PRIME SEATS ARE STILL AVAILABLE FOR THE SPORTING EVENT OF THE YEAR.

*Based on MSRP comparison of base Taurus vs. the leading sellers in its class.  
**3 years/36,000 miles. See dealer for details.
INTRODUCING
THE NEW FORD
TAURUS SE

It's the Taurus with a decidedly sporty edge. Taurus SE's cast aluminum wheels, new clear lens headlamps and available spoiler make a serious statement of style. Inside, the SE has a long list of driver-friendly touches. Even air conditioning comes standard. And, of course, Taurus SE also gives you the added safety of standard dual air bags to supplement safety belts for the front passenger as well as the driver, and available anti-lock brakes.

But the SE's news doesn't end there. There's a refined powertrain that delivers an especially smooth performance from the computer-controlled V-6 engine. And when it comes to value, Taurus performs equally as well, as a better value than its leading competition.

FORD'S ROADSIDE ASSISTANCE.
Help is only a toll-free call away if you should have a flat tire, get locked out or simply run out of gas.

The new Taurus SE. Sit back, relax and enjoy the sporting event of the season.

FORD TAURUS
AMERICA'S BEST-SELLING CAR. AGAIN.

HAVE YOU DRIVEN
A FORD LATELY?

Ford
Help.

257 colds. 128 sore throats. 99 stomach viruses. Nosebleeds. Stitches. Chicken pox. What did we forget? Oh, yeah, poison ivy, bee stings and assorted bites from kids and other wild animals. At CIGNA HealthCare, your doctor knows you and your medical history. And you can reach one 24 hours a day in the event of an emergency. So next time they wedge a marble up their nose, you’ll know exactly what to do.

CIGNA HealthCare
A Business of Caring.
TIME CONTRIBUTOR RICHARD Stengel, 39, always regretted having been born too late to cover the U.S. civil rights movement. As a result he was drawn to South Africa, whose revolutionary political changes he calls "the greatest civil rights story ever." He has reported that story for TIME and other publications over the past eight years, and in 1990 he published January Sun, a book chronicling a day in the lives of three families in a Transvaal town. All of this won Stengel the job of collaborating with South African President Nelson Mandela on Mandela's autobiography, Long Walk to Freedom, which is excerpted in this issue.

Mandela's is "a classic, archetypically heroic story involving great suffering and great achievement," says Stengel. "It shows the value of sticking to one's beliefs." Stengel and the President embarked on 18 months of writing and editing in January 1993, starting with a manuscript Mandela had begun years earlier in his prison cell. They set to work each day at 6:45 a.m., usually meeting at Mandela's African National Congress office in downtown Johannesburg or his suburban home. On his own, Stengel tracked down and interviewed more than 50 of Mandela's friends, colleagues and family members, including the President's former prison mates at Robben Island, his sisters and a white lawyer who hired the young Mandela as an apprentice in 1941.

Stengel found Mandela to be full of contradictions—guarded yet outgoing, sophisticated yet unworldly. "The duality surprised me," says Stengel, "but some of the naiveté comes from the fact that he was away for 27 years." Stengel was also impressed with Mandela's sharp memory. "He is both calendar and camera: he can picture and re-create a scene in his mind's eye."

His years of fear and hardship in captivity made the South African leader hard to know. "He is not a publicly introspective person," observes Stengel. "He'll tell you what he thinks, but not how he feels." At such impasses, Stengel needed all his journalistic prowess. "Rick has a tremendously keen eye for detail and the telling anecdote," says executive editor Jim Kelly. "He'd be the ideal companion to sit with someone and persuade them to describe scenes and encounters in the liveliest way possible."

As it turned out, Stengel found an ideal companion of his own during his South African sojourn: he met and fell in love with Johannesburg photojournalist Mary Pfaff, whom he married last month.

Could This Be The World's Most Comfortable Mattress?

Frustrated With Your Sleep?
Do you toss and turn at night? Can't seem to find a comfortable position? Does your back ache when you awake? These are signs that your mattress doesn't support you properly.

Sleep Better On Air
A Select Comfort Air Sleep System doesn't rely on springs or water. Air is better because it gently contours to your body's shape.

Also it keeps your spine in its natural alignment, which lowers the tension in the surrounding muscles. So you can sleep comfortably in any position and wake feeling great.

Call For More Information
You owe it to yourself to learn more about this revolutionary way to a better night's sleep.

For FREE Video and Brochure, Call
1-800-831-1211

Select Comfort Corporation
6105 Trenton Lane N., Minneapolis, MN 55442
© Select Comfort Corp. 1994
Dept 3319
Not all role models wear athletic shoes.

THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY PRESENTS THE AMERICAN TEACHER AWARDS

We'd like to introduce you to some role models who don't dunk basketballs over giants for a living. Yet what they do is just as challenging. They're teachers. And Friday, December 2 at 7pm EST, during The Disney Channel Free Preview, you can meet their all-star team as The Walt Disney Company Presents The American Teacher Awards. After all, you don't have to be 7 feet tall to have a child look up to you.

The Disney Channel

Presented in partnership with Campbell Soup Company
Starting at just $1199, Compaq Aero presents a type of freedom you can't afford to live without. Imagine a 170MB hard drive and 486 processor - the power you get from a desktop - all packed into a sleek, 3.5-lb. package. You'll never be tempted to leave it behind. (The possibilities are quite staggering.) To enter this new world, visit your Compaq retailer or locate the nearest Compaq reseller by calling 1-800-345-1518. Or call Compaq DirectPlus at 1-800-888-8450. You'll find the price of freedom has never been so, well, reasonable.
It's About A New Way Of Doing Things. It's About $1,200.
VOLVO INTRODUCES DAYTIME RUNNING LIGHTS.

(People once laughed at seat belts too.)
There may be those who find the use of headlights in broad daylight a little odd. But the fact is, automobiles equipped with Daytime Running Lights are, on average, three times more visible than those not equipped. Which might explain why accidents have been significantly reduced where Daytime Running Lights are mandated by law. (Sweden, for example, reports an eleven percent decrease in accidents since Daytime Running Lights were required in 1977.) Of course, it also explains why we’re making them standard on all 1995 Volvos.

Down the road, we think people will appreciate the logic. Especially since, by then, we’ll probably have introduced another safety feature on our cars that people may find a little odd.

Drive safely.
LETTERS

Newt Gingrich’s New Power

“History is full of demagogues who found that preaching anger is easier than being an effective and competent legislator.”

Richard Lakin
Baltimore, Maryland

Newt Gingrich is arguably the most intelligent member of the U.S. Congress [POLITICS, Nov. 7]. He backs up every statement with reason and logic, and has yet to resort to emotional tirades like so many politicians today. Your cover line “Mad as Hell” implies exactly the opposite of what Gingrich is and what he stands for.

Matthew R. Weiss
Madison, Wisconsin

IN REGARD TO YOUR COVER PHRASE “MAD as Hell,” I would say, No, I am not mad as hell. But I am worried as hell about the country’s future. And when I think about it, I become very depressed. Gingrich and Bob Dole and their followers have no concern about my country. It seems like their mission is to make President Clinton fall and have the Republicans take over and go backward. The whole planet is changing. There does not seem to be a single thing that is not revolving or deteriorating.

Dorothy Okada
Glendale, California

BRAVO, NEWT GINGRICH! WHO WOULDN’T be mad, with all of the misguided and misdirected goings-on in Washington? You are right when you say, “Voters are bursting with frustration.” Who isn’t? With Gingrich as our St. George, we can rest assured that he will slay the Wicked Liberal Dragons in government as well as in the media!

Patricia Pudgie
Houston

EXTREME PARTISANSHIP OF THE KIND ADVOCATED by Gingrich leads only to increased government gridlock at the expense of all Americans. No matter what their political beliefs are, politicians need to stop viewing every conceivable issue as a battle to the death between two competing teams.

Paul David Meade
Burke, Virginia
Via America Online

AS ONE OF GINGRICH’S FORMER CONSTITUENTS, I am all too familiar with his messianic orations. Here is a man whose arrogance, hypocrisy and moral bankruptcy are the very personification of everything voters say they hate about Congress. Yet he is worshipped at fund raisers, was re-elected by a wide margin and will be the next Speaker of the House. Had George Orwell been able to see the future, perhaps the title of his book would have been 1984.

Alice J. Walker
Gay, Georgia

YOUR ARTICLE ON GINGRICH WAS AMONG the most biased I have read on any politician, and I am from California where we are used to mud and like textures. Gingrich is a smart, dedicated politician, and about as partisan as retiring Democratic Senate majority leader George Mitchell. You did him wrong. Shame on TIME.

Howard McCarthy
Lakeport, California
AOL: HowardM797

GINGRICH, HIS INSATIABLE DESIRE for power and his unpinned use of it put me in mind of Abe Lincoln’s Sangamon County farmer, who when caught by his neighbor encroaching on the property line between their farms said, “I ain’t greedy ‘bout land, I just wants what jines mine.”

John W. Topzton
Ottawa, Illinois

Treating Schizophrenia

YOUR ARTICLE ON SCHIZOPHRENIA RESEARCH [ETHICS, Nov. 7] pointed out the changing landscape regarding informed consent in research involving people with severe psychiatric disorders, including some of the changes UCLA has made in its human-subject protection process. However, by neglecting to discuss the purpose of the clinical research mentioned in your article, you reduce in stature both people with schizophrenia and the researchers at UCLA who are dedicated to developing improved treatments for the disease. The schizophrenia researchers here are not merely involved
Before attempting the operation of the Lifestyle® 12 home theater system, the following instructions should be carefully reviewed and memorized.

One button. That’s all it takes to experience the dramatic sound of the Bose® Lifestyle® 12 home theater system.

This is the surround sound system that simplifies home theater. Instead of a tower of components, you get a music center with CD player/tuner built in. Five acoustically matched speakers, each small enough to hold in the palm of your hand. And an easily hidden Acoustimass® bass module. (Not shown, because you won’t see it in your home, either.) However, there is one last instruction you should follow. Hold onto your seat—after all, the sound is from Bose.

["operation is very intuitive...It offers style, versatility, and big sound in a small package." – Home Theater Technology]

For more information and names of retailers near you, just push these buttons: 1-800-444-BOSE Ext. 483

Better sound through research.
One in five American adults cannot read well enough to understand this ad.

To these people, newspapers and magazines are more a source of embarrassment than information. Even the thought of reading a simple bedtime story to their kids can be the cause of sleepless nights.

Without basic literacy skills, complicated forms and applications become insurmountable obstacles to them. As a result, their prospects for employment are, sadly, limited.

They are good people in bad situations who, despite the right intentions, are in danger of passing a legacy of lost opportunity down to their children — and to their children’s children.

It’s a particularly vicious cycle.

In 1989, the National Center for Family Literacy was established with a mission to reverse this national crisis.

Our plan was unique and surprisingly simple. If we could bring under-educated parents back into the school system with their kids, then these parents could increase their prospects in the job market. At the same time, their children would gain a positive educational role model in the home. Push the parents — pull the kids, if you will.

Today, NCFL is behind family literacy programs in more than 1,000 communities, in all 50 states. Around 30,000 parents and children participate in NCFL programs every year.

Family literacy is working. But the crisis is far from over.

To 12 million adults this is an ad about a dog. Actually, it’s an ad about literacy.

We urge you to write the National Center for Family Literacy, Waterfront Plaza, Suite 200, 325 West Main Street, Louisville, KY 40202-4251, for information on how you or your company can help support family literacy.

If we, as a nation, can achieve full literacy, then we can achieve anything.
Why pay for what you can get on the House?

FREE full, hot breakfast buffet
FREE evening cocktails
FREE incoming faxes
FREE shuttle at airport locations
FREE local phone calls and long distance access
FREE coffee and tea 24-hours
FREE premium movie channels
FREE membership in the BestGuest Frequent Stay Program
FREE Kickback Weekend night stay*

ClubHouse locations feature oversized guest rooms, meeting rooms, a pool and indoor whirlpool spa.

#1 Best Overall Price Value

ClubHouse
INNS • SUITES • CONFERENCE CENTERS
For Reservations & Rates
1-800 CLUB INN
Or your travel professional.

Cocktails served in compliance with state laws.

Albuquerque • Atlanta • Chicago • Kansas City Airport • Knoxville • Lansing • Nashville Airport • Nashville Downtown • Omaha • Overland Park • Pittsburgh • Savannah • Topeka • Valdosta • Wichita

*Kickback offer: Stay 2 consecutive nights Fri-Sun thru 3/96 and receive a FREE Kickback Night for a future stay thru 4/96. Based on availability. Advance reservations necessary. Tax not included. Min 10 and under in room fee with parents.
Express yourself in living color.

Pioneer Laser—for people who like to see, hear...and do.

At Pioneer, we've led the revolution in laser optical disc technology with car CD players, LaserDisc and CD-ROM. And we're continuing by raising the art of entertainment to a higher level with the introduction of LaserActive.

Pioneer LaserActive is the most advanced interactive LaserDisc format, combining the sharpest, most realistic pictures available with crisp digital sound and interactive technology. It not only surrounds you. It involves you.

LaserActive gives you the power to choose the outcome of movies. Play video games in arcade-like realism. Sing lead vocals with LaserKaraoke. Or discover new worlds using educational software. All now. And all on the most innovative laser optical disc technology available.

So, you can sit back and watch life pass you by. Or you can turn up the volume, bring out the colors, jump in and experience the latest in laser technology live from Pioneer.

The Art of Entertainment
HYPOCRISY AND LACK OF COMMON SENSE are as lethal as drugs. Drug trafficking will not disappear unless the U.S. and the other consumer countries establish more effective controls against drugs.

Margarita de Giraldo
Bogotá, Colombia

**Head to Head with Assad**

ALTHOUGH I DO NOT DISAGREE with your analysis of President Clinton’s meeting with Syria’s Hafez Assad [MIDDL E EAST, Nov. 7], I must question your headline stating that Clinton came away “without any visible signs of diplomatic progress.” Anyone who knows Syria’s history of repression appreciates the great step forward Assad’s press conference at the presidential palace represented. Who would ever have expected to see the dictator answer a question put to him by a Jerusalem Post reporter, and on a television broadcast that could simultaneously be seen by all citizens of Israel? People who live in the Middle East have learned through experience to take their time and appreciate small elements of progress. Set against that backdrop, Clinton came away with a great deal.

David A. Rubin
Chicago
AOL: DANS16

**Shoot to Kill**

IN REACTION TO RECENT EVENTS, ISRAELI forces have greater liberty to open fire on known Hamas guerrillas [ISRAEL, Nov. 7]. New guidelines eloquently display an Orwellian Newspeak. In the Israeli military lingo, mistreatment or even torture of prisoners is called “moderate physical pressure.” But for some reason the activities of the Israeli army—however violent—are not called murder or terrorism. Israel has been repeatedly condemned, by Amnesty International and Israel’s own human-rights groups, for torture. However, in the eyes of our politicians and media, Israel remains an oasis of democracy in the Middle East.

Ismail Zayid
Halifax, Canada

**The New Album**

We shouldn’t blame the likes of the Rodriguez brothers for America’s drug plague. There would be no Cali cartel, nor any other drug cartel, were it not for drug prohibition. The Colombian official who complained that Washington only wants “to punish narcotrafficking, not eradicate it” understands this, but the U.S. refuses to listen to reason. So multi-billion-dollar drug empires continue. And so does the blood in our streets.

Joanna Parker
Ocean Shores, Washington

**TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994**
When Rosemary Mitchell first gave birth, she was covered by an innovation.

An innovation called health insurance. Pioneered by Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans.

Local Plans that, today, have grown to cover more than 65 million Americans nationwide. And by continually reinventing health care coverage, these Plans offer options as diverse as the families they serve. From traditional coverage to America’s most extensive managed care networks. Options that keep costs down and quality high. Including instant access to more than 80 percent of all U.S. hospitals. Plus, a unique technology evaluation program that assesses the latest advancements in medical care. Options designed to ensure the needs of people like Rosemary and her family.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield. Accepted coast to coast as America’s unrivaled symbols of health care coverage. Covering one generation after another.

Like Rosemary always says, “The most important things in life are your family and your health.” Rosemary’s the one in the middle.

Live long. Live well.

Blue Cross and Blue Shield Association, an Association of Independent Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans.
For Heaven's Sake
I AM ALWAYS AMUSED AND DISAPPOINTED when scientists try to determine "the age of the universe" [SPACE, Nov. 7] and attempt to deal with all the other major cosmic mysteries. The truth is too simple: both time and space are infinite, and therefore, the universe (cosmos) was never "born" and will never "die."
Roy Aycock
Norfolk, Virginia

THE APPARENT CONCLUSION THAT STARS in our own galaxy are older than the universe undermines the Big Bang theory and runs counter to common sense, but don't blame the findings of the Hubble Space Telescope. The inability to date the universe is consistent with the creation theory, which holds that the universe was created in its mature state, with light already reaching the earth from the farthest distant stars.
Jeff Key
Fullerton, California

If modern scientists had the courage of Galileo, they would abandon the postulate that there was a "beginning." It is totally illogical for religious leaders to hold to a notion of eternity and at the same time a beginning. It is preposterous that scientific minds allow their hypotheses to be dominated by that nonsense. If the search for the universe's age were abandoned, the Hubble findings would make perfect sense.
Lee Cooper
Falmouth, Massachusetts

A Disaster for the Royal Family
I HAVE LONG WANTED TO HEAR PRINCE Charles' side of the story of his marriage because it seemed to me Diana was getting a better press than she deserved. The published extracts from Jonathan Dimbleby's book confirm this suspicion [ROYALS, Oct. 31], but Charles is somehow still the one being pitilessly criticized. It is not surprising if he resents Diana's popularity with the public when he knows what she is like in private. Unstable, paranoid, self-centered, in need of psychiatric treatment, she has been all these, and we must be sorry for her, but it is Charles who most deserves our sympathy. He has had to put up with her. In hindsight, it might have been better if Diana's need for treatment had been openly acknowledged in the beginning. She has been a disaster for the royal family personally and for the image of England abroad. This last does not seem to touch her conscience at all. The sooner she fades from the scene the better.
Margaret Walker
Dannervirke, New Zealand

IN THE WAKE OF THE WALLS OF PRINCE Charles, it is hard to contemplate his ever being the head of state.
Mike Rodwell
Richmond, New Zealand

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to:
TIME Magazine Letters
Time & Life Building • Rockefeller Center
New York, New York 10020
Fax number: (212) 522-6901
Letters may also be sent via the America Online computer network.
Letters should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone, and may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Subscription Renewals?
Gift Subscriptions?
Address Changes?
TIME is ready to make time for you.
Call toll-free 1-800-843-TIME

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994
70 DEGREES, A WARM BREEZE, AND SOFT MUSIC. CONDITIONS ON MT. EVEREST AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

Presenting a vehicle engineered to bring a new level of luxury and sophistication to some of the world's most remote locations: Jeep Grand Cherokee Limited.

Inside, you'll enjoy such amenities as an audio system that surrounds you with eight premium speakers and 120 watts of symphonic sound.

The luxurious comfort you'll feel isn't just the result

Always wear your seat belt. Jeep is a registered trademark of Chrysler Corporation.
of the power six-way adjustable front seats, but also because of the automatic temperature control system that keeps the cabin's climate precisely to your liking—without destroying the ozone layer, we might add.

Best of all, you'll experience this luxury while, beneath you, the Quadra-Trac® 4WD system is automatically adjusting the power delivered to the axles as needed.

And the optional 220 horsepower V8 engine is powering you over some of the roughest trails imaginable.

For more information, call 1-800-925-JEEP. You'll see that the world isn't such a harsh place after all.

There's Only One Jeep®
A Division of the Chrysler Corporation
Clearing the air #4

When 10 percent equals 50 percent

In recent weeks we’ve pointed out that air quality is improving and that passenger cars are part of the solution—contributing a smaller share of pollutants. At least most passenger cars—90 percent—are part of the solution.

There is always that 10 percent who never seem to get the idea. The idea, very simply, is this: Pollution from passenger cars could be cut even further—in fact, by around half—if all vehicles were well maintained and current laws were strictly observed and enforced. What’s more, it would be one of the lowest-cost ways to help clean up the nation’s air.

This is not rocket science—just plain common sense. A number of studies have shown that a large portion of automotive pollution comes from cars owner tampering or failing to maintain their emission control systems. This is not just an “old car” thing. Many owners of old cars maintain their vehicles properly. But many other vehicle owners—of both old and newer cars—don’t. As a result, 50 percent of America’s auto pollution currently is caused by 10 percent of the cars on the road.

All of which means we need three things:

• A change in mind-set among those drivers who are out of gear with the rest of the nation;
• More—and better—testing at the state level to improve compliance;
• And better enforcement by the states to get the clunkers off the road.

