was about Adlai Stevenson, and Johnson said, son’s earthiness. At one time he was talking horrified. She didn’t know what to say. She compared notes on being First Lady, the problems of running the White House. It was like two suburban ladies talking about a good sale on V-8 juice. In the last dozen years, Carolina Herrera, who designed Caroline’s wedding dress, was Onassis’ favorite designer. “Once,” says Herrera, “she was in my showroom, and I had some buyers from Neiman Marcus. She was trying on a suit. She came out and she saw all these people sitting there and she turned to them and said, ‘Don’t you think this is lovely?’ And they almost fainted when they saw who was modeling.” Says Herrera: “We used to laugh about it a lot.”

In the last 10 years of her life, Onassis kept company with a married financier and diamond merchant, Maurice Tempelsman, who reportedly multiplied his companion’s wealth. (One source says that in 1991 her holdings included $1.5 million in cash, property—including her $3.5 million apartment—amounting to nearly $8 million, and $15 million to $20 million in stock.) An acquaintance of Jack Kennedy’s, the Belgian-born Tempelsman, 64, eventually moved into her Fifth Avenue flat and shared her life at her $2 million summer spread in Martha’s Vineyard.

Her children are now grown. In 1986, Caroline, a lawyer and author, married Ed-son. Each Labor Day weekend, Onassis would have all the Kennedys from Hyannis Port over for a picnic. “It was like the old days at Camelot,” says one who was there. Did Onassis still feel like a Kennedy? Michael Kennedy, the son of Robert, simply says, “She was always open to our family.”

The links were warm but sensitive. Doris Kearns, a Kennedy biographer, remembers long phone conversations with Onassis. “She would talk about what it was like when she first met Joe and Rose Kennedy, how she would listen to classical music on the porch at Hyannis Port with Joe because they both liked classical music, how she didn’t play touch football with everyone else, how difficult it was with Rose in the beginning. The whole Kennedy family drew the married kids away from their wives, but she was determined to create a nuclear family for Jack.” Kearns relates how Onassis felt about large families. “She went through the Kennedy children, one by one, how each one was hurt and overshadowed by the one before. It was all very perceptive. She was not sentimental at all.”

THE END CAME FAST. FRIENDS SAY ONASSIS, who had prided herself on her fitness, was shocked to discover that she had non-Hodgkin’s lymphoma, a treatable but tricky form of cancer that often strikes people in their 60s and 70s. She announced in late February that she was undergoing treatment. For once in her life, a private event was public knowledge, because she still returned to her beloved Central Park, where the photographers could train their lenses on her. With Caroline, her baby John, and Tempelsman, she could be seen walking the paths as best she could, passing the places where she played as a child.

As recently as last month she told a friend that things were going well: “I’m almost glad it happened because it’s given me a second life. I laugh and enjoy things so much more.” However, the cancer had spread to her brain and her liver from her lymph nodes. On Wednesday, after deciding that further medical treatment would be fruitless, she went home. She died the evening after. This week she is to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery beside her husband and her son Patrick.

Talking to reporters, John Kennedy Jr. said his mother had died “surrounded by her friends and her family and her books.” She did it in her own way and in her own terms.” Despite a lifelong confrontation with death, that is how she lived and the example she gave to the world. —Reported by Sam Allis/Boston, Bonnie Angelo, Sharon E. Epperson, Georgia Harbison and Daniel S. Levy/ New York and S.C. Gwyne/Austin
DIPLOMACY

TWISTING OFF THE HOOK

Clinton seems headed for one of those compromises with China that have little effect but annoy everybody

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

They called it a big deal. A U.S. delegation went to Beijing over the weekend to discuss letting Chinese listeners hear Voice of America programs now drowned out by China's own broadcasting on the same frequencies. But Beijing had pledged months ago to negotiate; welcoming the delegation was hardly a new or a large concession.

But a senior State Department official chose to pretend that it was, hoping to endow this minor action with some real, if dubious, importance in helping satisfy U.S. demands for "significant progress" in China's human-rights record. His reaction was one of a number of clues that President Clinton has decided against cracking down hard on China by cutting back trade. Another sign was a secret visit to Beijing by a special envoy, former Ambassador to Japan Michael Armacost; his job reportedly was to coax the Chinese leaders into other concessions that the White House could seize on to justify that decision.

Officially, Clinton is still pondering the decision he must make by next Friday. But all indications are that the President will continue to give Beijing some form of the most-favored-nation status under which Chinese goods enter American markets at low tariff rates. "I think he will find a way not to interrupt MFN," predicted House Speaker Tom Foley, who will have to round up votes to prevent Congress from overturning a Clinton decision. Since a year after the Tiananmen Square massacre, lawmakers have been pressing the White House to punish Beijing by withdrawing MFN status; twice in 1992 lawmakers forced George Bush to veto such moves. That drew from campaigner Clinton an accusation that Bush was willing to "coddle tyrants" in Beijing. Clinton implied he would use trade threats as a club to force the Chinese to behave on human rights—yet another campaign pledge he now seems to find wiser not to keep.

There is actually nothing special about MFN status; it is enjoyed by 182 countries that trade with the U.S., vs. only nine that lack it. But there is something quite special about losing MFN. Revocation would result in crippling tariff increases on the $30 billion worth of goods China sells to the U.S. each year—everything from steel pipes to shirts, sneakers and stuffed animals. According to the argument Clinton seems to have bought, taking away MFN would hurt both the Chinese and U.S. economies because Beijing would retaliate against American firms that are creating a multibillion-dollar market in China and in the process penalize the most progressive sector of Chinese society, its burgeoning entrepreneurial class. The anger of the regime might even worsen the plight of ordinary Chinese citizens.

Clinton, however, is unlikely to extend MFN without any conditions. The President boxed himself into a corner a year ago by issuing an Executive Order that made any extension of MFN past June 3 dependent on "significant progress" by China on human-rights issues. Given the meager improvements so far, Clinton & Co. are not going to find it easy to make a plausible case to the human-rights lobby—or the American public. In a Time/CNN poll conducted last week, 62% of respondents felt that encouraging human rights in China was more important than trade, and 60% said the U.S. should require China to show more progress before renewing MFN. In the view of experts such as Douglas Paal, president of the Asia Pacific Policy Center, the President can contend that Beijing has made such progress only by telling "lies."

The betting now is that Clinton will couple a general continuation of MFN with some largely symbolic exceptions. One idea is to raise tariffs sharply on products made by Chinese state-owned industries or factories controlled by the People's Liberation Army. Clinton could claim that he is penalizing Beijing without hurting China's private entrepreneurs.

Noordin Sopiee, head of Malaysia's Institute of Strategic and International Studies, dismisses partial sanctions as "a compromise which will satisfy no one and will merely strengthen Clinton's image as a wishy-washy leader. It's a crazy idea, and it won't work." American experts agree: Lyn Edinger, a former commercial counselor at the U.S. embassy in Beijing, says, "Targeting state enterprises will be a nightmare and virtually unenforceable." The owners of many Chinese factories are a mixture of private, state, military and sometimes even American interests: figuring out which companies to penalize could drive the U.S. Customs Service insane. Assistant Secretary of State Winston Lord has suggested targeting specific products instead. But with a few exceptions such as assault rifles, it is not easy to discern which ones come from state or army enterprises.

Beijing's leaders are, like Clinton, prisoners of their past rhetoric. They have insisted so loudly on extension of MFN with no conditions that they might have to retaliate against even pinpoint sanctions. Washington expects dollar-for-dollar revenge: if the U.S. restricts $1 billion worth of Chinese imports, China would take some kind of action against $1 billion in U.S. goods or services. The U.S. would suffer far more: $1 billion lost would amount to 11.4% of the $8.8 billion annual U.S. sales to China, but only 3.3% of the $30 billion China sells each year to the U.S.

Any retaliation might threaten a market for U.S. exports in aircraft, telecommunications equipment, wheat and other food products that is expected to grow enormously in coming years. Chief executives of seven of the biggest U.S. companies doing business with China signed a letter to the President estimating that "in 10 years our cumulative sales to China will reach
$158 billion, assuming normal relations.” Clinton evidently got the message: in discussions with his advisers, he repeatedly ticked off the exact dollar losses for Boeing and McDonnell Douglas airplane makers—and the electoral votes he could put at risk in states crucial to his re-election.

The most telling pro-MFN argument is that trade threats are of no use in making the leaders of China grant more political liberty—especially now. The country is going through a bumpy transition from a managed to a market economy: inflation has hit an annual rate of more than 20% in big cities, and unemployment is growing as the government shuts down inefficient state industries. Scattered worker protests and strikes have struck fear in Beijing that the authorities could lose control. A leadership succession struggle cannot be long postponed: top boss Deng Xiaoping is approaching his 90th birthday and ailing. In such an atmosphere, Beijing’s chiefs will do anything they think necessary to keep a lid on disorder, MFN or NO MFN.

Human-rights organizations, however, are leaning hard on Clinton to be tough. They point to China’s continued export of goods made with prison labor: under Clinton’s own Executive Order, Beijing must stop that to retain MFN. Harry Wu, a former Chinese political prisoner, showed Congress tapes of prisoners at forced labor that he had secretly filmed on a five-week trip this year. Says Wu: “Fifty percent of Chinese rubber products come from chemical factories that employ forced labor.” Human Rights Watch/Asia says latex gloves used by doctors were exported as recently as last January only after being inspected in Beijing’s Prison No. 2. One prisoner tried to slip a note into a glove but was reported by other inmates and then beaten by guards with electric batons—not an unusual occurrence in that lockup.

