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TO OUR READERS

FOR THE WASHINGTON POLITICIANS who are struggling with the issue, health care often seems to be about arcane terms like mandate, cherry picking, adverse selection. For associate editor Janice Castro, health care is about babies being born, illnesses being treated and the security of being expertly cared for by your doctors and nurses. But Castro, who has covered health policy for TIME since 1984, knows that in order for Americans to take an intelligent part in the national debate over reforming the health-care system, they must understand those arcane words.

The ability to reconcile the human and practical aspects of health care with the technical details is what distinguishes Castro's story this week on doctors and managed-care networks. "Everyone in health care talks in an indecipherable language," she says. "What, for example, is a 'preferred provider'? You might think it's a very good doctor, but it isn't. It's the one insurers will pay for, the one you have to go to."

Castro's passion for explaining health care in clear, illuminating language recently led her to write a book on the subject—The American Way of Health: How Medicine Is Changing and What It Means to You, published in May in both hardcover and paperback by Little, Brown. She spent six months crisscrossing the country—from Walnut Creek, California, to Leesburg, Virginia—interviewing patients, nurses, insurance executives, Senators—just about anyone with a voice or a stake in the decisions that Washington soon hopes to make. She talked to AIDS patients at San Francisco General and stood at the elbow of Dr. Wayne Isom as he performed open-heart surgery at New York Hospital.

"I learned there are a lot of good, dedicated people in medicine," she says, "but there's also a lot of money at stake in the debate over reform. Health care is a zero-sum game. Every dollar we waste on something someone doesn't need is a dollar we don't have for a patient who needs help."

Castro draws on personal experience in the book as well. Her father's stroke in 1991 confronted her with a bureaucracy that made cost, not wellness, the basis for his hospital release. Not until he realized that his recovery depended on himself and not the white coats he had so believed in all his life did his father improve. He finished reading Janice's book just before he died in May, at 79. "I get calls from doctors who have read that chapter who comment what a brave and determined man my father must have been," she says.

Seth Vock, President

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LETTERS

From Hero to Accused Murderer

"O.J. Simpson's true legacy may rest in the attention drawn to the tragedy of domestic violence."

Dennis Voorheis
Claremont, California

The Treatment of the Murders of Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman has put our nation to shame [Crime, June 27]. I have watched in horror and embarrassment as homage has been paid to "the great" O.J. Simpson and little or no attention has been paid to the suffering of the victims and those who loved them. This is a wake-up call to America to redefine the meaning of hero. Heroes work to improve the lives of people less fortunate and stand up for what is right in the face of opposition. They do not threaten their wives. Expressions of sympathy and support for Simpson would be better directed to the families of Nicole and Ron.

Julie A. Dawson
Pleasant Hill, California

The O.J. Simpson case has brought out the worst in many Americans. Some people have already tried and convicted Simpson; others have branded signs saying WE LUV JUICE. The U.S. has become an ugly battlefield. Whatever the outcome, it is clear America has a long way to go before it is the land of the free. No one is truly free in a country so overwhelmed by violence.

Cheryl A. Weinstein
Scotia, New York

Televising the entire pursuit of O.J. was purely sensational and exploitative. Cheers from spectators on the sidelines were fitting for Simpson's football days but not for a fallen hero. But what can we expect from a society that chooses its heroes on the basis of innate athleticism and annual income?

Stephanie Knox
East Brunswick, New Jersey

I am disgusted at the media coverage of Simpson. Pay some attention instead to all the real heroes. Their stories are every bit as epic, but no one knows about them because the media have decided that people prefer sleaze.

Peter Scott
Burbank, California

ARE THE LIVES OF AMERICANS SO EMPTY that they have to experience another man's tragedy as a living TV drama? Phyllis Dahl Copenhagen

TIME'S "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY" WAS JUST as well written and compelling as Theodore Dreiser's novel of the same name.

Joseph B. Misajny
West Palm Beach, Florida

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY? YES AND NO. Certainly a tragedy for Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman—two defenseless human beings viciously slaughtered. Certainly a tragedy for the Simpson children. For the rest of us—a wakening.

Gloria Hoffman
Kansas City, Missouri

The True American Tragedy is Not O.J. Simpson but the crowd along the freeway waving friendly approval to an accused murderer running from the law. What are we in America made of that we think a deranged man pointing a gun at his head is an entertaining spectacle?

Albert A. Kushinski
Lakewood, Colorado

Many Americans seem able to glorify someone charged with even the most heinous of crimes. Canadians usually see stars as people with problems and failings who should not be given special consideration because of their celebrity status. If Simpson is guilty, he should receive no special treatment from the courts. Who cares if he's a superstar?

Daniel Arpin
Ottawa

I am reminded of Othello, in which Desdemona, the beloved wife of the suspicious Othello, dies at his hands. The murder of innocent Nicole Simpson, allegedly by her ex-husband O.J., is a tragedy of Shakespearean proportions.

Pankaj Oberoi
Melbourne, Australia

The Question of Innocence

I strongly feel that Simpson is innocent. He was cleverly framed. Such things can be and have been done, even in the good old U.S. It's just not fair. Why all this media hype before Simpson is even tried in a court of law? What ever happened to "innocent until proved guilty"?

Samuel Jones
Los Angeles
aol: JonN2000

There is something wrong with this case. One usually has a gut feeling about such situations, but I do not feel that O.J. Simpson committed these murders. I want him to be considered innocent until he has been found guilty.

Joan Bowen
Westbury, New York
aol: Jbcone

Creativity on the Cover

I highly regard Matt Mahurin, who created the photo illustration of O.J. Simpson for your cover [June 27]. He's one of the most influential artists today. Upon seeing the Simpson piece, I immediately knew Matt had manipulated it not only for art's sake but also for the impact of the message: this is a mug shot of O.J. Simpson, something we never dreamed of seeing. He is stripped of his aura. Perhaps there is too heavy a use of shadow, but the portrait does not say he is guilty. Simply put, artists can't think of everything, but neither do viewers.

Troy Howell, Illustrator
Palm Beach, Virginia

I was very offended by your cover. The deliberate darkening and altering of the photograph was uncalled for and manipulative. I expect better from Time.

Anna Moore
Oakland, California
aol: Fangirl

I was aghast at what you did. Shame on you! You've tried Simpson and found him guilty right on your cover.

Norman B. Zack
Highland Park, New Jersey
Via America Online

Readers expect the cover of a magazine to present photos that fairly and accurately report what happened. If the cover is an illustration, it had better look like one. Great documentary photos derive their power not from their form but from their content, from the reality they show us. Their power is in their truth. No one has the right to distort this truth. The news photograph deserves the same re-
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** Ask your dealer for a copy of the limited warranty.
†† EPA estimated highway mpg.†† 3 years/36,000 miles. See dealer for details. Always wear your safety belt.

Have you driven a Ford lately?
spect as the news story. If a photo looks real and is used in a context where the viewer expects to see actual photos, then the photo had better be real.

Joseph R. Traver, President
National Press Photographers
Association
Buffalo, New York

YOU RUINED YOUR CREDIBILITY BY RUNNING an “enhanced” picture of O.J. Simpson. I now wonder if your stories and quotes are enhanced as well.

Mark Payne
St. Charles, Illinois
aol: Mark5000

Americans Won’t Execute O.J.

MICHAEL KINSLEY’S OBSERVATION THAT O.J. Simpson, if found guilty of murder, is unlikely to be executed is right on target [ESSAY, June 27]. Americans support the death penalty in part because they are very removed from the act. If executions were carried out on television, the public would be more in touch with the reality. Perhaps the thought of a familiar sports and television personality taking his last breath on nationwide TV might change public opinion. Would everyone be as captivated by that broadcast as they were by the freeway chase? But he's a “buddy,” so it will never happen.

Brian Hamilton
Brisbane, California
aol: BJHamilton

AS USUAL, KINSLEY, SPEAKING ON BEHALF of anti-death-penalty advocates, is dead wrong. He presumes incorrectly that our society will not permit the execution of O.J. Simpson if he is found guilty. And Kinsley presumes to tell us this is so because we all think we know O.J. as a person. I hate to burst Kinsley’s bubble, but I am one rational, politically right-of-center citizen who would have no difficulty with the execution of this celebrity. If nothing else, putting to death a celebrity convicted of murder would silence the Kinsleys of the world who insist that it is only the downtrodden who receive the ultimate penalty.

Richard P. Ebbert
Los Angeles

KINSLEY MADE THE POINT THAT SIMPSON would not be executed because he is seen to be a “real person” by Americans. Kinsley ignores the fact that Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman, though less known, were no less “real people,” flesh-and-blood human beings who did not deserve the death penalty that was so brutally inflicted on them. It is for the sake of real people like the two victims and for the sake of society at large that if you take someone’s life, you must pay for it with your own.

J. Gary Ellison
Brussels

Carter’s Korean Diplomacy

DESpite JIMMY CARTER’S well-publicized trip to Korea [DIPLOMACY, June 27], there is growing doubt in the minds of knowledgeable Americans about President Clinton’s ability to lead the U.S. during crisis. Though we may hope for a diplomatic solution in North Korea, Kim Il Sung will doubtless continue to build his bombs while we negotiate. Clinton’s passive response to threats of aggression is an invitation to war, not a deterrent. We learned this lesson from Neville Chamberlain in 1938 in Munich. I hope Clinton will awaken to America’s responsibilities abroad before it is too late.

Frederic Lang Galacar
Essac, Massachusetts

THE WORLD HAS HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO WITNESS mediation in Carter’s trip to North Korea. Many of us have begged our governments to use mediation techniques in making their decisions. Confrontation and threats escalate to fear and violence. There is another way, Carter’s actions are a model for the entire world to emulate. When will we, like the U.S.’s splendid ex-President, start to use a little common sense and simplicity?

Mary Lou Cook
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Justice for War Criminals

ONE HAS TO WONDER IF MOST OF THE Balkan atrocities will not go unpunished [THE BALKANS, June 27]. Fifty years ago, Europe pretended it did not know what was going on. What is the excuse now for the relentless holocaust of Bosnians? Why is the Judeo-Christian civilization so hypocritical when there is overwhelming evidence? These crimes are unprecedented in modern history.

Mel Dilli
Vancouver, British Columbia

Rights for Gays

THE TITLE OF YOUR ARTICLE ON GAYS IN America, “Pride and Prejudice” [SOCIETY, June 27], struck a sensitive chord in me. It seems there are only two camps allowed by the gay contingent: those who support gay pride and those who are prejudiced. Somewhere along the way, the difference between tolerance and acceptance has been blurred. It is obvious to me that under the U.S. Constitution being gay is tolerated and protected. But don’t brand as prejudiced those who don’t accept or embrace the gay lifestyle. The gay and media agendas to generate acceptance have reached the limits of public tolerance. Give it a rest!

Marvin Wilcox
Beverton, Oregon
aol: MWilcox

TO ALL PEOPLE WHO THINK GAY PEOPLE want special rights, think again. We are human. We want only the rights of any human being. Think of what your life would be like if you could not have a legal marriage or security in your job or the right to freely walk down the street holding your loved one’s hand. God help us all, gay and straight.

Jeff L. Mayo
Amarillo, Texas
Via America Online

Playing by the Rules

YOUR ARTICLE “THE VICIOUS CYCLE” [COVER STORIES, June 20] unfairly profiled only the Clinton plan and punitive welfare-reform proposals and inaccurately portrayed those eligible for Aid to Families with Dependent Children as being prone to committing fraud and abusing the system. Most AFDC parents play by the rules, actively seek work and raise their children as well as they can. Nearly three-quarters of AFDC parents leave welfare on their own within two years. Unfortunately, many return to AFDC because they lose their health-care benefits, they don’t have adequate child care, or their job doesn’t work out. Nearly all children (98%) who receive AFDC benefits are part of intact families and are not in foster care.

David S. Liederman, Executive Director
Child Welfare League of America
Washington

Victims of Violence in Israel

THE REPORT FROM TIME’S MANAGING editor [TO OUR READERS, June 27] about the attack on your reporter Jamil Hamad by Israeli settlers was truly shocking. But what about covering cases in which Jews have been the victims of Arab violence, including being shot, stabbed and stoned? Or situations in which Arabs have undergone even worse treatment from their Arab brothers? It is not wrong to tell your readers what’s happening behind the scenes. This is the duty of the press. But it is wrong to show just one aspect and hide the others. It means that you are not objective.

Albert Fogel
Jerusalem
I AM TROUBLED BY WHAT HAPPENED TO Hamad. Even with due allowance for adrenaline and selective memory, this is outrageous and should never have occurred. There's just one thing: similar and much worse outrages have been perpetrated against me in the past by my Arab compatriots and fellow Palestinians. I can show you the scars.
Teddy Arnold
Binyamina, Israel

About Paula’s Day in Court

MICHAEL KRAMER’S ARTICLE SUPPORTING the deferral of Paula’s sexual-harassment suit against President Clinton [THE POLITICAL INTEREST, June 27] misses the point. The real problem here is the delay between the activity Jones complained of and the bringing of the complaint. Instead of creating a special privilege for the President, the Administration should work to reduce the statute of limitations on most legal actions to no more than one year.

Does anybody in his right mind think the Jones lawsuit would have been filed if Clinton were not President of the U.S.? For this reason alone, Clinton deserves all the breaks and special privileges that pertain to the office of the presidency.
Reba Shimsansky
New York City

OSS Contributions to D-Day

YOUR EXCELLENT REVIEW OF THE NORMANDY LANDINGS [D-Day, June 6] made no mention of the several different important intelligence contributions made by the U.S. Office of Strategic Services, without which the landings might very well have failed. Detailed information on German troop movements inside France came by clandestine radio from more than 40 independent American and British teams. British counterintelligence contributed to the deception operations that succeeded in fooling the Germans. Hitler believed that the main landing would be at Calais and held back from reinforcing the Normandy front until it was too late. The French Resistance, which the OSS and the British special forces had helped organize, made speedy, major German troop movements in France practically impossible. As General Eisenhower wrote, “In no previous war... have Resistance forces been so closely harnessed to the main military effort.”

Geoffrey M.T. Jones
Veterans of the OSS
New York City

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THE WEEK
JULY 3 - 9

NATION
The Simpson Case
After six days of testimony in a California courtroom and on national television, Judge Kathleen Kennedy-Powell ruled—not unexpectedly—that there was sufficient evidence to order O.J. Simpson to stand trial for the murders of his ex-wife and her friend. As part of its case, the prosecution called a police expert who testified that some blood found near the murder victims matched Simpson's—a match, the expert said, that existed for only 0.43% of the population. Earlier, in a major defeat for the defense, Judge Kennedy-Powell ruled that because police feared an emergency situation after spotting blood on Simpson's Bronco on the night of the murder, they acted properly when they entered Simpson's property without a warrant.

Fatal Fires and Floods
Record heat and extreme drought combined to ignite the fire season in 11 Western states. On Colorado's Storm King Mountain, 14 fire fighters were killed when they were overtaken by a wind-whipped blaze. In the East, heavy rainfall from the stalled remnants of tropical storm Alberto caused severe flooding in Georgia and Alabama, claiming 24 lives.

N.Y.P.D. Blues
Releasing the final report of a two-year corruption probe into the New York City police department, a special commission concluded that a "willfully blind" system of accountability in the nation's largest police force had permitted highly organized "crews" of rogue officers to deal drugs, skim money and terrorize residents. Despite pockets of corruption, the

INSIDE HAITI

Give Us Your Tired—We'll Ship 'Em to Senegal
The Clinton Administration is frantically looking for countries willing to provide "safe havens" for Haitian refugees now that Panama has reneged on an agreement to do so. Some refugees might end up traveling farther than they initially bargained for: Washington has approached several nations in West Africa, including French-speaking Benin and Senegal, about harbor ing Haitians. Administration officials say the Caribbean islands of Antigua, Grenada and Dominica have agreed "in principle" to set up safe havens.
**Winners & Losers**

**SPORTSCASTER ANDRES CANTOR**
G000000000000000
000000000000000
AAAAAAAAAAAAA!

**BABY BELLS**
A mayor precedent: FCC lets New Jersey phone company carry cable TV

**TOM HANKS**
Draws plaudits for his role in *Shag* There—er, Forrest Gump

**KARL MALDEN**
Dumped by American Express; it finally left home without him

**PAULA JONES**
Little Rock woman's shelter refuses her $25,000 donation

**ABC TELEVISION**
Cut away from O.J., and watch your ratings drop by a third

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**Troubled Waters: Numbers of Haitians Rescued by the U.S. Coast Guard**

- **Sept. 30:** Coup topples first democratically elected government in Haiti.
- **May 24:** President Bush orders repatriation of tens of thousands of lost Haitian boat people. Candidate Clinton denounces policy.
- **May 8:** Clinton announces offshore screening for Haitian boat people seeking asylum.
- **July 5:** Administration says all boat people will be sent to Panama or elsewhere; Panama later disagrees.

---

**The CIA and Sex Discrimination**

WASHINGTON—The CIA will begin negotiations in September to forestall a sex-discrimination suit on behalf of its roughly 350 female case officers. Sources have told TIME that one of the few women who have served as a chief of station plans to sue the CIA and seven current or former officials for sex discrimination and failure to report a crime after she allegedly told the agency that a fellow officer with whom she was serving abroad had beaten his wife.

**Don't Say “Failure.” Say “Pathway.”**

WASHINGTON—The Administration has a problem. PRESIDENT CLINTON said he would veto any health-care bill without universal coverage. Now that he may have to flip-flop on the issue, he doesn't want to look as if he's flip-flopping. White House advisers say a buzz word has been coined to make delay seem O.K.: Says an insider: "If we can construct a ‘pathway’ to get there by 2002, he'll accept it."

**Odd—According to This Map, Constantinople Should Be Right Here!**

WASHINGTON—Having already been criticized for providing outdated information during the invasion of Grenada, DEFENSE DEPARTMENT MAPMAKERS raised eyebrows among Pentagon strategists with maps of Haiti in which the major airport's name was obsolete. A look at the fine print revealed this disclaimer: "Compiled in 1962 from best available sources.”

**A B.C.C.I. Plea Bargain**

In one of the most significant developments in the U.S. prosecution of the global financial scandal involving the Bank of Credit & Commerce International, the former chief executive of the bank, Salem Naqvi, pleaded guilty to broad federal charges including fraud.

**Yes, It Really Happened**

Correcting a previously flawed study, the American Jewish Committee released a new Roper poll showing that 91% of Americans believe the Nazi Holocaust really happened. A 1992 Roper poll set off alarm bells when a confusing question yielded results indicating that 22% doubted that the Nazi extermination of Jews occurred.

**AIDS Czar Resigns**

Kristine Gebbie submitted her resignation as President Clinton's AIDS policy officer. Several dissatisfied AIDS groups had criticized her lack of political savvy. No successor has been named.

**WORLD**

The "Great Leader" Dies

North Korean ruler Kim II Sung died of a heart attack at age 82. The world's most durable communist leader, he had ruled his country since 1948. His death came just as U.S. and North Korean negotiators were meeting in Geneva to resume discussions over North Korea's nuclear program. Kim's heir apparent is his son Kim Jong II, 53, known as "Dear Leader."

**Zigging and Zagging on Haiti**

Trying to stem the tidal wave of Haitian boat refugees encouraged by the creation of offshore processing centers, the Clinton Administration suddenly veered away from its latest policy. The government announced that boat people would now be steered to "safe haven" centers in
You bet you can!

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

SURGEON GENERAL’S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
Panama and other Caribbean countries—with no chance to immigrate to the U.S. But two days after the announcement, Panama unexpectedly backed out of the deal. Meanwhile, as talk of military action against Haiti’s rulers intensified, the Pentagon dispatched four ships with 2,000 Marines aboard to join the U.S. flotilla off the island nation—officially, only to rescue Americans there should they become necessary.