Let’s face it. Before the country goes looking for a lot of very costly new ways to reduce automotive emissions, let’s go for the low-cost, 10-percent solution. If we observe all the laws now on the books, promote mandatory emissions testing in states that don’t now have it, and enforce those standards strictly, we’ll all breathe easier. What’s more, we won’t threaten our economy with unreasonable burdens that hamper growth and jobs.

Next: Why some subsidies won’t work.
NATION

The G.O.P. Transition
Speaker-to-be Newt Gingrich began laying plans for the Republican takeover of the House. Gingrich said at least three committees would be abolished, others reconfigured and staff reduced all around. The new leader—who some political analysts believe could become a dominating Speaker of a sort not seen since the turn of the century—ignored seniority, grudges and ideology in recommending choices to head key committees.


Clinton: Feeling His Way
Though halfway around the globe at an Asian economic summit in Indonesia, President Clinton wasn't neglecting domestic politics. In the wake of sweeping Republican victories in this month's elections, the President again let it be known that he hoped to cooperate with the G.O.P.: bipartisan measures like welfare reform, the line-item veto and tax and spending cuts. Amid signs of Republican chafing in the Senate, he once more called on Hill leaders to approve the GATT treaty at the post-Thanksgiving lame-duck session of Congress.

A School-Prayer Surprise
The President dropped a bombshell on his left-flank supporters by announcing that he would be willing to consider a Republican-sponsored constitutional amendment allowing prayers in public schools—depending on the "details." While civil-liberties
groups characterized the President’s statement as a “cave-in,” White House aides scrambled to clarify Clinton’s position, explaining that he only meant to express an interest in neutral legislation for a “moment of silence.” Democratic allies in Congress were left grumbling about what they saw as yet another presidential waffle.

Military Readiness at Issue
The fight over the Pentagon’s fiscal 1996 budget began early, when Defense Secretary William Perry acknowledged that three of the Army’s 12 divisions were below peak readiness levels, principally due to the cost of missions to Haiti, Rwanda and elsewhere. Republicans claimed the revelation proved the wisdom of their campaign pledge to pump more money into the military.

A San Francisco Shootout
A lone gunman armed to the teeth with a small arsenal of weapons went on a terrifying 25-min. semiautomatic shooting spree on a San Francisco street before being shot to death by police. One police officer was killed and three people were wounded by the gunman.

Desegregation Settlement
Ending a 20-year battle over desegregating Louisiana’s higher education system, a federal judge approved a $117 million plan to beef up college facilities and programs aimed at encouraging more whites to enroll at the state’s historically black universities and more blacks to enroll at the state’s historically white universities. The Louisiana chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. criticized the plan, saying it merely preserved the status quo.

On Tap: Safer Skies
Though stressing that commuter airlines are safe, the National Transportation Safety Board nonetheless recommended that safety rules for such airlines be upgraded to the tougher standards current-
Double time.

HP LaserJet 4V
Documents in half the time.

If your printer keeps you waiting too often, you're ready for the new HP LaserJet 4V printer. The one that can give you 16 pages per minute instead of the usual eight.

The LaserJet 4V handles a variety of paper sizes, including 11" x 17". It's got more memory. And it fits on a desktop. When you hit print, you get HP's true 600-dot-per-inch resolution. It's sharper. Crisper. Blacker. And only $2,449 U.S. list.

If you need to turn up the speed on your network, choose the LaserJet 4MV. Get your work in half the time it ordinarily takes. Just look in the Yellow Pages for the HP dealer nearest you.

You do your job. We'll do ours.
HP LaserJet Printers
WASHINGTHON

WHAT MIGHT NEWT BE TELLING HIS EAGER NEW HOUSE MAJORITY?

KEEP PUSHING THE ENVELOPE! ALWAYS GO A LITTLE BIT "TOO FAR:" WHEN THEY CATCH YOU, PAUSE A BEAT, AND PUSH AGAIN!

SOME LIBERAL ELITES SAID I WAS "OVER THE LINE" WHEN I STATED THAT NEWS OF A MOM KILLING HER CHILDREN WOULD HURT DEMOCRATS IN THE ELECTION.

A THOROUGHLY INNOCENT ASSOCIATION ON MY PART!

BUT THOSE McGovernK COUNTERCULTURE ELITES ALWAYS DISTORT WHAT I SAY, JUST AS THEY'LL LIKELY MISINTERPRET THIS NEW COMPUTERIZED "MORPH." WE'VE PREPARED FOR THE NEXT CAMPAIGN:

COHORTS IN THE COUNTERCULTURE:

BRILLIANT!

POWERFUL!

WE'RE PROUD OF IT, BUT SOME WILL SAY IT'S TOO STRONG.

BUT SINCE WHEN IS AMERICA AFRAID OF BEING STRONG?

SINCE THE FAR-LEFT COUNTERCULTURE BRAINWASHED US!

BUT NOT ANYMORE!

IMPEACH PRESIDENT MANSON!

HOORA-A-AY!

A Deadly Tropical Storm
Having wreaked havoc in the Caribbean—especially in Haiti, where its torrential rains, flooding and mudslides caused more than 500 deaths—Tropical Storm Gordon swept across Florida, devastating some of the state's prime winter farmland and killing six people, before heading out into the Atlantic, where, intensifying into Hurricane Gordon, it pounded the North Carolina coast.

WORLD

APEC to Form Free-Trade Zone
Leaders of the 18 nations of the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation forum, including President Clinton, met in Indonesia and agreed to work to create a gigantic free-trade zone by 2020. The accord, without any specific details, aims to spur growth in the region, which already accounts for half the world economy.

Arafat's Forces Open Fire
Palestinian security forces opened fire on Islamic militants at a Gaza City mosque, setting off violent street fighting that shook Yasser Arafat's fragile government. The clashes, in which 15 people were killed and some 200 were wounded, broke out after police and soldiers turned up in force at the mosque in an attempt to prevent members of the fundamentalist group Hamas and Islamic Jihad from marching to protest the arrest of some 200 fellow activists detained after a suicide bomber had killed three Israeli soldiers earlier this month.

Serbs Attack Bihac Pocket
Rolling back most of the gains made by the Bosnian army in recent weeks, Bosnian Serbs pressed into the northwestern enclave of Bihac. The Serbs
launched assaults from the north, east and west, prompting Bosnian President Alija Izetbegovic to appeal to the United Nations and NATO for help. Key to the assault were Serbian jets from Croatia that bombed Bihać itself and another town, Cazin.

**Ukraine Joins Nuke Treaty**
The world's third largest nuclear power, Ukraine, agreed to accede to the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, clearing a roadblock that had held up two other international disarmament accords. The Ukrainian parliament voted 301 to 8 to pass the resolution, which follows a commitment made in January to eliminate the country's 1,500 warheads. Until Ukraine agreed to go nuclear-free, Russia had said it would not put into effect an agreement to cut its long-range nuclear weapons and also would not take up ratification of another arms-control accord.

**Kohl Squeezes Through**
Helmut Kohl, Chancellor of Germany for 12 years, was elected to a fourth term—but just barely. Kohl received 338 parliamentary votes, just one more vote than the absolute majority he required. Two legislators from Kohl's Christian Democratic Party were roused from sickbeds, and another rushed into the Parliament chambers just two minutes before the voting closed, apparently having overslept.

**Irish PM Resigns**
The coalition government of Ireland's Prime Minister Albert Reynolds collapsed over the extradition of a child-molesting priest, leading Reynolds to resign and leaving the country's political parties to try and forge another ruling coalition. The crisis was precipitated when the Labour Party, which governed jointly with Reynolds' Fianna Fáil Party, withdrew over the appointment of a former attorney general, Harry Whitehahan, as president of Ireland's High Court.

---

**Goofy Gets A Pink Slip**
It's a parade! No, it's a cultural barometer! ... Actually, it's both, as the following list of changes in the balloon lineup of Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade will attest:

- **1990**: In: Clifford the Big Red Dog, Bart Simpson, Kermit the Frog
  - Out: Garfield

- **1991**: In: Raggedy Ann, Betty Boop, Babar
  - Out: Ronald McDonald

- **1992**: In: Garfield, Goofy
  - Out: Kermit the Frog, Raggedy Ann

- **1993**: In: Beethoven (movie dog), Smokey Bear, Izzy (1996 Olympic mascot), Rex (dinosaur from the movie 'We're Back!'), Ronald McDonald
  - Out: Betty Boop, Goofy, Bugs Bunny, Babar

- **1994**: In: Barney, the Cat in the Hat
  - Out: Smokey Bear, Rex
**THE GOOD NEWS**

- A five-year study by the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute finds that early symptoms of lung diseases such as emphysema and bronchitis disappear when smokers kick the habit, no matter how many years they have smoked.

- Cigarette smoking by adults has reached its lowest level since 1942, says a government study.

- Many women with early-stage breast cancers that have not yet metastasized can safely forgo mastectomies, according to new information released by the National Cancer Institute. Patients can rely instead on lumpectomies and radiation treatment to prevent recurrences.

**THE BAD NEWS**

- The negative effects of having more than one alcoholic drink per day may wipe out any benefits to the heart, says a new report. The 11-year study showed that any decreased risk of men dying from heart disease was offset by an increase in deaths from cancer.

- Unlike adults, teenagers have not decreased their cigarette consumption; rates have held steady for the past 10 years.

- An FDA advisory committee has refused to approve the highly touted drug etidronate as the first nonhormonal treatment for osteoporosis, because many patients did not seem to benefit significantly from its use.

**HEALTH REPORT**

**Yet Another O.J. Shocker!**

Did the Zeitgeist finally turn a corner last week when the National Enquirer published an issue whose cover made no mention of O.J. Simpson?

**NETWATCH**

**Me Libel, You Pay**

If you errantly refer to someone as, say, a “Nazi son-of-a-bitch,” can your online provider be held responsible? That, in essence, is the issue being decided in state supreme court in New York thanks to a libel suit filed against Prodigy, one of the Big Three online services. A Long Island financial firm claims it was unfairly accused of fraud on a Prodigy bulletin board. Prodigy, like other online service providers, regards itself simply as a conduit through which people communicate—like a telephone company—and thus claims it isn’t responsible for postings. The suit, complains a company attorney, is "trying to establish responsibilities that aren’t present in traditional media." Nevertheless—and despite the fact that the suit is still pending—Prodigy agreed last week to try and track down the person who allegedly vilified the Long Island firm. It will also explain to the court how it monitors its message boards.

**At Least They Like the Cat**

Heartened that a recorded meow and computer photo of Socks have drawn thousands to the new White House Web site (www.whitehouse.gov), Administration officials tell Time they plan to design an entire Socks department—“in response to citizen demand.” Expect new photos but alas—no updated mewlings.

E-mail Netwatch at timesteaff1@aol.com

**BUSINESS**

**The Fed Ups the Ante—Again**

The Federal Reserve raised short-term interest rates by a whopping three-quarters of a point. The hike was the sixth for 1994 and the steepest since 1981. Wall Street reaction to the move was generally favorable, but manufacturers and labor leaders groused that the rise would lead to job cutbacks and weakened sales.

**Reversal of Fortune**

The Sony Corporation announced it was taking a staggering $2.7 billion write-off on Columbia and TriStar, the Hollywood studios it acquired for $5 billion just five years ago. The move was necessitated by a string of costly executive buyouts and a series of box-office duds that included Last Action Hero,
WHO ARE ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN FIRST CLASS AND HOW CAN YOU BE ONE OF THEM?

Given a choice, most business travelers would prefer a nice seat up front. So as one of the new ways we’re making business travel more enjoyable, you’ll automatically receive a free upgrade to First Class when you purchase a full-fare Coach ticket to anywhere Northwest flies in the U.S. on a qualifying connecting flight. Or you’ll receive double miles in our WorldPerks® Free Travel Program for each segment in which First Class is not available. And with our “Bonus Connection,” when you connect through a Northwest hub (Minneapolis/St. Paul, Memphis or Detroit), you can receive an additional 500 bonus miles. Some restrictions may apply, so call your travel agent or Northwest today at 1-800-225-2525.

NORTHWEST
AIRCINES
Some People Just Know How to Fly
Get a gift.

Get a card.

Get it wrapped.

Get it shipped.

Get the 5:28.

Need to send a gift in a hurry? Radio Shack Gift Express will wrap, pack, enclose a card, and ship your purchase anywhere in the U.S. via FedEx® delivery service—all for a nominal charge. For gift orders or the location of the store nearest you, call

1-800-THE-SHACK™

Radio Shack
Gift Express™

You’ve got questions. We’ve got answers.™

Sale prices guaranteed through 12/24/94
FedEx trademarks used by permission.
GERONIMO and, most recently, Mary Shelley's Frankenstein and The Road to W werdellie.

SCIENCE
Cosmic Mystery, Continued
Scientists have long speculated that small, faint "red dwarf" stars make up a major part of the invisible cosmic stuff, called "dark matter," that is believed to account for 90% of the universe's mass. But astronomers using the Hubble Space Telescope ruled out this idea when they discovered that red dwarfs are much scarcer than they originally thought. Now attempts to square long-standing predictions about the universe's mass with the observable data will have to focus on exotica such as the existence of unknown elementary particles.

More Protections for Tigers
Asian countries attending the ninth Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species took unprecedented and unexpected action when they proposed stronger safeguards for tigers, whose numbers in the wild have declined to about 5,000. A ban on trade in elephant parts was also upheld.

THE ARTS & MEDIA
A New Head for MOMA
After an embarrassingly long search, New York City's Museum of Modern Art named Glenn Lowry its new director. Lowry, 40, is a somewhat surprising choice to head the world's pre-eminent collection of 20th century art; an Islamic art expert, he has curated the Near Eastern treasures of the Smithsonian's Freer and Sackler Galleries. "He doesn't want to be a curator; he wants to be an administrator," explained MOMA board chairman Agnes Gund. "At the same time, he understands what a curator does."

EXPECTING. MARY LOU RETTON, 26, spunky-as-all-get-out gymnast and 1984 Olympic gold winner; in late April, a first child for Retton and husband Shannon Kelley, 29, a former University of Texas quarter- back; in Houston.

RETIRING. PAUL SIMON, 65, Democratic U.S. Senator from Illinois and one-time presidential candidate; from the Senate; in Washington. The Senator with the voice of Lorne Greene and the wardrobe of Wally Cox announced that he will not be running for a third term in 1996. When he briefly vied for the Democratic nomination for President in 1988, Simon ran as an unapologetic liberal—for aid to education and against Robert Bork. Yet the former newspaper publisher has been known to take unexpectedly conservative positions such as railing against television violence.

RESIGNING. FATHER JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE, 41, President of Haiti; from the Catholic priesthood; in Port-au-Prince. A month after his triumphant return to his nation, Aristide is formally asking the Vatican for permission to leave the priesthood. No one expects it to be denied: angered by Aristide's fierce criticism of Haiti's Roman Catholic hierarchy, as well as by his embrace of revolutionary "liberation theology," with its intimations of violent class struggle, Rome had been pressing for Aristide's defrocking. It may in fact have been the price of the Vatican's acquiescence to Aristide's return. One source told TIME that Aristide wept as he signed the letter requesting that he be "laicized."

AILING. JERRY RUBIN, 56, '60s activist, '70s spiritualist, '80s capitalist and professional networker; after being struck by a car while jaywalking; in Los Angeles. Critically injured, Rubin underwent extensive surgery at the UCLA Medical Center. Best known as a Chicago Seven defendant tried on charges stemming from the police-protester clash at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, the antiwar Yippie later moved into the baby-boomer mainstream with Clintonian alacrity. Among recent ventures: bee-pollen- and ginseng-based nutritional drinks.

DIED. MOTOO KIMURA, 70, Japanese geneticist; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Mishima, Japan. Kimura's groundbreaking The Neutral Theory of Molecular Evolution, first published in Nature magazine in 1968, claimed that mutations and random genetic drift—rather than natural selection, as Charles Darwin had theorized—are the primary causes of molecular evolution. Though harshly criticized at first, Kimura's neutral theory is now widely accepted. In 1992 neo-Darwinist holdouts at the British Royal Society relented and presented Kimura with the Darwin Medal.

DIED. CABELL ("CAB") CALLOWAY, 86, Big Band leader; of complications from a stroke; in Delaware. The ultimate hepcat, Calloway led an orchestra that succeeded Duke Ellington's band at Harlem's Cotton Club in the 1930s. Calloway's trademark song was Minnie the Moocher, the story of a "low-down hoochie-coocher." He later claimed that the chorus of "hi-de-hi-de-hi-de-ho" and other scat refrains were the product of a faulty memory.

DIED. J.I.M. STEWART, 88, Oxford don who, under the name Michael Innes, wrote a series of murder mysteries known for their literary finesse and humor; in Surrey, England. Stewart's sleuth, Inspector John Appleby, did something rather unusual for genre heroes—he aged extensively, from early career advances to knighthood to retirement.

—By Kathleen Adams, Melissa August, Robertson Barrett, Hannah Bloch, Steve Mitra, Michael Quinn, Jeffery Rubin, Alain Sanders and Sidney Uprichard

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994
MARK OF THE BIGGEST TRAUMAS is that they reach down to the smallest levels. On the morning after Election Day, the 8-year-old son of a defeated Democratic Congressman walked slowly into his third-grade classroom at Horace Mann School in Washington and announced sadly, "My dad lost." The boy was worried that he might have to move, and his teacher tried to console him. "He's too little to understand the full implications," says principal Sheila Ford. "But he knows enough that it's been real hard on him."

Well, that's how it is for more senior Democrats these days too. As the aftershocks of the G.O.P. triumph go rolling through the city, every day is moving day now in Washington. What's moving is everything. Amid the teeming arrival of the ins, mostly Republicans, and the gloomy expulsion of the outs, mostly Democrats, any number of things are in motion. The battle lines in Congress, the power flow in both houses, the political center—all is in play. So is Bill Clinton, who's being tugged by both sides of his party while he also manages, in that way of his, to pull himself back and forth.

The great challenge for the Democrats, still reeling from their drubbing at the polls, is to keep their footing as the G.O.P. pulls the rug out from under them. Clinton's handling of the first major surprise to be sprung by soon-to-be House Speaker Newt Gingrich was anything but sure-footed. Right after the election, Gingrich declared that in the next session of Congress,

GOVERNMENT

AFTER THE REVOLUTION

In the turmoil of the G.O.P. takeover, everything is in play, including Bill Clinton's stand on the school-prayer issue

Photograph for TIME by Terry Ashe
COMMAND POST: On "Dole's Beach," the sun porch adjoining his Senate office, the next majority leader confers with the next Speaker.
The Dynamic New Buzz Word

"Dynamic scoring" sounds like something composers or quarterbacks do. But in fact it's the hottest buzz word from the realm of Republican legislators, who hope to use the economic technique to justify tax cuts. Already the term has ignited a controversy. Laura D'Andrea Tyson, the President's chief economist, calls the concept "dangerous." But Republican John Kasich of Ohio, who is expected to head the House Budget Committee in the new Congress, is just as strongly in favor of the idea.

Scoring is a Washington term for estimating the impact of changes in tax and spending policy on federal revenue. Traditionally, economists and legislators use "static scoring," in which a cut or increase in taxes is presumed to have a directly proportional effect on revenues. In other words, if taxes are cut 10%, revenues fall 10%. Thus fiscal responsibility demands that tax cuts be paired with matching cuts in spending.

The dynamic-scoring models hold that a 10% tax cut may boost economic activity by lifting the yoke of taxation off workers and businesses, which affects not only their own behavior but the performance of the economy as well. Increased economic activity means that the government's incoming revenues might actually be enhanced by tax cuts. Thus, using the dynamic-scoring model, tax cuts don't always require matching spending cuts.

 Liberals charge that dynamic scoring is a latter-day version of Reagan-era voodoo economics, a way of slashing taxes without making painful budget cuts. Says Tyson: "We have just gained, after more than a decade, some credibility with financial markets through the hard- won credibility and sanity of our fiscal policy. This is not the moment to change." But Republicans argue that they have an example of how dynamic scoring could have predicted failure: the luxury tax of 1990, which produced disappointing revenues because it crushed the boat industry.

reform, health care and the line-item veto, but challenging as radicals any who propose ideas too far to Clinton's right.

House Republicans these days are only too happy to find out what's too far right. Not long after Gingrich unveiled his intentions on the prayer amendment, Texas Representative Richard Armey, the next House majority leader, said that within three years his party will replace the current graduated income tax, which takes a larger bite from the upper brackets, with either a national sales tax or a flat tax of 17% on everybody. But it took congressional Democrats until week's end to utter their first opposition rhetoric. "We're not about to roll over and play dead while the Republicans rubber stamp their extremist, supply-side agenda," warned House Democratic leader Richard Gephardt.