Whatever Clinton decides is not likely to be overturned by Congress, where opponents could not muster the two-thirds votes needed to override a presidential veto if legislators forced a showdown. But Clinton will take a political roasting no matter what he does. Administration officials say he has come to see the wisdom of extending MFN and delinking it from human rights, which he could promote better by diplomatic means. But politically he cannot afford to take such a forthright stand yet. Instead, the President seems to be aiming for the now familiar sort of compromise that pleases no one and accomplishes little. —Reported by David Aikman/ Washington, Sandra Burton/Hong Kong and Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing

FORCED LABOR: Secret film taken in April shows inmates being marched to a tool factory in a Zhejiang province prison; they may be making goods for export to the U.S.
The Clinton Reducing Plan

Unless he trims its goals, the President's proposal may stall in Congress because of a battle over who pays the tab

By DANGOODGAME WASHINGTON

Bill Clinton has never really hit it off with Daniel Patrick Moynihan, but now he needs him. That's why the President had to pick up the phone in the White House last Wednesday night and mend fences—not for the first time—with the brilliant and unpredictable New York Senator. Clinton called to deny news reports that he was "exasperated" with Moynihan's lack of movement on health-care legislation. Never mind that the reports were accurate and that Senate majority leader George Mitchell shared the President's frustration. Clinton recognizes that Moynihan's Finance Committee now represents the best hope for crafting a compromise, and the President can't afford to have the chairman in a sulk.

But Clinton did not stop there. Alarmed at the impasse over health-care reform, he broke with his strategy of remaining above the fray in Congress. On Thursday and Friday, Clinton engaged Finance Committee members of both parties in one-on-one meetings and phone calls, seeking to discover what sort of compromise might win majority support. That is normally the chairman's job. However, said a Clinton aide, "this let-them-write-it-themselves stuff did not seem to work too well."

The President felt he had to intervene now, his allies say, because the health-care fight is entering a crucial stage in which a compromise must be reached before the process loses momentum. His top domestic initiative hangs in the balance. Clinton faces the prospect that he not only might fail to get what he wants, but might get nothing at all this year.

The biggest obstacle to agreement, Clinton heard from the Senators, is the so-called employer mandate. That provision of the Clinton plan would require employers to pay about 80% of the cost of health insurance for their workers. This would help Clinton extend coverage to 35 million uninsured Americans without raising taxes on the 85% who already have insurance. "The mandate is vital," says Senator Jay Rockefeller, the West Virginia Democrat and main Clinton-plan backer in the Senate. "You don't get to universal coverage without it," he adds.

Owners of small businesses—16 million strong, nearly equal to the ranks of union members—last week showed their strength by blocking the employer mandate in key committees that are struggling to frame legislation on health-care reform. The Finance Committee's ranking Republican, Oregon Senator Bob Packwood, explained that big unionized "industries like autos and steel are significant in four or five states, but restaurants and retail outlets are everywhere."

Merchants say the Clinton mandate would require them to spend an extra $18 billion a year on health insurance. And confidential, computer-aided studies by the White House estimate that the mandate would reduce employment growth by 300,000 to 600,000 jobs. Robert Moffit, a health-care expert at the Heritage Foundation in Washington, calls mandates a "sham" and a "delusion." Says he: "The major game in health-care financing is to hide the costs by making sure that other people appear to be paying the bills. Well, any increase in employer mandates will be passed on to workers in the form of reduced compensation or job loss."

Moffit's group proposed expanding health coverage through an "individual mandate" like the one that requires drivers to carry liability insurance. It would require coverage only for medical bills in excess of $3,000 a year, which would make such insurance more affordable. The Heritage plan has attracted few sponsors in Congress, but Senator John Chafee, the Rhode Island Republican, calls for an individual mandate in his health-reform plan, which has drawn support as a vehicle for bipartisan compromise.

Majority leader Mitchell, after sitting through weeks of Moynihan's pro-
an individual mandate for workers in firms

gestions was a compromise that would com-

eral subsidies would help employees pay

cost of insurance, in part through $30 bil-

ar really perorations without seeing much

argued that a plan to foster so-called man-

firms already provide health insurance) and

their premiums.

Cooper of Tennessee and Senator John

l lion in subsidies, enough to extend cover-

Breaux of Louisiana, would reduce the

Committee. To pass health reform, Duren-

staunch liberals as Ted Kennedy, reflects a

weakening of their political position. Polls

said he was willing to negotiate the defini-

weakened competition in health care should be

clause to 91% of Americans. The Cooper-

provision for mandates. The Congressio-

ongrave. Says a congressional health-care

The Chairman: No Easy Way Out?

s the hard grammar of power with such

sobriety that it was difficult to imagine last week that his words might be

be hollow. Seated at the ornate, curved rostrum of the House Ways and

means Committee’s hearing chamber, the chairman of 13 years was blunt

about his plans for passing a health bill. “If we can be bipartisan and achieve

universal coverage,” he growled, “great.” Pause. “If we can’t, I will do whatever

need to do to get at least 20 votes”—a majority.

The Illinois Congressman knows how to make good on a threat as well as a

promise. Yet when the critical vote counting starts, he may not be around to
deliver. Last week it was widely leaked that his lawyer, Robert Bennett, had met

with prosecutors in the chairman’s long-running criminal case and suggested

that the Congressman might be willing to plead guilty to a misdemeanor. If that

proposition were rebuffed, the accounts went, U.S. Attorney Eric Holder would

probably request a felony indictment of Rostenkowski by Memorial Day.

The timing is excruciating. Rostenkowski has promised to unveil his outline

of a health bill immediately after Congress’s Memorial Day recess. Yet under the

rules of the House Democrat-
ic Caucus, if a committee

chairman is indicted for a felo-

ny punishable by more than

two years in prison, he must

cede his chairmanship,

though not his committee

membership. (He can return

later if vindicated.) And so at

precisely the moment when

he planned to move Bill Clin-

ton’s most important legisla-
tion through the key House

committee, the chairman

might be stepping down in

shame.

The outlook for Rosty may

be even bleaker than the talk

of a plea bargain would indicate. The rumored charges seem difficult to con-

trude as misdemeanors: embezzling from the House mailing office, abusing its

stationery store to subsidize gifts for campaign workers and paying no-show

workers in his Chicago district office. Rostenkowski’s defense team has not yet

and is offering a plea in return for a reduction or elimination of prison time. Of

the possibility that a deal might permit Rosty to keep the committee, the

source says, “That’s just not there.”

If Rostenkowski were to plead guilty to a lesser felony, Holder’s office might

be willing to go along with it in order to avoid a jury trial. Said a source with

knowledge of the government’s case against Rostenkowski: “It’s not a head

shot.” This means that regardless of what the feds think they can prove the

Congressman or his employees did, the prosecutors lack overwhelming evidence to

prove it was done with intent to perpetrate a major fraud. The prosecutors be-

lieve, moreover, that juries in the District of Columbia tend to favor the defen-

dant. A Rostenkowski confidant says that if the two sides are to reach any kind

accommodation, it will probably be later this week.

On Capitol Hill, the standard thinking is that Clinton’s health-care plan is

lost without the big Chicagoo. That may be overstating it. In the event of his

ouster, Florida’s Sam Gibbons becomes the acting chairman and would be ex-

pected to work with three committee members—New York’s Charles Rangel

and California’s Robert Matsui and Pete Stark—to try to usher Rosty’s vision

through Ways and Means. Clinton no doubt hopes that between them, they are

up to Rostenkowski’s job.

—David Van Biema. Reported by

Laurence I. Barrett and Elaine Shannon/Washington

by Laurence I. Barrett and Dick Thompson/

Washington

Is his legal situation affecting his work? “Not at

all,” declared Rostenkowski. That may change.

by reporting

TIME, MAY 30, 1994

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Meet Eugene and Mary Jo Powell of Morgantown, West Virginia. Like many Americans, the Powells enjoy driving around the countryside. Their Toyota Cressida has been the source of many good times.

Naturally, regular service visits to their Toyota dealer go without saying. In fact, on one particular Memorial Day weekend, they actually took their Toyota Cressida into a Kingman, Arizona dealer for an oil change. They probably could have waited until they returned home.

Or could even have gone to a local garage. But after years of using Genuine Toyota Parts and Service, the Powells weren't about to settle for anything less.

So when they pulled into a local Toyota dealer, they weren't too surprised to find the technician had similar views. After all, Toyota technicians go through extensive training to help ensure you'll get the most out of your Toyota Car or Truck. Still, the Powells were rather surprised with the service they received. Their oil was changed.

A new filter was installed. Tires were checked. The grille was given the once-over and wiped clean of bugs. All in a few friendly minutes.

It's just one of the ways many of our dealers have built their reputations for convenient service and attention to detail. Year round.
NORTH KOREA

Pushing It to the Limit

Pyongyang plays games on nuclear inspection and heads closer to diplomatic meltdown with Washington

By KEVIN FEDARKO

AFTER A WEEK OF FEINTS, FIZZLES AND frustration, the U.S. seems to have averted a diplomatic meltdown—at least temporarily—in its escalating nuclear standoff with North Korea. First, Pyongyang exacerbated the 15-month dispute by beginning to remove plutonium-rich fuel rods from a nuclear reactor without monitoring by the International Atomic Energy Agency—which could enable the North to acquire more plutonium for its suspected nuclear arms program. The move prompted the IAEA to issue an unusually blunt statement accusing Pyongyang of a "serious violation" of its commitments under the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty. And that effectively catapulted the entire mess back to Bill Clinton.

By week's end the President decided to resume high-level talks with North Korea, prompted by assurances from the IAEA that no fuel had yet been diverted for weapons production and by his own realization that a precipitation push for a trade embargo against North Korea is the fastest road to a nuclear-armed North Korea might be employing the fuel-rod dispute as a smoke screen to disguise a second, undeclared, classified zone. The crisis-a-month inspection drama narrows maneuvering room for each of the partners, pushing them closer to a showdown. And amid the maddening back and forth, there is a disturbing possibility that North Korea may be employing the fuel-rod dispute as a smoke screen to disguise a second undeclared source of bombmaking uranium.