**Bill Clinton, Traveling Man**
Bringing a mix of rhetoric, cajolery and cash promises (not to mention Hillary and Chelsea), Bill Clinton embarked on his third European trip this year—to Latvia, Poland, Italy and Germany. In Riga, the Latvian capital, the President restated an offer to the nation and its Baltic neighbors of a $50 million lending fund and repeated a promise to help finance their participation in NATO’s Partnership for Peace. He gave Poles similar assurances, saying, "Bringing new members into NATO is no longer a question of whether but when and how."

**A G-7 Setback for U.S.**
The economic portion of the G-7 summit ended Saturday with the rebuffing of a U.S.-backed trade proposal. The U.S. had hoped to launch a new round of trade talks with the proposal, attacking barriers in such sectors as telecommunications and financial services. French President François Mitterrand objected strongly, arguing that the nations should win approval for last year’s GATT agreement before starting new trade talks. In other developments, the G-7 leaders pledged $4 billion in financial assistance to Ukraine and $200 million to begin closing down the Chernobyl nuclear reactor.

**Another Map for Bosnia**
European, American and Russian negotiators present-
You'll be done before you know it.

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HP LaserJet Printers
THE GOOD NEWS

✓ To combat bacterial food poisoning, the U.S. Agriculture Department proposes stricter poultry processing. Under new rules, chickens would be inspected more closely for contamination with fecal matter, and bird carcasses would be treated with germ-killing sprays or rinses.

✓ Nearly 80 medicines to control infectious diseases are under development, according to a drug-industry survey. Among them: a vaccine for Lyme disease and a drug derived from cow's milk to fight a parasite that strikes many AIDS patients.

✓ Echocardiograms that measure the thickness of the heart's main pumping chamber may help doctors judge which patients are most at risk for heart disease or stroke and require aggressive therapy.

✓ A Norwegian survey of 370,000 mothers provides the strongest evidence yet that environmental hazards may trigger birth defects. Women who had given birth to one child with a defect had half the risk of having a second child with the same problem if they moved to another town.


THE BAD NEWS

✓ The annual medical tab for smokers is $50 billion—almost twice as much as previously estimated—a new study concludes. Half the money is spent on hospitalization alone.

✓ A report on New York City homicides shows that 3 out of 10 victims have cocaine in their system when they die. Researchers speculate that the drug's tendency to increase irritability, aggression and paranoid thinking may spur users into violent confrontations.

Great Moments in G-7 History

1975: Rambouillet, France First G-7 summit (actually G-6; since Canada wasn't invited until 1976) gets underway at a secluded château. Long tradition of media ennui also gets under way, as London's Daily Express headlines NON-EVENT OF THE YEAR.

1977: London Jimmy Carter annoys his top aides when he orders them to move from the posh Claridge's hotel to the more modest Hotel Britannia, slicing 15% off the tab. Says press secretary Jody Powell: "He's tight as a tick. He always has been.

1978: Bonn France's Valéry Giscard d'Estaing gripes about windowless meeting room (later changed). All delegates are supplied with mineral water except the Americans, who get Coke. "They pay attention to where you come from," enthuses Powell.

1982: Versailles During an uneventful meeting, Ronald Reagan sends Secretary of State Al Haig a note: "We should be out swimming in that fountain." Haig immediately scribbles back, "Yes, without all these clothes on." "I agree," Reagan responds, then falls asleep.

1990: Houston At closing ceremony, cowboy-booted host President George Bush says little more than "We're glad you're with us," having forgotten to bring his speech.

First the Cardigan, Now This

Times Books recently announced that it will publish a book of socially conscious poetry by former President Jimmy Carter. Former brat-pack movie star Ally Sheedy has already published a book of socially conscious poetry. Two notable Americans. Two poems. Question: Whose is whose?

"It Can Fool the Sun"
Some people never say, "Let's go home," not having one, except a plastic sheet; when cold, they try to find a warm air grate; an empty doorway's better than the street and two share one refrigerator crate.

"Inspired by an Article on Child Abuse"
She has no idea how a child should act But she knows that it's unsafe to cry She turns away, she shuts her eyes Gets on her knees and prays to die...

Respite for Rwanda?
After three months of butchery, U.N. officials in Rwanda began to arrange a formal cease-fire between the Hutu-controlled government and the rebel movement, led by the Tutsi. A 500-man French force is protecting a security zone in the southwest around Gikongoro, where an estimated 600,000 are believed to have taken refuge.

And for Yemen?
The port of Aden, the main stronghold of southern Yemeni secessionists, fell to government troops after separatist leaders fled the country.

BUSINESS

Interest-Rate Hike Forestalled
The Federal Reserve concluded a two-day meeting by confounding widespread expectations and deciding against a further hike in interest rates. Concerns about the U.S. economy seem to have overridden anxiety about the dollar's slide in world currency markets. Nevertheless, as the dollar continued to plunge and re-
ports of an upswing in new jobs sparked inflation fears, many economists predicted that the next rate increase is just around the corner.

**Baby Bells Branch Out**

The FCC granted Bell Atlantic the right to offer video programming in a historic move that marks the first time a phone company has been allowed to compete against the cable-TV industry. The interactive service, known as video dial tone, will initially offer 38,000 viewers in New Jersey 60 channels at prices 20% less than existing cable rates. Meanwhile, four regional phone companies filed a suit challenging the decade-old consent decree that forbids them to provide long-distance service. The companies claimed prices would fall as much as 50% if they were allowed into the market.

**Sport**

Fastest Man Alive, for Now

Sprinter Leroy Burrell shaved one-hundredth of a second off friend and teammate Carl Lewis' best time in the 100-m dash to recapture the world record at a meet in Lausanne, Switzerland. The new time of 9.85 sec. makes Burrell the fastest human being on the planet.

**U.S. Wakes Up from a Dream**

The scenario of an American soccer team surpassing all expectations in a flag-waving Fourth of July matchup in the second round of the World Cup seemed straight out of a Hollywood movie -- all except for an ending that saw Brazil defeat the U.S. by a score of 1-0. Despite being outnumbered after defender Leonardo was ejected for a concession-inducing elbow to the head of the U.S.'s Tab Ramos, Brazil shut down the U.S. offense and won the game to advance to the quarterfinals, where it went on to defeat the Netherlands by a score of 3-2.

**MILESTONES**

**RECOVERING. JAMES HERriott, 77, author and veterinarian; from a broken leg; in Yorkshire, England. Gentle, best-selling chronicler of nature and its creatures, Herriot (the nom de plume of Alf Wight) found himself at odds with the animal kingdom when a flock of sheep he was shoeing off his lawn stampeded, breaking his leg near the hip. In the words of one of his works, it shouldn't happen to a vet.**

**DIED. LEW HOAD, 59, Australian tennis star; of a heart attack; in Fuengirola, Spain. During the '50s, his charismatic, hard-hitting athlete won five Wimbledon titles as well as eight other Grand Slam tournaments, earning him the No. 1 ranking in the world in 1956. Forced into retirement by back injuries, he coached players like Guillermo Vilas and Manuel Orantes on the way to their own Grand Slam titles.**

**DIED. DICK SARGENT, 64, actor; from prostate cancer; in Los Angeles. Sargent's talent for light comedy came to the fore during his three years on the TV fantasy Bewitched; Sargent seamlessly replaced his predecessor, Dick York, in the role of advertising executive Darrin Stephens, harried husband of suburban witch Elizabeth Montgomery. In 1991 Sargent announced to the public that he was gay.**

**DIED. MARION WILLIAMS, 66, influential gospel singer; of vascular disease; in Philadelphia. In life she sang praises to her God. But last week the world of music sang its praises to Williams, the greatest gospel singer of her generation and a performer who crossed over to a worldwide audience by sheer dint of her gifts as a vocalist and innovator. Born in Miami to a butcher/stevendore/music teacher father and a devoutly religious mother, Williams began singing when she was three. In 1947 she joined the Clara Ward Singers and swiftly became the group's star. In 1959 she formed the Stars of Faith before going solo in the '60s. Known for vocal pyrotechnics, including octave-spanning leaps into falsetto that inspired rocker Little Richard, Williams was an eclectic and sunny stylist whose influences ranged from blues to folk to even calypso music. She recorded 10 albums and sang in the movies Fried Green Tomatoes and Mississippi Masala. Last year Williams became the first singer to be awarded a MacArthur "genius" grant.**

**DIED. JOHN SHAD, 71, former Securities and Exchange Commission chairman; after heart surgery; in New York City. As head of SEC, Shad ordered the 1866 probe of Drexel Burnham Lambert that helped kick off the Wall Street scandals of the '80s and ultimately resulted in the firm's pleading guilty to securities fraud. Shad was later hired by Drexel to clean house, but quickly left as the firm staggered to its demise.**

**DIED. CAMERON MITCHELL, 75, actor; in Los Angeles. The rangy, rugged Mitchell found his career-making role in the late '40s, when he played Happy Loman, the determined if delusional son in the Broadway debut of Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman. Mitchell re-created the role in the 1951 film version. He made perhaps his biggest splash as diamond-in-the-rough Buck Cannon on TV's The High Chaparral (1967-71).**

**DIED. ALFRED HARVEY, 80, comic-book publisher and animation producer; in Larchmont, New York. Harvey launched Harvey World Famous Comics in 1940 when he was 26, introducing the world to such wholesome entertainment as Casper the Friendly Ghost and Richie Rich, whose adventures made Harvey the leading comic-book publisher during the 1950s.**

—By Leslie Dickstein, Christopher John Farley, Michael Quinn, Jeffery Rubin, Alain Sanders, Anastasia Toufexis, Sidney Urquhart, Sarah Van Boven
A mountain village in France. A trade center in the Far East. From every corner of the world, soccer fans follow the World Cup. And Sprint makes sure they don’t miss any of the action. More than 5,000 reporters from 143 countries use Sprint’s fiber optic network to access data from World Cup headquarters. And send it on to fans worldwide over fax, data and voice lines. That’s the power of Sprint technology. At play. 1-800-PIN-DROP.
Dear Reader,
In recent weeks, Congress has acted on several controversial issues. Here's how your Representative and Senators cast their votes:

## THE ISSUES

**Bosnian Arms Embargo:** Lingering doubts about the fairness of the U.N.-sponsored—and U.S.-supported—arms embargo in the Balkan war prompted the fourth Senate proposal since May to lift the ban on shipments of weapons to the beleaguered Bosnians. Fifty Senators voted for the measure, but the other 50 opposed it, which, in the case of an amendment to a bill, counts as a defeat of the measure. A similar bill passed in the House, 244 to 178, on June 9.

**Product Liability:** A backlash against stringent laws that hold manufacturers liable for the potential harm caused by their products bred a Senate effort to create national product-liability standards that would override a number of state laws. Manufacturers, insurance companies and other business interests supported legislation limiting the number of suits going to trial and restricting damage awards. Opponents, led by trial lawyers and consumer groups that argued the new law would leave consumers vulnerable, mounted a filibuster to prevent full Senate consideration of the bill. A vote to end the filibuster was defeated 51 to 47, thus blocking the attempt to relax standards.

**Funding the B-2 Bomber:** Even Defense Secretary William Perry recommended that Congress cut from the Defense Department Authorization Act $150 million earmarked to keep some production lines running for the B-2 bomber, since Congress has already paid for the full contingent of these $1 billion-a-copy stealth planes. Still, the Senate, by a vote of 55 to 45, rejected the Pentagon's advice, opting to spend the money anyway. A yes vote favored a reduction in funding.

**Future of the Space Station:** The turbulent journey of NASA's proposed space station, whose ultimate cost is now estimated at $28 billion, passed another milestone June 29 when an amendment to cut off funding at the current $11 billion was defeated in the House, 278 to 155. A no vote favored the space station.

## HOW YOU WERE REPRESENTED

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If this were your personal subscription copy of TIME magazine, this space would contain the voting records of your congressional Representative and two Senators on these issues.

If you are a subscriber, please call 1-800-843-TIME (8463) and provide the TIME Customer Services operator with the name of your Representative or your congressional district, and we will correct our records.

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**KEY TO VOTING CHART:** DNV—did not vote (absent, abstained or paired against an opposing vote); N/V—no vote taken in legislative body

Voting records provided by Congressional Quarterly Inc.
A Chance to Be Heard

With 4 of the 5 committees involved with health-care reform voting out new bills, plus a new Senate Republican plan offered by Bob Dole, Congress is poised to narrow the options. TIME highlights the key differences among them and invites you to use the attached postcard to voice your own preferences.

COVERAGE Three of the plans, the Senate Labor and Human Resources, House Education and Labor, and House Ways and Means bills, promise universal coverage. The Dole plan is not specific, though the minority leader has said it could cover "91% or 92%" of Americans. The Senate Finance bill aims at 95% coverage by the year 2002, with the stipulation that if this goal is not met, a National Health Commission would advise Congress on how to reach that target, but without any requirement that it do so.

BENEFITS The Senate Labor and Senate Finance bills offer a package similar to the current Federal Employees Health Benefit Plan, which Hillary Rodham Clinton described as "the type of coverage your Congressman has." The House Labor and Education and House Ways and Means benefits packages are both modeled on Medicare and include substance-abuse treatment and coverage of abortions. Both Senate Labor and Human Resources and House Education and Labor bills cover prescription drugs. Senate Finance's provides home care for the disabled. The Dole plan, like the Clinton plan, requires that insurers offer at least 1 of 3 options: fee-for-service; a health-maintenance organization; or a hybrid of the two, known as a preferred-provider plan. Dole's plan carries no drug benefits and makes no mention of abortion; his long-term-care expenses are tax deductible.

PURCHASING POOLS The Clinton plan adopted the concept of regional health alliances, through which all companies with 5,000 or fewer employees are required to buy insurance. The Clinton alliances would be given additional quality-control and regulatory powers. The Senate Labor and House Education and Labor bills follow the Clinton model, but their alliances are voluntary and without regulatory authority. Dole's bill neither mandates nor prohibits alliances but allows self-employed individuals and small employers to purchase the Federal Employees Health Benefit plan. The House Ways and Means and House Education and Labor bills would broaden the existing Medicare system into a national purchasing pool. Education and Labor permits states to create mandatory pools. Senate Finance offers a choice between the federal employees' plan and, where they exist, voluntary health alliances. All plans subsidize the purchase of insurance by poor people at varying levels.

COST CONTAINMENT The Clinton plan proposed a cap on total national health-care spending. The Dole bill has a "fail-safe" mechanism designed to ensure that the plan would not add to the federal deficit. House Education and Labor proposes regional limits on how fast insurance premiums can rise. House Ways and Means establishes a fee structure and offers a standby cost-containment section triggered when individual states exceed a targeted expenditure level, at which point a federal rate schedule is imposed. Senate Finance would call on its National Health Commission to make nonbinding recommendations if costs got out of hand.

EMPLOYER MANDATE The Senate Labor bill, like the Clinton plan, requires employers to pick up 80% of the cost of an individual's premiums, or 55% for a family. House Education and Labor varies requirements according to the size of the company, allowing self-insurance for companies employing more than 100, as does House Ways and Means. Neither the Dole bill nor the Senate Finance bill has any such requirement.

FINANCING Clinton proposed a 1% tax on large (more than 5,000 employees) companies that self-insure, plus an additional 75¢-a-pack cigarette tax. Senate Labor exacts a 1% payroll tax on companies employing more than 1,000 and a 2% tax on payrolls of firms employing fewer than six. It also takes cigarette taxes up from 24¢ to $1.24 a pack. Senate Finance also levies a $1.24 cigarette tax and means-tests premiums and co-payments for higher-income Medicare recipients. House Education and Labor places a 2% tax on health-insurance premiums and adds 69¢ more to the cigarette tax. Dole pays for reform through cuts in Medicare payments and a cap on the rate of increase in federal Medicaid payments.

SINGLE PAYER A bill was voted out of the House Education and Labor committee "without recommendation" but will probably come to a vote on the floor anyway. The single-payer plan would make the Federal Government the nation's health-insurance manager. According to the Congressional Budget Office, its cost-containment prospects are better than that of all other plans. It would also require substantial increases in taxes on both individuals and corporations, although proponents argue that these expenses will be offset by the savings people will realize by no longer having to pay premiums to insurance companies.
NEWS ABOUT MIGRAINE

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO MEAN MISSING OUT ON LIFE.

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.

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

BEFORE YOUR NEXT MIGRAINE, CALL YOUR DOCTOR.
As the refugees keep pouring out and Clinton continues to flounder, the U.S. moves closer to a military solution

By KEVIN FEDEKRO

Residents who travel overseas know they can never entirely leave their problems back home. But for Bill Clinton, on a seven-day trip to Europe for the G-7 economic summit, the crisis in Haiti pursued him like a bad nightmare. Throughout the week, refugees continued to risk their lives and take to the seas by the thousands, undeterred by the Administration's newly enunciated policy of diverting the boat people to other Caribbean countries rather than the U.S.

Then, about 45 minutes after leaving Warsaw on Air Force One Thursday night, Clinton got word from Washington that Panamanian President Guillermo Endara was having second thoughts about his decision to make space in his country for 10,000 refugees. After the plane landed in Naples, Clinton stayed on board to wait for one more call from Vice President Al Gore while members of the reception committee made small talk on the tarmac. The news was bad: Panama had backed out.

The President and his advisers tried to downplay the blow. While "sharply disappointed," his aides said, Clinton was not angry. Other Caribbean countries, they promised, would be found to replace Panama; Grenada, for instance, had agreed "in principle" to provide a haven for at least some of the refugees. But the sudden change of heart by Panama only deepened the impression that the Administration was practicing a kind of voodoo diplomacy toward Haiti, lurching from headline to headline and hoping that somehow the country's leaders would magically change their ways or disappear.

Thus the floundering seemed to increase the likelihood of Clinton's pursuing the one option that would make him look the most decisive: a full-fledged invasion of Haiti. All week there were signals that plans for military action were being accelerated. On Thursday, the Defense Department dispatched four amphibious warships carrying 2,000 combat-ready Marines to the waters off the coast of Haiti. The Pentagon revealed that three weeks ago Army Rangers and Navy Seals had conducted practice runs for an invasion of Haiti: staging a mock attack on an isolated airfield at Eglin Air Force Base in Florida and "capturing" a port along the Gulf coast. The exercise, which one military expert described as a "final rehearsal," was similar to maneuvers conducted just before the U.S. invaded Panama in December of 1989 to overthrow Manuel Noriega.

Just how imminent the invasion might be remained vague. The refugee crisis has increased the urgency for some sort of action to end the oppressive military rule in Haiti, and there is a sense that the Administration is backing into an invasion almost out of desperation. "No doubt about it," said one senior Pentagon official, "the stakes have gone up because of Panama's decision. We need to get ourselves into position." On Friday, Clinton issued another veiled warning to the military clique that ousted President Jean-Bertrand Aristide in September 1991. "I think the conduct of the military leaders will have more than any-
thing else to do with what options are considered when," said Clinton. "And their conduct has not been good."

Though Clinton aides are confident that U.S. troops could oust Lieut. General Raoul Cédras and his cronies fairly swiftly, it is a prospect that few in the Administration relish. As in Somalia, an invasion of Haiti would trap the U.S. in the role of enforcer, saddled with the job of first establishing and then upholding law and order in a country that lacks the institutions of a democratic civil society. White House and State Department officials still retain a hope that saber rattling might be enough to induce the military leaders to abandon the country before any shots are fired. "The sense that there's a possibility of an immediate military intervention—that is not our way of thinking," said one senior official. "That's not where our heads are now."

