THE WAR ON Welfare Mothers

Reform may put them to work, but will it discourage illegitimacy?
Year one.
You drive it to the family picnic. Your brother turns green.

Year two.
Your parents visit. They see your Civic, and ask how much you're pulling in these days.
You see your boss driving a new Civic.

Year three.
A stranger at the market asks you how you like your new Civic. You tell him it's two years old.
You accidentally bump into the garage door. No damage to the car.
You bring in your Civic for scheduled maintenance. (Although it didn't seem to need it. It's running great.)

Year four.
You buy a new VCR. You wish Honda made one.
You see your new boss in a Civic.
You get new wipers.
You move to the other coast. Your family flies. You drive.

© 1985 American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Your experience may vary.
Year five.

The bank sends you the title.

You drive your dog to the vet. He falls asleep.

You think about a new car. For about two seconds.

Year six.

You vacuum out the car. You are $2.37 and one golf ball richer.

You go fishing. Even on a bumpy road, you hear no rattles.

Year seven.

You let your daughter borrow the car. Her friends stop looking at you funny.

You buy a new bird bath, and fold down the rear seat to get it home.

For Father’s Day, your son gives you a cassette of your favorite band. You sit in the Civic for two hours.

Year eight.

Your Honda dealer says you’ve taken very nice care of your car.

You drive to a ski resort and pass eleven stuck cars. And one stuck truck.

You fill up with gas. (Hey, it’s been a couple of weeks.)

You decide to trade in your Civic and buy a new one.

You buy a new Civic. This time, you decide on blue.

The Civic
A Car Ahead

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TO OUR READERS

There are plenty of cartoonists satirizing the Washington political scene. But none do it with the singular blend of whimsy and insight of Mark Alan Stamaty, whose cartoon strip Washington has appeared in scores of newspapers across the country for more than a decade. With this issue, Stamaty brings Washington exclusively to TIME, where it will appear each week in the Chronicles section. “Mark’s arrival is a natural step for us,” says Chronicles editor Bruce Handy. “The section already looks at news from a 90° angle. And TIME has long nurtured the individual voices of essayists and columnists.”

An equal-opportunity lampoonist, Stamaty, 46, joyfully skewers both ends of the political spectrum and all points in between. His best-known character, Bob Forehead, is an earnest, airheaded Congressman who resembles John F. Kennedy, spouts conservative shibboleths and has seldom had a thought that didn’t come straight from his political handlers.

Stamaty, whose mother and father were both cartoonists, grew up in Elberon, New Jersey, and “always kind of knew I would be an artist and a writer, except when I was 14 and wanted to be a baseball player.” That aberration passed, and Stamaty went on to earn a fine-arts degree from Cooper Union in New York City. After illustrating several children’s books in the 1970s, he produced comic strips for the Village Voice in New York. In 1981 he started Washington in the Voice and the Washington Post, which eventually syndicated the strip nationally. He has since published two book-length collections of Washington and has seen it become the basis for a cable-TV series in the 1980s.

Stamaty regards his job as “watching the political landscape as it goes by and trying to see it fresh each time.” A veteran of the campaign trail, he also travels widely between elections, soaking up sights, sounds and information at venues as varied as health-care seminars and conventions of defense contractors.

He is particularly intrigued by what he considers to be the gulf between perception and reality in Washington. Into this cauldron rush pompous politicians who in Stamaty’s world are invariably filled with sound and fury that only add to the confusion. The business of government, Stamaty says, “is so massive and complex that our public dialogue often gets boiled down to an absurd and insufficiency shorthand.” That being the case, we invite you to laugh—and to groan—along with him.

Lyseck Vlach Long
President

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America's First Lady

"We mourn the loss of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis' grace in this graceless society."

Stu Koblenz
Columbus, Ohio

YOUR EXCELLENT COVERAGE OF THE LIFE and times of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis [COVER STORIES, May 30] captured the spirit of an outstanding woman. She was a reference point for courage and dignity. When our dreams lay shattered in the dust following the horror of Dallas, she carried us through the dark days that followed. Jackie, despite heartache and tragedy, brightened all our lives.

John O'Byrne
Dublin

I ENVY THE BRITISH. OVER THE CENTURIES when their Queen has died, they have been able to say, "Long live the Queen." Our Queen, whom we chose and loved, is gone. Our sorrow is deep. Deeper still because we will never have another, not like Jackie.

Joseph Burns
New York City
Via America Online

PEGGY NOONAN'S ARTICLE ON ONASSIS captured the essence of the woman and made me realize that the values and standards of the time when she was the First Lady have not been maintained. Jackie's clear sense of direction and purpose stands in stark contrast to the reactive, shortsighted behavior of Americans today. It has been said few people had their lives substantially altered by Jackie. From one point of view, that's probably true. However, what she gave to Americans was consistent with the message of the Kennedy years: a set of standards. Had more people emulated the dignified way she lived her life, America would be a different and better place.

Kevin P. Duvergier
Asnieres, Connecticut
AOL: KPDGO

I WAS IN THE THIRD GRADE IN NOVEMBER 1963. The scenes of that day and those that followed are forever etched in my mind. Of course, Jackie was a big part of those memories. Her recent death has somehow stolen something from me, and all of us, I think. I was unable to express the loss or my sadness until I read Peggy Noonan's article. While it is too simple to say a few words can summarize a life or a nation's feelings, this piece came very close.

Tad Brown
Springfield, Massachusetts

JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS: QUINTESSENTIAL INTELLIGENCE, RELENTLESS POISE, UNREMITTING ELEGANCE, UNCOMMON BEAUTY, TRUE CLASS. REST IN PEACE.

Jonna Madeleine Gallo
New York City

DIGNITY, GRACE AND BEAUTY STILL LIVE. What is lovely never dies.

Rich M. Wien
Edina, Minnesota

HERS WAS A LIFE OF STYLE AND SORROW, but she wasn't a saint.

Paul Montestezu
Madrid

A SOFT AND STATELY LILY, OUR OWN JACKIE has disappeared into the mists of history. No one will ever replace her.

Don Holsworth
San Jose, California

IN THINKING ABOUT JACQUELINE KENNEDY ONASSIS' PASSING, I am struck most by how we reflect on her taste and passion for the highest of excellence, while we live in a base society. We mourn the loss of her desire for privacy in an expose-all world and miss her innocence in a country filled with people eager to experience everything. We mourn the loss of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis' grace in this graceless society. We can do better; we owe her memory that.

Stu Koblenz
Columbus, Ohio

Ah, Camelot!

TO ME IT WAS JACQUELINE KENNEDY WHO was so vital to the spirit of Camelot [COVER STORIES, May 30]. It was her knowledge and love of the arts, her elegant

TIME, JUNE 20, 1994

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taste, her quiet and self-effacing way of
making things happen that brought ex-
citement to those too few Kennedy years,
enriching them with some of the finest
examples of our culture. May her Horat-
tio wish her "good night, sweet lady, and
flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."
Harry Hess
New York City

AH, CAMELOT! WHAT A SAD AND DREAMY
place you have now become without the
woman called Jackie.
William Joseph Bryant
Louisville, Kentucky

AMERICA LOST A GREAT DEAL OF ITS INNO-
cence and that feeling of Camelot on
Nov. 22, 1963. Whether she wanted the
position or not, Jacqueline Kennedy
Onassis was our nation’s last hold on that
feeling—she was that last link to an inno-
cent age. With Jackie’s passing we bid a
fond, final farewell to an era. Sadly,
America grew a little older that day.
Debbie Boyd
East Lansing, Michigan

Is Christopher About to Go?
MICHAEL KRAMER’S REPORT ON THE
probability of a new U.S. Secretary of
State replacing Warren Christopher
[THE POLITICAL INTEREST, May 30] is
prescient. However, Harry Truman’s
buck-stops-here philosophy requires that
the responsibility for Christopher’s
denouement be placed on the right desk,
that of the President. As politically con-
venient as it may be to eradicate the mes-
senger, bidding au revoir to the current
Secretary without a backward glance at
the policy he was forced to follow is far
from fair. The fall of the Soviet Union was
unanticipated in both its coming and its
consequences. Countries that for dec-
dades were contained by fear of the cold
war combatants have now become kegs of
explosives. Everything has changed.
Whatever it takes, the U.S. must retake
leadership. Kicking out Christopher
won’t do it.
Lawrence R. Gordon
Paris

Suicide of a Vietnam Vet
MUCH HAS BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE
life and recent death of Lewis B. Puller
Jr. [OBITUARY, May 23], but, unfortu-
nately, one significant aspect has been
reported incorrectly. I was a close friend
of Puller’s and know that he had not re-
sumed drinking before he died. I have
lived next to Lewis and his family since
1981. During all that time, Lewis never
had a drink of alcohol. Nor had he taken
drugs since he left the hospital in early
February. It is essential for those who
struggle daily against the demands of al-
cohol and other drugs to know that this
man found the strength to avoid those
demons—even while he contended every
day with other serious burdens of a kind
that almost none of us must face. Puller’s
decision to leave us was not made in a fog
of drugs and alcohol.
John N. Hanson
Mount Vernon, Virginia

Fresh from the Genetic Garden
I WAS VERY UPSET BY YOUR ARTICLE ON
genetically engineered tomatoes that can
stay on the vine until ripe and last longer
on the grocery shelf [TECHNOLOGY, May
30]. It just goes to show there are many
so-called scientists who don’t know what
to do with technological advancement.
They somehow feel they can improve on
God’s creations and suffer no side effects.
I think these guys have been eating too
many of those tomatoes!
Henry Schiffrin
New York City

I AM A TOMATO MAN. IS THERE A SAND-
wich that comes close to the taste of a
B.L.T.? Does not the perfect salad begin
with a tomato? Can the ultimate pasta
sauce exist without a tomato? Of course
not. My homage to the scientists who
have isolated the gene that hastens toma-
rot. Just think, delicious love apples in
January that taste of summer.
Thomas C. Lee
Chevy Chase, Maryland

A Not-So-O.K. Reaction
COKE’S NEW AD CAMPAIGN FOR ITS OK
soda is an insult to teens [BUSINESS, May
30]. The idea is unsettling that young
people will be enticed to buy soda if
wooded with cheap metaphysical asser-
tions such as don’t be fooled into
THINKING THERE HAS TO BE A REASON
FOR EVERYTHING WRITTEN ON THE SODA
can. Has Generation X’s affinity for
sound-bite thinking trickled down to
teens? Coke seems to assume so. What’s
next? Genetically altered tomatoes that
give insight to existential thought before
we eat them? Come on, Coke. Give the
kids some credit!
Dalton J. Perris
Boston College
Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts

GET OFF THE MARKETING CAMPAIGN,
Coke. If it tastes good, it will sell.
Robert Spellenman
Arcadia, California

I WAS SHOCKED TO READ THAT AMERICAN
teens spend more than $3 billion of their
own money on soft drinks alone. Is some-
body going to alert our sick society about
the moral aspect of wasting money on
carbonated bubbles? Spending millions
promoting OK soda can be very profit-
able, but it is unethical. For one year,
practice a simple, healthy habit: drink a
glass of fresh water.
Konrad Dramowicz
Lawrence, Nova Scotia

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NEWS ABOUT MIGRAINE
Migraine doesn't have to mean missing out on life.

What hurt worse than my migraines was missing time with Carrie. But now we do so much more together since I saw my doctor.

Music is my life. And a migraine would stop me cold. I put off calling the doctor. But when I finally did, I couldn't believe all the help I got.

Before Your Next Migraine.
Migraines and deadlines don’t mix. So I saw my doctor. What surprised me was how much my doctor could do for me.

Since I saw my doctor about my migraines, I can make all the vacation plans I want. And keep them.

Today, thanks to new medical research, doctors have a better understanding of migraines. They know that a migraine is more than just a “bad headache.” It has a unique set of biological causes and physical symptoms.

These symptoms include at least two of the following: pain on one side of the head, throbbing pain, pain that’s moderate to severe, pain that’s aggravated by activity. Migraine symptoms also include one of the following: sensitivity to light and/or sound, or nausea with or without vomiting.

Doctors also have a better insight into how much a migraine can affect you and everyone around you. Today doctors can diagnose migraine better, and they can provide treatment programs that are surprisingly effective.

Now you can live more of the life you want. But only a doctor can give you the whole story. Call your doctor today.
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*Based on 1993 CY manufacturer's reported retail deliveries.
**Always wear your safety belt.
13 years/36,000 miles. See dealer for details.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN A FORD LATELY?

Ford
NATION

Back to Work on Health
Congress reconvened and immediately rolled up its sleeves to tackle health-care reform. Ted Kennedy's Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee approved, 11 to 6, its version of a Clinton-style package. And both the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee began work on similar plans. Like the President's, all three proposals call for employer financing of most insurance costs, a provision that is increasingly galvanizing Republican opposition.

Rosty Pleads Not Guilty
Predicting that "I will be vindicated," Representative Dan Rostenkowski formally pleaded not guilty to the 17-count federal corruption indictment handed up against him.

Primary Results
Challenges in eight states left only one major incumbent defeated. South Dakota Governor Walter Miller lost his job to former Governor William Janklow, who will now lead the state Republican ticket. In California, state treasurer Kathleen Brown, the daughter and sister of two former Democratic Governors, won the right to run against Republican Governor Pete Wilson; in the state's Senate race, Republicans picked Representative Michael Huffington to battle Democratic incumbent Diane Feinstein in what many are predicting could end up the most expensive Senate contest in history.

The Majority Principle
After four days of highly public fence sitting, Senate minority leader Bob Dole endorsed Oliver North, the controversial choice of Virginia Republicans for the Senate. Reason: "We need 51 Republicans in the Senate."

INSIDE WASHINGTON

Colin Powell, the Reluctant Candidate
There's a growing buzz among Republican power brokers that COLIN POWELL is the G.O.P.'s best alternative to Old Guard types like Bob Dole and Dick Cheney and should be the party's presidential candidate in 1996. At the same time, some Republican political consultants are telling Powell that he needs to build a power base, and that he should consider a vice-presidential slot in '96 and wait until 2000 to run for President. For now, Powell—who has never publicly revealed his party affiliation—is continuing to work on his $6 million memoirs.
WINNERS & LOSERS

PIERCE BROSnan
He's the new James Bond—a license to have a career again

MICHAEL HUFFINGTON
Millionaire carpet-bagger spends $, wins Calif. Senate primary

THE SMALLPOX VIRUS
Nearly extinct bug gets one-year reprieve from lab scientists

MIKE ESPY
Ag Secretary under fire for taking gifts from poultry company

SAN FRANCISCO
Quake scientists say it's all but certain: the Big One hits by 2020

TICKETMASTER CORP.
Ticket agency sued by Pearl Jam, fans—and maybe Justice Dept.

Trooper: Did Not
Responding to Paula Jones' claims in her sexual-harassment suit against President Clinton, Arkansas state trooper Danny Ferguson denied in court papers ever telling Jones that Clinton wanted to meet her in a hotel room, as she alleges. Ferguson does recall Jones saying she was attracted to Clinton.

USDA Approved?
The Justice Department acknowledged that it was investigating whether Agriculture Secretary Mike Espy improperly accepted gifts, such as free travel and sports tickets, from Tyson Foods, the giant Arkansas-based poultry company with close ties to the Clintons. Espy, whose department regulates poultry producers, denied any wrongdoing.

Louisiana's Master Pol Quits
Colorful populist Edwin Edwards, Louisiana's gambling-loving and scandal-bounded but never convicted Governor, unexpectedly and without explanation announced that he would not seek a fifth term.

Abortion-Protest Test Case
Less than two weeks after being placed on the books, the stiff federal law making it a crime to block access to abortion clinics was invoked by the government to prosecute six demonstrators in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Eager to test the new law in court, they had chained and cemented themselves to two cars blocking the entrance to a clinic.

The Agenda
Among the many pleasures of Bob Woodward's The Agenda—besides the detailed accounting of endless White House budget disputes—are the pungent, frequently catty descriptions of the principals (many presumably supplied to Woodward by colleagues). See if you can match these Administration figures with their Agenda characterizations:

1. Bill Clinton
2. Al Gore
3. George Stephanopoulos
4. Thomas ("Mack") McLarty
5. David Gergen
6. Lloyd Bentsen
7. Robert Reich
8. Alan Greenspan

A. Tall ... leathery ... aristocratic ... alternated between friendly and sour
B. Short ... unassuming ... attentive ... a bit unctuous
C. Sturdy ... plodding ... exuded a sense of diligence ... graphic, painted sincerity
D. Shy ... [wore] unspectacular suits ... a slight stoop ... social climber
E. Large ... seeping ... heavily into denial ... known for his tardiness ... still fuming
F. Tall ... strong ambition ... not abrasive ... "I see your point," he often said
G. Small ... almost fragile ... self-consciously hip ... pumped
H. Small ... biblical-looking ... having both his hips replaced

INFORMED SOURCES

Is Military Readiness Getting Tanked?
WASHINGTON—President Clinton has said in the past that he won't let America's military readiness slip—but it may be happening anyway. A key measure of Army combat preparedness is how many miles each tank is driven per year in maneuvers. According to a confidential report, Army tanks averaged only 588 miles last year, 75% of what's considered ideal.