The smell of blood in the air has encouraged some Republicans to challenge the President on an issue that their party has long supported. Clinton faces real trouble next week in the Senate, when the lame-duck Democratic Congress convenes to take up GATT. The General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade is the laboriously crafted 125-nation agreement designed to lower tariff barriers. In his threatening letter demanding a delay of the vote, Senator Helms, who can make "free trade" sound like some weird practice he once saw in a Mapplethorpe photo, was trying to exploit the fact that Congress has agreed to consider GATT under "fast track" rules that allow only a yes or no vote, with no amendments. Because that rule expires in January, the next Congress, under G.O.P. control, would be free to decorate GATT with subclauses sure to kill it because each one would have to be renegotiated with all 125 signatory nations. With its 26,000 pages of agreements and rules, GATT is a behemoth that just a few additions could tip over.

Sentiment on GATT doesn't divide along partisan lines. Before the task fell to Clinton, the agreement was championed by Ronald Reagan and George Bush. Ranged against it now is a loose front that runs from labor unions, environmental groups and Ralph Nader to protectionist Senate Democrats like Ernest Hollings of South Carolina and Republicans like Phil Gramm of Texas. But Gingrich is a longtime GATT supporter who says he will make sure the agreement passes the House vote scheduled for Nov. 29. So the man who holds the cards is incoming Senate majority leader Bob Dole. The Dec. 1 Senate vote on GATT is a cliff-hanger. The White House may be as many as 10 votes short of the 60 it needs for passage. Though Dole has leaned toward support, his presidential ambitions keep him mindful that trade agreements aren't always popular with those voters who fear they could be swept away in a free-flowing world economy. As the price for getting Republican Senators in line, Dole wants assurances that the U.S. can withdraw from the World Trade Organization if it "gets shafted" several times by the group, which will supervise the trade regulations of member states.

January will bring an even chillier climate for Clinton. Not only will the Republicans have the majority, but Gingrich is busy refashioning the House as a fighting unit. Already he has laid the first strokes of revolutionary discipline on the backs of his fellow Republicans by skipping over some more senior members when selecting committee chairs. So Representative Henry Hyde of Illinois will be chairman of the House Judiciary Committee instead of the ranking G.O.P. member, Carlos Moorehead of California.

In what looked like a bow to the tobacco industry, the Speaker-to-be passed over Moorehead a second time in choosing the chairman of the Energy and Commerce Committee. The outgoing Democratic chairman, John Dingell, was the impresario of this year's subcommittee hearings on whether cigarette companies were manipulating the nicotine level of their product. The new head will be Thomas Billey Jr. of the tobacco state of Virginia, who thinks cigarette regulation has gone quite far enough already. "Carlos is too kind a man to get into the kind of vicious
fights that will occur over issues before those committees,” explains Gingrich spokesman Tony Blankley. More to the point: the only legislation Moorehead has successfully launched in recent years is a resolution declaring Snow White Week.

With the Republicans back in power, the Pentagon seems to be wasting no time in playing to a willing audience. Last week it was announced that three of the Army’s 12 divisions were far below their peak readiness levels. That prompted Representative Floyd Spence, the South Carolina Republican in line to be chairman of the Armed Services Committee, to charge that “U.S. military units are caught in the early stages of a downward readiness spiral that shows no prospect of easing in the foreseeable future.”

Though part of the problem is traceable to the fact that additional money approved by Congress to help cover the cost of missions in Haiti, Rwanda and Kuwait did not flow to Pentagon budgets until some units were already limping, White House officials are wondering if they were ambushed. “We gave all of the services written guidance that readiness was to be their No. 1 concern and that they were to cut other programs to ensure it be kept up,” an Administration official fumes. “Do you think it’s a coincidence that only days after the Republicans take over, the Army finds out how much they’re hurting?” Army brass emphatically denies that’s the case. “We simply ran out of money because of Haiti, Kuwait and Rwanda,” insists a Pentagon official.

What can the depleted Democrats do? For now they are falling back on the hope that Republicans, in the manner of Jesse Helms, will overlook their hand and that strains within the new G.O.P. leadership will open up soon. A few are already visible in the differences between the House and Senate about how fast to move. Cut middle-class taxes? “It won’t happen overnight,” Dole said last week on Face the Nation. Increase defense spending? He figures, “It may be—very, very slowly.” And with cuts in Social Security out of reach, as all sides agree, balancing the budget while enacting the tax cuts in the “Contract with America” will be “very, very difficult,” Dole says.

Once the Republican promises on tax cuts run into the realities of budget balancing, the Democrats could find an opening to remake the case that they are the party of fiscal responsibility. Until then, they will have to get used to being the outs in the city they ran from the inside for so long. Stunned Democratic committee staff members who used to feel like kings feel more now like ghosts at parties where the lobbyists flock to the Republican staff members. “The Redskins tickets, the lunch and dinner invitations,” one of them laments. “All gone.”

Gone too, before long, may be a fair number of Clinton’s inner circle. Rumors are everywhere in Washington that the Election Day debacle will give chief of staff Panetta the ammunition to complete his overhaul of the White House, something that Clinton has resisted. “If the same cast of characters is in place three months from now, [Clinton’s] a goner,” says one Administration official.

The Democrats harbor the highly ambitious notion of prying out the Republicans two years from now. Failing that, they can hope that the Republicans mean it when they promise term limits that apply to themselves. In a town where everybody and everything seems to be moving, the upheaval adds up to even more business for real estate agent Cathie Gill. “Once people come to Washington, they tend to stay,” she says. But for a while, it will be tough for a large bunch of Democrats to keep paying their mortgages.

—Reported by James Carney with Clinton, Mark Thompson and Douglas Walker/ Washington
For a politician, as even Bill Clinton once acknowledged, “everything is subordinate to survival.” Congressional Democrats now face a tricky calculation: how to relate to a weakened President in a way that will save their own skin. The question is especially acute in the Senate, where Democrats and moderate Republicans know that Clinton will call on them to block the harshest expressions of Gingrichism.

The Senate Democrats will set the tone of their relationship with the President next week when they decide who should become their minority leader. The battle for the job pits two members who embody different skills and priorities. Connecticut’s Christopher Dodd is seen as a tough fighter and good debater concerned first with his and his colleagues’ survival. South Dakota’s unpretentious Tom Daschle is better liked, but many Senators, including some who support him, worry that he is too willing to push Clinton’s agenda.

Dodd views a balanced-budget amendment to the Constitution as “the worst kind of gimmick, a prescription for chaos designed to get us off the hook by having us avoid our duty, which is to cut the deficit on our own initiative.” Daschle supports the amendment, apparently with an eye to public relations rather than policy. “We Democrats have a perception problem,” he argues. “The public thinks we’re only about taxing and spending. Supporting the amendment says with an exclamation point that we’re for fiscal discipline.”

If Congress ever gets really serious about that issue, it will have to tackle the spiraling cost of entitlement programs—and that would mean gutting the farm subsidies Daschle has championed throughout his career. “Even if we skirt entitlements generally,” explains a Democratic Senator, “at some point early on, the Republicans will seek to pay for the capital-gains tax cut they want by reducing Medicare payments. That will be the time to offer our counter: a cut in farm subsidies.” Daschle says he “knows that everything has to be on the table, including farm programs,” a stance that provokes laughter from his colleagues. “Come on,” says one of Daschle’s supporters. “Tom’s tried to protect crops no one’s ever heard of. He’s from South Dakota. He represents acreage, not people. When the time comes to swipe at farm subsidies, Tom won’t do it. He thinks he couldn’t survive at home if he did, and he’s probably right.”

Another potential headache for Democrats is a recent New York Times story reporting that Daschle “intervened” to reduce government inspections of a South Dakota airline-charter company cited for its poor safety record. One of the company’s planes crashed last February, killing three physicians working for the Federal Government. Daschle denies any wrongdoing, but several Senators fear that an ethics inquiry could prove especially embarrassing if Daschle is the Democratic leader at the time.

Public presentation is another area in which Dodd has the edge. Daschle’s a genius at stalking the Senate’s outsize egos, but the prospect of his holding his own against the new majority leader, Robert Dole, seems remote. “Bob will eat him for lunch on the talk shows,” says a Democratic Senator, “At least with Dodd against Dole you’d get a good matchup.”

Why then is Daschle still seen as the favorite for minority leader? “Because of self-interest,” says a conservative Democratic Senator who supports him. “Both Chris and Tom are too liberal for my taste, but I see Daschle as more rollable. I figure I have a better chance of influencing Tom, and many of my centrist friends think so too.”

No rule says the vote for leader must be secret, but it is. In recent history the predicted result has usually been affirmed. “But it may be different this time,” says one Senator. “A secret ballot is the ultimate weapon. Tom may have it going in, and Chris may have it going out.”
The Unwelcome Mat

As the Proposition 187 debate roars, the U.S. begins an intensive effort to seal off a 2,000-mile border

By S.C. Gwyne, Nogales

If Californians believed they were settling an issue when they approved Proposition 187 by a 59% to 41% vote, they were wrong. The battle has spread to the courts and the marketplace. Last week a federal judge in Los Angeles temporarily blocked the state from implementing most provisions of the measure, which would deny services to illegal aliens, on the grounds that it may violate their civil rights. At the same time, the threat of a grass-roots boycott of California spread across North America, as groups ranging from the World Boxing Council to the National Association of Hispanic Journalists said they would retaliate by taking their business elsewhere.

All the furor over Proposition 187, however, has obscured an anti-immigration campaign that may have just as much impact, but far sooner. Attorney General Janet Reno has decided to try to virtually seal off the 2,076-mile border with Mexico to illegal crossers. The U.S. Border Patrol has long maintained that could accomplish this if given a chance, but the patrol has always been underfunded and understaffed.

Now the agency is getting its chance. The campaign started with successful experiments in the Border Patrol sectors in El Paso, Texas, and San Diego. Operation Hold The Line, which began a year ago in El Paso, has brought a 72% reduction in arrests, which are considered the most accurate bellwether of the number of illegal crossings. In the San Diego area, where half of all illegal immigrants into the U.S. sneak through the jagged canyons and urban alleys, a two-year tightening effort culminating in Operation Gatekeeper in October has reduced the number of arrests 30%. Inspired by these statistics, the Justice Department unveiled a plan to accomplish what many considered unimaginable only a few years ago: reduce the number of illegals crossing the border 90% during the next three years.

Though the timing of Reno's decision was clearly intended to help California Democrats in the November elections, most of whom opposed Proposition 187, it was more than just a campaign promise. The money is already flowing: $223 million has been allocated to the southwestern border for 1995, an increase of 25% from 1994. An additional 1,010 agents will soon be deployed, bringing the total to more than 5,000. Helicopters, night-vision scopes, ground sensors and computers are being brought in at unprecedented levels. When equipment has not been delivered, because of the glacial government procurement process, Reno has personally borrowed gear from the Pentagon.

Yet, short of building a Chinese wall, some skeptics wonder whether the U.S. can really seal off a border that consists largely of four-strand barbed wire and the Rio Grande, and includes the barren deserts around Yuma, Arizona; the thick evergreen brush near McAllen, Texas; two ocean ports; and several mountain ranges. The Border Patrol insists it can do so, in part because of that very terrain. The vast majority of crossings now take place in and around urban areas. The crackdowns in San Diego and El Paso rely on enhanced technology, fences and manpower over short stretches of mostly urban zones, forcing immigrants to choke points in much rougher country: "If we can begin to deal with more crossers in canyons and rugged terrain," says Tucson, Arizona, sector chief Ronald Dowdy, "then we are playing on home court and by our rules. As the distances they must travel to get to transportation become larger, we become much more effective."
But illegal crossers are inventive; already there is evidence that they are probing the border for weak points. A surge of new crossings has been observed in places like Campo, California, to the east of San Diego, and Sunland Park, in the western part of El Paso. In Nogales, Arizona, arrests are up 51% from last year. "We're seeing a lot more folks from Baja California, who normally would cross through San Diego, and people from Chihuahua, who would usually cross in El Paso," says Nogales border agent F. D. Gunter. To cope with this surge, the Tucson sector is getting 100 new agents, along with nightvision scopes, helicopters, computers and other equipment.

Some of the toughest areas to control are in the brushy landscapes near the Texas border towns of Laredo, Del Rio and McAllen, which have not been promised any additional agents or equipment.

"We have not heard about this plan, and to date we have received nothing," says McAllen border agent Mario Garcia, whose area covers 280 miles of river, 19 counties and 17,000 sq. mi., are all policed by 935 agents.

Another threat to the plan comes from Mexico, which has seemingly few intentions to cooperate. Says Fernando Estrada Sámano, a National Action Party deputy: "We will not stop migrant workers from looking for a better quality of life in the U.S." Social strains are already being felt on the Mexican side of the border. In Tijuana, where much of its floating population of 15,000 migrant workers found itself stranded, petty crime has risen 10% since Operation Gatekeeper began. Thousands of workers who used to commute to jobs in El Paso to work are now without wages and have little hope for future employment.

The larger problem is that tight control over the southwestern U.S. border, along with the potential impact of Proposition 187, creates entirely new categories of problems. It will almost certainly place enormous hardships on the Mexican population, which will in turn create diplomatic strains between two countries working hard to make the North American Free Trade Agreement succeed. It also stands to devastate agriculture in states like California, which rely on illegal immigrant labor to bring in the harvest. All of which suggests that, even if it is possible to shut down the border with Mexico, reaching that goal may be far from the political slam dunk it seemed to be in the campaign season. While cutting off illegal immigration may save some money in social services, the price will be the loss of a labor pool that the U.S. has long taken for granted.

—With reporting by Laura Lopez/Mexico City and Elaine Shannon/Washington
Have you noticed finding a place to smoke
is the hardest part of your job?
For a great smoke, put in for a window office.

BENSON & HEDGES 100's
THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

Finally, a welcome sign for people who smoke.
Call 1-800-494-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1994
6 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
"I used to think if there was reincarnation, I wanted to come back as the President or the Pope or a 400 baseball hitter. But now I want to come back as the bond market. You can intimidate everyone."
—James Carville, Clinton campaign strategist

But even bullies get the blues. In fact, last week may prove that the redoubtable bond market suffers from a permanent case of existential fretting. From his temple-like headquarters in Washington, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan offered up to traders what they had been counting on: he raised short-term interest rates on Tuesday by the largest amount since 1981. His goal was to restrain the economy and forestall inflation. If traders are convinced that inflation looms, they might dump bonds and thereby drive up the cost of the long-term loans that have financed the business recovery.

But no sooner had the Fed acted than bond investors began to worry that the 0.75% rate hike might not be enough to keep inflation at bay. "There's more to do, so what's the point in being a hero and buying bonds at this rate when it still has a way to go," said David Glen, 37, the manager of $6.5 billion in bond funds for Scudder, Stevens & Clark. So after a brief period of euphoria, the bond market tumbled.

This vote of no confidence gave the bond market the aspect of a fierce pagan idol that can never be appeased. No sooner does the market receive one form of tribute than it finds fresh problems to worry about. Among other things, investors saw a new threat of inflation in promises by House Speaker-in-waiting Newt Gingrich and other Republicans to cut taxes next year without any credible program for restoring lost revenues. "Tax cuts are not always good for the bond market," said Joseph Carballeira, the head of U.S. government-securities trading at Smith Barney. "Initially, there was a sense of optimism when the Republicans won. But now there is the sense that fiscal discipline may be over." Said Hugh Johnson, chief investment strategist for First Albany: "This has become a nagging fear that bond traders have in the back of their heads. They might not discuss it much, but the fear is there."

Greenspan seemed to be striking out on two fronts: he was receiving little credit from the bond market for jacking up interest rates for the sixth time this year, and he was unintentionally deepening an old fault line in the American economy. "Never before has there been such a huge gap in perception between what is going on in the real economy and what the financial markets think is going on," says Robert Hormats, the vice chairman at Goldman Sachs International. The two sides, used to fighting with statistics, came as close as they could to meeting face to face: while Fed members deliberated last Tuesday, some 200 AFL-CIO-led protesters gathered outside in the first such demonstration against rate hikes since farmers blocked the street with tractors in the early 1960s.
In addition, the Fed's critics insist that traditional warning signs of inflation like high rates of factory utilization are no longer reliable. That's because the U.S. economy has become so productive, they argue, that companies can build and sell more of everything, from cars to computers, without having to push up prices. At the same time, U.S. firms have constructed so many factories abroad that measurements of how fully they are using their plants at home no longer indicate their true capacity.

All this has led some critics to assert that the Fed has been paying less attention to what is happening in the economy than anticipating the psychological reactions of the bond market. They see a parallel in the way the Clinton Administration decided last year that any push to stimulate the economy would cause bond investors to detect the threat of inflation and lead to higher interest rates.

For a moment last week, the bond market's psyche was easy to read. So eager were traders for higher rates that William Reynolds, director of fixed-income investments for the T. Rowe Price group of mutual funds, dreamed the previous night that the Fed had failed to act. In the nightmare, Reynolds said, "we were running around the office yelling, 'They've got to do something; they've got to do something!'" When
news of the rate hike flashed across his screen, Paul Boltz, the chief economist for the funds, exclaimed, "Oh, they took my advice! Oh, this is good!"

But the excitement quickly fizzled. "The market basically said, 'That's not it,'" notes David Glen. "The market said a lot of people are waiting to see what the next step will be."

Despite the market's cool reception, the latest hike will clearly slow spending at a time when stagnating incomes have forced millions of Americans to use credit cards for everything from dental bills to trips to the supermarket. Consumers owe nearly $4 trillion at the end of the second quarter, that equaled 81% of their disposable income, the highest such ratio on record. Experts estimate that last week's rate hike could add as much as $20 billion next year to the interest paid on everything from credit cards to mortgages. Interest charges on bank and credit cards alone could jump $5 billion.

Rising interest costs will also slow the expansion of small companies, which generate lots of jobs but because of their size must borrow from banks at more than the prime rate. No sooner had the Fed moved last week than many banks boosted their primes from 7.75% to 8.5%. That was harsh news to Leedom Kettel, who runs a printing company in Syracuse, New York, with 10 employees. Kettle had been shopping for a new $40,000-to-$50,000 printing machine for his growing business. "But now, with the higher rates, I'm doing all I can to avoid buying," he says. "Postpone is the key word."

Home buyers who can still afford to shop—the average rate on 30-year fixed-rate mortgages has already climbed from 6.75% late last year to 9.2%, which helped cut housing starts 5.2% last month—are preparing to scrimp on other spending. Two weeks ago, Denver lawyer Patrick Plank and his wife Betsy took out a 9.5% fixed-rate mortgage with a low down payment that they are using to buy an $85,000 town house. "Any interest rate in single digits still looks good," Plank says. But the cost of the mortgage is forcing him to keep his 1987 Toyota instead of trading it in for the newer model he covets.

Such forbearance has begun to worry car dealers. With the average price of an American auto now at $19,200, up $1,000 from a year ago, higher rates could turn interested shoppers into mere tire kickers. To keep sales moving at the brisk pace of 15.5 million cars and trucks a year, the automakers' financing units have absorbed part of the higher loan costs instead of passing them along to customers. While that has worked so far, companies fear that sales could drop off sharply if rates go much higher.

Even as the rising rates hurt borrowers, they have been a boon to many savers. Economists say that for every percentage-point increase in short-term rates, holders of securities ranging from Treasury bills to money-market funds gain nearly $20 billion in annual income. Partly for such reasons, experts predict that the latest rate hikes will have little impact on Christmas sales this year. They note that retailers did a respectable, if unspectacular back-to-school business last summer, which usually augurs a solid Christmas season. Moreover, many consumers fail to recognize that the Fed's moves can increase the interest on their credit cards, so they go right on spending. History shows that it takes at least a year for a change in interest rates to spread through the economy, so the full impact will not be felt until late 1995.

The outlook could be darker by then, particularly if the Fed continues to heed the bond market and pushes rates still higher. According to David Blitzer, chief economist of Standard & Poor's Corp., there have been nine U.S. recessions since World War II but only two soft landings. "In effect, the odds are 9 to 2 against the Fed in 1995."

Attempts to fine-tune the economy have often misfired. President Jimmy Carter tried to fight double-digit inflation in 1980 by discouraging banks and retailers from making credit-card loans and by appealing to Americans to leave home without their plastic. The tactics worked so well that consumers stopped borrowing and sent the economy into a recession just as Carter sought re-election.