Just where the Administration's heads are on the matter of Haiti has been a major puzzle for weeks. After enduring intense criticism from human-rights activists and others over its policy of repatriating any
Haitian refugees picked up at sea, Clinton announced a major shift on May 8. Rather than automatically send boat people back to Haiti, the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service said, it would conduct sea-going interviews and admit to the U.S. refugees judged to be fleeing repression.

Since the policy took effect on June 16, more than 17,500 refugees have poured out of Haiti on frail and often overloaded boats, driven out by political repression as well as a U.S.-led trade embargo that has left the poorest country in the western hemisphere isolated and destitute. Tragedies at sea have mounted. Two weeks ago, a boat disaster near the village of Baie du Mesle left at least 65 people dead. Last Monday, when more than 400 people swarmed aboard a small craft moored at a remote spot five miles north of the smuggling port of St. Marc, the overloaded boat listed violently, then keeled over, trapping passengers under the deck. Dozens drowned.

Horrible scenes like that perhaps did less to persuade the Administration to take action than did the sight of Coast Guard cutters being overwhelmed by Haitian refugees. At a meeting of Clinton advisers on July 1, serious consideration was given to re-adopting the policy of summary repatriation.

INVASION TARGET: HAITI

By MARK THOMPSON WASHINGTON

The U.S. invasion of Haiti would commence not with the blazing of guns but with the quiet ripples of Navy SEALs making their way ashore. Under cover of darkness—a key ally in the Pentagon's invasion plan—they would drift apart and stealthily make their way to the country's major airport, on the outskirts of Port-au-Prince. Their mission: to make sure no surprises were in store for the thousands of U.S. combat troops that would follow. "One truck with four flat tires on the runway can cause problems," a military officer says. "So can 2,000 Haitians with loaded rifles."

Once the SEALs signaled the all clear, the first public evidence that an American-led invasion was under way would be the drone of Navy and Marine helicopters ferrying combat troops to the airport from ships offshore. If all went as planned, they would quickly seize control and flash the green light for troops from the 82nd and 101st Airborne divisions arriving from bases in North Carolina and Kentucky. At the same time, Marines would arrive to reinforce the U.S. embassy in Port-au-Prince.

The invasion ultimately would require 15,000 to 20,000 U.S. troops and a six-month American presence, according to Leon Edney, the retired Navy admiral who, as commander of all U.S. Atlantic forces, was responsible for Haiti when President Jean-Bertrand Aristide was overthrown nearly three years ago. Haiti's military "hardly warrants the name," a Pentagon planner says; its 7,500 troops are ill-trained and poorly equipped, and they are expected to offer little overt resistance. In all likelihood U.S. forces would quickly take control of the handful of Haitian armored vehicles, planes, boats and guns. "The Haitians will be lucky to get 1,000 or 1,500 troops to respond," predicts Georges Fauriel, a Haitian expert at the Center for Strategic and International Studies in Washington. Of greater concern inside the Pentagon is the possibility that Haitian soldiers would turn to guerrilla warfare, "picking off our guys one or two at a time," in the words of one officer.

In the invasion's first hours, Marines would seal the capital's port and perhaps take control of Cap Haitien, a major town on the country's northern coast. Pentagon officials would be ner-
The Administration seems to hope the military leaders will magically change their ways or disappear

The Administration is seen as the military invasion, the Haitian military continues to put on displays of swaggering defiance. Though it has no apparent plans to repel an American invasion, the Haitian military tempts to deprive Aristide’s allies of their food and livelihood. “They took everything we possessed,” says Wilna Nelta Joseph, whose home in the town of Petit-Bourg was looted in April. “They left me with two

vously watching to see if Haitians threatened Americans there and in the seaside towns of Port Salut and Jérémie. In fact, Pentagon officials say they may seek White House approval for a pre-invasion incursion to evacuate all Americans who want to leave Haiti; they would be picked up at preselected rendezvous points. Such a ploy could have an added bonus: by showing that the Americans are serious, it might convince Haiti’s military leaders to leave office before the shooting starts.

A senior Pentagon official believes that the U.S. would target only the three top members of the ruling military for ouster: Lieut. General Raoul Cédras, Port-au-Prince police chief Michel François, and Philippe Biamby, the army chief of staff. “There’s a general consensus here,” the Pentagon official says, “that if we cut off the head, the monster will die.” Whether the trio would be imprisoned or allowed to flee remains an open question. “We can take the thugs out easily,” says Edney. “You never can say with no casualties, but I think we could come very close.”

Only a third of the U.S. troops involved would actually carry out the invasion; the rest would arrive in the following days to begin the long process of rebuilding Haiti’s government. That number could fall quickly, however, as peacekeeping forces from other nations in the hemisphere arrived. But some Pentagon officials are leery of such rosy forecasts. “There are too many things that can go wrong to call it a cakewalk,” a Pentagon official says, plainly peevet at suggestions that this military undertaking would be a cinch.

Although Pentagon officials say they have received no invasion orders from the White House, they will be ready to carry them out as early as this week, following the arrival of a four-ship flotilla in the waters off Haiti. This amphibious ready group (amphibious) carries 2,000 Marines and packs a tremendous wallop. The armada includes the Inchon, a helicopter carrier, the Portland, and the Trenton, which can deliver troops to shore by boats and helicopters; and the Spartansburg County, designed to put tanks and other heavy equipment ashore. They join another helicopter carrier, the Wasp, with 650 Marines aboard, already stationed in the area. Along with combat-ready Marines, these vessels are crammed with an arsenal of armed helicopters, howitzers and armored vehicles.

“Ships take days to get to Haiti, but airplanes take only hours,” one war planner says. “With these ships in the neighborhood, we’ve got enough to invade. We’re good to go.”

THE SCENARIO

1. Warships, carrying 2,550 Marines and 25 to 50 helicopters, would be stationed in the Haitian coast. 
2. SEAL units would land by small boats or scuba to give the green light for an invasion.
3. Marines would be ferried to the airport and the U.S. embassy by helicopter.
4. Once the airport is secure, Army troops would be flown in from the U.S.
empty hands." One farmer describes the destruction wrought by the army in the village of Petite-Rivière on April 25: "They burned down houses with everything in them. They cut down the banana trees, fruit trees, coconut trees. They shot cows, goats, pigs, cattle. They didn't leave anything," he says, tears in his eyes. "If only you could see the things they did, you wouldn't believe it."

The economic embargo has hurt as well. There is no electricity along most of the northern coast, even in major towns like Cap Haitien. At night women sell their wares by the light of kerosene lanterns and candles. Because most Haitians are now so poor that they cannot even afford the batteries for their transistor radios, few actually heard the brief Creole-language spots aired last week by the American embassy on local radio, which warned listeners that "the U.S. is not a land with streets paved with gold.

A poignant index of the economy's col-

To punish Aristide's allies in the countryside, soldiers have destroyed homes, fruit trees and livestock

Dragons are found at La Providence Hospital in Gonavès, where 163 beds serve a region with 700,000 people. A third of those beds are now without mattresses. There is no ambulance, and the hospital pickup truck has no tires. Moreover, despite the sicknes-

DESTITUTE Electricity is out in much of the north, political violence continues to increase, and ordinary Haitians find themselves with nowhere to turn

Lapse is found in La Providence Hospital in Gonavès, where 163 beds serve a region with 700,000 people. A third of those beds are now without mattresses. There is no ambulance, and the hospital pickup truck has no tires. Moreover, despite the sicknesses that ravage the region, only 20 of the facility's beds are filled. "People can't come anymore because gas is so expensive," explains administrator Claudette Munro. "If they arrive here, it's to die." In the hospital's morgue, Munro pulls open a drawer holding the bodies of eight children. A newborn lies on top, still clad in pink knit baby booties. Next to him is the body of a young boy, whose ribs are so clearly visible

they can be counted through the dead skin. "His father brought him in yesterday," explains Munro. "We gave him an IV. He opened his eyes finally—and died."

Amid all this, the Haitian military seems to have embarked on a surreal, half-baked, impotent war between apathy and stubborn de-

On Thursday morning, 200 green-uniformed soldiers, some carrying bazookas, marched through downtown Port-au-

Prince in a show of force, occasionally breaking into a spirited goose step. On Friday, top military officials gathered in the parking lot next to the General Quar-

ters to celebrate Gérard's 45th birthday. On the menu: croissants, Teem and sugary achadec juice, made with Haitian grapefruits.

According to military sources, the Hai-

tian leaders have virtually no plan for defend-

ing themselves from an invasion. Some soldiers have openly admitted their intention to drop their weapons at the first sign of troubl-

Indeed, when an American helicopter recently flew over the town of Jeremie on surve-

illance, the local army unit thought the invasion had begun and simply ran away. The paramilitary units that aid the army in terrorizing ordinary Hait-

tians have announced that their response to an invasion will be to "evaporate" into the civilian population and begin a guerrilla war. The clan-
destine campaign, they say, will involve poisoning water supplies, spreading diseases among the in-

vaders and employing voodoo powders to "in-

cerate the skins" of enemy troops. "We have been told to fire on civil-

ians when the Americans come," says member of the paramilitary group GAG, "and then disappear in the panic."

Despite indications that Haitian resis-

tance would be negligible, Clinton's aides insist that the President still has not made up his mind about an invasion. Yet by rat-

ting the saber so loudly last week, Clinton has left himself little alternative but to in-

vade. If he does nothing, he risks looking even weaker and more indecisive than he already appears. And that is a scenario the Administration relishes even less than the prospect of military action. —Reported by Edward Barnes/St. Marc, Cathy Booth/Petit-Bourg du Borgne, James Carney with Clinton, Bernard Dieudé/Port-au-Prince and Ann M. Simmons/ Washington

THE PRESIDENCY

"We Inter"

On his European jaunt, Clinton is upstaged by news and a policy bungle

By GEORGE J. CHURCH

WHAT, ASKED A REPORTER, WAS the most important thing about Bill Clinton's visit to Latvia? A foreign policy aide had to rumi-
nate silently for a moment before answering. "Well," the aide finally re-

plied, "it's the first American President to come to the Baltics. That's a big deal!"

Not quite so big a deal as Clinton had hoped. Symbolism was the object of much of his European jaunt, which after Latvia con-
tinued through Poland and Italy for the weekend summit meeting of the Group of Seven major industrial powers in Naples, and is to conclude this week with two days in Germany. But though the President once again showed a talent for thoughtful speech-
es to foreign parliamentarians and Reagan-esque photo ops, he could never quite get Americans' minds—or his own mind—off his mani-

fold problems elsewhere. In U.S. headlines and on TV newscasts, his efforts were up-

stage by the collapse of his latest Haitian refugee policy. Then on Saturday he was forced to grapple at a press conference with the implications of the death of North Korean President Kim Il Sung.

By that time, however, Clinton may have been grateful for the distractions. In a major embarrassment at the summit, the Administra-
tion was forced to withdraw a last-minute initiative aimed at attacking trade barriers not covered under the recently completed GATT global trade accord. Sprung on the G-7 leaders just 10 days before the summit opened, the initiative was cautiously accepted by some countries but was flatly and publicly rejected by the French. Stung by having to withdraw the initiative so abruptly, Clinton privately blamed his trade team for sloppy preparation.

There were other rocky moments for Clinton and his economic advisers. The U.S. had excluded in advance any coordi-
nated attempt to deal with the economic problem of the moment: the decline of the dollar against the Japanese yen and the German mark. Clinton insisted that the dollar would eventually steady by itself. Maybe, but after his remarks it promptly fell again, and hard. A senior Administra-
rupt This Summit For...”

SYMBOLS AND SUBSTANCE: After photo ops in Latvia and Poland, Clinton joined his G-7 colleagues but failed to push through a trade initiative

tion official quickly hedged on the President’s earlier remarks, saying the U.S. “would never rule out” supporting the dollar if necessary.

Which is not to say the trip was bare of accomplishment. Clinton’s presence in Riga and Warsaw earlier in the week was designed to show East Europeans that the U.S. has not forgotten about them while cultivating a Russia that they still deeply distrust. At the Naples summit, Clinton and his G-7 colleagues agreed on the outlines of a new multibillion-dollar aid package for Ukraine. The seven countries would help pay for decommissioning the four nuclear reactors at the infamous Chernobyl site and completing three new nuclear power plants that would generate much more electricity. Additional billions would be extended on the condition that Kiev undertake some major economic reforms. In the view of U.S. officials, Ukraine, a nation of 52 million, could become either a new sick man of Europe or a major power and barrier to a possibly newly expansionist Russia. But having promised to give up its nuclear weapons, Ukraine needs other means of ensuring its independence from Moscow. Increasing its nuclear generating capacity, and thus making it less dependent on fuels bought from Russia, could help.

Otherwise, the economic summit mostly gave Clinton a chance to preen as head of the nation that is “leading the world out of global recession,” as he put it. Though the economies of all G-7 nations are growing simultaneously for the first time in years, the U.S. has recorded the best combination of steady production growth, rising employment and low inflation. The President also seized the chance to get better acquainted with some of his peers. Among them, Prime Ministers Silvio Berlusconi of Italy, Jean Chrétien of Canada and Tomiichi Murayama of Japan were coming for the first time. In a meeting with Clinton before the summit, Murayama (who was hospitalized briefly for fatigue and diarrhea) promised to maintain policies of stimulating consumption, as the U.S. and other trade partners have been urging, to spur Japanese imports. U.S. trade officials, however, remain frustrated. “In two weeks,” said one senior American figure, “there are going to be intense internal readings on Japan.”

Russian President Boris Yeltsin was scheduled to meet with the summiters on Sunday, but the G-7 leaders do not yet want to convert the group into the G-8; Russia has a long way to go before it turns its former command economy into enough of a market economy to join the club. The seven would not put up any more of their own money for aid to Moscow, either. But they were amenable to an arrangement that would permit Russia to borrow some additional billions from the International Monetary Fund.

So the successful parts of Clinton’s tour were largely a matter of images. Which have their uses: it is not bad for the President to remind himself, and his domestic and international audiences, that there are important areas such as Eastern Europe where no crises threaten, and others such as economic performance where the nation is doing very well. If only it weren’t for Haiti. And North Korea. And the congressional snarl over health care. And ... And ... And ...—Reported by Jay Braman/ Naples and James Carney and Sunoel Ratan/with Clinton

TIME, JULY 18, 1994

25
NORTH KOREA

A WORLD WITHOUT KIM

The last Stalinist’s sudden demise leaves his realm more enigmatic than ever

By JAMES WALSH

RANT AT LEAST THIS MUCH TO KIM II SUNG: he certainly knew how to go out with a bang. The last Stalinist dictator managed to die just when the parts of the world most unsympathetic to him would miss the ultimate totalitarian the most. A god-king to his own people, a monster to those he waged war on and a riddle to almost everyone else, the only leader that communist North Korea has ever known perished at such a delicate point of diplomacy that even his sternest ill-wishers were praying that it was not true. Late last week, as Radio Pyongyang nearly sobbed the announcement from a capital glum with rain, the news sent shock waves in widening circles from Seoul, Tokyo and Beijing to Washington, Geneva and the Group of Seven summit in Naples. “He was the greatest of the great men,” intoned Radio Pyongyang. To the U.S. and others, he was merely a great, if unfortunate, necessity.

Kim’s death, officially from heart seizure owing to blockage of an artery, came at a time when U.S. and North Korean negotiators were just beginning talks in Geneva on the dangerously mounting dispute over Pyongyang’s nuclear program. The first session on Friday was “very useful and productive,” according to U.S. team leader Robert Gallucci—and then the report came.

DEATHLESS NO MORE: Top, the Great Leader in April; left, one of his birthday bashes

of Kim’s demise. The North Koreans asked for a suspension of talks, which the Americans understandably gave. But what worried U.S. officials, including President Bill Clinton as he was awakened at 6:30 a.m. in Naples to hear the news, was who in North Korea or indeed on earth could be expected to command the authority that Kim had wielded in such matters.

The man styled by his police state for decades as the Great Leader had seemed to take personal charge of finding a way to end the showdown over accusations that his country was well on its way to building atom bombs. In his meeting last month with Jimmy Carter, Kim virtually overnight defused tensions by promising the former U.S. President that he would freeze the nuclear program. Washington then backed off from proposing economic sanctions to the U.N. and set in motion the new attempt at dialogue. The first-ever summit between North and South Korean leaders, slated for July 25, was another diplomatic triumph for the 82-year-old autocrat. The North has said it still wants to go ahead with the meeting, but with the Great Leader’s funeral now scheduled for July 17, it will probably be postponed.

Internally, Kim’s passing was definitely the end of an era. Foreign diplomats inside the country reported that children were breaking out spontaneously in tears and masses of stunned, flower-laden mourners were filing through the streets. Beyond that, though, the death also signaled a likely accession to power of the spectacularly mysterious Kim Jong II, the Great Leader’s son and anointed heir.

Would he venture peace, threats, war? Would he last for years, six months, six weeks? At a press conference in Naples, Clinton said he saw no reason to panic. Though South Korean President Kim Young Sam had ordered his forces on emergency alert just in case, Clinton said he agreed with Washington’s top brass that events had revealed “no evident alarming change” and that nothing so far warranted beefing up the 35,000 U.S. forces now stationed in the South. Asked what he thought of Kim Jong II’s prospects, however, the President admitted, “I don’t know how to answer that.”

Very few do. Said Arnold Kanter, a Bush Administration Under Secretary of State who conducted previous talks with Pyongyang: “What we don’t know about North Korea is so vast that it makes the Kremlin of the 1950s look like an open book.” The communist northern tier of a peninsula once known as the Hermit Kingdom has lived up to that name with a vengeance, enveloping its 22 million people in a bell jar of propaganda, thought control and mythology glorifying the Kims, often in public pamphlets that would dwarf a Cecil B. DeMille production.

What factions may exist in the leadership, who controls them and what they stand for—all are practically pure guesswork on the part of the most diligent outside intelligence analysts. What is reputed about Jong Il—known as the Dear Leader—is itself a mass of contradictions: terrorist and war-monger, or would-be economic reformer.
and peacemaker? A pampered, pouting sorehead indifferent to responsibilities, or a relatively shrewd go-getter who has mastered much statecraft?

The weight of opinion holds that this candidate for the first dynastic succession in the dwindling communist world cannot hold a candle to his father. The North Korean myths exalting Jong Il are so elaborate as to be hilarious. As with Kim Il Sung, who was said to have nearly supernatural powers and be in several places at the same time, Kim Jong Il’s life is swaddled in layers of official fable worthy of a demigod. His birth was foretold by a swallow. A double rainbow appeared over sacred Mount Paektu when he was born. The mythographers have not claimed that he was suckled by a she-wolf and tutored by centaurs, but their hyperbole in other matters is nearly that far a reach. Jong Il supposedly has mastered all knowledge, and his thoughts are studied at great world universities. In fact, his only travels outside his homeland—a cause of real concern for other governments—have been to communist countries, plus a stint of studies on Malta.

That lack of exposure to nations outside the world according to Marx might, in the most alarmist view, cause him to gamble disastrously on the nature of his adversaries and his chances of winning a war. At the very least, analysts believe, he seems sure to try to consolidate power by not antagonizing the military.

As of last weekend, however, the Dear Leader had still not sewn up his succession. The fact that the announcement of his father’s death was delayed a full day and a half suggested to some outsiders that Kim Jong Il was busy lining up support behind the scenes. Several hours after the broadcast, a number of top establishment figures came out with statements of allegiance to him. Even then, he was not styled President—yet. That formality, assuming it comes, will have to wait for some quasi-coronation ceremonies at high councils of the party and state.