Don't Call Us, We'll Call You ... Please
WASHINGTON—Presidential staff members are fretting over a new Caller ID system installed on many of the phones in the White House, including Al Gore's and chief of staff Mack McLarty's. The system displays an incoming caller's number on a screen; some staffers are worried that the numbers could be tracked, perhaps even logged somewhere—or used to investigate leaks. Says a congressional investigator of his recent contacts with the White House: "People say, 'Don't phone me.'"
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10% REBATE You can now earn 10% Rebates when you use your Ford Citibank card at Hertz or Texaco. You'll still earn your 5% Ford Rebate on purchases, but now you can earn an additional 5% Promotional Rebate at participating Hertz or Texaco locations. And, there's no limit to the Promotional Rebates you can earn at Hertz and Texaco. No other card gives you savings like these with names like these. So start earning 10% in Rebates toward the lease or purchase of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury - the best-selling cars and trucks in America. Apply for the Ford Citibank card today. 1-800-374-7777

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Gulf War Syndrome Relief
At the urging of veterans' groups, the Clinton Administration endorsed legislation that would provide benefits to Desert Storm veterans who claim to be suffering from "Persian Gulf War syndrome," the so-far unexplained series of ailments that sufferers say can include joint pain, memory loss and heart problems.

Mystery Meat Imperiled
The government announced a new set of proposed regulations to reduce the fat content and improve the nutrition in the nation's school-lunch program. Current guidelines, which experts feel are severely outdated, were set in 1946.

An Imperial Visit
Amid increasingly strained U.S.-Japanese relations, Emperor Akihito and his wife Empress Michiko arrived in Atlanta to begin a 10-day goodwill visit in the U.S.

WORLD
Nuclear Standoff Continues
North Korea said it "will never allow inspections" of two suspected nuclear waste sites and again warned that sanctions would lead to war. Nevertheless, the U.S. is expected to put sanctions before the U.N. Security Council this week, and a nervous South Korea stepped up civil-preparedness measures. China, a key potential ally of the North, reiterated its opposition to sanctions, while Japan pushed for a go-slow approach.

A Journey into History
President Clinton joined Allied leaders on the beaches of Normandy to commemorate the 50th anniversary of D-day. "Let us never forget, when they were young, these men saved the world," said the President in a largely well-received speech. "We are the children of your sacrifice."

South Africa to Offer Amnesty
The new South African government announced the for-
Now you can!

You can switch
down to lower tar
and still get
satisfying taste.

You've got MERIT

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
THE GOOD NEWS

- Doctors have a new clue to understanding crib death, the syndrome that causes 5,000 babies a year to suffocate for no apparent reason while sleeping. A study reveals increased numbers of immune cells in the lung tissues of victims. This may be a sign that their immune systems are corresponding to an as-yet-unknown stimulus, generating symptoms analogous to a severe allergic reaction.

- Patients with sickle-cell anemia are living longer because of more aggressive treatment. Their life expectancy has risen from a median age of 14 in 1973 to 42 for men and 48 for women. Scientists have identified several risk factors, which may lead to new and better treatments.

THE BAD NEWS

- The dangers of secondhand smoke have been hard to pin down. Now a report says women who live with smokers have a 30% higher risk of lung cancer than those who live in smoke-free homes—a risk that is still nowhere near that of smokers.

- Some 35% of college women say they sometimes drink alcohol expressly to get drunk. That's more than triple the 1977 percentage, which means that women have nearly matched their male classmates.

- Because of the growing popularity of in-line skating, experts predict that it will cause twice as many accidents this year as in 1993, when 37,000 luckless skaters wound up in emergency rooms.

Yemenites Three Times Unlucky

Forces of the northern part of Yemen announced two more unilateral cease-fires in their five-week-old civil war with secessionist southerners. The result each time, though, was the same as with an earlier truce: attacks were launched within hours, and each side denies firing the first shots.

Colombian Killer Quake

A 6.4-magnitude earthquake followed by a massive avalanche killed hundreds of people in a mountainous region of Colombia's 180 miles south-west of the capital of Bogotá. Rescuers were hampered by the area's remoteness; the quake cut all roads, and the only access is by helicopter.

More Air Terror in China

A domestic Chinese airliner crashed just after takeoff near the tourist center of Xian, killing all 160 people aboard, in the country's worst aviation accident. A few hours later, a knife-wielding man forced a 737 to fly to Taiwan—China's 12th hijacking in the past 14 months.

Another Writer Offends Islam

Under pressure from Muslim fundamentalists, authorities in Bangladesh have issued a warrant for the arrest of Taslima Nasrin, a doctor turned feminist writer who was quoted in a Calcutta newspaper as saying that the Koran should be revised thoroughly. Nasrin, previously threatened by fundamentalists for her controversial book Lajja (Shame), in which she described atrocities on minority Hindus by the majority Muslims, denies making the statement and has gone into hiding.

THE 10 MOST

POPULAR NAMES FOR BOATS

1. ODYSSEY
2. SERENITY
3. OBSESSION
4. SEA BREEZE
5. OSFREY
6. ESCAPE
7. WET DREAM
8. THERAPY
9. LIQUID ASSET
10. SOLITUDE

Sources: Boat Owners Association of the United States

Campaign Literature We'll Never See

As this pretend leaflet shows, some politicians have a harder time than others lining up endorsements (all quotes are real):

**NORTH ’94**

Fellow Republicans, former colleagues speak out on Senate candidate Oliver North!

“Oliver North has betrayed his President, our President.” —Virginia Senator John Warner

“Based on my work experience and my knowledge, Colonel North is not someone I could support or work for.” —Former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Colin Powell

“I have some real concerns with ethics and integrity as far as Colonel North is concerned.” —Desert Storm commander Norman Schwarzkopf

“The word that comes closest to describing him for me is fanatic.” —Former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane

“Oliver North might be a nut. I don’t know.” —Iowa Senator Charles Grassley

Trade Policy Sway

Mickey Kantor, the U.S. trade representative, indicated that the Administration may be willing to settle for a partial trade agreement.
with Japan instead of continuing to demand that Tokyo open five priority markets ranging from automobiles to insurance. American officials said a deal covering telecommunications, medical equipment and insurance could be ready for signing next month when representatives of the world’s leading industrial countries gather at the Group of Seven summit in Naples, Italy.

Phone Home, Phone France
Sprint, the U.S.’s third largest long-distance carrier, confirmed that it was holding merger talks with France Télécom and Deutsche Telekom, the state-owned telephone companies of France and Germany. Sprint only recently broke off merger talks with Electronic Data Systems Corp.

SCIENCE

Plants Feel the Heat
New evidence supports theories of global warming. A survey of mountain plants in the Alps shows that some cold-loving plants are starting to migrate to higher, cooler altitudes, possibly in response to increasing temperatures.

Kaposi’s Controversy
An article by one of the world’s leading AIDS researchers, Dr. Robert Gallo, is the center of a debate raging in two of America’s most prestigious scientific journals. Gallo, previously involved in a controversy over the discovery of the AIDS virus, announced in the journal Science a possible treatment for Kaposi’s sarcoma, a skin cancer often afflictions AIDS patients. But researchers at the University of Arizona at Tucson, writing in the journal of the American Medical Association, disputed the findings and said Science had rejected their challenge of Gallo’s work.

HONORED. SIR ALEC GUINNESS, 80, actor; included in the Birthday Honors List announced each year by Buckingham Palace in celebration of the Queen’s birthday, in London. Guiness, already a knight and film star of everything from epics like The Bridge on the River Kwai to comedies like The Man in the White Suit, was named a Companion of Honor. Among other honors: actor Diana Rigg, 56, named a Dame Commander of the Order of British Empire for performances ranging from television’s The Avengers to her current Broadway turn in the Greek tragedy Medea.

FILING FOR DIVORCE. SIMA L. GATES, 53; after 24 years of marriage to DARYL F. GATES, 67, former Los Angeles police chief; in Santa Ana, California. Sima, an ex-flight attendant, cited irreconcilable differences. The two have been living apart since February.

ORDAINED. HOWARD W. HUNTER, 56, former corporate lawyer; as the 14th President, prophet, seer and revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints; in Salt Lake City, Utah. The new leader is less controversial than his predecessor, Ezra Taft Benson, known for his right-wing politics. To a church enmeshed in disputes over feminism and intellectual freedom for its scholars, Hunter said at his installation, “To those who have transgressed or been offended, we say, ‘Come back.”

ADOPTING. ROBERTA and JAN DEBOER, the Ann Arbor, Michigan, couple who in 1983 lost custody of Baby Jessica to her birth parents after a two-year legal battle; a newborn son, Casey Mitchell. “Jessica” has since been renamed Anna by her birth parents Cara and Dan Schmidt.

DIED. ANGELA LAKEBERG, 11 months; surviving Siamese twin separated from her sister weeks after their birth; of a cardiorespiratory disorder; in Philadelphia. Angela and Amy were given only months to live last summer after being born fused at the chest, sharing a heart and liver. They were surgically separated in a 55-hour operation in which Angela was given the single heart and Amy was allowed to die. The phenomenal cost of the procedure vs. the slim chances given for Angela’s survival raised a public debate over whether the surgery represented the best use of medical resources—indeed, Angela spent her entire brief life in the hospital on a respirator.

DIED. BARRY SULLIVAN, 81, actor; in Los Angeles. Sullivan’s resonant baritone, handsome heavy eyebrows and economical, intelligent approach to performance brought him success in film—first as a star in movies like Lady in the Dark (1944), later as a character actor in such works as Strategic Air Command. He also appeared onstage and was a familiar presence on TV, from the classic Playhouse 90 series to Steven Spielberg’s directorial debut for an episode of Rod Serling’s Night Gallery. Off-camera he zealously promoted the Democratic Party.

DIED. MERVYN BOGUE, 86, cornet player and comic; in Joshua Tree, California. Billed as Ish Kabibble, Bogue made a career out of pretending to be what he was not. Sporting an undersize hat and over-size bangs, he played a moronic sidekick to Big Band leader Kay Kyser on the radio and TV hit Kay Kyser’s College of Musical Knowledge. In reality the workaholic Bogue served as the band’s treasurer, advance man and publicist during his 20-year hitch. And while he sang nonsensical novelties with a voice once described as the sound of “a woodpecker trying to open a can of beer,” Bogue was actually a skilled jazzman who worshipped the work of contemporaries like Louis Armstrong.

—By Leslie Dickstein, Christopher John Farley, Lina Lofaro, Lawrence Mondi, Michael Quine, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alain L. Sanders and Sidney Urquhart
When young, single women have children, it almost guarantees they will be poor. Can welfare reform break the pattern?

By NANCY GIBBS

One day this past winter there came a defining moment in the fight over the true cause of America's moral breakdown. It was the day police in Chicago arrived at a small apartment, opened the door and faced 19 children living in a squalor so wretched that one child pleaded to a female officer, "Will you be my mommy? I want to go home with you."

This is how a conservative like Bill Bennett responds to a crime scene like that: "Body count!" barks the former Education Secretary. "Body count, yes, body count. Kids dying, kids abused, kids cut up, kids burned with cigarettes, kids whose brains are so poorly developed they can't function in school. This isn't child neglect, it's child endangerment." The Chicago story was a classic example of how a big-hearted, deep-pocketed government ends up subsidizing disaster. In all, the six mothers who lived in filth were collecting $5,496 a month in welfare payments. The system will keep on paying such women as long as they keep having children, don't get married and don't get a job. Which leads to an inflammatory proposal, one that is seeding a revolution.

Women who have children they cannot support and are not fit to raise, Bennett and his disciples argue, use their children as hostages to win benefits. In response, the government should not hand out welfare and food stamps and counseling. It should cut off aid, take the children away and place them in foster care or orphanages. "It's not the state tearing the child away from the arms of a clutching mother," he says. "Nobody cares about the kid. I know the initial reaction would be to say this is the hard approach. But this is the compassionate approach if you use as an index two words: body count. We will have a lower body count with our proposal than they have with theirs."

A FAMILY TRADITION

Delores St. Onge, 37, has been on and off—mostly on—California welfare since she became pregnant at 19. She says, "It broke all my heart and all of my plans," when her 17-year-old daughter Hope became pregnant with Tarcia and went on welfare too.
IS THE WELFARE SYSTEM IN NEED OF FUNDAMENTAL REFORM?

- Fundamental reform: 81%
- Minor reform: 16%

DOES THE CURRENT WELFARE SYSTEM ENCOURAGE POOR PEOPLE TO FIND WORK?

- Encourages: 10%
- Discourages: 84%

DO YOU AGREE WITH THESE WELFARE-REFORM PROPOSALS?

- Yes: 95%
- No: 4%

- Take money out of the paychecks and tax refunds of fathers who refuse to make child-support payments: 95%
- Require all able-bodied people on welfare to work or learn a job or skill: 92%
- Spend money to provide free day care to allow poor mothers to work or take classes: 90%
- Replace welfare with a system of guaranteed public jobs: 74%
- End increases in welfare payments to women who give birth to children while on welfare: 42%
- Cut the amount of money given to all people on welfare: 25%
- Require women to find a job and get off welfare within two years and if they can't take care of their children at that time, give them to an orphanage: 17%
- Eliminate all welfare programs entirely: 7%

Their plan, in this case, is the one that President Clinton is expected to lay out this week when he finally unveils his proposal for overhauling the welfare system. No promise in his race for the presidency proved so popular as the pledge to "end welfare as we know it." No issue in his first term has inspired such bipartisan, near-universal agreement on the need to do something dramatic. And for all the attention paid in the past year to his health-care plan, no policy has such potential to reinvent whole aspects of American public and private life. Behind all the bureaucratic tinkering is a moral campaign against illegitimacy, aimed at persuading poor people to become stable, self-supporting workers before they become parents. If this crusade works, its supporters promise, it could do more to fight crime, strengthen families, and rebuild the fabric of the inner cities than any other anti-poverty program on the table.

Given the failed history of welfare reform, Clinton is already proposing to do something radical. He wants to make able-bodied people work for their benefits, cutting them off after two years if they refuse. But he too has seen that putting people to work is not enough. Since teenage mothers form the hard core of the welfare population, consuming $34 billion in benefits a year, and are the least likely to climb out of poverty, he has made teen-pregnancy prevention a pillar of his program. He has invited states to cut off additional payments to women who have children while on the dole, a hotly controversial measure dubbed the "family cap."

Clinton's ideas have great popular support, but his plan will still come under fire from all sides. A group of conservatives are taking his themes and raising the stakes even further. They don't want to reform welfare; they want to abolish it. Only drastic measures, they argue, will break the cycle of dependency that has destroyed so many families. To liberals, such a policy is cruel and racist, and it punishes children for their parents' behavior. When the Philadelphia Inquirer ran an editorial suggesting that women on welfare be implanted...
with the contraceptive Norplant—a sort of chemical family cap—the newspaper was fiercely attacked, even by some of its own staffers, for advocating genocide. “Who will put the limit on the number of kids a family should have?” asks Buffy Boesen, a Denver community organizer. “In China the government does it. Is that the way we’re going—if you’re poor, you can’t have any more?”

Of all the domestic-policy battles of this Administration, none is more politically incendiary than taking money away from mothers with children. The President needs to define himself as a new kind of Democrat yet preserve the liberal base he will need to pass his health-care bill. For Congress the challenge is to show that it is capable of reversing a disaster of its own making. Meanwhile, more than half the states, tired of waiting for Washington, have started a revolution of their own. Virtually everything in Clinton’s plan is already being tried somewhere. The basic principles of encouraging regular work and intact families are becoming so firmly established that nothing Washington does—or fails to do—will diminish the pressure for change.

What could be easier than scrapping a program that is widely derided as morally poisonous, politically stupid and a fiscal swamp? Welfare is a relatively tiny budget item, only 1% of annual government spending. But the stories of fraud and abuse are so common and the evidence of disastrous unintended consequences so compelling that a large majority—81% of those surveyed in a TIME/CNN poll—thinks it is time for “fundamental reform.” Clinton’s plan, like the three major bills already proposed in Congress, has as its core a requirement that people work for their benefits, if not in the private sector, then in a government job. The bureaucracy’s role would change from check writing to job training and placement.

But even as this consensus about putting welfare mothers to work was building, the debate was shifting again. The problem is not that too few single mothers are working, the conservatives are saying. The problem is that there are too many single mothers in the first place. To critics like Bennett, author Charles Murray, former Housing Secretary Jack Kemp and their allies in Congress, illegitimacy is the underlying cause of poverty, crime and social meltdown in the inner cities. Far better to discourage people from having children before they are ready, the conservatives argue, than to burden society with the safety net of jobs, child care, Head Start, health care and a collapsing foster-care network for those who cannot cope.

It is hard to argue with the evidence they cite. Nearly a third of American children are born out of wedlock, and those children are four times as likely as the others to be poor. Unwed mothers average nearly 8 years on welfare, in contrast to 4.8 years overall. “From the President on down, there has been an amazing shift in attitude,” says Douglas Besharov, a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. “Today everyone recognizes that dealing with births out of wedlock is the central issue of welfare reform, so much so that the President’s draft plan makes dealing with illegitimacy the No. 1 priority.”

There is a long-term price of illegitimacy as well, one that resonates at a time when the fear of crime, particularly the crimes committed by a generation of young, pitiless men and boys, has become a national obsession. When people ask
"Arguments made around a table in Washington:

where all these 16-year-old predators are coming from, one answer is chilling: from 14-year-old mothers. More than half the juvenile offenders serving prison time were raised by only one parent. If present birthrates continue over the next 10 to 15 years, the number of young people trapped in poverty and tempted by the streets will increase dramatically. Says John Dilulio, professor of politics and public affairs at Princeton University: "You have a ticking crime bomb."

The second point of consensus is that historically the welfare system has rewarded everything it ought to prevent and punished everything it ought to promote. "The Federal Government has created a monster," says Ann Clark, a welfare case manager in Colorado Springs, Colorado. "I'm dealing with third-generation recipients. Welfare has become their way of life. It scares them to death to try to get off it." The idea is not that the government get into the business of deciding who should have children; rather it is to get the government out of such decisions, by removing all the perverse rewards and punishments embedded in the system.