In the wake of the Fed's decision last week, bond traders at Smith Barney were consumed by a day of more microeconomic moves as the phones came alive with buy and sell orders. Within minutes of the Fed's announcement, one trader ran up to chief bond manager Carribalea and roared, "I've got $20 million 3s offered at 4!" He got the O.K. sign. "Joe, I have a customer for $50 million 5s at 3.5. "Those are done," said Carribalea. "Joe, I got a customer for $10 million 3s at 3.5. "No more," said Carribalea, and then: "Hey, is everyone all right?" The traders were too busy making deals to answer.

---

“Further increases on top of the one this week could push the economy into a recession.”
Great Holiday Gifts from Corel

COREL FLOW
For Windows
- Create diagrams, flowcharts, organization charts and floor plans
- Over 2,000 "drag and drop" symbols
- 1,000 clipart images
- 1,000 photos
- 100 TrueType fonts
- Automatic symbol connectors
- The best flowcharting value on the market

$59.00*

COREL FLOW
For Macintosh
- Create your own holiday cards or party invitations
- 10,000 clipart images and symbols on CD-ROM (6,000 in color)
- Select an image using the handy full-color reference manual or on-line browser

$35.00*

COREL GALLERY
For Windows and Macintosh
- 100 high-resolution photos
- Selected from Corel Professional Photos — the world’s leading Photo CD-ROM collection
- Royalty free stock photography

$13.00*

Special Offer!

$39*
FOR BOTH

Corel ArtShow 5 (coffee-table book and companion CD-ROM) features over 3,000 incredible illustrations and designs from the Corel $1,000,000 World Design Contest.

The World’s Best Digital Photographs (coffee-table book and companion CD-ROM) profiles 120 images selected from Corel Professional Photos, the world’s leading photo CD-ROM collection.

Available for a limited time only.

Insight
We ship FedEx overnight or 1-2 days anywhere in North America.
1-800-359-2980
Call 24 hours a day or order via Internet.
INFO@INSIGHT.COM

*UPS plus applicable taxes and shipping.
So Many Dreams
So Many Losses

Sony's $3 billion Hollywood debacle is the latest in a series of setbacks for Japanese firms in the U.S.

By BARBARA RUDOLPH

THE SONY CORPORATION OF AMERICA did Hollywood better than Hollywood. In the company's postmodern Manhattan headquarters, designed for AT&T by architect Philip Johnson, the sushi bar in a private corporate dining room had a tiny stream running through its marble counter. The $100 million makeover of Sony's Culver City studio lot included pillars adorned with elaborate murals. A fleet of corporate jets sat in the hangar, and fresh cut flowers were delivered daily to executives. The corporate culture seemed to say that to pamper is to prosper.

Sony invested $5 billion to buy Columbia and TriStar Pictures back in 1989, propelled by a romantic notion that constructors of compact discs and television sets could marry makers of music and movies. Last week Sony sobered up. The firm took a $2.7 billion write-off—one of the steepest in Hollywood history—on its money-losing film studio and reported a second-quarter loss of $3.2 billion. "If we didn't do it once and for all now, we would continue to face losses in our entertainment business," said Tsunao Hashimoto, Sony's executive deputy president. That was the practical assessment. Hollywood's goes something like this: "It's a Japanese failure of judgment and an American failure of management," says a major Sony investor.

But while Sony's disaster drew the harshest verdicts, other Japanese giants have been proving recently that their American investments have suffered from bad oversight, bad calls and bad timing. Last week Mitsubishi, which has an 8.62% stake in the Rockefeller Group, owner of New York's Rockefeller Center, threatened to default on its $1.3 billion mortgage, taken out five years ago when borrowing was easy. Matsushita, meanwhile, is locked in a struggle with the American executives who run MCA—the film studio it bought for $6.1 billion in 1990—over the Americans' demand for more authority and investment capital. Last week the company reportedly hired Hollywood agent Michael Ovitz and media dealmaker Herbert Allen to help make peace and to "re-evaluate" MCA's assets; one option would be to sell a stake in the company.

Like their American counterparts, Japanese executives cheerfully overpaid for their late-80s acquisitions. But the Japanese made another fundamental miscalculation, says Gary Saxenhous, an economics professor at the University of Michigan: "They had a faith in American landmarks, a faith in American blue-chip names."

Sony's Hollywood foray began, as so many sour business deals do, with bold rhetoric and grand strategies. Norio Ohga, the part-time symphony orchestra conductor who has been Sony's CEO since 1989, believed in a "synergy" between Sony's core business, producing "hardware" such as VCRs and camcorders, and Hollywood's "software"—movies. Owning a studio, Sony thought, would help give the company the clout to set the industry standard for the next generation of digital video technology. In the early 1980s Sony's Betamax format of analog videotapes lost out to VHS, so Sony was determined not be left behind again. But Sony's strategy turned out to be a mistake when the industry agreed last year to an open standard that no single company could monopolize.

So Sony paid a daunting premium when it bought Columbia Pictures: 22 times the company's annual cash flow. But its biggest problem may have been a man, not a number: Michael Schulhof, president of Sony's U.S. subsidiary. A smart, capable 20-year company veteran with a Ph.D. in physics, Schulhof charmed his Japanese bosses...
with the nonconfrontational style to which they were accustomed. He was the only American to serve on the company’s board. As a protégé of both Ohga and Sony founder Akio Morita, he was given complete autonomy over the Hollywood operation even though he knew little about making movies.

To manage the studios, Schulhof quickly hired Jon Peters and Peter Guber, independent producers who had also never run a major studio. In retrospect, the amounts the Sony team spent verge on the hilarious. The company paid $200 million to buy the Guber-Peters company and gave the two men annual salaries of $2.7 million, as well as $50 million in deferred compensation. Sony then shelled out assets worth $500 million to settle a lawsuit that had been filed by Warner Bros., which had Guber and Peters under contract. “This was an obscenely expensive arrangement,” says Porter Bibb, an analyst at Ladenburg Thalmann in New York.

It was just the beginning. Ensnared in their lavish Thalberg Building suites, Guber and Peters continued on their spree, authorizing millions for antique furniture and fabulous parties. In 1991 Peters departed, but Guber kept signing checks. By 1993, though, the box-office picture was not pretty. The Sony studios scored a few hits during Guber’s tenure, but nearly every one of their big-budget films was a failure, including Schwarzenegger’s Last Action Hero (which is said to have lost at least $23 million).

With losses like that, it helps to have friends in the right places—and Guber did. He and Schulhof became great pals, sharing family vacations in Spain. So entwined were the couple that for a time, Schulhof’s son dated Guber’s daughter. Guber was finally pushed out in late September, but he exited smiling. He reportedly pocketed $40 million in cash and received a commitment from Sony to invest an additional $200 million in his new production company.

But Guber may not be allowed to ride off into the sunset. Just last week former colleagues were accusing him of trying to poach several projects from Sony’s development coffers, including an animal-rescue story called Elephants. And the Los Angeles Times reported that Sony is investigating the studio’s accounting practices, although Sony denies this.

After years of minimizing his studio’s financial problems, Schulhof decided that with Guber’s exit it was time to come clean. He urged Sony to take a substantial write-off of its Hollywood assets. (The music and television operations remain big moneymakers.) Around the same time, Schulhof recruited Jeff Sagansky, the former president of CBS’s entertainment division, to be his second in command. But observers wonder what role Schulhof has been playing as a long-term strategist. “He’s a mystery to everyone,” says a Hollywood agent. Though he may have helped save Sony Pictures, Schulhof may be too late to save his own job. “He has a grim future,” comments one rival Hollywood studio chief. “He has publicly taken responsibility for Sony’s condition, and he is the only human being mentioned in Sony’s press release.” Sony’s Hollywood debacle also raises anew the question of who might succeed Sony chairman Ohga. At 64, Ohga came through coronary bypass surgery, but he has yet to designate an heir.

At Matsushita the Tokyo end of management seems in order; the trouble is between Tokyo and Hollywood. MCA’s Lew Wasserman and Sidney Sheinberg—the longest-running partnership in Hollywood—have been heading the studio, but have openly complained that their pushes to go after CBS and to open a theme park in Tokyo were ignored. The Japanese firm is especially eager to keep the team intact since director Steven Spielberg, who made close to $1 billion for MCA with Jurassic Park, recently announced that he would stop working for the company if his mentor, Sheinberg, were to leave.

Across the continent, meanwhile, Mitsubishi is struggling to survive the New York City real estate bust, which saw commercial-vacancy rates rise from 8% to nearly 14% over the past five years. To reduce its interest expense, the Japanese company hopes to renegotiate the $1.3 billion mortgage it acquired in 1989. (That was the heady period when another Japanese firm, the Minori Isutani Group, acquired California’s famous Pebble Beach golf course for $840 million, which it sold at a 40% loss two years ago.) Mitsubishi threatened to default on its loan last week, which some analysts say was a calculated move. “They’re figuring out that the way to get the banks to listen to them is to threaten bankruptcy,” says a New York real estate analyst.

For the Japanese, there is probably a lesson in all these debacles about not getting stuck on labels. But for Americans, there is also a cautionary tale in drawing pompous conclusions about the nation’s economic security when a few Japanese companies invest in premier American properties. When the Japanese did just that in the late 1980s, investment banker Felix Rohatyn wrote, “What is at stake is not only the loss of our position as the leader of the Western democracies, but the loss of our independence of action both in economic and in foreign policy.” Turns out it was just about making deals—and perhaps not very good ones—in the end. —Reported by Sam Allis/Boston, Edward W. Desmond/Tokyo and Jeffrey Ressner/Los Angeles
LeSabre. America’s favorite full-size family car three years running. And no sign of tiring.

Is it the dual air bags? The steel side door beams? The anti-lock brakes? Is it the child security locks? Or maybe the roomy comfort and superior performance? Whatever families are looking for, they’re finding in LeSabre. Making it America’s best-selling full-size car.* To learn more about LeSabre, call 1-800-4A-BUICK.

BUICK
The New Symbol For Quality In America.

*Based on 1992-1994 model year sales.
AS YOU NO DOUBT HAVE HEARD, CHINA IS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST EMERGING MARKET: 1.2 BILLION POTENTIAL CONSUMERS FOR CARS, TV SETS, PATIO FURNITURE, ALL THE STUFF WE'VE ALREADY GOT. THIS IS THE ERA OF GLOBAL INVESTING, IT IS SAID, AND THE SOPHISTICATED INVESTOR CAN'T AFFORD TO IGNORE CHINA, AN EXCITING ECONOMY WITH A GREAT FUTURE, BECAUSE THE MOST ARDENT CAPITALISTS YOU'LL EVER MEET ARE THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS.

Taking the sophisticated route myself, I bought shares in a China mutual fund in my typical fashion: invest before you investigate. A recent trip to Hong Kong gave me the chance to do the latter, so the first thing I did when I got back home was to sell my China holdings, such as they were. Everybody in Hong Kong thinks China has a great future. It's the Chinese companies you have to worry about.

These beauties were created by U.S. investment bankers, who roam the countryside looking for prospects. They take the old state enterprises and dress them up a little and bring them out as public companies. The ones that trade on the Chinese stock exchange are the dicest, while a slightly better class of company is sold in Hong Kong, and six of the blue chips (they call them red chips) are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The first problem is that the new companies have no experience in acting like companies. The idea that they are profit-making operations that owe their allegiance to people known as shareholders hasn't completely sunk in. When they get their hands on the proceeds of a stock sale, they don't necessarily spend it for the intended purpose. Maybe they were in the textile business, but the next thing you know, the management is making a movie or opening dim-sum joints.

A case in point is a chemical company known as Tianjin Bohai, which trades in Hong Kong. I heard about this one from Bill Kaye, who runs the Hong Kong-based Asian Hedge Fund for private clients. According to Kaye, before Tianjin Bohai went public, it produced caustic soda ash, a valuable commodity in China. As soon as the firm got cash, it started lending it to other companies. From what I could gather, Chinese companies maintain a close relationship with the state enterprises from which they came and sometimes can be pressured into making loans and even donations to their old cronies. I'm also told that the Chinese consider it very impolite to turn down a request for financial assistance.

This brings us to problem No. 2: How can the Chinese companies make a profit? In many instances, their biggest customer is the state, which doesn't necessarily pay its bills on time. This leads to the disappointments noted by Fidelity's man in Hong Kong, Bill Ebsworth. "They have a habit of disappearing," he says, referring to the earnings.

Disappearing earnings have already become the bugaboo of China Tire, which was born on the New York Stock Exchange in July 1993—a $100 million offering orchestrated by Morgan Stanley. China tires—it sounded like a wondrous proposition, but Kaye says it isn't. "All Morgan Stanley did was pull a couple of outdated bias-ply tire plants off the shelf and repackage them. It's going to take a lot of money to convert those plants to radials. Meanwhile, China Tire isn't being paid for the tires it sells already."

Kaye invests in China, but only in small companies where he can install people on the board who can baby-sit. He predicts that the publicly traded ones that are left to their own devices will come to a bad end. The six China stocks on the N.Y.S.E. have recently headed in the direction he predicts. Brilliance China Automotive has been much less than brilliant, dropping from 29% at the height of Sinophoria in 1993 to the current 11½. The once celebrated Shanghai Petrochemical is down as well, along with Shandong Huaneng Power, and its not too distant relative Huaneng Power, brought to New York by Lehman Bros., has been a turkey.

At present there are four China mutual funds trading on the N.Y.S.E.: China, Greater China, Jardine Fleming China and Templeton. The most interesting thing about them is how they've avoided investing in Chinese stocks. Not one of the six China issues listed on the N.Y.S.E. makes the list of the top 25 holdings of any of the four China funds. That tells you something. So far the funds have preferred to buy Hong Kong companies that do business in China but don't live there.

Why is that? Observers in Hong Kong say there are a couple of possible unpleasant scenarios. In scenario No. 1, Chinese authorities, who have already tightened credit in a somewhat futile attempt to halt runaway inflation, will tighten it further. This would lead to economic collapse, riots and widespread bankruptcy and would be bad for stocks. In scenario No. 2, the authorities will ease up on credit and resume the merry printing of Chinese renminbi, leading to hyperinflation, which would also be bad for stocks.

The future that everybody says will be great for China is the long-term one. Even Kaye believes China will be the economic success story of the 21st century, the way the U.S. was in the 19th, but that doesn't necessarily help investors now. After all, it was foreign capital (mostly British) that built our canals and railroads back then, but between the scams, panics, recessions and depressions, it was the rare 19th century investor who made any money.

Thought you might like to know all this before you decided to do something sophisticated.
A BLOODY TASTE OF CI

Yasser Arafat answers the challenge from Gaza’s Islamic militants with lethal force, raising fears of worse fratricide to come.

MAYHEM IN GAZA: Protesters throwing rocks after prayers

By LISA BEYER GAZA CITY

Yasser Arafat's security forces in the Gaza Strip, nearly all of them veterans of the battle against Israel, faced a new foe last week: the enemy within. They answered the challenge from Gaza's Islamic militants in precisely the same way that the Israeli occupiers had done—bluntly, and with lethal force. By the time the bloody fraternal clashes had simmered down, 15 Palestinians were dead, another 200 were crowding the hospitals and hundreds more were behind bars.

More than that, the people of the Gaza Strip were filled with a dread that worse was still to come, that the countdown for a cataclysmic collision among Palestinians had begun. "The signs are alarming," said Eyad Sarraj, a human-rights activist in Gaza. "We have all the ingredients for a civil war." Certainly the bloodshed marked a new low for Arafat's already troubled administration. Self-rule has brought the Palestinians of the Gaza Strip little but disappointment, and their frustration is increasingly aimed at Arafat. Having turned his guns on compatriots, the Palestinian leader now faces a huge new credibility problem with his people.

The potential for fratricide has always loomed in the background as the Palestine Liberation Organization sought to impose its authority, especially in the heavily fundamentalist Gaza Strip. Until recently, Arafat's self-rule administration had maintained a compact with the militant Muslim groups Hamas and Islamic Jihad, which adamantly oppose his peace accord with Israel and are trying to sabotage it with violence. The extremists focused their attacks on Israel and areas of the West Bank still under Israeli control. Arafat, for the most part, left them alone within his jurisdiction in the Gaza Strip and Jericho, despite Israeli pressure to crack down.

Now the hands-off policy has broken down. Earlier this month, Islamic Jihad for the first time publicly threatened to attack Arafat's security personnel. Then the group struck hard within the Strip itself, when a suicide bomber bicycled into an Israeli army position, killing three soldiers. At the same time, Islamic Jihad activists were holding a provocative rally in Gaza City, brandishing rifles and promising more...
VIL WAR

from police fire in Gaza City after the riot. The toll: 15 dead

mayhem. Palestinian Justice Minister Freih Abu Middaan declared that the militants had "crossed the red line." The Palestinian Authority banned unlicensed demonstrations and rounded up some 200 Islamic Jihad members.

Last Friday, Arafat’s security men were tipped off that after noon prayers, worshippers at the Palestine Mosque in Gaza City, a fundamentalist stronghold, were planning to protest the recent arrests. About 50 Palestinian soldiers and policemen gathered outside and removed loudspeakers that had been attached to four vehicles to broadcast slogans during the march.

According to eyewitnesses, when the first worshippers emerged after prayers and saw the dismantled speakers, they began to shout "God is great!" The cries incited the crowd of 2,000 leaving the mosque. Scores of men and boys began to pelt the security forces with stones and concrete chunks, hitting a soldier in the head. Says a policeman who was there: "When we saw the officer bleeding, we lost our minds and started shooting." The Palestinian Authority said that militants inside the mosque opened fire first, but eyewitnesses contradicted this claim. By all accounts, the crowd did torch two police vehicles, which according to officials resulted in the death of a police officer.

In fact, Arafat’s security men were primed for a battle. Before being dispatched to the mosque, they had been briefed by senior officers. Says a policeman: "We were told that Hamas people are provocateurs, that they are big haters of the Palestinian Authority and want to destroy the autonomy." He adds, "We were not nice today because we arrived at the mosque with our faces already red with anger."

Skirmishes quickly spread to other parts of Gaza City. Officials ordered a curfew, to no avail. Hamas and Islamic Jihad supporters filled the streets, chanting anti-Arafat slogans and menacing the authorities. One mob descended on Arafat’s military headquarters and tried to pull down the surrounding fence. The radicals denounced Arafat and his followers as stooges for Israel and vowed revenge. During a funeral procession for one of the fallen, a mourner took up an increasingly popular chant, "O Arafat, O Arafat, the Jihad killed Sadat," a reference to the Egyptian leader assassinated by fundamentalists in 1981.

Some of the members of Arafat’s own security forces were demoralized by their comrades’ actions. Said a long-faced soldier at a checkpoint in Gaza City: "Today we proved to all the Palestinians that what Hamas says about us is true: that we are an instrument in the hands of the Israelis." Eyewitnesses at the Palestine Mosque told of a police major who, upon seeing his colleagues open fire, tore off his cap and jacket and cried to the crowd, "I am not one of them."

Since the experiment in self-rule began last May, many Palestinians have been telling outsiders that the notion of internecine war was just a fantasy of Israeli right-wingers. Now the possibility of civil war is hard to dismiss. Eyad Sarraj lists the key ingredients he believes are already present: "A weak authority, a strong opposition, undisciplined people on both sides, plenty of arms, plenty of outside influence and environment of disillusion and despair."

Soon after the unrest dissipated last week, various spokesmen for the Islamic movements appealed for calm. That is standard procedure in a culture that values maintaining at least a semblance of unity. Yet the fact remains that Arafat and the militant Islamists stand intractably opposed: he is committed to making peace with Israel; they are determined to wreck it. Commenting on last week’s violence, a senior P.L.O. official remarked, "I don’t think it will stop."

The current environment in the Gaza Strip has strengthened the appeal of the militants. Palestinians have little, if anything, to show for the achievement of self-rule. The Gaza economy is in ruins. Foreign aid donors refuse to hand over significant funds until Arafat creates a credible system of accounting for the money. Israel, in response to the violence, has limited the number of workers allowed to cross the border daily for work. Just days before the Gaza riots, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak warned that the Gaza Strip would become "a new, tougher Afghanistan" unless economic conditions improved immediately.

Arafat’s Palestinian Authority has made a poor impression on Gazans. They complain of a disorganized and slow-moving bureaucracy rife with corruption. The glacial pace of negotiations with the P.L.O. figure in Jerusalem, "the members of the Authority might just get so depressed that they’ll decide it’s not worth it, that it makes more sense to say to the people, 'All right, go back to the Israeli occupation.'" An aide to Arafat relates that in a recent conversation, the P.L.O. leader himself talked of the possibility of dismantling his self-rule administration and quitting Gaza as a way of wriggling out of the troubled peace accord. The Israelis, however, have no intention of reclaiming control of the Gaza Strip—which means the Palestinians will have to find some way to govern themselves, short of killing off their rivals. — With reporting by Dean Fisher/Cairo and Jamil Hamadi/ Gaza City

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994 47
By BRUCE W. NELAN

Peacekeepers in Bosnia watched as two fighter-bombers took off from Udbina, in an area of Croatia controlled by Serbs. A few minutes later other U.N. military observers saw two jet planes roar low near the town of Bihac, a mainly Muslim "safe zone" theoretically under U.N. protection in Bosnia’s northwest corner. “After they arrived,” a U.N. spokesman reported, “two loud explosions were heard.” Military monitors went to inspect and found fragments from cluster bombs and, in the U.N.’s view, for the first time in the war, napalm. Fighting worsened the next day as Serbian jets from Udbina bombed and strafed the center of the nearby town of Cazin.