Since late April, North Korea has been telling the IAEA that it intended to unload fuel rods from its main nuclear reactor near the city of Yongbyon. According to Defense Secretary William Perry, Yongbyon's estimated 8,000 rods contain enough plutonium to build four or five bombs, and inspectors need to see if all the fuel is still there. The issue is of critical importance because the CIA estimates that fuel rods removed from Yongbyon in 1989 provided the plutonium to build one or two nuclear weapons. Whether Pyongyang actually has them is impossible to know for sure, but scrutiny of informed Washington that none of the disputed fuel has so far been diverted—and on May 14, North Korea announced that it was going ahead with removing the fuel rods, the IAEA sent in a three-man inspection team. Last Thursday the observers concluded that if the process continued without inspection of the samples, it would result in "irreparable loss of the agency's ability to verify" that the plutonium-laden fuel was not being diverted for weapons use. But by Friday IAEA officials

whether Pyongyang actually has them is impossible to know for sure, but scrutiny of informed Washington that none of the disputed fuel has so far been diverted—and on Saturday, Pyongyang invited nuclear inspectors to discuss plans for additional monitoring..

Even so, Clinton must decide how to cool off the controversy. The President is loath to back off: he has already watered down his "very firm" declaration of last November that "North Korea cannot be allowed to develop a nuclear bomb." Yet Clinton is understandably wary of provoking Pyongyang when it comes to national security—especially considering the potential for confrontation between 35,000 U.S. troops in South Korea and North Korea's million-man force just north of the Demilitarized Zone.

In Washington some nonproliferation experts think North Korea may be pursuing a second clandestine route to nuclear development by mining natural uranium and enriching it into weapons-grade material. That is the same pathway followed—and nearly completed—by Iraq before its nuclear program was destroyed during the Gulf War. "North Korea was an industrial powerhouse in the 1960s, and this technology was within their grasp," says Joseph Bermudez, who writes for Jane's Intelligence Review. When the U.S. began focusing on North Korea as a potential rogue proliferator in the 1980s, he says, many of the regime's key uranium-enrichment facilities could already have been built and concealed underground. If so, concludes Bermudez, current estimates of Pyongyang's nuclear capability "could be off by several orders of magnitude." Pentagon officials say such an underground program is possible, but they have no evidence of one.

The uncertainty surrounding North Korea's nuclear arsenal as well as its insistence on impeding international inspectors makes it increasingly difficult to believe the optimists in the State Department. They argue that North Korea is simply using intransigence to bargain for diplomatic recognition, increased trade and foreign aid. That analysis could be correct, but it is opposed with growing vehemence by officials from the Pentagon and the CIA, who last week expressed a mixture of disdain and anger at the latest turn of events. Many were not only venting ire at Pyongyang's continued stonewalling but also expressing a belief that the Clinton Administration must be more resolute.

"When you're dealing with lunatics like this," said an Air Force officer, "you need to present a clear, united front." —Reported by Jay Peterzell, Mark Thompson and Kenneth R. Timmerman/Washington
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3M Innovation
By LISABEYER JERICHO  

It was clear from the start how Ammar Shawa, 12, died. His family was posing for photographs with newly arrived Palestinian soldiers in Jericho when one of them allowed Ammar's 13-year-old brother to handle a loaded AK-47 rifle. It went off, accidentally, and the bullet shattered the younger boy's head. Immediately, local activists of the Palestine Liberation Organization put out a story to townsfolk that with Israel had given the boy the rifle, and then that ammunition left by the Israelis had exploded and caused the fatal accident. Later they said that an Arab collaborating with Israel had given the boy the gun, and then that ammunition left by the Israelis had exploded and caused the fatal accident. Only a few hours later, the P.L.O. came clean: one of its men was to blame, the organization said, and he had been arrested and jailed.

The story illustrates two phenomena: how Palestinians automatically blame Israel for trouble of any kind, and how they are beginning to unlearn the reflex that has become so deeply ingrained. Says Saeb Erakat, a leading P.L.O. figure in Jericho: "It is a huge transition that we must make in our mentality."

The difficult metamorphosis began in earnest last week when the Israelis completed their withdrawal from two enclaves of Palestinian self-rule, one surrounding Jericho in the West Bank, the other covering most of the Gaza Strip. In both areas, civilian affairs were turned over to P.L.O. control, as was public order and safety. To replace the occupying forces, some 3,000 Palestinian troops, arriving from exile mostly in Egypt, Iraq and Jordan, were put to work as soldiers and policemen—a force that is to eventually grow to 9,000.

In the Gaza Strip there was trouble from the start. As Israeli soldiers pulled out of their last outpost in the city of Gaza, they were pelted with stones by Palestinian demonstrators. Yet stones could prove to be the least of Israel's problems. Under the self-rule agreement, about 5,000 Jewish settlers remain in the Gaza Strip. They are protected by Israeli soldiers and—at least in theory—by P.L.O. forces against Palestinian militants, especially Muslim extremists who remain opposed to peace with Israel. After the turnover, Jewish settlers were fired at and wounded on four occasions in the Gaza Strip; in a drive-by attack, militants killed two Israeli soldiers manning a roadblock just inside the zone.

Guarding the roads on which the settlers and other Israelis travel through the autonomous regions is the task of joint Israeli-Palestinian patrols. In the strip, the Israelis complained, such missions were scarcely functioning—because, they said, Palestinian security men were not showing up. A high-ranking Israeli military officer characterized the situation as "almost total anarchy." By contrast, calm prevailed in Jericho, a generally peaceful town where militants have never gained a foothold. There, 730 Palestinian peacekeepers found themselves directing traffic and helping tidy up the city. "They are highly professional and give people a sense of security," said Emad Barahmeh, a Jericho shopkeeper. An Israeli lieutenant colonel concurred: "I have only compliments for their performance."

Joint patrols were also working well in Jericho. Two vehicles, one from each side, cruised the area together, flying bright saffron flags, their occupants communicating in Arabic, Hebrew and sometimes English on Israeli-issued Motorola radios. Said an Israeli soldier: "They were our enemies, but now we work together. We made the switch." His Palestinian counterpart added, "We are friendly with them, trading water, food and hot drinks."

While cooperation was building mutual confidence in Jericho, P.L.O. Chairman Yasir Arafat stirred up a furor in Israel when remarks he had made at a Johannesburg mosque on May 10 were broadcast. Arafat called for a "jihad to liberate Jerusalem." Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin deemed the comment a "holy war," as Westerners and Israelis usually interpret the word. The Israelis reluctantly accepted his explanation and continued discussions on turning over the rest of the West Bank to the P.L.O.

While the Gaza Strip remained tense at week's end, P.L.O. leaders said they were sanguine that they would soon manage to quiet the enclave. Freih Abu Midain, a leading P.L.O. official in Gaza, estimated that it would take a few weeks for Palestinian security forces to establish order. There was powerful motivation, since Israel has made further withdrawals in the West Bank conditional on the success of the Gaza-Jericho experiment. "We have an enormous responsibility to protect our achievements," said Lieut. Colonel Munther Irshaid, the P.L.O. officer in charge of municipal affairs in Jericho. "We cannot afford mistakes." On that, Israelis and Palestinians were in total agreement last week.—With reporting by Ron Ben-Yishai and Jamali Hamad/Jericho

TIME, MAY 30, 1994

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Is It Time for Him to Go?

EARL WEAVER, THE FORMER BALTIMORE ORIOLES MANAGER, was famous for an off-color vocabulary even a Hell's Angel might envy. When he was particularly upset with an unfavorable call, however, Weaver would stow the four-letter words and calmly ask the offending umpire, "Are you going to get any better, or is this it?" The same question (and the identical implied answer) could be asked of Bill Clinton when it comes to the President's feeble and often feckless foreign policy. In fact, experts have been asking it for months, but "it's getting heavy now," concedes a senior Administration official. "All the polls show it. Real people are getting real nervous. The perception of ineptitude is growing. The public doesn't like foreigners' thinking the President is out of his depth. Americans don't like being embarrassed. It's hurting the President's overall job-approval ratings, and it'll continue hurting unless something's done about it."

But what? How about a sacrifice? Unlike baseball managers, Presidents can't be fired until the next election. In politics, it's the appointed players who go. Soon that player may be Warren Christopher. Friends and associates of the Secretary of State are quietly discussing his possible departure, hints of which can be found in last week's statements from the Middle East. During Christopher's latest diplomatic shuttle between Israel and Syria, the guarded descriptions of progress contained a caveat. Both Jerusalem and Damascus, U.S. officials said, want Christopher even more involved as the "honest broker" in their negotiations. "Now, what if that's ratcheted up?" asks a Clinton adviser. "What if a comprehensive peace is seen to require Chris' full-time attention and he becomes our special Middle East envoy? Or maybe he can get some declaration of principles signed and just walk off. Either way, he could save face and claim a legacy, right?"

As trial balloons go, this one has more air than most. But who would replace Christopher? Five people are mentioned by those familiar with the Administration's desire to project a new certitude abroad. From among the current insiders are Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott, an intellectually gifted friend of the President's; and National Security Adviser Tony Lake, who appears to have the greatest day-to-day influence on Clinton when the subject is foreign affairs. The question, though, is whether anyone from the present roster would be seen as a credible "agent of change," to borrow a favorite Clinton phrase. Leading the list of new-blood types from outside the inner circle:

L E E H A M I L T O N. Despite his reputation as a dispassionate analyst, the House Foreign Affairs Committee chairman has at times blasted Clinton's weak performance abroad. On Haiti, for example: "We don't know what the policy is, but we know what kind of underwear [Clinton] wears." Cracks like that one can't endear him to the President. But Hamilton "would bring some professionalism to the amateur hour around here," says a State Department official. "If we'd changed our refugee policy on Lee's watch, you can bet there would have been some interim way of dealing with the Haitian boat people before we got the new procedures in place. We wouldn't be turning people back and looking ridiculous. After all, the reason for our change is that those we've sent back so far are being brutalized when they're returned."