Across the country, welfare case workers argue that most recipients want to work. "The problem is not work ethics," argues law professor Julie Nice of the University of Denver. "It is the lack of jobs." But those who do manage to find work can instantly lose their health coverage, food stamps, public housing, and child care. Marriage too comes with a penalty. A mother of three in Harlingen, Texas, received only Medicaid benefits when she was living with her common-law husband, who worked periodically. When he left her, however, her broken home was showered with benefits: Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), more food stamps, gas money to get to and from school, and free day care. "It doesn't seem like they want families to stay together," she says.

But when it comes to correcting all the other damaging incentives of the welfare system, the arguments break out. The hottest topic at the moment is the family cap. Already in New Jersey, Arkansas and Georgia, families receive no increase for children born while on the dole, and Clinton's plan would allow other states to follow suit. Since the average increase of about $67 is much less than the cost of raising another child, welfare mothers didn't really have much economic incentive to have more kids. But this above all is a symbolic issue, a chance for the government to send a message about how it plans to treat parents who have children they cannot afford.

The co-chairs of Clinton's welfare-

A PLACE OF THEIR OWN

Tina Tucker, 27, of Portland, Maine, was in her teens when she had her first two sons. She worked briefly as a housekeeper. But with the birth of a third son, Tucker became too overwhelmed to work. She recently moved from a shelter to a subsidized apartment.

"We Go After the Real Source of This Problem"

Last Friday, President Clinton spoke about welfare reform with TIME correspondents Ann Blackman and James Carney:

TIME: The plan you're about to announce cuts off cash benefits after two years but has no firm limit on the amount of time recipients can remain in subsidized jobs. Is this in fact "ending" welfare?

Clinton: I think it is. Most Americans believe that working, even if it's in a subsidized job, is preferable to just drawing welfare and not working. I made that clear all along, that if we're going to end welfare after a two-year period, people had to be able to work. And if there was not work in the private sector, then we'd have to create the jobs. Second, I think this bill, plus the earned-income tax credit, plus providing health-care coverage to people in low-wage jobs, will dramatically undermine the whole basis of dependency. Finally, we go after what is the real source of this problem, which is the inordinate number of out-of-wedlock births in this country. I think all these things put together give us a real chance to end welfare as we know it.

TIME: Your plan has been scaled back considerably. Why was the added money for child care for the working poor cut back?

Clinton: It would be better if we could do more, but this will help. A lot of the folks that need the child-care support are going to get cash benefits with the earned-income tax credit.

TIME: All the proposals on the table will cost money. But doesn't the public expect that reform will produce savings?

Clinton: I think it will produce savings. In the long run the expenditures we make will be more than repaid by people who move into the work force and stay there for a lifetime instead of coming back on welfare. And if we can change the value system of the society toward more work and responsible parenting, the savings are going to be enormous. Many of them can't even be calculated in terms of how many more successful children you're going to have who don't drop out of school and don't get in trouble.

TIME: In coming up with the money to pay for this plan, why did you decide against going after mortgage-interest deductions for the wealthiest homeowners?

Clinton: Because I did not want to have a big debate here about whether this was some back-door way to eventually have middle-class people paying even more money for a welfare state. I think it would have been a bogus debate.
are far removed from the concerns of real people."

reform task force, policy adviser Bruce Reed and welfare experts Mary Jo Bane and David Ellwood, warned the President last month that child-welfare groups hated the family cap and would fight it. So would the Catholic Church and some right-to-life groups, out of a fear that it might encourage abortion. So, ironically, would certain liberal groups, on the grounds that being pro-choice includes defending a woman's right to choose to have children—even if she can't afford them without taxpayer help.

Clinton has always stressed the need to bring the welfare system in line with real-world values. Why should women on welfare be rewarded for making a decision that reduces their chances of getting off welfare? Working women do not get a raise in return for giving birth; they have to bear the responsibility and financial burdens themselves. "We're sending a clear message that we will pay for your first kid for a short time while you get ready for the work force," says Donna Shalala, Clinton's Health and Human Services Secretary, "but we will not pay for the second kid."

The record so far in New Jersey, where the cutoff started last August, suggests that the family cap may have some deterrent effect. By last November, evaluators claim, births to welfare mothers were down 16% from the same month a year earlier. But its critics still argue that in the long run it will do more harm than good. "The premise that women have children for economic reasons is a joke," argues Betsy Smith, a sociologist at Florida International University who has extensively studied women and welfare. "It's a complicated internal process. Women have children to fulfill an emotional need: to have someone who loves them unconditionally, or simply to have the experience of raising a child."

But far more effective than limiting the number of children born to welfare parents, experts agree, is discouraging girls from becoming pregnant in the first place—hence the heavy emphasis on preventing teen pregnancy. Clinton's plan would provide $400 million over five years, with most of the money earmarked for schools and school districts in poor neighborhoods to start teen-education programs that combine sex education with encouragement of abstinence. Teens who do have children must stay in school to be eligible for benefits; high school graduates must be in job-training programs.

Like so many aspects of the illegitimacy debate, pregnancy prevention puts the conservative critics in a bind. Besides not wanting to be seen as pushing abortion, these reformers tend to oppose extensive sex education or making contraception more easily available to young people, on

LIVING WITH LEARNFARE

Wisconsin has adopted a Learnfare program that ties a family's welfare benefits to school attendance. Some people fear the strict rules will undermine families. But the program has enabled Crystal Torres, 16, to stay in school by providing day care for her baby.

The President speaking to middle-school students in Baltimore
The current system has already pulled the family apart. Nothing could be more harmful.

The patterns and assumptions that guide the behavior of young people growing up in desperate neighborhoods. Elijah Anderson, a sociology professor at the University of Pennsylvania, argues that young black males have such trouble finding family-sustaining jobs—the traditional mark of adulthood—that they end up building their self-esteem through games that emphasize sexual prowess. Their babies become evidence of their manhood. "I ask why they don't marry the girl," Anderson says, "and they say, 'Because I can't play house.' That means they don't have a job that allows them to support a family.

The welfare system often creates strange distortions in social relationships that soon become traditions of their own. It is not uncommon, says Anderson, for a young man to persuade a young woman living at home with her parents to have a baby, so the girl can get on welfare. "She lives home with Mom and Dad, and the $155 she gets every two weeks amounts to an allowance," Anderson says. "And she gives a lot of it to the boy." The welfare check binds a boy and girl together, just as a baby can. "There's no ring involved, but the boy comes to expect his share of the check. Sometimes he'll demand his share from the girl and fight about it, saying, "If it weren't for me, you wouldn't be getting this check."

Such patterns can provide ammunition for reformers at the extreme end of the debate who argue for abolishing the welfare system altogether. "How does a poor young mother survive without government support?" asks author Charles Murray. "The same way she has since time immemorial. If she wants to keep a child, she must enlist support from her parents, boyfriend, siblings, neighbors, church or philanthropies. She must get support from somewhere, anywhere, other than the government." In Murray's view, state-run orphanages become the caregivers of last resort.

But that proposal may be hard to stomach, even for "family values" conservatives, who traditionally want to keep the government as far as possible from the business of raising children. "One thing we know about poor families is that parents love their children," says Judith Gueron, president of the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation, a leading welfare and poverty think tank. "Why should we be confident that an institutional environment is going to provide any benefit to these children?"

Conservative activists are unmoved by images of Dickensian poorhouses, given the breakdown in families and the case-loads drowning the foster-care system. "Nothing could be worse than the current system," argues Robert Rector, a senior policy analyst with the Heritage Foundation. "The current system has already pulled the family apart. The system treats having a child out of wedlock as a favored life-style that's deliberately subsidized by the government. Nothing could be more harmful than that." True enough, but Clinton's point man Reed disagrees with the orphanage solution. "It's the kind of goofy social engineering that these same conservatives have made fun of for most of their lives," he says. "The whole point of welfare reform ought to be to reinforce families and a sense of parental responsibility—not to take people's children away."

The debate leaves open the question of how to pay for whatever reform is enacted, a problem that has dogged both Clinton and the reform sponsors in Congress. The cheapest possible welfare program is one...
that just hands out checks—like the system now in place. Anything that adds job training or child care or orphanages involves new bureaucracies and new costs. “The real question is how you overcome the belief that welfare reform should save money,” admits a senior White House official.

“We’re entering a countervarious era when closing bases costs money, the GATT trade agreement costs money, and reforming welfare costs money. And the public is already kind of sticker-shocked.”

Clinton’s delay in introducing his bill, and his retreat from his radical rhetoric, presented moderate Democrats and Republicans with the chance to define the issue for themselves. Of the competing bills in Congress, two are almost identical to Clinton’s in philosophy, differing only in financing and thus the pace at which people would be pushed into the work force. The Mainstream Forum Plan, proposed by moderate House Democrats led by Dave McCurdy of Oklahoma, would put a three-year limit on how long a welfare recipient can stay in a publicly funded job. A Republican bill submitted last November, which is sponsored by 160 out of 176 Republicans in the House, would speed up the work requirement so that half of all welfare recipients would have to be holding jobs within five years of the bill’s passage.

Both plans actually cost more than Clinton’s scaled-down version: $12 billion over five years, vs. $9.3 billion. Yet House Republicans promise a saving of $31 billion over the same five years. Where will all the extra money come from? From a proposal, in the words of the sponsors, to “simply end welfare to most noncitizens.” To fund either approach, the sponsors propose cutting off millions of legal immigrants from school breakfast and lunch programs, foster care, emergency food and shelter and child care, as well as AFDC. Though Clinton’s plan also includes cuts in programs for noncitizens, they are far more modest. “It’s a matter of priorities,” says McCurdy. “We believe American citizens are the priority.”

The most extreme proposal, with very little chance of passage, is the Talent-Faircloth bill, introduced by Representatives James Talent and Senator Lauch Faircloth. Their plan would deny benefits to unwed mothers under 21, without promis--

**Dreams of Cosmetology**

While raising her six children, Charmaine Wright, 26, of Mexico, Missouri, has been training as a cosmetologist. She even has a job lined up. But without enough money to pay a babysitter and no way to travel to her job, she’s still scraping by on welfare.
Some of our most successful research and development programs have nothing to do with cars.

AT TOYOTA, improving the quality of life is as important to us as improving the quality of our vehicles. That’s why, for the last 20 years, we’ve been supporting American community projects that are as diverse and exciting as the people who participate in them. This year alone, we’re investing more than $12 million in organizations ranging from the National Science Teachers Association to the United Negro College Fund to educational PBS programming, such as “Where in the World Is Carmen Sandiego?” To us, a successful business shouldn’t just try to make a profit, it should try to make a difference as well.
ing them a job or any other means of support. The savings would go to the states for setting up orphanages and group homes. To those who have called these requirements harsh, Talent replies: "What the existing system does is tell young people they can raise a child without waiting until they're old enough to handle the responsibility. It's a cruel lie to people."

The president must know how useful—or how dangerous—welfare reform can be politically. All during his campaign, when his pollsters monitored the responses to commercials promising a drastic revolution, the response was off the charts. One White House aide and campaign veteran estimates that 40% of Clinton's paid advertising mentioned ending welfare. It formed the basis for Clinton's claim to be a New Democrat. Middle-class voters, argues Al From of the centrist Democratic Leadership Council, "just never expected to hear a Democrat say, 'You can stay on welfare for two years, but then you have to get a job.'"

There is another motivation: the cost of continued delay. Some activists are warning of the risks of social explosion if something is not done to break the desperate cycle of life in America's poorest precincts. "The conditions are desolate now," Housing Secretary Henry Cisneros warned Clinton, after Cisneros visited housing projects in Chicago. "With meager public resources coming in, what people would do in desperation, I don't know. But what I do know is that some intellectual arguments made around a conference table in Washington are far removed from the concerns of real people."

For years it was easy to argue that welfare needed reform in order to save money. But the current crusade proves that the most powerful motives lie elsewhere. Tightfisted Republicans are prepared to spend more; large majorities of voters are willing to spend more, so long as the money is going to support the values and programs that strengthen families and community life. As enraging as the stories of fraud and waste may be, what has saddened most people is the evidence that a program designed with the best of intentions—to help those most in need—could end up doing them so much harm. Spending more money, on the right things, becomes a way of making amends.


Want a Baby? First Get a Life
By Richard Lacayo

By the age of 12, Katherine Mims was what you might call a welfare mother in training. That was in 1985, when home was a two-bedroom Harlem apartment that she shared with her mother, four brothers, one cousin and a pregnant aunt who was 14. All of them were supported by welfare checks, a background that might have put Mims in line for early pregnancy, an education cut off in the ninth grade or so and a long stretch on public support. Instead, she is married today and looking forward to starting a family—after she finishes her degree program at Manhattan's Hunter College. Even she was surprised by it all. "I didn't think I'd make it out of high school."

And what might it take to accomplish such a small miracle? This much: private tutoring to help her finish school, weekly lessons in sports like swimming and tennis, career counseling, a summer job—and a guaranteed college education. All of that became available to Mims the year she turned 12 and heard about the Family Life and Sex Education Program of the Children's Aid Society, a social-service agency in New York City that aims to help inner-city teenage boys and girls to get a life before they go about conceiving one. The goal is to reduce teenage pregnancy in a sneaky way, not so much by preaching against sex as by bringing enough structure and accomplishment to the lives of the kids involved that they keep themselves in line. As the ultimate incentive, every graduate is promised admission to Hunter, with full tuition. "We knew we needed a carrot-and-stick approach—and Hunter was the carrot," says Donna Shalala, Bill Clinton's Secretary of Health and Human Services, who initiated the program in 1985 when she was the school's president.

Program Director Michael Carrera claims that of the 250 teen graduates there have been only eight out-of-wedlock pregnancies among the girls. Only two of the boys are known to have fathered children. Forty-one percent of those who finish the program go on to college. "The most potent contraceptive you can provide is to help them believe that they are valuable," he says. "Young people who feel that way are rarely irresponsible sexually." Because it works with small numbers of kids who are at least sufficiently motivated to sign up, it's not possible to tell if the same program would be as successful with a full cross section of inner-city kids, or whether its potentially costly combination of close supervision and college tuition guarantees could be duplicated on a wider scale. Even so, 10 cities around the U.S. have developed programs modeled after Carrera's. Though the program includes classes in sex education and family planning, the focus is on gaining skills that lead to a life of stability and regular employment. "In some sessions they would ask, 'How much do you plan on making?' Then they showed you how much it would cost to raise a kid," says Donnell Harvin, who completed one of 10 New York programs that have sprung up in emulation of Carrera's. "They were never really pushy about sex." Experts in teen sexuality say that one of the most effective ways to discourage early pregnancies. "Most middle-class youths take a strong interest in their future and know what a pregnancy can do to derail it," says Elijah Anderson, a sociology professor at the University of Pennsylvania who has studied sexual norms among the urban poor. "In contrast, many inner-city youths see no future to derail." That leaves open the question of what Americans are willing to pay to put them on the right track.

Reported by Ann Blackman/New York
A promise you’ll never hear me say, “Chris, I mean Bobby, I mean Tim.”

A promise matching sailor suits will never come near your closet.

A promise to be there for you. And you. And you.

Nothing binds us one to the other like a promise kept. For more than 140 years, we’ve been helping people keep their promises by ensuring we have the financial strength to keep ours. That’s why families and businesses rely on us to insure their lives, their health and their financial future.

Life Insurance & Annuities  •  Group Life & Health Insurance  •  Retirement Plan Products  •  Investment Management

MassMutual
We help you keep your promises.
ELECTIONS

What Money Can Buy

Challenging incumbents has become a rich person's game. But what kind of Congress will that create?

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

NOT LONG AGO, DEMOCRATS BELIEVED that Dianne Feinstein's seat in the Senate was one they could count on. No longer. Their confidence has ebbed since the emergence of Republican challenger Michael Huffington and his $75 million personal fortune. Huffington, a freshman Congressman from Santa Barbara, California, waltzed easily last week to a primary victory over his Republican challengers. Money has been a prime factor. The oil tycoon has so far spent $6.6 million of his own cash on TV advertising and other promotion, most of it attacking Feinstein as a political hack. As a result, "the race is up for grabs," says Mark DiCamillo, director of the Field Poll, a nonpartisan California survey. By the time the showdown is over on Nov. 8, spending by both candidates is expected to surpass $30 million, making it the most expensive Senate race in history.

Now more than ever, challenging an incumbent Representative or Senator is a rich person's sport, according to spending reports filed with the Federal Election Commission. During the 15 months ending March 31, candidates gave or lent their campaigns more than $285 million out of their own pocket, up from $243.5 million during the comparable period two years ago. Roll Call, a Capitol Hill biweekly, recently listed 21 candidates for the House who had already personally invested $100,000—nine months before Election Day. An additional 24 had put up more than $50,000.

Almost every state has at least one free-spending plutocrat. The first time New York voters met furniture-fortune heiress Bernadette Castro, she was four years old and perched on one of her family's fold-out sofas in a TV commercial. She appeared in dozens of Castro Convertible ads after that. When the New York State Republican Party chose her last month as its nominee for the U.S. Senate, they claimed that name recognition was a major factor. But there was another consideration: ever since her family sold the business last year, Castro, now 49, has been sitting atop a $10 million fortune. When the New York press asked her how much of it she would be willing to apply to a possible $4 million race against incumbent Daniel Patrick Moynihan, she answered promptly, "As much as it takes." James Moore, her campaign consultant, quickly amended that. "She meant as much as it takes to be competitive," he explained. "Because if she said as much as it takes to win, that would imply that she could buy the election. You can't buy an election."

