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WEEK 1 ON ANY JOB CAN BE nerve-racking—all of those new faces, new procedures and new coffee machines. At TIME, with the added pressures of a weekly news magazine, it can be positively manic. So Lee Aitken, our newest senior editor, was already busy enough last Thursday evening when, four days into her first week—and less than 48 hours from deadline—she was asked to oversee our late-breaking cover story on Susan Smith, the young South Carolina mother accused of murdering her children. It was an assignment whose challenge amounted almost to hazing, but Aitken brought it off with skill and aplomb.

Were her new TIME colleagues surprised? Not a bit. Aitken, after all, came to us after seven years at our corporate cousin publication PEOPLE, where she built her reputation by deftly managing first the magazine’s book and theater departments, then its news sections. She edited dozens of PEOPLE cover stories, including those on the Polly Klaas kidnapping and the Baby Jessica DeBoer case. The latter was particularly meaningful to Aitken, a single parent who adopted her daughter Sophie, 3, in Bulgaria after a two-year search for a child.

“Lee has an amazing way of expanding the dimensions of a story, making it grow beyond the confines of its narrative,” says senior editor Howard Chua-Eoan, a former PEOPLE editor himself. “She will remember past incidents that give resonance to present, a quote by some authority that still proves illuminating, the name of an expert who must be tapped.”

Harvard-educated, Aitken was managing editor of the political weekly In These Times and a founding editor of New England Monthly. “I’ve done policy journalism and what’s called personality journalism,” she says, “and I think my assignment at TIME can combine the best of both: putting a human face on issues and finding the lessons for us all in personal tragedies like Susan Smith’s.”

Our report “Follow the Money” [TIME ON CAPITOL HILL, Nov. 7] provided campaign-finance information on congressional candidates using data from Federal Election Commission reports. Several candidates complained that although they do not accept PAC money, figures for PAC donations appeared in their listing. The amounts in the PAC column included donations from political committees acting as PACs, some of which are candidate-campaign committees that take money from PACs. Our column heading should have reflected that fact.

President

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We update the top stories, including business, sports and entertainment, every 30 minutes, 24 hours a day. So you can fit the news into your schedule, instead of vice versa.
MUTUAL FUNDS
Your Key to Successful Long-Term Investing

The Benefits of Buying Mutual Funds Versus Buying Individual Stocks and Bonds

Assembling a Top-Flight Fund Portfolio That Balances Risk and Return
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The FundMatch program begins with a workbook that discusses the importance of creating a diversified portfolio. With it comes a step-by-step worksheet to help you create a personal investment strategy. Input your time horizon and risk profile to determine an investment mix that matches your own needs.

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Each of the three Asset Manager funds allocates your investment among stocks, bonds and short-term instruments of U.S. and foreign issuers, including those in emerging markets. The funds can invest in a wide range of investment options, including some that may experience ups and downs. As each fund looks to moderate overall risk, its share price will be subject to change.

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Fidelity Investments®
Even though the stock and bond markets have not been as profitable in 1994 as they were in 1993, individual investors continue to flock to mutual funds in record numbers. People realize that in order to earn the highest long-term returns on their money, they have to take some risk. That means that sometimes you have to put up with less-than-stellar returns for a few months.

But if you concentrate too much on short-term performance, you will miss out on your best opportunities to earn high returns over the long run in mutual funds. As the graph above clearly shows, you would have done far better had you invested money in either stock or bond funds than kept it stashed in a bank passbook account. And those are only the average funds! Had you picked a top-performing fund, you would have thousands of dollars more in your pocket today.

Over the past 15 years, the United States has experienced major recessions and recoveries, war and peace, soaring and then plunging interest rates and inflation, huge budget and trade deficits, the crash of 1987 and the subsequent recovery and many other dramatic events. If you decided to wait for the perfect investing environment to arrive, you would have never participated in the enormous growth of capital enjoyed by shareholders in mutual funds. So even though the events of 1994 may seem troubling, they needn't be if you keep your eye on the real story — the long-term growth potential of mutual funds.

A Fund for Every Need
No matter what your age, marital status, financial goals or tolerance for risk, there is a mutual fund appropriate for you. Today, there are over 5,000 funds to choose from, making the selection process a truly daunting task. Some funds are designed to make your capital grow dramatically over time to help you meet major expenses such as children's tuition bills. These funds invest in higher-risk securities such as small-growth stocks, foreign companies and junk bonds. On the other hand, some funds are structured to provide a steady income, which comes from the interest paid on bonds and dividends from stocks in the portfolio. These funds will hold municipal, corporate and government bonds and high-yielding stocks such as utility and bank shares. Then there are hybrid funds that combine the objectives of growth and income, favoring one goal more than the other.

To help you assemble a portfolio of funds that are best for you, you must first get up to speed on the basics of fund operations, what advantages funds offer over buying individual securities and what kinds of funds are available. Then you'll be able to put together a portfolio of top performers that will help you realize your financial dreams without disturbing your sleep with financial nightmares.
Special Advertising Section

WHY IT'S PREFERABLE TO BUY FUNDS INSTEAD OF INDIVIDUAL STOCKS AND BONDS

How funds work

So how do mutual funds make investing more convenient and better than buying individual stocks and bonds?

You can invest a small amount of money, such as $100 or $1,000, to get started.

Your money is pooled with cash from thousands of other shareholders and then invested in a broadly diversified pool of stocks, bonds and money market instruments. Any subsequent investments you make in the fund can also be for relatively small amounts of money, such as $100.

You don't have to choose any stocks or bonds.

That's the portfolio manager's full-time job. Chances are he or she is much more experienced at investing than you and has far better access to up-to-date information about individual securities than you ever could.

Portfolio managers have an enormous incentive to make your assets grow.

The bonus that managers earn is based not only on how their fund performs in absolute terms, but also on how it ranks against that of their competitors. So if a fund delivers outstanding returns to you, the shareholder, the fund manager can get rich, too.

The fund company does all of the record keeping.

Every time you initiate a transaction, such as buying or selling shares, you will get a statement from the fund detailing how many shares you bought or sold and at what price. The fund will also track reinvestment of dividends and capital gains paid by the fund if you choose to have distributions buy more shares rather than have them paid to you in cash. When it comes time to report income and capital gains for tax purposes, your fund will send you statements with all the information you need.

A mutual fund offers a much more diversified portfolio than you could afford on your own.

If you have $1,000 or even $10,000 to invest, you can buy only a few stocks, and that leaves you vulnerable to sudden downswings in one or two companies' fortunes. With a fund, you will own a part of a portfolio with hundreds of stocks, so a misstep by one or two companies will hardly affect the value of your holdings.
LOOKING FOR INTERNATIONAL FUNDS WITH PROVEN PERFORMANCE?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>1-Year</th>
<th>5-Year</th>
<th>10-Year or Since Inception</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warburg Pincus</td>
<td>26.68%</td>
<td>13.17%</td>
<td>16.02%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>International Equity Fund (Common Shares)</td>
<td>Since 5/2/89</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery</td>
<td>33.37%</td>
<td>N/A</td>
<td>21.23%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emerging Markets Fund</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lexington</td>
<td>30.11%</td>
<td>12.34%</td>
<td>14.55%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worldwide Emerging Markets Fund</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

No-transaction-fee mutual funds.

Selection of funds based on 9/94 net sales at Schwab. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

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Investments in international equities are not only subject to the usual market volatility, they may also be affected by other risks, including foreign taxes, differences in financial standards, currency fluctuations and political instability.

A free prospectus containing more complete information including charges and expenses for any fund is available through Schwab. Please review the prospectus carefully before investing. Share prices and investment returns fluctuate and you may receive more or less than original cost upon redemption. Some material differences between composition of international funds may exist. Lexington Worldwide Emerging Markets Fund adopted its present name and investment objective on 6/14/91. Mutual funds have management fees. Schwab reserves the right to change the funds available with no transaction fees (NTF) and reinstate the fees on any funds. NTF shares purchased may always be sold without transaction fees. However, if you paid a fee to purchase a fund, you will be charged Schwab’s normal transaction fee to sell it as well. If you make 5 or more short-term redemptions of NTF funds (shares held 6 months or less) in a calendar year, you will be charged fees on all of your future mutual fund trades. ©1994 Charles Schwab & Co, Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC/NYSE (10/94)
#1 Performing Fund Since the Market Low of 1987
—per Mutual Fund Forecaster*

The Kaufmann Fund
A Small Company Growth Fund

Five Year Compounded Annual Return

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>S&amp;P 500</th>
<th>KAUFX FUND</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Inception (2/86)</td>
<td>9.1%</td>
<td>17.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Returns: 1 Year</td>
<td>15.4% Annual</td>
<td>8.9% Annual</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

IRA

More than twice the average total annual return of all funds.
(As of 9/30/94, per Lipper Analytical Services)

Morningstar 5 Star (★★★★★) Rating**
(Out of 1,877 equity funds as of 9/30/94)

The Kaufmann Fund is an aggressive growth fund dedicated to the objective of capital appreciation through investment in small growth companies. The Fund invests primarily in companies beyond the venture stage that are profitable and have substantial growth prospects.

Lawrence Auriana and Hans Utzsch
Portfolio co-managers

For information call:
1-800-688-4336

* Out of 637 open-end equity funds, for the period of 12/4/87-9/30/94.
** Morningstar ratings are subject to change every month and are calculated from the funds' three- and five-year average annual returns with appropriate sales charge adjustments and a risk factor that reflects performance relative to three-month Treasury bill monthly returns. Ten percent of the funds in an asset class receive five stars.
Total returns for periods ending September 30, 1994 are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. The S&P is an unmanaged index consisting of the common stock of 500 publicly traded U.S. companies. For more information including charges and expenses, please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost.

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You buy securities at much lower commission rates.
By buying and selling stocks and bonds as part of a multimillion-dollar pool, your fund has much more bargaining power than you do buying shares a few hundred dollars at a time. While you might pay as much as 50 cents a share to buy an individual stock, a fund might buy the same shares for two or three cents a share. Over time, those lower sales fees enhance your return.

You gain access to high-potential securities that you would not normally be able to buy on your own.
Whether it be mortgage-backed securities, municipal bonds, Latin American stocks or foreign-currency options, your fund is able to access many markets that you probably don’t even know about. In addition, these markets require sophistication and large amounts of capital that you are unlikely to have.

Funds will reinvest all income and capital gains if you instruct them to.
By plowing all dividends and interest back into more fund shares automatically, you benefit from the effect of compounding, which can be extremely powerful over time. You can also reinvest all capital gains, which are the profits a fund has realized from stocks and bonds that have appreciated. Most mutual-fund companies do not charge sales fees for reinvesting distributions into more fund shares.

You can buy or sell fund shares whenever you like.
Unlike a bank CD, fund shares never mature, so you don’t have to wait to sell them if you need the money to pay for a major expense such as a tuition bill or a home renovation. You can also buy shares at any time. This option can make it easier to get into stocks and bonds quickly when prices are rising than if you had to buy individual securities. Whenever you buy or sell, you get the price per share at the closing price on the day of the trade.

It’s easy to switch from one fund to another among fund families.
If you have a big profit in a stock fund and want to take the money and park it in a money-market fund, it’s as easy as making a call to a toll-free number, available 24 hours a day. If you use a discount broker who offers the service, you can also switch from a fund at one fund family to another at a different fund, in many cases at little or no fee. This saves you the hassle of filling out application forms each time you switch to a new fund family.

You can set up an automatic investment program to send money to the fund or get checks sent to you.
In your working years, you can establish an account in which a fund will automatically deduct a set amount, such as $100 a month, from your bank checking or savings account and put it in the mutual fund you choose. When you are retired, you can have the fund issue you a check for a specific amount each month to provide you with a steady income.

The fund can’t run off with your money, because your investment is kept separate from the firm’s reserves by a dedicated custodian, usually a bank.
In addition, mutual funds are tightly regulated by the Securities and Exchange Commission, which requires elaborate disclosure of risks, returns and fees. All in all, mutual funds can transform your long-term investing experience from a frustrating, costly and difficult one if you deal with individual securities to a convenient, low-cost and rewarding one. Over time, chances are you will earn much higher returns from stock and bond mutual funds than from a bank CD or money-market account. And you can do all this without becoming an expert in investing!

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By weighing the trade-off between risk and return, you will now be able to assemble a portfolio of funds appropriate for your age and financial situation. We provide here the five best-performing funds open to new investors in 18 categories, as ranked by Morningstar, the Chicago-based mutual-fund rating service. We rank the funds by their one-year total return through September 1, 1994. Also provided are the three-year annualized rates of return for each fund. If “N.A.” is listed, the fund was not available (not in existence) three years ago. We have separated the fund categories into low-risk, medium-risk and high-risk sections. Within each category, the subcategories are ranked from low to high risk, and we describe what kinds of securities those funds hold.

Low-Risk Funds for Conservative Investors

Short-Term Treasury Bond Funds
The most rock-solid funds buy exclusively U.S. Treasury securities with short-term maturities of up to three years. While they are subject to the ups and downs of interest rates, they take almost no risk of default, since the U.S. government is highly unlikely to renge on its obligations.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sit U.S. Government Securities</td>
<td>3.3%</td>
<td>6.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery Short Duration Government</td>
<td>2.5%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capstone Government Income</td>
<td>1.8%</td>
<td>3.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heritage Income Limited Maturity</td>
<td>1.3%</td>
<td>2.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernstein Government Short Duration</td>
<td>1.3%</td>
<td>5.3%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Short-Term World Income Funds
These funds buy bonds with maturities of under three years issued by corporations and governments around the world. They are subject to fluctuations in interest rates and the value of the U.S. dollar against foreign currencies.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Short-Term World Income</td>
<td>5.6%</td>
<td>3.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pilgrim Short-Term Multi-Market</td>
<td>2.0%</td>
<td>-5.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance Multi-Market Income</td>
<td>1.1%</td>
<td>1.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flex-Funds Short-Term Global Income</td>
<td>0.8%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dean Witter Global Short-Term Income</td>
<td>0.6%</td>
<td>3.1%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Municipal Bond Funds
These funds hold bonds issued by states and localities, which provide tax-free income and have low rates of default. Fund prices, however, fluctuate based on movements of interest rates.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Venture Mani Plus</td>
<td>4.0%</td>
<td>7.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20th Century Tax-Exempt Short-Term</td>
<td>3.1%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calvert Tax-Free Reserves Limited-Term</td>
<td>3.0%</td>
<td>4.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STI Classic Investment Grade TIE Inc.</td>
<td>2.9%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forum Taxsaver Bond</td>
<td>2.8%</td>
<td>7.7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mortgage-Backed Securities Funds
These funds hold mortgage-backed securities backed by quasi-governmental agencies such as Ginnie Mae, Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac. There is little or no risk of default, though these funds are subject to fluctuation because of interest-rate movements.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Mortgage Securities</td>
<td>3.4%</td>
<td>6.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance Mortgage Strategy</td>
<td>1.8%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oppenheimer Limited-Term Government</td>
<td>1.0%</td>
<td>6.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Target Mortgage Backed Securities</td>
<td>0.9%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parkstone U.S. Gov't Income Investors</td>
<td>0.9%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(continued)
WE GO A LONG WAY TO FIND A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Janus Worldwide Fund has taken a simple international investing strategy a long, long way. Instead of buying a "grab bag" of stocks from a country with a growing economy, Janus Worldwide Fund carefully researches individual companies and picks only those stocks that have been undervalued or have high earning potential. It's a straightforward but demanding approach. We travel the world, talking with the management of the companies we invest in, digging for opportunities others might have missed.

Does it work? Lipper Analytical Services, Inc. ranked Janus Worldwide Fund #1 out of 109 funds in the global fund category for the three-year period ended September 30, 1994.*

Our investors have gotten a lot of mileage out of Janus Worldwide Fund. Call or write today for a free prospectus containing more complete information, including expenses and special risks associated with foreign investing such as currency fluctuations and political uncertainty. Please read it carefully before you invest or send money.

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* Lipper Analytical Services, Inc. ranked Janus Worldwide Fund #9 out of 109 funds in the global fund category for the one-year period ended September 30, 1994. A global fund is defined by Lipper Analytical Services as one which invests at least 25% of its portfolio in securities traded outside of the United States and may own U.S. securities as well. Rankings are based on total return, including reinvestment of dividends and capital gains for the stated period. Past performance does not guarantee future results. Your return and share price will vary and may be worth more or less than original redemption than at purchase.

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TME 371
Corporate High-Quality Bond Funds

These funds hold bonds issued by highly rated corporations. Chances of bond defaults are remote, but bond-fund prices fluctuate with changes in interest rates.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Olympic Low Duration</td>
<td>6.9%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olympic Short-Term Investment</td>
<td>6.5%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haverthorne Bond</td>
<td>4.9%</td>
<td>10.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven Seas Yield Plus</td>
<td>3.0%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RSI Retirement Short-Term Investment</td>
<td>2.8%</td>
<td>3.1%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Medium-Risk Funds for Moderate Risk-Takers Wanting Growth and Income

World Bond Funds

These funds hold bonds issued by governments and corporations around the world. There is little chance of issuer default, but share prices fluctuate based on movements of interest rates and foreign currencies.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fontaine Global Income</td>
<td>12.2%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin/Templeton Hard Currency</td>
<td>11.0%</td>
<td>11.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Deutsche Mark Performance</td>
<td>10.5%</td>
<td>9.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin/Templeton German Gov’t</td>
<td>7.4%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Sterling Performance</td>
<td>6.9%</td>
<td>2.9%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Income Funds

Such funds can invest in any form of income-producing investment chosen by the manager, including corporate and government bonds, mortgage-backed securities, foreign bonds and convertible issues. Funds are affected by movements in interest rates and the particular influences on each type of security.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kemper Diversified Income</td>
<td>4.7%</td>
<td>14.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hancock Strategic Income</td>
<td>3.9%</td>
<td>8.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Prairie Diversified Asset Fund</td>
<td>3.3%</td>
<td>8.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beryvyn Income</td>
<td>3.1%</td>
<td>15.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Century Income</td>
<td>3.0%</td>
<td>8.7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Convertible Bond Funds

These funds buy hybrid securities such as convertible bonds and preferred stocks that pay higher yields than common stocks and have more appreciation potential than bonds. Convertibles tend to rise less when the stock market is hot, but fall less in a down market.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bond Fund for Growth</td>
<td>9.0%</td>
<td>21.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MainStay Convertible</td>
<td>9.0%</td>
<td>18.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dean Witter Convertible</td>
<td>6.6%</td>
<td>10.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin Convertible Securities</td>
<td>6.4%</td>
<td>14.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Putnam Convertible Income Growth</td>
<td>5.1%</td>
<td>14.8%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Corporate High-Yield Funds

These funds buy high-yielding bonds issued by companies with below-investment grade ratings, commonly known as junk bonds. These are inherently riskier than high-quality corporate or government bonds, because the risk of default is considerably greater. Still, the potential for high current income and capital gains can make high-yield bond funds attractive, if you’re willing to take the risk.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Northeast Investors</td>
<td>9.4%</td>
<td>16.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MainStay High-Yield Corporate Bond</td>
<td>8.0%</td>
<td>16.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MetLife-State Street High-Income</td>
<td>7.1%</td>
<td>15.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oppenheimer Champion High-Yield</td>
<td>5.2%</td>
<td>14.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Investors High-Yield</td>
<td>5.0%</td>
<td>14.9%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Asset Allocation Funds

If you don’t know where to put your money, an asset allocation fund may be just right for you. The managers of these funds move your money around among stocks, bonds and cash in order to provide the highest return with the least amount of risk.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quest for Value Opportunities</td>
<td>8.4%</td>
<td>15.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Securities</td>
<td>8.3%</td>
<td>7.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crabbe Huson Asset Allocation</td>
<td>7.8%</td>
<td>12.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carillon Capital</td>
<td>7.8%</td>
<td>10.0%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill Lynch Global Allocation</td>
<td>7.3%</td>
<td>14.3%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Balanced Funds

To get the high income from bonds and the potential capital gains from stocks, try a balanced fund. These funds always keep a certain amount of money in both stocks and bonds. The manager weights one side or the other more heavily, depending on his or her outlook for the stock and bond markets and where he sees the greatest value at any particular moment.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Annualized Return</th>
<th>1-year</th>
<th>3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Templeton American</td>
<td>11.2%</td>
<td>12.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Founders Balanced</td>
<td>9.8%</td>
<td>12.4%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Puritan</td>
<td>8.7%</td>
<td>15.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cambridge Income &amp; Growth</td>
<td>8.0%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RBB Balanced</td>
<td>7.9%</td>
<td>10.3%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(continued)
You could have given your kids every toy in the world with the money you put into the INVESCO Industrial Income Fund.

But you thought a world of possibilities would be a greater gift.

Opportunity is a difficult present to wrap. But it's the gift your kids could enjoy forever. So if you're looking for an investment to help you pay for your children's education, the INVESCO Industrial Income Fund could be a smart choice for you.

It's delivered the type of consistent performance that had Lipper Analytical Services rank it in the top three equity-income funds based on total return for the 5-, 10-, 20-, 25-, and 30-year periods ended 9/30/94,* and Forbes recommended it as a "Best Buy" in their August 29, 1994 issue. Of course, past performance is no guarantee of future results. But this no-load mutual fund hasn't had a losing year in over a decade, and it's paid a dividend every quarter since 1960.

So call for a prospectus on this fund today. Your kids will thank you later. INVESCO Just one of the smart choices you've made.**

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- Three Year........................8.08%
- Five Year........................11.58%
- Ten Year........................15.49%
- Fifteen Year......................15.50%
- Twenty Year.....................17.33%

INVESCO FUNDS

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Lipper Analytical Services ranked the fund #2 of 52, 43 of 22, 42 of 14, 42 of 9, 41 of 8 and #63 of 97 equity-income funds based on total return for the five-, ten-, twenty-, twenty-five-, thirty- and one-year periods, respectively, ended 9/30/94.*

Forbes recommendation of Industrial Income Fund as a "Best Buy" based on proprietary analysis of 5-year, after-adjusted performance and expenses as of 9/30/94.

* Call for a prospectus. You'll receive more complete information, including management fees and expenses. Read the prospectus carefully before you invest or send money.

Total return assumes reinvestment of all dividends and capital gain distributions. Investment return and principal value will fluctuate so that, when redeemed, an investor's shares may be worth more or less than their original cost. As of May 26, 1994, a new co-portfolio manager began to manage the fixed-income portion of the fund's portfolio, replacing one of the fund's former co-portfolio managers. INVESCO Funds Group, Inc., distributor.
Special Advertising Section

**Equity-Income Funds**
These funds emphasize capital appreciation, while still providing a relatively high level of current income, now about 3% to 4%. Those dividends tend to cushion the fund’s fall when stock prices tumble. By reinvesting that income, you also have the advantage of significant compounding of dividends over time.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Compass Capital Equity-Income</td>
<td>12.3%</td>
<td>12.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Advisors Equity-Income</td>
<td>10.9%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STI Classic Value Income Stock Investors</td>
<td>10.9%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Riverfront Income Equity</td>
<td>10.8%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Equity-Income II</td>
<td>10.4%</td>
<td>17.7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**High-Risk Funds for Aggressive Investors Seeking Big Capital Gains**
Aggressive fund investors allocate a greater percentage of their portfolio in high-risk growth funds.