Significantly, China reacted gingerly to the news of Kim II Sung’s death and barely mentioned the son, even though he had already been named to head the funeral committee—usually a solid sign in communist successions that the nominee is destined to become maximum leader. From the time Kim II Sung sent his tanks rolling across the Demilitarized Zone in 1950, precipitating the cold war’s first hot conflict and bloodshed on a grand scale, Beijing has been wedded to the fortunes of North Korea’s founder, a man Mao Zedong embraced as a strong ally. Over the years the friendship sweetened and soured, but the alliance remained fast. Evidence that Deng Xiaoping’s China was withholding approval of the designated heir was a potent signal. Of the dynastic passing of power, a Chinese academic remarked, “China cannot criticize, but we are not accustomed to this method.”

According to some reports, Deng advised Kim II Sung in 1992 not to go through with the family legacy.

Was the Great Leader himself having second thoughts before he died? A few signs suggest it—and some South Korean journalists and intelligence sources did not hesitate to wonder whether Kim Sr’s death might have been given a helping hand as a result. While no proof of this exists, what is known is that Kim II Sung emerged from a semiretirement of sorts earlier this year and adopted a stronger public role, not long after the nuclear dispute with the U.S. and other countries began sharpening. At the same time, some North Korean officials had asked Chinese physicians for advice on diagnosis of a peculiar brain injury—a wound that insiders said Kim Jong Il had suffered in a car crash last September. The fact that the Dear Leader appeared in public and in seemingly fine condition soon afterward hinted at a possible face-saving attempt to sideline him from duty.

Of the official heir, former U.S. ambassador to Seoul Donald Gregg said he is “a short, unprepossessing kid following a tremendously charismatic, long-tenured father, desperately trying to live up to him.” In any case, as former Secretary of State Lawrence Eagleburger noted, the changing of the guard “adds uncertainty at precisely the time we don’t need it.” Jong II plainly will find some rough going in acquiring his father’s stature. Noted Norman Levin, a senior analyst at Rand Corp. in California: “If Kim Il Sung said white is black, he could make it stick. No one now has that sort of authority.”

Which is the big, potentially fateful trouble. North Korea has been organized so tightly into a pyramid of power with Kim II Sung at its apex that the possibility of a
cataclysmic social implosion cannot be ruled out. Not that many years ago, Pyongyang still confidently spread the word that Kim’s homeland was a paradise on earth and that South Korea was a brutally poor, miserable place under Uncle Sam’s bootheel. “The game is finished,” observed one South Korean official. Not only is the South’s economy 14 times stronger than the North’s, he pointed out, but “the ideological game is also over. The only rational way for the North is to cooperate, save face and gradually integrate.”

Nonetheless, rationality—even in the face of what is now widespread North Korean deprivation and hunger to the point of starvation, by many accounts—has not been Pyongyang’s strong suit. With hardline communism having collapsed all over the world, Kim II Sung’s ruling philosophy of Juche, or self-reliance, became exposed as a transparent failure and fraud. With shortages of essential supplies that used to be delivered on soft terms from Moscow and Beijing, the theoretically supreme independence of the North has become deepening economic despair. Yet the regime has soldiered on with its old ways, apparently in dread for its survival.

“We have to acknowledge collapse and a German-style unification by absorption as a real possibility,” says Sohn Hak Kyu, a spokesman for South Korea’s ruling Liberal Democratic Party. “On the one hand, this would be a great historic event. On the other, it will cost a lot.” One recent study in Seoul estimated that it would take $1.2 trillion and perhaps 20 years to raise the North’s economy to parity with the South’s—an effort that would cripple Seoul’s prosperity. Even short of that, a tidal wave of refugees crossing the DMZ is a possible nightmare to come.

Far from being a firm ally any longer, one of the North’s new refugee destinations, Russia, has lined up with U.S. efforts to leash the Kimis. Denis Dragounsky, a political commentator in Moscow, says Russians are shrugging off the fall of Kim II Sung with determined indifference: no sorrow was in evidence for one of their final remaining geopolitical embarrassments. But he conceded, “For the remaining Bolshevik believers, they will be depressed that they have lost the last true survivor. All that is left for them now is Cuba.”

Whether the communist beat goes on north of the 38th parallel in Asia is currently of secondary importance. The Great Leader bequeathed his people one of the greatest confusions and challenges to face any society. The Dear Leader is not likely to save them from a painful future. —Reported by James Cakey with Clinton, Edward W. Desmond/ Tokyo, Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing, Robert Guest/ Seoul and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington

**Kim Jong II: Now It’s His Turn**

When Kim II Sung’s firstborn son came into the world on Feb. 16, 1942, he was given the Korean name Jong II. He was also called Yura, which is Russian. After all, he was born in Khabarovsky, in the Soviet Far East. North Korean mythographers prefer to obscure that unpatriotic nativity, claiming that their Dear Leader first saw light on sacred Mount Paektu—the site, according to legend, where Korean civilization sprang into existence 5,300 years ago. Such official obfuscations have ensured that Kim Jong II remains mostly myth himself, even as he succeeds his father and becomes the leader of one of the world’s most dangerous regimes.

An early family photograph shows a cherubic little boy in the uniform of a Soviet naval cadet, grinning as he stands nestled between his father and mother. But Kim Jong II’s childhood was hardly a settled one. He was only seven when he lost his mother. She died in labor, delivering a stillborn infant just a year after her husband was anointed leader of North Korea by Stalin’s regime. The Korean War then engulfed the peninsula, and Kim Jong II spent its duration in northeast China. Back home, he transferred from school to school before graduating from Kim II Sung University in Pyongyang in 1964. His thesis: an analysis of his father’s ideas on socialist agriculture. Still, the young Kim complained in private that his father—who had remarried in 1963 and started a new family—was too busy being the Great Leader to spend time with him.

Kim Jong II’s transfiguration was startling. Until 1978 Kim II Sung’s younger brother Kim Yong Ju was heir apparent. Then, suddenly, Jong II was publicly hailed as the “party center”; soon afterward, he became Dear Leader to his father’s Great Leader. He also became culture czar, producing movies and lecturing on the art of opera. Kim II Sung spared nothing to burnish his son’s reputation. The younger Kim was credited, years after the supposed incident, with saving his father from a 1967 coup attempt. He was named General Secretary of the Workers’ Party. Though without military training, Kim Jong II was elected in 1991 to succeed his father as commander of the country’s 1.2 million-strong armed forces. In the past few years, he has reportedly taken on the daily work of running the government.

With his high-heeled shoes and cumulus-cloud hairdo, Kim Jong II displays a taste for the gaudy that is at odds with his country’s Spartan ways. He surrounds himself with the scions of his father’s wartime comrades, a new generation of revolutionaries who call themselves the Loyal Warriors and whose car carry license plates emblazoned with the Dear Leader’s birth date. Mercurial and erratic, Kim Jong II rarely meets foreign dignitaries. Defectors have told tales about his huge film collection, his penchant for Portuguese oranges and—though he is reportedly married with two children—a weakness for Swedish women. More ominous is his supposed ruthless management of Pyongyang’s nuclear-weapons program and terrorist activities, including the 1983 attack in Burma that killed a large part of the visiting South Korean Cabinet and a 1987 bombing of a South Korean airliner. And if someone gets in the way of his succession? Says Dae-Sook Suh, an expert on the Pyongyang regime at the University of Hawaii: “Kim Jong II will have him killed right away.” —By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.

Reported by Tom Curry/New York and Jay Peterzell/Washington

**Heir Apparent: the younger Kim already had most of his father’s titles**

—By Howard G. Chua-Eoan.

Reported by Tom Curry/New York and Jay Peterzell/Washington

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OBITUARY

THE LAST HARD-LINER

KIM IL SUNG 1912-1994

By HOWARD G. CHUA-EOAN

Dragons are created in great rivers and sprawling lakes, storm clouds and typhoons. Only such sources are expected to produce their imperious demeanor and withering hauteur. And yet every so often, out of an ordinary wellspring, a dragon claws its way into the world.

Kim Il Sung was a nobody when he arrived at the port of Wonsan on Sept. 19, 1945, at the end of World War II and the beginning of chaos on the Korean peninsula. He had lived the previous five years in obscurity in the Soviet Union and returned to his native land dressed in the uniform of a Soviet army captain. Some people did not even believe he was who he claimed to be. Kim Il Sung? Wasn’t that the name of a famous guerrilla? Didn’t he die fighting the Japanese in Manchuria years before? Could this fleshy 33-year-old be that same hero? Soon, however, no one would deny him the name. When he died last week of a heart attack brought on, according to Pyongyang, by “mental strain,” Kim had not only outlasted such totalitarian contemporaries as Stalin and Mao—both of whom were his protectors and his dupes—but was also the first communist leader to pass on his authority dynastically. As absolute master of his impoverished half of the peninsula for 46 years, he ignited one war, threatened the same again and again, and finally caused a flurry of global nervousness as he flouted the rules of nuclear nonproliferation.

He was born Kim Song Ju on April 15, 1912, the son of peasants in what North Koreans now call the cradle of the revolution: Mangyondae, an idyllic spot southwest of Pyongyang. The family had settled there after Kim’s great-grandfather, a tenant farmer, was assigned by his rich landlord to keep up the owner’s family graves.

Those plots have been replaced by shrines to the genius of Kim Il Sung, as much of Kim’s youth has been replaced by legend. At the age of 17, for example, he was supposedly teaching fourth-graders the basic doctrines of Marx and dialectical materialism. Little is said about his family’s move to Manchuria, which was then occupied, like Korea, by Japan. The truth would not have been in keeping with Kim’s official cult of Korean identity and national self-sufficiency. In official history, Kim was always the Korean partisan, the Korean communist stalwart, ever on the Korean front. But his guerrilla days were spent with anti-Japanese militias set up by the Chinese. And the name Il Sung, a common one among the fighters, may have been bestowed on him by comrades in one of those Chinese-led armies.

Kim Il Sung got his chance to refashion himself when he fled Manchuria for the Soviet Union in 1939 or 1940, as the Japanese Imperial Army was trouncing the Chinese guerrillas. He was assigned to the Khabarovsky Infantry Officers School and given a captain’s commission along with command of the Soviet-led ethnic Korean battalion. In Khabarovsky he married Kim Chong Suk, who had joined Kim Il Sung’s guerrillas in 1935 and had followed him into exile. After the Soviets entered the war in 1945 and occupied Japan’s northeast Asian territories, Kim and 66 fellow officers were sent to Wonsan to form the core of a North Korean high command. It was then, according to former high-ranking Soviet officials, that Kim was selected by local Soviet commanders as Moscow’s choice to become Korean leader.

Conventional wisdom blames either Moscow or Washington for turning Korea into the first hot conflict of the cold war. Kim Il Sung, however, had reason to want such a war. He had always

FAMILY: Kim with his first wife Kim Chong Suk, who died shortly before the start of the Korean War, and his son Kim Jong Il.
preached that war was the only way to unify the peninsula and
drive out the U.S.-backed regime of Syngman Rhee in Seoul. Fur-
thermore, it would bolster his stature against other Korean com-
munists who were urging different ways to unite the country.

Even though Stalin regarded Kim as a puppet, it was often the
Korean who pulled the Soviet leader's strings. According to cer-
tain Partners: Stalin, Mao and the Korean War, published last
year by Stanford University Press with American, Russian and
Chinese contributors, Kim made numerous trips to Moscow to
convince Stalin that the South Koreans were ready to join his rev-
olutionary forces. He also reinforced his Soviet patron's belief that
the U.S. would never intervene in a Korean conflict. If the Ameri-
cans would not help the Nationalist Chinese against Mao's forces,
he argued, why would they come to the aid of Syngman Rhee?
Kim won massive Soviet military assistance, inheriting all the
weapons of the Soviet 25th Army, including those confiscated
from Japan's defeated armies in the region.

"Are you short of arms?" Stalin asked Kim when he heard
about the first border clashes between North and South in 1950.
"We'll give them to you. You must strike the southerners in the
teeth." Still, Stalin warned, "if you should get kicked in the teeth,
I shall not lift a finger. You have to ask Mao for all the help." Kim
went to Beijing, where he convinced Mao that Stalin believed a
Korean war was winnable. The Chinese leader allowed himself to
be persuaded, and he promised to stand by his new ally. But Kim
had miscalculated. The U.S. intervened, forcing him to flee
Pyongyang and call on Beijing for help. Kim himself was wound-
eder during one battle. At the end of the war, both Koreas were in
ruins and up to 3 million people were dead.

Kim II Sung survived to purge his government of his enemies
with a brutality he would exercise throughout his rule. The sec-
urity apparatus he established is among the most sweeping in the
world; it classifies the population in three categories: loyal, wa-
verers and hostile elements. According to a recent Amnesty Inter-
national report, there are "tens of thousands" of dissidents and
Kim's political enemies in concentration camps. Untold numbers
have been executed.

Meanwhile, the Chinese and the Soviets supported him politi-
cally and economically, though not always wholeheartedly. Kim's
survival was an ideological point of honor; North Korea had be-
come a front-line state, facing off against a permanent U.S. pre-
ence on the Asian mainland. Relations throughout the cold war
might be intermittently rocky, but Kim could always depend on
Moscow and Beijing.

Amid such dependence, Kim proclaimed his hubristic and au-
tarkic doctrine of Juche, or self-sufficiency. In fact, in the '60s,
Kim's North Korea outraced the South economically. By the next
decade, however, Juche philosophy ran out of steam as inefficient
Stalinist state planning and the drain of immensely heavy defense
spending took their toll. Juche also imposed a national solipsism
that Kim refined into a virtual assumption of divinity, one copied
from Stalin's and Mao's cults of personality but developed well
beyond those extremes. Kim's image was everywhere. Massive
statues of the Great Leader, or Wiedeathan Surgyong Nim as Kim
was known, were erected all over the country, including a gold-
plated gargantuan one in Pyongyang. He eventually named his
son Kim Jong II as his heir, and together they went about the
country building monuments to each other and other members of
the Kim family.

The result, not unexpectedly, was a national politics of the
 grotesque. Kim II Sung once uttered, for example, his belief that
an extract of frog liver would be good for his health. Volun-
tees from his People's Army then collected 5,000 frogs from
around the country and sent them off to the presidential palace.
The strange and futile effort was worthy of a bygone emperor,
and in the end, it was another of his fabulous and terrible
falsehoods. —reported by Edward W. Desmond and Irene M. Kunii/Tokyo

SOLDIER
DISCIPLINE: His 
hagiographers cited 
Kim's ability to 
withstand the 
extremes of the 
military life, 
subsisting on little 
food and water in the 
wilderness. And while 
his guerrilla activities 
during the Japanese 
war were never as 
extensive as legend 
would have them, he 
was still an efficient 
and feared 
underground fighter, 
at one point 
announced "a force of 
some 300 men."

DICTATOR
GEOPOLITICS: Kim 
(jabove, in 1953, 
before a portrait of 
Stalin; and left, with 
Deng Xiaoping during 
anvisit to China in 
1987) skillfully 
balanced his alliances 
with the antagonistic 
communist capitals of 
Moscow and Beijing. 
As he plotted the 
Korean War, he 
managed to get both 
the Soviet Union and 
the People's Republic 
to sign on, even 
though relations were 
strained between Mao 
and Stalin.

TIME, JULY 18, 1994 31
To Be Young, Once, And Brave

An unextraordinary fire in Colorado flares into catastrophe and takes extraordinary lives

By PAUL GRAY

IT PROBABLY BEGAN WITH A STROKE OF lightning on a juniper or spruce tree, or in the oak brush that dotted the parched sandstone slopes of Colorado's Storm King Mountain. For three days the fire behaved itself, apparently stalled on a mere 50 craggy acres near the resort town of Glenwood Springs (pop. 5,800), 60 miles west of Vail. Extinguishing it fast did not seem a high priority; 13 other fires were burning nearby, and more than 100,000 acres blazed elsewhere across the hot, dry U.S. West.

Eventually, last Wednesday, 52 members of fire-fighting units based in Colorado, Montana, Idaho and Oregon assembled in Glenwood Springs to put out the Storm King nuisance. They represented their risky profession's nomadic elite: smoke jumpers, who parachute out of airplanes onto wildfire sites; helitack, who rappel from ropes and hop out of helicopters; and hotshots, the self-described "ground pounders," the infantry shock troops in the West's annual summer wars against unbribled conflagrations.

One of the units present was the 20-member Prineville, Oregon, Hotshots. That team included Scott Blecha, 27, a graduate of the Oregon Institute of Technology and a four-year veteran of the Marine Corps. who planned to quit fighting fires after this summer and seek a master's degree in engineering. Also on board was Bonnie Jean Holby, 21, who had run track and played basketball in high school. And there was Levi J. Brinkley, 22, who phoned his mother back in Oregon to tell her that he and his Prineville colleagues had been to hell—a fire in California—and were now headed for heaven—the Storm King site in Colorado.

So it may have seemed to every other crew member gathered in Glenwood Springs for what looked like a routine job. All they had to do was contain a modest-size fire, stopping its advance or nudging it in a safe direction. And they would do so at an altitude near 7,000 ft. on a 45° slope, staring into the scorch of a natural inferno.

This would be a normal day's work for these fire fighters, and so it might have remained had not something terrible happened that Wednesday afternoon. Split into two crews, most Storm King fighters were apparently working below the fire's edge, trying to keep it from creeping down the 1,000 ft. to where it would menace the traffic on Interstate 70. Suddenly the wind wheeled around 180° and began gusting at 47 m.p.h. The fresh infusion of oxygen into superheated air created a blowup, an unconfined explosion of unimaginable power. In a matter of moments, the fire above those on the slope had also become the fire below them.

Trapped between two walls of flame, the 52 fire fighters did what their training had taught them to do to get out alive. Some pulled out their survival shelters, thin metallic covers they could throw over themselves as they fell facedown to the ground. Some looked for bare, blackened ground the fire had already consumed and moved past, creating a safety zone by default. But there were few such areas, so many of the trapped fighters raced the fire up the mountain, hoping to get over and find shelter behind a ridge above them. It was an exorcising run, and not everyone made it to safety. When the fire, which had quickly swept from 50 acres to 2,000, subsided enough to let rescuers in, the bodies of four women and eight men were discovered, most of them just below the ridge. The bodies of two more men were found two days later. Among the 14 dead were Scott Blecha, Bonnie Jean Holby, Levi J. Brinkley and six of their Prineville Hotshots colleagues.

In the immediate aftermath of this disaster, fire fighters paused to mourn their fallen comrades and to try to explain to themselves and others, what it is about their work that proves so attractive and
FATAL ASCENT: The fire fighters chased the flames up Storm King Mountain, hoping to find safety behind this ridge; many of the dead were discovered below it.

sometimes so fatal. On the playing field of the Glenwood Springs Middle School, fresh crews assembled the day after the blowup, waiting to relieve those who were still trying to extinguish the deadly Storm King fire. John Murray, boss of the Chief Mountain Hotshots, a Blackfoot Indian contingent out of Browning, Montana, mused, "The fire gets in your blood. You want to seek out danger and defeat it."

On the same field, awaiting the same duty, Charlie Martin, 42, leader of the Wolf Creek Hotshots from Glide, Oregon, said of his job, "I've been to places in Montana and Alaska that no one else has. That's the romantic, exciting side. But the other, real side is that it's hard and dirty work." Fred Burger, 34, one of Martin's warriors, agreed: "It's an adrenaline rush. But it's also falling down cliffs, dodging dead trees and rocks falling on you, breathing thick smoke, not knowing where you are."

Still another Wolf Creek Hotshot, Richard Tingle, 34, spoke of the release into selflessness that joining a fire-fighting team can bring: "You're not an individual here. If you work as one person, you'll never make it." And a few veterans casually mentioned the pay, which can reach $200 a day. Some fire fighters, so the stories they tell one another go, earn enough during the summer months to pay college tuition or living expenses for the rest of the year.