On Saturday the U.N. Security Council voted to permit NATO air strikes into Croatia, forcing NATO officials to confer nervously on how to put the resolution into effect. The escalating warfare could not have come at a worse time for the NATO allies and the members of the five-nation contact group that has been working on a plan to partition the country. Mired in their own disagreements over how to end the war, almost anything they might try seemed likely to add to the tensions. The Europeans, especially the French, are outraged at the U.S. decision to stop enforcing the international arms embargo on Bosnia, and they complained aloud over what unpleasant surprises might issue from Washington next.

Less than a month ago, the news from the government-controlled enclave of Bihac had lent hope to the diplomats trying to negotiate an end to the 31-month-old war. After a period of training and refitting with weapons smuggled in from Croatia, a reinvigorated Bosnian army conducted sharp, sustained attacks and was driving the rebel Serbs back from the Bihac area and several towns in central Bosnia. Even Yasushi Akashi, the U.N.’s very cautious representative in the former Yugoslavia, speculated that the Bosnian Serbs’ unexpected losses of territory might push them to return to the negotiating table.

Such hopes, always frail, evaporated last week. They have been replaced by fear of a wider war, one that may bring the national army of Croatia back into the battle against the Serbs. The fighting around Bihac exemplifies the ethnic confusion of Bosnia. Bihac is surrounded by Serbs, but because it sits at what is now an international border, the Serbs to the north and west—self-proclaimed rulers of the Krajina region—are in Croatia, while the ones to the east and south are in Bosnia.

As the two groups coordinated their attack, the Serbs recovered all the territory they had lost and could probably overrun the town of 60,000 and its government defenders. If the Serbs were to take Bihac, they would forge a more solid link between their holdings in Bosnia and Krajina across the border in Croatia. The threat of such a consolidated Serb ministate reaching into Croatia could then set off a counterattack by the Croatian army. “The Croats are very nervous,” says a senior U.S. official. “There’s a war party in Zagreb that would like nothing better than an excuse to fight.”

To complete the confusion, rebel Muslims have also joined the Bihac fray. Armed followers of renegade Muslim businessman Fikret Abdic were driven out of Bihac last summer and took refuge in camps in Croatia. Last week, rearmed by the Croat Serbs

**TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994**
and given covering fire from artillery and missiles, some 5,000 of the rebel Muslims charged back across the border to surround their former base at Velika Kladusa. Another group of rebels attacked toward Bihac from the west.

The U.S. first reacted by pressing for a U.N. declaration banning heavy weapons from a 6-mile radius of the safe area. After a series of meetings in Western capitals, the allies were unable to agree on how to proceed. The contact group met in London but could find no common stance. Said a U.N. representative: "They see no way forward."

"We can't let this just drift along," said a worried American official. "We have to do something." But that refrain has been heard before, and the outlook for action this time seems less promising than ever. European allies are ballyhooed about Washington's decision two weeks ago to stop enforcing the arms embargo, Paris and London are talking in dire terms about the disunity the step implies for the future of NATO. "There is a fear everywhere in Europe," says Jonathan Eyal, director of studies at the Royal United Services Institute, a London think tank, "that we may end up with a NATO that will not be meaningful because of the unreliability of the most important member state."

The French in particular have been pumping up the volume. "What are we trying to wage, war or peace?" demanded Foreign Minister Alain Juppé. He warned that an "eating away" of the arms embargo would intensify the fighting, endanger French peacekeeping troops and force their withdrawal—which might even require U.S. military help. British Defense Secretary Malcolm Rifkind soothingly said the operational effect of Washington's decision was almost nil.

That is true because most arms shipments to Bosnia are not arriving from across the Adriatic, where U.S. warships were patrolling, but from Croatia. American officials complained that the French were inflating the issue to pursue their old objective of edging Washington out of European defense councils. The U.S. officials point out that Congress forced the measure on the Administration four months ago and that any well-run embassy should have warned its government what was coming.

Washington's objections are fair, but they ignore the psychological impact that breaking ranks on the embargo has had in Europe. Press commentaries in Britain and France had trouble distinguishing between a decision to stop using U.S. ships and planes to enforce the embargo, which has been made, and a decision to break the embargo, which has not.

The European allies can be excused for assuming that Washington's recent announcement on the arms embargo will not be its last. Even under Democratic control, the Congress has been pressing President Clinton to lift it—if necessary, unilaterally and in defiance of Security Council resolutions. With the Republicans taking over on Capitol Hill in January, the pressure could grow irresistible. Senator Bob Dole wrote to Clinton last week saying "enough is enough" in Bosnia and calling for "decisive action."

As required by the same law that ended enforcement of the embargo, Pentagon and State Department officials last week briefed Congress on options that members could consider if Washington does decide to violate the embargo and effectively side with the Bosnian government. The briefings were secret, but participants said a so-called heavy option would provide Bosnia with up to $5 billion in weapons, aid and training, while a light version would involve $500 million in hardware.

Included in those briefings, Administration spokesmen said, were firm warnings to the lawmakers that a decision to ignore the embargo "would have a potential negative effect" and could wreck the peacekeeping and humanitarian efforts in Bosnia. That is an understatement. It could shatter the unity of the NATO alliance in precisely the way many Europeans feared last week. — Reported by James L. Graff/Sarajevo, J.F.O. McAllister/ Washington and Alexandra Stiglmyer/Zagreb, with other bureaus
I'm wife and the moon for
THE FAMILY TOLD ME they wanted to go “someplace new” for the holidays.

"Is a place that has no water, no weather, no atmosphere, temperatures ranging from 261°F to -279°F, and one-sixth the gravity you’re accustomed to ‘someplace new’ enough for you?” I replied.

Maybe you’ve heard of the place; it’s called the Sea of Tranquility and we’re getting there via Microsoft® Space Simulator (my son’s repeated requests to Santa for a Saturn V rocket having failed).

We’ll be setting a predetermined flight plan, using a little bit of the autopilot and the flight computer. We’ll find out who’s the best astronaut in the family with the game part of the program. And, since this Sea of Tranquility place is 238,857 miles away, we’ll be stretching our legs with a refreshing space walk or two along the way.

Only one problem with a vacation to the moon: What’s the next “someplace new”? I’ve always wanted to go to a place with methane for atmosphere, so how about Pluto? Just imagine how many times the kids could ask “Are we almost there yet?” on a 3.67 billion-mile trip. On second thought, maybe we’ll climb aboard our Learjet and stay a little closer to home with Microsoft Flight Simulator™ instead.

Microsoft® WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO TODAY?™

If you’d like more information about going to the moon and all the interesting places the complete line of Microsoft home products can take you, call 1-800-228-6229 ext. DHLI in Canada, 1-800-563-5040. © 1994 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft is a registered trademark and Where do you want to go today is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation. Flight Simulator is a trademark of Bruce A. Artwick.

sending the
kids to
Christmas.
Prison steeled Nelson Mandela—what did not kill him made him stronger. He went to jail on Robben Island in 1964 as a self-described rabble-rouser and emerged as what André Malraux once described as that rarest thing in the world: a mature man. The 27 years behind bars formed the man we see today: measured, controlled, dignified, statesmanlike. While the sensitive herdboy from the Transkei never stopped feeling the lash of racism, prison taught him to hide his pain behind a mask of proud indifference. Yet the hard years on Robben Island also converted Mandela’s youthful loathing of those who practiced apartheid to a purer, more abstract anger against the system itself. When he finally walked out of prison four years ago, nothing was going to stop Nelson Mandela from overturning the order that kept him behind bars for so many years.

Long Walk to Freedom, Nelson Mandela’s account of his life, will be published later this month. Autobiography is traditionally a retrospective form; the protagonist looks back on a lifetime of highs and lows, the arc of achievement ending in retirement. What makes the autobiography of Nelson Mandela unusual is that it is being published at the summit of his career, just a few months after he became President of the country that had persecuted him for so long.

Mandela secretly began writing his memoirs in 1975, scribbling late at night on paper smuggled into his cell. One copy was spirited off the island by a released colleague; the other was buried in the prison courtyard. He wrote for reasons both practical and personal: if his memoirs were published, they would become an inspirational tale for future freedom fighters. But they were also a way for Mandela to hold on to the past—the past was all he had in prison, and his jailers were intent on erasing it.

Over the years, Mandela erected walls within walls, keeping his wounds hidden behind a shield of optimism. Throughout his life, he has seen himself not as a savior but as an ordinary man confronting extraordinary circumstances. The tale begins with a free-spirited boy, born to a royal Xhosa family in the Transkei, losing his father at an early age and being raised by a guardian who is the regent of the tribe. At 16, in Xhosa tradition, he becomes a man through an elaborate, public circumcision ceremony. When he is 21, he runs away to Johannesburg after his guardian tries to arrange a marriage for him. There the country boy in the big city resolves to become a lawyer.

He faces prejudice and repression at every turn, but he succeeds in becoming an attorney, undergoing a slow political awakening along the way. His refuge is the African National Congress, and he grows as a leader in the fight against apartheid: the struggle, as he says, became his life. That struggle was all-consuming, and his life as a family man collapses. He marries and divorces, and then meets the woman with whom he is destined to share great happiness and sadness, Nomzamo Winnie Madikizela. In 1960 he is forced underground by the authorities; he eludes the police for two years before he is captured and then tried with his A.N.C. comrades for high treason. Mandela risks—even courts—the death penalty by using the trial to make a statement of his principles, ending his testimony with the assertion that he would never stop fighting for his freedom and that of his people: “It is an ideal I hope to live for and achieve, but it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die.” In a hushed courtroom on June 12, 1964, Mandela and his fellow defendants are sentenced to life imprisonment without possibility of parole.

In the following pages Mandela recounts his years on Robben Island, South Africa’s Alcatraz, the outpost of last resort for political prisoners. In 1982 he was taken to Pollsmoor prison and then in 1985 to Victor Verster prison. There, living in a house that was halfway between detention and freedom, he began the negotiations that ended in his release in February 1990 and spurred the country’s remarkable transition to a nonracial democracy. Today, as the first democratically elected President of South Africa, Nelson Mandela lives for more than six months a year in a stately house in Cape Town, only 10 miles from his island prison.

Richard Stengel, a contributor to Time, collaborated with Nelson Mandela on his autobiography.

Richard Stengel, a contributor to Time, collaborated with Nelson Mandela on his autobiography.
VICTORY

Nelson Mandela appreciates the ironies of his life, not the least of which is his leadership of a nation that kept him in prison for nearly three decades.
I t was a grim, overcast day when I stepped out of the plane on Robben Island, and the cold winter wind whipped through our thin prison uniforms. My colleagues and I, sentenced at the Rivonia trial to life in prison for high treason, were met by guards with automatic weapons; the atmosphere was tense but quiet. We were driven to an isolated stone building, where we were ordered to strip while standing outside. One of the ritual indignities of prison life is that when you are transferred from one prison to another, the first thing that happens is that you change from the garb of the old prison to that of the new.

When we were undressed, we were thrown the plain khaki uniforms of Robben Island. Apartheid's regulations extended even to clothing. All of us, except Ahmed Kathrada, the one Indian among us, received short trousers, an insubstantial jersey and a canvas jacket. Kathy was given long trousers. Short trousers for Africans were meant to remind us that we were "boys." I put on the short trousers that day, but I vowed that I would not put up with them for long.

We were handcuffed and taken in a covered truck to a prison within a prison, isolated from the general prisoners. This was a one-story rectangular stone fortress with a flat dirt courtyard in the center, about 100 ft. by 30 ft. It had cells on three sides. The fourth side was a 20-ft. wall with a catwalk patrolled by guards with German shepherds. We were given cells on either side of a long corridor. Each cell had one window about a foot square, covered with iron bars, and two doors: a metal gate with iron bars on the inside, locked all day, and a thick wooden door outside of that, locked at night.

The cell walls were perpetually damp. Many mornings a small pool of water would have formed on the cold floor overnight. When I raised this with the commanding officer, he told me our bodies would absorb the moisture. We were each issued three blankets so flimsy and worn they were practically transparent. Our bedding consisted of a single sial mat.

I could walk the length of my cell in three paces. When I lay down, I could feel the wall with my feet and my head grazed the concrete on the other side; the width was about 6 ft. Each cell had a white card posted outside of it with our name and our prison service number. Mine read, N MANDELA 466/64, which meant I was the 466th prisoner admitted to the island in 1964. I was 46 years old, a political prisoner with a life sentence, and that small cramped space was to be my home for I knew not how long.

Robben Island was without question the harshest, most ironclad outpost in the South African penal system. The warders were white and overwhelmingly Afrikaans-speaking, and they demanded a master-servant relationship. They ordered us to call them baas, which we refused. The island's isolation made it not simply another prison, but a world of its own, far removed from the one we had come from. We were face to face with the realization that our life would be unredeemably grim. We had the consolation of being with one another, but that was the only consolation. My dismay was quickly replaced by a sense that a new and different fight had begun.

From the first day, I had protested about being forced to wear short trousers. I demanded to see the head of the prison and made a list of complaints. The warders ignored my protests, but by the end of the second week, I found a pair of old khaki trousers unceremoniously dumped on the floor of my cell. No pinstripe three-piece suit has ever pleased me as much. But before putting them on, I checked to see if my comrades had been issued trousers as well. They had not, and I told the warder to take mine back. I insisted that all African prisoners must have long trousers. Finally, the commanding officer himself came to my cell to take them away. "Very well, Mandela," he said, "you are going to have the same clothing as everyone else."

Within a few months, our life settled into a pattern. Tinepieces of any kind were barred, so we never knew precisely what time it was. With each week resembling the one before, one must make an effort to recall what day and month it is. One of the first things I did was to make a calendar on the wall of my cell. Losing a sense of time is an easy way to lose one's grip and even one's sanity.

Breakfast was delivered to us in the courtyard in old metal oil drums. We would help ourselves to pap—cereal made from corn—and we each received a mug of what was described as coffee, but which was in fact ground-up corn, baked until it was black and then brewed with hot water. Coloreds and Indians received a slightly better diet than Africans, but it was not much of a distinction. Food was the source of many of our protests, but in those early days the warders would say, "Ag, you kaffirs are eating better in prison than you ever ate at home!"

In the midst of breakfast, the guards would yell, "Fall in! Fall in!" and we would stand outside our cells for inspection. Each prisoner was required to have the three buttons of his khaki jacket properly buttoned. We were required to duff our hats as the warder walked by. If our buttons were undone, our hats unremoved or our cells untidy, we were charged with a violation of the prison code and punished with either solitary confinement or the loss of meals.

After inspection we would work in the courtyard hammering stones until noon. There were no breaks; if we slowed down, the warders would yell at us to speed up. At noon the bell would clang for lunch, and another metal drum of food would be wheeled into the courtyard. For Africans, lunch consisted of boiled mealies, coarse kernels of corn.

After lunch we worked until 4, when the guards blew shrill whistles and we once again lined up to be counted and inspected. We were then permitted half an hour to clean up. The bathroom at the end of our corridor had two seawater showers and three large galvanized-metal buckets, which were used as bathtubs. There was no hot water. We would stand or squat in these buckets, sometimes singing while washing, which made the water seem less icy.
In those early days, this was one of the only times that we could converse.

Precisely at 4:30, there would be a loud knock on the wooden door at the end of our corridor, which meant that supper had been delivered. We again received mealie-pap porridge, sometimes with the odd carrot or piece of cabbage or beetroot thrown in, but one usually had to search for it. Every other day, we received a small piece of meat with our porridge. The meat was usually mostly grindle. Colored and Indian prisoners received a quarter of a loaf of bread and a slab of margarine. Africans, it was presumed, did not care for bread as it was a “European” type of food.

At 8 p.m., the night warden would lock himself in the corridor with us, passing the key through a small hole in the door, to another warden outside. The warden would then walk up and down the corridor, ordering us to go to sleep. No cry of “Lights out!” was ever given on Robben Island because the single mesh-covered bulb in each cell burned day and night.

The challenge for every prisoner, particularly every political prisoner, is how to survive intact, how to emerge undiminished, how to conserve and even replenish one’s beliefs. Our survival depended on understanding what the authorities were attempting to do to us, and sharing that understanding with one another. It would be very hard if not impossible for one man alone to resist. I do not know that I could have done it had I been alone. But the authorities’ greatest mistake was keeping us together, for together our determination was reinforced. Whatever we learned we shared, and by sharing we multiplied whatever courage we had individually. The stronger ones raised up the weaker ones, and both became stronger in the process.

As a leader, one must sometimes take actions that are unpopular or whose results will not be known for years to come. There are victories whose glory lies only in the fact that they are known to those who win them. This is particularly true of prison, where one must find consolation in being true to one’s ideals, even if no one else knows of it. I was now on the sidelines, but I also knew that I would not give up the fight. I was in a different and smaller arena, an arena in which the only audience was ourselves and our oppressors. We regarded the struggle in prison as a microcosm of the struggle as a whole. The racism and repression were the same; we would simply have to fight on different terms.

Prison and the authorities conspire to rob each man of his dignity. In and of itself, that assured that I would survive, for any man or institution that tries to rob me of my dignity will lose because I will not part with it at any price or under any pressure. I never seriously considered the possibility that I would not emerge from prison one day. I never thought that a life sentence truly meant life and that I would die behind bars. Perhaps I was denying this prospect because it was too unpleasant to contemplate. But I always knew that someday I would once again feel the grass under my feet and walk in the sunshine as a free man.

I am fundamentally an optimist. Whether that comes from nature or nurture, I cannot say. Part of being optimistic is keeping one’s head pointed toward the sun, one’s feet moving forward.

There were many dark moments when my faith in humanity was sorely tested, but I would not give myself up to despair.

As a D Group prisoner, the lowest and least privileged category, I was entitled to have only one visitor and to write and receive only one letter every six months. I found this one of the most inhumane restrictions. Visits and letters were limited to “first degree” relatives. To us this was not only irritating but racist. African family structures are larger and more inclusive; anyone who claims descent from a common ancestor is deemed part of the family.

When letters did arrive, they were cherished. A letter was like the summer rain that could make even the desert bloom. When I was handed one by the authorities, I would not rush forward and grab it, as I felt like doing. Though I yearned to tear it open on the spot, I would not give the authorities the satisfaction of seeing my eagerness. I would return slowly to my cell, as though I had many things to occupy me before opening a letter from my family.

At the end of August, after I had been on the island less than three months, I was told I would have a visitor the following day. They would not tell me who it was. I suspected, I hoped, I wished, I believed, that it would be a visit from Winnie.

I was called to the visitors’ office in the late morning. I waited with some anxiety, and suddenly, filling out the glass on the other side of the window was Winnie’s lovely face. She always liked to dress up for prison visits and tried to wear something new and elegant. It was tremendously frustrating not to be able to touch my wife, to speak tenderly to her, to have a private moment together.

I could see immediately that Winnie was under tremendous strain. Just getting to the island itself was difficult, and added to that were the harsh rituals of the prison. I later discovered she had recently received a second banning order (restricting her to Johannesburg and preventing her from attending meetings of any kind) and had been terminated from her job at the Child Welfare Office as a result. She loved her job as a social worker; it was the hands-on end of the struggle. The banning and harassment of my wife greatly troubled me. I could not look after her and the children, and the state was making it difficult for her to look after herself. My powerlessness gnawed at me.

I knew that Winnie was anxious about my health: she had heard stories that we were being physically abused. I quickly informed her that I was fine, and she could see that I was fit, though a bit thinner. She too was thinner, something I always attributed to stress. I inquired one by one about all the family. Suddenly, I heard the warden behind me say, “Time up! Time up!” I turned and looked at him with incredulity.

It was impossible that half an hour had passed. For all the years that I was in prison, I never failed to be surprised when the warden called, “Time up!” I always felt like lingering after Winnie left, just to retain the sense of her presence, but I would not let the warden see such emotion. As I walked back to the cell, I reviewed in my
The New Mazda Protegé  

We brought the all-new Mazda Protegé sedan to Four Corners, where the borders of four states meet, to make a point. The Protegé is roomier than the Civic, the Altima or even a BMW 5-Series. And its basic warranty stretches 14,000 miles farther than any other in its class. For even greater peace of mind, the Protegé comes with dual air bags and a special main frame that helps pass the impact of a frontal collision around the passenger compartment, instead of through it. All this despite a very compact price starting at just $11,995.** For a free brochure, call 1-800-639-1000.