Depending on their outlook for the markets in various countries, they may have a heavy weighting in the U.S., Europe, Asia or emerging markets like Latin America or the Middle East. These funds’ returns are affected not only by the performance of world stock markets, but also by the fluctuations in foreign currencies against the U.S. dollar.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ONE Fund International</td>
<td>29.2%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phoenix Worldwide Opportunities</td>
<td>24.0%</td>
<td>16.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idez II Global</td>
<td>23.8%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prudential Global Genesis</td>
<td>23.4%</td>
<td>15.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prudential Global</td>
<td>22.1%</td>
<td>15.4%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Foreign Stock Funds**
If you want to diversify your portfolio outside the U.S., foreign funds are for you. They buy stocks in Europe, Asia, Latin America and elsewhere, but are specifically not allowed to buy American stocks. The returns of foreign stock funds are influenced by the movements of foreign stock markets and the rise and fall of the U.S. dollar against foreign currencies.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Scudder Latin America</td>
<td>47.3%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrill Lynch Latin America</td>
<td>46.5%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.T. Global Emerging Markets</td>
<td>44.1%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.T. Latin America Growth</td>
<td>40.7%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Emerging Markets</td>
<td>39.3%</td>
<td>24.7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Specialty Stock Funds**
Unlike most other funds that diversify among industries, these put all their eggs in one industrial basket. Some of the industry specialties are biotechnology, oil and gas, finance, electronics and real estate. If you pick the best-performing industry, your fund will soar. But if you pick a sector that falls out of favor, your fund can fall precipitously.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lexington Strategic Investments</td>
<td>54.2%</td>
<td>18.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Select Medical Delivery</td>
<td>42.9%</td>
<td>7.7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Select Health Care</td>
<td>31.9%</td>
<td>5.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fidelity Select Paper &amp; Forest Products</td>
<td>30.0%</td>
<td>17.6%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin Global Health Care</td>
<td>29.3%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Growth Stock Funds**
These funds hold the stocks that the manager thinks exhibit the best long-term growth potential. In most cases, these will be large, well-known blue chips, which are more stable and predictable than smaller companies.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Crabble Huson Special</td>
<td>29.6%</td>
<td>22.8%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longleaf Partners</td>
<td>23.8%</td>
<td>20.9%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UST Master Business &amp; Industry</td>
<td>23.6%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janus Mercury</td>
<td>22.4%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Franklin California Growth</td>
<td>21.2%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Aggressive Growth Stock Funds**
By taking more risk on smaller and less well-known companies, these funds hope to produce above-average returns. The companies they buy may be big or small, but they are all growing rapidly. Such shares usually outperform the market averages during a bull market, but fall harder during a bear market.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Smith Barney Shear Aggressive Growth</td>
<td>13.4%</td>
<td>11.3%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winthrop Focus Aggressive Growth</td>
<td>13.3%</td>
<td>8.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kaufmann</td>
<td>12.8%</td>
<td>18.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princor Emerging Growth</td>
<td>11.9%</td>
<td>15.1%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dreyfus Strategic Growth</td>
<td>11.4%</td>
<td>6.2%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Small Company Growth Funds**
By specializing in smaller growth stocks that many institutions have not yet discovered, managers of these funds hope to score huge gains in the long run. Even if only a few of their portfolio stocks turn out to be the next Microsoft or Xerox, they can make their shareholders wealthy. On the other hand, if more small companies fail than succeed, the fund will provide a subpar return.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fund Name</th>
<th>Annualized Return 1-year</th>
<th>Annualized Return 3-year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G.T. America Growth</td>
<td>26.9%</td>
<td>16.5%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PBHG Emerging Growth</td>
<td>21.1%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson Stephens Emerging Growth</td>
<td>20.1%</td>
<td>8.2%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Robertson Stephens Value Plus</td>
<td>18.4%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Govett Smaller Companies</td>
<td>16.6%</td>
<td>N.A.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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rolling."
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thumbs up."
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America Is No. 1 — and It Hurts

"We in the U.S. work force know that we may be beating the competition, but we are also beating ourselves in the process."

Mary deManbey
Glastonbury, Connecticut

THE SUBTITLE OF YOUR REPORT ON THE resurgance in the American economy [COVER STORIES, Oct. 24] reads, "The U.S. outruns the world, but some workers are left behind." It's no great mystery why. Man is particularly good at outfoxing himself. We keep being told that the purpose of advanced technology is to benefit mankind, but what has happened is that a substantial percentage of Americans have become unemployable. What is to be done with the people who are suddenly displaced? The conservative answer seems to be, "Nothing." The progressive answer seems to be, "Retrain them for jobs that don't exist."

Frank V. Holan
Putney, Vermont

YOUR REPORT SHOULD BE REQUIRED reading for White House officials who wonder why most Americans are not waxing enthusiastic about the Administration's economic policies. The Department of Labor can spin out statistics on job creation but does not publicize the number of people who have been forced from high-paying jobs to ones with lower salaries because of downsizing. If the rich look richer, lower-income workers feel poorer as they make daily efforts to cope with the rising cost of living. Although the U.S. may have the most productive labor force of any nation, it is a work force that curse its workplace because of the stress caused by the pencil pushers who want the staff to produce, produce, produce. This is not a happy working nation!

Manuel Greco
Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey

SURE IT HURTS, BUT SUCCESS Seldom comes without sacrifice. As a devoted employee who was displaced as a result of "corporate downsizing," I had to accept that change is inevitable if America wants to be competitive in the world market. I was merely in the wrong place at the wrong time. What has always made this country great is the ability of its people to adapt to the demands of change. Like many others, I've managed to make the transition and have found meaningful and profitable work. I'll do whatever it takes to keep us No. 1.

Mark A. Tubbs
Yorktown, Virginia

YOUR ARTICLE "THANKS BUT NO THANKS, Mr. Prez" cited a young couple who earned $72,000 last year but "feel as if they're getting nowhere." I am sick of Americans complaining about things being tough when they have household incomes of $70,000 plus. My husband and I survive comfortably on $50,000 or so. We own a home; we have a nice nest egg, two cars (paid for); we wear nice clothes; and our son has plenty of toys. Americans spend too much time worrying about what they don't have rather than being thankful for what they've got. Of course, kids must have food, clothing, shelter and love, but that can be accomplished well within a $70,000 budget.

Victoria Martin
Lafayette, Louisiana

DESPITE THE SUCCESS OF MANY U.S. CORPORATIONS, the American worker's state of mind remains at a depressing low. Maintaining high morale among the labor force is the business community's largest challenge now.

Gordon K. Mantler
Greenville, South Carolina
AOL: Mantlers

HARD WORK NEVER KILLED ANYONE. STOP whining and be thankful you have a job.

Christopher Kulander
Beaver Creek, Ohio

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE THAT COMPANIES ARE downsizing because consumers don't have enough money to buy all the goods that are produced? Aren't we creating a Catch-22? The more we fire workers, the more we reduce total demand.

Frank Grazian
Turnersville, New Jersey

I SEE A DEFINITE CORRELATION BETWEEN last week's cover story "Sex in America" [Oct. 17] and this week's feature on the "Boom for Whom?" American workers simply do not have the energy for an extramarital affair after working yet another 60-hour week. There just isn't time for both. Perhaps some good is coming out of the downsizing trend.

Catherine Donnis
Montpelier, Vermont

TO THE THOUSANDS OF AMERICANS WHO lost their jobs, their health care, their homes and their futures, the rhetoric in stating that we're No. 1 is nothing but blatant propaganda. As the still-employed proclaim, "Hey— we're not the bad guys here," a large segment of society has been forced to live with stresses that could never be justified under the guise of corporate profits.

Bill Fitzgerald
Maiden, Massachusetts

Aristide's Triumphant Return

YOUR ARTICLE ON HAITI'S "DELIVERANCE" [Haiti, Oct. 24] was an excellent presentation of the situation there. During the past three Administrations, I have disagreed with U.S. foreign policy. Despite good intentions, this country should not try to impose our type of government on other nations or choose their leaders. The solution of our many problems at home seems so improbable as to demand constant attention. The solution of problems in foreign countries is an impossibility—economically, militarily, practically and even morally.

Raymond Daugherty
Mathias, West Virginia

SO THE U.S. HAS SOME TROOPS IN HAITI. IF they help establish a viable police force and army and a working economy and stop people from fleeing to the U.S. in boats, what's the big deal? One year or 10 years, it makes no difference. But we stayed in Germany and Japan for many years longer than was necessary. Just establish peace; then come home.

Richard Warrecek
Cape Coral, Florida

DO THE PEOPLE CRITICIZING PRESIDENT Clinton for sending U.S. troops to help the Haitian people with nation building recognize the alternative? The other choice is to fend off growing numbers of fleeing, starving Haitians or invite them to America. Is Congress prepared to accept mass starvation and death near our shores? If not, would it welcome thousands of refugees? The influx would extend well beyond Florida. People who
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- Application and diagram linking
- Access multiple Smart Symbol Libraries
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want a measured, orderly pace of immigration might do well to think twice before denying the obligation to help ravaged neighboring countries. And critics should avoid trashing an intervention that just might succeed.

David L. Edwards
Olympia, Washington

Warren Buffett's Translation

In his piece on attempts to take the confusion out of Wall Street investing, "The War On Gobbledygook" (ON THE MONEY, Oct. 31), John Rockwell cited an example of how a typical investment prospectus could be improved by translating it into simple English. The translation by Warren Buffett, America's most successful stock picker, was to serve as the illustration for the Rockwell column, but owing to a production error, the text was omitted. Here are the language from a prospectus and Buffett's simplified version.

THE PROSPECTUS

Maturity and duration management decisions are made in the context of an intermediate maturity orientation. The maturity structure of the portfolio is adjusted in the anticipation of cyclical interest-rate changes. Such adjustments are not made in an effort to capture short-term, day-to-day movements in the market, but instead are implemented in anticipation of longer term, secular shifts in the interest rates (i.e., shifts transcending and/or not inherent to the business cycle). Adjustments made to shorten portfolio maturity and duration are made to limit capital losses during periods when interest rates are expected to rise. Conversely, adjustments made to lengthen maturation for the portfolio's maturity and duration strategy lies in analysis of the U.S. and global economies, focusing on levels of real interest rates, monetary and fiscal policy actions, and cyclical indicators.

BUFFETT'S VERSION

We will try to profit by correctly predicting future interest rates. When we have no strong opinion, we will generally hold intermediate-term bonds. But when we expect a major and sustained increase in rates, we will concentrate on short-term issues. And conversely, if we expect a major shift to lower rates, we will buy long bonds. We will focus on the big picture and won't make moves based on short-term considerations.

Brains, Genes and Race

THE BOOK THE BELL CURVE by Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein [IDEAS, Oct. 24] is another case of racism hiding behind the cloak of science. The two authors state that heredity and race, rather than environment, play the major roles in determining intelligence. While I agree that genetics is a significant factor in IQ, environment influences IQ to a much greater degree. Variation in the genetically determined part of IQ is slight in comparison with the environmentally determined part. It has been my experience that the intelligence of minorities—given equivalent family environment, access to education and health care, and employment opportunities—is equal to that of their Caucasian counterparts. As a 37-year-old white male, I must regrettably admit that the cards are stacked significantly in favor of whites. If a truly unbiased method of determining IQ were available, then I think Murray would find that whites and all others are of equal IQ.

Kurt M. Kutyla
Tucson, Arizona
AOL: KaeToo

I was sickened and appalled by Murray and Herrnstein's premise that the U.S. should not have a social contract with and aim to raise the intelligence of groups of people who they feel are intellectually inferior. One reason many people don't perform well on IQ tests is that the tests rarely measure a person's ability to learn; instead they gauge motivation and the ability to apply previously learned material.

Michael S. Blackwell
Baltimore, Maryland
AOL: US Soldier

NEW BOOKS BREAK A TABOO AND THE AUTHORS are immediately attacked, especially by someone who isn't a scientist. Why can't scientists research whatever they choose and write about it without being labeled racists? McCarthyism looms darkly abroad, and blacklisting is already done in universities. The norm to conform! But that's not what science is all about. Scientists venture into the unknown and report. That's all.

M. Jacobs
New York City

Oh, My Aching Wrist

I was amused by your story "A Royal Pain in the Wrist" about repetitive strain injury [HEALTH, Oct. 24] There certainly has been a lot of coverage of the reasons for and solutions to rsi in the workplace, particularly in those environments involving computers. But your list of dos and don'ts spouts the same arcane approaches that have not helped to prevent rsi. The core of the problem is that sitting for prolonged periods is unnatural. In my office, we have begun with that premise and taken care of the distress and wrist fatigue that are the bane of computer users. Also gone from the workplace is the eye fatigue. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out either--just a commonsense approach following the natural design of the body and the proper positioning of equipment and lights.

Atrum M. Fine
Atlanta

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW, MY OLD PIANO teacher was right. All those computer users out there need a keyboard teacher with a stout ruler to slap them on the wrist when they play their keyboards with their wrists down and their fingers flat!

Richard Lampe
Macungie, Pennsylvania
AOL: Lamps

COMPANIES AND PHYSICIANS KNOW THAT movement skills are implicated in computer-related injuries. Only a training program based on principles of healthy, coordinated movement can both prevent injury and relieve the pain of those already afflicted by rsi.

John Bloomfield, Faculty Chairman
Taubman Institute of Piano
New York City

Nobel Peace Trio

I was surprised to see the PALESTINE Liberation Organization's Yasser Arafat selected to receive the Nobel Peace Prize along with Israel's Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres [CHRONICLES, Oct. 24]. I can only applaud the Nobel Committee member who resigned in protest. To select Arafat is to demean all past winners and make the whole process a joke.

Bob Jackson
Jackson, Georgia

THE 1994 NOBEL PEACE PRIZE HAS BEEN awarded to the three architects of the Oslo Declaration of Principles of peace between Israel and the Palestinians. We should be relieved that the 1985 Nobel Peace Prize wasn't awarded to Messrs. Chamberlain and Hitler, as it might have been. In light of recent violent attacks in Israel, is this "peace" and its declaration of principles authentic?

Martin Stern
Jerusalem
"I HAD A TOUGH TIME GOING THE DISTANCE."

Every time I traveled someplace, I was worried about finding a bathroom so I could urinate. It was frustrating.

I saw my doctor, and he told me I was having the symptoms of a prostate condition called BPH. He prescribed HYTRIN®. And guess what?

HYTRIN® HELPED

HYTRIN is a medication that can improve the symptoms of BPH (benign prostatic hyperplasia), which is an enlargement of the prostate gland. HYTRIN can help in as little as 2 to 4 weeks. And it only has to be taken once a day.

Are you a man over 50 with urinary discomforts? Do you urinate often during the day or night? Is your urine stream difficult to start? Is it weak or interrupted? Does your bladder feel as if it isn’t emptying completely?

If so, see your doctor. Your doctor can determine whether you have symptomatic BPH (or other conditions such as prostate cancer). Your doctor can also explain the different treatment options for symptomatic BPH: surgery; "watchful waiting," which consists of having regular checkups over time; and oral medications such as HYTRIN.

HYTRIN can cause a sudden drop in blood pressure at the beginning of treatment (or if you miss doses and then start taking the medication again). You may feel dizzy, faint, or "light-headed," particularly after getting up from a chair or bed.

Talk with your doctor today and call to receive your FREE informative booklet on symptomatic BPH and HYTRIN.

1-800-777-5554

ASK YOUR DOCTOR TODAY ABOUT HYTRIN®
(terazosin HCl)

IT CAN HELP IN A MATTER OF WEEKS
HYTRIN®
(terazosin.Hcl)

PATIENT INFORMATION
ABOUT
HYTRIN® (HI-TRIN)

Generic Name:
terazosin (ter-A-zo-sin) hydrochloride

When used to treat
BENIGN PROSTATIC HYPERPLASIA (BPH)

Please read this leaflet before you start taking HYTRIN. Also, read it each time you get a new prescription. This information should NOT take the place of a full discussion with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss HYTRIN and your condition before you start taking it and at your regular check-ups.

HYTRIN is used to treat benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. HYTRIN is also used to treat high blood pressure (hypertension). This leaflet describes HYTRIN only as a treatment for BPH.

What is BPH?
The prostate is a gland located below the bladder. It surrounds the urethra (you-REET-huh), which is a tube that carries urine from the bladder. BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. The symptoms of BPH, however, can be caused by an increase in the tightness of muscles in the prostate. If the muscles inside the prostate tighten, they can squeeze the urethra and slow the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:
• a weak or interrupted stream when urinating
• a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
• a feeling of delay when you start to urinate
• a need to urinate often, especially at night,
or
• a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH
There are three main treatment options for BPH:
• Program of monitoring or “Watchful Waiting”. Some men have an enlarged prostate gland, but no symptoms, or symptoms that are not bothersome. If this applies, you and your doctor may decide on a program of monitoring including regular check-ups, instead of medication or surgery.
• Medication. There are different kinds of medication used to treat BPH. Your doctor has prescribed HYTRIN for you. See “What HYTRIN does” below.
• Surgery. Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures to treat BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What HYTRIN does
HYTRIN relaxes the tightness of a certain type of muscle in the prostate and at the opening of the bladder. This may increase the rate of urine flow and decrease the symptoms you are having.
• HYTRIN helps relieve the symptoms of BPH. It does NOT change the size of the prostate, which may continue to grow. However, a larger prostate does not necessarily cause more or worse symptoms.
• If HYTRIN is helping you, you should notice an effect on your particular symptoms in 2 to 4 weeks of starting to take the medication.
• Even though you take HYTRIN and it may help you, HYTRIN may not prevent the need for surgery in the future.

What you should know while taking HYTRIN for BPH

WARNINGS

HYTRIN Can Cause A Sudden Drop in Blood Pressure
After the VERY FIRST DOSE. You may feel dizzy, faint, or “light-headed” particularly after you get up from bed or from a chair. This is more likely to occur after you’ve taken the first few doses, but can occur at any time while you are taking the drug. It can also occur if you stop taking the drug and then re-start treatment.

Because of this effect, your doctor may have told you to take HYTRIN at bedtime. If you take HYTRIN at bedtime but need to get up to go to the bathroom, get up slowly and cautiously until you are sure how the medicine affects you. It is also important to get up slowly from a chair or bed at any time until you learn how you react to HYTRIN. You should not drive or do any hazardous tasks until you are used to the effects of the medication. If you begin to feel dizzy, sit or lie down until you feel better.

• You will start with a 1 mg dose of HYTRIN. Then the dose will be increased as your body gets used to the effect of the medication.
• Other side effects you could have while taking HYTRIN include dizziness, blurred or hazy vision, nausea, or “puffiness” of the feet or hands. Discuss any unexpected effects you notice with your doctor.

Other important facts
• You should see an effect on your symptoms in 2 to 4 weeks. So, you will need to continue seeing your doctor to check your progress regarding your BPH and to monitor your blood pressure in addition to your other regular check-ups.
• Your doctor has prescribed HYTRIN for your BPH and not for prostate cancer. However, a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue even if you are taking HYTRIN. HYTRIN is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
• About Prostate Specific Antigen (PSA). Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. Your doctor is aware that HYTRIN does not affect PSA levels. You may want to ask your doctor more about this if you have had a PSA test done.

How to take HYTRIN
Follow your doctor’s instructions about how to take HYTRIN. You may take it daily or every day as the dose prescribed. Talk with your doctor if you don’t take it for a few days, you may have to restart it at a 1 mg dose and be cautious about possible dizziness. Do not share HYTRIN with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep HYTRIN and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT HYTRIN AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR, NURSE, PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

Ref. 03-4458-R1- Revised Sept., 1993

Abbott Laboratories
North Chicago, IL 60064

PRINTED IN U.S.A.
THE FAST LANE.
At highway speeds, variable-ratio power steering with a specially tuned spool valve delivers quick response and more control.

BAD ROADS.
Our superior steering also keeps Blazer tracking straight and true, even in the face of potholes, cross-winds and uneven roads.

BACK ROADS.
Front and rear urethane jounce bumpers eliminate that "launch" feel from going over even the bad bumps.

NO ROADS AT ALL.
Blazer is built on a rigid boxed frame to give you better driving control, maneuverability and a solid feel.

COUNTRY LANES.
Second generation short- and long-arm (SLA) independent front suspension smoothes out the bumps.

WASHBOARD ROADS.
Available DeCarbon monotube shocks control the jitters in the manner of Camaro and Corvette for a smooth, controlled ride.

Hairpin Curves.
Front and rear stabilizer bars keep you in control, reducing body lean as you go around the bend for flatter cornering.

PANIC STOPS WITHOUT THE PANIC.
Standard 4-wheel anti-lock brakes give you more controlled stops, especially where the deer and the antelope play.

HOW does IT KNOW?
How can our exclusive driver control system give you more control on any road, under any conditions? Take a new Chevy Blazer for a test drive and you'll know.

New Blazer
Like A Rock
Clearing the air #2

The roads already traveled

Smog* 110%
100%
90%
80%
70%
60%
50%
40%
30%
20%
10%
0%

*As percentage of base year 1975

Source: EPA

Even though the economy, and the number of cars on the road, have grown substantially since the mid-1970s, smog has been reduced by 28 percent nationwide, with significant further improvements expected. Even more dramatic is the fact that some 50 percent of "non-attainment" areas have decreased their smog levels that meet the Environmental Protection Agency standard.

Of course there are problem areas around the country where pollution levels are still not acceptable, and there's more to be done by our industry and others. But we've come a long way. So let's take a moment to recognize what's been accomplished by individuals and businesses working together, and what the EPA predicts will be achieved in the years ahead.

Next: Putting auto exhaust in perspective.
A promise to teach you the value of standing up for what you believe in.

A promise I'll remember it's never too early in the day to eat ice cream.

A promise to watch over you now and always.

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

Life & Disability Insurance • Annuities • Group Life & Health Insurance • Pension & Retirement Products • Investment Management

MassMutual
We help you keep your promises.
ABSOLUT AMSTERDAM.
NATION

The Union County Nightmare
After a weekend long national alert and a frantic series of fruitless tips and searches set off by Susan Smith’s vivid accounts, the hunt for the car-jacking kidnapper of 3-year-old Michael and 14-month-old Alexander ended in Union County, South Carolina, the place where the tragedy began. Authorities accused Smith of murdering the children after police found her car with the boys inside at the bottom of a local lake. The arrest shocked the community and appeared to confirm some of the worst infanticidal suspicions of early doubters of Smith’s tale.

The White House Rifle Case
Francisco Martin Duran, the Colorado man accused of opening fire on the White House with a semiautomatic rifle, was ordered held without bail and charged with four felonies that could result in 35 years behind bars. Prosecutors indicated they were studying notes seized from Duran, as well as the statements of acquaintances, to determine whether or not the charges should be upgraded to an attempted assassination of the President. Meanwhile, Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen announced that the review of White House security begun after the September plane incident would be intensified.

CIA Uncloaked and Dagged
In a scathing report, the Senate Intelligence Committee accused the CIA of gross ineptitude for failing to unearth agency mole Aldrich Ames during a period of nine years. Ames’ sale of secrets to the Soviets—the most damaging security breach in U.S. spy history—is believed to have cost the lives of at least 10 agents behind the Iron Curtain.

INSIDE WASHINGTON

Desperately Seeking a New D.N.C. Chairman
The White House is scrambling to replace Democratic National Committee chairman David Wilhelm with a more effective politician. The postelection contenders and their handicaps: GERALD BALILES—the former Virginia Governor is a Clinton favorite but may not be flashy enough for TV; DON FOWLER—the savvy South Carolina committeeman appears unthreatening to turf-conscious White House officials; MIKE SYNAR—the defeated Oklahoma Congressman is aggressive, but can he raise money?; KATHLEEN BROWN—a proven fund raiser, but California Democrats don’t want to reward her for losing their shot at the statehouse; MACK MCLARTY—Clinton’s kindergarten chum was too nice for the White House. Would the cutthroat D.N.C. be a better fit?
Secrets of Campaign Consultants Revealed!

It's not hard to figure out what candidates are being told to say:

"There have been a lot of polls before elections; the only one that counts is the one that's taken on Election Day."
—Representative Thomas Foley (D-Wash.)

"The only poll that really counts happens on Election Day."
—spokeswoman for California Republican Senate candidate Michael Huffington

"I've said this before, but the only poll that really counts is the polling that takes place in the voting booths on Election Day."
—Representative Jack Quinn (R-N.Y.)

Mr. Clinton's Neighborhood

In the past two months, a single-engine Cessna crashed into the White House and a lone gunman fired 27 rounds into the building. Time asked authorities on various aspects of sealing how buildings could be beefed up presidential protection:

Major General U.S.A.F. (ret.) Richard Secord, Iran-contra alum; procured a pricey home-security system for Ollie North: "Close National Airport, but you can't do that politically; Congressmen like to have their perks. Move the White House to Denver."

Bob Leonard, owner of N.Y.C.'s the Spy Store: "You need trained military personnel, night-vision equipment, trick trip wires and intrusion detection. Put stakes in the ground so you can hear or feel footsteps where they shouldn't be. Otherwise, close down Pennsylvania Avenue."