WAL T E R M O N D A L E. The former Vice President and current U.S. ambassador to Japan is a cool, straight-talking pol. During his losing race against Ronald Reagan in 1984, Mondale resisted promising what he knew or suspected he couldn't deliver. Clinton needs to learn what Mondale seems to know instinctively: disaster haunts those whose rhetoric doesn't match reality. On North Korea, a Mondale-inspired policy would probably avoid any further "public blue-skying about U.S. options," says Leslie Gelb, president of the Council on Foreign Relations. "What's needed there now is a forthright expression of our goal—the denuclearization of the Korean peninsula; an articulated willingness to trade improved relations and economic assistance as the means to get the North to play ball; a sternly delivered reminder that we stand by our pledge to defend the South— with the specifics left purposely vague; and then an intense but completely professional diplomacy." For tasks like those, Mondale fills the bill. He is exceptionally well disciplined and has the standing to ensure that everyone reads from the same script—and shuts up when told to.

C O L I N P O W E L L. The former Joint Chiefs chairman is a long shot, but he would bring instant credibility and remove a possible 1996 rival to the President. Powell is as risk-averse to military adventures as Clinton is, but that could be a strength. Given his background and especially his command of Desert Storm, Powell alone may possess the stature necessary to make diplomacy work when the President's primary objective is to avoid the use of force.

A shift at State may be clever and helpful, but in diplomacy as well as in baseball, it's the manager who sets the tone. The players can make the President look good, but only if he sets the goals and pursues them resolutely. If he doesn't, the losses, both real and perceived, will mount. Before long, that weakness could spark a crisis that dwarfs Bosnia, Somalia and Haiti—a crisis that the evidence so far indicates Clinton would bungle miserably.

WILL HE BE HISTORY TOO? CHRISTOPHER PAUSES AMID THE ANCIENT RUINS OF PALMYRA IN SYRIA.
In a world of fakes and forgeries, there's one original no one has been able to copy—Jeep.

Jeep, you see, is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation. And a trademark is a word or name used to identify the source of a product. Which means the word Jeep can indicate only our brand. To put it rather simply, a sport utility vehicle by any other name isn't a Jeep vehicle.

Take Jeep Grand Cherokee. A vehicle specifically designed for individuals who desire the best of both worlds—sophisticated luxury and proven Jeep capability. There's also Jeep Cherokee, the classic expression of versatility, convenience, and value. And Jeep Wrangler. The legendary fun and freedom machine that encompasses all that is Jeep.

So, the next time you see our name, remember this: There may be a lot of sport utility vehicles on the road today, but there's only one Jeep...

Always wear your seat belt. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.
WILL TEENS BUY IT?

Coke's new OK soda uses irony and understatement to woo a skeptical market

By JOHN GREENWALD

"Ah, this is Pam H. from Newton, Mass. I resent you saying that everything is going to be O.K. You don't know anything about my life. You don't know what I've been through in the last month. I really resent it. I'm tired of you people trying to tell me things that you don't have any idea about. I resent it. [Click!]

— Message left on the 800 line set up to promote OK soda

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, COCA-Cola actually paid its advertising agency to plant that message on a hotline for its newest product. But then, trashing its own claims is just part of the campaign for OK soda, a bubbly, mildly fruity drink for teenagers and young adults that Coke hopes will be its next blockbuster beverage and that the company is testing in nine cities from Boston to Seattle. With OK's deliberately drab cans and pseudo-Zen profundities ("What's the point of OK soda? Well, what's the point of anything?"), Coke hopes to capture a generation that is both anxious about its adult-size problems and inoculated against pitches from having grown up with television jingles at breakfast.

Of course, little is completely new in this marketing strategy. Getting messages across to audiences that don't fully realize they are receiving them is as old as the subliminal spots for popcorn and soda that advertisers flashed on movie screens in the 1950s. More recently, for instance, mrv blended commercials for a Pizza Hut delivery service with its regular programming by showing pizzas arriving by horseback or out of the ocean for its video jockeys.

What distinguishes Coke's campaign is that few of the global companies pursuing teenagers these days have been so elaborately slick in inventing ways to be unslick. Few, in other words, have gone to such great lengths to convince teens that the corporate voice is sincere. "You have to first and foremost acknowledge that you are the first place. American adolescents last year spent as much as $89 billion on the latest trends in food, clothing, videos, music and, of course, soda: teens spent more than $3 billion of their own money on soft drinks alone. Yet America's 27.8 million teenagers are merely the vanguard of a global 12-to-20 market that numbers nearly 1 billion youths. Moreover, this mass of teens, particularly in the developing nations of Asia and Latin America, are far more influenced by U.S. products and popular culture than by what their own countries have to offer.

More than their global peers, however, American teenagers share an inveterate cynicism about corporate messages. This explains why in the OK campaign, Coke has set up an 800 number to let drinkers sound off about the beverage, and thereby define it for themselves. In another understated, low-tech move, the company is mailing out chain letters in target markets that mock the outlandish claims that companies often make for their products. Some marketing experts are convinced that playing off this generation's angst is the wrong way in. "There's so much negativity around them, there are so many things to be bummed out about that they don't necessarily want to be reminded of that stuff," says one ad executive who spent the past 18 years studying adolescents. "Whether it's on the conscious or unconscious level, people are pushed away from it."

Coke argues that its understanding of teens is based on years of study, including the two-year Global Teenager program that employed graduate students from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The OK campaign is only the company's latest effort to extend its dominance over the world teen market: earlier this year, Coke launched its highly successful "Obey Your Thirst" campaign for Sprite, which also pointedly refuses to overpromise by suggesting that the drink will not produce beautiful women or athletic victories but only relieve a dry throat.

Even though Coca-Cola's soft drinks outsell those of its main rival, Pepsi, by more than 2 to 1 around the globe and Coke is the most popular single drink with teenagers, the company still wants to beef up its presence in carbonated drinks aimed specifically at teens. Pepsi's Mountain Dew, the most popular such beverage, owns 3.5% of the U.S. soft-drink market, compared with just 0.3% for Coke's citrus counterpart, Mello Yello.

"Coke is trying to take it all," says Larry Jabbonsky, editor of the trade journal Beverage World. "Traditionally, Coca-Cola and Pepsi have allowed smaller players to be the product innovators. Now Coke is becoming an innovator too."

The OK campaign was fine-tuned during a year of field study that confirmed...
Coke's impression that the current crop of teens suffer, along with their twentysomething elders, from an acute sense of diminished expectations. Like many other researchers, Coke saw that teens were concerned about violence, AIDS and getting jobs, all of which heightened their typical adolescent anxieties. "Economic prosperity is less available than it was for their parents. Even traditional rites of passage, such as sex, are fraught with life-or-death consequences," says Lanahan.

Armed with its findings, Coke set out to address the very real problems that teens face without seeming, on the surface at least, to exploit them. The OK trademark struck company marketers as the ideal solution. "It underpromises," says Lanahan. "It doesn't say, 'This is the next great thing.' It's the flip side of overclaiming, which is what teens perceive a lot of brands do." At the same time, the OK theme attempts to play into the sense of optimism that this generation retains. ("OK-ness," says a campaign slogan, "is the belief that, no matter what, things are going to be OK.") Nor does it hurt that, according to Coke, O.K. is the most widely known phrase around the world—followed by Coca-Cola.

All the rest of the campaign flows naturally from this studiedly unstudied, I'm-O.K.-you're-O.K. conceit. The same low-key approach animates the print and TV ads that Coke is rolling out in test markets this week. The major innovations in this battle for the teens:

**SPEAK UP SO WE CAN HEAR YOU.** To encourage youths to feel that Coke is on their side, the company set up a national hotline (1-800-I-Feel-OK) that lets callers hear recorded messages or speak their mind. Beside Pam's anti-OK rant, they can hear Dennis J. of Aurora, Colorado, saying, "Listen, I got something to say to you people. I think it's stupid that I can't say the word O.K. now. What, you own the words O.K. now? Yeah, I own the words. Have a nice day. All right?" Teens so inclined can also take a true-false "OK Personality Inventory" (Sample statement: "Sometimes people who feel OK don't deserve it") administered in ironic tones by a male voice.

The key to the call-ins—and to the entire campaign—is the notion of "coincidences," or odd things that supposedly have happened to people after drinking OK. A none-too-subtle spoof of ads that link romance or success to the consumption of a product, the coincidences are proving popular with teens. Said a caller from Arkansas: "I started drinking OK two days after my boyfriend and I broke up, and ever since I started drinking it, bad things happened to him. He even broke his leg. That's pretty good." Others have simply...
given their opinion of the drink, including a caller who asserted that "this stuff tastes like crap."

THE CHEEK IS IN THE MAIL.

Coke is also citing coincidences in chain letters that it began mailing two weeks ago to promote what it calls the "feeling of OK-ness." An obvious ploy for building word-of-mouth, the letter warns recipients not to break the chain but says they can keep it going simply by mailing it or showing it "to six close friends." Some of the fictitious coincidences sound Garrison Keilloresque. For example, "Paul S. of Grafton, North Dakota, followed the letter's instructions carefully. Within a week, he found his vocabulary had significantly increased. Within two weeks Paul was, in his own words, 'No longer shy.' And within a month, he'd appeared on nationally syndicated talk shows as an unlikely sex symbol." The letter concludes, "Whatever your problems, please remember: Things are going to be OK."

WHAT'S IN A CAN? The entire strategy behind the soda is embodied in its black-on-gray containers, which resemble post-office most-wanted pictures or underground comic strips more than typical soft-drink cans. There is not merely one design, moreover, but four. "We kept saying, 'God, we've got to come up with one package,"' Lanahan recalls. But when focus groups failed to agree on a single design out of the more than 50 versions offered, the marketers changed their mind. "One thing about this generation," says Lanahan, "they don't like to commit to one thing. They like to keep their options open."