The driver's seat is in Colorado. 
The passenger's seat is in New Mexico. 
And the backseat stretches from Arizona to Utah.

*See dealer for limited warranty details. **$11,995 DX MSRP $13,395 as shown. Taxes, license, freight, options and dealer charges extra. Actual prices set by dealers. Prices are subject to change without notice. © 1994 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.
head what we had talked about. Over the next months, I would return to that one visit again and again. As it turned out, Winnie was not able to visit me for another two years.

One morning, as we lined up to be counted before beginning work in the courtyard, we were instead ordered into a covered truck. A few minutes later we arrived at a lime quarry. It looked like an enormous white crater cut into a rocky hillside.

We were met by the commanding officer, Colonel Wessels, a colorless fellow who cared only about strict adherence to regulations. We stood at attention as he told us that the work we would be doing would last six months, and afterward we would be given light tasks for the duration of our terms. His timing was considerably off. We remained at the quarry for the next 15 years.

We were handed picks and shovels and given rudimentary instructions as to the mining of lime. It is not a simple task. That first day we were clumsy with our new tools and extracted little. The lime itself is buried in layers of rock, and one had to break through it with a pick and then extract the seam of lime with a shovel.

It was an attempt to crush our spirits. But those first few weeks at the quarry had the opposite effect on us. Despite blistered and bleeding hands, we were invigorated. I much preferred being outside in nature, being able to see grass and trees, to observe birds flitting overhead, to feel the wind blowing in from the sea. It felt good to use all of one's muscles, with the sun at one's back, and there was simple gratification in building up mounds of lime. Although some of the men regarded the march to the quarry as drudgery, I never did.

It was hot work, but worse was the light. The sun's rays would be reflected into our eyes by the lime. The glare hurt our eyes and, along with the dust, made it difficult to see. After a few days, we made an official request for sunglasses. The authorities refused. This was not unexpected, for we were then not even permitted reading glasses. We requested sunglasses again and again, but it was to take us almost three years before we were allowed to have them, and that was only after a sympathetic physician agreed that the glasses were necessary to preserve our eyesight. Even then, we had to purchase the glasses ourselves.

For us, such struggles—for sunglasses, long trousers, study privileges, equalized food—were corollaries to the struggle we waged outside prison. The campaign to improve conditions in prison was part of the apartheid struggle. It was all the same; we fought injustice wherever we found it, no matter how large or how small, to preserve our own humanity.

We were not allowed to have any news from outside, but one day that first year I noticed a newspaper lying on the bench. I plucked the paper off the bench, slipping it into my shirt. Normally, I would have hidden the newspaper in my cell and taken it out only after bedtime. But like a child who eats his sweet before his main course, I was so eager for news that I opened the paper immediately. I was so engrossed that I did not hear any footsteps. Suddenly, an officer appeared, and I did not even have time to slide the paper under my bed. "Mandela," the officer said, "we are charging you for possession of contraband, and you will pay for this." I offered no defense, and was sentenced to three days in isolation and deprivation of meals.

The first day in isolation was always the most painful. The body is not used to being deprived, but I found that by the second day I had more or less adjusted to the absence of food. Such deprivation was not uncommon among Africans in everyday life. I myself had gone without food for days at a time in my early years in Johannesburg.

But I found solitary confinement the most forbidding aspect of prison life. There is no end and no beginning; there is only one's own mind, which can begin to play tricks. One begins to question everything: Did I make the right decision; was my sacrifice worth it? But I have found that one can bear the unbearable if one can keep one's spirit strong even when one's body is being tested. Strong convictions are the secret of surviving deprivation; your spirit can be full even when your stomach is empty.

Through a plastic-wrapped note hidden in our food drums, we learned in July 1966 that the criminals had embarked on a hunger strike to protest poor conditions. We did not know exactly what the strike was about, but we would support any strike of prisoners for whatever reason. We resolved to initiate a sympathetic strike beginning with our next meal.

During the first day, we were served our normal rations and refused to take them. On the second day, our portions were larger, with more vegetables. On the third day, juicy pieces of meat were served. By the fourth day, the porridge was glistening with fat, and great hunks of meat and vegetables were steaming on top—positively mouthwatering. The temptation was great, but we resisted.

The following day we learned of an extraordinary course of events: the warders had gone on their own food boycott. They had decided that if we could do such a thing, why couldn't they? They were demanding better food and improved living conditions. The combination of the two strikes was too much for the authorities. They settled with the warders, and then the general prisoners declared victory and called off the hunger strike. We followed suit a day later.

That was the first and most successful of the hunger strikes on the island. As a form of protest, they did not have a high success rate, and the rationale behind them always struck me as quixotic. For me, hunger strikes were altogether too passive. We who were already suffering were threatening our health, even courting death. I have always favored a more active, militant style of protest, such as work strikes, go-slow strikes or refusing to clean up—actions that punished the authorities, not ourselves. They wanted gravel, and we produced no gravel. They wanted the prison yard clean, and it was untidy. This kind
of behavior distressed and exasperated them, whereas I think they secretly enjoyed watching us go hungry.

But when it came to a decision, I was often outvoted. Once the decision was taken, however, I would support it as wholeheartedly as any of its advocates. In fact, during the strikes I was often in the position of demonstrating with some of my wayward colleagues who did not want to abide by our agreement. Comrades would sometimes eat on the sly. We knew this for a simple reason: by the second day of a hunger strike no one needs to use the toilet, yet one morning you might see a fellow going to the toilet.

It would be hard to say what we did more of at the quarry: mine lime or talk. By 1956 the warders had adopted a laissez-faire attitude: we could talk as much as we wanted as long as we worked. We would cluster in small groups and talk all day long, about every subject under the sun, both solemn and trifling.

One issue that provoked much discussion was circumcision. Some among us maintained that circumcision as practiced by the Xhosa and other tribes was not only an unnecessary mutilation of the body but a reversion to the type of tribalism that the A.N.C. was seeking to overthrow. But the prevailing view, with which I agreed, was that circumcision was a cultural ritual that had not only a salutary health benefit but an important psychological effect. It was a rite that strengthened group identification and inculcated positive values.

The debate continued for years, and a number of men voted in favor of circumcision in a very direct way. A prisoner working in the hospital who had formerly practiced as an ingesibi (a man who performs circumcisions) set up a secret circumcision school. A number of the younger prisoners were circumcised there. Afterward, we would organize a small party of tea and biscuits for the men, and they would spend a day or two walking around in blankets, as was the custom.

We formed our own internal A.N.C. organization on the island. Known officially as the High Organ, it consisted of the most senior A.N.C. leaders on Robben Island, the men who had been members of the National Executive Committee and defendants at the Rivonia trial: Walter Sisulu, Govan Mbeki, Raymond Mhlaba and myself. I served as the head.

We decided the High Organ would not try to influence external A.N.C. policy. We had no reliable way of evaluating the situation in the country and concluded it would neither be fair nor wise for us to offer guidance on matters about which we were uninformed. Instead we made decisions about matters as prisoners’ complaints, strikes, mail, food—all of the day-to-day concerns of prison life. As large meetings were extremely dangerous and infrequent, the High Organ would often take decisions that were then communicated to all the other members.

I did not by any means dominate the High Organ, and in fact a number of proposals that I felt strongly about were rejected. This is as it should be, but I sometimes found it frustrating. There were two issues about which I could never persuade my colleagues. Prison regulations stated that prisoners must stand in the presence of a senior officer. I advocated that we should remain seated, as it was demeaning to have to recognize the enemy. My comrades believed this was trivial and that the consequences of resistance would outweigh any benefits.

The second issue was rejected by the High Organ on similar grounds. The warders called us by either our surnames or our Christian names. Each, I felt, was degrading, and I thought we should insist on the honorific “Mr.” I pressed for this for many years, without success. It became a source of humor, as my colleagues would occasionally call me Mr. Mandela.

The graph of improvement in prison was never steady. We would push the rock up the hill, only to have it tumble down again. But conditions did improve. We had won a host of small battles that added up to a change in the atmosphere of the island. While we did not run the prison, the authorities could not run it without us, and our life became more tolerable.

Within our first three years on the island we were all given long trousers. By 1969 we received our own individual prison uniforms, instead of being issued a different set each week, and we were allowed to wash them ourselves. We were permitted out in the courtyard at all hours during the weekend. Although our food was not yet equalized, African prisoners would occasionally receive bread in the morning. We had been given board games and cards, which we often played on Saturdays and Sundays. We were allowed to study for degrees, and most of us did. At the quarry, our talk was rarely interrupted. If the commanding officer was coming, the warders on duty would blow a whistle to warn us to pick up our tools. We had neutralized the worst warders and befriended the more reasonable ones.

At Christmas, we were allowed to hold a chess and checkers tournament. Every year I competed in checkers, and some years I won the grand prize, usually a candy bar. My style of play was slow and deliberate, my strategy conservative. I carefully considered the ramifications of every option and took a long time between moves. I would ponder each possibility; when I was about to move I would call out, “Qhipa!”—which means “I strike!”—and move the piece. I resist such analogies, but it is my preferred mode of operating, not only in checkers but in politics.

In 1969 a young warder arrived who seemed particularly eager to get to know me. I had heard rumors that our people on the outside were organizing an escape for me, and had infiltrated a warder onto the island who would assist me. Gradually, this fellow communicated to me that he was planning my escape. In bits and pieces, he explained the plan: one night he would drug the warders on duty at the lighthouse to allow for the landing of a boat. He would furnish me with a key to get out of our section so that I could meet the boat. On the boat I was to be equipped with underwater diving gear, which I would use to swim into the harbor at Cape Town; from there, I would be flown out of the country.
Imagine an inch and a half of innovation that can put the whole world at your fingertips.

Thanks to a small miracle called the 3M™ Fibrlok™ Multi-Fiber Splice and hundreds of other 3M interconnect innovations for electric power, electronics, and telecommunications, the Information Superhighway leads right to your door.

Wherever power, voice, video and data need transmitting, storing, protecting, connecting, and testing, 3M is the vital link in bringing the world closer together. And besides shrinking distances, 3M electronic technology helps make lots of other things smaller, too—like calculators, CD players and laptop computers.

Small wonder for a company that has known the value of communicating from the very beginning. (You might say today’s telecommunication revolution began 50 years ago with 3M adhesives and the invention of vinyl electrical tape.)

In a culture where the cross-fertilization of ideas is promoted, where people are encouraged to take chances and not be afraid to fail, 3M teams have connected you to more than 60,000 products that make life easier, safer, better.

If you’d like more information about 3M, please call 1-800-364-3577, that is 1-800-3M HELPS (or use Internet E-Mail to contact us at: innovation@mmm.com).
I listened to the plan and did not communicate to him how far-fetched it sounded. I consulted with Walter, and we agreed that this fellow was not to be trusted. I never told the warder that I would not do it, but I never took any of the actions required to implement the plan. He must have got the message, for he was soon transferred off the island.

All turned out as mistrust was justified, for we later learned that the warder was an agent of the Bureau of State Security, South Africa's secret intelligence agency. The plot was that I was to be successfully taken off the island, but killed in a dramatic shoot-out with security forces as I tried to leave the country. It was not the last time they would try to eliminate me.

One of the issues that always concerned us was how to keep the idea of the struggle before the people. One day, Kathy, Walter, and I were talking in the courtyard when they suggested that I ought to write my memoirs. Kathy noted that the perfect time for such a book to be published would be on my 60th birthday. Walter said the story would serve to remind people of what we were fighting for, and could become a source of inspiration for young freedom fighters. The idea appealed to me, and I agreed to go ahead.

When I decide to do something, I like to start immediately, and I threw myself into this new project. I adopted a rather unorthodox work schedule: I would write most of the night and sleep during the day, except when I had to go to work at the quarry. After a few weeks of this, I notified the authorities that I was not feeling well and would not be going to the quarry. They did not seem to care, and from then on I was able to sleep most of the day.

We created an assembly line to process the manuscript. Each day I passed what I wrote to Kathy, who reviewed the manuscript and then read it to Walter. Walter and Kathy have never hesitated to criticize me, and I took their suggestions to heart, often incorporating their changes. This marked-up manuscript was then given to Lolo Chiba, a fellow political prisoner who spent the next night transferring my writing into his own almost microscopic shorthand, reducing 10 pages of foolscap to a single small piece of paper. It would be the job of Mac Maharaj, another A.N.C. prisoner, to smuggle the manuscript to the outside world.

I wrote rapidly, completing a draft in four months. I did not hesitate over choosing a word or phrase. I covered the period from my birth through the Rivonia trial and ended with some notes about Robben Island. Those nights, as I wrote in silence, I could once again experience the sights and sounds of my boyhood in the Transkei, the excitement and fear of coming to Johannesburg, the tempests of the Youth League, the endless delays of the treason trial. It was like a waking dream, and I attempted to transfer it to paper as simply and truthfully as I could.

Mac ingeniously hid the transcribed version of the manuscript inside the binding of notebooks he used for his studies. In this way he was able to safeguard the text from the authorities and smuggle it out when he was released in 1976. Mac would secretly communicate when the manuscript was safely out of the country; only then would we destroy the original. In the meantime, we still had to dispose of a 500-page manuscript. We did the only thing we could: we buried it in the quarry.

A few weeks later, I heard the thud of picks and shovels in the courtyard. There at the south end was a work crew digging in the area where the manuscript was buried, to build a wall. The beginnings of the trench were already perilously close to the two smaller containers. There was only one thing to do: when work halted, we began inconspicuously digging in the area where the two smaller pieces of manuscript would be and managed to unearth those containers rather quickly. To rescue the chunk of manuscript under the pipe would require more time, but we were confident that they would not find the manuscript because they would not dislodge the pipe in order to build the wall.

We hid the manuscript in our shirts as we walked back to our cells and then destroyed the two segments. When we returned from the quarry that afternoon, I strolled over to the far end of the courtyard. I attempted to appear as casual as possible, but I was alarmed by what I saw: the pipe had been removed from the trench altogether. They could not have helped uncovering the manuscript. I must have flinched or reacted in some way that was noticeable. Unbeknown to me, I was being watched by a number of warders who later said that my reaction confirmed that I knew a manuscript had been there.

Early the next morning, I was summoned to see the commanding officer. Without any greeting whatsoever, he announced, "Mandela, we have found your manuscript." I did not reply. The commanding officer then reached behind his desk and produced a sheaf of papers. "This is your handwriting, is it not?" he demanded. Again, I remained silent. "We do not need evidence," the commander said. "We have the evidence." For that offense, we lost study privileges for four years.

After Mac was released in December, he sent the notebooks overseas to England. He spent the next six months under house arrest in South Africa before slipping out of the country and going first to Luzaka to see Oliver Tambo and then to London. He stayed there for six months, reconstructing the manuscript and putting together a typescript. He returned to Luzaka and presented Oliver with a copy. From there, the trail grows cold. I heard nothing about the manuscript, and still do not know precisely what Oliver did with it. Although it was not published.
THIS STOCKBROKER
JUST GOT
WARPED.
while I was in prison, it did survive and forms the spine of this memoir.

After the Soweto riots in August 1976, our section filled up with angry young men who had been arrested in the uprising. The new prisoners were appalled by what they considered the barbaric conditions of the island and said they could not understand how we could live in such a way. We told them that they should have seen the island in 1964. But they were almost as skeptical of us as they were of the authorities. They chose to ignore our calls for discipline and thought our advice feeble and unassertive. It was obvious that they regarded us as moderates. After so many years of being branded a radical revolutionary, to be perceived as a moderate was a novel and not altogether pleasant feeling. I knew that I could react in one of two ways: I could scold them for their impertinence, or I could listen to what they were saying. I chose the latter.

Though I was encouraged by their militancy, I thought that their philosophy, in its concentration on blackness, was exclusionary and represented an intermediate view that was not fully mature. I saw my role as an elder statesman who might help them move on to the more inclusive ideas of the Congress movement. I knew that these young men would eventually become frustrated, because the Black Consciousness movement offered no program of action.

In early 1977, the authorities announced the end of manual labor. This was liberating. I could now spend the day reading, writing letters, discussing issues with my comrades or formulating legal briefs. The free time allowed me to pursue what became two of my favorite hobbies on Robben Island: gardening and tennis.

To survive in prison, one must develop ways to take satisfaction in one's daily life. One can feel fulfilled by washing one's clothes so that they are particularly clean, by sweeping a hallway so that it is empty of dust, by organizing one's cell to conserve as much space as possible. The same pride one takes in more consequential tasks outside of prison one can find in doing small things inside prison.

Almost from my arrival on Robben Island, I asked the authorities for permission to start a garden in the courtyard. For years they refused without offering a reason. But eventually they relented, and we were able to cut out a small garden. The soil in the courtyard was dry, and I had to excavate a great many rocks: some of my comrades joked that I was a miner at heart, for I spent my days at the quarry and my free time digging in the courtyard.

The authorities supplied me with seeds. I initially planted tomatoes, chilies and onions, hardly plants that did not require rich earth or constant care. The early harvests were poor, but they soon improved. The authorities did not regret giving permission, for once the garden began to flourish, I often provided the warders with some of my best tomatoes and onions.

A garden was one of the few things in prison that one could control. To plant a seed, watch it grow, then harvest it offered a simple but enduring satisfaction. The sense of being the custodian of this small patch of earth offered a small taste of freedom. In some ways, I saw the garden as a metaphor for certain aspects of my life. A leader must also tend his garden; he too plants seeds and then watches, cultivates and harvests the result. Like the gardener, a leader must take responsibility for what he cultivates; he must mind his work, try to repel enemies, preserve what can be preserved and eliminate what cannot succeed.

I wrote Winnie two letters about a particularly beautiful tomato plant, how I coaxed it from a tender seedling to a robust plant that produced deep red fruit. But then, either through some mistake or lack of care, the plant began to wither and decline, and nothing I did would bring it back to health. When it finally died, I removed the roots from the soil, washed them and buried them in a corner of the garden.

I narrated this small story at great length. I do not know what she read into that letter, but when I wrote it I had a mixture of feelings: I did not want our relationship to go the way of that plant, and yet I felt that I had been unable to nourish many of the most important relationships in my life. Sometimes there is nothing one can do to save something that must die.

After I had been in prison for nearly 18 years, I began to wonder whether we had become stuck in a mind-set that was no longer revolutionary. The danger was that our ideas had become frozen in time. I had always attempted to remain open to new ideas, not to reject a position because it was new or different. During our years on the island we kept up a continuing dialogue about our beliefs and ideas; we debated them, questioned them and thereby refined them. I believe we had evolved.

In March 1982, I was visited by the commanding officer and a number of other prison officials. This was highly unusual; the commanding officer did not generally pay calls on prisoners. I stood up when they arrived, and the commander actually entered my cell. "Mandela," he said, "I want you to pack up your things." I asked him why. "We are transferring you," he said.

I was disturbed and unsettled. What did it mean? Where were we going? We had no warning, no preparation. We were each given several large cardboard boxes in which to pack our things. Everything that I had accumulated in nearly two decades could be fit in these few boxes. We packed in little more than half an hour. We had no time to say a proper goodbye to our comrades of many years. This is another one of the indignities of prison. The bonds of friendship and loyalty with other prisoners count for nothing.

Within minutes we were on board the ferry headed for Cape Town. I looked back at the island as the light was fading, not knowing whether I would ever see it again. A man can get used to anything, and I had grown used to Robben Island. I had lived there for almost two decades, and while it was never a home, it had become a place where I felt comfortable. I have always found change difficult, and leaving Robben Island, however grim it had been at times, was no exception. I had no idea what to look forward to.
On a typical day, stockbroker Bret Williams makes his personal computer do some very atypical things.

He imports live market data off the ticker at the same time that he's reading the stock page on-line, at the same time that his computer is firing off e-mail to a client, and at the same time that it's faxing his lunch order (pizza, usually).

He runs his PC without fear of crashing. (If any one of his applications ever goes down, everything else stays up.)

And he gets more out of the software he knows and uses, like Windows™ and DOS.

Bret has OS/2 Warp, the operating system that offers true multitasking, Crash Protection™ Internet-access — not to mention a BonusPak filled with productivity applications.

The price is also less than you ever thought possible: under $90.

Of course, you’re welcome to do your own risk assessment.

OS/2 Warp is available now. (For stockbrokers and anyone else looking for a great investment.) To get warped, stop by your local software dealer, or call 1 800 3 IBM-OS2. Ask for a free demo disk.