John Horn, director of Kroll Associates, largest security-management consulting company: "You can adjust radar around the perimeter of the White House, but you would get a whole lot of clutter, atmospheric stuff, dust clouds."

Tom Clancy, author: "Close National Airport. Buy up the old Berlin Wall and plant it around the White House, but it might give the wrong impression. Move the White House to Cheyenne Mountain, headquarters for the North American Aerospace Defense Command."

Paul Silver, architect; Rikers Island renovator: "Grow very thick trees like on Tara or Twelve Oaks so as not to destroy the aesthetic of the environment but to provide effective barriers against the threat."

Christo, avant-garde artist given to wrapping monuments in nylon: "Unable to answer your question" (but sends a résumé).

Curtain and compromised more than 100 operations. The committee blasted the agency for its inability to investigate itself and properly recognize Ames' suspicious activities. The panel also criticized Director B. James Woolsey for his mild remands of those responsible for the botched probe.

Death for a Pro-Life Killer

A Florida jury recommended death for antiabortion extremist Paul Hill after convicting him of murdering Dr. John Britton and his escort James Barrett outside a Pensacola clinic in July. Hill, already convicted on federal charges, had told the jury beforehand, "You may mix my blood with the blood of the unborn ... However, truth and righteousness will prevail." A judge will decide later whether to impose the death sentence.

A Deadly Plane Crash

A packed TWA-727 plane, American Eagle Flight 4184, heading to Chicago's O'Hare International Airport from Indianapolis, crashed in a northwestern Indiana soybean field during a heavy rainstorm. All 68 people aboard perished.

The Simpson Case

The prosecution and defense in the murder trial of O.J. Simpson agreed on a 12-person jury composed of eight blacks, two Hispanics, one white and one person of white and American Indian background. Eight of the panelists are women, four are men. Still to be selected: 15 alternate jurors.

One Tailhook Lesson Learned

In sharp contrast to the dithering example set by the Navy in the Tailhook scandal, Army officials at West Point moved swiftly and decisively to investigate complaints by female cadets that they had been groped by members of the academy's football team during a pep rally last month. An inquiry found three play-
ers guilty: they were given demerits, restricted to academy grounds for 90 days, ordered to march for 80 hours and kicked off the team for the rest of the season.

The N.A.A.C.P.'s Money Crunch
Strapped for cash and still reeling from accusations that some of its leaders may have engaged in financial irregularities, the N.A.A.C.P., the nation's premier civil rights organization, temporarily stopped paying most of its professional staff. The organization also announced a massive fund-raising drive to erase its $3.8 million deficit.

Reagan Has Alzheimer's
Former President Ronald Reagan, 83, announced in an open letter to the public on Saturday that he's in the early stages of Alzheimer's disease, an incurable ailment that causes a progressive loss of mental faculties. Reagan said he and his wife Nancy want to promote public awareness of the disease. "I only wish there was some way I could spare Nancy from this painful experience," he wrote. "When the time comes I am confident that with your help she will face it with faith and courage."

WORLD
Bosnian Army Gets Croat Help
Bosnian Croat militias joined the resurgent Muslim-led Bosnian army to retake Kupres, a town 60 miles west of Sarajevo, which had been overrun by Bosnian Serbs in 1992. The combined Croat-Muslim forces captured material abandoned by the fleeing Serbs. Meanwhile, the United Nations General Assembly voted to pass a non-binding resolution exempting the Bosnian army from the arms embargo imposed by the Security Council.

The Kremlin's New Moneymen
As part of the continuing fallout from the Oct. 11 crash of the ruble, Russian President Boris Yeltsin shuffled his economic team, appointing as
Forget Goldilocks and the Tell Us
"C'MON DAD," tell us about Sartre and existentialism and his belief in the inescapable responsibility of all individuals for their own decisions and his relationship with Simone de Beauvoir,"we pleaded as he tucked us in for the night.

"Oh all right," he said as he loaded the Microsoft® Encarta multimedia encyclopedia into our personal computer and called up Sartre. This Encarta thing is crammed with 26,000 articles, 9 million words, 7,000 pictures, 800 maps, 100 video clips, 9 hours of sound, and all kinds of stuff about your favorite existentialists.

We click the mouse and we hear Martin Luther King, Jr. or Fidel Castro speak. (Castro is kinda hard to understand.) We can see the Berlin Wall being torn down or the propagation of a nerve impulse. We can rock out to Belgian guitarist Django Reinhardt or the Navajo Corn Grinding Song. Alas (a word we learned from our Microsoft Bookshelf® reference library), if we told you every single cool thing Encarta does, we'd be up all night and there'd be no time for Dad's bedtime stories about Sartre.

After he kissed us goodnight, Dad said Sartre was fond of saying, "Man is condemned to be free."

We told him he was free to keep us up as long as his heart desired with bedtime stories about Sartre and existentialism. He chuckled, turned out the lights, and said, "I think you two have had enough existentialism for one night."

Microsoft
THE GOOD NEWS

✓ If you reach 70, you may be able to stop worrying about cholesterol. Of nearly 1,000 men and women in that age group who were studied, one-third of the women and one-sixth of the men had high cholesterol levels but did not suffer any more heart attacks than those with normal or low levels of cholesterol. Some experts noted, however, that too few patients were involved in the study for it to be conclusive.

✓ Troglitazone, an experimental drug for treating the most common form of diabetes, may also help prevent the disease in nondiabetic obese people who have trouble metabolizing sugars even though they produce normal amounts of insulin.

THE BAD NEWS

✓ A recent survey of people ages 18 to 44 shows that more white women are light up (2% more in 1992 than in 1987), reversing a trend that saw the percentage of females who smoke slip from 34% in 1965 to 27% in 1992. But at least one group is quitting: the percentage of black women between the ages of 18 and 24 who smoke went from 22% in 1987 to 6% in 1992.

✓ Colon cancer does seem to run in families. A study of more than 1 million Utah residents showed that a person with parents, siblings or children with colon cancer is almost three times as likely to develop it as a person whose immediate family is free of the disease.

BAD: Centers for Disease Control report, Journal of the National Cancer Institute

NETWATCH

Where Is Wired @?

In its editorial pages, glossy, brush Wired magazine takes the position that information wants to be free. It runs articles arguing that Gutenberg-era concepts like copyrights and patents can’t be adapted to something as fleeting as digital expression. But Wired is a lot less freewheeling about its own intellectual property: it has bullied smaller publications into dropping the word wired as the name of a column. Now the newsletter Information Law Alert reports that Wired once tried trademark @ (the symbol universally used on the Internet to separate a user’s name from his domain) as the magazine’s logo. “We see no inconsistency between the editorial and business practices of Wired,” says editor Louis Rossetto (lr@wired.com). Besides, he adds, Wired lost all interest in the “at sign” when it was adopted by the online service of the fuddy-duddy New York Times.

Crackdown at Carnegie Mellon

For years universities have turned a blind eye to the Internet traffic passing through their computer systems—including the sexually explicit words and pictures in such USENET newsgroups as alt.sex and rec.arts.erotica. Those days may be over, at least at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh. According to a new policy scheduled to go into effect this week, C.M.U. will no longer distribute dozens of sexually oriented bulletin boards—even those that are primarily discussion groups. Experts in constitutional law say C.M.U.’s new policy may be ill advised. “The idea that you can’t discuss sex in a university is absurd,” says Mike Godwin, staff counsel at the Electronic Frontier Foundation. “Have they given any thought to the copies of Henry Miller in the university library?”

Scooped by the Strikers

The day after 2,600 employees walked out of San Francisco’s two daily newspapers—the Chronicle and the Examiner—management tried to get around the picket lines by publishing the news on the Internet. But the strikers put out their own electronic tabloid—complete with columnists Herb Caen and Jon Carroll—and were the first to report that Dianne Feinstein may have once employed an illegal alien as a housekeeper.

E-mail Netwatch at timesstaff1@AOL.com

Finance Minister Vladimir Panskov, a Soviet-era budget specialist who had been briefly imprisoned on bribery charges that were later dropped, Alexander Shokhin, Economics Minister and Deputy Prime Minister, resigned, saying, “The economy is becoming a hostage to politics.” Yeltsin then promoted reformer Anatoli Chubais to first Deputy Prime Minister, charged with overseeing the ministries of Economics and Finance.

Wave of Fire Kills Hundreds

Blazing oil bore by floodwaters swept into an Egyptian town, killing some 500 people, many of them incinerated as they slept. Survivors “thought it was the Day of Judgment,” according to one witness who saw “a wave of people running toward the mosque screaming ‘There is only one God!’” The conflagration in Durunka, located 213 miles south of Cairo, was ignited when government oil-storage tanks ruptured and spilled their inflammable contents.

Canada to Limit Immigration

Bowing to increasing anti-immigrant sentiments, the Canadian government announced that it will accept fewer immigrants next year and change government policy to emphasize marketable skills as an entry criterion.

Arafat Gets the Boot

Islamic militants denounced PLO chief Yasser Arafat as an Israeli collaborator and pushed him out the back door of a Gaza City mosque into a downpour as he tried to join a funeral service. Shouting “Get out of here, Arafat, get out,” the angry crowd forced him to leave the ceremony for Hani Abed, an Islamic Jihad activist who was killed in a car bombing that many Gazans blame on Israel.

U.N. Troops to Leave Somalia

The Security Council voted unanimously to end the U.N.-peacekeeping mission
to Somalia by March 31, admitting defeat in its nation-building efforts there.

BUSINESS
New Age Soft-Drink Merger
In an attempt to avoid a hostile takeover, the Quaker Oats Co. will purchase Snapple Beverage Corp. for $1.7 billion. Quaker is already home to Gatorade, the leading U.S. sports drink. The acquisition of Snapple, known for its fruit juices and natural sodas, will make the firm the third largest producer of nonalcoholic beverages in North America, after PepsiCo Inc. and the Coca-Cola Co.

SCIENCE
From Lab Bench to Dinner Table
The family of genetically engineered foods continues to grow. The FDA declared five more genetically enhanced vegetables—three tomatoes with longer shelf lives and a squash and potato that resist common crop pests—safe for human consumption.

This Land Is Our Land
President Clinton signed into law the California Desert Protection Act, designating 7.7 million acres of federal land in California as wilderness, of which 3 million acres become national parks. The law expands Joshua Tree and Death Valley National Monuments and includes them in the National Park system.

SPORT
By George, He Did It
In recent years, he's been a bear of an actor, a roly-poly pitchman and a clown connoisseur of everything edible. Now, once again, just call him champ. In the 10th round of the big fight Saturday night, George Foreman, 45, knocked out Michael Moorer, 28, to regain the heavyweight title he lost 20 years ago to Muhammad Ali. Foreman's incredible victory was an inspiration to his aging generation and proved that baby boomers still have some boom left.

C H R O N I C L E S

MILESTONES

NOAH BEERY JR. IN 1973

SEAGAL AND LE BROCK

ERWIN KNOLL IN 1993

DIVORCING. STEVEN SEAGAL, 43, high-kicking, head-stabbing action-film star; from his wife of seven years KELLY LE BROCK, 34, full-lipped, libido-stirring actress; in Los Angeles. They have three children.

CLEARED. JANET MALCOLM, 59, journalist; of libel allegations; in San Francisco. Known for her indictments of journalistic ethics, Malcolm was herself the target of a lawsuit by renegade psychoanalyst Jeffrey Masson, who claimed that she fabricated quotes attributed to him in a New Yorker profile. A federal jury has found in Malcolm's favor; although it agreed she had indeed falsified two of the quotes, even if there was no proof she had done so with a "reckless disregard for [their] truth or falsity."

SUSPENDED. DWIGHT GOODEN, 29, Mets pitcher; for repeated drug violations; in New York City. Dr. K. was KO'd for 60 days this summer after failing a drug test. The former phenom will sit out all of 1995.

DIED. ERWIN KNOLL, 63, author and editor of the Progressive; of a heart attack; in Madison, Wisconsin. The amably combative Knoll spent 40 years at the helm of a proudly left-wing but non doctrinaire monthly, frequently appearing as a commentator on the MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour. An evangelist for the First Amendment, Knoll crossed swords with the Federal Government when he sought to demonstrate, by publishing some of the information, how easy it would be to build an H-bomb from unclassified sources. The U.S. obtained a restraining order against the Progressive but dropped the case when the facts appeared elsewhere. Knoll ran his article.

DIED. SYDNEY DERNLEY, 73, Britain's last surviving executioner; in Mansfield, England. Dernley helped put to death 28 people between 1948 and 1953 and claimed to hold the speed record for hangings—the 7-sec. throttling of a prostitute killer. Although one of his clients was later deemed innocent and posthumously pardoned, Dernley remained a believer in capital punishment, which Britain abolished for murder crimes in 1969. In his 1989 autobiography, The Hangman's Tale: Memoirs of a Public Executioner, Dernley wrote that he had decided to become a hangman by age 11.

DIED. PETER TAYLOR, 77, short-story author and novelist; in Charlottesville, Virginia. Admired for his finely detailed, elegaic portraits of Southern aristocracy, Taylor received a 1987 Pulitzer Prize for his novel A Summons to Memphis. During the previous four decades Taylor produced eight volumes of short fiction, vivid masterpieces of the form, noted for a richness of narrative even as they conformed to the author's dictum that "compression is everything."

DIED. SIR JOHN POPE-HENNESSY, 80, scholar and curator; in Florence, Italy. Known as "the Pope" to his friends, Pope-Hennessy was the world's leading authority on Renaissance Italian art and the only person ever to have headed both the Victoria and Albert Museum and the British Museum.

DIED. NOAH BEERY JR., 81, actor; in Tehachapi, California. Son of movie villain Noah Beery and nephew of beefy character star Wallace Beery, Noah Jr. played a succession of hayseeds and sidekicks in such classic fare as Red River, Sergeant York and Inherit the Wind. But Beery's reputation rests on his years with the small, skilled repertory company that presented a series of weekly morality plays known as The Rockford Files. In this 70's TV hit starring James Garner, Beery was Rocky, the private eye's hovering, cantankerous father.

—By Philip Elmer-Dewitt, Lina Lofaro, Alice Park, Michael Quinn, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alain L. Sanders and Sidney Urquhart

TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1994

39
Finally, a comfortable concept car...comes to life.

The Concept.
Create a gorgeous, innovative coupe. Give it all the comfort and room of a luxury sedan.

The Car.
To make it happen, we engineered a sleek coupe that flew in the face of conventional thinking. A coupe with sedan-size luxury and seats that fit almost anyone, developed in over 100,000 miles of testing. And the roomiest cabin of any coupe in the world today. See and drive Riviera at your Buick dealer. And to learn more, call 1-800-4-RIVIERA.

Riviera by Buick
“BABY MURDERER!” People shouted as Susan Smith left the courthouse after her arraignment on Friday.
DEATH AND DECEIT

Two little boys vanished, but hope remained; now, after a stunning confession and a shocking finale, the search is over but the questions have just begun.

By NANCY GIBBS

Forget that you once loved them, that of your body they were born. For one short day, forget your children; afterwards, weep. Though you kill them, they were your beloved sons.

—Euripides, Medea

NO TOWN SAID SADDER PRAYERS THAN Union, South Carolina, last week. The easiest prayers were for the father who had lost his sons; rather harder for the mother who had surely lost her mind. But the hardest of all were for the boys. Dear God, let them have been asleep that night, snuggled in the safety of their car seats. That way they wouldn't have felt the rough gravel road through the forest, or seen the edge of the dark lake. They would not have wondered why their mother got out of the car, leaving the doors and windows shut tight, why the car was still moving forward with no one behind the wheel. It was too much to hope that they never felt the water, or the sinking, or the terror of dying together, alone.

The divers finally found the bodies last week, nearly 100 feet out from a boat ramp in the man-made lake stocked full of catfish. The children were still securely strapped in; with the windows shut, the car had floated slowly out into the lake as it filled with water, then flipped over and settled into the silt. When the search team finally dragged the car out, veteran diver Steve Morrow stood on the banks and cried. "There's no way to be thick skinned about something like this," he says. "When it's an accidental death you can deal with it a little better, but knowing that someone could deliberately..." his voice trails off. When he got home that night, Morrow says, he crawled into bed with his little boy. "I just had to hold him for awhile."

They had searched the lake before, but in the murky water it would have been impossible to find the car unless they knew just where to look—as they did by Thursday afternoon. Sweet Susan Smith—the mother America had come to know over breakfast, crying for the return of her stolen children on the Today show, playing with them at a videotaped birthday party, pleading that the kidnapper feed them and care for them—had confessed to killing them.

God made them cute so we wouldn't kill them, goes the old joke. All anyone wanted to know was how she could possibly have done it. What person watching—and parents from the President on down couldn't turn their eyes away—had not felt the sleep-depriving, soul-splitting pres-

THE NATION MOURNS Michael, 3 and Alex, 14 months, whose picture, tied with a yellow ribbon, was a badge of hope until last week
I don’t think any parent could love their children more than I do. I’d never even think about doing anything to harm them.

The story began with an emergency call to 911. “There’s a lady who came to our door,” the caller told the operator. “Some guy jumped into her car with her two kids in it, and he took off.”

“And he’s got the kids?”

“Yes Ma’am, and her car. She’s real hysterical, and I just thought I need to call the law and get ‘em down here.”

These things don’t happen in Union, a 200-year-old mill town with a huge sign on Main Street welcoming visitors to THE CITY OF HOSPITALITY. There had been two murders in the past two years, both within families. People don’t lock their doors, and it’s O.K. to talk to strangers. “It’s a boringly God-fearing, law-abiding place,” says Mark Johnson, 35, who runs veterans’ affairs for the county. “The worst thing that happens here is like the song: Bubba shot the jukebox ‘cause he didn’t like the song.”

The Smiths were well-known and well-liked: “good people from good stock,” Johnson says. Susan was an honor student, member of the Math Club, voted the “friendliest female” for the class of ’89 at Union High. She met David while working at the local Winn-Dixie supermarket; they married in 1991 and had Michael seven months later. The marriage fell apart just one year after the birth of their second child, and the divorce papers were filed in September, though everyone said the split was amicable. Out of his $21,700 or so annual salary at the supermarket, David

sures of parenting and worried about their own capacity for violence? But this was not the typical child murder, the experts rushed to explain, not an outburst of uncontrollable rage turned accidentally fatal. This was cold calculation. Parents who began the week trying to explain to their own children about Stranger Danger ended it having to explain something far scarier.

The statistics promise that kidnapped children are a hundred times more likely to be taken by friends, loved ones, parents, than by strangers. And yet, as the search for Michael and Alex Smith continued, it required too complex a calculation to suspend pity and suspect a plot. Even when wormy doubts poked through—Could this possibly all be a hoax?—millions watched Susan Smith’s sorrowful pleas and put suspicions aside.

“I can’t even describe what I’m going through. It just aches so bad. I can’t sleep. I can’t eat. I can’t do anything but think about them.”

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pledged $115 a week in child support. For awhile after they separated, he even came over to mow the lawn and play with the kids.

But Smith's image wrinkled a bit as rumors surfaced of a troubled past: of cruel teasing from other children after her father shot himself through the head when she was eight years old; of a hasty marriage to a man less achieving and ultimately unfaithful; of her own suicide attempts, including one in high school that kept her out of class for a month; and most recently of money problems growing all the more pressing for a single parent. She took home $1,096 a month, but her $344 mortgage, $500 in daycare—plus car payments, utilities and other costs—added up to $1,284. She still owed money to the doctor who delivered Alex 14 months ago.

As the autumn unfolded, the pressures grew; she began a romance with Tom Findlay, the handsome, personable son of the owner of Conso Products, the textile plant where Smith worked as a secretary. But a week before the boys disappeared, he wrote her a letter on his computer. He wanted to be with her, he said, but he was not ready for the responsibilities of a ready-made family. After news spread of the crime, Findlay printed out a copy of the letter and gave it to police. "At no time," he said in a statement last week, "did I suggest to Ms. Smith that her children were the only obstacle in any potential relationship with her."

When she finally confessed, Smith reportedly explained to police how she had been overwhelmed by worries about "money, her failed marriage and a series of other romantic relationships in disarray."

"Something had to be going on there," says Lewis Jeter III, the former special-education teacher at Union High School who supervised Susan in the Junior Civitan Club, which helped disabled kids. He remembers "a sweet, loving young lady" who seemed to adore children. "The woman that killed her children is not the same young woman I knew in high school," he insists. "Someone close to her should have noticed, and it bothers me that no one did."

"I think what's kept me going more than anything is the Lord. I pray to Him every day to give me the strength to make it through the day."

Susan's story of October 25 rocked Union. She explained to police that she was on her way to visit a friend at about 9:00
when she stopped at a red light and encountered her attacker. A black man in his twenties, wearing a plaid jacket and jeans and waving a gun, out of breath as though he had been running, jumped into the passenger seat: “Shut up and drive or I’ll kill you!” Ten miles out of town he ordered her out of the car, a 1990 burgundy Mazda Protege. She told police that she begged him to let her take the kids, “I don’t have time,” he said, “but I won’t hurt them.” And he drove off, leaving her screaming in the road: “I love you!”

The town reared up in horror. Police, state troopers, FBI agents and thousands of volunteers fanned out through the 515-sq.-mi. county, searching for the car, the kids, any clue at all. Helicopters with heat-seeking devices combed through the Uwharrie National Forest after someone reported hearing a child crying in the forest.

The townspeople welcomed the national press with coffee and doughnuts and open homes, hoping that all the attention might help find the kids quickly. Once the story went national, police expected the thief to dump the car—and the children—in a hospital parking lot, or at a convenience store, or a shopping mall. But still there was no sign. And everywhere parents suffered, as the temperature fell below freezing two nights of the first five.

SMITH COVERED HER FACE as she was escorted from the courthouse: by afternoon, she was placed under suicide watch

“I was running around my house yesterday morning all excited, I really thought they had found one of my children. And when I got to the courthouse and found that the lead had disintegrated, I was very devastated.”

Sheriff Howard Wells, unfazed by his sudden fame, directed his team along parallel tracks. With the help of a new FBI computer system, authorities pursued every lead that came in, from psychics and crackpots, from well-meaning citizens as far away as the West Coast. A motel desk clerk in Seattle told police that a man had driven up in a car with South Carolina plates and dropped off a little boy. Police hoped it might be Alex. But it turned out to be someone else’s child.

Susan and David were too distraught to appear in public for the first few days; David’s father and many other family members moved in with Susan to lend her comfort, and a relative served as spokesman. But eventually the parents faced the cameras to enlist their power. “Michael, Alex, we love you very much and we’re not giving up on you,” David said. “Hang on and be strong.”

But all along officials pursued the other track as well, the grim road most likely to lead police to missing kids. There were all sorts of ugly, irksome questions about Smith’s story. No crimes had been reported in the area that night—so why would a suspect be fleeing? If he needed a car to make a getaway, why take the kids? She said he had approached her at a stoplight, with no one else around; but that particular light required another auto approaching the intersection to turn it red. Above all, where was the damn car?

“I don’t think any parent could love their children any more than I do, and I would never even think about doing any-

Stranger in the Shadows

By RICHARD LACAYO

SUSAN SMITH KNEW WHAT A KIDNAPPER SHOULD LOOK LIKE. He should be a remorseless stranger with a gun. But the essential part of the picture—the touch she must have counted on to arouse the primal sympathies of her neighbors and to cut short any doubts—was his race. The suspect had to be a black man. Better still, a black man in a knit cap, a bit of hip-hop wardrobe that can be as menacing in some minds as a buccaneer’s eye patch. Wasn’t that everyone’s most familiar image of the murderous criminal?

As it turns out, the murderous criminal in the saga of Michael and Alexander Smith looks like an innocuous young white woman with wisps of teased hair. But while her invention failed to save her, Smith was scheming in a long and effective tradition. For centuries men and women have denied their own deadly impulses by recasting them in the features of some unenvying outsider. Depending on the time and place, the villains might be Jews, immigrants, longhairs or blacks, whoever might do as targets for the shared anxieties of the age.