But lots of candidates want to make a down payment. In the Texas Democratic Senate primary this year, opponents of former Ross Perot aide Richard Fisher ridiculed him for describing himself as a "small businessman." He earns millions of dollars a year as a money manager. But Fisher spent $1.8 million of it on the primary and won. Likewise, legal-services entrepreneur Joel Hyatt's matronly opponent for an Ohio Democratic senatorial nomination employed what the local press dubbed a "Mom vs. the Millionaire" offense; Hyatt retaliated with $209,000 in television spots the week of their primary. He won by 16,000 votes.

Governorships, which used to go for a mere million or so, also appear to have appreciated in value. Colorado's oil magnate Bruce Benson, the favored Republican nominee for the statehouse, anticipates a possible $6 million general campaign. Benson has a nest egg of $50 million to $100 million to draw from, but he hopes to rely mostly on donated money.

The advance of the plutocrats can be attributed to several trends. With career politicians fallen from esteem, can-do entrepreneurs have stepped in to fill the vacuum. Then there is the huge cost of essential TV and radio campaigns. Political strategist Ken Khachigian estimates that a TV ad seen four or five times over a week by most of the Californian viewing public costs about $500,000. Challengers need lots of money to mount any serious campaign against most incumbents, who benefit from political-action-committee dollars and laws enabling them to carry money from one campaign to the next. Rich challengers can be self-financing, thanks to Buckley v. Valeo, an 18-year-old Supreme Court decision that ruled it unconstitutional to limit the amount of money a citizen can give to his or her own campaign. Of course, you can't use Buckley effectively unless you're wealthy. Says veteran G.O.P. consultant Eddie Mehe: "Other things being equal, a challenger who cannot jump-start his own campaign might as well forget it."

Some rich candidates, mindful of appearing im-
POLITICS

While the Gettin’s Good

Louisiana’s sly, four-term Governor says he won’t run again. And for now he won’t say why.

By RICHARD LACAYO

CHICAGO POLITICS MAY LOOK JUST AS slippery. Virginia politics is certainly more fractious. But for sheer, lip-smacking fun, there’s still nothing that can beat Louisiana’s. For nearly a quarter-century, Edwin W. Edwards has been much of the reason why. In four terms as Governor, Edwards, who was tried twice for fraud and racketeering but never convicted, who ran up huge gambling debts while Gov-

ernor and who squired so many young women while still in his first marriage that he was dubbed “the Silver Zipper,” has made Baton Rouge the undisputed capital of racially political folklore.

That the fast-talking Governor did it without ever making a public act of contri-

bution was one more reason that Louisiana was stunned last week when, midway through his present term, he made a tearful announcement before the state legislature that he would not seek re-election. For once, the Governor had just a few cryptic words of explanation: “I feel it’s time to move on to something else. When you learn—and you will—what I have in mind, you’ll understand.”

Louisianans immediately came up with some preliminary understandings of their own. One was that Edwards must have figured that voters were losing patience with his adventures along the fron-
tiers of ethical conduct. Though never found guilty of any crime, he has been the subject of at least 20 criminal investigations and has twice beat charges that he tried, while out of office, to rig the state’s program to certify hospitals—pocketing $1.9 million in the process. During Edwards’ 1991 campaign, a closely watched race against former Klansman David Duke, one of his supporters’ favorite bumper stick-
ers read, VOTE FOR THE CHOOK. IT’S IMPORTANT.

Edwards now suffers from negative ratings of about 63% and yet another investigation. Though not a target himself, he has testi-
fied before a Baton Rouge grand jury looking into favoritism in the awarding of gaming licenses for riverboat gambling. His critics also complain that his four children, all of whom have pursued business opportunities with the state’s newly legalized casinos, were in a position to gain from his success in pushing legalized casino gaming through the legislature last year.

Another theory is that being Governor just wasn’t much fun anymore. During his first two terms, from 1972 to 1980, Edwards was able to duplicate a populist strategy of his fabled predecessor Huey Long: tax the thriving oil and gas companies to fund generous patronage and state programs, much of it to the benefit of his coalition of poorer whites, French-speaking Cajuns and blacks. When oil prices took a dive in the mid-’70s, the good times stopped rolling. Edwards “was a sort of perpetual Santa Claus,” says Ed Fenwick, a professor of political science at Loyola University of New Orleans, “but now he’s got to continually fight to balance the budget.” That’s dull work for a 66-year-old man who just took on a 29-year-old bride. “I will leave you as a politician,” Ed-
wards orated last week. “Sometimes, hope-
fully, history will elevate me to the status of a statesman.” Pending that, he may have to settle for King of the Rogues.

TAKING HIS LEAVE: Is Edwards departing because voters got tired of his notion of government ethics?

— Reported by Laurence J. Barret/Atlanta, Tresa Chambers/New York, Martha Smilgia/Los Angeles and Richard Woodbury/Denver

— Reported by S.C. Gwynne/Omaha
Lisa Schomp, a third generation Oldsmobile dealer in Denver, spends much of her time fielding questions from her customers. They usually have a pretty good idea of what they're looking for in a car or truck, so they have a lot to ask her. But these days, Lisa gets almost as many questions from the people at General Motors. They want to know:
“What do people love about our cars? What are their gripes?” And they’re not just asking for her advice. They’re acting on it. Which makes sense. Because General Motors is out to build the cars and trucks customers really want. And who knows more about GM customers than the dealers, like Lisa, who make their living listening to them?
HURRY UP AND WAIT

In coping with Haiti, Korea and Bosnia, Clinton hopes to buy time and avoid stiffer measures

By BRUCE W. NELAN

If only world leadership were just a matter of talk. As the first U.S. President since Woodrow Wilson to address France’s parliament, Bill Clinton spoke easily and confidently, reading from transparent TelePrompTer screens that fascinated the French. He neatly dissected his desire to make foreign policy by international consensus—and the drawbacks to that approach. The Atlantic allies, at this “moment of decision,” must strengthen their unity, but the task now was one particularly difficult for democracies: “To unite our people when they do not feel themselves in imminent peril.”

The President was poignantly defining his own difficulties with foreign policy, especially when it involves military force. Since entering the White House, he has found it almost impossible to unite the U.S. and its allies on agreed courses of action, or even to set a firm course and stick to it. At D-day ceremonies, Clinton told the assembled veterans that “we are the children of your sacrifice,” but he has been unable to spell out clearly the interests and principles for which this generation of Americans must be willing to sacrifice their blood.

Clinton’s European trip was not designed to be a substantive foreign policy crusade. It was aimed at image building: persuading foreign leaders that Clinton was more at home with the issues than their diplomats and intelligence services were telling them. Flying home Wednesday, the atmosphere aboard Air Force One was one of fulfillment. The Clintons and their aides believed they had just wound up one of their best weeks in months.

But back in Washington the President and his aides awoke to a jet-lagged letdown. The preliminary poll data did not show the surge they had expected. And the same old foreign policy problems awaited him in the Oval Office, all demanding the President’s attention and none open to once-and-for-all solutions.

Haiti. Clinton made his first post-trip appearance to announce more sanctions on Haiti’s military bosses: a freeze on financial transactions between the U.S. and Haiti and a ban on airline flights beginning June 25. These steps are in addition to an ever tightening trade embargo on all imports but food and medicine. These pressures, Clinton said, are aimed at a “solution where the coup leaders step down.”

The Administration pointedly refused to rule out a military invasion, though Pentagon aides say no preparations are under way. At an Organization of American States meeting, ministers approved a force of 3,000 to keep the peace after the Haitian regime departs. ABC television reported Friday night that Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott had told U.N. officials the U.S. would invade Haiti in July if sanctions had not succeeded, then hand over quickly to the U.S. force. The State Department issued a speedy denial. The U.N. confirmed it had received a memo quoting Talbott but hedged on its contents.

Administration officials say the combination of threats and specific actions are supposed to make Haiti’s bosses start taking seriously U.S. determination to remove them. In the past, deadlines for their departure have come and gone, while Washington did little. By week’s end officials were once again emphasizing sanctions and the long haul. That could change quickly if the junta retaliates by seizing humanitarian-aid shipments or threatening the lives of Americans.

North Korea. Despite some calls for firmer action, Clinton stuck to his policy of slowly pressuring Pyongyang into giving up its nuclear dream. Two weeks ago, he said the North Koreans’ refusal to permit full inspection of their nuclear facilities made it “virtually imperative” for the U.N. Security Council to consider imposing sanctions. Last week some of the necessary partners began to dance away from the prospect, making it uncertain that Clinton can make the sanctions stick.

The Japanese publicly vowed to go along with any sanctions decided by the U.N. Privately, though, Tokyo is suggesting that the process be drawn out, beginning with another warning to Pyongyang, followed by minor sanctions. Only then would Japan move to a full embargo, including a halt to the hundreds of millions of dollars in remittances that North Koreans send home each year.

In Tokyo, Under Secretary of State Peter Tarnoff let it drop that sanctions were not a certainty. “We did not come with a specific proposal,” he said. “The purpose is to talk about categories that might be included in the resolution, including sanc-
LEADERSHIP EXERCISE: The President spoke of heroism in Normandy, but his full role as Commander in Chief eludes him.

Russia said it would approve sanctions "if all other means of settlement are exhausted," but in return for a U.S. concession. Moscow and Washington would introduce a resolution in the U.N. this week to provide for sanctions—and the international conference the Russians want.

But no sanctions of any sort can get through the council if China vetoes them, and last week Beijing was not encouraging. "Sanctions are not a sensible choice," said Foreign Minister Qian Qichen. "They would only aggravate the crisis."

BOSNIA. French leaders were immensely pleased with Clinton's visit, and President François Mitterrand went out of his way to praise him. Reason: Clinton has finally signed on to French policy in Bosnia. As a Foreign Ministry official in Paris observed, "We now feel we are dealing with a really responsible leader."

It is quite a climb-down for Clinton, though the Administration says it is simply realism—and that may be true. In January 1993 he dismissed European proposals to partition Bosnia as too favorable to the Serbs and a reward for their aggression. In Paris he agreed to put Washington's full weight behind a plan that would give the Bosnian government, composed mostly of Muslims, and federation partner Croatia 51% of Bosnia's territory, leaving 49% for the Serbs, who now hold 70%.

The U.S. said it would lean on both sides to accept that settlement. If the Bosnian Serbs go along but the Bosnian government refuses, Washington might favor easing the economic sanctions now in place against Serbia. "There's nothing new about that at all," Christopher insisted.

In all of these pungent cases, Clinton has opted for a holding action. Over the next month or two, the crises will flare up again, perhaps in more virulent form. By then the new sanctions on Haiti may have proved just as ineffectual as the old ones. Despite a promised four-week cease-fire, the Bosnian government and the Serbs may refuse to settle for their allotted percentages.

Even more threatening, the North Koreans may remove their 8,000 nuclear fuel rods from the cooling ponds where they lie under international supervision and begin processing them to acquire enough plutonium for four or five atom bombs. If that happens, Clinton will face his most urgent and dangerous challenge. The secret of George Bush's great success in the confrontation with Iraq was his willingness to commit America to fight alone if need be. Clinton so far has displayed no willingness to do that anywhere abroad. —Reported by Edward W. Desmondi/Tokyo, Michael Duffy and J.F.Q. McAllister/Washington and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris.
Still Brave At Heart

On Normandy's beaches the past returned to infuse the present with new meaning

By HUGH SIDEY NORMANDY

The last great cantonment of those who fought D-day and, as President Bill Clinton said, "saved the world" is a rich piece of history now—camp broken, tears, embraces and bugle calls fading into other memories. Those tens of thousands of veterans who went one more time to Normandy to hear the thunderous echoes from the hours that shaped their souls and mortally wounded Hitler's monstrous evil are home or headed there to confront age and infirmity, and ultimately to yield to the death they evaded on June 6, 1944.

There was a beautiful sadness about the moment. The serenity of the thin crescent of beach as it lies today was seen by those on excursion boats in the English Channel and by Clinton at dawn from the deck of the U.S. aircraft carrier George Washington. More than one water-borne spectator sensed how fragile the whole D-day operation must have been, successful finally by its audacity and the spirits of young service men sustained by the singular strength that comes from freedom.

This memorial event defined democracy and liberty anew for a wondering world bogged down in complexities and cultural doubts. Scholars like Stephen Ambrose, author of a new book on D-day, put the meaning in simple but heroic terms: "The greatest event of this century." Some might argue, but not the men who struggled ashore through the slaughter and their individual terror.

More than he realized, Bill Clinton may have typified a younger generation's response to this intense lesson from another world, another war. It was as if he had long been an indifferent son, blanking out for decades a nation's old war stories, then wak-
ing suddenly to the heroics of a dim past and wanting to go back to nurture the memories and understand them better.

By any measure, the President's speech commemorating the veterans' sacrifice at Omaha Beach was one of sensitivity and grace. Earlier, he paid tribute to the Rangers who had climbed the forbidding cliffs at Pointe du Hoc with ladders and grappling hooks. He stopped by Utah Beach before arriving at Colleville-sur-Mer, where nearly 10,000 Americans from all of Europe's battlefields are buried. The hand of Providence seemed for once to touch Clinton, who has had his share of ceremonial glitches. Just as he began to speak the sun came out, etching in breathtaking brilliance the white crosses against the tender green landscape.

Nor was Clinton unmindful of adversaries—and an ally—who did not attend the commemoration. In some of the most exquisite language of the day, he turned their adversity into glorious emancipation. "Germany and Italy, liberated by our victory, now stand among our closest allies and the staunchest defenders of freedom. Russia, decimated during the war and frozen afterward in communism and cold war, has been reborn in democracy."

Though in the company of host President François Mitterrand and other Allied leaders, including Queen Elizabeth II, Clinton made certain that the men who fought the battle were at his shoulder all day. None was more gallant than hulking Joe Dawson, the captain of G Company, 16th Infantry Regiment, who was

DEFINING DEMOCRACY ANEW
A U.S. paratrooper walks from the field near Ste.-Mère-Église after repeating the jump he made half a century ago.

TIME, JUNE 20, 1994
the first officer to bring his shattered unit to the ridge above Omaha. Dawson used his native sense and energy to bring order and purpose out of chaos and confound the disciplined Nazi machine. D-day was a battle won by ones and twos and struggling gaggles of men who came out of the sea and moved inexorably up the small trails to defy Hitler's belief that they were too soft and self-indulgent to defeat his supermen.

Down on the beach with Dawson after the ceremony, Clinton stared out over the peaceful water, imagining the cauldron of 50 years ago. He bent to touch the sand, perhaps a ritual of consecration for the simple virtues that propelled those young soldiers across such a distant fire zone: beaches are for families and picnics and laughter.

It was intriguing in this epic commemoration how most veterans could recall in minute detail that first 24 hours, then found memories hazy as they went inland for fighting that would continue for a year. Ambrose's interviewees could give the exact size of the foxholes they dug, when they first relieved themselves after the long and tortuous journey to the beaches, or where they first hit ground, rolling beneath their billowing parachutes.

Richard Winters of Hershey, Pennsylvania, a first lieutenant in the 101st Airborne, came back to the outskirts of Ste.-Mère-Eglise and could identify every building, every wall, every swell of land where he had landed. Jesse Franklin of Concord, New Hampshire, a military policeman sent to Omaha Beach to direct traffic, recalled that there was no traffic to direct. He hugged the sand on the orders of Colonel George Taylor, commanding the 10th regimental combat team of the First Division. Looking up, Franklin saw the colonel caked with sand and mud to his shoulders, bawling the now famous charge: "There are two kinds of men on this beach: the dead, and those about to die. So let's get the hell out of here!" The colonel went up the ridge, but Franklin stayed to do his job, taking refuge in a captured German bunker.

Even as the vets fade away, the D-day anniversary may evolve into a continuous celebration of liberty. On the sunny afternoon last week when the modern paratroopers leaped from their huge C-130s near Ste.-Mère-Eglise, the hundred thousand spectators on the ground were in a picnics mood. Most of them were French families with grandfathers and kids, American flags tucked behind their ears and in their hair. They lollled on the grass, cheering the flawless parachute patterns. Such meaningful fun will doubtless endure.

This time his men had to push Major John Howard, 81, over Pegasus Bridge in a wheelchair as they marched to lay a wreath on the monument marking the landing of the British glider troops 16 minutes into D-day. They were the first Allied soldiers on the ground, and they captured the bridge in a few minutes, a distinction they do not want to lose in the crowded annals of history. Every year since, they have come back to give a champagne toast on the minute for their small but stunning victory. The champagne is courtesy of the French villagers, just as it was on that fateful morning of what is now known as "the longest day." May the annual toast go on as long as freedom is cherished and champagne is at hand.

COMMEMORATING THE SACRIFICE
Families at Colleville-sur-Mer mourned for the young men who met death on the beaches, while veterans undefeated by age proved their mettle again. Bill Clinton, no longer an indifferent son, woke to the significance of the individual heroics that made final success possible.

EVERY MAN A HERO
Pat Passman, 72, strolls along Utah Beach recalling in minute detail the terror and glory of that historic June day.
RUSSIA

A Voice in the Wilderness

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn preaches his message of moral renewal in the hinterlands, but will Moscow listen?

LONG RIDE TO MOSCOW: Enthusiastic crowds talk with the novelist at every stop during his train journey. He listens, takes notes and delivers his message.

By JOHN KOHAN MOSCOW

at the most difficult moment in our history," said a journalist. "If you meet Boris Yeltsin, let him know he should do more to build up Russia."

"They don’t know what is going on in Russia," complained a lawyer. "The bureaucracy is tainted by the mafia. If something is not done, Russia will perish."