But money cannot explain the acts of heroism that occurred on Storm King Mountain. In Missoula, Montana, Quentin Rhoades, 25, holds his baby daughter Rachel and talks about his longtime friend and fellow smoke jumper Don Mackey, 34. They and nine other Missoula colleagues had moved from a fire in New Mexico up to the Storm King site, where they spent Tuesday night chain-sawing trees for a firebreak. When the winds blew up the next afternoon, Rhoades and some of his teammates were lost and "getting spooked." Then they ran into Mackey, their leader, who pointed them toward a safe area.

"He could have taken us there himself," Rhoades continues. But Mackey knew some of the Primeville Hotshots were still stranded and in danger. "I think he could have honorably come with us and called them on the radio and told them to get the hell out of there. But I guess he felt the only way he could get them out was to go down and personally demonstrate the sense of urgency. Sometimes a radio message can seem so remote and detached. I think that's why he went back." Don Mackey never returned from Storm King Mountain.

— Reported by
Patrick Dawson/Missoula and Richard Woodbury/
Glenwood Springs
THE BURDEN ON

After much courtroom wrangling over telltale details, a judge orders O.J. Simpson to stand trial for murder

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

When it was all over, the defense counsel spoke. Saddened, indignation banked to a mere smolder, Robert Shapiro argued that all the accusations laid against his client were the worst kind of circumstantial evidence—evidence that could be read as innocence as well as guilt, and the court should have "little difficulty in deciding that this certainly is not a case of any premeditated murder by anyone." In fact, he declared, there was insufficiency proof that O.J. Simpson was guilty of anything.

Rising to respond, Deputy District Attorney Marcia Clark, stern-faced and methodical, ticked off her evidence, piece by piece. The glove at the crime scene. Its mate on Simpson's path. The blood trails to Simpson's house. The Ford Bronco with traces of blood. That's how circumstantial evidence works. Put him on trial.

This was a preliminary hearing. It was billed as such—a routine presentation of evidence to show probable cause that the defendant should be tried for murder. Instead, it turned out last week to be a sensational minitrail and, in the minds of some television viewers, the unofficial conviction of Simpson.

After 21 witnesses, mind-numbing disquisitions on evidence gathering, soul-numbing descriptions of violence, the defendant wiping away tears as the coroner described in antiseptic detail the innards of his ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson and of Ronald Goldman, and the impassioned final statements of both lawyers. Municipal Judge Kathleen Kennedy-Powell needed only 30 minutes or so to issue her ruling. Simpson would go to trial. There would be no bail. Legally, of course, he remains innocent until proved guilty. The real trial is still to come.

The sense that the hearing was the main event rather than just a prologue had mounted inexorably over its entire length, but crested during its peculiar second week. The prosecution had opened with the testimony of limousine driver Allan Park and Simpson houseguest Brian "Kato" Kaelin. Park, whose ferrying of Simpson to the Los Angeles airport at around 11:15 on the night of the murder had been part of Simpson's alibi, reported that O.J. did not answer his intercom until around 10:56. Shortly before that, Park added, he had glimpsed a 6-ft, 200-lb. African-American figure rushing across the lawn into the house. Kaelin, an aspiring actor who had boarded first at the home of Nicole Simpson and now at O.J.'s place, reported being interrupted in the middle of a telephone conversation at 10:40 by a banging and shaking on the wall of his guest house.

Gradually, prosecutor Clark's direction became evident: she was clearing a large enough block out of O.J.'s June 12 schedule to accommodate a murder. Now her witnesses had established a plausible 76 minutes during which Simpson could have driven the two miles to Nicole's condominium, killed and returned; bumped into Kaelin's wall while re-entering his property via a service path; and been spotted by Park as he crossed back to the main house. The clincher in the scenario was an especially dramatic piece of evidence: a bloody glove found on the service path—the apparent mate to one dropped near the bodies.

It was that glove that defense law Shapiro wanted ruled out of bounds. Shapiro argued that it had been collected during a search without a warrant. Accord to the exclusionary rule, which enforces the Fourth Amendment's prohibition of unlawful searches and seizures, illegal procured evidence cannot be admitted in trial, however vital it may be to prov
EVIDENCE

The events starting Sunday, June 12

9:30-9:45 pm O.J. Simpson and Brian "Kato" Kaelin return from McDonald's to the Simpson mansion.
10:00 pm Nicole Brown Simpson talks to her mother.
10:25 pm 1 Limo driver arrives early at O.J. Simpson's house and smokes outside. He does not see a Bronco.
10:40 pm 2 Kaelin hears three loud thumps outside his bedroom. Limo driver rings intercom and gets no answer.
10:55 pm 3 Limo driver sees black person enter house. He rings door intercom again, and this time Simpson answers.
11-11:15 pm Simpson comes out of house, loads bags in limo and leaves for airport.
12:10 am Neighbors call 911 after Nicole Simpson's dog leads them to dead bodies.
3:00 am Detectives Vannatter and Lange are roused from bed with a call about a double homicide.
4:4:30 am Vannatter and Lange arrive at Nicole's condo.
5-5:30 am Detectives Vannatter, Lange, Fuhrman and Phillips arrive at Simpson's house. They ring intercom for 15 minutes and notice blood on the Bronco door. Fuhrman scales the fence and opens the gate for the others.
5:30 am 4 Brian Kaelin, then Arnette Simpson, are awakened by police.
6-6:30 am 7 Fuhrman discovers a bloody glove after Kaelin describes the loud noises heard earlier. Vannatter declares the area a crime scene and begins process of obtaining a search warrant.

O.J. Simpson's Mansion

Arnette Simpson's room

Brian "Kato" Kaelin's room

Garage

Pool

Play area

Parking area

Rockingham Ave.

4

6

7

2

3

1

The bloody glove

The Bronco

The murder scene

from the murder scene to O.J.'s home not to investigate but simply to inform him of Nicole's death and arrange for their children's care. The detectives, puzzled to see lights on in the mansion at that hour (5:10 a.m.), received no answer through the intercom at the gate. When Fuhrman discovered what he thought was a spot of blood on the haphazardly parked Bronco nearby, he vaulted a 5-ft. fence onto the property—intently, he said, on foiling the Bronco's driver in the event that he might be stalking Simpson or his guests.

Midway through this he encountered Kaelin, heard his tale of bumps in the night, rushed to the service path and discovered the glove. "My heart started pounding," Fuhrman told the court. "I realized what I had finally found"—presumably the possible key to a double murder. The officer stressed that it was not something he had been looking for: "I was kind of taken aback.
It's Already the TV Movie

By RICHARD CORLISS

Are we weary of this yet? Has a single citizen of the global village od'd on O.J.? Apparently not. Every day for two weeks everybody was talking, everybody was watching. Last Friday, when the pretrial hearing reached its grisly climax, was Day 26 of America Held Hostage by its own lust for sensation. On ABC, CBS, NBC, Fox, CNN, ESPn2 and especially Court TV (the all-O.J. channel), the talkathon played six or more hours a day. Afternoon ratings soared 24% above their usual levels; prime-time specials were available for the law-impaired and the jurisim prudent. If you still couldn't get enough, you must have contracted Simpsonitis, an inflammation of tabloid curiosity, which has evidently attained epidemic proportions in Los Angeles; at least station KCRW-TV deemed that affliction worthy of a special news report. We have reached the nadir of infotainment: infotainment.

America has a strange taste in atrocities and an elastic attention span for them. The 10,000 African children who die each day of starvation can hardly top a headline, but Tonya and Nancy held our fascination for weeks. Some see O.J. Simpson as a hero, not guilty by reason of celebrity. Others want him to remain unmasked as a villain, if only because it solves this riveting murder mystery. Until a jury determines his fate, he is neither. He is a minor pop star—a one-time running back, a rental-car salesman, a modestly gifted actor—in big trouble. Perhaps in an age long deplited of kings, we can come no closer to Greek tragedy than Oedipus Hertz.

Every star needs supporting actors. Simpson's have come, almost literally, from Central Casting. Brian Kaelin, with his sleazy-surfer blondness, is a part-time actor whose films include Beach Fever; Robert Shapiro, the Rupert Murdoch look-alike, and Gerald Ulmen, a less telegenic Mattlock, play bad cop—good cop for the defense. Prosecutor Marcia Clark is a former professional dancer. Clark's witnesses have a nice racial mix out of Hill Street Blues: Greek-American nurse, Chinese-American criminalist, middle-American detectives. During recesses, big-shot defense attorneys—hired guns who fit the western-movie stereotypes of cowboy, gambler and hard-eyed madam—are ready to offer the predictable wisdom that no man should be presumed guilty if he can afford to retain one of them. And just as the hearing is a sneak preview of the murder trial, so these bit players seem to be auditioning for a second career. The Tonight Show's Jay Leno imagined them all thinking, "Gee, I hope I get to play myself in the TV movie."

A TV movie would of course be redundant. This was already the perfect living-room entertainment: Barnum & Bailey meets Barnaby Jones. But it was also an education in TV watching. With no laugh track, no sobbing violins, viewers had to decide for themselves how to react to this bizarre and compelling summer series. How, for example, to decipher the soul behind a face as beautiful, ironic and unknowable as O.J. Simpson's? On Friday he listened to the coroner's demeanor, explicit testimony of the wounds that caused Nicole Simpson's death. Raw emotion played on his features, but what emotion? Shock? Remorse? Fury? We have spent thousands of hours watching cop shows and love stories, intuiting feelings from faces. A glance at O.J. proved that there are some secrets even TV cannot reveal.

by the whole event," he said. "We didn't go up there for this."

Judge Kennedy-Powell believed him. Explaining that she could find "no holes" in the detectives' claims, she declared the Fourth Amendment "alive and well" and untainted. She accepted the glove as evidence. In the spectator section, Nicole Simpson's father wept with relief.

Although no one admitted it at the time, the hearing was decided at that moment. The defense's main strategy was dashed. The prosecution had tipped at least part of its hand, and the judge had tipped hers. After such a rousing affirmation of the police and their judgment, it was unlikely that she would consign their case to legal limbo.

From then on, Clark's presentation of her witnesses seemed less like that of a prosecutor fighting for her case than that of a victorious poker player laying down a royal flush, card by card.

On the final day of the hearing, Clark displayed her most critical card when a forensic expert declared that Simpson's blood type resembled that of the stains that marked the murderer's departure from the crime. The match was remarkably close: only 0.43% of the population shares the same chemistry. Before this court, however, Clark could not, or would not, link O.J. definitively to the carnage. Detectives admitted that they could find no footprints at his estate to match the bloody ones leading from the murder. Nor could a slice be found on the much prized Players glove to correspond with a cut on Simpson's finger. On Friday, Simpson cried as a coroner reviewed diagrams of the victims' dozens of wounds; but the descriptions posed a new puzzle: Could a lone assailant have done all that damage that swiftly?

To which a fascinated nation added several questions of its own: What will blood DNA tests show? What other evidence will the prosecution spring? Will the police find another suspect? What kind of defense will be mounted by Shapiro, a lawyer who usually gives good value for his hourly rate? What's in the mysterious manila envelope? Can a jury in cop-wary Los Angeles ever convict Simpson? And—the question looming over all the other questions—if Simpson is convicted of murder, will he be condemned to die or to spend the rest of his life in prison?

—Reported by

Patrick E. Cole and Elaine Laflerffy/Los Angeles and
Andrea Sachs/New York
A Day in the Life of Prisoner 4013970

By JORDAN BONFANTE LOS ANGELES

Promptly at 6 A.M., long before Southern California’s chill and brooding morning fog begins to lift, a deputy sheriff unbolts the face-high shutter in the solid steel door of the cell and calls to prisoner 4013970. O.J. Simpson arises and is led across the hall for his daily shower. Returning to his cell, he shaves at the stainless-steel sink. A heated kitchen cart is wheeled down the corridor, and through a slot in the door Simpson is handed a breakfast of scrambled eggs, potatoes, two slices of wheat bread and coffee brewed in a stainless-steel kitchen vat so wide it uses a bed sheet for a filter. His only utensil is a plastic spoon.

Soon, Lieut. John Dewyer, head of the legal unit charged with ensuring that the jail observes all lawful provisions, pays a brief visit. "Any problems? Been receiving your mail O.K.?" In a tone more correct than friendly, Simpson says he has no complaints. "And is the bike O.K.?" Dewyer asks, referring to an Exercycle that has been made available to his prisoner. "Yeah, it’s great," says Simpson with some animation. As on all such occasions, "the case" remains scrupulously unmentioned.

During the past two weeks, while his preliminary hearing was in progress, Simpson left the jail at 8:15 on most mornings. After exchanging his dark blue, loose-fitting inmate outfit with LA COUNTY JAIL stenciled on the back for his street clothes, he was escorted into the back seat of a black-and-white sheriff’s van with tinted windows, bound for the criminal-courts building three-quarters of a mile away. Following close behind was an unmarked Chevy Caprice chase car with two armed plainclothesmen.

Now, however, as Simpson awaits his arraignment, he faces long, tedious days in his cell, a beige, windowless room measuring 9 ft. by 7 ft. and furnished only with an iron bunk and a stainless-steel toilet next to a sink. A cardboard box on the floor, containing papers and letters, and the odd apple or orange complete the decor. As a protective-custody inmate, Simpson is denied access to mess halls, rooftop exercise areas or even the chapel. His only breaks are two hour-long periods of activity in the “freeway” of the corridor. There he can use the public phone, watch TV on a mobile stand and exercise on the bike. Sometimes he talks on the phone and pedals the bike at the same time.

"Over the years we’ve housed Sirhan-Sirhan, the Manson family, major organized-crime figures, the individuals involved in the Reginald Denny case and numerous other people with celebrity status," says Sheriff Sherman Block, Simpson’s chief jailer, "but I’ve never seen anything like this. Behind the courthouse this morning I couldn’t believe what I saw in the way of electronic-media equipment. You could probably cook a huge steak with all the microwaves there—or become sterile."

Though Simpson resides in the most populated jail in the country (about 6,200 prisoners, with more than 1,000 newcomers a day), he lives, paradoxically, in complete, not-so-splendid isolation. He is assigned to "7000," the second-floor ward of the hospital section, reserved for severe mental cases who require "behavior observation," defendants who would be at risk among other prisoners, or notable figures like Simpson, who need "special handling" for their own safety. "There are inmates who would attack him just because he is a celebrity," says Sheriff Block. "You know the kind: ‘Hey, look at me—I’m the guy who shot Abe Lincoln.’"

For a day after his incarceration, Simpson’s next-cell neighbor was Erik Menendez, the younger of the Beverly Hills brothers who murdered their parents. To ensure that Simpson and Menendez would not overhear each other’s telephone conversations, Block ordered Menendez moved to another part of 7000. (Brother Lyle is in a different, equally high-security block of the jail.) That left Simpson alone in an isolated row, or module, of seven cells.

Because he is a murder suspect, Simpson wears the red wristband of a high-security inmate. When he is taken to meet with his defense lawyers in the large attorney’s room on the ground floor, he wears handcuffs and a waist chain. When the lawyers give him legal papers to read, they are extended first to a deputy sheriff, who searches through them before handing them to Simpson. He has so far not had much time to read books. When he does, they will have to come directly from the publishers; no privately delivered reading material is allowed, since the pages could be soaked with drugs.

The jail receives more than 2,000 letters a day addressed to Simpson; of these, his lawyers select a handful for him to read. Block reports that his office gets 50 to 100 phone calls every day asking about Simpson. Many are messages of sympathy and support. Most are merely curious—people, says the sheriff, who "want to know what he’s wearing and what he’s eating." One irate Minnesotan phoned last Thursday demanding to know how the sheriff’s department was planning to celebrate O.J.’s 47th birthday, which, coincidentally, fell last Saturday, one day after he was remanded to trial. Simpson could not have been in much of a mood to celebrate.
Who Owns The

Independent doctors are waging all-out war with managed-care plans to hold on to their patients and control their care

By JANICE CASTRO

Dr. Don Shuwarger, a Houston obstetrician, used to work six days a week, seeing about 40 patients a day. But on Jan. 1 he lost 2,100 of his 3,000 regular patients when their employers, seven aerospace companies, joined managed-care networks. When he tried to follow most of his patients into the five plans, he was told they had enough obstetricians and did not need him. Of course, his former patients can continue seeing him if they pay higher deductibles, but very few are doing so. "It's almost enough to make a guy paranoid," he says. "The impression in the patients' minds is, 'Nobody wants him. What's wrong with him?'" So these days Dr. Shuwarger is having trouble making ends meet: he is living on his savings and may close down his practice. And then? He's thinking of looking for a job as a staff physician in a managed-care plan. If it will have him.

Just a few years ago, doctors like Shuwarger fought managed care mainly by ignoring its steady advance across the country. But now that 7 out of 10 insured patients are enrolled in managed-care plans, these independent practitioners have pulled a classic if-you-can't-fight-them-join-them maneuver—only this one is turning fierce.

Faced with the prospect of being put out of business, old-fashioned fee-for-service doctors have mounted a campaign to secure their way into managed care and gain some control over it. In Texas, with support from the Texas Medical Association, doctors who were let into Aetna and Prudential managed-care networks and then dropped are suing them, arguing that they are being denied their "right" to serve their patients. In Virginia, doctors are suing a plan that fired them, citing an 11-year-old law called "any willing provider" that guarantees them the opportunity to continue serving their patients even after those patients join managed-care plans. In Massachusetts, doctors who have been accepted into a Blue Cross HMO are chafing under its rules: they are suing the Cambridge-headquartered network for cutting corners on care and endangering patients.

At the same time, through an intense lobbying campaign, the American Medical Association has succeeded in inserting into every health-reform bill produced so far provisions that would require plans to carefully consider applications from fee-for-service doctors like Shuwarger, would make it harder to fire them after they are admitted, and would give them a say in the way the plans are run. "It's really ironic," says Senator Bob Packwood. "For years the A.M.A. and the other medical societies would not even let HMO doctors join them. Now they are fighting to get into HMOs."

As the battle for a place in managed-care systems has grown, the doctors have been joined by chiropractors, pharmacists, optometrists, therapists and other health providers who fear being left...
Patient Anyway?

out. These groups have also found a sympathetic ear in Washington, where they argue that patients need "safety valves" in managed care that would permit them to choose their own providers. The most radical attempt to accomplish this is the any-willing-provider clause contained in the bill passed by Sam Gibbons' House Ways and Means Committee last month. This bill would force health plans to hire any and all doctors who want to treat patients covered by the programs, so long as they meet such basic qualifications for employment as having state accreditation in their specialties and approval to practice at local hospitals. By doing so, the bill would make it illegal for existing health-care organizations, such as Kaiser Permanente, the largest non-profit HMO (enrollment: 6.6 million people), to restrict their patients to a carefully chosen roster of physicians employed full time by the plan. Says Dr. David Lawrence, who heads Kaiser Permanente: "This is a massive Chrysler bailout for inefficient doctors. We don't take just any doctor. This strikes at the heart of what we've been doing for 50 years: trying to find the best doctors and figure out the best ways of helping patients."

The Ways and Means bill would also require managed-care systems to hire all kinds of nonphysicians as well, including chiropractors, podiatrists, optometrists, nurse practitioners and psychologists. Managed-care executives call this the "everyone's-a-provider" rule and, not surprisingly, it came after dozens of professional groups descended on Capitol Hill to push hard for it. For instance, the chiropractors, aware that physicians are not always eager to send them patients in either the managed-care or fee-for-service systems, spent $2.8 million lobbying to get themselves included in the bill.

Similar campaigns have already scored successes outside Washington. Since 1983, eight states, from Wyoming to Virginia, have passed any-willing-provider laws that guarantee that doctors and hospitals can participate in any managed-care plans they choose. In 16 other states, similar laws throw open the door for pharmacists.