In late 20th century America, we keep ourselves supplied with useful goblins. When his wife and children were murdered in 1971, Dr. Jeffrey MacDonald, the Green Beret physician eventually convicted of the crime, insisted that the killers were Charles Manson-type hippies who had broken into their home. What better suspect in a time when, in the minds of many, the whole counterculture was a bug-eyed intruder? And in a society that began to demonize African Americans almost as long ago as it first enslaved them, blacks have endured being cast as menacing shadows at the edge of bad dreams. What has changed is that political rhetoric and pop culture are increasingly willing to exploit these shadows. When George Bush’s 1988 campaign needed a name and a face for the bogeyman, it came up with Willie Horton. Some black rappers have turned the stereotype to their own profit, striking “gangsta” poses—in black knit caps. Susan Smith didn’t have to use much imagination. She just had to reach for the available nightmares.

The process of demonization reached meltdown five years ago when Charles Stuart, a white furrier from a Boston suburb, claimed that a black stranger had leaped into his car as he and his wife were returning from a natural-childbirth class, forced
thing that would harm them. It's very painful to have the finger pointed at you when it's your children involved."

The case was too clean, too clueless. "It would be very hard to be lost in this county for a long period of time," Sheriff Wells observed. "This is a large hunting area. We've never looked for a car this long here that we haven't found." The sheriff, however, did not dwell publicly on his suspicions. For one thing, parents who turn violent toward their children often turn suicidal too—in which case the mystery might never be solved.

Then there was Smith's behavior. What would be a "normal" reaction for a parent faced with the loss of her children? She might have found a natural ally in Marc Klaas, who since the kidnapping and murder of his daughter Polly Klaas in October 1993 has devoted himself to helping parents in a similar plight. He flew to South Carolina with Jeanne Boylan, a cognitive artist with a background in psychology who has produced remarkably accurate suspect sketches in the Klaas case and many others. The sketch of the carjacker was so generic as to be useless, and Boylan thought she might be able to help pierce through Smith's trauma and retrieve a more vivid image of the abductor.

For five frustrating days Klaas and Boylan were turned away from the house. Finally, Boylan says, "I had to admit I was a threat to her, because here's a person who had been thrown into produce information that you do not have. She knew my background was psychology; she must have felt it would be very difficult to put one over on me. I'm the last person she wanted to see on that driveway."

Smith's story began to crumble even before she failed the first of two lie-detector tests. Police continued to give her the benefit of the doubt, at least in public; extreme stress or medication could make the test results inconclusive, they noted. But some neighbors, too, began to wonder. Catherine Frost lives across the street from Smith's tidy little brick house. She heard about the crime on the police scanner she keeps in her bedroom. She supported Smith in the crisis, but the story nagged at her. "Ain't no carjacker going to put a lady out in front of a home," says Frost. "They would take them out in the country where there's no telephones." Frost finally called the FBI and told them about the male friend who had recently been visiting Smith.

Last Wednesday police called Smith in for questioning again. That same day a team searched her home, dusting for fingerprints, exploring a crawl space in the basement and removing several bags from the house. It was all finally too much; Smith broke down under questioning and told police where the boys' bodies could be found. Following her directions, divers returned to John D. Long Lake; around 4:15 on Thursday afternoon, they pulled Smith's car from the mud. "Even after she said it, I just couldn't believe the children would be there in the car, no way," says diver Francis Mitchum. An hour later a helicopter brought Sheriff Wells to the Smith them to drive to a remote location, then robbed and shot them both, killing her. It was Stuart, of course, who had murdered his pregnant wife, then shot himself to make his story unassailable. Stuart would eventually be unmasked and take his own life, but not before Boston police had bought the lies, rounding up scores of black men and further fouling the city's already polluted racial atmosphere.

In a pinch, whole cities can be demonized. Last spring Joseph Bales and Hélène Lemay, a French-Canadian couple, found their 10-week-old daughter Muguet dead in her crib. Convinced that they might be accused of killing her, they disposed of the child's body in a wooded area 100 miles from home, then proceeded in their pickup truck to New York City, where they told police that their daughter had disappeared in Central Park. In the two-day search that followed, helicopters, bloodhounds and scuba divers scourcd the park and its waterways until the couple broke down and confessed. They had thought it would be enough to say that Manhattan itself had opened its jaws and swallowed their daughter. Everyone knows the profile of a killer. It's a juggled and ominous skyline.

Susan Smith's invention of a black culprit didn't work as well as she had hoped. Her own not-quite-right account of the kidnapping, and perhaps memories of the Stuart case, kept people from rejecting the possibility that the dismembered mother was a suspect herself. And though she may not have thought about or cared how her self-serving concoctions would affect race relations around Union, South Carolina, the worst was avoided. Despite the police sketch of a black suspect that pandered the area, feelings never boiled over and authorities weren't goaded into harassing the black community. The ploy of the dark-faced stranger works only when those around you share your worst assumptions. And this time, in this case, enough people were prepared to recognize that the face of the killer could be hers.
She betrayed her children and the entire country.”

House. Then, at 6:45 p.m., in front of the Union County Courthouse, he confirmed the unthinkable. “Two bodies were found in the vehicle’s backseat,” he said. “Mrs. Smith has been arrested, and will be charged with two counts of murder.”

“I think it takes a very sick and emotionally unstable person to be able to take two beautiful children like that, to be able to keep them from their parents.”

Some people wondered if Smith had created the crisis in order to reunite with her husband or just to win attention. But others suggested that she had never anticipated the furor. “Whatever led her to do this, in her own mind, I don’t think she ever thought it would be this big,” said one woman in town. “She didn’t realize that people would respond the way they did with such loving and caring.”

The reaction was intense and furious, as people sadly removed the yellow ribbons outside their homes and replaced them with black ones. “She’s slime, just slime,” said a woman at the Greenville/ Spartanburg Airport upon hearing the news. All through the area and around the country, people asked again and again: Why did she have to go and kill them? “How does someone do what she did and then think they can get away with it?” asked Kathy Richardson, whose daughter worked with Smith at Conos. “I would have taken those babies in a heartbeat.”

There was particular bitterness among Union’s African Americans, many of whom had joined in the search for the boys. “This whole incident with her labeling a black man as the criminal sends a message of the black male as savage and barbarian,” said McElroy Hughes, a retired minister and local president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. But “you have to give Sheriff Wells credit for the discreet and appropriate way he handled this,” said the Rev. A.L. Brackett, pastor of the all-black, 400-member St. Paul Baptist Church in downtown Union. “He didn’t drag in all the black men who could have fit the description.”

Out of the anger came ugliness. There were those like Richardson who advocated “stringing her up right in the middle of the courthouse.” Worried about Smith’s safety, SWAT team members staked out the courthouse roof, scanning the crowd below as helicopters circled overhead.

After her arraignment Friday, Smith left the courthouse with her head covered against the crowd’s jeers and hisses. Prosecutor Thomas Pope said he was still weighing whether he would seek the death penalty. Asked about her state of mind, her lawyer, David Bruck—a specialist in capital cases—told a long pause before answering, then said somberly, “She is heartbroken.” Her family, says one friend, was “living hour by hour.”

Smith was placed under a suicide watch at the Women’s Correctional Center near Columbia, allowed only her glasses, Bible, blanket and pillow. A camera watches her 24 hours a day, and guards regularly pass by her 6-ft. by 18-ft. cell. Down by the lake, the first crosses appeared, and flowers, an improvised memorial for the boys everyone wanted so desperately to find, anyplace else but there. —Reported by Cathy Booth, Sophronia Scott Gregory, Sylvester Monroe and Lisa H. Towle/Union
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THE DRAMA WAS FAMILIAR, AND SO, tragically, was its conclusion. Three days before Susan Smith reported her children abducted, 24-year-old Pauline Zile told police that while she and her daughter Christina Holt were at the Swap Shop flea market just west of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, the seven-year-old had disappeared from a stall in the ladies' room. For five days, Zile played the terrified mother on television, weeping and running her fingers through the hair of one of her daughter's dolls. A massive hunt for the little girl commenced.

Then on Oct. 27, the truth emerged. Police had searched Zile's apartment and discovered blood. She had implicated her husband John, who led them to a 5-ft.-deep grave behind a local K Mart. Christina had never been to the Swap Shop. One night six weeks before her "disappearance," police affidavits report, John had beaten her on the body and face as her mother watched. John later added that Pauline joined in the beating. When Christina started screaming, he stopped her mouth with a towel. When she choked and went into seizures, he says, he tried to perform CPR, unsuccessfully. The couple kept her corpse in a closet for four days. Last Friday, just 17 hours after South Carolina police shocked the nation with the announcement that they were taking Susan Smith in for murdering her children, Pauline Zile, like her husband, was also charged with murder.

If only to maintain our faith in ourselves and our families, we are honor bound to believe each tearful young mother, to pray for the dog-and-helicopter searches and to wear psychological, if not literal, yellow ribbons. But even as we do so, again and again, we are coming to realize that the climax of such searches is seldom a tearful reunion or even an apprehended bad guy. Far more often, it is a recanting, a tormented regression from "she was stolen" to "she fell" to "I may have dropped her" to "I hit her with a big rock."

Not all abduction stories are fiction, of course. Seared in the memory of America is the kidnapping nightmare that ended in the death of Polly Klaas in Northern California last December. But we also remember the story of Paula Sims, who went public in 1986 about the "disappearance" of her daughter Loralei and, three years later, her daughter Heather, and is now serving a life sentence in connection with their murders. And then there was the case of Diane Downs, the Springfield, Oregon, mother who claimed in May 1983 that a stranger waved down her car on a deserted road and shot her and her three children, killing seven-year-old daughter Cheryl Lynn. She too is now in jail for life, convicted of murder.

The statistics on parents who kill their kids vary, measured on different scales, gauging not only infanticide but other so-called ills as well. The FBI's most recent statistics indicate that in 1992, 663 children under the age of five were murdered. Ernest Allen, president of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children, estimates that about two-thirds of those victims were killed by one or both of their parents. These figures, however, do not tell the whole story. The U.S. Department of Health and Human Services calculates that in 1992 about 1,100 children died from abuse or neglect. Far more common than the sensational murders in Union County are the smaller deceptions practiced by mothers who claim that abused or neglected children died of Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (SIDS) or accidents. They are also far more perfect crimes. Charles Ewing, a law and psychology professor at the State University of New York at Buffalo, estimates that only half the country's abuse deaths are uncovered.

Dr. Michael Durfee, a child psychiatrist with the Los Angeles County Department of Health Services and a leading expert in the area, believes that men are more often responsible than women for killing offspring under 12—a contention borne out by state and local statistics. Durfee and other experts agree that the younger the victim, the greater the chance that his or her moth-
MURDER NOT NURTURE: A handcuffed Pauline Zile, 24, is led away by Florida police on Friday. With her husband, she is charged with murder and aggravated child abuse in the death of her daughter Christina, left. Below, a visitor at the site where Christina's body was found.

lot of these kids could have been saved. Yet so often society doesn't pay attention to the signs." Murder "is usually not the first assault on the child," explains Jill Korbin, an anthropology professor at Case Western Reserve University and author of a study of women incarcerated for deadly child abuse. "These women often let others know about incidents of abuse prior to the fatal incident. But many times, the seriousness of the incidents isn't recognized."

Yet for all the cases of prior abuse, premeditation of the sort Smith is accused of is atypical. Says Suzanne Barnard, a social worker with the children's division of the American Humane Association: "I don't think most parents who murder children wake up in the morning and say, 'This is the day I'm going to kill my kid.'" Dewey Cornell, a clinical psychologist at the University of Virginia, says, "Usually one thing leads to another, and the problem escalates to the point where eventually the person caves in under the pressure and stress."

That leaves plenty of room to speculate, however, about what the "one thing" and "another" may be. On a psychological level, there are as many preferred diagnoses as diagnosticians. Says Cornell: "Most typically this is in the context of a woman who is severely depressed and may also be suicidal." Indeed, that seems to be the case with Smith. Other doctors are inclined to cite psychosis or postpartum depression. Robert Hazelwood, a former FBI behavioral scientist, relates the case of a woman who became jealous of the attention her husband showered on their infant. She told her husband she was cooking a roast for dinner. When he raised the cover, she said, "You love her so much, here she is."

The genre's more gothic cases include that of an Atlanta woman who smothered four of her children, one each time her husband threatened to leave her. Her behavior has been ascribed to Munchausen's syndrome by proxy, in which mothers secretly make their children sick to win attention. Originally the authorities had concluded that the deaths were caused by SIDS.

When the social roots of parental killing are at issue, however, the experts speak nearly unanimously. Susan Hiatt, the director of the Kempe National Center for the Prevention and Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect in Denver, explains that "generally parents who kill their children tend to be under a lot of stress. They may be very young and not ready for the demands of parenthood. In all likelihood they are socially isolated and do not have a large social net. They may have been victims of violence themselves." Says Durfee: "The parents commonly have a history of previous violence, social isolation, substance abuse and poverty."

It is this consensus on the problem's social causes that enables those who study it to attain a sympathy for potential Smiths and Ziles that may elude other Americans. For every infant murdered, they say, there is another saved by the intervention of community health professionals and protective-services workers. Says Cornell: "The major message from this is to try to appreciate how important it is to educate people and help them to become better parents." Barnard remembers meeting with a woman in Colorado who had killed her infant child. "She had substance-abuse and mental-illness problems. Her husband had left. She felt that she had no future and that the child had no future. I asked if she knew about all the ways she could get help, from public assistance to family members. She didn't know. She had been abused herself." Barnard sighs. "I felt profound sadness and helplessness. I had access to lots of resources, but we hadn't connected in time."

Last week's arrest in South Carolina may have been shocking, but the fact is that infanticide is not new to this country. What is remarkable is that America, which 30 years ago did not talk openly about cancer and 15 years ago was loath to the subject of abuse, is still reluctant to believe that such tragedies can happen. Says Hazelwood: "It happens in families where there's no history of violence and where there's a long history of violence. It crosses racial lines, socioeconomic lines. It's not black, Hispanic or white, rich or poor. It's a horror that we as a society are going to be confronted with again and again."

--- Reported by Ruth Kamlanari and Andrea Sachs/New York, Jennifer Mattos/West Palm Beach, and Ann Blackman and Elaine Shannon/Washington.
The President is likely to find the new Congress a sharply divided body, resistant to deal making.

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

O VING IN THE MIDTERM ELECTIONS was still a few days away, but Republican Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island was already feeling lonesome for the old gang. Surveying the voluntary departures of such Senate moderates as Minnesota’s David Durenberger and Missouri’s John Danforth as well as worrying about the loss of several others on Tuesday, a mournful Chafee said, “I’d like to say we’re going to have some unforeseen support, but I must say, the middle is shrinking.”

If any prediction about the elections this week could be considered safe, it was that Congress, paralyzed by bitter partisan warfare, was about to become even more divided along ideological lines. The Republicans, their ranks moving increasingly to the right, were poised to control more seats than at any time in the past 40 years. In the Senate, where G.O.P. control was only seven seats away, conservative candidates were faring better than more pragmatic hopefuls. In both parties, moderates were in retreat. The trend, said Senator John Breaux, a Louisiana Democrat and longtime moderate of the Senate, is “not conducive to bipartisanship and building coalitions.”

Nor were the harsh, bridge-burning proclamations that rang across the country as the midterm campaigns went down to the wire. In fact the 11th-hour tactics—as well as their implication for the next Congress—seemed destined only to make voters angrier. On Halloween, Bill Clinton launched an eight-day, scare-out-the-vote tour, arguing that the Republicans would do everything from closing Yellowstone National Park to slowing racial progress. His favorite gambit was to claim at nearly every stop that Republicans wanted to cut the benefits of Social Security recipients by $2,000 each. However improbable—and hypocritical, since Clinton’s own budget director suggested a similar package of entitlement cuts recently—the ploy helped the Democrats win 26 seats in the midterm elections during Ronald Reagan’s first term. And Democrats have been faithfully trotting it out ever since.

Haley Barbour, chairman of the Republican National Committee, called the Social Security tactic “the big lie.” Conservative strategist William Kristol snapped that the fear mongering proved that Clinton was “brain dead” and “exactly what he once accused George Bush of being: an out-of-touch, visionless President with only a few questionable foreign policy accomplishments.” At a minimum, Clinton’s maneuvers will make it harder for either party to propose or accept cuts in spending and entitlements, which they both know is necessary in order to keep the deficit from ballooning again. At worst, the President’s tactics were a harbinger of broader gridlock to come. Said a veteran Democratic Party official: “I don’t know how Clinton is going to govern, given the tenor of what he is doing.”

The G.O.P., meanwhile, was having problems of its own as a result of its move toward the right. Some of the few prominent moderates left in the party engaged in a mutinous round of endorsements. Only six days after New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani endorsed New York Governor Mario Cuomo over Republican George Pataki, Los Angeles mayor Richard Riordan threw his support to Senator Dianne Feinstein rather than Republican Michael Huffington. Ross Perot extended his vendetta against the Bush family across the generations by backing Texas Governor Ann Richards over First Son George W. Bush. In Pennsylvania, Teresa Heinz, wid-
ow of Republican Senator John Heinz, dismissed G.O.P. upstart Rick Santorum in favor of the more patrician Democrat Harris Wofford, calling Santorum "short on public service and even shorter on accomplishments." In the G.O.P., at least, the center would not hold.

The string of crossover endorsements gave the White House some badly needed cheer. Clinton aides made hopeful claims that they might reduce Democratic losses in the Senate by taking over seats in Minnesota and Vermont. Clinton stopped twice in Minnesota last week while criss-crossing the country in an effort to lift Democrat Ann Wynia above Republican Representative Rod Grams.

Behind the scenes at the White House, aides were doing advance work on a damage-control campaign to explain the Tuesday results. Officials said Clinton would appear at an East Room press conference Wednesday afternoon and argue that the real lesson of the election is pretty much what it was in 1992: that voters want change in the way business is done in Washington. Clinton has told his top advisers that he will seek Republican votes on welfare reform, a bill designed to overhaul telecommunications regulations, a reauthorization of the Superfund toxic-waste-treatment program, as well as a clean-water measure. The agenda represents a move to the middle, which aides say is deliberate and unavoidable. Said a White House official: "No matter what the results are, it is absolutely essential for us to work with Congress in a bipartisan way."

But with whom? In the House, an un-
usual number of Democratic Southerners are either retiring, vacating their seats to run for higher office or expected to lose. They will be replaced, most likely, by G.O.P. lawmakers of much more conservative bent. White House aides have begun to target 30 or so veteran Republicans who they hope will be swing voters to create the alliances the President needs. Last year they voted with Clinton on gun control and the North American Free Trade Agreement. But Clinton aides admit that these G.O.P. Representatives will be under intense pressure from their leaders to toe the line. In the Senate, Republican moderates are stepping down or struggling to win, while much more conservative Republicans such as Ohio's Michael DeWine and Missouri's John Ashcroft are expected to cruise to victory. The result may be that just as Clinton moves to the middle, he will have a much narrower pond in which to fish for votes.

Moreover, reaching compromise on water quality is one thing; getting there on spending, taxes and values is something else. On welfare reform, for example, there are enough votes in both parties to pass legislation next year. But the Republicans will be able to up the ante at every turn. They could conspire to toughen Clinton's plan to force welfare recipients back to work, cutting the time limit from two years to one year; his plan to provide public-sector jobs after that interval could disappear entirely. Clinton may be forced to abandon or veto welfare reform if it is amended to conservative taste.

If the Republicans were to take the Senate, they would be aided in this game by the fact that nearly all the key committee chairmanships would be in the hands of conservatives such as South Carolina's Strom Thurmond or Utah's Orrin Hatch (Judiciary), North Carolina's Jesse Helms (Foreign Relations) and New York's Alfonse D'Amato (Banking). As they lure Clinton to the center in the hope of compromise, Republicans know that they will be sparking a rebellion on Clinton's left, particularly among labor and minorities.

Said a liberal Democrat, "The more he wants to govern, the more he is going to alienate his base."

Several Republicans said the G.O.P. will cooperate with Clinton for a while, if just to demonstrate that they are not party to gridlock. But after that comes what veteran Republican consultant Tom Korologos calls "the mother of all gridlock." As he envisions it: "For six months, there will be this fandango between the President and Newt Gingrich and Bob Dole. Everyone will marvel at how collegially they are working together. And then, along about the Fourth of July, everything goes kaput. Because the Republicans aren't going to let anything pass, and the Democrats aren't going to be able to pass anything."

Which is why White House officials admit that sooner or later, the Administration will turn to measures that aren't so much designed to pass as simply to "define" which party is on the side of the angels. Clinton will propose a health-care-reform program, perhaps aimed at children only. He may, depending on the scope of the election results, offer a tax credit for middle-class families, financed by increased taxes on the wealthy. Says Democratic adviser Tony Coelho: "Let's make sure we propose things that we can either prevail on or we can educate the American people on."

Of course, this is exactly the kind of behavior that got the voters so angry in the first place. But it is deeply rooted in both parties' collective thinking. A Democratic official went so far as to venture that it was in Clinton's interest for the moderates to languish and disappear so that Americans will know that the Republican Party is, as he put it, controlled "by the crazies." More level-headed Democrats know the loss of the middle is a made-to-order blueprint for a strong third-party candidacy in 1996—or worse. "Two years of polarization," said Senator Tom Daschle, a South Dakota Democrat who might succeed retiring majority leader George Mitchell, "is going to kill us all."

Clinton, according to a Democratic Party operative who spoke with him last week, is anxious and confused about his looming migration to the middle. One reason is that Clinton still deeply resents the Democratic moderates for abandoning him on elements of his economic program and health-care reform. Now he must turn to them to revive his presidency—only to find their ranks depleted. For Clinton, the scenario is almost sad: elected as a New Democrat, he stumbled during his first two years in office largely because he proposed Big Government solutions, like his health-care plan, to a populace that thought it had already rejected them. Now, as he finally tries to occupy the middle, he may find that nobody's home."

—With reporting by Laurence I. Barrett, James Carney and Karen Tumulty/Washington
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Going Soft on Crime

While California’s tough three-strike law falters, prevention programs are keeping kids in line

By JILL SMOLOWE

SOFT ON CRIME? NEXT TO BEING called a politician, that was every candidate’s worst fear this season. The desperate need to talk tough gave rise to a clamor for three-strike—you’re-out laws and other stringent penalties. But do those measures have anything to do with what works in the real world? A street-level look suggests that the popular wisdom has it backward.

Sneakers, a Milwaukee, Wisconsin, gang member, comes by his nickname honestly, “It’s ‘cause I’m so fast,” he explains. “Real fast.” Especially after he snatches a purse. Or burglarizes a home. Or pulls a trigger. Sometimes, though, Sneakers isn’t quite fast enough. He has already served three years for two robberies. Now 21, Sneakers is a two-time loser on the prowl in a three-strike state. But he’s not worried that a third felony could put him away for life. “The law don’t make no difference to me because I ain’t gonna get caught,” he says. “I mean, if I really thought I was gonna get caught, I wouldn’t commit a crime in the first place, now would I?”

The same fate could have befallen Iman Reed. At age 11, Iman liked to pick fights on the streets of Wichita, Kansas, making him a prime target for a revenge shooting. Then his mom enrolled him in a Big Brother program, which paired him with a police detective. Five years later, Iman is pulling down A’s and B’s in school, and has his sights set on a law degree. Reflecting back, he concludes, “If I wasn’t in the program, I’d be in one of those gangs.” Or dead.

Sneakers and Iman personify what’s really at stake in the debate over America’s No. 1 concern. Sneakers is the kind of person politicians have in mind when they claim that they can deter punks from committing a third felony by threatening to lock ’em up for good. And Iman is the sort of kid that some candidates seem to think is the recipient of “pork” when they dismiss prevention programs as a waste of money. But two new reports suggest that those politicians have it wrong. An investigative report published Oct. 24 in the Los Angeles Times documented the failure of California’s three-strike law—one of the nation’s first and stiffest. The same day, the National Recreation and Park Association released a nationwide study of prevention programs, which offered compelling evidence that recreation and training can contribute directly to declines in crime and juvenile-arrest rates. The message may be getting through. A small but growing number of mayors and judges, most of them Republicans, are breaking party ranks to say that it’s prevention, not inflexible punishment, that puts a dent in crime.