The new 32-bit, multitasking, multimedia, Internet-accessed, crash-protected, Windows-friendly, totally cool way to run your computer. OS/2™ Warp

OS/2 Warp is available from your software dealer. It is also available from IBM for $88 by calling 1 800 3 IBM-OS2.

Reseller prices may vary. OS/2 Warp consists of OS/2 Version 3 and BonusPak. IBM, Operating Systems/2 and OS/2 are registered trademarks of the International Business Machines Corporation. Crash Protection and the OS/2 logo are trademarks of IBM; Windows is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation.
These are just three tell-tale signs of a business on the brink. If we make it, they will come.

FORTUNE

put it to work
SUICIDE CHECK

Advances in biopsychiatry may lead to lab tests for self-destructive behavior and other mental disorders

By CHRISTINE GORMAN

...it is most pronounced in those who make the most dangerous attempts.”

A lab test for suicide—the eighth leading cause of death in the U.S.—sounds incredible. Yet it is only one of the promising developments being pursued in the hot new field of biological psychiatry. What was once the purview of priests and analysts, who try to probe the mind by listening and observing, is now a frontier for neuroscientists, who use blood tests, brain scans and spinal taps. Psychiatrists at some research centers are already using these tools to distinguish among types of depression and schizophrenia, and predict with some degree of certainty the best course of treatment for their patients.

There have been setbacks. Despite compelling evidence that manic depression, a mental illness characterized by extreme mood swings, runs in families, no one has isolated the genes responsible for the disorder. Several candidates have been identified, only to be discarded. But while the geneticists have hit a snag, the brain chemists are moving faster than anyone thought possible, and have produced an impressive array of practical results.

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994
Nowhere is this bonanza more apparent than with the research into the brain chemical called serotonin. One of the many signaling chemicals used by nerve cells to communicate with one another, serotonin is intricately linked to those parts of the brain that affect mood and impulse control. Nerve cells manufacture, release and absorb serotonin in quick bursts that ripple throughout the cerebrum. Although no one understands quite why, low levels of the chemical are associated with clinical depression. As a result, serotonin has become the target for a whole new genre of antidepressant drugs—the most popular of which is Prozac—that keep it active in the brain longer than usual.

Not everyone who is depressed attempts suicide; nor does a low serotonin level automatically doom a person to self-destruction. According to Mann and his colleagues at Columbia and the New York State Psychiatric Institute, changes must occur in specific regions of the brain to create that danger. Their research, presented at last week’s Neuroscience meeting, focuses on a section of white matter—the orbital cortex—that sits just above the eyes and modulates impulse control. In autopsies of 20 suicide victims, Mann’s group found that in almost every case, not enough serotonin had reached that key portion of the brain. The neurological fail-safes that normally prevent people from hurting themselves seem to have been disabled. “Having the biochemical deficiency alone is not enough to make you commit suicide,” Mann says. “Stress alone is not enough. But if you have the pre-existing condition and you pile on a major depression or a substance-abuse problem, then the chances go up.”

Other research on people who have survived suicide attempts suggests that some of the biochemical changes are temporary and may peak in the weeks prior to the act. If that finding holds up, it could lead to a lab test that would identify those who are most immediately vulnerable. Studies show that half of all people who commit suicide visit their doctor in the month prior to their death. Most of the time the physician finds nothing medically wrong with them and sends them home. Doctors may someday be able to give these people a blood test that measures their body’s ability to manufacture serotonin. Those whose capacity is impaired would be considered at greatest risk of hurting themselves.

The swift pace of biopsychiatric research has led to new tests for other mental illnesses. Leslie Prichep and her colleagues at the New York University Medical Center in Manhattan have retooled the electroencephalogram, or EEG, which measures the electrical activity of the brain, to identify various subtypes of schizophrenia, depression and other disorders. Their goal is to eliminate some of the trial and error that psychiatrists typically have to go through when prescribing pills for their patients. They have already seen results with obsessive-compulsive disorder, or OCD, a condition in which people continuously repeat the same sequence of thoughts or behaviors. By performing sophisticated computer analyses of patients’ EEG readings, they have been able to describe distinct patterns that distinguish those who are more likely to respond to drugs from those who are not.

The rush to embrace biological explanations of human behavior is not without its critics. “We have some links, but they don’t prove cause and effect,” says Dr. Donald Mender, author of The Myth of Neuropsychiatry. It’s the same statistical quandary that basketball coaches face all the time. Nearly all great male hoopers tower over 6 ft. 5 in. But that does not mean that all tall men are great basketball players. Says Mender: “The danger lies in seeing people as if they were machines.”

There is also a risk that research results could be abused. If suicide is linked to low serotonin levels, does that mean that violence against others can also be tied to depleted stores of the brain chemical? Scientists who are looking into that possibility are worried that their work could be used to label troubled children as incorrigible and excuse the lack of services designed to help them. “It’s almost impossible to discuss scientifically,” says Dr. Frederick Goodwin, former director of the National Institute of Mental Health. “People always overinterpret the science in this area.”

Despite these concerns, the push to discover the biological markers of behavior shows no signs of abating. No lab test will ever solve the suicide crisis. But by raising the question—and by giving doctors another way to verify their suspicions—it could save lives. —With reporting by Dick Thompson/ Washington

**Did Prozac Make Him Do It?**

On the morning of Sept. 14, 1989, Joseph Wesbecker—an out-of-work pressman—walked into the printing plant of his former employer, the Standard Gravure company of Louisville, Kentucky, and began blasting away with an AK-47. When the shooting was over, 12 people were wounded and nine dead—including Wesbecker, from a self-inflicted pistol shot.

What makes this tragedy different from other mass shootings is that for a month before the incident, Wesbecker, who suffered from depression, had been taking Prozac. In a case being heard by a Louisville jury, survivors and the families of the victims are trying to prove that Prozac—the most widely prescribed antidepressant—triggered the rampage, and they are seeking damages from Prozac’s manufacturer, Eli Lilly.

Prozac is the most popular of a new class of drugs that treat depression by increasing levels of the brain chemical serotonin. Doctors have known for some time that raising serotonin levels can positively affect a patient’s mood, but they can’t always be sure that the drug will have the desired effect.

In this case, the plaintiffs are trying to show that Lilly knew that some patients became suicidal or agitated during clinical trials. Lilly lawyers will argue that Wesbecker’s was not a sudden, Prozac-induced rage but rather a carefully plotted attack, and that the plaintiffs’ claim lacks scientific merit. Psychiatrists are keeping a close eye on the Louisville case, the first of 160 civil suits against Lilly to make it to trial. After the shooting, the Citizens Commission on Human Rights, a group founded by the Church of Scientology, tried to capitalize on the Louisville incident as part of an all-out campaign to discredit Prozac and psychiatry. It hasn’t worked. In 1991 the FDA denied a CHA petition to take Prozac off the market, and an FDA panel found “no credible evidence of a link between the drug and violent behavior. In 56 criminal cases, defendants who tried the Prozac-made-me-do-it defense have been equally unsuccessful. But a verdict against Prozac might, unfortunately, scare patients off the best available medicine, says Louisville psychiatrist Dr. David Moore. “The courtroom is no place for finding scientific truth.” —By Lawrence Mondi, Reported by Gideon Gil/Louisville
**MEDICINE**

**Hope for Unhealthy Hearts**

A seminar Scandinavian study shows that powerful new drug treatments are safe and really do save lives

By J. MADELEINE NASH DALLAS

Doctors have long known about the link between heart disease, America’s No. 1 killer, and high levels of cholesterol in the blood. Yet physicians have been reluctant to treat patients with drugs that lower cholesterol. Not only are the medications expensive (as much as $1,000 a year), but they also have been dogged by an inexplicable anomaly: in studies of patients who take them, declines in fatal heart attacks have been offset by a mysterious rise in deaths from other causes. As attractive as the cholesterol-reducing pills might seem, nobody had yet proved that they actually save lives.

Until now. Last week at the American Heart Association meeting in Dallas, a team of Scandinavian scientists presented results of such stunning clarity that doubts about cholesterol drugs may finally be put to rest. In a trial involving nearly 4,500 patients, a drug called simvastatin not only cut harmful cholesterol 35% but also reduced the death rate (compared with a control group) 30%.

"This is a seminal study," says Dr. Suzanne Oparil, president of the American Heart Association. "It has profound implications for the practice of medicine."

Today most heart disease is treated as though it were primarily a mechanical malfunction. Clogged arteries are either re-opened with the equivalent of a plumber’s snake or bypassed by vessels borrowed from other parts of the body. While such heroic measures can relieve pain and reduce debilitating fatigue, they generally forestall death for only a few years.

The more promising approach is to attack the root cause of heart disease: the family of lipoproteins that carry cholesterol through the bloodstream. There are two main kinds of lipoproteins: high density ("good") and low density ("bad."). As the bad lipoproteins travel through the body, they tear at arterial walls, forming a fat-filled scar tissue called plaque. Remove the irritants, and the arteries begin to heal.

Unfortunately, standard low-fat diets have only a modest effect on most people’s blood-cholesterol levels, and, until recently, drugs were not much better. That changed in 1987, when the first of a new class of compounds—called statins—was approved for use in the U.S. Statins reduce cholesterol by blocking production of a key enzyme needed to manufacture lipoproteins. Scientists predicted that if a drug like simvastatin were put to a long-term test, it would reduce death rates by one-third.

Which is precisely what happened. The subjects of the Scandinavian study—all of them heart-disease patients—were advised to stop smoking and follow sensible diets. In addition, half received daily doses of simvastatin, while the rest took a placebo. The effects were striking. Patients who took the drug registered a 35% drop in levels of bad cholesterol and an 8% rise in good. They also required fewer hospitalizations and surgical procedures. Best of all, they experienced 42% fewer deaths from heart disease and no increase in deaths from other causes.

Merck & Co., which markets simvastatin under the brand name Zocor (which funded the study), is expected to enjoy a boost in sales, as will other drug companies that offer competing products.

“Anything that lowers cholesterol will produce the same effect,” says Dr. Lance Gould of the University of Texas medical school in Houston. As to underscore that point, a separate study released last week showed that a combination of estrogen and a new form of progesterone can cut cholesterol levels and reduce the risk of heart disease among postmenopausal women as much as 25%—without serious side effects.

Not everyone with high cholesterol is a good candidate for drug therapy. Otherwise healthy people over the age of 70, a group of experts recently concluded, are not likely to benefit from a rigorous cholesterol-lowering regimen. But for people at high risk of dying from heart disease—especially the 1.5 million Americans who will suffer heart attacks this year—the new cholesterol-lowering drugs may mean the difference between life and death.

**SCIENCE**

**Dino DNA?**

Bits of ancient genes turn up in some very old bones

Anyone who thought JURASSIC PARK was farfetched should talk to molecular biologist Scott Woodward. In last week’s Science, Woodward announced that he had isolated DNA from an ancient creature that he was 90% sure was a dinosaur. If enough of it were collected, such a sample could, in theory, be cloned into a living specimen—just like in the movies. Woodward, an associate professor at Brigham Young University, extracted the DNA from two bone fragments found in a Utah coal mine, where they had been protected by muck and never fossilized.

So does this mean that a dinosaur assembly plant is on the way? Don’t hold your breath. The sections of DNA that Woodward collected are much too short for any practical use. The full complement of genes needed to create an organism contains billions of nucleic acid pairs. Woodward found 174 pairs, too few to be certain what animal they came from. "The pieces are so short that you can’t say they are like one thing or another," says Ward Wheeler, a molecular biologist at the American Museum of Natural History. "It could be a turtle or a mammal or whatever." Some researchers even suggest that the DNA Woodward extracted could have come from bacteria that feasted on the decaying carcass millions of years ago.

—By Christine Gorman. Reported by Andrea Dorfman/New York
SOCIETY

Looking for Mary Poppins

The government moves to regulate the programs that put au pairs in U.S. homes

By JILL SMOLOWE

THE GLOSSY BROCHURE ADVERTISING "the best live-in child care in the world" had featured energetic European lasses with megawatt smiles. So Cathy and Thomas Lynch of Wilton, Connecticut, were perplexed in November 1990 when their Dutch au pair arrived fearful and miserable. On Day One, Saskia, 21, wept uncontrollably, but lacked enough English to explain why she was upset. On Day Two, Saskia expressed shock that she was expected to provide sole care for the Lynches' two daughters, ages two and four, while the Lynches were at work; she thought she had come to America primarily to travel and learn English. On Day Three, Saskia announced that she wanted to go home—then stopped speaking English altogether. Baffled, Cathy found an interpreter, who translated: Saskia said she couldn't be left alone with the Lynch children.

When Cathy phoned the sponsoring agency, EF Au Pair of Cambridge, Massachusetts, she was stunned by their refusal to help. "They literally told us we could put her out on the street, and that she could now find her own way home," Cathy recalls. (An agency spokesman says that she is unfamiliar with the case, but that the standard response is to "do what we can" to help an au pair return home.) Instead the Lynches helped Saskia make her travel arrangements. Then, not wanting to squander their nonrefundable program fee of roughly $2,700, they demanded a replacement. This time, they got a 19-year-old Swede who was all the agency had promised: an English-speaking au pair who provided 12 months of flexible, dependable child care in exchange for room, board, a $100 weekly salary, a $300 educational stipend and a round-trip ticket.

Heartened by their second au pair experience but now leery of EF Au Pair, the Lynches then signed with the Connecticut-
burn, Virginia, was shaken to death. A week later, the Cleveland Plain Dealer ran a series that documented some 300 cases of trouble in au pair placement. Leahy seized on the publicity to introduce legislation requiring the USIA to actively regulate au pair programs.

A draft of these new regulations, obtained by TIME, indicates that the USIA intends to clamp down on screening, training and work requirements for au pairs. Under the new guidelines, scheduled to go into effect Jan. 1, all families must submit to a background check, including employment and personal references. The au pairs must be English-speaking high school graduates who have passed both a physical examination and a criminal-record check. Their training, which in most cases consists of a single agency-sponsored orientation day, will be boosted to 40 hours. To better enforce the rule that restricts the au pair work week to 45 hours, families will have to sign a contract that specifies days and hours, and agency representatives will be required to contact the au pairs weekly. Au pair salaries will be boosted to $155 a week.

The USIA draft also restricts au pairs to homes where the children are at least two years old—but that is likely to change. In the wake of agency complaints that the rule would cut their business almost by half, the USIA is considering a three-month-old age limit, but with the proviso that only au pairs over age 21 can work with children younger than two. Three agencies contacted by TIME also questioned the extended hours of child-care and safety training, arguing that this will drive up the program's costs and price out many middle-income families.

All this can't help taxing the patience of the USIA, which never intended to get into the baby-sitting business in the first place. When two entrepreneurial au pair agencies approached the USIA in 1986 and asked that their programs be designated as a "cultural exchange"—thus simplifying the au pair visa process—the USIA agreed only to a two-year trial. That pilot convinced the USIA that the program was too work-oriented to be a true cultural exchange. But its repeated efforts to fold the program off on the Labor Department or have it killed outright have met with failure. While the USIA has no investigative or disciplinary authority to enforce its new rules, the eight agencies have given strong incentive to cooperate: the program comes up for congressional reauthorization in September. "We have a big club hanging over their heads," says USIA director Joseph Duffley. "Congress could close it down."

If the program is to survive, veteran au pairs and host families say, agencies must tighten up procedures all around. Although the brochures claim that applicants are carefully screened, au pairs commonly state that their references were never checked; some even boast about having had relatives write fake recommendations. Other common deceptions include hiding a smoking habit, lying about a driver's license or misrepresenting mastery of English. Kathy Farno, whose short-lived Swiss au pair arrived in Maryland with just 10 words of English, says the girl initially hid her language deficit "by having her sister do the writing" on the application. Those applications, which showcase a candidate's strengths, don't hint at the problems she may be fleeing. LeAnn and Michael Kerr of Charlotte, North Carolina, initially thought they had found a dream companion for their two young daughters in Merete, 18. But after Merete settled in, she began to speak of family problems back home in Denmark that included emotional abuse. Over time, LeAnn noticed that Merete would grow very agitated and develop stomachaches after phoning home. In March 1993, nine months into her stay, Merete tried to kill herself with an overdose of pills. After Merete spent a week in the hospital, the Kerrs helped her return home. Last August they received a letter from Merete's mother. "It said, 'I'm sorry..."
to inform you Mr. Merete is dead," says LeAnn. "It went on to say she walked in front of a train. I can't describe what I felt."

At the time of Merete's suicide attempt, the Kerrs ran into another common dilemma: the failure of agencies to step in when problems arise. LeAnn says the local counselor who was supposed to check in with Merete on a weekly basis "never called" and "never went to see her," even after the girl was hospitalized. Furious, LeAnn phoned the San Francisco headquarters of Merete's sponsoring agency, AuPairCare. "They gave her no support," LeAnn says. "They just wanted her to go home, and the problem would be done." Diane DuToit, the agency's program manager, counters that Merete "seemed very happy" until her departure time nears, and that the agency's local coordinator did pay a hospital visit.

At least Merete went home, because it "isn't profitable" to send girls home, says a disgruntled former agency counselor, "it's always, 'Well, find another home.'" Becky and TJ McMammy of Charlotte, who went through seven au pairs in four years—two good, five bad—say they let go of Lindsey, an aloof Briton, after she told them, "Your children are not safe with me." When the McMammys tried to pass that disturbing remark on to AuPairCare—first by phone, then by certified letter—the agency didn't respond. DuToit now says the McMammys misinterpreted Lindsey's remark.

Subsequently Lindsey was posted to a family that was in the process of adopting a second child. According to two people familiar with that case, Lindsey's refusal to submit to a background check by the adoption agency cost the couple their new infant. When the couple later reapplied to the adoption agency, they had to provide a letter from AuPairCare stating that Lindsey would not be in the home. The view from the au pair side of the equation is not much prettier. Au pair means "on a par," and is intended to remind the hosts that their young guests should be treated as family members, not employees. The rules are clear: au pairs are to get a private room, meals, two weeks' vacation and a full weekend off every fourth week. They are not supposed to work more than 45 hours a week and are not expected to do general housework or meal preparation for the family.

Tell that to Rachel, 19, an Irish au pair who felt like a slave while working for a family in Manhattan. Rachel found herself cleaning out the refrigerator, washing Venetian blinds, even scrubbing old stains from the living room rug. Those specialty services were layered on top of her daily responsibilities: minding the family's three children, washing the dishes, vacuuming. Moreover, Rachel says because there was never enough to eat in the house, she shelled out about $35 each week to keep herself and the children adequately fed. Rachel hung on for eight months, then bolted. "I finally realized I'm not a Cinderella," she says. "This is not something I have to do." Instead of taking up her agency's offer to place her in another home, Rachel found a family herself. That choice cost her the $500 "good faith" deposit required of all au pairs, since she did not finish out her full 12 months.

While Rachel had the gumption to quit, other young women feel trapped—and that can lead to grave consequences. "In many cases, the girls are already disturbed and running away from something," says Joyce Egginton, author of Circle of Fire, a new book that disputes the 1992 acquittal of Olivia Riner, a Swiss au pair who was charged with setting the fire that killed her three-month-old charge. "If the girl is feeling desperately cut off, depressed and alone, the babies are at great risk."

And just as troubled au pairs are recycled, so are problem families. The McMammys provided temporary shelter to two AuPairCare hires, both in flight from the same couple. The first au pair complained of a domineering husband and a jealous wife. Her successor charged that the husband had made sexual advances and the wife had refused to speak to her. Becky, who helped the first go home and the second find a better job, says the agency failed to assist in either case.

More common, an agency will attribute the problem to "incompatibility," and try to match back sides of the equation.

While agencies deny that problems arise, they stress that happy endings are far more common than horror stories. And that, no doubt, is true. Thos and Lisa Paine of Belle Mead, New Jersey, for instance, have had mostly happy outcomes with their nine au pairs. "We worked with them to try to accommodate their schedules," says Thos. "We always invited them to spend holidays with us and got them presents." The Paines also never forgot that they were dealing with kids, not mature nannies. Like many couples, they have suffered their share of fender benders, missed curfews and boyfriend woes. "You come down and find people groping on the couch," Thos laughs. "If you can't handle the hormones, don't get into the program."

The Paines and other satisfied host families caution that everyone needs to be more clear-eyed. They urge families to interview applicants by phone, check out references and bear in mind that families will get from the experience what they put into it. Despite their own checkered history, the McMammys say when it works well, the program can serve both the au pairs who want an affordable adventure abroad and the families who need affordable child care. "When you have a good au pair, it's a benefit to the household," says TJ. And, Becky adds, "It's a sad day when a good one leaves."