Some A.M.A. leaders made approving noises about such rules at first—until they realized that the authority and dominance of doctors would be diluted as chiropractors and everyone else followed them into the plans. So now the A.M.A. is taking another tack. It is asking the Clinton Justice Department for special "antitrust" exemptions that would allow doctors simultaneously to maintain their practices as separate businesses while also banding together in order to bargain for patients with local health plans.

Under current law, negotiations among competing physicians are banned as price fixing, unless they agree as a group to provide whatever the patients need for a flat annual rate. In that case, they are acting like a managed-care group and thus must live under a limited overall budget. But the A.M.A. wants to free doctors from the budget constraints and allow them simply to set prices for various medical services. Concedes Kirk Johnson, the A.M.A.'s general counsel: "The fear, under present antitrust law, is that doctors could dictate the prices in a market and withhold their services from health plans that did not meet their demands. But we don't think that would happen."

The A.M.A. argues that fee-for-service doctors need special market protection because they do not have much experience with the economics of managed care and
cannot work as inexpensively as established plans. “You can’t expect fee-for-service doctors to put themselves at financial risk overnight,” says Johnson. “It’s very damned difficult to learn how to predict the costs of taking care of a group of patients.”

Which is precisely why managed-care doctors are apoplectic about these moves. They argue that they, unlike fee-for-service physicians, have studied the art of offering good medicine at good prices by, among other things, focusing on preventive care. They also say that the new rules would virtually guarantee employment for many physicians, drive up health costs for everyone and thus undermine the economic structure of managed care. They offer at least two studies to make their case, both of which were funded by the managed-care industry: one was released in May by the Lewin-VHI health consulting firm and showed that managed care is 23% cheaper by the Group Health Association of America, a lobbying group for managed-care plans, claimed that if HMOs were forced to take any doctor who wanted to participate, family premiums could rise by as much as 29%, from $4,476 to $5,760. Says Karen Ignagni, president of GHA: “These proposals are designed to cripple competition from HMOs.”

But the ferocity of the new battle is a measure of managed care’s success. Membership in HMOs, for instance, has more than quadrupled since 1982, from 10.8 million people to 45.2 million, and is expected to reach 50 million by the end of this year. Other types of plans, including the big insurance-run networks, handle about 80 million other patients. At this rate, within a few years almost every American with private health coverage will be involved in a managed-care plan.

There is some evidence, too, that many Americans are not unhappy about the change. In a TIME/CNN survey conducted by Yankelovich Partners in May, 38% of those enrolled in managed-care plans said they were worried that their health plans might deny them medical treatment at some point in order to save money. Yet 86% of these managed-care patients said they would not want to give up the managed-care doctors who are treating them in the plans.

The doctors attacking managed care insist that they are only trying to protect the quality of medicine. Says Dr. James Todd, executive vice president of the A.M.A.: “Do you really want your doctor to have to call an 800 number at an insurance company somewhere when you are sick and take orders from someone he doesn’t know and who may know nothing about medicine?” Other fee-for-service doctors echo his concern. In Houston, Dr. Robert Maidenberg says that he and 36 other physicians were dropped by Aetna’s network because they cared too much about their patients. “Nobody ever said the best was the cheapest,” he says. (Aetna’s response is that the 37 doctors it dropped were not as skilled, productive or conveniently located as the 2,200 doctors it kept.)

For all the talk about good medicine, though, the current battle over access to patients is a sobering reminder that at bookkeeping time, patients are just a source of cash. In Texas the lawsuit brought by Dr. Maidenberg and four other doctors accuses Aetna of violating their “property rights” by taking away their patients. In Florida, when the Humana insurance plan sued Dr. Ira Jacobson because the Miami family physician quit and took 170 Humana patients with him, it demanded payment of $700 a head for its lost customers. A state appeals court ruled in December 1992 that Dr. Jacobson owed nothing; after all, said the court, Humana did not own the patients.

The prospect that Congress may provide something close to universal coverage is making the fight to secure patients even more intense. Even the public hospitals that have long served the poor and uninsured find that they must compete with managed-care plans. In New York State, about 275,000 Medicaid patients have joined HMOs during the past three years under a state program intended to save money by keeping them out of emergency rooms for toothaches and ear infections. In an effort to hold on to their patients, the public hospitals are waging marketing campaigns that include giving away hats and flashlights. In today’s battle over patients, it has come down to this: hospitals seeking to build “brand awareness” among the poor. —Reported by Sharon Epperson/New York, Edwin M. Reingold/Los Angeles, Karen Roebuck/Houston and Dick Thompson/Washington
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LIFE IN OVERD
Dusty Nash, an angelic-looking blond child of seven, awoke at 5 one recent morning in his Chicago home and proceeded to throw a fit. He wailed. He kicked. Every muscle in his 50-pound body flew in furious motion. Finally, after about 30 minutes, Dusty pulled himself together sufficiently to head downstairs for breakfast. While his mother bustled about the kitchen, the hyperkinetic child pulled a box of Kix cereal from the cupboard and sat on a chair.

But sitting still was not in the cards this morning. After grabbing some cereal with his hands, he began kicking the box, scattering little round corn puffs across the room. Next he turned his attention to the TV set, or rather, the table supporting it. The table was covered with a checkerboard Con-Tact paper and Dusty began peeling it off. Then he became intrigued with the spilled cereal and started stomping it to bits. At this point his mother interceded. In a firm but calm voice she told her son to get the stand-up dust pan and broom and clean up the mess.

Dusty got out the dust pan but forgot the rest of the order. Within seconds he was dismantling the plastic dust pan, piece by piece. His next project: grabbing three rolls of toilet paper from the bathroom and unraveling them around the house.

It was only 7:30, and his mother Kyle Nash, who teaches a medical-school course on death and dying, was already feeling half dead from exhaustion. Dusty was to see his doctors that day at 4, and they had asked her not to give the boy the drug he usually takes to control his hyperactivity and attention problems, a condition known as attention deficit hyperactivity disorder (ADHD). It was going to be a very long day without help from Ritalin.

Karenne Bloomgarden remembers such days all too well. The peppy, 43-year-old entrepreneur and gym teacher was a disaster as a child growing up in New Jersey. "I did very poorly in school," she remembers. Dusty Nash, 7, was diagnosed, his mother cried with relief. She had wrongly blamed herself for his troubles.

Doctors say huge numbers of kids and adults have attention deficit disorder. Is it for real?
BOUNCING BACK: As a child, Kerenne Bloomgarden thought she was “bad and stupid.” Now she’s rethinking “who I really am.”

symptoms of ADHD faded with maturity. Now it is one of the fastest-growing diagnostic categories for adults. One-third to two-thirds of ADHD kids continue to have symptoms as adults, says psychiatrist Paul Wender, director of the adult ADHD clinic at the University of Utah School of Medicine. Many adults respond to the diagnosis with relief—a sense that “at last my problem has a name and it’s not my fault.” As more people are diagnosed, the use of Ritalin (or its generic equivalent, methylphenidate), the drug of choice for ADHD, has surged: prescriptions are up more than 390% in just four years.

As the numbers have grown, ADHD awareness has become an industry, a passion, an almost messianic movement. An advocacy and support group called CHADD (Children and Adults with Attention Deficit Disorders) has exploded from its founding in 1987 to 25,000 members in 48 states. Information bulletin boards and support groups for adults have sprung up on CompuServe, Prodigy and America Online. Numerous popular books have been published on the subject. There are summer camps designed to help ADHD kids, videos and children’s books with titles like Jumpin’ Johnny Get Back to Work! and, of course, therapists, tutors and workshops offering their services to the increasingly self-aware ADHD community.

In an attempt to promote the positive side of ADHD, some CHADD chapters circulate lists of illustrious figures who, they contend, probably suffered from the disorder: the messy and disorganized Ben Franklin, the wildly impulsive and intractable Winston Churchill. For reasons that are less clear, these lists also include folks like Socrates, Isaac Newton, Leonardo da Vinci—almost any genius of note. (At least two doctors interviewed for this story suggested that the sometimes scattered Bill Clinton belongs on the list.)

However creative they may be, people with ADHD don’t function particularly well in standard schools and typical office jobs. Increasingly, parents and lobby groups are demanding that accommodations be made. About half the kids diagnosed with ADHD receive help from special-education teachers in their schools, in some cases because they also have other learning disabilities. Where schools have failed to provide services, parents have sometimes sued. In one notable case that went to the U.S. Supreme Court last year, parents argued—successfully—that since the public school denied their child special education, the district must pay for her to attend

Many adults respond to the diagnosis with relief—a sense
private school. Another accommodation requested with increasing frequency: permission to take college-entrance exams without a time limit. Part of what motivates parents to fight for special services is frightening research showing that without proper care, kids with ADHD have an extremely high risk not only of failing at school but also of becoming drug abusers, alcoholics and lawbreakers.

Adults with ADHD are beginning to seek special treatment. Under the 1990 Americans with Disabilities Act, they can insist upon help in the workplace. Usually the interventions are quite modest: an office door or white noise machine to reduce distractions, or longer deadlines on assignments. Another legal trend that concerns even ADHD advocates: the disorder is being raised as a defense in criminal cases. Psychologist Barkley says he knows of 55 such instances in the U.S., all in the past 10 years. ADHD was cited as a mitigating factor by the attorney for Michael Fay, the 19-year-old American who was charged with vandalism and caned in Singapore.

Many of those who treat ADHD see the recognition of the problem as a humane breakthrough: finally we will stop blaming kids for behavior they cannot control. But some are worried that the disorder is being embraced with too much gusto. "A lot of people are jumping on the bandwagon," complains psychologist Mark Stein, director of a special ADHD clinic at the University of Chicago. "Parents are putting pressure on health professionals to make the diagnosis." The allure of ADHD is that it is "a label of forgiveness," says Robert Reid, an assistant professor in the department of special education at the University of Nebraska in Lincoln. "The kid's problems are not his parents' fault, not the teacher's fault, not the kid's fault. It's better to say this kid has ADHD than to say this kid drives everybody up the wall." For adults, the diagnosis may provide an excuse for personal or professional failures, observes Richard Bronfenbrenner, a psychologist at Harvard Medical School. "Some people like to say, 'The biological devil made me do it.'"

A DISORDER WITH A PAST Other than the name itself, there is nothing new about this suddenly ubiquitous disorder. The world has always had its share of obstreperous kids, and it has generally treated them as behavior problems rather than patients. Most of the world still does so: European nations like France and England report one-tenth the U.S. rate of ADHD. In Japan the disorder has barely been studied.

The medical record on ADHD is said to have begun in 1902, when British pediatrician George Still published an account of 20 children in his practice who were "passionate," defiant, spiteful and lacking "inhibitory volition." Still made the then radical suggestion that bad parenting was not to blame; instead he suspected a subtle brain injury. This theory gained greater credence in the years following the 1917-18 epidemic of viral encephalitis, when doctors observed that the infection left some children with impaired attention, memory and control over their impulses. In the 1940s and '50s, the same constellation of symptoms was called minimal brain damage and, later, minimal brain dysfunction. In 1937 a Rhode Island pediatrician reported that giving stimulants called amphetamines to children with these symptoms had the unexpected effect of calming them down. By the mid-1970s, Ritalin had become the most prescribed drug for what was eventually termed, in 1987, attention deficit hyperactivity disorder.

that "at last my problem has a name and it's not my fault."
Nobody fully understands how Ritalin and other stimulants work, nor do doctors have a very precise picture of the physiology of ADHD. Researchers generally suspect a defect in the frontal lobes of the brain, which regulate behavior. This region is rich in the neurotransmitters dopamine and norepinephrine, which are influenced by drugs like Ritalin. But the lack of a more specific explanation has led some psychologists to question whether ADHD is truly a disorder at all or merely a set of characteristics that tend to cluster together. Just because something responds to a drug doesn’t mean it is a sickness.

ADHD researchers counter the skeptics by pointing to a growing body of biological clues. For instance, several studies have found that people with ADHD have decreased blood flow and lower levels of electrical activity in the frontal lobes than normal adults and children. In 1990 Dr. Alan Zametkin at the National Institute of Mental Health found that in PET scans, adults with ADHD showed slightly lower rates of metabolism in areas of the brain’s cortex known to be involved in the control of attention, impulses and motor activity.

Zametkin’s study was hailed as the long-awaited proof of the biological basis of ADHD, though Zametkin himself is quite cautious. A newer study used another tool—magnetic resonance imaging—to compare the brains of 18 ADHD boys with those of other children and found several “very subtle” but “striking” anatomical differences, says co-author Judith Rapoport, chief of the child psychiatry branch at NIMH. Says Zametkin: “I’m absolutely convinced that this disorder has a biological basis, but just what it is we cannot yet say.”

Interest in the genetics of ADHD is enormous. In Australia a vast trial involving 3,400 pairs of twins between the ages of 4 and 12 is examining the incidence of ADHD and other behavioral difficulties. At NIMH, Zametkin’s group is recruiting 200 families who have at least two members with ADHD. The hope: to identify genes for the disorder. It is worth noting, though, that even if such genes are found, this may not settle the debate about ADHD. After all, it is just as likely that researchers will someday discover a gene for a hot temper, which also runs in families. But that doesn’t mean that having a short fuse is a disease requiring medical intervention.

**TRICKY DIAGNOSIS** In the absence of any biological test, diagnosing ADHD is a rather inexact proposition. In most cases, it is a teacher who initiates the process by informing parents that their child is daydreaming in class, failing to complete assignments or driving everyone crazy with thoughtless behavior. “The problem is that the parent then goes to the family doctor, who writes a prescription for Ritalin and doesn’t stop to think of the other possibilities,” says child psychiatrist Larry Silver of
teacher described her to her parents as a “dizzy blond and a space cadet.” “Teachers used to get fed up with me,” recalls Christy, who now takes Ritalin and gets some extra support from her teachers. “Everyone thought I was purposely not paying attention.” According to her mother Julie Doy, people at Christy’s school were familiar with hyperactivity but not ADD. “She didn’t have behavior problems. She was the kind of kid who could fall through the cracks, and did.”

Most experts say ADHD is a lifelong condition but by late adolescence many people can compensate for their impulsiveness and disorganization. They may channel hyperactivity into sports. In other cases, the symptoms still wreak havoc, says UCLA psychiatrist Walid Shekem. “Patients cannot settle on a career. They cannot keep a job. They procrastinate a lot. They are the kind of people who would tell their boss to take this job and shove it before they’ve found another job.”

Doctors diagnose adults with methods similar to those used with children. Patients are sometimes asked to dig up old report cards for clues to their childhood behavior—an essential indicator. Many adults seek help only after one of their children is diagnosed. Such was the case with Chuck Pearson of Birmingham, Michigan, who was diagnosed three years ago, at 54. Pearson had struggled for decades in what might be the worst possible career for someone with ADD: accounting. In the first 12 years of his marriage, he was fired from 15 jobs. “I was frightened,” says Zoe, his wife of 35 years. “We had two small children, a mortgage. Bill collectors were calling perpetually. We almost lost the house.” Chuck admits he had trouble focusing on details, completing tasks and judging how long an assignment would take. He was so distracted behind the wheel that he lost his license for a year after getting 14 traffic tickets. Unwittingly, Pearson began medicating himself: “In my mid-30s, I would drink 30 to 40 cups of coffee a day. The caffeine helped.” After he was diagnosed, the Pearsons founded the Adult Attention Deficit Foundation, a clearinghouse for information about ADD; he hopes to spare others some of his own regret: “I had a deep and abiding sadness over the life I could have given my family if I had been treated effectively.”

PERSONALITY OR PATHOLOGY? While Chuck Pearson’s problems were extreme, many if not all adults have trouble at times sticking with boring tasks, setting priorities and keeping their minds on what they are to a drug doesn’t mean it is a sickness.
doing. The furious pace of society, the strain on families, the lack of community support can make anyone feel belittled by ADD... "I personally think we are living in a society that is so out of control that we say, 'Give me a stimulant so I can cope,' " says Charlotte Tomaiolo, a clinical neuropsychologist in White Plains, New York. As word of ADHD spreads, swarms of adults are seeking the diagnosis as an explanation for their troubles. "So many really have symptoms that began in adulthood and reflected depression or other problems," says psychiatrist Silver. In their best-selling book, Driven to Distraction, Edward Hallowell and John Ratey suggest that American life is "ADD-ogenic": "American society tends to create ADD-like symptoms in us all. The fast pace. The sound bite. The quick cuts. The TV remote-control clicker. It is important to keep this in mind, or you may start thinking that everybody you know has ADD."

And that is the conundrum. How do you draw the line between a spontaneous, high-energy person who is feeling overwhelmed by the details of life and someone afflicted with a neurological disorder? Where is the boundary between personality and pathology? Even an expert in the field like the University of Chicago's Mark Stein admits, "We need to find more precise ways of diagnosing it than just saying you have these symptoms." Barkley also concedesthe vagueness. The traits that constitute ADHD "are personality characteristics," he agrees. But it becomes pathology, he says, when the traits are so extreme that they interfere with people's lives.

THE RISKS There is no question that ADHD can disrupt lives. Kids with the disorder frequently have few friends. Their parents may be ostracized by neighbors and relatives, who blame them for failing to control the child. "I've got criticism of my parenting skills from strangers," says the mother of a hyperactive boy in New Jersey. "When you're out in public, you're always on guard. Whenever I'd hear a child cry, I'd turn to see if it was because of Jeremy."

School can be a shattering experience for such kids. Frequently reprimanded and tuned out, they lose any sense of self-worth and fall even further behind in their work. More than a quarter are held back a grade; about a third fail to graduate from high school. ADHD kids are also prone to accidents, says neuropsychologist. "These are the kids I'm going to see in the emergency room this summer. They rode their bicycle right into the street and didn't look. They jumped off the dock and forgot it was high."

But the psychological injuries are often greater. By ages five to seven, says Barkley, half to two-thirds are hostile and defiant. By ages 10 to 12, they run the risk of developing what psychologists call "conduct disorder"—lying, stealing, running away from home and ultimately getting into trouble with the law. As adults, says Barkley, 25% to 30% will experience substance-abuse problems, mostly with depressants like marijuana and alcohol. One study of hyperactive boys found that 40% had been arrested at least once by age 18—and these kids were kids who had been treated with stimulant medication; among those who had been treated with the drug plus other measures, the rate was 20%—still very high.

It is an article of faith among ADHD researchers that the right interventions can prevent such dreadful outcomes. "If you can have an impact with these kids, you can change whether they go to jail or to Harvard Law School," says psychologist James Swanson at the University of California at Irvine, who co-authored the study of arrest histories. And yet, despite decades of research, no one is certain exactly what the optimal intervention should be.

TREATMENT The best-known therapy for ADHD remains stimulant drugs. Though Ritalin is the most popular choice, some patients do better with Dexedrine or Cylert or even certain antidepressants. About 70% of kids respond to stimulants. In the correct dosage, these upper surprisingly "make people slow down," says Swanson. "They make you focus your at-

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**HAIL TO THE HYPERACTIVE HUNTER**

**W**hy is Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder so common? Is there an evolutionary reason why these traits are found in as many as 1 in 20 American youngsters? Such questions have prompted intriguing speculation. Harvard psychiatrist John Ratey finds no mystery in the prevalence of ADHD in the U.S. It is a nation of immigrants who, he notes, "risked it all and left their homelands." Characteristics like impulsiveness, high energy and risk taking are therefore highly represented in the U.S. gene pool. "We have more Nobel laureates and more criminals than anywhere else in the world. We have more people who absolutely push the envelope."