The Times’ review of all 98 third-strike cases resolved between the enactment of the law last March and Aug. 31 found that the law is taking a harsher toll on California’s justice system than on its criminals. Third-time defendants who face the prospect of 25 years to life, as the law demands, are no longer willing to enter into the plea-bargaining arrangements that used to settle 90% of all felony cases. Instead, they prefer to sit in county jail, awaiting trial. The result is a swelling jail population, a mushrooming court docket and endless trial delays. To stem the tide, prosecutors are ignoring new “strikes” and judges are reducing felonies to misdemeanors. The result: just 1 in 6 eligible defendants has been packed off to prison for the 25-year minimum. “I’ve been a Republican all my life, and I’m afraid I’m starting to sound like a Democrat,” Judge Carol Fieldhouse of the Los Angeles Superior Court told TIME. “I’ve never seen something before where D.A.’s, defense lawyers and judges agree. This thing is not working.”

They also agree that the biggest problem is the law’s indiscriminate sweep. Unlike the three-strike provision of the federal crime bill passed by Congress last August, the law in California does not distinguish between violent and nonviolent felons. “In principal, the law is a good idea,” says Judge Arthur Jean, another Republican on the Los Angeles Superior Court. “In practice, it nets in a huge number of lightweight offenders.” Judges feel it excessive to dole out life sentences for such felonies as drug possession and tire theft.

California is not alone in finding three strikes more of a headache than a deterrent or remedy. At present, 13 other states have three-strike laws, while seven more are considering such legislation. “Some of the
early reports we're getting from various states about three strikes are not very encouraging," says Bobbie Huskey, president of the American Correctional Association. "States are having to project a doubling or tripling of their state prison populations."

Meanwhile, in California even judges in the juvenile courts, where the three-strike law does not apply, are feeling its heat. "The punitive messages seem to be the only ones that get out to the public, and that is a problem," says Judge Steven Perren of the Ventura County Superior Court. "As long as the community's attitude toward juveniles is 'punish,' we all lose. There is a large segment here that is salvageable."

That is precisely what prevention advocates have been arguing for years. Now they have the Park Association's report to bolster their hunch. Police in Dallas recorded a 26% drop in juvenile arrests after a gang-intervention program, sponsored by 17 civic organizations, began reaching out to 3,000 youths in 1989 with education, recreation and job-training programs. "At one time, we felt we could handle the crime problem by ourselves," says Dallas police chief Ben Clik, a 30-year veteran of law enforcement. "We were forced to realize that we needed the help of people in the schools, churches and neighborhoods."

In Fort Myers, Florida, the juvenile crime rate has dropped 27% since the start-up three years ago of STARS, an academic and recreation program targeted at youths. Moreover, where only 25% of the city's youths had higher than a C average four years ago, today 75% are getting Cs or better. While it would cost $15,000 to send a miscreant youth to boot camp for a year, STARS spends just $158 a child to provide music and dance lessons, sports and tutoring. When youths participate in such programs, says Wilbur Smith III, the city's mayor, they "start experiencing activities that reward them intellectually and emotionally, and that instills hope. You don't get that from punishment."

While all this seems obvious to people who work closely with youths, preventive solutions remain a hard sell—especially after Republican cries of "pork" led to a $2 billion cut in the federal crime bill's proposed $8.9 billion in prevention measures. Victor Ashe, however, is one Republican who remains undeterred. Since becoming mayor of Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1988, he has raised his parks and recreation budget more than 60%. And as president of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, he champions prevention as the most cost-effective weapon against crime: "If you commit a crime, you ought to be punished. But if a crime is prevented, that's better."

—Reported by Jon D. Hull/Chicago, Sylvester Monroe/Atlanta and David Seideman/New York

**JUSTICE**

Now, a Jury of His Peers

The prosecution ignores its consultant and finds itself face-to-face with jurors who delight the defense

By ELAINE LAFFERTY LOS ANGELES

T

HE PAST FIVE WEEKS HAVE BEEN A voyage of culinary discovery for Jolean Dimitrius, the O.J. Simpson defense team's jury consultant. One day she would join Simpson's lawyers for burritos at La Golondrina, another day it would be angel hair pasta at Epicentre or sushi at Horioka. The cuisine was rarely the same, but the luncheon agenda never varied: how to pick a jury likely to find Simpson not guilty of first-degree murder.

Life during jury selection was quite different for Don Vinson, jury consultant for the prosecution. Vinson tirelessly fed the responses of potential jurors to Judge Lance Ito's 80-page questionnaire into computers at the offices of DecisionQuest, handing out sophisticated analyses to the D.A. But after two court appearances early in the process, Vinson disappeared.

When cold computer analysis clashed with the gut instincts of prosecutors Bill Hodgman and Marcia Clark, Vinson was banished from the strategizing. Simpson's defense team, on the other hand, soaked up the services of its jury consultant every step of the way. As late as last week Dimitrius joined defense lawyers at Robert Shapiro's office for a strategy session in which O.J. participated for 45 minutes by telephone. "He's got a real good sense of who he appeals to," said a source close to the defense.

The wisdom of those judgments will not be clear till the verdict is reached, but the conventional wisdom was overwhelming: the jury impaneled last week seemed highly favorable to the defense.

Polls have shown that blacks are more sympathetic to Simpson than whites; eight members of the jury are black. Because a key element of the prosecution's case rests on complex scientific evidence related to blood, prosecutors had hoped for an educated jury; only two jurors attended college. Older, retired people are usually more willing to convict; most jurors are in their 20s and 30s. The single bright spot for prosecutors perhaps—a critical part of their strategy—lies in the gender breakdown. Eight jurors are women and one of those, a black woman, has worked with domestic violence victims. The panel's lone white female said her father had beaten her mother.

"We had to play with the cards we were dealt," said a member of the prosecution. They were dealt by Ito, whose frustrations with saturation coverage of the case led him to reject many candidates who regularly read newspapers and magazines and watch TV news. (His approved fare for the dozen jurors: edited tapes of sitcoms and the MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour. "Ito cut down the pool of intelligent, independent people, and they weren't just whites," said Harvey Giss, a Los Angeles prosecutor. Even Dimitrius, though pleased with the outcome, said "Both sides lost good jurors in the process."

This week the whole business starts over again as 15 alternates are chosen. In a case where jurors may be sequestered—and exhausted—for as long as six months, alternates cannot be an afterthought. As last week's jury selection drew to a close, a tired Clark remarked that everyone had earned their pay. Leaving the courtroom, she bid adieu to Dimitrius, perhaps thinking the defense consultant's job was completed. Dimitrius smiled and said "Not so soon. I'll be back." Dimitrius has been hired for the duration of the trial.
The Sunset of My Life

Ronald Reagan has survived bullets and cancer, but now he forthrightly faces his toughest foe: Alzheimer’s

By HUGH SIDGEY WASHINGTON

The other members of the Presidents Club knew what was happening to Ronald Reagan when they talked to him at the funeral of Richard Nixon this spring. It was confirmation of the whispers and rumors they all had been hearing about his failing memory. None was ready to use the dreaded word Alzheimer’s just then, but it was in the back of their minds.

George Bush told friends he was profoundly worried about his old comrade. Jimmy Carter confided just a few weeks ago to a companion that Reagan’s responses were not right. And Jerry Ford thought Reagan seemed hollowed out. Yet on that solemn day in Yorba Linda, California, when the Presidents came one by one down the stairs, Reagan looked every inch his former self to the millions of television viewers. At the top step he paused a bit, gave that smile of his, and the crowd burst into applause despite the somber nature of the moment. He still seemed invincible—the man who survived falls off horses, colon and skin cancer, prostate problems and even an assassin’s bullet in the chest.

But those close to him knew he was facing another assailant. One friend called him about that same time to talk about Nixon and what he had meant to Reagan’s own political career. Nancy Reagan, also on the line, prodded his memory, and when it engaged, Reagan did well. He could recall talking to Nixon back in 1968 about switching parties, but Nixon wanted him to campaign as a Democrat for Nixon, which he did. Asked what Reagan had finally thought about Watergate, the epic scandal of this age, Reagan fell silent. “Forgive me,” he said, “but at my age, my memory is just not as good as it used to be.”

As word spread about his condition, there was a gentle conspiracy among the politicians and even the journalists: Let Reagan talk about it when and if he wanted to.

That time came last Saturday, when he released a handwritten letter to his fellow Americans: “I have recently been told that I am one of the millions of Americans who will be afflicted with Alzheimer’s disease... Nancy and I had to decide whether as private citizens we would keep this private matter or whether we would make this news known in a public way... We feel it is important to share it with you.”

As always, Reagan gave it a wonderful Hollywood twist. “I now begin the journey that will lead me into the sunset of my life,” he wrote. “I know that for America there will always be a bright dawn ahead.”

The swell of sympathy and affection was instantaneous and overwhelming, from the man on the street to Bill Clinton. Speaking Saturday night at a political rally in Oakland, California, the President said that Reagan’s letter had “touched my heart,” and the news brought gasps from the crowd of Democrats.

Reagan has fallen victim to a scourge that kills more Americans than all other ailments except heart disease, cancer and strokes. There are 4 million people with Alzheimer’s in the U.S. and 100,000 die every year. It is a mysterious, insidious malady that attacks and destroys brain cells, gradually causing memory loss, confusion and personality changes. Toward the end, many victims no longer know who they are or recognize their loved ones.

There is no cure, and the most recent treatment, the use of a drug called tacrine, merely improves intellectual performance in some patients. Death generally comes within eight to 12 years of the diagnosis.

Thousands of researchers are searching for the cause, but the answer still eludes them. Autopsies of victims turn up characteristic brain lesions and abnormal accumulations of the protein beta amyloid. It’s unclear, though, whether the telltale protein is a cause or effect of the disease. Researchers are now trying to prove that certain genes increase susceptibility.

Reagan’s act of candor will undoubtedly raise public awareness of Alzheimer’s and give support for research a powerful boost. In that way, he will walk in distinguished company once again. Franklin Roosevelt launched the March of Dimes that ultimately conquered polio. Dwight Eisenhower’s frankness about his heart disease changed the way the world treated this affliction. The publicized bouts of Betty Ford and Nancy Reagan with breast cancer led thousands of women to undergo mammograms.

Ronald Reagan’s successful battles with ill health over the years have been an inspiration to all, even those who disagreed with his politics. He may not be able to win this battle, but the way he’s fighting it—with candor and courage—could be one of his most important legacies.
Never Safe Enough

Ever before in its 194 years had the White House, the world’s most recognizable symbol of democracy, been sprayed by bullets. The British invaders torched the building in 1814, but there was no gunplay there, since the unprepared Americans wisely chose to run away. Abraham Lincoln stood at his bedroom window and listened to Civil War cannonading across the Potomac, but the Confederates never reached the White House.

The two fanatic Puerto Rican nationalists who tried to assassinate Harry Truman in 1950 attacked him when he was living across the street in Blair House while the White House was being renovated. One was killed on the sidewalk. A White House policeman also died.

But never was the stately façade of the White House nicked by slugs fired in anger until Oct. 29, when the brooding Colorado Springs upholsterer Francisco Martin Duran, 26, pulled a Chinese-made SKS semiautomatic assault weapon from under his coat and shot 27 rounds of ammunition in short bursts across the north side of the building. Five bullets pocked the mansion’s 4-ft.-thick sandstone wall, and three shattered a window and chipped the stone of the press-briefing room near the West Wing. Several bullets burrowed into trees. President Clinton, who was inside the White House watching a football game, was probably the safest person in the area, given the bulletproof glass and scores of Secret Service officers between him and the gunman.

U.S. prosecutors were considering charging Duran with attempted assassination, based on notes and other material found in his nearby pickup truck and threatening remarks he allegedly made to a co-worker at Colorado Springs’ Broadmoor hotel. And the old question of how to assure a President’s safety rose again.

Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen, who has jurisdiction over the Secret Service, announced that a review of the shooting spree and White House security procedures would be incorporated into a study already under way. It follows September’s safety scare in which a light plane crash-landed on the White House grounds and slid into the wall below the President's bedroom, killing only the depressed pilot. Meanwhile, the National Park Service, which maintains the grounds and building, is working on a long-range plan for White House preservation, tourism and work space. The White House is the world’s power stage, and a new set is needed.

In the aftermath of the shooting, Richard Griffin, the Secret Service agent in charge of presidential security, raised anew the idea of closing off that portion of Pennsylvania Avenue that runs in front of the White House in order to give agents easier control of sightseers. Protests came from all quarters, including Bill Clinton, who said, “I just don’t think in a free society you can have the President of the country kind of hiding in the sand and just wall him off in the White House.”

True enough. Being busily at work on the premises—and visible—is an ingredient of leadership. In fact, the Park Service has a contingency plan for disaster, natural and otherwise, that would rush in work crews and get the White House functioning again as soon as possible so the President could be seen by the public to be back on duty in the old familiar place. “There is no symbol as powerful,” says a planner.

Actually, there was a proposal made back in Lyndon Johnson’s time to run Pennsylvania Avenue and E Street, which is behind the White House, in tunnels and return to Pierre L’Enfant’s original layout for the capital city, in which an expansive President’s Park included what is now Lafayette Square, the 18 acres for the White House and the ellipse behind, with no commercial throughways. “That would work a lot better than what we have now,” insists White House historian William Seale. “Tourists could be more easily controlled, and yet they would get a sense of being closer by being in a park setting.”
During the cold war, when security agents used to play war games involving terrorist threats to the White House, the one unsolvable problem was a commercial airliner loaded with explosives working its way into the landing pattern at Washington National Airport, then veering off for a suicide plunge into the White House. The only answer was to shut down the airport, which Congress refused to consider, since its proximity and reserved parking spaces are prized legislative perks.

Security is undoubtedly complicated by the myriad political jurisdictions. The District of Columbia police control Pennsylvania Avenue. The Park Service is in charge of the sidewalks. The Secret Service runs security inside the fence and White House. For certain last week there were more agents disguised in T-shirts and leather jackets roaming through White House environs. Years back the Park Service used to have four separate beats for their uniformed police around the White House. The system melted away at times to one beat for a man on a motor scooter. The service is thinking about going back to more visible officers within eye contact of one another and trained to spot suspicious loiterers.

Presidential security started as an informal procedure but has grown into its own bureaucracy. George Washington rarely went riding without an armed friend trotting beside him. James Monroe stationed sharpshooters on the White House roof during big receptions. Franklin Pierce was the first President to have a regular guard. Lincoln continued the practice with Allan Pinkerton. The Secret Service, originally created to combat counterfeiting, officially took over in 1906 to protect Theodore Roosevelt.

Complaints over the years about security problems and cramped working quarters have produced a raft of alternate ideas for the White House. There were proposals in the last century to build a new White House in Washington's spacious Rock Creek Park. Just last week talk-show hosts heard concerned Americans suggest that the White House should be turned into a ceremonial museum and the President and his family moved out of the city to someplace like Camp David. Various crises have produced dozens of suggestions for altering the building and its routines. During World War II it was recommended that parts of the roof be covered with sandbags and fitted with machine guns. But the suggestion that the White House be painted in Air Corps camouflage was mercifully laughed down by F.D.R. In 1991, during the Persian Gulf War, the information about a possible terrorist attack on the White House was so real that White House tours for the public were quietly suspended for a week, and the building was doubly secured.

The actual cost of protecting the President is a secret, creating some grumbling on Capitol Hill and elsewhere. "Too damn many Secret Service," says a White House aide, believing the agency may have passed the threshold of true security and now complicates its own operations. The entire Secret Service has a budget of $461 million and employs 4,600 people worldwide, but what portion goes to presidential protection is not known. What is known is that a Secret Service request for more money is almost never turned down by Congress and that a certain institutional arrogance infects the agency. "They are good but not as good as they think they are," says a former security man, who also believes agents are too eager to abridge civil freedoms.

That all this discussion is necessary brings a nostalgic sadness, particularly to those who can remember what it was like around the White House before Dec. 7, 1941. The grounds were open then. Kids scuffed through barefooted on their way to get ice-cream cones. Elmer Staats, former Comptroller General, recalled his days at the Brookings Institution, then located on Lafayette Square. "The fence was 3 ft. high and kept out only dogs. The policemen smiled at everybody."

"The fence was 3 ft. high and kept out only dogs. The policemen smiled at everybody."

The students at Brookings used to walk up to the front door and leave their calling cards in hopes Eleanor Roosevelt would invite them over for a reception, which she often did. There is an old story, which author Kevin Phillips picked up in his new book about Washington, Arrogant Capital. It is about a young man driving his convertible past the White House in the 1950s when it starts to rain. He turns into the drive, goes up under the Portico, puts his top up and rolls back out on the avenue.

One of the first things done at the White House on that fateful day of Pearl Harbor when the old, comfortable world came crashing down was to move the security boundary from the doors of the White House to the iron fence at the edge of the property. It has been there ever since, and it may have to be moved out again.
Fidel’s Brother
Sets Up Shop

Raul Castro and his loyalists in the military take charge of the country’s economic reforms

By CATHY BOOTH HAVANA

The hottest video in Havana these days is seven hours long and boasts no Hollywood talent. But it has Communist Party faithful flocking into theaters to watch the star of the show savagely criticize Cuba’s food shortages and bungling bureaucrats. The headline is none other than Fidel Castro’s younger brother Raul. For the party’s 500,000 card-carrying members, the uncut footage of Raul traversing Cuba from Santiago de Cuba to Pinar del Rio, chronicling political and economic woes, is a must see. And despite the occasional urge to nap, viewers exit stunned and uncertain what it portends for Cuba’s future.

Long hidden in the shadow of his taller, more charismatic brother, Raul has stepped into the spotlight this year as the champion of economic and agricultural reforms long opposed by Fidel. While Fidel was exhorting hungry Cubans with hoary slogans like “Socialism or death,” Raul went to the people last spring, asking party members and peasants alike about the government’s shortcomings. As economic woes mounted, Raul, head of the country’s Revolutionary Armed Forces, subbed for his brother and delivered the traditional July 26th speech commemorating the start of the Cuban revolution. And Raul pushed for the Oct. 1 reopening of free-enterprise farmers’ markets, which were shut down by Fidel in 1986. “Beans,” declared the general, “are more important than cannons.”

While Fidel, 67, remains Cuba’s ideologue of yesteryear, Raul, 63, has emerged as today’s pragmatist. After the breakup of the Soviet Union in 1991 cost Havana its main trading partner, Fidel has only grudgingly opened the door to dollar-toting tourists and foreign investors, begun shrinking the army and bureaucracy, and allowed Cubans a taste of private enterprise. But monthly rations barely provide enough food for two weeks. The Cuban army, in touch with grass-roots sentiment through its conscripts and ties with local militias, started telling Raul of widespread grumbling among the hungry populace.

Public anger bubbled over this summer when 32,000 Cubans fled the island in makeshift rafts. Fidel, shocked and hurt, fell silent after a few television appearances. Raul, concerned that his 180,000 troops would be called upon to put down popular protests, decided the stalemate between reformers and hard-liners had dragged on too long. Food had become a national-security issue, more important than possible political squabbles. In July, at a Communist Party meeting, Raul said, “The risks don’t matter as long as there is food for the people.” By late summer he had apparently persuaded Fidel to let the army take over decisions about food production from civilian economists.

Raul’s ideas of reform are not necessarily the ones Western democracies would choose for Cuba. Basically, Havana is turning increasing large chunks of the economy over to the military. Although it is rare to see uniformed soldiers on the street, Raul’s troops are involved in every aspect of the economy, from running plants to planting food. The general has plugged military men loyal to him—some retired, some still active—into influential positions. Professional soldiers who once earned battle medals as mercenaries in Angola and Ethiopia are now assigned to repair city pipelines, build tourist hotels and direct industrial production. Generals are donning civilian clothes to run quasi-private corporations, from tourist hotels to department stores.

Soldiers have been given small plots of land to produce much of the meat and vegetables on sale at the farmer markets. The Youth Labor Army, a paramilitary force of conscripts, devotes most of its time to farming. Since civilians were pilfering up to 75% of food shipments, soldiers now guard deliveries. The army’s construction company, Union de Empresas Constructoras, is building tourist facilities in Varadero and Havana.

Raul and his generals even earn dollars for guns with an octopus-like tourism outfit called Gaviota, which runs health spas, marinas and luxury hotels. At hunting preserves formerly reserved for the army, visitors shoot duck in some of Fidel’s favorite stalking grounds. Gaviota takes tourists to the outskirts of the U.S. naval base at Guantanamo and lets them spy on trooper movements—cocktails and binoculars included.
TRD Caribe, the newest arm of Caviota, is the fastest-growing chain of department stores. TRD, appropriately enough, stands for tienda recaudación en divisas—literally, "store to rake in the dollars."

Cuban officials see nothing strange in all this for an army that was harvesting sugar back in the 1970s. "The Cuban army is not a traditional Latin American army that lives in the barracks," says National Assembly president Ricardo Alarcón. Adds a Communist Party member: "You won't see a military coup in Cuba, but more generals will be taking off their uni-

control," says Phyllis Greene Walker, a research associate who follows the Cuban military for the University of Miami's North-South Center in Washington. The army, she notes, is the one institution still intensely loyal to the Castros.

It is uncertain whether taking charge of economic reform will revive Raúl's political fortunes. His authoritarian streak served him well in the army, which he transformed from a ragged band of guerrillas into one of the largest and most professional in the Western hemisphere. But until last summer, Raúl was regarded as a spent political force, particularly since the 1989 drug-trafficking trial of General Arnaldo Ochoa Sánchez undermined his leadership. Raúl went through a long bout with depression after Ochoa was convicted and executed. It had long been assumed that if Fidel died, Raúl would assume control only as a caretaker.

Now that Raúl is taking the lead on economic policy, "he is once again a serious political player," says Gillian Gunn, head of Georgetown University's Cuba Project. Raúl personally replaced half the Communist Party's first secretaries in the provinces this summer with young, pro-army party men. "To the average Cuban it looks like Raúl has taken over, with Fidel held for special occasions, public relations and international events," says a party member. Some political analysts in Havana even talk of Fidel becoming a figurehead and letting others carry out reforms the staunch communist finds repugnant. Of course, with Raúl spearheading the changes, Fidel is better insulated if they fail.

Washington's reaction is cautious. Castro's little brother is a committed communist, not a free marketeer or democrat. The U.S. has demanded that Cuba enact political as well as economic reforms before lifting the 32-year-old trade embargo. Raúl's technical fixes have so far been accompanied by increased repression of political dissidents. According to the Pentagon, a post-Castro Cuba cannot be truly capitalistic and democratic if the military is ingrained in the economy. But as other communist governments have learned, economic reforms often create a market for democracy. Raúl and his generals may yet discover how difficult it is to run a capitalistic dictatorship. —With reporting by

Douglas Waller/Washington
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Aurora seating areas trimmed in leather.
Reversal of Fortunes?

With new tactics, an improved arsenal and Croat help, the Bosnian military begins to taste victory

By MARK THOMPSON

SOMETIMES AT DUSK, SOMETIMES AT dawn, when the dim gray light shrouds them from the enemy, commandos of the mainly Muslim Bosnian army launch coordinated attacks on Serb positions. Using their advantage in manpower, the Bosnian troops pick their way around the enemy’s heavy tanks and guns, ambushing troops or blasting through sparsely defended encampments.

In the course of two weeks, these new tactics have served the Bosnian government well: for the first time in 31 months of war, they are poking through the overextended lines of the Bosnian Serb army. Government forces have retaken 60 sq. mi. of territory from the Serbs near Bihac in the north, made significant gains around strategic Mount Igman overlooking the capital of Sarajevo and recaptured the town of Kupres and perhaps an additional 40 sq. mi. in central Bosnia.

A forlorn quartet of Bosnian Serb tanks abandoned in the mountains south of Sarajevo last week—their fuel tanks parched dry and deserted by once-proud Serb soldiers—signaled critical changes on the frontlines as the Balkan war enters its third winter. The government’s gains are still limited, but the string of tactical successes is sparking new reassessments about the conflict.

The Bosnians owe much of their reversal of fortune to the adoption of the successful guerrilla tactics used by Tito’s communists in the former Yugoslavia almost a half-century ago. Bosnian army units, some with barely 100 men, began ambushing Serb forces at 16 different locations around the country. Instead of the frontal assaults that foiled the Serbs’ superior firepower, says U.N. spokesman Paul Risley in Zagreb, the Bosnians “are employing commando tactics to grab territory.” The breadth of the government offensive has exposed how thin the Serb defenses are: reinforcements dispatched to the Bihac region came from Kupres, for example, leaving it largely undefended.