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Nobel-prize-winning novelist and freshly returned exile to Russia, sat in the Musical Comedy Theater of the Far Eastern city of Khabarovsk and carefully jotted down their comments in a black notebook. He had chosen to return to Moscow via a long cross-country train trip lasting several weeks, stopping in towns along the way to greet the locals and listen to their complaints. When he arrived later at Blagoveschensk, he was surprised to see 200 well-wishers. "I didn’t expect there would be so many people," Solzhenitsyn said. "I say this everywhere, and I want to repeat it to you: The future is in our hands."

But what kind of future? In a country where the idols and ideals of the past have been shattered, Solzhenitsyn, at 75, remains a moral authority for millions of Russians: one man who stood up against the totalitarian state and survived. During nearly two decades in a sylvan Vermont retreat, he has been preparing for the end of communism and nurturing his own vision of a new Russia.

So it was perhaps only appropriate that Solzhenitsyn spent his first days traveling through the very land where millions of victims of Stalin’s purges perished in the Soviet Union’s system of forced-labor camps. In Khabarovsk he visited a large, privately maintained cemetery. At the entrance to the graveyard, he paid his respects at a small chapel built to commerate those who had perished in the totalitarianism whirlwind of the ’30s. Two young priests were reading the Orthodox "Eternal Memory" service from a prayer book. It was one of many symbolic moments on an odyssey that has become a kind of traveling metaphor: himself a survivor of eight years in the Gulag, Solzhenitsyn is recognized as the person most responsible for bringing the crimes of that era to light. Obviously moved, he crossed his chest repeatedly, solemnly noting the plaque on the chapel’s side that dedicates the site to the "memory of the innocent victims of lawlessness and tyranny."

Solzhenitsyn’s message to Russians can be summed up in one word: Repent! He believes deeply that Russia cannot move into the future until it has exercised its communist past. "In this country, there are murderers and victims, the persecutors and the persecuted," he says. "The murderers and the persecutors must personally repent for what they have done." But when a handful of Russians told him they regretted not speaking up for him and asked for his forgiveness, Solzhenitsyn said he "responded with a laugh that this was the smallest possible reason for them to come up with for repentance." Russians, he said "should be repenting far more major things." He seemed to call for some grand legal absolution like the 1846 war-crimes trials at Nuremberg: "We saw this in Germany when the Nazis were tried. Their crimes were condemned not only by pro-
Thoughts from a Slow Train Across Russia

As Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn embarked on a slow train journey across Russia with his family, one of the few journalists with whom he spoke was TIME senior correspondent David Aikman, who had interviewed the Russian writer in Vermont in 1989. During their conversations, Aikman made the following notes on Solzhenitsyn’s thoughts about his return home.

ON THE CONDITION OF RUSSIA: I have discovered with some satisfaction that people’s moods do not seem to be as pessimistic and apathetic as I might have expected after observing them from the West. On the contrary, many people have preserved a great intensity, a desire to act. But they’re disoriented as to what exactly should be done. All of them are inspired to act by a real dissatisfaction with today’s conditions in the nation and with the way the country is ruled.

ON CRIME: I realized that the way out of communism might be tortuous and destructive, but it is an illusion no one could have predicted or imagined the exact forms of it. I have been asked more than once what concrete proposals I might have, but having just come back to my homeland, it is too early. But when one speaks of crime, there can be no two opinions: crime must be firmly suppressed, or the whole country really will fall into the hands of the mafia, and the government will become a shadow government.

ON THE WEAKNESSES OF RUSSIA’S LEADERS: Some of them do not understand the situation. Others really do not have the will or energy to act. But I may add that the main weakness of power derives from the fact that there has not been a new system of government and that almost all of the leadership positions in the country are still in the hands of the previous regime’s leadership, who have only switched their positions within the political and commercial spheres. They are too tied to the past and have no interest in moving on to new things.

The present system cannot be called democracy because it doesn’t express the will of the people. It ignores the sufferings of the people, and the whole structure still reflects the form of a barely changed communism. In 1991 we weren’t able to change the system in a revolutionary way, although at the time it would have been rather easy to do so. Of course, the current system will change, but it may do so once again quite painfully while we are looking for another system. History does not forgive us when we let slip a fatal, critical moment.

ON THE THREAT OF DICTATORSHIP: The danger lies in the possibility of discontent continuing to grow among the people and the inability of the government to fight crime and quickly remedy the situation. One could anticipate an angry reflex vote and some sort of enraged popular response.

ON RUSSIAN NATIONALISM: The four republics of Russia, Belarus, Ukraine, and part of Kazakhstan are linked to us by millions of ties. That makes the artificial division into states very painful. I have always said we should never resort to coercive measures. I cannot predict the future, but I would like to see a single state formed out of those four states.
Some of her fans would pay just about anything to see Barbra Streisand live in concert this summer. But only a few can afford to pay what it takes—as much as $1,000 to obtain a ticket with a face value of $350 for a seat down front at arenas like Anaheim Pond and Madison Square Garden. When the New York Rangers, who haven’t won the Stanley Cup since 1940, looked like they would finally do it on home ice last Thursday night, scalpers outside the Garden on game night were asking as much as $5,000 for a ticket with a face value of $125.

When it comes to getting tickets for the hottest entertainment and sports events, it’s money that counts. Big money. And as the most star-studded summer concert season in years gets under way—with such performers as Streisand, Billy Joel and Elton John, the Rolling Stones, and the 30 top bands that will appear at Woodstock II—a “holy war” over outrageous ticket prices has broken out, forcing the music industry to choose up sides. Last month Pearl Jam, the popular alternative-rock band from Seattle, called down the wrath of the U.S. Department of Justice against Ticketmaster, by far the largest distributor of sports and entertainment tickets in the U.S. (1995 volume: 52 million tickets), Pearl Jam claims that Ticketmaster has a near monopoly over tickets and charges inflated service fees, which can range from a typical $4 a ticket to $18 for the hottest acts.

Fred Rosen, CEO of Ticketmaster, indignantly rejects the charge, noting that his firm developed a sophisticated computer system to make it easy for performers to sell large numbers of tickets, and has a right to be paid for the service. Says he: “If Pearl Jam wants to play for free, we’ll be happy to distribute their tickets for free.”

The legal battle over who should control tickets and prices comes at a time when fans are already fed up with the scalping that can drive up prices for the most desirable tickets to several times their face value as they are resold, often more than once, by middlemen. These operators are a mix of quick-buck artists at street level, high-priced attorneys who speculate in tickets for profits, corporate executives trading favors, music-industry insiders and Mafiosi who control key blocks of tickets and take a cut of the inflated price. While Pearl Jam is pointing the finger at Ticketmaster’s relatively modest service fees, it is these behind-the-scenes brokers who are responsible for the hundreds of dollars added to the price of some tickets. Though these scalpers han-
dle less than 20% of the tickets, they are often the best tickets: the first 10 rows at an Elton John concert or the N.B.A. finals. They are the reason that even the fans who sleep outside the box office to be first in line find that they cannot buy a front-row seat. It is common to bid up the price of a Rolling Stones ticket, for example, from $55 to $350. Typically, none of this end-stage profit goes to the performer, though a few bands are rumored to trade heavily with scalpers, holding back most of the best tickets from box-office sales. Ultimately, it’s the fans who pay for it all.

The current rebellion started when Pearl Jam laid plans for a low-cost tour their young fans could afford. They wanted their tickets to cost no more than $18.50, with service fees held to $1.80. Ticketmaster balked, arguing that it must charge $25 or more to cover its costs. Pearl Jam hired Sullivan & Cromwell, the prestigious Manhattan law firm. In a memorandum filed with the Justice Department, the lawyers claimed that Ticketmaster’s control over tickets and its exclusive contracts with most of the leading concert arenas constitute anticompetitive behavior that enables it to prop up prices. Soul Asylum, another popular alternative-rock band, jumped into the fray. By week’s end Garth Brooks, Neil Young, U2 and Bad Religion had lined up with Pearl Jam, saying they supported Pearl Jam’s cause. Says Kelly Curtis, Pearl Jam’s manager: “All the band wants to do is to be able to tour with a cheap ticket price.” While the dispute with Ticketmaster amounted to less than $1 a ticket, though, the band was not offering to absorb the cost. Said Rosen: “We ought to change our name to Targetmaster.”

The performers claim that Ticketmaster, as the only large agency ticketing national tours, exerts excessive control over access to arenas. Pearl Jam says it cannot tour this summer because Ticketmaster is so powerful—and so feared—that no arena of decent size was willing to book the band. Ticketmaster denies that it has interfered in any way with Pearl Jam bookings. Artists afraid to be quoted by name claim that after buying out competing agencies like Ticketron, Ticketmaster is so powerful that it can hold up payment of ticket receipts for months, block bookings or just “experience computer problems” in selling tickets for a troublesome act, so that seats go unsold. Ticketmaster denies that it engages in such practices.

Whether or not Pearl Jam’s accusations against Ticketmaster are valid, law-enforcement officials are trying hard to curb the far more significant problem of illegal ticket scalping. According to authorities, organized crime is deeply involved in the illicit reselling of tickets. When a $25 ticket can ultimately sell for $500, the difference amounts to a large chunk of untraceable cash—a phrase that is pure mu-

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

$25 to $30
Band’s share of the original $55 ticket price, with $3 to $10 for the musicians themselves and the rest for travel and living expenses.

$25 to $30
Other concert expenses: promoter’s cut, unions, catering, rent, security, lights and sound systems, insurance, advertising and Ticketmaster charges.

$170
Profit to the original ticket buyer after purchasing the ticket for $55 and selling it to a ticket broker for $225.

$125
Profit to the ticket broker after selling the ticket for $350.

SCALPING AT THE N.B.A. FINALS: Outside the Summit Arena in Houston, a broker offers $40 tickets for about $100.
BANKING

The High Cost of Saving

Customers grow irate as banks relentlessly jack up service fees and demand ever larger deposits

By JOHN GREENWALD

Marjellen Gordon is still fuming. When the Manhattan freelance writer opened a checking account at Manufacturers Hanover bank six years ago, she could keep as small a balance as she liked for a fee of just $5 a month, and there was no charge for using the automated teller machines. Then Manufacturers Hanover merged with Chemical Bank in 1992, after which Gordon had to keep at least $3,000 in the bank to avoid being charged each time she used the ATM system. Enough was enough. Earlier this year she took her money to a credit union where, for $2.50 a month, she can write the checks of bad checks must now routinely shell out fees for the pain of having been bilked.

The outcry over soaring charges has reached Congress, where Massachusetts Democrat Joseph Kennedy, who chairs a House subcommittee on consumer credit, will hold hearings next week. "We're seeing a dramatic rise in bank fees across the country," Kennedy says. As a result, "we want the best possible disclosure. We have truth in lending; maybe we should have truth in fees."

The bankers say they have no choice but to cover the rising costs of services and to make up for anemically low interest rates. "We are the largest branch net-
to nearly one-third in 1992, according to the Consumer Federation of America. On top of that, lenders have enriched themselves by keeping a large spread between the cost they pay depositors for their mon-
"—and what they charge for personal loans—more than 14%.

Automated teller machines have been particularly lucrative. ATMs were once touted as free high-tech conveniences, but a joint study by the Consumer Federation and Consumers Union found that customers now pay 95¢ on average each time they use a local ATM system and $1.10 for each use of a national network. And because ATMs require neither salaries nor benefits, most of those fees flow straight to the bottom line; another Consumer Federation survey estimated that banks typically reap 75¢ in profit for every $1 they charge to use the machines. Some go so far as to levy a penalty on customers who fail to use their ATM cards within a 12-month period—a charge increasingly recommended by banking consultants. Perhaps most galling of all are the fees charged account holders who unwittingly deposit bad checks. Thirty-five percent of U.S. banks resorted to such charges in 1991. Today it's up to 85%. USPIRG, which conducted the study, says that besides being stuck with bum checks, victims are paying on average a $5.29 fee to their bank for the privilege of being stiffed.

In poor neighborhoods residents can wind up paying even higher fees for financial services because of the shortage of bank branches. The lack of accessibility has forced many inner-city dwellers to turn to storefront check-cashing offices, which can charge as much as 3% of the value of a check. A 1991 Los Angeles city council survey found 133 check-cashing offices—vs. only 19 bank and savings-and-loan branches—serving South Central L.A.'s largely minority population of nearly 600,000. Right next door, more affluent (and Angelo) Gardena had 21 bank branches for fewer than 50,000 residents. Elsewhere, many consumers are fleeing to credit unions to escape the escalating bank costs. Membership in these nonprofit institutions, which are typically linked to workplaces, grew nearly 12% in the past five years, to more than 65 million people.

Even bankers agree that the answer is to shop around. "Consumers really don't have to be paying more than in the past," says Virginia Stafford, a spokeswoman for the American Bankers Association. "The key is in shopping for a bank that fits your needs." But by continually raising their fees, many banks are indicating that they may no longer have much interest in keeping small customers.

—Reported by Elaine Lafferty/Los Angeles and Stacy Perman/New York

CASHING IN

Average percent change in bank fees from 1990

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<th>Year</th>
<th>Average Fee</th>
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<tr>
<td>1990</td>
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<tr>
<td>1991</td>
<td>$5.82</td>
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<td>1993</td>
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<td>1994</td>
<td>$7.83</td>
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Sources: U.S. Public Interest Research Group (USPIRG), a Washington-based consumer lobby. Even work in New York state and the largest ATM network," says John Stack, managing director of branch banks at Chemical. "We have a super offering to consumers, which costs money, and we are in a low-interest-rate environment in which deposits are worth less to banks. When you combine those things, we must raise fees."

The jacked-up charges have indeed helped banks rebound from the late 1880s and early 1990s, when sour real estate loans severely depressed industry earnings. Bank profits reached a record $43.4 billion last year, easily topping the previous peak of $32.1 billion in 1992, at least in part because of banks' growing reliance on service charges for income. Fees rose from just under 23% of banking income in 1984 as many checks as she wants—even draw down her balance to zero. "I probably had $25 taken out every month at Chemical," she recalls, "before I finally said, 'This is insane. What am I doing?'"

Whether they're putting their paycheck in or taking cash out, Americans like Gordon are increasingly feeling the pinch as U.S. banks raise their fees for everything from bounced checks to automated cash transactions. To recoup profits lost to bad loans as well as to aggressive rivals like money-market funds that offer their own checking accounts, commercial banks nearly doubled their service charges between 1985 and 1992, according to the U.S. Public Interest Research Group (USPIRG), a Washington-based consumer lobby. Even
How to Say You’re Sorry

COMPANIES DON’T LIKE TO APOLOGIZE—WHO DOES? In the old days they didn’t apologize for anything, but now at least they’ll say they’re sorry for spilling things, like 4 million gal. of diesel fuel on the Pittsburgh area. Ashland Oil made an apology for that in 1988, soon to be followed by Exxon’s apology for spreading 11 million gal. on Alaska. For being a few days late with its statement, Exxon was branded a lout.

Companies have also apologized for recent gaffes that Marge Schott might have appreciated, such as Radio Shack putting a video game with a swastika in it, or an American Airlines group crew’s ordering a change of pillows after a gay-rights group protested the aircraft. Once in a while, companies apologize to avoid a libel suit, as NBC did after it rigged a crash test so a General Motors pickup truck would be sure to explode.

But when it comes to financial misconduct—stealing, cheating, fraud—companies have a terrific out. They can settle the charges without admitting they’ve done anything wrong. In return for large wads of cash, the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) allows most corporate offenders to dodge acknowledgment of their offenses. This helps make up for the fact that companies can’t blame alcohol or drugs or say their lousy childhood made them do it, and wiggle out of trouble the human way.

The rationale for corporate nolo contendere is that the offending company must be kept sound enough to repay its victims via the settlement. If it were forced to plead guilty, the firm would be subjected to a flood of further lawsuits that could sink it. Given the number of companies that take advantage of this opportunity, we could start a pretty good nolo mutual fund.

This fund could include Sears, whose zealous auto mechanics performed extra work on cars that didn’t need it. Sears settled with the State of California and offered $50 rebate coupons. Then there’s Salomon Brothers, whose enthusiastic bond department hoodwinked Uncle Sam by buying more government bonds than it was entitled to. Salomon settled with the SEC for $250 million. Finally, there’s Prudential Securities, the brokerage arm of the Rock of Gibraltar, which paid $370 million to settle a multitude of claims from investors who were coaxed into buying some trendy limited partnerships, which limited them to big losses.

There’s a pattern to these cases. Once the scandal breaks, the company expresses total shock that any of its employees could have done such a thing. Then it volunteers to work with authorities in nabbing the culprits. No matter how many millions of dollars are involved, the culprits turn out to be loners. Their superiors hardly knew their name. This is the “the butler did it” phase.

Next comes the settlement stage and the big payout and the nolo plea, along with the letter to shareholders that often winds up in the papers as a full-page ad. The letter writer, usually the CEO, refers to “problems” and “mistakes” and emphasizes that these mistakes were in the past and entirely the work of rogue individuals. The company announces concrete steps to ensure that whatever they haven’t admitted to doing will never happen again.

“I believe we had an extremely serious problem but not a pervasive one,” said Warren Buffett, the country’s richest man and a great stock picker, brought in by Salomon to handle its damage control. The Sears version went as follows: “We strongly believe that these instances were isolated and there has been no pattern of this conduct.” Sears also said, “In the automotive business, mistakes can and will occur.”

“Certain limited partnerships,” wrote Wick Simmons, the CEO at Prudential Securities, “were sold by our firm to some clients that lacked adequate information or were not suitable for their investment needs. That was wrong.”

Mr. Simmons’ statement in no way captures the anguish of the long list of claimants in the class actions who found their losses not suitable to their investment need. But it’s notable for its use of the word wrong, which comes perilously close to the confession Prudential sidestepped with the SEC.