But why would ADHD have evolved in the first place? Perhaps, like the sickle-cell trait, which can help thwart malaria, attention deficit confers an advantage in certain circumstances. In Attention Deficit Disorder: A Different Perception, author Thom Hartmann has laid out a controversial but appealing theory that the characteristics known today as ADHD were vitally important in early hunting societies. They became a mixed blessing only when human societies turned agrarian, Hartmann suggests. "If you are walking in the night and see a little flash, destructibility would be a tremendous asset. Snap decision making, which we call impulsiveness, is a survival skill if you are a hunter." For a farmer, however, such traits can be disastrous. "If this is the perfect day to plant the crops, you can't suddenly decide to wander off into the woods."

Modern society, Hartmann contends, generally favors the farmer mentality, rewarding those who develop plans, meet deadlines and plod through schedules. But there's still a place for hunters, says the author, who counts himself as one: they can be found in large numbers among entrepreneurs, police detectives, emergency-room personnel, race-car drivers and, of course, those who stalk the high-stakes jungle known as Wall Street.
tention and apply more effort to whatever you're supposed to do." Ritalin kicks in within 30 minutes to an hour after being taken, but its effects last only about three hours. Most kids take a dose at breakfast and another at lunchtime to get them through a school day.

"If drug therapy works, says Utah's Wender, "it is one of the most dramatic effects in psychiatry." Boseman tells how one first-grader came into his office after: trying Ritalin and announced, "I know how it works." You do?" asked the doctor. "Yes," the child replied. "It cleaned out my ears. Now I can hear the teacher." A third-grader told Boseman that Ritalin had enabled him to play basketball. "Now when I get the ball, I turn around, I go down to the end of the room, and if I look up, there's a net there. I never used to see the net, because there was too much screaming."

For adults, the results can be just as striking. "Helen," a 43-year-old mother of three in northern Virginia, began taking the drug after being diagnosed with ADD in 1983. "The very first day, I noticed a difference," she marvels. For the first time ever, "I was able to sit down and listen to what my husband had done at work. Shortly after, I was able to sit in bed and read while my husband watched TV."

Given such outcomes, doctors can be tempted to throw a little Ritalin at any problem. Some even use it as a diagnostic tool, believing--wrongly—that if the child's concentration improves with Ritalin, then he or she must have ADD. In fact, you don't have to have an attention problem to get a boost from Ritalin. By the late 1980s, overprescription became a big issue, raised in large measure by the Church of Scientology, which opposes psychiatry in general and launched a vigorous campaign against Ritalin. After a brief decline fostered by the scare, the drug is now hot once again. Swanson has heard of some classrooms where 20% to 30% of the boys are on Ritalin. "That's just ridiculous!" he says.

Ritalin use varies from state to state, town to town, depending largely on the attitude of the doctors and local schools. Idaho is the No. 1 consumer of the drug. A study of Ritalin consumption in Michigan, which ranks just behind Idaho, found that use ranged from less than 1% of boys in one county to as high as 10% in another, with no correlation to affluence.

Patients who are taking Ritalin must be closely monitored, since the drug can cause loss of appetite, insomnia and occasionally tics. Doctors often recommend "drug holidays" during school vacations. Medication is frequently combined with other treatments, including psychotherapy, special education and cognitive training, although the benefits of such expensive measures are unclear. "We really haven't known which treatment to use for which child and how to combine treatments," says Dr. Peter Jensen, chief of NIMH's Child and Adolescent Disorders Research Branch. His group has embarked on a study involving 600 children in six cities. By 1998 they hope to have learned how medication alone compares to medication with psychological intervention and other approaches.

BEYOND DRUGS A rough consensus has emerged among ADHD specialists that whether or not drugs are used, it is best to teach kids—often through behavior modification—how to gain more control over their impulses and restless energy. Also recommended is training in the fine art of being organized: establishing a predictable schedule of activities, learning to use a date book, assigning a location for possessions at school and at home. This takes considerable effort on the part of teachers and parents as well as the kids themselves. Praise, most agree, is vitally important.

Within the classroom "some simple, practical things work well," says Reid. Let hyperactive kids move around. Give them stand-up desks, for instance. "I've seen kids who from the chest up were very diligently working on a math problem, but from the chest down, they're dancing like

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**DO YOU HAVE ATTENTION DEFICIT?**

If eight or more of the following statements accurately describe your child or yourself as a child, particularly before age 7, there may be reason to suspect ADHD. A definitive diagnosis requires further examination.

1. Often fidgets or squirms in seat.
2. Has difficulty remaining seated.
3. Is easily distracted.
4. Has difficulty awaiting turn in groups.
5. Often blurts out answers to questions.
6. Has difficulty following instructions.
7. Has difficulty sustaining attention to tasks.
8. Often shifts from one uncompleted activity to another.
9. Has difficulty playing quietly.
10. Often talks excessively.
11. Often interrupts or intrudes on others.
12. Often does not seem to listen.
14. Often engages in physically dangerous activities without considering consequences.

Source: The AD/HD Rating Scale: Normative Data, Reliability, and Validity.
Fred Auster. To minimize distractions, ADHD kids should sit very close to the teacher and be permitted to take important tests in a quiet area. "Unfortunately," Reid observes, "not many teachers are trained in behavior management. It is a historic shortfall in American education."

In Irvine, California, James Swanson has tried to create the ideal setting for teaching kids with ADHD. The Child Development Center, an elementary school that serves 45 kids with the disorder, is a kind of experiment in progress. The emphasis is on behavior modification: throughout the day students earn points—and are relentlessly cheered on—for good behavior. High scorers are rewarded with special privileges at the end of the day, but each morning kids start afresh with another shot at the rewards. Special classes also drill in social skills: sharing, being a good sport, ignoring annoyances rather than striking out in anger. Only 35% of the kids at the center are on stimulant drugs, less than half the national rate for ADHD kids.

Elsewhere around the country, enterprising parents have struggled to find their own answers to attention deficit. Bonnie and Neil Fell of Skokie, Illinois, have three sons, all of whom have been diagnosed with ADD. They have "required more structure and consistency than other kids," says Bonnie. "We had to break down activities into clear time slots." To help their sons, who take Ritalin, the Fells have employed tutors, psychotherapists and a speech and language specialist. None of this comes cheap: they estimate their current annual ADD-related expenses at $15,000. "Our goal is to get them through school with their self-esteem intact," says Bonnie.

The efforts seem to be paying off. Dan, the eldest at 15, has become an outgoing A student, a wrestling star and a writer for the school paper. "ADD gives you energy and creativity," he says. "I've learned to cope. I've become strong." On the other hand, he is acutely aware of his disability. "What people don't realize is that I have to work harder than everyone else. I start studying for finals a month before other people do."

COPING Adults can also train themselves to compensate for ADHD. Therapists working with them typically emphasize organizational skills, time management, stress reduction and ways to monitor their own distractibility and stay focused.

In her office in White Plains, Tomaino has a miniature Zen garden, a meditative sculpture and all sorts of other items to help tense patients relax. Since many people with ADHD also have learning disabilities, she tests each patient and then often uses computer programs to strengthen weak areas. But most important is helping people define their goals and take orderly steps to reach them. Whether working with a stockbroker or a homemaker, she says, "I teach adults basic rewards and goals. For instance, you can't go out to lunch until you've cleaned the kitchen."

Tomaino tells of one very hyperactive and articulate young man who got all the way through college without incident, thanks in good measure to a large and tolerant extended family. Then he flunked out of law school three times. Diagnosed with ADHD, the patient took stock of his goals and decided to enter the family restaurant business, where, Tomaino says, he is a raging success. "ADHD was a deficit if he wanted to be a lawyer, but it's an advantage in the restaurant business. He gets to go around to meet and greet."

For neurologist Roseman, the same thing is true. With 11 offices in four states, he is perpetually on the go. "I'm at rest in motion," says the doctor. "I surround myself with partners who provide the structure. My practice allows me to be creative." Roseman has accountants to do the bookkeeping. He begins his day at 6:30 with a hike and doesn't slow down until midnight. "Thank God for my ADD," he says. But, he admits, "had I listened to all the negative things that people said when I was growing up, I'd probably be digging ditches in Idaho."

LESSONS Whether ADHD is a brain disorder or simply a personality type, the degree to which it is a handicap depends not only on the severity of the traits but also on one's environment. The right school, job or home situation can make all the difference. The lessons of ADHD are truisms. All kids do not learn in the same way. Nor are all adults suitable for the same line of work.

Unfortunately, American society seems to have evolved into a one-size-fits-all system. Schools can resemble factories: put the kids on the assembly line, plug in the right components and send 'em out the door. Everyone is supposed to go to college; there is virtually no other route to success. In other times and in other places, there have been alternatives: apprentice-ships, settling a new land, starting a business out of the garage, going to sea. In a conformist society, it becomes necessary to medicate some people to make them fit in.

This is not to deny that some people genuinely need Ritalin, just as others need tranquilizers or insulin. But surely an epidemic of attention deficit disorder is a warning to us all. Children need individual supervision. Many of them need more structure than the average helter-skelter household provides. They need a more consistent approach to discipline and schools that tailor teaching to their individual learning styles. And, too, could we use a society that's more flexible in its expectations, more accommodating to differences. Most of all, we all need to slow down. And pay attention.

—With reporting by Hannah Bloch/New York, Wendy Cole/Chicago and James Willworth/Irvine
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THE ARTS

SHOW BUSINESS

They're

Four years after creating a sensation (and a bonanza)

By MARTHA DUFFY

THE $8,000 TICKETS, PRICED AT up to $1,000, have almost sold out. The venue, Dodger Stadium, is being transformed from a ball field into a fancy theater with a neoclassical stage flanked by graceful columns—which, like the promoter, come from Hungary. Behind that will be an instant park made from 30 truckloads of assorted greenery—amid which two four-story-high waterfalls will come crashing down. Except during the performance. In deference to the three supertenors who will make up the dream program—José Carreras, Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti—the cascades will be still. This Saturday's concert (to be aired live on PBS and repeated the next night) may mark the final of the World Cup, but will anyone in Los Angeles be thinking about soccer?

The production is an attempt to top one of the biggest entertainment coups the music world has seen in decades. Four years ago, on the eve of the World Cup final in Rome, the same three tenors came together for the first time to give a songfest in the Baths of Caracalla. The concept was already grandiose, but its success outstripped the wildest expectations of those involved. About 800 million people worldwide saw the television broadcasts. The record turned into by far the best-selling classical album of all time (total sales: around 10 million, and still going strong); only a dozen or so albums of any description have sold more copies. The program's most popular aria, Puccini's Nessun dorma, became a fight song not only for the World Cup competition but also for record buyers everywhere, who used it as an anthem to get them onto the freeway in the morning or ready to confront the boss. Al'ba vincerò (At dawn I shall win).

The idea of featuring three of the world's leading tenors—not just one, or one plus a soprano—was extravagant and plain sexy. Ever since the initial recital there has been a constant demand for more. Says Domingo: "We could have been singing six or eight concerts a month all over the world." All three tenors have a sure sense of their image, however, and avoid overkill. They liked the original idea because they love soccer and played the game as boys. Domingo, in fact, did not accept engagements during the tournament until he knew the schedule of the Spanish team.

Like the legendary fifth Beatle, there is a fourth member of this trio: conductor Zubin Mehta. An internationally renowned maestro who will shuttle to Munich immediately after the concert to
Baaack!

with a single concert, the Three Tenors perform again.

conductor Tannhäuser the following night, Mehta is a big catch for what is basically a pops performance. "Somebody has to steer this boat," he says. On a promotion-
al video, Mehta appears as happy as a child at play, mixing it up with his three hammy friends. This is a rare sight; he is famous for his podium scowl. The un-
wanted ebullience points to one of the charms of the Three Tenors format: ev-
everyone is loose, laughing and ready for a little horseplay.

Tenors are notorious for their vanity, and it has been assumed that these three must be rivalrous. But their insistence that they are in fact good colleagues has the ring of truth to it. Domingo, 53, and Pavarotti, 58, especially, have huge ca-
reers, more work than they can possibly handle. The evidence of good fellowship can be found on the 1990 video, in the medley that closes the concert and is at the heart of its success (there will be two of them this time). Says Carreras, 46: "The audience loves most the things that seem to happen spontaneously, and we are all Latins who like improvisation."

The medley—composed of show tunes and popular chestnuts—is divided so that the three men toss the melody back and forth, each singing part of every song. There is some mild one-upman-
ship: Domingo sustains a high note, it seems, for several bars; Pavarotti's elo-
quent eyebrows start working overtime. But the songs meld seamlessly, and that is the result of cooperative effort.

The superstars have at least one good motive for getting along well: financial. When they signed contracts for the Rome concert, neither they nor their management teams foresaw the extraor-
dinary revenues that the event would generate. The singers accepted a flat fee from Decca, with no royalties. Economically, it was a disastrous decision. Music-
industry sources have it that Pavarotti, who records exclusively for Decca, used his clout to sweeten his deal once it was clear that the album was going through the roof. When word leaked to the oth-
ers, Domingo, who free-lances primarily with Sony and BMG, was said to be espe-
cially peeved.

This time around, all the performers are demanding stiff fees. Wary of the huge financial commitment that was being asked for, Decca hesitated to commit itself, and the Warner Music Group jumped in. The new deal is estimated at nearly $1 million for each artist. That's the way to sing for your supper.

A vast promotion campaign has already started. The idea, says impresario
Tibor Rudas, a specialist in mammoth outdoor attractions, is to reach beyond opera buffs to people "who wouldn't know whether Aida is a spaghetti or a swear word." Commercials that ran during soccer matches on cable TV's ESPN started the hype. A music video that will air around the world shows the singers gleefully kicking around a soccer ball and singing what the backers hope will be the new "Nessun dorma": the brindisi, or drinking song, from Verdi's La Traviata. (The promoters have not forgotten their prize song; Pavarotti will sing it just before the final medley.)

Already printed and being distributed internationally are 250,000 programs in five languages; the 170,000 at newsstands and bookstores in the U.S. sell for $10. A billboard campaign will be launched in major cities. Rudas reports successful negotiations with the FAA to encourage the diversion of air traffic from the stadium. Merrill Lynch is providing $6,000 binoculars to those lucky enough to attend. Add to that the usual souvenir paraphernalia: coffee mugs, baseball caps, T-shirts. Top of the line: a $250 enamel box (nothing's in it). After the CD and the video are rushed out at the end of August, there will come another version of the program: a cloth-bound gift edition augmented with more than 100 photos of the performance and behind-the-scenes action. Encore! The Three Tenors will have plenty of encores.

If the tenors exist in what might be called competitive harmony, their fans take sides. The lines have been drawn for some years now. Members of Pavarotti's huge following claim that he has the most beautiful natural voice—and they are right. They could add exquisite Italian phrasing and a personality that leaps over the footlights—or, indeed, the waterfalls and greenery.

 Domingo's partisans point to the extraordinary breadth of his career. He is about to sing his 108th role, and his work ranges from lyric opera to darkest Wagner. He is the better actor and the finer musician, a good pianist, a conductor who is growing in stature, the new artistic director of the Washington Opera—in all, an opera superman.

Carreras is the sentimental favorite. A graceful lyric tenor in his youth, he now often sounds dry, and his vocal heft has never approached that of the other two. He went through the ordeal of leukemia in the mid-'80s and pulled his career back together afterward. Now up to a dozen of the 50-odd performances he gives each year benefit the leukemia foundation he established, and his admirers are convinced that they have the best man, the purest stylist. Says Patrick Smith, editor of Opera News: "Carreras fans are vicious. They're the ones we hear from most."

In the early planning of the Rome concert, someone proposed that it be run like an Olympic event, with a panel of judges scoring each singer. Of course the scheme did not survive. For one thing, there would have been seeser-size riots in the Baths of Caracalla. For another, the Three Tenors is too good an idea to tinker with. As Pavarotti—a great sigher—signs, "In four years, if we're still alive, we will probably do it again."

His high-octave pals agree. But when the year 2002 arrives, who will replace them? A Golden Age of tenors is approaching its end, and the truth is that stars of this trio's magnitude may not appear again for decades to come. —Reported by William Tyrant/New York

When Tenors Were Gods

ONE OF ENRICO CARUSO'S SONS WAS ONCE ASKED WHETHER HIS FATHER SANG FOR PLEASURE. "No," the young Caruso replied, "my father sang for money." Anyone who believes that the big paydays looming for Carreras, Domingo and Pavarotti this week in Los Angeles is unprecedented ought to think again. The Three Tenors don't approach in earning power or popularity such predecessors as Caruso and John McCormack. Both earned millions while singing everything from Vesti la giubba to Come into the Garden, Maud at a time when the income tax was either nonexistent or in its infancy and when a dollar was worth 15 times what it is today. From its very beginnings, the profession of opera singing has probably been marked as much by acquisitiveness as by great artistry and deathless vocalism.

Under the management of impresario Charles L. Wagner, the elegant stylist McCormack grossed $5 million in performance fees from 1908 to 1920. McCormack was an Irish-born naturalized American, and in Ireland he went by the title of Count John McCormack, which was conferred on him in 1928 by Pope Pius XI. He was so popular that in 1938, the year of his teary farewell recital in London's Albert Hall, he was touted as a candidate for the Irish presidency.

Caruso, meanwhile, was probably the highest-paid performer in the world during his heyday from 1903 to his death in 1921. Beginning in 1914, when the average weekly salary in the U.S. was about $12, Caruso was paid at least $2,500 (almost $37,000 in today's dollars) for each appearance at the Metropolitan Opera; today the Met's top fee is only $12,000. In Central and South America, where he was a god, Caruso received as much as $15,000 for a single engagement, payable in gold. His appearances in two silent movies in 1918, My Cousin and A Splendid Romance, brought him $100,000 per film.

Caruso and McCormack also benefited enormously from the nascent recording industry, which Caruso in particular legitimized as an artistic medium. His 1904 contract with the Victor Talking Machine Co. called for a royalty of 50¢ a record along with a hefty royalty advance. When asked by a friend how much he earned from recordings, Caruso told the man to guess. Ten thousand dollars was the estimate. "Right," said Caruso, "only I make that monthly." —By Michael Walsh

PRETAX: McCormack and Caruso, top, earned far more than today's stars.
Lies, True Lies and Ballistics

Director James Cameron sets superspy Schwarzenegger on an evil world—and a good woman

By RICHARD CORLISS

Hidden behind a two-way mirror, U.S. secret agent Harry Tasker is grilling a suspect. His voice electronically disguised, Harry pries and threatens until the suspect turns hysterical and throws a chair against the mirror. The interrogation victim is Harry's loving wife Helen. The spy has been having a little wicked fun.

What an odd action film True Lies is.

So far, 1994 has been a rough year for some acclaimed writer-directors. They spend all their ingenuity and a good deal of money putting a personal twist on an old genre—Lawrence Kasdan with his Wyatt Earp western, James L. Brooks with the would-be musical I'll Do Anything, Barry Levinson with his behind-the-screen Jimmy Hollywood—and what happens? A big nothing. The critics cluck; the public stays home in droves. One hates to see ambitious artists fail, even if their fizzes can be more provocative than the minor films that become major hits. But somehow these men became estranged from their audiences.

Could this fate befall James Cameron, Hollywood's most daring and extravagant auteur? Not bloody likely. An 80's-style artist-brigand, Cameron makes ripe allegories, often about the search for a redeemer, that are both personal and popular. The Terminator, Aliens, The Abyss and Terminator 2: Judgment Day all took big risks, with film form and finance, that paid off. Cameron is a daredevil director: he goes skydiving without a chute and lands in clover.