The new tactics caught the Bosnian Serbs, who had come to discount the Muslims’ fighting ability, by surprise. Bosnian Serb soldiers have been demoralized by Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic’s decision last August to close his border with Bosnia, cutting off fuel and spare parts for the Bosnian Serb army. Its longstanding edge in mobility and firepower—a heavy-weapon arsenal 10 times as big as the Bosnian government’s—is diminishing as fuel and supplies dwindle. Less fuel also means fewer rotations back home, hurting morale.

At the same time, the Bosnian army has been helped by a renewed flow of weaponry from Iran and other countries. “If the Croats really opened the routes,” says a middleman supplying the Bosnian troops, “we could even bring in tanks and heavy artillery. We have the money.” The government has also revitalized its local defense industry, churning out automatic rifles, hand grenades and bullets.

The pincer campaign to seize Kupres marks the first time the Muslims and Croats have fought as allies since they agreed to work together last spring. A firm alliance, much encouraged by Washington, could enhance Bosnia’s military might by widening supply routes and bringing in Croat artillery. But U.N. observers warn that Croat cooperation in Kupres may simply be opportunistic—a chance to advance their own territorial objectives.

The Bosnian triumphs have sparked concern in the Pentagon that the Muslims, flush with victory and seeking revenge for past Serb atrocities, might begin terrorizing Serb civilians. The Pentagon advised the White House to order retaliatory air strikes when Bosnian troops fired on French peacekeepers on Mount Igman two weeks ago to show NATO’s evenhandedness against those who attack blue helmets. The State Department and the White House demurred, but later the Administration privately warned Bosnia to obey the rules of warfare under the Geneva Convention.

But Washington was not altogether displeased by the Bosnians’ display of martial prowess. “If the government is more effective on the battlefield,” Secretary of State Warren Christopher said, “that could remind the Bosnian Serbs that there may be some reasons to settle.”

The Muslim offensive comes just as the U.N. Security Council begins debating a U.S. proposal to set a date for lifting the ban on weapons shipments to the Bosnian government six months from now. But Britain, France and Russia continue to oppose the plan because it might make the conflict, in which at least 200,000 people are already dead or missing, even bloodier, and could endanger the region’s 23,000 U.N. peacekeepers.

Serb leader Radovan Karadzic, who has changed from his customary suit into military fatigues in recent days, has vowed not to let the Bosnian victories stand and promises a full-bore counterattack. “Our enemy wants war,” he told a rally in northwest Bosnia, “and he shall have it.” Late in the week, Serb forces began making good on Karadzic’s threat. Two surface-to-air missiles hit Bihac, damaging up to 40 buildings and wounding seven people. Rather than hastening the end of Europe’s most gruesome conflict, the Bosnian government’s recent successes may only be stoking the engines of war.

—Reported by Alexandra Stiglmayer/Zagreb and Douglas Waller/Washington
The New Service Class

The once lowly sector creates plenty of good-paying jobs, but workers with few skills are still left behind

By JOHN GREENWALD

It sounds at first like another cruel tale from the world of corporate layoffs. Young IBM personnel specialist, 36, loses his job last July in cutbacks at the troubled computer giant. In dismay over leaving IBM—the company where both his parents spent their careers—young man plunges into the harsh job market. But there the miraculous happens: after a flurry of interviews, he is hired by Electronic Payment Services, a start-up Delaware company that processes credit-card transactions, for substantially more than his old salary. "I never knew how marketable I was," says Peter Dychkovich, the hero of this story. "But then I floated my résumé, and the job I have now came up rather quickly."

His good fortune reflects the astonishing growth and diversity of U.S. service industries, which account for 70% of the country's economic activity. Even as manufacturers such as IBM and General Motors shed workers by the tens of thousands, service providers from banking to health care are taking on new employees. Just last week the Labor Department reported that service companies created 153,000 new jobs in October. That dwarfed the 40,000 positions that manufacturers added and helped reduce the unemployment rate to 5.8%—the lowest in four years.

Not only does hiring by service firms represent nearly 90% of the 2.7 million jobs that the U.S. economy has produced this year, but many bear little resemblance to the low-paying gas-pumping and fast-food-making positions that the word "services" has often brought to mind. Indeed, nearly half the new service jobs have gone to people with managerial, professional or technical skills, which has helped raise the average income of all service workers to close to the level of their manufacturing brethren.

Mark Strassman, the president of Don Richards Associates, a Washington-based firm that places middle managers and consultants in jobs, offers a useful illustration of the more elaborate ways in which the service sector has accommodated refugees from other parts of the economy: "There are so many complex choices in the mutual-fund world that you need an investment counselor," he says. "Computers change quickly, so you have to hire consultants. Law firms need more attorneys and the Arthur Andersons and KPMG Peat Marwicks are adding more accountants."

Of course, the growing demand for professionals tends to mask the fact that millions of service workers remain stuck in jobs like waiter or sales clerk that pay little more than the $4.25-an-hour minimum wage. "All you have to do is hire two Goldman Sachs partners and you probably distort the average wage scale throughout the service sector," quips Bruce Greenwald, a management professor at the Columbia Business School.

Put more precisely, work throughout
the $6 trillion U.S. economy is skewing more sharply than ever along educational lines. "We’re getting the good jobs and the bad jobs, but the middle jobs we’re losing," says David Wyss, an economist at the DRI/McGraw Hill consulting firm. "Take something like health care. It pays great if you’re a doctor or a nurse, but in both cases you need a special degree. Without one, there aren’t any good wage jobs in that sector. Those who aren’t well educated are still flipping hamburgers at McDonald’s or working as janitors."

While that may be grim news for many, the demand for skills provides great flexibility for managers and professionals who suddenly find themselves out of work in manufacturing industries. And even though many of the displaced may be less fortunate than Dychkewich, having to take pay cuts in their new positions, experts say they still stand to be handsomely rewarded by service-industry standards.

For manufacturing workers with less adaptable skills, the wage gap between industries is still daunting. Two years ago, the Pequot Indians opened their now-packed Foxwoods casino in Ledyard, Connecticut. So profitable have such gambling dens become that the Pequots could afford to staff the casino with 9,000 craps dealers, bartenders and other workers. But fully 56% of the nearly 1,300 employees who arrived after losing their jobs at local defense contractors like Electric Boat had to take pay cuts of at least $2,500 a year, according to Donald Peppard, a Connecticut College economist. One welder-turned-security guard was making $23,000 less than he had been earning. The workers who came from service jobs fared considerably better. Peppard found most earning at least $2,500 more than in their old positions.

The irony, of course, is that the layoffs that have bedeviled workers like those at Electric Boat are now providing job opportunities in service industries. Four years ago, accountant Greg Smith, 36, lost his $55,000-a-year position as an audit manager for a food-service firm that trimmed its payroll. After a succession of part-time work and other jobs, Smith joined the consulting firm Grossberg Co. in Maryland last summer as an auditor who sniffs out financial fraud for clients who have pared back their own accounting departments. Today Smith figures that between his salary and his cut of hourly billings, he has nearly doubled his old income. Because of downsizing, he says, "a lot of companies eliminated internal controls and positions, and that’s worked in my favor because now these companies have to come to me."

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE: Scala and Jingozian left banking for the newly invented service job of advising firms about derivatives
The temporary-work sector is mirroring a growing sophistication in the upper ranks of the service economy. No longer solely providers of secretaries and clerical workers, these agencies now routinely send out doctors, lawyers, scientists and senior executives. As a result, the wage levels of temporary workers have been steadily climbing.

Such changes show up sharply at agencies like On Assignment in Calabasas, California, which places chemists, biologists and other scientists in temporary jobs. Thanks partly to layoffs at pharmaceutical companies, revenues at On Assignment have grown from $7 million in 1989 to an estimated $48 million this year. On any given day the company has 1,400 scientists working in jobs around the country for hourly wages of up to $35. (Pharmaceutical firms seem to thrive on outsiders. In New York City last week, an agency called the Cantor Concern swiftly filled a drug company's order for a specialist to help the firm decide whether to keep its in-house printing facilities. The pay rate: $2,000 a day.)

Meanwhile, the service sector itself is constantly generating new jobs. Realizing that personal computers were changing the way people work and play, Bob Zyontz and Larry Trink quit comfortable jobs in advertising agencies in 1986 to try to cash in on the new technology. Today their New Jersey-based firm, Princeton Direct, has $86 million in revenues and 14 employees engaged in the business of putting multimedia catalogs and other marketing material on diskettes and CD-roms. To keep up with the workload, Zyontz and Trink two years ago brought in computer expert and psychologist Jeff Friedman as a third partner.

Other new firms are helping to repair crack-ups in the financial industry. Tim Scala and Ken Jingozian left banking jobs last year to become self-styled derivatives investigators—experts who advise clients on how to cope with the risks of those securities. Their timing was uncanny: soon after Scala and Jingozian created their New York City-based firm, Treasury Resources Consulting and Investigations, the Federal Reserve raised interest rates and sent the value of many derivatives plunging. Their phone has hardly stopped ringing. Says Jingozian: "The entire derivatives market has taken a quantum leap in complexity and sophistication. As a result, the ability of senior management and the back office to understand it has become more difficult."

As financial services have become more complex, companies have created new jobs requiring new skills. Fidelity Investments, the mutual-fund giant with more than $200 billion under management, has been opening as many as four new investment centers a year and bringing in about 100 people to staff them. Many are recent college graduates. The newcomers learn to field virtually any question about Fidelity products and can double salaries that start at about $30,000 within four years.

Retailers too are hunting for skilled sales personnel to explain sophisticated products. Home Depot is increasingly turning to design-school graduates to work in its new line of Expo stores, which will cater to customers building new houses. The company has already hired armies of carpenters, electricians and other craftsmen to take the angst out of shopping as the do-it-yourself chain has expanded to more than 300 outlets. Home Depot went farther afield to hire Larry Wells, 43, who lost his $60,000-a-year job as an Eastern Airlines pilot when that carrier went out of business in 1991. A do-it-yourself remodeler, Wells started as a floor salesperson in Atlanta for less than a third of his pilot's salary and has since become a district installation manager. Of his current salary he will only say that it is "certainly reasonable."

Some of the growth in service jobs has helped narrow the pay gap between men and women. While women made 34% less than men in median weekly earnings in 1983, the differential closed to 25% last year. That's partly because expanding fields such as health care and education have added numerous nurses, teachers and librarians—jobs that are still mostly held by women.

In fact, the real divide in the U.S. economy is no longer between services and manufacturing, or even between men and women. The real split separates those with the education to get good jobs from those who lack it. Professor Michael van Biema, who has studied these trends at the Columbia Business School, predicts that in fields such as banking and finance "you will see many of the lower-end service jobs disappearing and being replaced by technology." That's the bad news for some. The good news is that the same technologies will help wounded MBAs with management and professional skills make their way back up the pay scale. —Reported by Bernard Baumohl and Jane Van Tassel/New York, Sophronia Scott Gregory/Atlanta and Suneeel Ratan/Washington
Fall of the Collector

Millionaire Bruce McNall, who parlayed coin trading into a glittering empire, now may go to jail

By JESSE BIRNBAUM

SHIRLEY AND EARL MCNALL KNEW THEY had one hot little entrepreneur on their hands. Son Bruce was only five, and he could wipe everybody out at the Monopoly board, building hotels on all the expensive properties, leaving his mom stewing with an empty lot, say, on low-rent Baltic Avenue. Dazzled, the mother, a lab technician, and the father, a biochemistry professor at the University of Southern California, rationed Bruce's television watching and showered him with intellectual goodties.

The pampered paid off. Bruce became a wealthy coin collector while still in his teens. Then he collected a hockey team, collected a football team, collected race horses, collected Rolls-Royces and five residences and a private jet and well-placed friends—collected, all told, a worldwide reputation as an expert in antiquities, a nice guy, a canny businessman and a fine judge of athletes and horseflesh.

Now McNall, 44, stands to collect a prison sentence that could run up to nine years in the worst case. As early as this week, McNall is expected to plead guilty to four federal counts charging him with bank fraud, mail fraud and conspiracy. Two of his associates have already been accused of defrauding banks and other creditors, fleecing investors of more than $135 million by falsifying financial statements, setting up phony companies to hide assets and securing loans with fictitious collateral. Last month three others pleaded guilty to wirefraud charges.

What's left of McNall's empire is a shambles. According to bankruptcy-court filings, McNall owes Credit Lyonnais $121 million, the Bank of America $40 million and Merrill Lynch $37 million. What remains of his traceable fortune is in hock. Gone are a couple of his houses, gone his private jet and a few cars, his hockey team, his football team and his stake in a movie company. His coin business is in legal limbo. Creditors are queuing up to sue him. Soon McNall, the former boy tycoon, may not have an old—or even a plugged—drachma to call his own.

It was his passion for coins that did him in. Early on, his hobby blossomed into a fascination with antiquity. McNall even went so far as to enroll in the graduate program in ancient history at UCLA. But he did not stay long enough to learn how fate extracts a terrible price for hubris. Before long he was traveling the ancient trade routes, at it, quickly returning it. "What I don't need to have happen," he explained, "is my academic friends saying, 'You know, deep down morally these things are stolen.' And I do know that ... I tell all my people, 'If there's a whisper, give it back.'" McNall now prefers not even to whisper to the press.

The money rolled in; McNall rolled on. Here racehorses, there silver trading with Nelson Bunker Hunt. In 1988 McNall bought a money-losing hockey team, the languishing Los Angeles Kings, and boosted ticket sales by luring the great Wayne Gretzky for $15 million. He bought the Toronto Argonauts with Gretzky and comedian John Candy, and for $14 million signed Notre Dame wide receiver Raghib Ismail; this too paid off in attendance and TV contracts.

Meanwhile, McNall was spending drachmas as if he had his own tombful, except that the treasure was not his to spend, belonging as it did to his investors and creditors. "Enjoy it while you can," he said. "I have yet to see a Brink's truck following a hearse." Smitten by his swath and style, bankers fairly begged him to borrow their money; Merrill Lynch created three coin-trading funds for him to manage. McNall set up a bogus horse-appraisal firm, listing his chauffeur as owner and appraiser.

It couldn't last. Lately, his sports enterprises were no longer making big money, and the coin trade was ailing. Creditors called, and McNall scrambled for money. His associates began playing shell games with his various "companies," faking coin sales, borrowing from one bank to pay on another. The Merrill Lynch funds crumbled, obliging the company to cough up perhaps as much as $30 million in compensation to 3,500 investors and leading the FBI to investigate the disappearance of $33.3 million in coins from one of the funds. Having learned from the horse's mouth, so to speak, that McNall had a certain familiarity with the smuggling trade, federal officials began looking more broadly into his books and found his tangled web.

From jail, the irrepressible faker can be expected to spend his leisure time discussing to rapt fellow prisoners on his fabulous finagles, the reform policies of the Emperor Augustus and the spellbinding saga of the Honus Wagner baseball card with the $400,000 price tag. Between times he can play Monopoly and catch up on history. And when he gets out, he may be invited to lecture on collectibles at UCLA.

—Reported by Patrick E. Cole
Los Angeles
Some Like Them Hot
A global lust for dollars and advanced imaging techniques have produced a wave of counterfeiting

By BARBARA RUDOLPH

CURRENCY TRADERS WERE SHEDDING dollars last week like bad scrip, driving its value to a postwar low against the Japanese yen and forcing the U.S. Federal Reserve to prop it up with two days and $2 billion of aggressive buying. Yet even as it is unloaded by speculators, the dollar has become so common across the vast old communist territories that an estimated 50% of the populace in the former Soviet Union, for instance, keeps most of its meager savings in U.S. currency.

Throughout China, Cuba, Russia and much of Eastern Europe, people from shopkeepers to schoolteachers stash greenbacks as a shield against hyperinflation and the sudden devaluation of their own currencies. In some cases, it is also the only way to do business. Taxi drivers in Almaty, the capital of Kazakhstan, prefer their fares in dollars, as do some restaurants in Kiev and St. Petersburg. Says a Russian importer of IBM computers, pulling a thick wad of $50 bills from his pocket: “What do I need rubles for? I want real money.”

But, as if this surreal saturation of dollars were not a generous enough compliment to the American coin, here comes another one: the American bill is being illegally reproduced around the globe and in greater quantity than ever. “The U.S. currency,” says Secret Service spokesman Carl Meyer, “is not only the most desirable currency in the world. It is also the most easily counterfeited.” Of the $350 billion worth of U.S. currency in circulation today, anywhere from 50% to 65% is held over seas. In 1980, estimates University of Wisconsin economist Edgar Feige, just 30% of all dollars could be found offshore. No one knows how many fake dollars are traded, but there is no question that powerful new optical scanners and imaging software have generated a substantial amount. In 1992, $30 million worth of counterfeit dollars was seized overseas; last year the total hit $120 million, and it is expected to break that record in 1994. Many times that amount circulates without being traced. Belatedly, perhaps, the U.S. Treasury is fighting back, coming up with new technologies and precautions to protect the dollar. “The integrity of the nation’s currency is at stake,” Meyer notes.

In a microeconomic sense, that was also the case recently on Moscow’s busy Old Arbat, where currency-exchange dealer Ilya was inspecting what appeared to be a legitimate $100 note. “It’s a fake,” he said. Turning the bill over, he pointed to the $ in United States of America: it was too close to the $ at Kredobank, a privately held Russian bank, a Moscow casino operator recently tried to deposit $10,000 in cash. It wasn’t worth the paper it was printed on. Kredobank, like most Russian banks, confiscates forged currency but usually does not report the incident to the police. For that reason, says a Western analyst with experience in the region, “we hear rumors of how many fake dollars are around, but there’s little way to track it.”

In much of China’s explosive economy, phony $100 bills are as ubiquitous as construction cranes on the streets of Shanghai. Even in boomtowns, checks and credit cards are in limited use, and cash careers through the system at an alarming rate. Tracking down the counterfeaters is not easy, says Dai Weiwen, head of the exchange section of the Bank of China, because “our methods of detecting fakes are primitive.” In recent months, however, banks have begun to install equipment such as money scanners to ferret out forgeries. The Industrial and Commercial Bank of China even fines employees who fail to detect fake currency.

In the U.S., government officials are studying the consequences of the newly pervasive greenback and the concomitant rise in counterfeiting. The currency outflow produces one sweet side effect: the Treasury saves an estimated $15 billion a year since it pays nothing on the dollars held overseas that don’t make their way into American interest-bearing accounts. At the same time, since the flow of funds abroad cannot be precisely quantified, it makes it almost impossible for the Fed to gauge the domestic money supply and thus know with certainty how to manipulate it. “Estimates of currency held abroad are subject to considerable error,” Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan testified before Congress last August. “We are looking at this issue in considerable detail.”

In the corridors of the Treasury Department, meanwhile, counter-counterfeiting teams are testing new dollar designs. The portraits of historical figures might be slightly enlarged and moved off center; watermarks might be added. Since 1990, polyester fibers have been imbedded in dollar bills so that when a bill is copied by a forger, the note’s image is slightly marred. Now the Treasury plans to place those threads in one spot on all dollar bills to make it more easily detected. With counterfeiting a cottage industry around the globe, the American currency is likely to require a growing staff of tinkerers. —Reported by Tom Curry/New York, Sally B. Donnelly/Moscow and Elaine Shannon/Washington
ENVIROMENT

Animal Genocide, Mob Style

A new report says organized crime is muscling in on the illegal wildlife trade

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

IN FOUR YEARS OF UNDERCOVER WORK, Steven Galster has been all over the world, from the black markets of Zimbabwe to the back alleys of Moscow. Most of the time, he has felt reasonably safe—but not always. "I had one meeting with a Russian gang that had been burned before," he says, "and I had a funny feeling about it. I was wired up and wearing a hidden camera, but I decided to take off the recorder and hide it in my gym bag. They frisked me, but it was O.K." It might have easily gone otherwise: the people he hung out with were frequently armed and very dangerous, as hoods involved in weapons dealing, gambling, drug smuggling, money laundering and prostitution usually are. Galster, however, wasn't especially interested in any of those unsavory activities. As a co-director of the San Francisco-based Endangered Species Project, he goes after the illicit trade in wildlife. And there is no shortage of work. Unsanctioned traffic in animals and animal parts—birds of prey, tiger skins, tiger bones and bear gallbladders out of Russia; rhino horns and elephant ivory from Africa; whale meat into Japan; rare birds and snakes from South America—has more than doubled in value since 1989, generating an estimated $6 billion in annual revenues. According to Interpol, the international police agency, wildlife trafficking is now the second largest form of black-market commerce, behind drug smuggling and ahead of arms dealing.

Plenty of laws and international agreements forbid such trade, but enforcement ranges from spotty to nonexistent. That's why delegates to this week's 126-nation biennial meeting of the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) in Fort Lauderdale will be considering a proposal for a worldwide enforcement agency that would pool information from member countries and coordinate prosecution efforts.

But as a report being issued this week by Galster's group makes disturbingly clear, such an agency could find itself overwhelmed as soon as it is created. The reason: not only have small-time wildlife smugglers become increasingly organized and professional, but—more ominously—traditional organized-crime operations have finally awakened to the huge profit potential of wildlife smuggling.

In Japan, for example, the 300 or so minke whales killed legally each year can't begin to satisfy the demand for whale meat, a delicacy that commands about $100 a plate. Customs officials frequently seize illegal shipments on the way into the country. But plenty slips through, and a recent study published in Science suggests that some of it comes from whales that can't be hunted legally. Investigators bought whale meat in retail markets all over Japan. Using DNA tests, researchers found that some of it came from fin whales, humpbacks and other protected species. "We were stunned to find humpback being sold in a Hiroshima supermarket," says Don White, president of Earthtrust, the Hawaii-based group that sponsored the study. "They've been protected since 1966."

Less than a week after the Japanese government first learned of the study last May, police busted a whale-meat smuggling operation in Nagasaki, arresting three men and seizing a Korean fishing vessel with 11 tons of undocumented whale meat aboard. It turned out to be run by the yakuza, Japan's organized-crime syndicate. Last week one of the gangsters involved was sentenced to 18 months in prison.

In South America drug cartels have long been involved in the animal trade, but until lately it was mostly a way to move their primary product. Agents have found cocaine in polar-bear skins and live boa constrictors, and heroin packed into a tiger rug's skull. "A few years ago, it was cement utility poles stuffed with cocaine," says Jorge Picón, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's senior enforcement agent in Miami. "Now it's wildlife."

Picón and others say that the cartels are now getting into the wildlife trade for its own sake—not surprising, considering that a single South American parrot, bought from a poacher for just a few dollars, can fetch a street price of as much as $40,000 in the U.S. or Europe. Animals are useful for money laundering as well. According to Picón's agency, smugglers frequently trade illegal drugs for endangered species, re-
SCIENCE

Cretaceous Parenting

A fossil embryo and a nestful of eggs suggest that even the fiercest dinosaurs had a domestic streak

BY MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

ANYONE WHO SHUDDERED THROUGH Jurassic Park would never use the words motherly or nurturing to describe the movie's prehistoric villains—especially not the vicious velociraptors and *Tyrannosaurus rex* that slashed their way across the screen. But those beasts may have had a softer side that moviemakers never saw. In recent years, scientists have come to believe that on the evolutionary tree, dinosaurs are more closely linked to robins and sparrows than to lizards and crocodiles. Even the most ferocious dinosaurs may have been tender, caring parents, hovering like mother birds over their nests of hatchlings.

For many years the evidence of such motherly love applied only to peaceful, plant-eating dinosaurs. Now a dramatic discovery announced in the current *Science* suggests that the carnivores had a nesting instinct as well. Working with a U.S.-Mongolian team in the remote Gobi Desert, paleontologist Mark Norell of New York City's American Museum of Natural History found the nearly complete skeleton of a predatory-dinosaur embryo, the first ever discovered, fossilized just as it was about to hatch during the Cretaceous period, more than 70 million years ago. The embryo and its potato-size egg, found in a rocky nest along with at least eight other eggs, are from a kind of oviraptor, an ostrich-size cousin of both tyrannosaurs and velociraptors. And several aspects of the discovery make the parallels between dinosaurs and birds stronger than ever.