The cans suggest a certain despondency and have nothing in common with upbeat images of pep rallies or senior proms. One can shows a blank-looking white teenager with a doleful gaze and bags beneath his eyes. To one side are panels of the GLOBAL REACH: Teens follow where America leads

Images from the OK campaign

These door decals show a world-weary teen "just being, just being OK"

Stickers say it relentlessly: It will be OK

capture the irony they live with," Lanahan says. "What we're trying to show with those symbols is someone who is just being, and just being OK." In an effort to broaden the product's appeal to nonwhite teens, another can shows no face at all, while a third depicts a primitives drawn red face without distinctive ethnic features.

With so much thought given to OK's slogans and packaging, what about the reddish-brown beverage itself? Coke says the flavor evolved from the fact that teens consume a variety of drinks that range from colas to lemon-lime. The company therefore concocted a new soda that would blend all these tastes into a single drink. And as with virtually everything else connected to the project, Coke arrived at the final flavor through extensive tests. (The company went so far as to list a soft-drink ingredient called ester gum as glycerol ester of wood rosin on the label, a more outdoorsy sound.)

Ultimately, teen reaction to this blend is what will make or break the product once Coke rolls it out across the U.S. this summer and takes it abroad toward the end of the year. So far, and perhaps in keeping with the generation's entrenched skepticism, two groups of Minnesota teenagers who participated in a Minneapolis focus group last Thursday showed little enthusiasm for the product at first taste. Both groups loved the 800 number and repeated-ly called it from the observation room. The first group of 15-to-17-year-olds eventually warmed up to OK. The group of 18-to-20-year-olds never warmed up at all. Given such initial coolness, Coke will have to hope that if teenagers swallow its cunning sales pitch, they will come around to guzzling the drink. —Reported by Massimo Calabresi and Jane Van Tassel/New York
HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE FEDERAL EXPRESS?
It's a potential football team in a new corporate league the CBS people have pinned to the drawing board. If this goes through, we will be rooting for the Union Carbides or the Meridian Bancorps, the Reynolds Metals or maybe even the Digital Equipments.

In auto racing, they plaster the cars with brand names and turn them into speeding billboards, but if companies get football teams, the fans will see 22 rampaging advertisements on every play. This will take the game back to its roots in the 1920s, when we had the Decatur Staleys, owned by Staley's starch company, which later became the Chicago Bears. There was the Oorang Indians, Jim Thorpe's team named for the Oorang Airedale Kennels. In Japan today there are many corporate teams, including the Nippon Ham Fighters, owned by a pork producer, but that's baseball. Back in our roots in the 1920s, when we had the Decatur Staleys, owned by a starch company, which later became the Chicago Bears.

A lot of fans like to complain about too much shill in sports, where even the scoreboard has a sponsor. As it stands, a relief pitcher in baseball can't enter the ninth inning without announcers mentioning Rolaids or the NYKEX "call to the bullpen." If this keeps up much longer, expectorating on the field will have a sponsor. But there's a good side to corporate ownership. It gives the fan a new way to enjoy the game: buying shares in the company that owns the team.

Right now, the N.F.L. opposes corporate ownership of teams, and until it changes the rule or the new league comes along, the best opportunities in share buying are in basketball, baseball and hockey. Paramount Communications (soon to merge with Viacom) owns the Knicks and the Rangers. Comcast owns the Denver Nuggets, and Disney has the Mighty Ducks of Anaheim, California.

For the price of a good seat at an Atlanta Braves game, you can buy a $17.50 share of Turner Broadcasting, which along with the cable and other stuff makes you the owner of 55¢ worth of the Braves and the Atlanta Hawks. For a $50 share of Anheuser-Busch, you get 35¢ worth of the Cardinals: and for a $60 share of the Tribune Co. in Chicago, you get $1.84 worth of the Cubs, not that you would want it, but some people are masochists. With Disney, your $42 gets you 9¢ worth of the Ducks.

These are only rough guesses, but what really matters is that buying a share puts you in partnership with the big shots. What comes out of your pocket when they raise the ticket prices can go back into your pocket if the stock price goes up. You can pay for your hot dogs with the dividends.

A pro team can be a huge potential moneymaker no matter how much crying you hear about selfish players who demand salaries greater than the GNP of small nations. For companies in the entertainment business, the idea is to end up with at least one pro franchise, plus the cable network to broadcast the games, the stadium with skyboxes and concessions, the movie rights and the foreign rights, and a shopping channel to sell the team memorabilia. They can put Pete Rose on there eight hours a day signing baseballs while they show film clips of his greatest hits, with a special ceremony when he breaks the record and pens his one millionth autograph.

As a shareholding fan you benefit not only from these multiple sources of team revenue (some of it yours to begin with) but also from a chance to "do something about it" if the team is having a lousy year. You can make your suggestions for improvement directly at the annual meeting of the corporation, the way a disgruntled fan did at the recent gathering of the Tribune Co.

The guy shows up wearing a license plate around his neck that reads, CUBS WIN! and a hat that says, Sox Suck! In the question-and-answer session he gets up to chide the management cheapskates for ruining Cub pitching. He's figured it out mathematically: "For less than 10¢ a share, you could have got three of the top pitchers in the game."

You will never have this chance with any of the N.F.L. teams or the baseball teams still owned by rich individuals, such as Gene Autry and his mediocre ball club, the California Angels, but what can disapproving fans do—stop watching Autry's old movies? If this were the Federal Expresses, the fans could switch to United Parcel, or DHL, or another delivery service and force the company into beefing up the lineup.

For the fans' sake, we need more teams selling shares directly to the public, the way the Green Bay Packers and the Boston Celtics did. Green Bay is a nonprofit organization, so owning a Packers share is like supporting the local museum. The Celtics is a limited partnership, the only team that trades on the New York Stock Exchange (nos).

When the Celtics first came out, at $18.50 a "unit" (another name for a share), the Boston papers scoffed and said it was a sucker play because the team was worth maybe $5 a unit at the time. But the fans are having the last scoff because all along they've got a 7% to 13% annual tax-sheltered distribution, and even without Larry Bird the value of the team is catching up to the original price.

A share of the Celtics has been better than money in the bank, and 90,000 unit holders can say the team belongs to them. Team officials once received a copy of a newspaper story about a Bostonian who got married in Ireland. The headline said: CELTICS OWNER WED AT BLARNEY STONE. They looked the guy up. He owned two units.
Fried Gene Tomatoes

After years of promises and protests, the era of genetically engineered food has finally begun

By PHILIP ELMER-DWITT

Scientists have been talking about producing better foods through genetic engineering ever since the technology first became available, more than 20 years ago. By mixing and matching bits of DNA—cutting a gene from one kind of organism and pasting it into another—they hoped to make new, improved plants and animals. Over the years they’ve put corn genes in rice, trout genes in catfish, chicken genes in potatoes, even firefly genes in tobacco (yielding a plant that actually glowed in the dark).

A few years ago, Department of Agriculture researchers tried to produce leaner pork by splicing a human gene into a pig embryo. What they got was a cross-eyed porker with crippling arthritis and a strangely wrinkled face.

Now, after decades of biotech setbacks and controversy, consumers finally have something they can sink their teeth into. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) last week endorsed as safe the first genetically altered food to be sold to consumers—a tomato called the Flavr Savr and billed as offering “summertime taste” all year long. Calgene, the Davis, California-based company that produced Flavr Savr (and came up with that silly name), says its new tomato will appear in selected supermarkets in California and the Midwest this week and should be available across the rest of the country before the end of the year.

The biotech industry immediately hailed the government’s decision as the breakthrough it had been waiting for. “This is a real shot in the arm,” says Roger Salquist, Calgene’s chief executive officer. “It validates the company’s science.” Jim McCamant, editor of AgBioTech Stock Letter, agrees: “This removes the clouds and proves that agricultural biotechnology is going to make a major contribution to the food we eat over the next 20 years.”

The gene splicers have shown no shortage of imagination. Products in the pipeline include chickens that grow faster on less feed, snap peas that stay sweeter longer, bell peppers with fewer seeds and longer shelf life, pineapples that ripen more uniformly, squash and cucumbers that need less water, corn that requires fewer pesticides and herbicides, grains that have more protein, vegetable oils that are lower in saturated fat, coffee beans that have less caffeine, French fries that absorb less cooking oil and kidney beans that don’t cause flatulence.

Behind all these products is the same basic technology. A new gene is introduced (or an existing gene is suppressed) in a tissue culture in the hope that any resulting plants or animals will gain (or lose) the trait in question. Conventional plant and animal breeders might get the same outcome, but they often have to wait for several generations to mature and reproduce, and their techniques are more hit-and-miss. In the case of Calgene’s new product, scientists zeroed in on a gene associated with an enzyme that makes the tomato rot. Then they reversed the effects, ensuring that the tomato stays fresher longer.

It was an inspired choice for

WHAT’S IN THE WORKS

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<td>Resist viruses</td>
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Sources: Dan T. Cowden, Scientists: AgBioTech Stock Letter; Monsanto.
Calgene's bioengineers. There is a huge gulf between the taste of fresh, garden-grown tomatoes and the tasteless, pulpy, tomato-like objects sold out of season in most U.S. supermarkets. Tomatoes don't travel well; to transport them cross-country, producers pick them while they are still green. To make matters worse, tomato middlemen often store the green tomatoes for weeks in refrigerator trucks, holding out for the best price. Then, just before they are sold, the tomatoes are gassed with ethylene to make them red. Even so, U.S. consumers buy $4 billion worth of tomatoes each year, and they may gladly pay a premium for one that is not picked prematurely. Calgene says its tomato can stay on the vine and ripen longer than ordinary varieties and stay fresh several days longer once it's on the grocery shelf.

But the new tomato is also a fat target for critics of biotechnology, who believe that the controls over genetic engineering should be especially tight for anything that people ingest. Calgene submitted the Flavr Savr for FDA approval and plans to post brochures in grocery stores explaining how the tomatoes were produced through genetic engineering, even though the law doesn't require either of those actions. Nonetheless, the company finds itself the target of “tomato-squashing” protests organized by the Pure Food Campaign, a Washington-based group headed by long-time biotech opponent Jeremy Rifkin. “The middle class is moving in the direction of organic, healthy, sustainable foods,” says Rifkin. “The last thing they want to hear about is gene-spliced tomatoes.” Rifkin and other critics fault the FDA for not requiring producers to notify the government before they bring bioengineered foods to market.