No doubt the legal department okayed this wording, and since then the company has followed up this exploratory mea culpa with an entire ad campaign called Straight Talk. The ads are filmed in black and white and resemble old Bergman movies, but the characters are not actors. They are living stockbrokers and other Prudential employees, including Mr. Simmons, who appears in several. The camera gets so close you can almost count his filings.

The goal of Straight Talk is to create a new Prudential self. But so far, the Straight Talk campaign is suffering from the Mrs. Macbeth problem. Every time the new self is trotted out, the sins of the old self come back to haunt it. One ad had to be scrapped after a former Prudential client recognized the “straight talker” as the same broker who had sold him a limited partnership. The ex-client got mad all over again and filed a new lawsuit. Then a second ad was scrapped to protect yet another broker from being sued.

Prudential has spent $20 million to escape its past, and all it’s doing is reminding people of it. Perhaps if Prudential had been able to make a full confession in the first place, it would have been better able to put these matters behind it. But the legal system makes that a bad bet. Did you see what happened just this month in a big discrimination case brought by women against AT&T? AT&T settled it without admitting or denying any wrongdoing.
Ancient Creatures

In an isolated, rugged region that divides Vietnam and Laos, scientists find a trove of new species

By EUGENE LINDEN VU QUANG

FROM HIS FIRST DAY IN VU QUANG, A reserve that lies on the mountainous divide separating Vietnam from Laos, biologist John Mackinnon realized that he had entered an extraordinary, almost magical domain. Working out of a small army base that in earlier years had housed North Vietnamese troops, MacKinnon and a team of Vietnamese researchers set out in May 1992 on an expedition sponsored by the World Wildlife Fund. Their mission: to survey the animals in a mysterious area of moist, dense forest largely unexplored by scientists.

Returning from his first hike in the forest, MacKinnon encountered zoologist Do Tuoc, who had spent the day walking with hunters in the nearby village of Kim Quang about wild goats in the region. MacKinnon felt a flash of excitement when Do Tuoc mentioned coming across skulls with long, curved horns mounted proudly on posts in hunters’ houses. “You’d better show me,” said MacKinnon, for he knew of no goats of that description in Southeast Asia.

It took him just a moment with the skulls to realize that he was looking at an animal unknown to science. Subsequent analysis of the specimens’ DNA by Peter Arcandt at the University of Copenhagen showed that the 220-lb. animal, variously called the Vu Quang ox, the pseudoryx and the Sao-la, was not just a new species but a new genus, probably separated from its closest cattle-like relatives for the past 5 million to 10 million years.

Finding an undiscovered genus of large land mammal was a stunning event in itself—only three other new genera have been documented in this century. But MacKinnon’s beast was just the first of the wonders to emerge from Vu Quang and adjoining forests in Vietnam and Laos. In the past two years scientists have also found evidence of what appears to be two new species of deerlike creatures—the giant muntjac and the quang khem—and a novel species of fish resembling carp.

Since exploration is still in its early stages, hopes are high that many more discoveries will follow. The area is “a biological gold mine,” says MacKinnon, who has spent 25 years as a field biologist in Asia. Says Colin Groves, a taxonomist at Australia’s National University: “The region represents much more than the find of the year; it could be the find of the century.” A place long closed off from the world by tyranny and war has suddenly become an open classroom of natural history.

The new animals remain elusive, known mostly through their bones and skins. But a team of British and Laotian fieldworkers under contract to New York’s Wildlife Conservation Society (wcs) say they have taken blood samples from a live specimen of one of the creatures—the giant muntjac—in a menagerie owned by a Laotian military group. If they are correct, studies of the captive animal could confirm the claim made earlier this year by Vietnamese scientists and MacKinnon concerning the giant muntjac. MacKinnon analyzed a skull brought to him by Do Tuoc and Shanthini Dawson, an Indian biologist. It resembled that of a muntjac, also known as a barking deer, but the head and antlers were much larger and configured differently. After measuring many varieties of muntjac skulls, MacKinnon decided the new specimen must have come from a distinct species, and Arcandt concurred after studying its DNA. It is probably a new genus as well, though taxonomists will have to ponder that issue for a while. MacKinnon dubbed it the giant muntjac, figuring that it weighs about 100 lbs., or 50% more than the common muntjac.

Evidence of a third new mammal comes from the work of Vietnamese biologist Nguyen Ngoc Chinh, who went to Pu Mat, north of Vu Quang, to look for the Vu Quang ox. He returned with the skull of an animal the local hunters call quang khem, or slow-running deer, and scientists have taken to calling Chinh’s deer. It is too early to say whether this is also a new species, but Arcandt has so far been unable to match...
in a Lost World

its DNA with that of known varieties of deer.

How could the natural riches of Vu Quang remain unknown to outsiders for so long, especially given the crowded conditions in much of Vietnam and the relentless deforestation taking place? Part of the explanation lies in the region's steep, rugged terrain and exceptionally wet, swirling weather conditions. The mountainous spine that divides Vietnam and Laos traps moisture evaporated from the South China Sea, creating an unusually stable but inhospitable climate. Inclement rains during the rainy season and dripping fog during the dry season nurture a slick algae that add a treacherous coating to rocks and other surfaces. That may explain why the Vu Quang ox evolved narrow, two-toed hooves with a concave area on the bottom, giving the animal a better grip on the terrain. Humans have no such advantages. In addition to slippery rocks, intense heat and regular downpours, the region has leeches and malaria to discourage two-legged visitors. On the Vietnamese side, even native hunters rarely remain long in the forest; instead they catch game by setting snares or by using dogs that chase animals down to the slightly more accessible riverbanks.

Nonetheless, the Vu Quang ox, giant muntjac and slow-running deer might have come to the attention of the world much sooner had Vietnam and Laos not been isolated by wars and trade embargoes. For many years, local hunters and even Laotian forest officials have used antlers taken from the animals as hat racks or as parts of ceremonial altars, unaware that these trophies represented species new to science. Indeed, MacKinnon found among the unsorted bones in the collection of Hanoi's Institute of Ecology and Biological Resources some skulls of the slow-running deer that had been gathering dust since the late 1960s, when they were picked up during a Vietnamese collecting expedition. During a recent trip to the institute, MacKinnon spotted yet another strange pair of antlers in the same box of bones. A fourth species? It defies probability, but he set the antlers aside for further investigation.

A common feature of the three newly discovered animals is their primitive characteristics, suggesting that they have remained essentially unchanged for aeons. The slow-running deer has simple horns that remind Arcander of a Viking helmet. The giant muntjac has large canine teeth that deerlike animals used in fights long ago, before they evolved elaborate antlers. All three animals have braincases that are relatively small in proportion to their size. Taxonomist Groves says the Vu Quang ox seems somewhat similar to the hemibos, an extinct creature that lived in India 5 million years ago.

The presence of what may be ancient species is evidence that Vu Quang and its environs have been ecologically stable for millions of years. "With no fluctuations in climate," Arcander explains, "relic species can survive for a very long time." Both Arcander and Groves say that given the diversity of the area, and its ability to support many large herbivores as the newly discovered species as well as elephants, cattle-like gaur, sambar deer and forest hogs, the region may have served as a refuge through the ages, even as climate fluctuated elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

It is quite likely, however, that all the new species once ranged over larger areas than they do today. Human activities have transformed Southeast Asia far more significantly than climate shifts in recent centuries, and these changes have accelerated. As recently as 40 years ago, Vietnam had at least 50% of its original forests. Today less than 10% of those forests are still pristine. In fact, one reason new species are being discovered is that more people are penetrating ever deeper into ever dwindling forest.

Vu Quang was uninhabited until Vietnamese began to move in during the 1950s. This may explain why ancient species still survive. But now hunters' snares indiscriminately kill anything they trap, includ-

Slow-Running Deer
Known only from a few skulls that feature primitive horns, this creature may vanish before biologists have a chance to study it.
MEDICINE

Streptomania Hits Home

A bacterial strain that terrified Britain pops up in the U.S., but doctors say there’s no need to panic

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

Severe invasive group A streptococcus is the official scientific name, but labels like “deadly flesh-eating bacteria” can be too deliciously terrifying to resist. That’s what British tabloids decided when they learned that the germ had caused a mini-outbreak of lethal infections in Gloucestershire last month, bringing the death toll in England and Wales for this particularly virulent form of strep to 11 for the year. The papers fanned fears with such headlines as EATEN ALIVE and

for years, and no one thinks it will suddenly cause a pandemic.

Still, the bug is so virulent and so fast moving when it does strike that it cannot be taken lightly. It is passed by human-to-human contact, and its favorite route of infection is through an open wound. Within 24 hours the patient develops flu-like symptoms, including fever and chills. Over the next day or two, these conditions worsen; a rash may develop as well.

Until that point, antibiotics can easily wipe it out. What makes severe, invasive strep A different is that the microbe itself is “ill,” infected with a virus. The virus tricks the bacterium into pumping out a highly toxic chemical. Among the possible effects: a catastrophic drop in blood pressure (which contributed to the death of Muppetteimer Jim Henson in 1990); scarlet fever; or, as the recent news reports point out, “necrotizing fasciitis,” an illness that can eat away fat and muscle at the astounding rate of up to one inch an hour. If that last process starts, the only treatments are antibiotics and the cutting away of affected tissue, including limb amputation. Even so, death can come in three to four days.

The key question is whether killer strep is on the rise. Some experts think it’s not. But even those who say the bacterium is spreading believe this is part of a recurring biological cycle, not a new phenomenon. The scarlet fever epidemics of the 1930s and ’40s were caused by invasive strep A, and there were reports at the time of necrotizing fasciitis. After a deadly run through the population, the bacterium subsided; most victims had either died or developed immunity. The big difference this time is better treatment. While some strains of strep are showing resistance to some antibiotics, the drugs are still effective in most cases. If people seek prompt treatment for sore throats and unusually high fevers—especially when they’ve recently suffered cuts—those deadly flesh-eating bacteria need not be deadly at all.

—Reported by Alice Park

New York, with other bureaus
All the News That's Fit

Too much graphic violence on TV? Now local stations are coming up with an option: G-rated broadcasts.

BY RICHARD ZOGLIN

The crime was sensational, the kind that local TV-news operations salivate over. A 14-year-old boy had shot himself to death in a parked car beside a freeway moment after killing his mother in their suburban Minneapolis home. Like every other station in the Twin Cities, WCCO-TV gave the story prominent play on its early-evening newscast. But, astonishingly, the station showed none of the gruesome footage that was available—a shot of the boy slumped in his car, another of his mother’s covered body being carried from their home. Instead the story was told by old-fashioned talking heads: reporters describing the events; child therapists talking about why such tragedies occur.

WCCO, a well-respected, top-rated CBS affiliate, is pioneering an unlikely trend in local TV news. While most stations, as well as tabloid shows like Hard Copy and A Current Affair, revel in outrageous crimes and grisly violence, a small but growing number of news operations are trying to stand out by taking a different tack: playing down violent crime, eschewing graphic footage and trying to make their shows “family sensitive.” At least 11 stations—in such markets as Seattle, Miami, Albuquerque and Okla-}

- Image 0x0 to 262x372

 ROMA City—have adopted this kinder, gentler approach since the beginning of the year.

The format is too new to have generated any definitive ratings data. But proponents say it comes in response to surveys showing that viewers are fed up with local TV’s obsession with lurid crimes. Especially in such cities as New York, Los Angeles and Miami, even routine murders and rapes are given the TV equivalent of screaming headlines almost every day of the week. “The coverage of crime has become totally disproportionate to what’s really happening in society,” says Joseph Angotti, a former senior vice president of NBC News and now a professor of communications at the University of Miami. According to a survey conducted by Angotti’s students, one Miami station—Fox affiliate WSVN—devoted fully 49% of its newscast time to crime during a typical week last November. So notorious has WSVN’s crime fixation become that nine South Florida hotels have decided to black out some or all of the station’s programming in their 2,640 guest rooms.

The family-sensitive alternative in Miami is being offered by WCLX-TV, a CBS affiliate currently No. 4 in the ratings. A recent early-evening newscast, for instance, featured a story about the tearful homecoming of 43 local students who were on an Amtrak train that derailed in North Carolina. Yet there were no shots of the deadly-
SPORT

190 Countries Can’t Be Wrong

The World Cup begins this week and will be followed intently around the globe—except by the host nation.

By BARRY HILLENBRAND LONDON

E verything is just about ready. In Orlando, Florida, painters have finished the massive black and white panels that have transformed the copper dome of the new city hall into a giant soccer ball. Near Detroit, agronomists from Michigan State University have covered the synthetic turf in the Pontiac Silverdome with 1,850 hexagonal chunks of specially grown, soccer-friendly grass. In Palo Alto, California, workers are nearly finished giving Stanford University’s venerable stadium a $5 million face-lift. All this activity is in preparation for World Cup USA94, which begins in Chicago on Friday. Forget the Super Bowl, World Series and Olympic Games. The World Cup is the most eagerly anticipated event on the sporting calendar for most people on earth. Held every four years, the tournament decides the world championship of football—the kind of football actually played with the feet. Like America’s Dream Team in Olympic basketball, the teams are made up of a country’s best players. Some may play professionally in a league on a foreign continent, but they play for their national teams in World Cup games. In December 1991, 143 nations signed up to compete in the qualifying rounds; even Vanuatu and San Marino, plus a few curious geopolitical subdivisions like the Faroe Islands, entered. It took two years and 491 matches to whittle the field down to two dozen, and these finalists will play 52 games in nine cities in the U.S. By the time the championship is won in the Rose Bowl on July 17, more than 30 billion viewers in 190 countries will have tuned in. The federation that runs the World Cup chose the U.S. for the 1994 tournament with the hope of attracting more American fans to soccer. It’s a difficult task. A recent Harris poll found that only 25% of the 1,252 U.S. adults questioned knew what sport the World Cup involved, and only 20% were aware that the tournament would be held in the U.S. this summer. As for professional soccer in America, does anyone out there remember the Cosmos? Americans are not completely indifferent to the game, however. Fourteen million children and young people play the sport, and their parents are often avid spectators. Americans who do follow the World Cup will be rewarded, for international soccer right now is better than ever. In recent years gifted players from small countries have increasingly gone abroad to compete in the prosperous, rigorous football leagues of Europe. If fans in their home countries are deprived of the joy of watching top talent play during the regular season, the stars are battle hardened when they return to their national teams. The result has been a closer parity among national teams that undoubtedly will lead to upsets. The most exciting squads competing in the finals fall into four broad categories.

CROWN PRINCES. The teams that have dominated the world championship for 60 years are Argentina, Brazil, Italy and Germany. Will one of them win again this year? Probably, but it won’t be as easy as it has been. In the qualifying rounds, Argentina was nearly eliminated after Colombia humiliated it at home 5-0. Brazilians thirst for a magical “treta,” a fourth championship, but the team has a bad habit of falling apart when it is least expected. Who will keep
Brazil from losing? Romário and Bebeto. In Brazil no one ever bothers with last names for football stars; Romário is Romário de Souza Faria, leading scorer for Barcelona, the current Spanish league champion; Bebeto is José Roberto Gama de Oliveira, who is fragile looking but has a magical touch with the ball.

Italy’s coach, Arrigo Sacchi, speaks of teamwork with religious fervor. “For the kind of football I believe in,” he says, “generosity is fundamental.” If Sacchi sounds like the St. Francis of Assisi of football, he has yet to win many converts. Nearly 8 out of 10 readers polled recently by the weekly Guerin Sportivo said they had lost faith in him. Still, he has Roberto Baggio, probably the world’s best player, to call upon for miracles.

Finally there is Germany, the 1990 Cup champion. Germans are wondering whether new coach Berti Vogts comes near to Franz Beckenbauer, the football legend who guided the team four years ago. “Vogts was a bone-crusher of a player,” says one nervous fan. “Beckenbauer was a thinker.”

**THE CHALLENGERS.** In the 1970s the Dutch played in two Cup championship games, losing both times. Since then they have lingered on the fringes of greatness. But this year the Netherlands hopes to put an end to its also-ran reputation by playing a slightly modified version of “total football,” an aggressive style that has players move as a single unit on both offense and defense. The Dutch will be playing in the same group as the ascendant Belgians, their geographic neighbors but stylistic opposites. Belgium plays a tough, tight defensive game that exploits opponents’ errors. The biggest threat to the traditional powers comes from Colombia. Under coach Francisco Maturana the team has built an attacking machine led by Faustino Asprilla, a striker, or goal-scoring forward. The Colombian game is hide-and-seek ball control, emphasizing short passes that slice up a defense.

**THE CINDERELLAS.** Some teams that have languished in soccer obscurity for years have suddenly flourished. Under the direction of Spanish coach Xavier Azkargorta, Bolivia, long the doormat of South American football, was undefeated in the qualifying rounds and even beat Brazil 2-0. The U.S. also has extravagant hopes—the team won a stunning 2-0 upset victory over England last year. Unfortunately, the U.S. lacks world-class stars, although goalie Tony Meola shows promise and midfielder John Harkes and striker Roy Wegerle have gained experience in England. The Americans have come a long way, but the team, which faces Switzerland in Detroit on Saturday, is unlikely to advance beyond the first round.

Just how important is the World Cup? For the citizens of most of the countries whose teams are playing in America, nothing else short of Armageddon really matters. Already, the debates over player selection and team preparation have been all-consuming. Brazilians spent weeks arguing about whether players would be allowed to have sex during the tournament. After Pelé and Garrincha, heroes of previous Cups, announced that this activity had not harmed their performance, coach Parreira, who at first said spouses could not accompany the team to the U.S., recanted. All the players’ needs, he said, including “sexual ones,” would be tended to.