To start with, says Norell, the eggs he found are identical to eggs uncovered in 1923, also in the Gobi, by the famed fossil hunter Roy Chapman Andrews. Most of the bones in the area Andrews explored belonged to a vegetarian dinosaur called Protoceratops, so Andrews thought the eggs did too. Since a predator's remains were found lying on top of one clutch of eggs, scientists assumed that it had died in the act of eating them and named it Oviraptor, or egg stealer. But Norell's discovery makes it clear that the unfairly maligned "thief" was more likely a mother dinosaur incubating its own eggs.

Another clue to the monster's motherly instincts may come from two tiny skulls that Norell found in the nest. They belong to a different type of predatory dinosaur known as dromaeosaurs. While they could have been egg stealer themselves, they could also have been brought in by the mother oviraptor as food. Or they might have emerged from eggs sneaked into the nest by a mother dromaeosaur so her young could be raised by unsuspecting surrogate parents—a strategy used by modern cuckoos.

Even if there had been no other fossils in the nest, the discovery of an embryonic oviraptor would have been important. Dinosaur embryos are rare—fewer than a dozen kinds have ever been found. Juvenile animals often have features that vanish as the creatures grow, but which also exist in the embryos of their precursors or descendants (human fetuses, for example, start out with tiny tails). If researchers can find common traits in unhatched dinosaurs and birds, they will be able to establish stronger links between them.

Norell is planning a return next summer to the Gobi, where there are undoubtedly more surprises awaiting. Jurassic Park 2 may have to take into account the mounting evidence that *Tyrannosaurus* and its kin resembled nesting robins—albeit big robins with sharp teeth and really bad tempers. —Reported by Andrea Dorfman, New York
MEDICINE

Fertility with Less Fuss

A new technique from Australia may make it easier and cheaper for couples to have test-tube babies

By LARRY THOMPSON

Aiming a test-tube baby is a test of human endurance—especially for the would-be mother. To start the process of in-vitro fertilization (IVF), she must submit to a two-week regimen of daily drug injections. They prepare her ovaries and cause perhaps half a dozen eggs to mature simultaneously, but the shots can also produce pain, bloating and sharp mood swings. Every day she undergoes tedious blood tests and ultrasound examinations: the doctors need to monitor the ovaries closely and remove the eggs at just the right time so they can be fertilized in the lab and then returned to the womb. Despite the hardships, infertile couples went through the costly, complex procedure 40,000 times last year in the U.S.

Before long, though, they may have a better way to make a baby. This week, Alan Trounson, an IVF pioneer at Monash University in Melbourne, Australia, will tell the American Fertility Society meeting in San Antonio, Texas, that he and his colleagues have devised an alternate approach that is much cheaper, simpler and easier on the mother. It removes the need for fertility drugs and daily monitoring.

"There is nothing terribly complicated about [the procedure]," Trounson claims, "so it will spread like a brush fire because the patients want it."

Trounson's method, called immature oocyte collection, is radically different from traditional IVF. Instead of priming the woman with fertility drugs so that eggs (the oocytes) will mature, doctors simply remove immature eggs. The timing is no longer crucial. Success hinges on two new techniques: locating the immature eggs and stimulating them to mature outside the ovary.

The process begins with an examination of follicles, the tiny sacs in the ovary where eggs are found. Fertility doctors ordinarily focus on large follicles—nearly a half-inch wide—that contain mature eggs. But Trounson's partner, Dr. Carl Wood, discovered that the latest ultrasound machines could spot follicles that are less than a tenth of an inch wide and hold immature eggs. Wood developed a way to pluck the young eggs out of the smaller follicles with a specially designed needle. Trounson, after experiments with cattle, devised a cell-culturing procedure that ripens the immature eggs in the laboratory so they can be doused with sperm and fertilized.

Robyn Hallam, 33, was a perfect candidate for the new, streamlined IVF. Unable to conceive naturally with her husband Tim, a grain farmer in Hopetoun, Australia, Robyn tried fertility drugs to no avail. As the couple prepared to undergo traditional IVF, they were offered Trounson's new approach. "We were told that there'd never been a baby born through this procedure," Robyn recalls. "We thought, 'What do we have to lose?'"

Instead of enduring drug treatments and monitoring, Robyn merely went to the Monash clinic to have immature eggs extracted. The doctors got six eggs and tried to fertilize them all, but only one developed into a viable embryo. It was implanted in Robyn's womb, and on Dec. 14, 1993, Kezia Hallam, Trounson's first bundle of success, was born.

She was actually the fourth human born from an egg matured outside the ovary. In 1991, Dr. Kwang Yul Cha and his colleagues at the Cha Woman's Hospital in Seoul removed the ovaries of a woman with fibroid tumors and isolated immature eggs, which were then ripened and fertilized in the lab. They transferred the embryos to a surrogate mother, who produced triplets. Since then Cha has not repeated his success.

Trounson and the Monash team, in contrast, have impregnated several more women. IVF America, a Greenwich, Connecticut, company associated with Monash, plans to develop the technique in the U.S.

If Trounson's approach works as well as he says, it could transform the economics of the test-tube baby business. Standard IVF can cost more than $100,000, but Trounson says he can slash that figure 80% by eliminating drugs, curtailting testing and reducing doctors' fees.

American fertility experts doubt that Trounson's method will save as much money as he claims. What's more, they question whether the treatment will be useful for the majority of infertile women. "I don't think we have data to prove that this will give the woman a better chance of success," says Dr. Suheil Musaher of the Jones Institute for Reproductive Medicine in Norfolk, Virginia. Trounson admits that he cannot predict the procedure's success rate, but in cattle, 30% of the embryos from immature eggs become calves. That's slightly better than the current 25% success rate for IVF in humans.

It's too soon to tell whether Trounson's technique will revolutionize the treatment of infertility. But the desperate couples who face the emotionally and financially draining ordeal of making a test-tube baby will be eager to find out.

CONCEIVED IN THE LAB: Tim and Robyn Hallam had been unable to have a child until the Monash team helped them bring Kezia into the world

TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1994
New Dawn
What shaped the vision of the great Impressionists?

By ROBERT HUGHES

What, another Impressionist show? Yet more of those women under trees, those boating parties, those irksomely “unproblematic” scenes of French middle-class life a century and a quarter ago? Praiseworthy, yes. But “Origins of Impressionism,” seen earlier this year in Paris and now filling a large slice of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, is an uncommonly well-chosen and fully argued show.

Created by the Met’s Gary Tinterow and the French art historian Henri Loyrette, chief curator of the Musée d’Orsay in Paris, it has drawn in an astonishing number of major works—nearly 30 Manets; more than that number of Monets; and work by a whole gamut of artists from Renoir to Cézanne and Whistler, from Frédéric Bazille to academicians like Jean-Léon Gérôme and even William Bouguereau. It focuses on the early years of the movement, the 1860s, before “New Painting” became controversial with the first Impressionist exhibition of 1874. It asks, What formed Manet, Monet, Degas, Renoir and the rest; what ambitions coalesced between them; what other artists did they respond to?

“Nothing will come of nothing” is an axiom of art history, and the notion that Impressionism was a matter of innocent eyes doing sunlight with broken touches without “academic” preconceptions is strictly for the birds in the sunlit trees. What’s wrong with the name Impressionism is that it suggests quick shots of fleeting things. Yet the main progenitor of New Painting was the most solid, stubborn and material painter imaginable, Gustave Courbet. A Renoir like Bather with a Terrier, 1870, could hardly exist without the example of Courbet’s wardrobe dudes. Courbet was the doubting Thomas of painting, the great empiricist who wanted to verify everything by touch, and his influence pervades Manet’s work as well.

In the catalog, Loyrette and Tinterow quote the art critic Jules Castagnary, who wrote in 1867 that the “modern spectacle” sought by the New Painters wasn’t a matter of theory, ideology or history but of direct response to the world and its contents. “What need is there to go back through history … to examine the registers of the imagination?” Castagnary wrote that “beauty is in front of the eyes, not inside the brain; in the present, not in the past … The universe we have here, before us, is the very one that painting ought to translate.”

There is a standard story of Impressionism: how it rose in opposition to brown-soup or frothy-pink “academic” art, how its icebreaker was Manet’s Le Déjeuner sur l’Herbe at the Salon of 1863, and how it chucked out past art (history painting, the academic portrait) in the interest of unmediated vision. This needs a grain of salt, and the Met’s show administers several pounds of it, in the form of a prelude gallery that sketches the main contents of the official Paris Salon of 1859, the year in which, most observers concurred, the once unquestioned supremacy of history painting faltered. Landscape was rising, and the main vehicle of New Painting was
landscape, with or without figures in it. The disappearance of history painting must have come as a relief to the general audience. Now you didn't need to know who Gyges and Candaules were, and which one had the wife whose Silky white backside was the real pretext for Gérôme's painting in the 1859 Salon. It no longer mattered, at least from the viewpoint of painting, who won the Battle of Gaugamela, or which model was standing in for Phryne and which for Aspasia. In due course, movies like *Spartacus* and *The Ten Commandments* would satisfy the need once felt for Bible scenes, Greek agoras and Roman battles. What was left to painting was the here and now, and that was where Impressionism, child of Courbet's realism, came into its glory.

Yet, as this show is careful to make clear, several of the Impressionists felt strong loyalties to the older form. The gravity field of history paintings was still very strong. Edgar Degas wanted to do them; the Met's show includes a detailed sketch of medieval horsemen and dead or lamenting nudes, one of whom is shaking loose a cascade of flaming russet hair and looks exactly like the bathers he would draw two decades later. (It is dated 1865 and is thought to have been provoked by stories about the sufferings inflicted on Southern white women by Sherman's army in the Civil War.)

Manet thought "the most wounding insult that can be made to an artist" was to be called a history painter—but he wanted to paint history too, though of a more recent sort: the killing of the Mexican Emperor Maximilian; and the battle between two Civil War ships, the Alabama and the Kearsarge, in French waters. The latter came out as a sort of imaginary journalism, rapidly painted to catch the urgency of a moment that, in fact, the painter hadn't seen. And though Manet was not notable for his piety in real life, he tried to reinvigorate biblical painting with his great image of *The Dead Christ and the Angels*, 1864, just to show that he wasn't in thrall to Courbet's realism or to his anticlericalism—to be really free, you have to rebel against the rebels.

One living artist Manet and his peers respected very much, and who exercised a large subliminal influence on modernism though he would never have claimed to be "moderne" himself, was Puvis de Chavannes. Traces of Puvis's flat, fresco-like narratives kept turning up in Degas; long afterward, Picasso would base the scrawny, mannered figures of his Blue Period on Puvis, and there even seems to be a foretaste of *Guernica* in the head of the cow, lowing in pain at the sky.

*Claude Monet
Women in the Garden, 1866-67*
in Puvis's *War, 1867*, included in this show.

But in the end it was not so much the decision to paint the world "as they saw it" that made Impressionism; it was the way of painting it, which came out of Manet and reached its most brilliant expression as color in Monet. Manet perfected a graphic style in which the half tones that offered smooth transitions between high light and deep dark were suppressed; hence the critics' complaints of sketchiness and flatness. But this engaged the eye more, forcing it to assemble continuity from extremes of light and dark.

Monet completely grasped this in the 1860s, and used it, as Tinterow phrases it in the catalog, without "the sexual innuendo or political and social lessons" that appeared in the paintings of Manet and, earlier, Courbet. His monumental *Women in the Garden, 1866-67*, a canvas the size of a battle piece, nearly 9 ft. by 7 ft., is an extraordinary feat of abridgement: Monet's sense of tone and color is so certain that the big flat areas lock into space as though they were instantly seen and registered with a stroke. And despite its strong architecture, the image is mysterious: the young redheaded woman in her bell of a white dress, leaning forward to pick a hidden flower, floats in the shade like a ghost at noon.

On balance, Monet and Monet steal the show—Monet by his lacerating immediacy and irony. Monet by his genius for conveying sensuous pleasure in compositions whose vigor isn't always promptly apparent, because they look like life itself. His big maritime paintings were done in the terms that Philip Larkin would evoke a century later, in his poem "To the Sea":

*Sleep beach, blue water, towels, red bathing caps.*

*The small hushed waves* repeat
ded fresh collapse

*Up the warm yellow sand, and* further off

*A white steamer stuck in the afteroon—*

This isn't the stuff of aesthetic revolt. It's social confirmation—the image of other people doing what you like. The popularity of a great painter like Monet, or a lesser one like Renoir, isn't due to their figuring out what people liked and then painting it. Monet liked what people liked. There was no angle between his appetites and those of his middle-class audience. He didn't speak "for" them, but he spoke directly to them about pleasure and the brave distinctness of things in the world. Generally artists don't do this today, and don't even try. So Impressionism still has no competitors for public affection.

**CINEMA**

**Wretch on a Sexual Rampage**

* Linda Fiorentino has a ferocious fling in The Last Seduction*

**By Richard Schickel**

A S USUAL, CONVENTIONAL WISDOM has it all wrong. The problem is not that they don't write good roles for women anymore; it's that they only write roles for good women. Actresses still get to suffer nobly and ignobly. They are even allowed to be and divinely sociopathic rampage. She just plain wants the money she steals from her husband (Bill Pullman), who obtained it in a drug deal that she had urged on him. She just plain needs to create a new life so she can hide from his wrath. And she just plain must enlist simple Mike Swale (Peter Berg) as an accomplice in murder when her mate finally catches up with her.

There's no guise—fighting feminist or uppity careerist, prudish housewife or pouty adolescent, barroom slut or abused bride—that Bridget won't assume to win this game. Her quick changes are funny. So is her chily single-mindedness. And so is the eagerness of males, stupefied by lust, to be taken in by her. Fiorentino is ferociously good in the role. If first-time screenwriter Steve Baranick conceived it as a parody of have-it-all feminism, this actress doesn't acknowledge it. She's after the humor of hummelness, the nuttiness of self-interest untrammeled by sentiment—and she nails it.

Similarly, director John Dahl is after something more than a nostalgic evocation of the old film noir style. He can light a mean street, a smoky barroom or a morning-after bedroom in the best tradition of the genre. But these venues are no longer situated in a big city. Dahl's *Red Rock West*, released earlier this year, was set in a dour little Western town. *Seduction* mostly takes place in a small, upstate New York town. What Dahl is saying is that you can perhaps avoid becoming a crime statistic by living in the boondocks, but that evil, in the larger sense, is everywhere and inescapable.

Not that he would ever put that point so crudely. Dahl is a cool, even reticent filmmaker, however complicated his plots, however hot and basic the emotions that drive them. But that's a virtue these days. A lot of directors are drawn to the classic genres, but few of them seem to have any real confidence in their strengths. Their tendency is to overheat, and in the process overexpand, these projects. Dahl lets his loony material speak for itself. He understands that overdirecting is like overacting; it pushes us away instead of drawing us in.

**EQUAL OPPORTUNITY: Fiorentino, with Berg, shows how eager males are to be taken in**

brave and capable. But down-and-dirty wickedness is denied them. It's not nice.

It's all part of the new prissiness. But evil has traditionally been an equal-opportunity employer. Where would Barbara Stanwyck and the other ladies of the *noir* have been if their only subtext had been female victimization? Every once in a while a girl has to stop brooding over gender injustice, start thinking about sexual revenge, and slip into her high-heels and stiletto heels to lure a few dopes to destruction.

There has always been something bracing about such creatures, especially when no whiny attempts are made to justify their maligancy. The grace that redeems a wretch like Bridget Gregory (Linda Fiorentino) in *The Last Seduction* is her breathtaking lack of hypocrisy. She's economic woman on an intricate
TELEVISION

Tomorrow Is Another Yawn

An eight-hour sequel to Gone With the Wind, the mini-series Scarlett is twice as long and not half as compelling

By GINIA BELLAFASTE

SEQUELS, LIKE BLIND DATES, INSPIRE a certain terror. We fear they will be losers; we suspect they will never measure up to past loves—and often intuition proves true. The world, after all, really did not need book and movie versions of Oliver's Story or the films The Godfather III and Police Academy II through VII. Nor did the world hold its breath for the onset, in 1991, of Scarlett, romance writer Alexander Ripley's 823-page follow-up to Gone With the Wind. Columnist Molly Ivins spoke for most reviewers when she wrote, "I have nothing against trashy books—I like good trash—but this is dreadful."

Despite all the harsh assessments, Scarlett was a commercial success; it has sold 20 million copies worldwide and was on the New York Times best-seller list for 34 weeks. Now CBS plans to capitalize on—or, rather, re-infect—Scarlett fever with an eight-hour, four-part miniseries based on Ripley's sequel (beginning this Sunday at 9 p.m. EST).

Starring Joanne Whalley-Kilmer in the title role, Timothy Dalton as Rhett Butler and 2,000 extras, Scarlett is a prodigious $45 million production—the most expensive mini-series ever made. Rights to the book cost a record $9 million; history professors were marshaled to advise on the proper period china and silverware. And CBS, hoping that the show will help carry it to first place in the November Nielsen sweeps, is promoting the epic accordingly. In addition to launching a multimillion-dollar advertising campaign, aimed largely at young women, the network will hold online computer discussions and offer tie-in giveaways, and some CBS affiliates will even give Scarlett look-alike parties.

As the book did, the TV movie whisked us along on Scarlett O'Hara's unsuspenseful journey to self-actualization. As it happens, this requires stops in no few-

ers than 53 locations. Scarlett moves about from Atlanta to Charleston, from Savannah to Ireland, chasing Rhett, making a fortune in real estate, succoring rebel peasanants and raising a child. Predictably a postfeminist heroine, she is self-sufficient and sexually assertive yet at the same time sweetly vulnerable. Ultimately, she gets her man, all the while remaining kind, politically concerned and mesmerizingly thin.

"My Scarlett is very different from San Lucci, but instead Halmi conducted a worldwide search, which took six months and cost $1 million. He claims he auditioned 10,000 women before happening upon British actress Whalley-Kilmer one evening while watching television. "She is that determined little girl who knows exactly what she wants," says Halmi. "She can also manipulate people: she's bitchy, she's smart, she's lovable."

Best known for her performance in the 1989 film Scandal, Whalley-Kilmer brings an unnecessary sophistication to a role that requires her to do little more than kiss in mid-sentence and appear alternately tortured and feisty. In fact, many cast members—including Sir John Gielgud (Scarlett's grandfather) and Julie Harris (Rhett's mother)—seem wasted on a story without much of a plot and a script devoid of sharp dialogue. Dalton is a sufficiently handsome Rhett, although he lacks the intelligence and wit of Gone With the Wind's Clark Gable. What's more, Dalton is not given resonant lines like the movie's "All we've got is cotton and slaves and arrogance." Instead he is obliged to say things like "You're trying to pass yourself off as a lady—you couldn't fool a blind deaf-mute."

Scarlett the telefilm is slightly more saucious than Scarlett the tome but ultimately no more compelling or fun. Margaret Mitchell's estate stipulated that a sequel to her 1936 novel not contain any explicit sex. The TV producers, spared this constraint, show Scarlett and Rhett disrobing each other frantically in a fisherman's hut. Moreover, the character of Lord Fenton (Sean Bean), with whom Scarlett has an affair, is given far more prominence than he enjoyed in the book.

He is a secret vampir-murderer who beats Scarlett when she dismisses him. "I am not accustomed to sudden onsets of chastity!" he yells while groping and slapping her.

The tawdrier scenes are so strangely earnest that they fail to imbue this interminably long spectacle with the campiness it desperately needs. So one expected Scarlett to be comparable with David O. Selznick's Gone With the Wind, the recipient of nine Academy Awards. But it might at least have tried to measure up to Melrose Place. —WITH REPORTING BY GEORGIA HARBISON/NEW YORK
Les Formidables
As the Great White Way continues to dim, off-Broadway glitters

LOVE! VALOUR! COMPASSION!
The boys of summer (Lane, Stephen Spinella, Justin Kirk, Stephen Bogardus, John Benjamin Hickey, Glover) in Terrence McNally’s elegiac celebration

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT’S DREAM
Everett Quinton’s version (with Quinton as Bottom, Eureka as Oberon and Grant Neale as Puck) is notously faithful to the travesty elements in Shakespeare’s text

BLADE TO THE HEAT
Garnet (Carlton Wilborn) confronts his friend Pedro (Kamar de los Reyes), the new champ, in this title-bout display of fancy footwork and sexual anguish

BY RICHARD CORLISS

At the end of Charles Busch’s campy 1985 hit Vampire Lesbians of Sodom, the two ageless, eponymous hags decide to take their act on the road. Tahoe, Chicago, Boston and then the glittering climax—Broadway! Well, dear, that’s one faded dream. The Great White Way still welcomes the big musicals, those theme parks with song cues, and a few dramas (usually developed elsewhere, often with subsidies). But it is now only one stop—perhaps the biggest, and at $75 a top ticket surely the priciest—on the world tour of hits. For original work, for vitality and glamour, more than ever, off-Broadway is the place to be.

The smaller theaters in New York City have long been home to droll souls like Busch, as well as to camp cabaret like the French import Les Incroyables (70 endless minutes of cross-dressing, lip-synching and canned cancan) and innocent party-time musicals like Nunsense 2: The Sequel (this time the good sisters of Mount Saint Helen’s School play “Pin the Braid on Sinéad”).

Now off-Broadway is also attracting top stars and prestige playwrights. This month Vanessa Redgrave opens in Vita and Virginia and the Joseph Papp Public Theater premieres Sam Shepard’s Symmetry. In December the Public has a new Hal Prince musical, The Petrified Prince. January brings a trio of one-acters by Woody Allen, David Mamet and Elaine May. Neil Simon, a Broadway pillar for a third of a century, made news recently when he said that mainstream plays had become too expensive to produce. Now even he is off-Broadway bound.

But why wait for these luminaries? Right now Manhattan playgoers will find this year’s Pulitzer drama winner (Edward Albee’s Three Tall Women) and a likely candidate for next year’s prize (Terrence McNally’s Love! Valour! Compassion!). Walk down 42nd Street to find the wittiest evening in town (David Ives’ All in the Timing). And if you wonder what Kenneth Branagh does when he’s not doing everything else, check out the U.S. premiere of his 1987 play Public Enemy.

Household names on the marquee do not, of course, guarantee dramatic splendor inside. The Branagh play is a trifle that searches for nightmare poetry in “plain old American-Irish English” and for political significance in the story of a Belfast punk (Paul Ronan) obsessed by the grit and grace of Jimmy Cagney. It finds none of the above, lost as it is in a muddle of moralizing and attitude-ins. But it shares a potent theme with the season’s canny off-Broadway ven-
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"E."
tures: that star worship is a virus, carried by the popular media and infecting anyone who has a little talent and big gaudy dreams. The difference is that, in many other shows, the Warner Bros. star whom the hero might dream of being is not Cagney but Bette Davis, patron saint of bitchery, proto-queen of camp.

Off-Broadway has long been the Gay White Way. When Broadway, in the post-war era of Tennessee Williams, William Inge and Edward Albee, addressed homosexual themes, it did so in the metaphorical closet. The modern gay and sentimentality. In You Should Be So Lucky, Busch meets Broadway more than halfway: he tosses half a dozen kooky but recognizable types into a Manhattan apartment for some brisk chat and jettisons his familiar gingham-taffeta dress and rhinestone-drop earrings for a Chinese robe. He plays Christopher, a shy electrologist who isn’t really “deep,” he explains. “It’s just that my superficiality is rather complex.” And that’s the neat trick of his show, which plays catch with sexual identity, ethnic roots and the burden of instant media fame. Busch should be so songs and all kinds of nifty footwork. He filches smartly from Raging Bull and Dreamgirls; this show has more choreography, in its simulated bouts and in the sexy way people move, than most Broadway musicals do. The subject—the spur of machismo and the taint of homosexuality—is room for profundity, and some of the actors (notably Nelson Vasquez as a fighter hard on venom) are excellent. But beneath the satiric robe of stagecraft is only the skeleton of a play, gaunt, chunky and long past its prime.

There’s plenty of music in McNally’s play: in the sonata form of the play’s three acts, in the songs that open or close them, in the Chopin played offstage, and in the allusions that one character, Buzz, makes to old Broadway shows—but mostly in the lyric, comic grace of the dialogue and in the taut drama of the midnight scenes, when men sleep in each other’s arms or go on a hopeful prowl for another body to touch. Most of these gay men, spending three holiday weekends in an upstate New York house, have achieved middle age. That means survival, for the moment (AIDS anxiety lurks like the Ancient Mariner in McNally’s recent work), as well as a weary, wise accommodation to monogamy and maturity, stiff joints and dashed hopes.