He concedes, however, that the Flavr Savr may be safe. It could even be safer than conventionally bred tomatoes, says Carl Winter, director of the independent, university-funded FoodSafe Program at the University of California at Davis. According to Winter, “modern genetic engineering techniques have less risk of undesirable traits than conventional breeding.” Hybrid potatoes, for example, are tested for elevated levels of alkaloids, which in high enough concentrations can be toxic. Consumers will probably be more worried about a different set of issues, like how Flavr Savr will taste and whether it will be worth the high prices (up to $2.50 per lb.) that Calgene is expected to charge. Alice Waters, chef and owner of Berkeley's famous Chez Panisse restaurant, and by her own description a “big, big tomato lover,” sampled a Flavr Savr and decided it “tasted like a seasonally ripe commercial tomato. Not bad,” she says, but not good enough for the diners at Chez Panisse.

**SCIENCE**

**Hula Hoops in Space**

The sharp-eyed Hubble telescope spots a strange phenomenon that may help explain how stars die

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

ASTRONOMERS ARE USED TO FINDING: all kinds of wild things in outer space—black holes, colliding galaxies, stars spinning hundreds of times a second, even a 21-piece comet now on its way to smashing into Jupiter. Still, the giant glowing hoops that showed up in a Hubble Space Telescope picture released last week prompted veteran sky watchers to chatter like awestruck kids. “It’s bizarre,” said Christopher Burrows of the Space Telescope Science Institute in Baltimore, Maryland. “It’s the neatest thing I’ve ever seen.”

It’s also among the most puzzling. Two huge hoops—each a few light-years in diameter—and a brighter, smaller ring are surrounding the site of a supernova, an exploding star whose violent death was recorded by astronomers in 1987. For millennia before the blast, Burrows and his colleagues believe, the terminally ill star had been gushing out great volumes of gas, which formed an hourglass-shape “bubble.” (The bubble would ordinarily have been spherical, except that the gas around its equator was especially thick and slow-moving and thus stayed relatively close to the supernova.) Then, when the star blew up, the flash of light made the gas glow. Most of the bubble is shining too faintly to be seen at all, but the small central ring is made of dense gas that is unusually bright.

Burrows is less confident about his explanation for the fainter, outer hoops. Right next to the shining supernova is a very faint object that may be a tightly compacted neutron star, the remains of an earlier supernova explosion. If so, it could, like other neutron stars, be spewing out twin beams of fast-moving particles. The particles, slamming into the hourglass-shape gas cloud, could have created rings that glowed more brightly after the more recent supernova went off.

Other astronomers aren’t entirely convinced by this hypothesis, and Burrows admits that he’s “going to have to keep watching it for a while to figure out what is really going on.” Whether he is right or wrong, studies of the rings could eventually provide important clues about how stars die. One thing for sure: these stellar performers can go out with bangs that leave brilliant and lasting marks on the cosmos.

**COSMIC CONUNDRUM:** It’s no surprise that a supernova, center, is lighting up surrounding gases. What’s bizarre is that the glow appears as three rings that are light-years in diameter.
CLASSICAL DESIGN doesn't have to mean stuffy design. The Acura Legend Coupe LS is proof. Its sinuous lines are as much a treat to the eyes as the whisper-quiet, leather- and walnut-trimmed interior is to all the other senses. While the 230 horses generated by a light, responsive, all-aluminum
engine arouse some entirely different sensations. All of which demonstrates very clearly that classical design doesn’t have to mean dull design. It simply means it’s not going to be out of fashion in a season. Or even a decade. Or in some cases, ever.

SOME THINGS ARE WORTH THE PRICE
Made-from-TVM

From Maverick and The Flintstones to Gomer Pyle and Mission: Impossible, rerun
By RICHARD CORLISS

IF WHAT YOU’RE ABOUT TO READ doesn’t make you sick at heart about creativity in Hollywood, then you may as well queue up now for that future film smash, Love Connection: The Movie.

Well, all right, perhaps we are overreacting. Perhaps it is just the seasonal malaise that afflicts film critics, but not moviegoers, as we anticipate the pack mentality of Hollywood that in summer always produces a few hot-weather hits but many more dog-day dogs—worse, the same breed of dog. This is the season when studio bosses roll out their biggest theories as to what genre the audience will consume in mass quantities. In 1991, action adventure; ’92, comedy; ’93, kid stuff. And now Naked Trend 4: TV shows turned into movies.

Hollywood’s summer officially began last weekend with the box-office sure thing Maverick, starring Mel Gibson, Jodie Foster and the lead from the ’60s TV version, old Bret (or was it Bart?) Maverick himself, James Garner. This week a live-action take on The Flintstones debuts, with John Goodman and Elizabeth Perkins as Fred and Wilma Flintstone and Rick Moranis and Rosie O’Donnell as Barney and Betty Rubble. Later this summer, Lassie will bark her way back into your heart, and Wyatt Earp will gallop across the wide screen. The Little Rascals, based on the old movie shorts that have become continually rerun TV artifacts, arrives in August. Then summer’s end brings It’s Pat, a Saturday Night Live spin-off.

And the projects just keep on coming, as studios ransack America’s collective subliterature unconscious for new hits from old shows: American Gladiators (with Cliffhanger’s Renny Harlin producing); Ben (about $12 million) version of The Brady Bunch, and he will spell it out in numbers: “The risk factor isn’t high. It will get a decent opening weekend, at worst, and do well in home video. Nobody gets hurt, and there is a huge upside if it works.”

Other numbers—North American box-office grosses—speak for themselves. Six Star Trek movies: $450 million. Three Naked Gun farces from the short-lived ’80s series Police Squad: $200 million. Two episodes of Wayne’s World spun out of an SNL skit: $170 million. Two of The Addams Family features: $160 million. Toss in a few movie series based on TV shows based on comic books—two Batman ($410 million), four Superman ($400 million) and three Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles movies ($250 million)—and you have a portfolio that could make any film studio healthy now and for years to come. “The genre has enormous crossover appeal,” says producer David Permut. “You’re getting people who fondly remember the show, plus a whole younger generation who may know it through syndicated reruns.”

Movies have been fleecing from television (as they earlier did from radio programs) since the medium’s infancy, but for decades the source materials were mainly one-shot plays or marginal TV fare. In 1955, Marty, a faithful rendering of Paddy Chayefsky’s drama, was a critical success that won the Oscar for best picture, and Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier, a casting of three episodes of a Disney-TV western, was a surprise box-office hit. For a few more years, television’s prized anthology series, like Broadway, continued to spawn serious films: The Bachelor Party, Requiem for a Heavyweight, Days of Wine and Roses. A dormant period was broken in the late 1970s when the TV transfers showed a bit of new life with Star Trek: The Motion Picture; The Blues Brothers (first of the SNL films); and The Muppet Movie (from Jim Henson’s syndicated menagerie). Despite this activity, though, it still had not really occurred to anyone to make movies based on echt prime-time materials.

Last week somebody came into my office pitching the Baldwin brothers as My Three Sons."

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TIME, MAY 30, 1994
The defining moment for the made-from-TV movie—a secular equivalent of Saul struck blind on the road to Damascus—came one night in the mid-1980s. Producer Permut was channel surfing. "I saw an old rerun of Dragnet," he recalls, "and two stations away, a rerun of Saturday Night Live with Dan Aykroyd." Permut's Dragnet, with Aykroyd and Tom Hanks, became a hit in the summer of 1987 (another moneymaker that season was The Untouchables, with Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness). "Since then," Permut says, "I've been brought just about every TV show imaginable. Last week somebody came into my office pitching Costner as Eliot Ness). "Since then," Permut says, "I've been brought just about every TV show imaginable. Last week somebody came into my office pitching the Baldwin brothers as My Three Sons."

Permut helped set up The Beverly Hillbillies, and is now preparing Green Acres, National Lampoon's Love Boat and Gilligan's Island—films with simple aims and B-list directors. "I'm not going to be talking with Marty Scurose about Love Boat," Permut says.

Justifications for the genre range from nostalgia to mythmaking. "Why do 40-year-old guys buy '66 Corvettes?" asks producer John Davis, who is developing Gentle Ben and The Riffleman. "Because they always loved the car but couldn't afford one when they were teenagers. They're reliving their childhood. It's the same thing with these films." Producer Paula Wagner, who is developing a big-budget update of Mission: Impossible, says further. "Television has become our contemporary mythology," she says. Making her case for Mission: Impossible, Wagner notes that Shakespeare based his plays on Plutarch's Lives. "The source material may add depth and richness, but ultimately the source is irrelevant. What matters is the quality of the film."

No one, you'll notice, mentions the quality of the original show. A TV series that made its mark with daring subject matter, top ensemble acting or brilliant writing offers little to the TV-to-movie grave robbers. Their motto might be "Why the best?" So from the '60s, the

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**Maverick Is Painless; The Flintstones Is Fun**

Either of the two brand-new, big-budget, TV-derived summer movies will do you any harm, and one actually succeeds pretty well. The best (and worst) you can say about Maverick is that it does the job—it allows you to spend a perfectly agreeable evening without feeling completely stupid or totally conned. The film offers us Mel Gibson as a new Bret Maverick, the Western gambler, as well as the old TV Maverick, James Garner, now playing a wry frontier sheriff. These two guys can make you smile contentedly even when the script is wandering and they're just sort of standing around waiting for its next good part to develop. Jodie Foster has to work harder as a gambling lady who exists mostly to bicker with Bret, but she's game.