Now he has produced an abrasive essay in gung-ho gigantism. True Lies is a remake of Claude Zidi's 1992 French film La Totale!, a teeny domestic farce about a spy (Thierry Lhermitte) whose neglectful wife (Mieu-Mieu) thinks he works for the phone company. In Cameron's version, Schwarzenegger is the secret agent, Jamie Lee Curtis is his wife—and the sky is the limit. Cameron has taken another out-of-favor genre (the James Bond thriller), welded it to romantic comedy and upped the ante until the fates of a marriage, the world and a few A-list reputations dangle in the balance.

If True Lies cost more than $100 million, so what? Hollywood frets when a huge-budget film is a flop (like Schwarzenegger's Last Action Hero) and purrs when one is a hit (like T2). As Schwarzenegger notes, "The press thinks movie studios should be reviewed like the government—as if public money were spent and a crime committed. Well, it's not their money, it's the studios' money. Sometimes money is spent wisely, sometimes not. But it's like that in every business."

To Cameron, moviemaking isn't just a business, it's an adventure. "I like to keep challenging myself," he says, "so I try different things. And a lot of the things I like to try are expensive. I will say what I say about every budget: the price of a ticket is $7.50, and you're getting a lot of movie for it. End of story."

End of the budget story, anyway. The box-office story unfolds this weekend. True Lies will probably connect with the movie public; it delivers lots of ballistics for the buck. T2 dazzled with the computer magic of morphing, but the software used in True Lies is less noticeable than the hardware. Says Cameron: "There's nothing that gets the back of your mind screaming. That's impossible! It's revolutionary technology in the service of a photorealistic end product." That translates into seamless digital imagery and nifty stunts. When a Harrier jet isn't flying around Miami, a villain is negotiating a breathless motorcycle leap from a hotel rooftop into an elevated swimming pool across the street. Things go boom in the night. Jamie Lee performs a striptease. Arnold hurts people. There's something for everybody.

Well, not quite everybody. For a viewer sympathetic to Schwarzenegger's and Cameron's best selves—the ironist with muscles and the mordant fabulist—True Lies is a loud misfire. It rarely brings its potent themes to life. And it seems not to realize that Harry is less a hero than a wife-abusing goon.

Faded in on one of those elegant parties that James Bond used to attend, then leave in rubble. Harry prowls about in a
No Moss
The Rolling Stones can still make a fine, rocking album
By GUY GARCIA

If SATAN could sing, he'd probably sound a lot like Mick Jagger. Jagger can be at once insolent, charming and slightly lewd. His is the voice of silky excess, the serenade of a jaded demon. On Love Is Strong, the first cut from the Rolling Stones' fine new album, Voodoo Lounge, Jagger is at his seductive, snarling best. The song, with its coiling harmonica and swaggering rhythm, sounds like a surefire smash, the kind of hit that will be blaring from radios all summer.

With their latest effort, the Stones prove that even after recording together for 31 years, they can still produce exciting work. Five years have passed since Steel Wheels, an album that, for all its virtues, seemed more manufactured than genuinely inspired. In the interim, Jagger and Keith Richards concentrated on solo work, and bassist Bill Wyman quit, to be replaced by Darryl Jones. Jones is 32, but the average age of his new bandmates is, well, practically geriatric. Before the new album was released, it was reasonable to wonder how much desire and energy the Stones had left.

Plenty of both, it turns out. On Voodoo Lounge, Jagger and company have recaptured the spontaneous verve of a great working band. You Got Me Rocking, a full-tilt stomp built on Charlie Watts' brick-solid drumming and Richards' saw-toothed guitar lines, has the frayed, unrehearsed ending of a live performance, as does Moon Is Up. Producer Don Was has avoided trying to update the band's sound with trendy hip-hop or techno touches. Instead, he helps serve up a classic collection of rockers and semisweet ballads.

If Jagger's yowls and Richards' riffs are more than a tad familiar, the duo launch into their trademark grooves with such brio that the results are still scintillating. By showcasing what the Stones have always done best, Voodoo Lounge, while not breaking any new ground, secures their status as rock 'n' roll's reigning survivors.
Scorn Syrup
A novel with a custard pie for every face that shows itself

By JOHN SKOW

Richard Dooling is impartially derisive in his caustic second novel, White Man's Grave (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 386 pages; $22). He chuckes a custard pie at every face that shows itself. There's Randall Killigan, an Indianapolis attorney who glories in the dismemberment allowed by bankruptcy law: the wrenching of great financial chunks from the carcasses of not-quite-dead companies. And there's young Boone Westfall, newly employed to reject legitimate claims at his father's sleazy insurance company.

"Why do you think they call it work?" Dad asks, when Boone objects that cheating widows and orphans is tedious.

But Dooling is only warming up. It seems that Killigan's son Michael, Boone's idealistic friend, has gone missing while on Peace Corps duty in Sierra Leone. The scene shifts to the African outback, and the reader worries for a chapter or two that Dooling intends to serve up the traditional wise and mysterious natives of white-man-in-Africa fiction who look on gravely as the palefaces disintegrate.

Nope. The whites do fall apart, but the black politicians, thugs and businessmen they encounter are just as inventive in corrupting as any alderman back in Indiana. At one point a wily middleman recommends that Boone employ a seer. Are his visions guaranteed to be accurate? Errors do occur, it is admitted. "What if a devil or a witch or an angry ancestor interferes with the divination process for its own purposes, maybe to mislead the client with a false message?" What if, indeed?

The author's fizz of comic energy is as wild and scornful as Richard Condon's, back when Condon was young and frisky. And as was true with such daft Condon fables as Some Angry Angel, Dooling's story has no detectable point or purpose, except to marvel at the rich variety of human wickedness.
Love Beats Bad Poetry

With a cutting cultural comedy, Kingsley Amis returns to form

By PAUL GRAY

Richard Vaisey, 46, lectures on Russian literature at the London Institute of Slavonic Studies and lives well beyond his professional means, thanks to the money inherited by his wife Cordelia. He has lived with her for 10 years, and in that time he has almost stopped noticing her theatrical gestures and her peculiar style of speech: “Never having cared to ask her about it, Richard had had fantasies of an Andorran nanny, a childhood in a posh Albanian household that had left no other mark, before concluding that Cordelia just spoke Cordelian, a pronunciation idiot.” When friends mock the way she says her name (“Nggormedeenia”), Richard tries not to be amused.

Given the tensions that gibe and flap through most marriages, Cordelia’s affectations seem rather venial, particularly since her wealth makes Richard’s existence so cushy. But she and her husband live in the world of Kingsley Amis, where the rules of decorum are a lot stricter and funnier than in ordinary life. Cordelia just won’t do, and The Russian Girl (Viking; 296 pages; $22.95) hilariously shows why.

The person who spurs Richard out of his marital torpor is Anna Danilova, a young Russian poet who arrives in London in 1950 on an apparent mission of mercy. Her brother, having served a sentence back in Moscow for currency violations, is still being held in jail. Anna’s plan is to circulate a petition signed by prominent Western intellectuals that declares her to be a world-class writer whose relative is being persecuted by Soviet officials; they might then be shamed into releasing the prisoner. Since Richard is an established authority on the literature of her homeland, Anna asks him to help lead her campaign.

The request puts Richard in an uncomfortable spot. The more he sees of Anna, the more he likes her; the more he sees of her poetry, the more he detests it. He attends Anna’s public reading at the institute, hoping her stuff will sound better than it looks on the page. As he listens, he finds himself in tears: “Different from other work of hers—yes! Bad in a new way! Worse than before! Hopeless! Useless! What on earth was to be done?”

Richard’s other ethical dilemma concerns Cordelia, who has decided that he and what she calls his Russian girlfriend are having an affair well before they in fact begin one. A suspicious and possibly vengeful Cordelia is an even more unsettling companion than the normally daft one. Richard feels guilty for wanting to leave his wife and also for worrying about what his future would be like without her money: “... all cafés, cantens, pubs, pavements, bus shelters, bus queues, buses.”

Amis generates a good deal of suspense over how and whether Richard is to behave honorably. But the chief appeal of The Russian Girl is its gimlet-eyed presentation of a comedy of bad manners.

Hotfoot

Christopher Buckley satirizes Big Tobacco and its foes

By R.Z. SHEPPARD

Christopher Buckley, the son of William F. Buckley Jr., has had some good breaks during his lifetime, but how lucky can you get? Thank You for Smoking (Random House; 272 pages; $22), the hotfoot Buckley has given the tobacco industry, went on sale at the same time as a nationally televised congressional hearing was making American cigarette makers look like drug dealers.

Buckley’s tobacco peddlers come off no better morally than their subpoenaed real-life counterparts, but they do have more charm. In contrast, the book’s politicians and anti-smoking crusaders are boorish. Readers will feel superior as they chortle through Buckley’s gallery of rotters and Puritans. The hero is Nick Naylor, spokesman for the “Academy of Tobacco Studies,” the industry’s lobby. He is a former journalist who was fired because he once mistakenly reported the assassination of a U.S. President.

The superior goofball plot, raffish cast and zany sex scenes (a critical test for a humorist) make this the funniest of Buckley’s books. The style alternates between Saturday Night Live and Raymond Chandler. “A tsunami-sized wave of nausea rolled through him. Nick’s eyes went goggly back to Monneman, who was peering at him without sympathy. Yes, a real killer, this one, looked like he flossed with piano wire.”

That bit of mock hard-boiled dialogue follows an episode in which Naylor is kidnapped and covered with nicotine patches. Who did it and why are questions that keep getting lost as Buckley pursues the runaway possibilities of his rich and touchy subject. But the minor mystery that keeps the plot perking is not hard to figure out: the villains can be spotted by their unawareness of their own flawed nature and a telltale need to take themselves seriously.
Dance of the Magic Feet

The World Cup wins fans in the land of line drives

By PAUL A. WITTEMAN

IN THE YEAR 1414 ZHENG HE, Grand Eunuch of the Three Treasures, loaded some exotic creatures onto his junk and headed back to China from the coast of East Africa. One, the long-necked Ki-lin, astounded Emperor Yu and his court. It was unlike anything they had ever seen, with its "luminous spots like a red cloud or purple mist." The Ki-lin was poked, prodded, observed from every angle, much commented upon but little understood.

The World Cup is not unlike the Ki-lin. It's been the greatest thing to hit America since the invasion of the Beatles. It's the worst thing to come to America since the onslaught of the killer bees. It is subtle, riveting drama. It is a repetitive, soporific bore. One scribe based in Washington has even described it as a metaphor for the Clinton health-care plan: all process, no results. Makes you wonder what he'd write the first time he saw a giraffe.

When the final match is played this Sunday, the Rose Bowl will be full of enthusiasts even if, as expected, fewer than 3% of the nation's TV sets are tuned in. When the victors and losers jet home next week to their respective adulation and opprobrium, America will be left with baseball, football training camps, a little tennis, a smattering of golf—and a void. For those who gave it a chance, the World Cup turned out to be a refreshing breather from the standard summer fare. Nothing against harness racing or the fellows who drive steroid-injected cars in circles, mind you. But out on the football pitch, as the newly initiated call the soccer field, there has been high drama: Italy's improbable comeback against underdog Nigeria left supporters of both teams drained. Off the field there has been tragedy: the execution of Colombian Andrés Escobar shamefully the nation whose colors he had proudly worn. There have been oddities: referees were sent home ignominiously for merely blowing a call. Huh? Officials make mistakes every day. It's the nature of their calling.

And the nature of the game was difficult for Americans to capture. We're used to players carrying a ball toward pay dirt or jamming one down through the basket. All results, minimal process.

The essence of soccer is more elusive, although the objective of scoring one more goal than the other guys is easy to understand. Occasionally the best strategy to score may require players to move the ball away from the opponents' goal, as the Germans often would do. Other times the strategy is not to score at all. A tie can be like kissing Julia Roberts, as the Americans discovered in their 1-1 match with Switzerland in the opening round, which helped them advance to the second. Sometimes strategy defies rational analysis. "God was a Bulgarian played the second half with one fewer man and still had the Americans badly outnumbered. What would have happened if the Brazilians had played with only nine? Or eight? The score might have been worse. The magic continued last Saturday, as Brazil dazzled the Netherlands in the second half, winning 3-2.

The television ratings were a triumph, if you listened to the promoters. Brazil vs. America drew 32 million viewers on the Fourth of July, with parades and picnics as the game's principal competition. Not bad. That's as many people as tune in for the average American Football Conference match on a November Sunday. Look at it a different way, and the ratings were a disaster: the biggest game in U.S. soccer history drew only as many viewers as a yawner between the Cincinnati Bengals

GOOOOOOO00AAALLL: Brazil's Bebeto, soccer's Michael Jordan, celebrates the win against the U.S.; his home team mastered the game one man short

and New England Patriots on a day when raking leaves is usually the alternative.

But U.S. TV ratings are not what the World Cup is about. In America soccer is still a sport to be played, not watched. There is still a generational lag. The people who one day will shell out the bucks to take their kids to see the future Boston Bullfrogs or Tampa Toads play soccer don't have kids yet. They're teenagers whose fathers played Little League baseball or Pop Warner football. Some of those parents are as clueless about soccer as they are about the Beastie Boys.

Soccer as a profitable spectator sport in America may have to wait another decade—or two. But those who became addicted to the World Cup have only two more years before the elimination rounds begin again.
"It's the kind of food that says, 'Don't you worry, honey... everything's just fine.' You don't get that from a salad."

"Let me tell you, there's a whole lot of sympathy in a steaming plate of Beef Pot Roast. And considering how much I've been working lately, I can use all the sympathy I can get. There's nothing like sitting back with my favorite Lean Cuisine. It's amazing how comforting those mashed potatoes can be. My boss sure could learn something from them."

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Three Men and a Drawerful of Wonderbras

They are among moviedom’s avatars of masculinity, but now Wesley Snipes and Patrick Swayze are cultivating their feminine side. In the upcoming film To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar, the actors join comic John Leguizamo as three drag queens on a road trip. “It’s Bob and Bing and Dorothy Lamour,” explains Leguizamo. Are they feeling less manly? “We are very comfortable with our masculinity,” insists Swayze, “and that frees us to be women.”

Thespian Lovebirds Wed

Having completed their upcoming film about the troubles of a grownup feral child, actors Liam Neeson and Natasha Richardson were married at their home in the tony equestrian enclave of Millbrook, New York. Among the 70 guests on hand as the Donna Karan-clad bride wed her sockless groom were Mia Farrow and Emma Thompson. Absent was Richardson’s politically vociferous mother, actress Vanessa Redgrave. She was wrapping a film produced by her daughter’s ex, Robert Fox.

Solo Boho

With songs as amusingly contorted as her stage movements, winsome Edie Brickell became America’s late-’80s folk-pop darling. But after only two albums with her band, New Bohemians, the author of such lyrics as “Philosophy is the stuff on a cereal box/Religion is the smile on a dog” faded into a quiet marriage to Paul Simon. Early next month, though, Brickell will release her first solo record, Picture Perfect Morning, co-produced by her husband. “I didn’t want our careers to blend,” says Edie. “There’s so much cynicism out there. But when I heard what he did with the album, I said, ‘Forget cynicism—let’s be pretty.’

Honesty breeds popularity. In a survey by Britain’s Daily Express, 54% of respondents did not think Prince Charles sullied his reputation when he recently confessed on television to having an adulterous affair.

Cartoonishly voluptuous model Anna Nicole Smith has been slapped with a sexual-harassment suit by her child’s former nanny—a female. Smith, whose lawyer claims the action is an extortion attempt, previously sued the young woman for money she borrowed but never repaid.

In a letter to an Aberdeen, Washington, newspaper, Nirvana bassist Krist Novoselic ruled against plans for a sculpture of rocker Kurt Cobain in his hometown. “Kurt would hate the idea,” Novoselic wrote. “I’ll knock that statue down.”
Oh, Those Family Values

Barbara Ehrenreich

A DISTURBING SUBTEXT RUNS THROUGH OUR RECENT media fixations. Parents abuse sons—allegedly at least, in the Menendez case—who in turn rise up and kill them. A husband torments a wife, who retaliates with a kitchen knife. Love turns into obsession, between the Simpsons anyway, and then perhaps into murderous rage: the family, in other words, becomes personal hell.

This accounts for at least part of our fascination with the Bobbitts and the Simpsons and the rest of them. We live in a culture that fetishizes the family as the ideal unit of human community, the perfect container for our lusts and loves. Politicians of both parties are aggressively "pro-family," even abortion-rights bumper stickers proudly link "pro-family" and "pro-choice." Only with the occasional celebrity crime do we allow ourselves to think the nearly unthinkable: that the family may not be the ideal and perfect living arrangement after all—that it can be a nest of pathology and a cradle of gruesome violence.

It's a scary thought, because the family is at the same time our "haven in a heartless world." Theoretically, and sometimes actually, the family nurtures warm, loving feelings, uncontaminated by greed or power hunger. Within the family, and often only within the family, individuals are loved "for themselves," whether or not they are infirm, incontinent, infantile or eccentric. The strong (adults and especially males) lie down peacefully with the small and weak.

But consider the matter of wife battery. We managed to dodge it in the Bobbitt case and downplay it as a force in Tonya Harding's life. Thanks to O.J., though, we're caught up now in a mass consciousness-raising session, grimly absorbing the fact that in some areas domestic violence sends as many women to emergency rooms as any other form of illness, injury or assault.

Still, we shrink from the obvious inference: for a woman, home is, statistically speaking, the most dangerous place to be. Her worst enemies and potential killers are not strangers but lovers, husbands and those who claimed to love her once. Similarly, for every child like Polly Klaas who is killed by a deranged criminal on parole, dozens are abused and murdered by their own relatives. Home is all too often where the small and weak fear to lie down and shut their eyes.

At some deep, queasy, Freudian level, we all know this. Even in the ostensibly "functional," nonviolent family, where no one is killed or maimed, feelings are routinely bruised and often twisted out of shape. There is the slap or put-down that violates a child's shaky sense of self, the cold, distracted stare that drives a spouse to tears, the little digs and rivalries. At best, the family teaches the finest things human beings can learn from one another—generosity and love. But it is also, all too often, where we learn nasty things like hate and rage and shame.

Americans act out their ambivalence about the family without ever owning up to it. Millions adhere to creeds that are militantly "pro-family." But at the same time millions flock to therapy groups that offer to heal the "inner child" from damage inflicted by family life. Legislions of women band together to revive the self-esteem they lost in supposedly loving relationships and to learn to love a little less. We are all, it is often said, "in recovery." And from what? Our families, in most cases.

There is a long and honorable tradition of "anti-family" thought. The French philosopher Charles Fourier taught that the family was a barrier to human progress; early feminists saw a degrading parallel between marriage and prostitution. More recently, the renowned British anthropologist Edmund Leach stated that "far from being the basis of the good society, the family, with its narrow privacy and tawdry secrets, is the source of all discontents."

Communes proved harder to sustain than plain old couples, and the conservatism of the '80s crushed the last vestiges of lifestyle experimentation. Today even gays and lesbians are eager to get married and take up family life. Feminists have learned to couch their concerns as "family issues," and public figures would sooner advocate free cocaine on demand than criticize the family. Hence our unseemly interest in O.J. and Erik, Lyle and Lorena: they allow us, however gingerly, to break the silence on the hellish side of family life.

But the discussion needs to become a lot more open and forthright. We may be stuck with the family—yet until someone invents a sustainable alternative—but the family, with its deep, impacted tensions and longings, can hardly be expected to be the moral foundation of everything else. In fact, many families could use a lot more outside interference in the form of counseling and policing, and some are so dangerously dysfunctional that they ought to be encouraged to disband right away. Even healthy families need outside sources of moral guidance to keep the internal tensions from imploding—and this means, at the very least, a public philosophy of gender equality and concern for child welfare. When, instead, the larger culture aggrandizes wife beaters, degrades women or nods approvesly at child slappers, the family gets a little more dangerous for everyone, and so, inevitably, does the larger world.
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