You Should Be So Lucky
Author-star Busch quibbles with rival Julie Halston over the wee matter of a $20 million inheritance

PUBLIC ENEMY
Kenneth Branagh’s play (with Ronan and Bernadette Quigley) sets a Cagney idolizer in war-torn Belfast

Lucky to carry it. Since off-Broadway is the hot spot now, maybe he will be.

The mission of George C. Wolfe, the Tony-winning director who has become the Public Theater’s boss, is to bring theatrical heat back to that institution, languishing since Papp’s death three years ago. In his first season, Wolfe filled part of the gap with one-person shows. Two ornament his stages now: Jenifer Lewis’ semiautobiographical The Diva Is Dismissed and Danny Hoch’s street-cornery Some People. As Anna Deavere Smith has shown, a solo turn can have epic echoes. But the Greeks were on to something when, 2,500 years ago, they brought a second performer onstage; that changed the product from incantation to drama.

As director of Oliver Mayer’s Blade to the Heat, Wolfe takes a stilted boxing story (loosely based on the 1962 ring death of Benny Faret) and infuses it with dizzying showmanship. He has put in B. and B.
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MUSIC

Minimalist to the Max

Composer Michael Nyman, the man behind The Piano, has conquered stage and screen—but not the British critics

By MICHAEL WALSH

The man who wrote last year’s most memorable and original movie score—for Jane Campion’s The Piano—was not even nominated for an Academy Award. That says a lot about the Oscars, but it also says something about Michael Nyman, a composer who has never quite received his due. Whether writing for films or turning out concertos, string quartets, ballets and chamber operas, the English critic turned composer is a cult figure on both sides of the Atlantic who yearns for wider acceptance. “I’ve had to contend with a certain amount of envy and puffy-nosed disapproval,” he says. “I can do a concert at Festival Hall in London and get a standing ovation, which doesn’t happen much in new music. And there will always be a few sour-faced critics who sit around puzzled and angered and mystified.”

That is all changing. The swift success of both Campion’s protofeminist film and Nyman’s lush, haunting score (more than 1.5 million CDs sold to date) has meant far fewer puffy noses and sour faces. Previously, Nyman was best known for the music he wrote for the idiosyncratic director Peter Greenaway (The Cook The Thief His Wife & Her Lover) and for his own superb 1987 opera, The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat, based on Oliver Sacks’ bestselling book about neurological disorders. On a recent tour of North America with his 10-piece chamber orchestra, the Michael Nyman Band, the 50-year-old composer drew hip audiences and packed houses for programs of his recent works, highlighted by The Piano Concerto, a concert version of the film score.

All this is something of a triumph for someone who, just two decades ago, viewed composition from the other side of the musical fence. As a critic for The New Statesman and the Spectator, Nyman was a trenchant observer of the avant-garde (in 1968 he coined the term minimal music to describe the emerging Minimalist movement) and in 1974 brilliantly surveyed the field in his book Experimental Music: Cage and Beyond. But then Nyman—who studied at the Royal Academy of Music and at King’s College, London, with the early-music specialist and harpsichordist Thurston Dart—concluded that an even better way to affect the fortunes of contemporary music was to write it himself. In 1976 he composed incidental music for a play by Italian librettist Carlo Goldoni at Britain’s National Theatre. He quickly found his own Minimalist style in In Re Don Giovanni (1976), and when Greenaway came calling for the first of their 10 films together, One to One Hundred, Nyman found his true pitch.

In one sense, he has never left criticism behind. His scores are replete with references to other music, and he uses the source material as the launching point for his own rhythmically relentless, acerbically orchestrated commentaries. “Music,” he says, “is power, passion, pulse, pain.” In the psychologically astute The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat, for example, Nyman used a Schumann song, Ich große nicht, as the musical foundation of the opera to illustrate the eponymous victim’s visual agnosia: unable to synthesize visual images, the man relied on Schumann’s music to help him understand the word. In The Piano, Scottish folk tunes suffused the keyboard reveries that gave the mute heroine Ada her soaringly distinctive if wildly anachronistic voice: the result was a blend of rigorous Minimalism, frank Romanticism and the listener-friendly ecstasies of New Age music.

“I don’t think my music relates to Philip Glass and Steve Reich at all,” says Nyman, referring to the two American pioneers of Minimalism, “but it originated from knowing their music. A composer builds on the tradition that’s already established. Bach listened to Vivaldi, Vivaldi listened to Corelli, and the roots go back to Monteverdi. There’s a common language or attitude.”

Nyman spends half the year developing his attitude in the solitude of an 18th-century farmhouse in the French Pyrénées, where he lives with his Estonian wife Aet. A couple of months a year at his other home in north London enables him to indulge his passion for the Queen’s Park Rangers soccer team; the rest of the time he’s on the road with the band.

For all his growing popularity, Nyman yearns for greater respectability in his homeland, where his film music origins are still dismissed by practitioners of an academic avant-garde who are even more provincial, unlistenable and irrelevant than their counterparts in the U.S. “England has always been far less culturally democratic than America, and I was looked down on,” he observes with some asperity. “They didn’t listen to whether what I was producing was conventional pop or contemporary music in its own right—which I think it was.”

Not that it matters too much, since new commissions are flooding in. “I don’t write music to grab a large audience, though I’m pleased that I do,” the composer says. “But success doesn’t exactly help you confront that terrible blank page. When I sit down to write a piece of music, it’s still the same old Michael Nyman, excited and terrified at the same time.” His listeners are happy to go along for the ride.

— Reported by

David E. Thigpen/New York

TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1994
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BOOKS

Looking-Glass Philosophy
An odd new novel blends mystery with metaphysics
By JOHN ELSON

First, think of a beginner’s guide to philosophy, written by a schoolteacher for teens and young adults. Next, imagine a fantasy novel—something like a modern-day version of Through the Looking Glass. Meld these disparate genres, and what do you get? Well, what you get is an improbable international best seller.

To the amazement of its Norwegian author, Jostein Gaarder, 42, Sophie’s World, subtitled A Novel About the History of Philosophy, has become a runaway hit practically everywhere it has appeared. In the author’s homeland, it has been on the best-seller lists for nearly four years. The novel has been published in 30 countries, including China, Germany, Italy, Japan and South Korea. Late last month Farrar, Straus & Giroux issued an English version in the U.S. (403 pages; $19). Despite reviews that were mixed at best, the first edition of 50,000 copies sold out in less than two weeks.

Sophie Amundsen, the eponymous heroine of this peculiar book, is an ordinary 14-year-old schoolgirl who lives with her mother in an ordinary Norwegian suburb. (Her dad captains an oil tanker and is away most of the time.) One day Sophie gets an unsigned letter in the mail containing only a three-word question: “Who are you?” Soon she receives another anonymous message, asking, “Where did the world come from?”

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philosophy. At first by letter and then in person, a mysterious guru who calls himself Alberto Knox guides Sophie through the ideas of great thinkers, from the pre-Socratics to Jean-Paul Sartre. Philosophy's quest for truth, Knox tells his pupil, "resembles a detective story."

Meanwhile, Sophie has to play detective on another front. From time to time she gets postcards that are intended for another 14-year-old, Hilde Moller Krag, who by coincidence also has an absentee father, serving with the U.N. forces in Lebanon. Who is this Hilde? Why is her mail addressed to Sophie? And is it just coincidence that Hilde and Sophie have the same birthday? Suffice it to say that the answers involve a talking dog and a magic mirror, as well as the relation of illusion to reality, free will vs. predestination and--shades of Pirandello--fictional characters seeking to escape their author's plot.

Gaarder, who is married and the father of two sons ages 10 and 18, teaches at a high school in Oslo. He wrote Sophie's World to fill a gap. Stores were full of New Age pap and other mystical mush, but there were no books that would introduce young people to serious philosophy. By trying to blend fantasy with head-cracking summaries of deep thought, Gaarder feared that he had "sat down between two stools. But I was mistaken. Sophie's World fell on top of all the stools."

So why is this book doing so well? Ole Vind, who teaches philosophy at a Danish high school, believes more and more people are seeking the answers to life's mystery in what he calls "the real thing" rather than in astrology or pseudo-religion. On both sides of the Atlantic, the book is being used as a text in college philosophy courses. And despite the author's disdain for New Age spirituality, Thomas Hallock, marketing director of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, suggests that Sophie's World appeals to the kind of reader who made Jonathan Livingston Seagull a touchy-feely hit of the '70s.

Still, Sophie's World may not be for everyone. The characters are half-dimensional, the plot clanks, and Gaarder's prose (or the translation by Paulette Moller) has a distinct flavor of bark. As fiction, Sophie's World deserves no better than a D+. But as a précis of great thought, Gaarder's tour de force rates a solid B. —With reporting by Ula Pion/Copenhagen

TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1994
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BOOKS

Doglegs of Decrepitude
John Updike's fine new book of stories looks at boys grown old

By PAUL GRAY

John Updike's first collection of short stories, The Same Door, appeared in 1959. Depending on how his voluminous work is categorized, he has produced either five, seven or nine such collections since then. (Don't ask; it gets complicated.) In any case, with The Afterlife and Other Stories (Knopf; 316 pages; $24), Updike enters a fifth decade of turning out new short fiction, and neither he nor his stories seem any the worse for wear.

The same, however, cannot be said of the people within these tales. Almost to a man—and yes, for those readers to whom such things matter, the points of view here are exclusively male—they have seen better days. Their names vary—Carter Billings, Fred Emmet, Geoffrey Parrish, and so forth throughout 22 stories—but they all share similar characteristics and complaints. They are well-to-do, approaching 60 or edgily leaving it behind; most have second wives (or third, or multiples thereof) and a clutch of grown children who have become more or less strangers to them. Sexual passion for these duffers-in-waiting is largely a matter of fond remembrance. To them, pleasure has come to mean European vacations, accompanied by a younger spouse who gripes about their erratic driving, or a week away with the old boys. The hero of Farrell's Caddie goes to Scotland with some of his golfing cronies, seeking the invigoration of actually walking the course rather than, as he does at his club back home, riding an electric cart and feeling resigned "to a golfing mediocrity that would poke its way down the sloping dogleg of decrepitude to the level green of death." In a mysterious way, Farrell's quest is rewarded. His local caddie hands him a club and suggests, in passing, that he leave his wife back in the U.S. "She never was yer type. Ta proper." Rattled, Farrell responds, "Shouldn't this be a wedge?"

This preternatural, comic exchange typifies the sort of redemptive elation offered by nearly every story in The Afterlife. Updike's heroes may—and do—regularly pine for what they have lost. Three stories—A Sandstone Farmhouse, The Other Side of the Street and The Black Room—play variations on the same theme: aging men return to the neighborhood or the very home of their happy childhood, where they find themselves confronting evidence of their own transiency in space and time.

But not all is nostalgic; even the most unpromising of present moments can yield something worth remembering. In Short Easter, a character named Fogel spends a dull holiday Sunday, lacking an hour thanks to the arrival of daylight savings time, enduring a brunch and some enforced lawn care with his wife. Alone for a while, he turns on the TV and finds some golf. "The tour had moved east from the desert events, with lavender mountains in the background and emerald fairways imposed upon sand and cactus and with ancient Hollywood comedians as tournament sponsors, to courses in the American South, with trees in tender first leaf and azaleas in lurid bloom." Fogel may not fully appreciate his own perception of spring's arrival, but Updike's readers will; these stories are exemplars of narrative skill and descriptive generosity.

STAGY: Weesner links the collapse of the Berlin Wall to his hero's freedom

Divorce Trial
Yet another obsessive tale of getting shucked goes sour

By JOHN SKOW

A truth for our times is that some enraged genius is out there at this very moment, bloodying the keys of a word processor and hacking out the Moby Dick of divorce novels. But if only 50% of U.S. marriages end in divorce, why does it seem that 75% of new novels obsess on this deadly subject? Theodore Weesner is the latest good writer to prove that maulering in print about the nasty process of getting shucked is less likely to be entertaining than novelizing about salmonella.

The hero of his umbrous novel Novemberfest (Knopf; 386 pages; $24) is Glen Cadby, a 50-year-old professor of German whose young wife Paige goes septic after he is rejected for tenure at his New Hampshire university. Glen is a decent fellow. He was an assembly-line worker in Detroit as a young man, before he quit and revived an interest in the German language begun when he was a soldier in Europe. Paige is petulant and self-absorbed. She disapproves of his besotted love for their four-year-old daughter ("so working class") and grumps when he has a perfectly understandable affair with a pretty grad student.

Author Weesner, a professor of German at the University of New Hampshire, tries to air out his novel with long, wistful passages recounting Glenn's bittersweet entanglement with a married German woman when he was a young soldier. These sections work as a love story but, told in retrospect, simply point toward the hero in sour middle age. Scenes of the Berlin Wall coming down are clumsily atmospheric; East Germany is free and Glen at last has his divorce, but the connection is stagy. Maybe the moral is, Write about what you know, sure, except if what you know is that your wife's lawyer is a lizard, take the day off and worm the dog.
Falling Apart

In a skillful first novel, a teen suffers an excess of troubles

By JOHN SKOW

The year it all fell apart, Stewart O'Nan reports in Snow Angels, an unusually skillful first novel (Doubleday; 305 pages; $20), Arthur Parkinson was 14, a not-very-good trombonist in his high school band, "small for his size, generally ignored." He and his friend Warren were trying out pot, trying out irony and scornfulness.

Given what was facing Arthur, these usually reliable teenage defenses weren't quite enough. His parents were splitting up, grimly and fatally. And a young neighborhood woman, Arthur's friend and former baby-sitter, was destroyed by the accidental drowning of her baby daughter—it was Arthur who discovered the dead toddler—and by the obsessive stalking of her neurotic, estranged husband.

The adult Arthur tells this story years later in flat, cautious language, with neither the melodrama nor the bitter comedy that might be expected. We know little about him except that he has survived and that he is on fairly good terms with an older sister. There is no summing up of what he has become, with what scar tissue.

Among the vectors of that bad year, however, is one hopeful element of adolescence. Awkward Arthur is saved, or at any rate distracted, by his hormones. He falls in lust with Lila, who is uncever and unpretty. She is a twin, and she and her sister dress, according to the unsympathetic Warren, like Mister Rogers. No matter, nature's reward for enduring one's teens grabs both Arthur and his girl by the seat of the pants. He recalls necking with her on his bed while Jimi Hendrix twanged in the background. "Lila's hair smelled of strawberry shampoo; we were trading a wad of watermelon bubble gum, making a game of hiding it from the other's tongue. I thought, if I could just stay here..."

Simple, intricate storytelling; one notion it leaves is that being 14 can be its own cure.

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The Unheard Witnesses

In a new book, friends and colleagues assert that Clarence Thomas was not the saint his defenders made him out to be

By RICHARD LACAYO

THE 1991 FACE-OFF BETWEEN Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill was partly a Supreme Court confirmation fight, partly a character-assassination attempt. What’s still at issue is whose character was taking the shots. After three days of swampy Senate testimony, most Americans were convinced that Long Dong Silver was a man the Bureau of Weights and Measures should know about. Not as many were sure who was telling the truth about Hill’s claims that Thomas sexually harassed her when he was the Reagan-appointed head of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) and she was a 25-year-old staffer. Though public opinion eventually tilted in Hill’s favor, there are still people waiting for the cold-eyed judgment of history to clear things up.

Pending that, the judgment of journalists with book contracts will have to do. Last year David Brock, a writer for the bratty conservative monthly the American Spectator, published The Real Anita Hill, which suggested that Hill was a woman romantically obsessed with Thomas. “Nutty, and a bit slutty,” he called her. Now comes Strange Justice: The Selling of Clarence Thomas (Houghton Mifflin; $24.95), in which Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson, reporters for the Wall Street Journal, offer a picture of Thomas as a man possessed by racial resentments and by good-looking female staffers, whose assets he was not above pointing out to them, loudly and often. In other words, nutty and a bit slutty-minded.

The authors conclude that “the preponderance of the evidence suggests” that Thomas lied under oath when he told the committee he had not harassed Hill. Their book doesn’t quite nail that conclusion. Yet its portrait of Thomas as an id suffering in the role of a Republican superego is more detailed and convincing than anything that has appeared so far. Which is to say that the book justifies the waves of hype it rides on in, including a nomination for the National Book Award. For one thing, the crucial stories told by Angela Wright and Rose Jourdain—two of four women who came to Washington prepared to testify in support of Hill but who were kept waiting by the committee and then dismissed before they could appear—were first reported more than two years ago.

Mayer and Abramson make their most original contribution in the sections that draw a picture of Thomas’ personality, which were based on interviews with dozens of people who knew him. By the time he got to law school at Yale, they write, Thomas was already known “not only for the extreme crudity of his sexual after separating from his first wife, recalls that the walls were covered with Playboy centerfolds.

There is nothing in the Constitution that prohibits prospective Supreme Court Justices from decorating their apartments like a college dorm room. But it’s not out of order to inquire into the frame of mind of a man accused of sexual harassment, especially when one of his chief lines of defense was that he was too much the straight arrow to have done such a thing. While a truckload of centerfolds would not make Thomas guilty of anything, other than a weakness for erotic redundancies, it might disqualify him as the plaster saint fashioned by his supporters.

Mayer and Abramson blame committee chairman Joseph Biden for the fact that the four women who came to Washington to corroborate Hill’s story were never called to testify. In their view, Biden simply abdicated control of the hearings to Republican Senators intent on seeing Thomas confirmed. Yet the fact that the chief witness, Angela Wright, had been fired by Thomas might also have made it easy to dismiss her claims as sour grapes. What we know for certain is that Hill was left as the sole accuser, and Thomas was confirmed, 52 to 48, the narrowest vote for any 20th-century Justice. “I’m going to be here for 40 years,” Thomas recently told an invited gathering of African Americans. “For those who don’t like it, get over it.” Get over it? Not likely anytime soon. Not for him. Not for Hill. Not for us.

ON THE HILL SIDE: Clockwise from upper left: Wright says Thomas harassed her at work; Jourdain says Wright told her about it; Sukari Hardnett says she saw Thomas treat female employees inappropriately; Savage saw Thomas’ Playboy centerfolds
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As the Worm Turns: All New Episode

Arenas will light up this week for the opening of the pro basketball season, but the N.B.A. will seem less bright without the neon-hued hairdos, tattooed biceps and pierced navel of DENNIS RODMAN. "The Worm," as the San Antonio Spurs' forward is fondly known, has been suspended for three games for skipping practice and chucking ice at a referee in preseason. Last year Rodman led the league in rebounds, technical fouls and scandals—like the time he received Madonna in the team locker room. Rodman and Madonna are an item no more, but the post-Madonna Worm seems the same as ever: a prima donna.

A Jack and Maybe a King

Seeking refuge from the public relations Waterloo caused by his indiscreet new biography, the PRINCE OF WALES arrived in Los Angeles last week for a little image mending. There Charles struck his best pose of unruffled regality. He attended the premiere of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein ("I love a good horror movie," he said), schmoozed with fellow bachelor Jack Nicholson and took tea with pop princess Barbra Streisand. The man who might or might not be King could count his trip a success just by finishing the week without launching yet another royal scandal.

Carré Tries to Slip a Mickey

Once he shackled her to his Harley, photographing her slathered in motor grease. Since model CARRÉ OTIS broke up with actor MICKEY ROURKE six months ago, she has been free of such displays of affection. But last week Rourke was lurking at the fall fashion shows in Manhattan. "I wish he would stay away," said Otis, fearing he was stalking her. Not so, said Rourke, "I come in peace." The next night he trashed his $5,000-a-night hotel suite.

In the U.S., such a revelation might bring down an Administration, or at least prompt a week's coverage on Hard Copy. But in France, the publication of a photo of Mazarine Mitterrand, 20, the illegitimate daughter of married French President François Mitterrand, provoked no outrage. Mazarine's existence had been an open secret, but she and Dad have recently been seen together in public more frequently.

At first it seemed like just another celebrity palimony suit. The target: folk-music icon Bob Dylan. But the plaintiff, Ruth Tyrangiel, not only claims that she was Dylan's virtual wife—she also says she co-wrote some of his new songs.

TIME, NOVEMBER 14, 1994
Memorandum to Woodrow Wilson

HOPES THIS REACHES YOU AT WHATEVER RESORT EXISTS IN heaven (or the other place) for former Presidents of the U.S. Not knowing how closely you watch events in the world you left behind, I want to bring you up to date on the consequences of an ideal you so energetically championed: national self-determination. Today it is militantly invoked in many places, from the former Yugoslavia to the former Soviet republics, including North Ossetia and Nagorno-Karabakh. (You don’t know where those new states are? Well, very few people do.) Rival claims to the same land have led to bloody battles, and the U.S. is apt to be involved. Your present successor in the White House has pledged 25,000 troops to help keep the peace in Bosnia. When you proclaimed the right to self-determination, it sounded noble and progressive, although not everyone cheered. Your own Secretary of State, Robert Lansing (you never did like him) predicted that the concept would lead to unfulfillable expectations and large-scale violence. “What a calamity,” he wrote, “that the phrase was ever uttered!”

In fairness, you did not invent the idea—nationalism had become a religion, but you gave it a mighty push, resulting in new maps that were not much more logical than the old ones. The multinational Austro-Hungarian Empire, for instance, was followed by new constructs—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia—containing as many disparate and often hostile peoples. Hence today’s tribal conflicts. All too often, a mistreated minority achieves independence and then mistreats other minorities in its midst or tries to “rescue” its brethren who live on the other side of a national frontier. Thus self-determination for one people becomes aggression against another.

Before the international community recognizes a people’s claim to sovereignty, at least two factors should be kept in mind. One is economic viability, which is often missing. The other is history, including the questions of whether a people has a clear national tradition and has been independent in the past. Without condemning the brutality of your old friends the Serbs, it can be said that we acted prematurely in recognizing some of the former republics of Yugoslavia, including Bosnia. This recognition transformed a civil war into an international conflict. America is surely the last country in the world to deny captive peoples the right to go their own way. But the process has got out of hand. Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the Secretary-General of the United Nations (you know about the United Nations; it’s close to what you hoped the League of Nations would be) puts the problem precisely: “If each minority will ask for self-determination, rather than 184 nations around the world, we may have 500 to 1,000 countries, and that is not in the interests of peace or economic development.”

What to do? We now frequently resort to United Nations peacekeeping forces, quite an astonishing innovation, which you yourself visualized. But even if the U.N. had more manpower (a kind of international Foreign Legion might be a good idea) and more unified decision-making power, it would be hard to impose peace from the outside. Looking toward long-term solutions, a whole intellectual cottage industry has sprung up that should delight your academic heart. One of the more intriguing proposals involves divorcing nationality from territory. For example, Russians living outside Russia in the former Soviet republics might retain their Russian citizenship, with its rights and privileges, without being repatriated. There also have been suggestions for “national home regimes.” Pragmatic or not, such schemes are worth looking at, for they indicate the almost desperate need to develop a more flexible conception of sovereignty.

The European Union is struggling with just such issues: how to balance national sovereignty against the demands of a larger federal structure. Despite recent setbacks, the Union remains the most promising model for the future.

Mr. President, America has an obligation to make up for the dubious legacy of self-determination. We should stand for a less simplistic ideal. Such an ideal does exist—community, more broadly defined than it is in the tribalism now rampant. We should champion this in the name of Wilsonian altruism (if you will pardon me) but for very pragmatic reasons. The nation-state, the tribe writ large, today is often too big to cope with local problems and yet too small to function adequately in the global marketplace. The values of blood and soil are retrograde. They are also powerful, and they will not recede easily. But the U.S. should not give in to them, even if that sometimes means standing against the tide. The desire to belong—to family, clan, nation—may be part of human nature, but it need not take an exclusive and aggressive form. The U.S. should not automatically give its blessing to almost any movement under the banner of self-determination. We should perhaps go back to the Enlightenment’s understanding of self-determination, namely, the autonomy of the individual. For such ideas to make a dent in peoples’ minds will take long, slow and patient effort. But America should begin. Mr. President, if you have any astral influence on the powers in Washington, I hope you will guide them in that direction.
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