The story is nothing much: Maverick trying to round up the money to enter a high-stakes poker game before it starts. Writer William Goldman (Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid) and director Richard Donner (the Lethal Weapon series) both seem to understand that the TV Maverick offered tingly satirical relief from the other Western programs of the day, which took themselves so seriously. If the filmmakers lose the show's sharpness by converting it to the large screen with broad gestures, they can live with it. Doubtless all the rest of us can too.

The Flintstones fares better than Maverick. In Bedrock the finest restaurant is the Cavern on the Green. Down at the drive-in they're playing Star Wars. People talk about spending a relaxing week in Rocaupulco. Puns may be the lowest form of humor, but in this movie such wordplay is the only possible accompaniment for the pictureplay that runs throughout this merry story of "a modern Stone Age famil-ee": newspapers carved in stone; cars powered by feet; prehistoric creatures employed as primitive, parodic versions of contemporary labor-saving devices (dinosaurs are adapted to be lawn mowers, garbage disposals, even a bowling-alley pinsetter). Yes, it's business as it usually was on the old animated TV show. But nothing has been lost—or worse, inflated out of proportion—in translating the program to the big screen in a live-action version whose story, believe it or not, takes up white-collar crime, technology-induced unemployment and even the homeless.

John Goodman and Elizabeth Perkins as the eponymous heads of household, Rick Moranis and Rosie O'Donnell as the Rubbles, and Elizabeth Taylor, who plays Fred's insulting, overbearing mother-in-law, all tread a nice, comically persuasive line between caricature and naturalism under Brian Levant's direction. And while more than 30 writers worked on the screenplay and untold numbers labored to re-create the ambiance and effects that the animators once tossed off with a few squiggles of their pencils, The Flintstones doesn't feel overcalculated, overproduced or overthought. Nor, however, is it aimed solely at "the young and the thumbless" (to borrow the name of Bedrock's favorite soap opera). Once again, prehistory has been good to the film's producer, billed here as Steven Spielberg.

—By Richard Schickel
There are no sacred cows in television," Donner, who has had his share of series close to creative exhaustion. —Reported by

The album's title refers to a British parliamentary procedure that divides the House of Commons into two opposing camps and also alludes to the rift between Gilmour and bassist Roger Waters, who left Pink Floyd in 1985. It was Waters who in the early 1970s masterminded the band's transformation from an acid-rock act into a sleek, shadowy outfit that used high-tech wizardry and mordant humor to skewer greedy capitalists, warmongering generals and—most evil of all—nasty headmasters. With Waters as its leader, Pink Floyd became famous for its surrealistic, multimedia concerts, culminating with the tour for the band's 1980 album The Wall. Those shows were extravaganzas that ended with a 30-ft.-tall wall of erasatz bricks crashing down on the stage.

Four years later, Waters' decision to leave Pink Floyd triggered a battle over the legal rights to the group's name. Waters lost, and Gilmour, keyboardist Rick Wright and drummer Nick Mason carried on as Pink Floyd and released 1987's A Momentary Lapse of Reason, an album that managed to relaunch the group's trademark sound. Waters, who feels betrayed by his old mates, still holds a grudge. Gilmour is more conciliatory. A sense of wounded wistfulness crops up repeatedly in The Division Bell. "So I open my door to my enemies," Gilmour laments on Lost for Words. "And I ask could we wipe the slate clean? But they tell me to please go f--- myself/ You know you just can't win."

Of course, even without Waters, the current album is selling well, and fans have bought more than 3 million tickets for Pink Floyd's current U.S. tour. The 16-year-olds at those concerts—eager like so many 16-year-olds before them to hear such alienated anthems as Money and Another Brick in the Wall—may be too young to notice or care about Waters' absence. In pop music, inertia and a name can carry you a long way; with The Division Bell, Pink Floyd is trying to discover just how far.
Seeing the Face in the Fire

Though it omits sculpture and drawing, a De Kooning retrospective proves his genius once again

By ROBERT HUGHES

WILLEM DE KOONING, WHOM many would call America’s greatest living painter, was 43 when he had his first one-man show and today, at 90, with his painting career finished by senility, he has still not had an adequate museum retrospective. The last attempt at such a show was staged at the Whitney Museum in New York City 10 years ago. It was a bust because so many of De Kooning’s key paintings from the ’40s and ’50s were not lent. The show titled “Willem de Kooning Paintings,” which opened this month at the National Gallery in Washington—it will go to New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art in October, and later to the Tate Gallery in London—is not a real retrospective either. It leaves out both the worst of De Kooning, his sculpture, and some of the best, his drawings. But it does have quite a few of the paintings that were missing from the effort 10 years ago and is certainly a must-see for that reason.

De Kooning is probably the most bidival painter America has ever had. One sees him as the consummate anti-Duchamp, a permanent relief from over-theorized art, a man so in touch with the sources of his pictorial pleasure (the body of paint and the body of the world) that he can render you dizzy with exhilaration. This isn’t dumbness but a particular form of sensory intelligence that has always been rare in American art and came, in this case, from outside it. De Kooning arrived in the U.S. as an illegal immigrant from Rotterdam in 1926. He was a gifted draftsman who had already achieved a high level of academic training. But he gradually learned to connect that to a modernist syntax, fusing the line of Ingres and the fragmentation of the antique torso to 1930s Picasso and his American derivatives like Arshile Gorky. Seated Figure (Classic Male), 1940, shows the early stage of this process to perfection. The forms through which De Kooning reached abstraction were always connected to an earlier kind of abstraction, that of academic drawing.

If one were forced to pick the best single picture De Kooning ever painted, it would probably have to be Excavation, 1950: that tangled, not-quite monochrome, dirty-cream image of—what? Bodies is the short answer: every one of the countless forms that seem embedded in the paint, jostling and slipping against one another in a tempo that seems to get faster toward the corners, can be read as an elbow, a thigh, a buttock, but never quite literally. There is even a set of floating teeth—the dentures the Women would soon be sporting.

De Kooning’s characteristically hooked, recurving line takes on an invigorating speed, charging and skidding through the dense paint, slits open with the promise of spatial depth, only to shut again. The only relief from the close churning of forms is a curious “window” at the middle of the painting—red, white and blue—that looks like a blurred Amer-
ian flag. The work's space is not deep, as the title might suggest, but shallow, like a bas-relief. You keep expecting the image to fly apart into formal incoherence, but it never does: it has the kind of control you see in great drivers or skaters, a supple rigor that seems to exist only on the edge of its own dissolution. One is tempted to say that Excavation is the last great Cubist painting, 30 years after Cubism petered out. All of De Kooning's relation to Picasso is in it.

Marla Prather's catalog essay provides the intriguing gloss that the genesis of Excavation began with a black-and-white film, Bitter Rice, a classic of Italian neorealist cinema, starring Silvana Mangano as a rice gatherer in the Po Delta; evidently De Kooning "responded" (as what red-blooded Dutch-American artist of 46 might not?) to a sequence of peasant women in tight shorts mud-wrestling in the paddies. If true, this tale illustrates clearly how De Kooning never conceived of painting as a purely Apollo- nian art: fragments of pop culture—movies, ads, the immense bric-a-brac of the American desire industry—were always sailing into his images and sticking there, like bugs on a windshield.

The extreme "reductionist" view of De Kooning's career, held by Clement Greenberg and maintained by some critics today, is that after 1950 it went kerflooie. Like Western civilization itself, as his friend and chief critical promoter Harold Rosenberg sardonically remarked, De Kooning was always in decline. This katabasis is supposed to have begun in the early 50s, with the Women series. Greenberg is said to have opined to De Kooning that at this juncture in history (meaning 40 years ago), you can't paint a human face. Sure, said the painter, and you can't not paint one either—meaning, by this laconic koan, that no matter how abstract you get, people will always tend to read images in the work, like seeing faces in the fire. So why not come right out with the figure? At least it might save the abstractions from gliding into decoration, losing their crankiness and urgency, which was, indeed, what New York abstract painting did when lyric acrylic on unprimed duck became all the rage in the 1960s.

Abstract Expressionism—in the hands of its two masters, Pollock and De Kooning, at least—had a way of disappointing the critics who wanted it to be more abstract than it was. Just as Pollock's all-over paintings wouldn't be so great if they weren't landscapes, full of wind and weather, light and pollen, so De Kooning's work benefited from the grand ghosts of Dutch baroque figure painting, who kept jolting the artist's elbow.

The pupils of Woman I, 1950-1952, glare at you like a pair of black head lamps. She has the worst overbite in all of Western art. She looks like a school matron, seen in a bad dream, imposing and commonplace, and full of a power that flows from the slashing brushstrokes into the body. De Kooning—the "slipping glimpsers," as he called himself, open to a constant stream of momentary impressions—loved contradictory vernaculars, visual slang that collided with the huge amount of high-art language that he had internalized since his student days in the Dutch academy. Smiles from Camel ads; shoulders from Ingres; pinup girls and Raphael's The School of Athens; high and low, everywhere. It was his mode of reception, never intellectualized but often extremely funny.

By the late 1950s, De Kooning was surrounded by imitators; there was a "look," a gestural rhetoric fatally easy to mimic, that they got from him and reduced to parody. (The artists who would really make something of his legacy were not in New York but in California: Richard Diebenkorn and Wayne Thiebaud.) Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns reacted against him, sons against the parent, but Rauschenberg's now classic Oedipal gesture of rubbing out a De Kooning drawing could not erase the ob-
vicious fact that the paint in his combine-pictures came straight out of the older Dutch master, drips, clots and all.

Such things make an artist feel old. As his followers were becoming more prominent, De Kooning was easing himself out of Manhattan, spending more and more time on the South Fork of Long Island. The flat potato fields, beaches and glittering air of that tongue of land must often have reminded him of the Dutch seacoast, but what mattered most to his sense of getting there, being driven up Route 495—fast movement through unrolling American highway space. Hence the road images of 1957-1958, in which the full-reach, broad-brush speed of the paint becomes a headlong road movie, analogous to Jack Kerouac’s writing (though without its hectoring blither) or the photographs of De Kooning’s friend Robert Frank. See America now! And you do—in abstraction; you feel its rush and tonic vitality in the toppling blue strokes of Ruth’s Zone, 1957, which echo Franz Kline’s big-girder structures but lose them into a pastoral context.