Perhaps after a few weeks of exposure to soccer mania at its most virulent, Americans will begin to appreciate the game. But even if soccer fails to take hold in its last frontier, this year’s World Cup will not suffer. We may not know a corner kick from a throw-in, but no one puts on a sports spectacle better than America.

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*With reporting by Jordan Bonfante/Los Angeles, Michael Brunton/London, Greg Burke/Rome and Ian McCluskey/Rio de Janeiro*
The Mouse Roars

Like Disney’s other recent cartoon features, The Lion King is winning and gorgeous; like Disney’s animated classics, it also touches primal emotions.
By RICHARD CORLISS

THE MODERN DISNEY CARTOON feature is an adventure of the spirit—a guided tour through eruptive emotions. The Little Mermaid plunged briskly into the growing pains of a creature that felt as isolated from the shimmering haut monde as any Afghan peasant or Harlem street kid. Beauty and the Beast took a stroll in the woods with a fellow who needed lessons in the civilizing power of love. The Aladdin carpet ride revealed a whole grownup world of pleasures and perils to a young thief who started out in search of only a quick spin with a pretty princess.

Out of these excursions came show-business magic. Disney’s handsome fantasies satisfied as master lessons in the storytelling craft. They rekindled the art and emotion of the studio’s classic animation style they showed Broadway what it had forgotten about integrating popular music into a potent story; and they reassembled the fragmented movie audience—these are pictures all races and ages enjoy. Fifty years from now they will probably be entralling the grandchildren of kids who thrill to Dumbo and other Disney relics today.

In the process they have made enough money to please even Scrooge McDuck. Everybody from Disney renegades to Steven Spielberg tries making cartoon epics; Disney alone consistently succeeds. The studio, which issued (or reissued) only 12 of the 42 animated features that were released in the past five years, has grabbed 58% of the North American box-office take for the genre. Aladdin has earned $1 billion from box-office income, video sales and such ancillary baubles as Princess Jasmine dresses and Genie cookie jars.

At heart, though, Aladdin and its kin were the merest, dearest emotional travelogues. They alighted on a dream here, a recollection there; they poked at a feeling until it sang a perky or rhapsodic Alan Menken tune. Nothing was lacking in these terrific movies, but something was missing: primal anguish, the kind that made children wet the seats of movie palaces more than a half-century ago as they watched Snow White succumb to the poison apple or Bambi’s mother die from a hunter’s shotgun blast. Disney cartoons were often the first films kids saw and the first that forced them to confront the loss of home, parent, life. These were horror movies with songs, Greek tragedies with a cute chorus. They offered shock therapy to four-year-olds, and that elemental jolt could last forever.

Get out the Pampers, Mom. Get ready to explain to the kids why a good father should die violently and why a child should have to witness the death. And while you’re at it, prepare to be awed at the cunnings of a G-rated medium that brings to bright life emotions that can be at once convulsive, cathartic and loads of fun. In The Lion King, premiering in New York City and Los Angeles this week, Disney returns with a growl.

The studio’s 32nd animated feature tells of a lion cub who loses his birthright to an evil relative before regaining both his pride and his, er, pride. The film has jolly moments, delicious comic characters and five songs (by Elton John and Tim Rice), all so simple and infectious that you could immediately commit them to memory even if you weren’t destined to hear them on tie-in commercials this summer for Burger King, Nestlé, Kodak and General Mills. And yes, there’s the hilariously extravagant production number that climaxes with whirlwind editing and a stupendous pyramid of pelts. With all this, The Lion King is almost guaranteed to be one of the huge hits of this bustling movie season.

Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff, The Lion King is a film of firsts for the studio. “It is our first cartoon feature not based on a fable or a literary work,” says Disney movie boss Jeffrey Katzenberg, who has overseen the animation unit since he joined the mouse factory in 1984. “It’s the first where there’s no human character or human influence. Our animators went back on all fours, and they’ll tell you it’s 10 times harder to make an animal talk and be expressive than it is to do that with a human.” Nor is it easy to study a 500-lb. lion close up, as the directors and animators did (“The handlers tell you not to wear cologne,” says Minkoff, “and not to dress like a zebra”). But the real challenge was to relate a moral tale of aristocratic dignity, and to do this in a pop-cultural era when feel-good facetiousness reigns. Comedy is easy these days; majesty is hard.

Not since Bambi has so much been at stake in a Disney tale. There are kingdoms to be smothered, deaths to be averted for. The father of a prince is killed, and his cunning uncle seizes the throne; driven from the kingdom, the lad leads a carefree life until the father’s ghost instructs him to seek honorable revenge. Put it another way: a boy leaves home, escapes responsibility with some genially irresponsible friends, then returns to face society’s obligations. The Lion King is a mix of two masterpieces cribbed for cartoons and brought ferociously up to date. On the grasslands of Africa, Huck Finn meets Hamlet.

The hero is Simba (voiced as a child by Home Improvement’s Jonathan Taylor Thomas and as an adult by Matthew Broderick). This cub is the headstrong son of lion king Mufasa (James Earl Jones) and nephew of the green-eyed Scar (Jeremy Irons), who with oleaginous irony hides his intentions to kill Mufasa and Simba and become a low-down, schemin’, lyin’ king. After Scar engineers Mufasa’s downfall in a wildebeest stampede, Simba slinks into exile and away from duty, until at the urging of his father’s spirit and of his friend Nala (Moira Kelly), the young lion returns home to challenge Scar and renew the circle of dynastic life.

Every Disney cartoon drama is laced with intoxicating comedy, with harle-
quins and hellcats. From Pinocchio on, the villain makes use of a sly sense of humor and a few goofy abettors. Scar, whom Irons plays with wicked precision as the purring offspring of Iago and Cruella De Vil, hires a pack of hyenas as his goons: clever Shenzi (Whoopi Goldberg), giddy Banzai (Cheech Marin) and idiotic Ed (Jim Cummings), who says little but in the act of making repetitive gestures to the hyenas. The hero, who save Simba in the desert and teach him their live-for-today philosophy, Hakuna Matata-Swahili for “What, me worry?”—are Timon (Nathan Lane), a streetwise meerkat and the lumbering wart-hog Pumbaa (Ernie Sabella). They chew beetle.

Lane and Sabella, veterans of the Gags and Dolls revivel on Broadway, make up in dynamite comic camaraderie what they may lack in marquee value. “I have no idea if they considered major motion picture stars for our parts,” says Lane pensively. “Do you suppose they were thinking of the Menendez brothers?” Lane loved the work, which involved mainly “acting silly for several hours and trying to make the directors laugh.” Irons also enjoyed the spontaneity of the process. In animation, words come before pictures, so improvising actors help develop characters and dialogue. “It’s extraordinary,” Irons says. “It’s as though the animators, the writers and the performers are all creating at the same moment.”

The directors and animators, though, create for years. That takes teamwork, discipline and sustained passion. “The creative process is usually thought to be an individual inspiration,” says Michael Eisner, who runs the Disney empire. “And that’s true if you’re sitting on Walden Pond writing an essay or a poem or short story. But this is a different kind of creative form, even more so than a regular movie. I can’t point to any one person and say, ‘If it were not for him, we wouldn’t have this movie.’ But I can point to a series of people.” Even the stars and directors are treated differently in a Disney animated feature, having traded huge salaries and profit participation for a chance to create dazzling popular art.

Eisner might have cited Katzenberg as the one man—the modern Walt, who does not create the story or draw the pictures but whose imprint is indelible in a million questions and suggestions, in his noodging and kibitzing, in refusing to be quickly pleased. Yet Katzenberg denies authorial status. “This is not me having a humility attack,” he says. “It’s just that Howard Ashman importing their Broadway savv for The Little Mermaid and Beauty and the Beast (which completed the circle by opening as a Broadway show this spring), Disney reopened the franchise that Walt founded with Snow White’s dreamy Some Day My Prince Will Come. Last year the Menken-Rice A Whole New World from Aladdin won the Oscar for best song—the third time in four years that a Disney cartoon theme has won the award.

In The Lion King, Rice and John follow the Menken-Ashman formula. Music dramatizes moods (the first act “I Want” song, when the young protagonist proclaims his or her dreams, is Simba’s bouncy, Michael Jacksonish “I Just Can’t Wait to Be King”) and prods the action (Hakuna Matata, which carries Simba from boyhood to manhood). The album just couldn’t wait to be a hit. Two weeks before the movie opens nationwide, the soundtrack is already No. 13 on Billboard’s pop-music chart.

Music can break hearts and make the Top 40. But a cartoon’s narrative imagination is first and finally in the images. Animation is a supple form; it can be as free as free verse, as fanciful as a Bosch landscape. The Lion King’s bold palette (blinding yellows and blooming greens to portray the savannah and high grass) cues subtle or seismic shifts in tone and character. Thanks to the devotion of nearly 400 artists, each shot registers its beauty and simplicity.

Seeming simplicity, that is. “When we do a film well,” says Walt’s nephew, company vice chairman Roy Disney, “we make it look easy, like a good golf swing. People say, ‘I can do that.’”

Someday somebody will, Disney’s way is not the only way. Says Katzenberg: “On this planet today is another Walt Disney, waiting for that moment when his or her genius is going to produce something great, and competitive to us.”

Not as long as Disney monopolizes the cartoon royalty with the likes of Simba and his ingratiating menagerie. In the world of feature cartoons, the only sure thing is a mere cat. Disney is the lion king.

—Reported by Jeffrey Ressner, Los Angeles
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NBC NEWS
NOW MORE THAN EVER
Sympathy for the Bedeviled
Smart, funny, romantic, Wolf is a horror film for grownups

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF UNSIGHTLY BODY hair aside, there are, it turns out, certain advantages to lycanthropy, especially in its early stages. Unnoticed by previous wolfman epics, they prove useful to Will Randall (Jack Nicholson), an editor fighting for his professional life, and equally beneficial to Wolf in establishing a tone—half social satire, half dark romance—that is unique in the annals of horror movies.

What hard-pressed executive would not covet the boons conferred on the depressed and integrity-ridden Will after he's nipped on the wrist by a rough beast slouching along a Vermont roadway? All his senses are suddenly sharpened: he can smell liquor on a colleague's breath at a dozen paces, overhear plotting phone calls far down the corridor, even—literally—sniff out his wife's affair with his chief rival (James Spader). He becomes, you might say, an animal in bed. And he, naturally, develops a taste for the jugular in matters of business.

But it's Nicholson's transformations that lie at the heart of the movie's success. This may be slam-dunk casting, demonic being the thing we most happily pay our money to see him do. But he calibrates his shifts to the lupine—a cock of the head, a twitch of the nostril, a panicky glint in the eye—with delicious subtlety. Mike Nichols, the director, finds all the right angles to enhance Nicholson's effects, which are wholly a product of the actor's technique, not a makeup artist's.

Nichols and the writers (novelist Jim Harrison and Wesley Strick) are treading a fine high wire; one misstep and off you tumble into self-satire, the modern horror film's omnipresent danger. But by provoking authentic laughter with their satirical thrusts at current corporate styles (Spader is a hilarious model of yuppie uinctuousness), they make sure we are amused often and always at the right moments. If Nichols had less skill, we would crack up when the moon is full and Nicholson's stunt double starts leaping around the countryside, but using low light and slow motion, the direct-

TRANSFORMATIONS: Nicholson turns Pfeiffer into a passionate animal-rights activist.

Still, wolfmen need sympathy. They are, after all, profoundly victims, since they are usually nice guys who didn't ask for supernatural powers and take no pleasure in possessing or being possessed by them. It's Michelle Pfeiffer's task to provide Will with TLC, and as Laura Alden, his super-rich boss's daughter, she is tough, patient and fearless when at the end she must become an especially passionate animal-rights activist.

There is probably not enough terror in Wolf to satisfy today's hard-core horror fan—no chain saws or razor-sharp fingernails—but there is a well-measured sense of pity for Will. You could, if you wish, find in him a symbol for all kinds of human bedevilment. Mix that with humor, intelligence and high-style filmmaking and you have a true summer rarity—a genre movie for grownups.

NAS' DEBUT ALBUM Illmatic relays the grim news from the inner city

Street Stories
Rapper Nas blends smooth melodies and harsh themes

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

MYRE DEATH BY FLESH-EATING bacteria isn't the worst way to go. When Nasir Jones was growing up in the projects in New York City, it sometimes seemed to him that his whole world was ill and being eaten away. Drugs were devouring minds, crime was destroying families, poverty was gnawing at souls. Then in May 1992, Jones' brother and best friend were shot on the same night. His brother survived, his friend died, and Jones knew he had to do something with his life. "That was a wake-up call for me," he says.

Two years later, the 20-year-old Jones, who goes by the name Nas, is breaking through as a rapper. His debut album, Illmatic, captures the ailing community he was raised in—the random gunplay, the whir of police helicopters, the homeboys hanging out on the corner sipping bottles of Hennessy. Despite the harsh subject matter, most of the songs are leisurely paced, with amiable melodies. One track uses part of Michael Jackson's Human Nature as its basic tune. Nas' rapping is dispassionate—like an anchorman relaying the day's grim news—but his lyrics sometimes reveal submerged emotion. "So stay civilized, time flies, though incarcerated your mind dies," Nas raps on One Love, a song about writing letters to friends in prison. "I hate it when your moms cries.

Nas isn't a gangsta rapper. He doesn't mean to glorify the rough world he comes from, merely to render it. "I never sleep, cause sleep is the cousin of death," he raps. The shootings two years ago showed Nas that in a violent world you have to stay alert and aware; Illmatic is his wake-up call to his listeners.
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CULTURE CLASH: While at medical school, the heroine’s mother rides a don’t of ghosts

**THERE ARE FEW MORE INHERENTLY UNTHEATRICAL TOPICS THAN A WRITER’S STRUGGLE TO FIND HIS OR HER INDIVIDUAL VOICE. THE JOURNEY IS INTERNAL, THE JUDGMENT THAT IT IS OVER IS PURELY SUBJECTIVE, AND THE QUEST IS NOT OF OBVIOUS RELEVANCE TO ANY ONLOOKER. FROM LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL TO BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS, PLAYS ON THIS TOPIC HAVE BEEN TALK, TALK, TALK. SO IT IS STARTLING AND SATISFYING TO SEE A 68-FT.-WIDE STAGE CROWDED WITH WHITE TIGERS, MONKEY KINGS, ACROBATs, SWORD FIGHTERS AND 18-FT.-TALL SPIRITS OF WISDOM GLIDING BY SERENELY AS CALIFORNIA’S BERKELEY REPETORY THEATRE UNFOLDS THE WOMAN WARRIOR, A VERSION OF TWO VISIONARY COMING-OF-AGE NOVELS BY MAXINE HONG KINGSTON.

The artistic search Kingston describes is more complex than most: she is an ethnic Chinese in “white ghost” America, a protofeminist woman caught between two male-dominated cultures, a natural writer in English whose parents are literate only in Chinese. In addition to being captivated by folk mythology, she is, like most writers, in the grip of intense family mythology—about an aunt shamed to suicide by giving birth to a bastard, about uncles murdered by communists who then arrogantly urge her father, safely in America, to “donate” the dead men’s lands. These stories clearly indicated to young Kingston that America was better than China. Yet in the everyday dealings of her parents with a world that they did not understand and that accorded them little dignity, the family found ample evidence that America was far worse. This contradiction, among all the others, drove the pubescent Kingston into mute inertia, symbolized on stage by the heroine’s spending most of an act strapped into a bed dangling from the ceiling.

Kingston has complained that critics, while generous, misread her work as being about China rather than America. Berkeley Rep artistic director Sharon Ott, the latest in a mob of adapters who have spent nearly two decades trying to find a dramatic idiom for Kingston’s work, calls the central character “a troubled, gifted, 12-year-old American girl trapped in a petty Chinese body.” Ott’s version, created with writer Deborah Robyn, plays on the Berkeley campus until July 10, then opens the fall season at Boston’s Huntington Theatre before being rethought for a new Los Angeles staging next spring. The spectacle is impressive but often slow and emotionally remote. In veering away from the kitchen-sink realism of most immigrant dramas, Robyn and Ott have made too much oblique. Despite program notes, many allusions to Chinese heritage will elude even spectators acquainted with Peking Opera, the crucial inspiration. To Ott, femaleness, not ethnicity, is at the heart of the story. “The relationships this girl has with her parents,” she says, “are very specifically a daughter’s relationships, in ways that transcend culture but are deeply linked to gender.” Yet the show seems far more a piece of Orientalia than an exploration of a young girl’s mind and dreams. What it needs is fewer warriors and more women.

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**Sushi and Soul**

*The Hot Mikado is gospel but not à la Gilbert and Sullivan*

**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PURISTS will hate the The Hot Mikado, at Washington’s Ford’s Theatre and apparently on its way to Broadway. Musically, they will deplore the conversion of W.S. Gilbert’s candy-box-pretty score into swing, jazz and gospel arrangements that bounce like the 1940s. Lyrically, they will ask themselves which is worse, rewriting some of Arthur Sullivan’s urbane verse (one big laugh comes when Katisha, a scorned lady of the court played as a black street diva by Loretta Devine, screeches, “You piss me off!”) or rendering much of what is left all but unintelligible through vocal pyrotechnics and general high spirits from a decidedly multicultural cast.

The rest of us, however, will be too busy having a high-energy good time to question director-choreographer-adapter David Bell’s inspired tinkering (with hip musical help from Bob Bowman). Even for G&S fans, this is a lot better than watching D’Oyly Carte SWING KIDS: Ben Wright and Susan Moniz traditionalists wheezing their own dust.