What De Kooning found at the end of this highway, however, when he moved permanently to Long Island in 1963, was mostly suds and mayonnaise. The long series of pink squidy pictures—landscapes, nudes splayed like frogs in memory of Dubuffet, and female clam diggers—that issued from his studio over the next 15 years was lush and trivial. The drawing is submerged in weak, declamatory, wailing brushstrokes; the color—mostly pink—is bright and boring. Yet you could never write De Kooning off. He came back in the late ’70s with some big, rapturously congested landscape-body images with a deeper tonal structure that, though they do not support the comparisons to late Monet, Renoir. Bonnard “and, of course, Titian” that David Sylvester makes in his catalog essay, certainly confirm that the movement of De Kooning’s talent was not on-off, but ebb and flow.

Then came the thin, pale, intensely lyrical paintings of the early ’80s, which spin away the congestion altogether, and for a few years recapitulate the graphic intensity of his work in the 1940s, but in terms of an almost Chinese delicacy, in the colors of famille-rose porcelain. Looking at them is like seeing an old man’s veins through his skin: the abiding network of the style is set forth, but in its last physical form.
HE PURVEYORS OF POPULAR CULTURE have turned the 1970s into the decade of the moment. Fashion has reprised platform shoes, Pumas and bell-bottoms. Movies, TV shows and magazines marketed to the children of those taste-free years revel in their endless allusions to the Bradys and the Partridges.

More than any one character, it is the decade of the '70s itself that serves as the focus of Rick Moody's deft second novel, The Ice Storm (Little, Brown; 279 pages; $19.95). The story of the Hood family is set in 1973, by which time, as Moody writes, "the Summer of Love had migrated, in its drug-resistant strain, to the Connecticut suburbs five years after its initial introduction." In this new era of shag carpets and social upheaval, the Hoods and other New Canaan families have exchanged Chippendale propriety for Naugahyde and wife swapping.

The Hoods are a troubled lot. Father Benjamin is a securities analyst always drunk, always cheating. His wife Elena is too obsessed with herself, the I Ching and the writings of Masters and Johnson to offer the teenage Paul and Wendy any semblance of stability. In turn, the children, pained and neglected, seek comfort in Seconal and promiscuity.

While the problems of the Hoods are unrelenting, Moody recounts them with a detachment that sets the novel apart from those darker chronicles of New England suburban misery, the works of John Cheever and Richard Yates. Moody is a stylishly clever writer, but by making one too many references to Match Game and eight-track tapes, he undercuts the struggle and pathos of his characters. Nevertheless, we sense that somewhere today in New York or Los Angeles or Washington, mid-thirtyish Paul and Wendy are paying big therapy bills.
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**Televisedly Incorrect**

Bill Maher and Dennis Miller are reviving political satire

By Richard Zoglin

As the wise-guy anchor of Weekend Update for six years on Saturday Night Live, Dennis Miller came across as a smug, overage frat boy. Now, sporting a full beard and a fresh dose of righteous zeal, he's the angry prophet of the airwaves—Howard Beale with a bottle of Evian. On his new late-night HBO show, Miller delivers well-tuned rants on topics like the cult of celebrity. "Michael Jackson," he fumes, "one of the five weirdest people on the planet earth—and the other four are his brothers. And while we're on the subject, why do I even know Tito Jackson's name, for Christ's sake? ... The irony of Andy Warhol's statement is that many of our present-day celebrities can't even fill the 15 folks. And we don't seem to mind."

Bill Maher, by contrast, has folksy good looks and a silky, matter-of-fact delivery that owes more to Jack Benny than to Rush Limbaugh. Yet what other current comedian looks for humor in the sagt talks and China's most-favored-nation trading status? That's just what Maher does on Politically Incorrect, his Comedy Central show that features the most eclectic political round tables on TV. Maher has mediated between Harvey Fierstein and ex-Mayor of Washington Marion Barry; brought Martin Short together with Jimmy Breslin; made Tom Hayden lighten up and Corbin Bernsen look smart. All without causing the viewer to feel like a sleaze for watching.

In an era when most comedians are too cool to care, here's an odd twist: the two best stand-up comics on TV are the ones who have ventured most boldly into the political arena. Not the easy-to-take, nonpartisan "topicality" of Leno and Letterman, but informed, savvy, opinionated comedy about real issues. Maher is rarely so up front or over the top with his opinions, though some subjects set him off. He thinks, for example, that the antismoking campaign has gone too far. "Here in New York City, they're getting very huffy about secondhand smoke," he says. "I'm a little more worried about secondhand bullets." More typically, he serves up deflating punch lines that provide commentary only obliquely. On gangster rappers toting guns: "It's nice to see for once a celebrity actually using the product they endorse." On '70s chic: "Will Americans get nostalgic for anything, or is there something redeeming about Barry White that we missed the first time?"

Much of Maher's material, both on Politically Incorrect and in his frequent, funny bits on Leno's Tonight Show, has an absurdist playfulness. He knows a doctor so specialized that "he only operates on the wazoo." To pay for universal health care, he suggests, "wouldn't it be easier if everybody would just examine the person to your left?" Despite its sprung logic, though, Maher's work is still satire, sneaker than Miller's but just as potent. "We will strive," said Miller on his first show, "to be in the vanguard of the movement to irresponsibly blur the line between news and entertainment." Finally, two comedians who actually know the difference.
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Confessions of an Ex-Model

Before she was ANDIE MACDOWELL beguiling leading lady, she was Andie MacDowell pressured supermodel. In an interview appearing in the June issue of the British magazine Tatler, the star of Four Weddings and a Funeral says she took dangerous measures to keep her weight down during her Vogue cover days. "I admit I did diet pills and cocaine to keep thin," she says. The actress is concerned about how her young counterparts are staying slim. "When I see those girls modeling today, I'm really worried about them," she says. "I know what it was like to be as thin as they are now, and I'm sure some of those girls are doing heroin."

A Very High-Style Altruist

Few would expect a romantically unattached princess to skimp on her personal-grooming expenses. But according to reports in the British tabloids, PRINCESS DIANA has amassed fashion and beauty bills that would make the whole well-kempt principality of Monaco wince. The high-maintenance royal is said to spend $240,000 a year on hairdressers, clothes, skin-care products and New Age wellness treatments like aromatherapy. But don't think she is completely self-obsessed. Seeing a vagrant drowning in the pond of a park recently, Diana had her chauffeur call for help. She has since visited the man twice in the hospital.

Headed for a Different Court

JENNIFER CAPRIATI's girlish spunkiness seemed a distant memory last week when she was arrested in a Florida motel room for possession of marijuana. Once the sixth-ranked woman tennis player in the world, Capriati, 18, was found partying with worrisomely low-rent companions. Two other revelers returned to the motel in Capriati's car while the police were searching her room—one was arrested for possession of crack, the other for heroin possession. Capriati, who temporarily retired from competition last fall, is entering a drug-treatment program.
ESSAY

Lance Morrow

The Stylishness of Her Privacy

VACLAV HAVEL WAS TALKING ABOUT THE MOUTH-breathing heavies who ran Czechoslovakia during the communist years.

One of the worst things about them, Havel said indignantly, was their awful taste. Havel gestured around a sitting room in his presidential residence in Prague. The room was handsomely simple and bathed in morning sunlight. "This was hideous when they were here," he said. "The furniture, the curtains. . . ." Bad taste, he suggested, corrupts government.

I thought of Havel's idea when Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis died, and wondered what it is that good taste does.

In Havel's mind, brutality, stupidity and kitsch all belonged to the same local gang: dead-drunk communists and evil smells, ghastly heavy velvet drapes and torture. Havel's formula was a variation on Stendhal's rule: "Bad taste leads to crimes."

It depends, of course: Bad taste in what? There were Nazis who came home from work at Auschwitz and listened to Mozart. An elegant emperor may also be a sadist or an idiot or a weakling. If good taste were the qualification for leadership, the greatest Presidents might be interior decorators.

I am not sure about the bad-taste rule as it applies to styles of government, except in the way that it points to a sometimes desirable elegance of leaderly thought, or might remind Americans of a President long ago who designed his own house at Monticello.

But surely Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis proved something about the rules of good and bad taste as they apply to that strange and sometimes rotten religion of the late 20th century—celebrity. It is a religion that, as she knew as well as anyone, demands human sacrifice. Somehow, she managed to escape. And the escape was the most stylish and elegant part of her life.

Young Mrs. Kennedy, in her early 30s, in the pillbox hat, or the bloody pink suit, or the black veil, became one of the ur-divinities of the paleotelevision age. By the time she died, she was still arguably the most famous woman on earth. Who else—Madonna? Princess Di? (The falloff in quality is steep.)

It may seem an odd way of appreciating Jacqueline Kennedy, but think for a moment what she might have been had she possessed a different character. And, for that matter, what her children might have become, given their fame, their money, their trauma—their excuse. Instead, she was what she was, and they are, admirably, one gathers, what they are, thanks to their father—and you must really protect the privacy of me and my children.

She was a civilized woman (John Kennedy was about half-civilized). Her civilized quality derived in large part from her insistence that her life belonged to her and her children. It is hard enough for a celebrity to be sane; fame is a distorting, corrupting and even psychotic environment. People in a healthy community gossip about people they know. It must disturb something in human nature to gossip so addictedly about people one doesn't know—all of those brightly painted, artificial familiars.

Jacqueline Onassis was clearly a sane woman. She kept a seemly silence. And for all the fragility she may have suggested in the big, round sunglasses and the head scarf, she wore some inner armor; she possessed an eerie talent (a strategy of self-protection well known to those who handle dangerous animals) to make herself disappear, to dematerialize. If you saw her on the street, she would seem to abstract herself out of public attention, a kind of elegant vanishing. She would be, as she finally is now . . . elsewhere.
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