Lawrence Hamilton plays the title panjandrum as a tap-dance master with the wardrobe of a pimp. As the cowardly Lord High Executioner, Ross Lehman bawdily wows Devine to save his own neck while sporting a getup and manner reminiscent of Eddie Cantor. Despite first-act dances that look too much alike and a disappointment from Ben Wright, who is winsome as the villainous hero Nanki-Poo but does not cut loose vocally as he did in Into the Woods, this is an amazing turnaround for Bell and Bowman, who mounted Broadway’s truly brainless if brief musical flop, the gender-swapping castle fantasy A Change in the Heir, in 1980. Where that air was stale this is irrepressibly fresh and fizzy.

—W.A.H. III

TIME, JUNE 20, 1994
Growing Up With a Killer

Gary Gilmore's brother seeks the cause of evil in his family

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

TV TALK SHOWS, MADE-FOR-TV movies and Mommie Dearest knockoff books have bombarded America with enough familial dysfunction to make Sophocles himself tear his eyes out. It's easy to be numbed by it all, to lose all one's sympathy for yet another father/mother/sibling who's been abused by an uncle/cousin/grandparent who just happens to be a crackhead/alcoholic/satanic cult leader. And now here's Mikal Gilmore, brother of executed killer Gary Gilmore, with Shot in the Heart (Doubleday; 404 pages; $24.95), a book about his troubled clan. One might expect this effort to be another grotesque float in the continuing parade of household horrors. Instead Mikal, a writer for Rolling Stone, has crafted a powerful, well-researched work that rises loftily above the usual dysfunctional muck.

Gary Gilmore gained international notoriety when, after being convicted of murder, he successfully fought for his own execution; Norman Mailer wrote about Gary's final months of life in his 1979 fact-based novel The Executioner's Song, which won the Pulitzer Prize. Shot in the Heart is a more personal story, as Mikal Gilmore searches for insight into the origin of evil by examining his family—his mother's shattered Mormon faith, his father's secret criminal past. Both Gilmore parents, haunted by their past, took their frustrations out on their children, dooming them to lives of anger and abuse as well. Mikal quotes Gary as saying, "My father was the first person I ever wanted to murder."

Gary chose to respond to his family's demons with violence. By writing this passionate book, Mikal faces up to them, and perhaps exorcises a few.

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TIME, JUNE 20, 1994
Books

City of the Living Dead

E.L. Doctorow’s The Waterworks mixes a bizarre horror story with the sights and sounds of 19th-century Manhattan

By PAUL GRAY

Which, perhaps, begins as follows. As the city editor of the New York Telegram in April 1871, McIvaine employs a number of free-lance writers, including his most talented, Martin Pemberton, the disinherited son of the late Augustus Pemberton, a millionaire whose death and funeral had made the papers the previous September. None of the editorial comments or public eulogies mentioned the true sources of the old man’s fortune, although McIvaine the newspaperman knows what they were: Pemberton had run illegal slave ships out of New York harbor, with the metaphor, that he means his father’s evil lives on in the rapacious city all around them. After Martin drops out of sight, McIvaine begins to investigate and comes to believe the vision could have been true, that a white municipal transport stagecoach might actually have carried old Pemberton and other presumed-deceased rich men through the teeming, oblique streets of Manhattan. McIvaine imagines Martin’s impression of the passengers: “Their heads nodded in unison as the vehicle stopped and started and stopped again in the impacted traffic.”

To find out whether and why the city he loves and thinks he knows includes the living dead, McIvaine seeks the help of EDMOND DONNE, a rare honest captain in the municipal police, which has become, under Tweed, “an organization of licensed thieves.” The trail these two follow—with powerful forces conspiring against them—leads sinuously through accumulating outrages: unexplained murders, a mysterious orphanage, missing millions in inheritances and a waterworks north of the city where very strange things are going on.

This chase is fascinating, although wildly implausible, but McIvaine makes the worst of a good thing by insisting that what he reports has implications far beyond its particulars: “I would not have extended myself now, at my advanced age, if this were just the odd newspaper tale I had for you ... of aberrant family behavior. I ask you to believe—I will prove—that my free-lance, finally, was only a reporter bringing the news, like the messenger in Elizabethan dramas ...” His story, the narrator says several times, is “far more than” the mystery of the Pemberton family.

This claim is asserted but never convincingly shown. The shocking, Poe-like tale at the center of the novel does not achieve the emblematic significance that Doctorow wishes it to have. It is simply too bizarre to stand for—or comment on—anything outside itself, particularly the entire City of New York and what McIvaine calls its “rolling soul, twisting and turning over on itself, forming and re-forming ...” The Waterworks is at its best when Doctorow stops McIvaine’s huffing and puffing about social significance and lets him get on with the business of telling an entertaining and sometimes truly haunting story.

Social Significance: Once again Doctorow’s concerns are the way of history and the effects of the powerful upon the powerless, the connivance of Boss Tweed’s ring, and had also profitably supplied Union troops during the Civil War with standard goods—“boots that fell apart, blankets that dissolved in rain, tents that tore at the grommets, and uniform cloth that bled dye.”

Now, Martin Pemberton tells McIvaine and several others, he has seen his father alive, on the streets of Manhattan. The editor at first assumes that the disillusioned young man is speaking in
A Time to Kill?
John Grisham writes a serious novel about the death penalty

By JOHN SKOW

John Grisham was heard to say the other day on National Public Radio that at one point he had been a strong advocate of the death penalty but that he is now troubled and undecided. He may have written himself into this state of uncertainty with his grim and impressive new novel, The Chamber (Doubleday; 486 pages; $24.95). That's the feel of the book; it's not a tract in fictional form but a work produced by painful writhing over a terrible paradox: vengeance may be justified, but killing is a shameful, demeaning response to evil.

The Chamber has the pace and characters of a thriller, but little else to suggest that it was written by the glib and cheeky author of Grisham's legal entertainments. His tough first novel, the courtroom rouser A Time to Kill, is a closer match, but there Grisham played by the rules of melodrama: the hero won. Here the winner is something called process, the orderly, unemotional, bureaucratic march through the necessary steps before a convict may be poisoned by cyanide in Mississippi's gas chamber.

Sam Cayhall, in his late 60s, is a one-time Ku Klux Klan bomber convicted in his third trial of blowing up the law office of a Jewish civil rights lawyer in 1967 and of maiming the lawyer and killing his two small sons. All that can be said in favor of Cayhall is that he shows a certain gritty courage as his execution approaches and that he regrets the death of the two boys and of a black man he killed in a rage years before. He was raised in a K.K.K. family, however, participated in several lynchings, and still believes that blacks and Jews are to be despised.

That Cayhall is a man the world could do without is clear to his grandson Adam, a shrewd, tough lawyer who turns up late in the game, determined to prevent the execution. So why fight? Adam doesn't have a clear answer, and Grisham wisely lets the reader find his own. Perhaps because Sam Cayhall is a human being, beginning to learn remorse. Perhaps because the posturing Governor and the other officials who press for the execution seem less human and less worthy than Adam and his allies. Or perhaps because forgiveness is said to be ennobling, and processing society's misfits in the gas chamber is profoundly debasing to the processors.

Or not, many will insist. Grisham may not change opinions with this sane, civil book, and he may not even be trying to. What he does ask, very plainly, is an important question: Is this what you want? Because what Grisham portrays, capital-punishment enthusiasts, is exactly what happens.
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OBITUARY

A Way to Live, the Way to Die

DENNIS POTTER: 1935-1994

By RICHARD CORLISS

DENNIS POTTER LIVED ON TV. He was a dramatist, not an actor, yet viewers in his native England and abroad knew Potter's life story through his teleplays. In 1964 he ran unsuccessfully for a seat in Parliament as a Labour Party candidate, then wrote his two Nigel Barton plays about a Labour M.P. that hit such a nerve the party demanded they be softened. He fictionalized his military service in last year's six-parters, Lipstick on Your Collar. His 1986 magical musical memory masterpiece, The Singing Detective, pictured a writer who, while suffering an egregious skin disease, psoriatic arthropathy (as Potter did), recalls his youth in Gloucestershire's Forest of Dean (where he grew up). For a quarter-century, Potter was England's raw conscience, its collective grudge keeper and, to many, its pre-eminent playwright.

For the chronically disabled Potter, life was a death sentence; but he would have the last word. So this spring, two months before he succumbed at 59 to cancer of the pancreas and liver, he staged his own funeral oration on Britain's Channel 4 program Without Walls. In the 70-minute conversation with host Melvyn Bragg, the dying man displayed a new, calm bravery. At one point he paused, knee-high in the stream of his eloquence, to ask if he might take a sip of liquid morphine to ease his pain. Bragg wondered if they should stop; Potter replied, "It's better to go on." As another poet of profound distress, Samuel Beckett, wrote, "I can't go on, I'll go on."

Potter went on, heroically, from the day he learned his cancer was incurable, Valentine's Day—"a little gift, a little kiss from somebody or something." He continued to care for his wife Margaret, whom he called "my rock, my center," as she battled breast cancer. And he worked ferociously, testing the limits of his anguish, to complete two teleplays: Karaoke, another musical drama; and Cold Lazarus, about a 20th century man whose head has been preserved for 400 years. Potter planned to write 10 pages a day. "I will—and do—meet that schedule every day," he told Bragg, "My only regret is to die four pages too soon." Sticking a cigarette between fingers crippled by arthritis, then puffing on "this lovely tube of delight," he said he was a physical coward in his youth. But now, dying, "you find out that in fact, at the last, thank God, you're not actually a coward."

If nothing became Potter's life so much as his grace in leaving it, then nothing became his death so much as his having written so often about it. Mortality hung on his plays like crape. While awaiting his own demise, Philip Marlow, the hero of The Singing Detective, plots the death of all who may have hurt him aptly described him as "a Christian socialist with a running edge of apocalyptic disgust." Christian, yes, in reserve. Though Potter gave ecclesiastics the willies with his God play (Son of Man) and his Devil play (Brimstone and Treacle), he could still recite, as meaningfully as if it were a pop standard, the words to an old hymn: "Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown?" Socialist, yes, decrying British mercantilism that turns everyone "from a citizen into a consumer. And politics is a commodity." Apocalyptic disgust? Plenty, even at the end. He told Bragg he had named his cancer Rupert, for Murdoch, the media warlord.

His rage against Murdoch was part of a general anger at the present for not living up to the image in the gilded rearview mirror Potter held to his youth. In Blue Remembered Hills he re-created his West Country childhood (but with adult actors as the kids). He larded his breakthrough series, Pennies from Heaven, with sentimental tunes from his '50s infancy. "Childhood," Potter said, "is full to the brim with fear, horror, excitement, joy, boredom, love, anxiety." He was welcome to cherish his youth; he never got to see old age. "We should always look back on our own past," he said, "with a sort of tender contempt." The past echoed in Potter's inner ear like an accordanation rendition of Peg o' My Heart: trite, tinny, extraordinarily potent. But as his days dwindled, he attended, rapturously, to the present. "I'm almost serene," he said to Bragg. "I can celebrate life. Below my window there's an apple tree in blossom. It's white. And looking at it—instead of saying, 'Oh, that's a nice blossom'—now, looking at it through the window, I see the whitest, frothiest, blossomest blossom that there ever could be. The knowness of everything is absolutely wondrous. If you see the present tense—boy, do you see it? And boy, do you celebrate it?"

In every life there is so much to celebrate, so much to mourn. In his last days, Dennis Potter did both. Triumphantly, he finished his two plays—two final blossoms soaked in acid. And he nursed his wife until she died. A week later, disconsolate, Potter followed her, with blood in his eyes and stars in his crown.
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Librarians Threaten Model

Beware the wrath of disgruntled library workers. Three employees of a New Jersey library were indicted in a plot to exact revenge on co-workers. The trio sent threatening letters to supermodel STEPHANIE SEYmour in the name of the colleagues against whom they held an unspecified grudge. The correspondence included pictures of Seymour, ominous remarks, and cutouts of guns and knives pointed at her head. The FBI said Seymour "did not appear to be in danger."

SEEN & HEARD

For Tom Arnold, life without his more celebrated companion seems to be a desperate business indeed. Arnold recently paid an unexpected visit to his estranged wife Roseanne at the rented villa to which she had repaired on an Italian island. Shortly after his arrival, Tom asked Roseanne to step outside; in the bushes lurked a photographer from the National Enquirer, fueling suspicion that Tom had set his wife up. In the past he has admitted to selling information about her to the tabloid.

Before her trip to the U.S., Japan's Empress Michiko engaged in a very American custom: public revelation. In a move that stunned the Japanese media, the Empress talked about a strange illness that last fall left her unable to speak. Some believed that negative press triggered her condition. But at a news conference the Empress said, "I now blame myself" for a "fragile" heart.

NATO Allies Voice Concern

By the time HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON showed up in Paris wearing a palazzo pantsuit and holding a faux kitten clutch, Europe had already reacted negatively to her fashion aesthetic. Traveling with her husband, Mrs. Clinton received her harshest reviews in Italy, where the press called her look "uncertain" and criticized a straw hat with polka dots. A Milan newspaper commented that it looked as if it "could have come from The Bold and the Beautiful." Said one Italian designer: "Fashion stayed at home."

Great Expectations

A stylishly literate British pop group, the AUTEURS are proud of their pretentiousness (as their name might suggest). They have reason to be. With their first major CD, Now I'm a Cowboy, released in the U.S., the quartet, led by lyricist Luke Haines, has been praised for its transcendent, unwhiny music-as-social-critique. In an essay on the band, Billboard said one Auteurs song was as descriptive of "the letdowns of empty attainment as any social parable by Dickens." Until Kurt Cobain's drug overdose in Rome last March, the band was scheduled to tour with Nirvana. How do the Auteurs account for their haute success? "Most British bands are writing retro," says Haines. "They're trying to recapture the spirit of punk. I wanted to write about the times we're in now."
Population: The Awkward Truth

Why do Mexican immigrants in Los Angeles tend to have more children than impoverished peasants living in Mexico City? The answer helps explain why the international community has so far failed to slow the population explosion, and why it will probably fail again this fall when delegates from 180 nations meet in Cairo to address the issue. But first a little background.

Twenty years ago in Bucharest, the United Nations World Population Conference produced a wish list of things governments might do to get a grip on population: improve the status of women, expand access to health care, alleviate poverty. With the notable exception of Africa, the world has made progress in these areas: infant mortality has declined, as has the percentage of people who live in abject poverty, and the Green Revolution has improved the diet of hundreds of millions of people.

Despite this progress, the global population situation is far more dire than it was back then. In 1974 the world had roughly 3.9 billion people and was growing by 80 million a year. Since then the world’s population has grown nearly 1.7 billion, and it now increases 90 million annually. Today the Green Revolution falters, ecosystems are badly degraded and fresh-water supplies continue to shrink. It is open to question whether the world can feed the 3 billion to 5 billion mouths that will be added during the next 50 years. Refugees produced by population pressures in Africa and Asia already threaten to destabilize nations.

And so delegates from 180 nations will meet in Cairo for another go at the population problem. Advocacy groups and bureaucrats alike trumpet this conference as a breakthrough because it will focus on women’s issues. In U.N.-speak, however, that translates into a catalog of desiderata ranging from appeals to eliminate sexual stereotypes to calls for men to do more housework—nice-sounding proposals that are irrelevant to population control in many of the traditional cultures of the Third World.

In fact, this effort is unlikely to be any more effective than the agenda that came out of Bucharest 20 years ago. Reason: the principal assumption underlying decades of efforts to halt the population explosion turns out to be questionable at best. This is the “demographic transition,” the notion that people will have fewer children as their sense of well-being increases. It has been embraced by such strange bedfellows as the Reagan Administration and Vice President Al Gore because it offers the bland assurance that a nation can achieve the aims of family planning in the course of economic development.

Trouble is, it often turns out that people have more children as their sense of well-being increases, particularly when technological advance or government largesse give them the idea that the old limits no longer apply. So argue Vanderbilt University anthropologist Virginia Abernethy and a growing cohort of critics. In Kenya, for instance, total fertility rose from 7.5 live births per woman in the mid-1950s to 6.12 in the 1960s and ’70s even as infant mortality declined and incomes rose.

Conversely, it seems that countries often show a dramatic drop in their birthrate not because of prosperity but because of a decrease in people’s sense of well-being. For instance, a study of Nigerian communities revealed that bad economic times in recent years caused young Yoruba families to turn to contraception even though infant mortality was rising—a development that directly contradicts conventional wisdom about the demographic transition.

This is not to argue that poverty is the way to control population, but to point out that policymakers, in their eagerness to embrace a politically correct approach to a sensitive issue, frequently ignore what determines family size. This brings us back to the question of the Mexican mothers.

Conventional wisdom holds that poor women in Mexico City should have more children than their counterparts in the U.S. who have better health care and a higher standard of living. But peasant families tend to have two or three children in Mexico City, while those who immigrate to the U.S. average four or five children. In crowded Mexico City each child imposes steep costs on a family, while in the U.S. welfare payments and other social safety nets buffer those costs. These skewed incentives convey similar signals to poor young women in America’s inner cities, who in many cases see no reason to defer having children.

Delegates going to Cairo should keep these subtle signals in mind and scale back their ambitions to reform the world as they formulate their action plan. Government programs that subsidize jobs or housing can spur population growth by giving people false confidence in the future, while a tiny loan that enables a woman in Bangladesh to buy a sewing machine to start a business may give her an incentive to limit the number of children she bears. Such empowerment is more achievable in the developing world than paid maternal leave, day care and other high-minded calls that characterize population summits.

Finally, 120 million couples who would like to limit their family size still lack easy access to contraception. We must help them get it. Promoting the use of condoms also helps impede the spread of AIDS. If governments continue to fiddle while human numbers explode, it becomes ever more likely the horsemen of famine, disease and anarchy will have their day.
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