—Reported by Ann Blackman/Washington, Sophronia Scott Gregory/Charlotte, Jennifer Mattos/New York, and bureau reports
How to prepare the Discovery for the jungles of Madagascar.

What can you possibly do to make the new Discovery from Land Rover any better?

It already has a 14-gauge steel chassis, steel frame, and phenomenally resilient coil spring suspension, all of which enable it to drive through places where the only other vehicles you'll see are helicopters.

It also already comes with almost 70 cubic feet of interior space.

That's almost enough room for a whole Malagasy little league team.

And it already has a high level of security. Aside from its steel inner body cage, side door beams, ABS, and permanent four-wheel drive, the Discovery is the first 4x4 ever to have dual airbags.

So why not call 1-800-FINE 4WD for the nearest dealer?

At just under $29,400 it's an astonishingly capable vehicle. Realize though, that even the Discovery can't drive beyond a certain point:

"E."
TREKING ONWARD

As a new generation takes command, the Star Trek phenomenon seems unstoppable

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

For STAR TREK fans, the memory still hurts. It was a Saturday Night Live sketch eight years ago, and William Shatner—the indomitable Captain James Tiberius Kirk from the original TV series—was playing himself making a guest appearance at a Star Trek convention. After fielding a few dumb questions from the nerdy, trivia-obsessed fans, he suddenly exploded: “I’d just like to say... Get a life, will you, people?! I mean, for crying out loud, it was just a TV show!”

No matter that Shatner, in the sketch, quickly recanted, telling the crestfallen Trekkies that his outburst was, of course, a re-creation of “the evil Captain Kirk” from Episode 37. The put-down was like a phaser to the heart. Trekkies (or Trekkers, as many prefer to be called these days) have always existed in something of a parallel universe of TV viewing. They’re the ones who can debate for hours the merits of the episode in which Mr. Spock mind-melded with a bloblike alien called the Horta, or the one where Captain Kirk time-traveled back to the Great Depression and fell in love with Joan Collins. They know the scientific properties of
CAPTAINS

Two legends of the space fron-
tier, Stewart and Shatner, finally meet as
the torch is passed in the film Generations.

Production by Greg Hecker.
dilithium crystals, they have memorized the floor plan of the Starship Enterprise, and they can say, "Surrender or die!" in the Klingon language. They have immersed themselves, with a fervor matched by few devotees of any religious sect, in a fully imagined future world, where harmony and humanism have triumphed.

**SORAN**

Malcolm McDowell is the latest in a stellar line of Star Trek bad guys and the shackles of time and space can be cast aside almost at will. Trekkies are true-believing optimists, and a few of them may be nuts.

They are also the custodians of perhaps the most enduring and all-embracing pop-culture phenomenon of our time. Consider the industry that has grown out of a quirky TV series that ran for three years in the late 1960s, only to be canceled because of low ratings. Two decades later, a second series, Star Trek: The Next Generation, ran for seven seasons and became the highest-rated syndicated show in TV history. A third Trek series, Deep Space Nine, if not quite as big a hit, is currently the No. 1-rated drama in syndication. Six Star Trek movies have earned a total of nearly $500 million at the box office. Videocassettes (of every series episode, as well as the movies) are so popular that most video stores devote an entire section to them. Star Trek is seen around the world in 75 countries, and Trek mania has hit many of them; the official Star Trek fan club in Britain has 15,000 members. Trek-related merchandise, ranging from T-shirts and backpacks to a $2,200 brass replica of the Enterprise, has exploded in the past five years, with total revenues topping $1 billion. More than 63 million Star Trek books are in print, and new titles—from tell-alls by former cast members to novelizations of Trek episodes—are appearing at the rate of more than 30 a year.

And the Trek phenomenon is bursting again like a fresh supernova. A seventh feature film, Star Trek: Generations, which opened over the weekend, brings together for the first time the two Enterprise big shots: Shatner as the heroic, headstrong Captain Kirk of the original series and of every movie until now; and Patrick Stewart, the bald-pated Brit who succeeded him as the more cerebral Captain Picard in The Next Generation. The new film, a smashingly entertaining mix of outer-space adventure and spaced-out metaphysics, almost certainly marks the last movie appearance of the classic Trek crew (Kirk, in a secret no one seems able to keep, dies at the end of the film) and launches what promises to be a new string of movies featuring Stewart and his Next Generation gang. With Deep Space Nine continuing, and yet another TV series, Star Trek: Voyager, debuting in January, the pump is primed for more TV-to-movie transfers in the future. The mother ship of all TV cult hits seems poised to boldly go...
where none has gone before: into eternity.

For all that, Star Trek has never won much respect. In the realm of long-running entertainment phenoms, Sherlock Holmes has more history; James Bond, more class; Star Wars and Indiana Jones, more cinematic cachet. And while no one sneers at the Baker Street Irregulars, noninitiates consider Trekkies to be pretty odd. Trekkies like Pete Mohnsey, a computer programmer in Birmingham, Alabama, who leads a double life as captain of his local Starfleet "ship," the Hephaestus NC-2004, and publisher of a 40-page Trekkie newsletter; or Jerry Murphy, a Sugar Grove, Illinois, business manager and father of two, who is commander of a local Klingon club and frequently dresses up as one of the big-browed aliens for charity events. "Nobody messes with Klingons," he says. "We’re the bikers of the Star Trek world."

After all, you have to wonder about people who would pore over The Star Trek

Encyclopedia, with 5,000 entries on every character, planet, gadget or concept ever mentioned in the series, from gagh ("serpent worms, a Klingon culinary delicacy") to Pollux V ("planet in the Beta Geminorum system that registered with no intelligent lifeforms when the Enterprise investigated that area of space on Stardate 3468"). Gene Roddenberry, Star Trek’s late creator and guiding spirit, once got a letter from a group of scientists who complained about a scene in which Captain Picard visited France and looked up at the night sky. By their calculations, they said, the stars could not have been in that position in France in the 24th century.

Yet Star Trek has legions of more temperate fans too. General Colin Powell is a watcher; so are Robin Williams, Mel Brooks and Stephen Hawking, the bestselling physicist (A Brief History of Time) who made a guest appearance in an episode of The Next Generation, playing poker with holographic re-creations of Albert Einstein and Sir Isaac Newton. Rachelle Chong, a member of the Federal Communications Commission, has decorated her office with Trek paraphernalia and dressed up as Captain Picard for Halloween. "I like the show because it shows me tomorrow," she says. And sometimes today: the cellular phone-like communicators used by the Trek crew back in the 1960s are almost exact precursors of the personal-communication systems the FCC has just begun issuing licenses for.

According to Paramount TV research, Star Trek’s regular weekly audience of more than 20 million includes more high-income, college-educated viewers (as well as more men) than the average TV show. Even at the better than 200 Trekkie conventions held each year, the clientele...
THE TORCH HAS PASSED OFF-CAMERA, TOO

WHAT BECOMES A LEGEND MOST? FOR RICK BORMAN, WHO teamed up with Star Trek creator Gene Roddenberry in 1987 and inherited the franchise mantle after Roddenberry's death four years later, the challenge has been to honor the creator's concept while also moving it forward. The original series was set in the 23rd century, The Next Generation in the 24th; but the century Berman has to worry about is the 21st.

"Star Trek was never, and hopefully never will be, my vision of the future," says Berman, 48, a former documentary filmmaker and children's TV producer. "It's Gene Roddenberry's vision that I agreed to uphold." The job is trickier than it might seem. Berman, a vice president at Paramount when Roddenberry tapped him as the producer of The Next Generation, has had to sail his enterprise between the Scylla of Roddenberry's own "prime directive"—a stricture against any conflict among members of Starfleet—and the Charybdis of mass-market appeal.

"I went through a rather strenuous apprenticeship," recalls Berman, a workaholic with few outside interests other than his wife Elizabeth and their three children. "I learned what was Star Trek and what wasn't. I learned all the nomenclature, all the rules and regulations. I learned the difference between shields and deflectors—that was a day right there. Slowly, Gene began to trust my judgment and also to trust that I would adhere to the rules, that I would not be someone who would want to change Star Trek."

Still, he says, "there were some things that existed with Roddenberry that were very frustrating to us. Not to have conflict among your characters makes it very difficult, because all the conflict has to come from outside. On The Next Generation, with the exception of an android and a Klingon, pretty much everyone was human, and they weren't allowed to be involved in conflict, so that was very frustrating for the writers."

So frustrating that in the first two sea-

is more likely to be middle-aged couples with kids in tow than computer geeks sporting Vulcan ears. "In the early days, everyone had a shirt and a costume," says Mary Warren, who was selling Trek apparel at a recent convention in Tucson, Arizona. "Now you get all these normal people in here." Among the 2,000 who attended was Elaine Koste, who came with her husband David and five-year-old daughter Karessa. "I use Star Trek as a tool to educate my daughter," said Koste. "It's good for her to see the characters deal with other races and teach good values."

"People have not gotten a real sense of what Star Trek fandom is really all about," says Leonard Nimoy, who played Mr. Spock, the superintelligent, pointy-eared Vulcan on the original series. "I talk to people in various professions all the time who say, 'I went to college to study this or that because of Star Trek.'" Jonathan Frakes, Commander Riker on The Next Generation, concurs: "If you go in looking for geeks and

pleasures of the feature films. In all its incarnations, however, Star Trek conveys Roddenberry's optimistic view of the future. Sinister forces and evil aliens might lurk behind every star cluster, but on the bridge of the Enterprise, people of various races, cultures and planets work in utopian harmony. Their adventures, in the early days, were often allegories for earthbound problems like race relations and Vietnam—problems that were solved with reason. A key concept of the show, which began during the Vietnam War, was the Prime Directive. It stated that the Enterprise crew must not interfere with the normal course of development of any civilization they might encounter.

The comforting ethos of the series was expressed not merely in the amity of the crew—who never fought amongst themselves except when one or another had been taken over by aliens, which seemed to happen about every third episode. Beyond that, the freewheeling way the star-

CREATOR Roddenberry, who once wrote for TV westerns, gave the show its optimistic ethos. One edict: the crew of the Enterprise always gets along

nerds, then yeah, you'll find some. But this is a show that doesn't insult the audience. It is intelligent, literate and filled with messages and morals—and that's what most of the people who watch are interested in."

Star Trek has evolved over the years from the brash, sometimes campy original series, with its Day-Glo colors and dime-store special effects, to the more meditative, slickly produced Next Generation, to the relatively conventional action-flick


June 1984: Star Trek III: The Search for Spock. Spock lives!


1981

1982

1983

1984

1985

1986

1987

1988
sons TNG writers came and went like Tribbles as Roddenberry assiduously rewrote nearly every script to conform to his notion of futuristic collegiality and his distaste for warfare. He had written for such popular shows as Dragon and Have Gun Will Travel, and candidly envisioned the original Star Trek series as a "Wagon Train to the stars." In his quintessentially '60s view, the final frontier may have been full of hostile Klingons and dangerous Romulans, but they were generally susceptible to a pep talk—only occasionally augmented by a punch in the nose—from Captain Kirk. "Everyone always wants me to do space battles," Roddenberry remarked in 1989. "Well, screw them. That's not what Star Trek is about."

Conflict, however, is the stuff of drama, and space battles are what the paying public wants to see, especially on the big screen. Since Roddenberry's death, Berman has evolved Star Trek into something darker, more elemental and more mysterious. "Rick was a little more broadminded about what I was permitted to explore as a character," observes Patrick Stewart, TNG's Captain Picard, and the new shows are stretching the Star Trek guidelines even more. On the current Deep Space Nine, set on a remote space station, Starfleet officers tangle with the alien races who share the outpost. And in the forthcoming Voyager series (which features the first female starship captain in a leading role, albeit in a form-fitting uniform), Federation stalwarts must make an uneasy truce with a contentious band taken on board in a distant part of the universe. "This way," explains Berman, "you have a core group of people who were not all brought up on Gene Roddenberry's 24th century Earth. They don't have to follow the rules."

Whether that reasoning will pass muster down the line remains to be seen, since Trek fans are notoriously alert to any noncanonical deviations from Roddenberry's holy writ. "The laws of Star Trek are totally fictional but are held by the fans with such reverence that they have to be followed as if they were Newton's," says Berman. "You have to treat them very carefully, because there are people who for 25 years have considered them sacred." Even so, there are times he contemplates heresy: on his desk sits a bust of Roddenberry, its eyes and ears covered by a blindfold. "Things are sometimes said in this office that he probably would not like to hear," Berman says. —By Michael Walsh. Reported by Dan Gray/Los Angeles

PROTEGE Berman is trying to carry on Roddenberry's vision, but changes are in store. In Star Trek: Voyager, there's a female captain and conflict on the bridge because they were constantly being confronted with the human qualities they lacked: the emotions they either scorned (in Spock's case) or craved (in Data's).

Star Trek: Generations (directed by David Carson, who did several episodes of the series) continues the exploration of this theme. Data (Brent Spiner) has an "emotion chip" implanted in his brain, then suddenly has to deal with unfamiliar feelings like fear, remorse and giddily irre sponsibility. Captain Picard, meanwhile, must overcome the siren-like lure of the Nexus, a timeless zone of pure joy that is being sought by the villainous Dr. Sozan (Malcolm McDowell). The Nexus is a personalized fantasyland, where Picard experiences the idyllic home life he never had. Captain Kirk is there too, going through his own homey fantasy, but both must reject the Nexus and return to the real world to help defeat Sozan. Responsibility, caring for others, recognizing your mortality—these things too are part of being human.

Star Trek's optimistic morality plays were especially appealing when the show first went on the air in 1966. "It seemed like there was a hell of a lot of trouble in the world," says D.C. Fontana, a writer on the original show, "and it was a time there might not have been a whole lot of hope in America. And here comes this series that says mankind is better than we might think." Says Ian Spelling, who publishes a weekly Star Trek newspaper column: "It's
a story of a positive future in which people are getting along. And if they're not, they're trying to work things out."

The multicultural Star Trek crew—a Russian, a Japanese, a black woman, a Vulcan (make that multiplanetary)—was of symbolic importance to many viewers. "As a teen, I was a fan," says Whoopi Goldberg, who had a recurring role in The Next Generation. "I recognized the multicultural, multiracial aspects, and different people getting together for a better world. Racial issues have been solved. Male-female problems have been solved. The show is about genuine equality."

Star Trek has won praise from many science-fiction writers. Ray Bradbury, a close friend of Roddenberry's until the latter's death in 1991, finds the show's popularity unsurprising: "We're living in a science-fiction time. We're swimming in an ocean of technology and that's why Star Trek, Star Wars and 90% of the most successful films of the last 10 years are science fiction." Indeed, Star Trek has helped spark a revival of science fiction on TV, including such shows as Babylon 5 and SeaQuest DSV and an entire cable network, the Sci-Fi Channel.

Many scientists too admire the show for its faithfulness to the scientific method, if not to factual science. "They have a respect for the way science and engineering work," says Louis Friedman, a former programs director at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. "For example, when you make measurements of a planet and try to determine its atmosphere, then get into the transporter... well, if you had a transporter that's probably how you'd do it. They make it believable because they go through a reasonable process."

Others attribute Star Trek's popularity less to its science than to its dramatic and mythic qualities. Richard Slotkin, professor of English at Wesleyan University, says the show echoes the pioneer stories that dominate American history and literature. "What's so appealing about Star Trek is that it takes the old frontier myth and crosses it with a platoon movie," Slotkin says. "Instead of the whites against the Indians, you have a multiethnic crew against the Romulans and Klingons."

Star Trek has always had its literary pretensions; allusions to Shakespeare abound, and it has often been compared to The Odyssey. "There was something heroic and epic to the underlying themes," says Patrick Stewart, a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company. "In terms of its ambition, the stage on which it was set was Homeric." Says Shatner: "I think there is a need for the culture to have a myth, like the Greeks had. We don't have any. So I think people look to Star Trek to set up a leader and a heartly band of followers. It's Greek classical storytelling. Not that the stars buy all the highfalutin analyses of their work. Kirk has been described as a classic Kennedy-esque cold warrior. 'That's too esoteric for me,' says Shatner. "All I wanted to do was come up with a good

**Reconfigure The Modulators!**

---

**"We need to reconfigure the main deflector dish."**

Deflectors are devices that protect starships by setting up an energy field. Dishes, which operate at specific frequencies, control the deflectors. Remodulating the frequency boosts the strength of the deflectors against incoming attacks.

**"We can do it if we reconfigure the lateral sensor array."**

Sensors are used to detect objects, life forms or anomalies in space. Reconfiguring them simply adjusts them, like focusing a lens. Watch for terms like "reconfigure" and "reconfigurator": they're the workhorses of the Trek vocabulary.

**"It should be possible if we decompile the pattern buffer."**

Transporters can send people instantly from one location to another by converting their molecules into energy, then reassembling them. Every living being has a distinct pattern of molecules; the pattern buffer fixes the configuration by adjusting for the Doppler effect—the apparent change in the frequency of the energy waves caused by motion.

**"I'll verify the Heisenberg compensators."**

The Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle states that you cannot know a subatomic particle's exact position and it's exact direction and velocity at the same time. To transport people you have to know all those things, so the Heisenberg compensator was devised to overcome that problem. It's an attempt by the Trek writers to signal that they are at least aware of the issue. And how does the Heisenberg compensator work? "It works very well, thank you," says Okuda.
character. I always played Kirk close to myself, mostly because of fatigue."

Shatner wouldn't have played Kirk at all if the original pilot for the series had pleased NBC. The show, which Roddenberry produced in 1964, starred Jeffrey Hunter as the captain. But NBC wanted changes, and by the time a new pilot was done, Hunter had dropped out. One actor who remained from the first pilot was Nimoy as Mr. Spock—though only after Roddenberry persuaded NBC not to drop the character. The network had other alarming suggestions: at one point, Roddenberry recalled, NBC executives suggested that Spock smoke a space cigarette, to please a tobacco-company sponsor.

The original Star Trek never drew much of an audience, and it was saved from cancellation after two seasons only with the help of a letter-writing campaign from fans. But in its third season, NBC moved the show to a weak time slot, on Fridays at 10 p.m., and cut its budget by $9,000 an episode, putting a further crimp in the already bargain-basement special effects. The show was gone after that season.

But three seasons and 79 episodes were just enough to put the show's reruns into syndication, and there they were an enormous hit. By the end of the '70s, the success of Star Wars and Close Encounters of the Third Kind had prompted Paramount to give its TV space crew a crack at the big screen. Star Trek: The Motion Picture displeased hard-core fans. But it made a sturdy $82 million at the box office and launched a series of films that peaked in 1986 with Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home, which grossed $110 million. Only Roddenberry felt left out. Though listed as executive consultant on all the films, he was largely supplanted by other producers. "He was pretty bitter about the films," recalls writer Tracy Tormé. "He really felt like they took the films away from him."

Yet Roddenberry got a second chance on TV, when Star Trek: The Next Generation debuted in 1987. The show set 50 years after the original, introduced a new Enterprise crew and had a much bigger budget. But still there was turmoil: Roddenberry's insistence on rewriting scripts alienated many of the writers. Things settled down when Rick Berman, Roddenberry's second-in-command, and co-executive producer Michael Piller took control. The show soon hit its stride, with an accomplished cast, better special effects and some of the most imaginative sci-fi writing ever for TV. The series was ended last May, at the height of its popularity, because Paramount wanted to switch it to the big screen exclusively.

Deep Space Nine is a drearier show, set in a kind of outer-space bus stop, where another imposing commander (Avery Brooks) presides over a melting pot of alien riffraff. The upcoming series, Voyager, aims to return to the exploration theme of the earlier series. Its premise: a Starfleet ship, chasing a band of rebels who oppose a Federation peace treaty, is aged to get it in the nonfiction category.

Bruised egos also resulted, not surprisingly, from the effort to combine the two TV casts for a passing of the torch in the new movie. Nimoy declined a role after he saw how small his part would be. "I told them," he says, "The lines that you've written to be spoken by somebody named Spock can be easily distributed to any of the other characters on the screen."

Which is what happened: Captain Kirk appears with two lesser members of the old crew: chief engineer "Scotty" (James Doohan) and Ensign Chekov (Walter Koenig). Several members of the Next Generation cast, meanwhile, were less than thrilled with their relatively small amount of screen time. Says LeVar Burton, who plays Geordi: "Hopefully, if we do another one of these, we will have an opportunity to spread the wealth more."

Then there was the film's controversial ending. As originally shot, Captain Kirk was killed by a phaser in the back. But test audiences were reportedly dissatisfied, and the scene was reshot just weeks before the film opened. Kirk now has a more action-packed, though considerably lower-tech demise: Trek fans are already grumbling.

None of which will matter much if the film is, as expected, a big hit. Then all that Paramount will have to worry about is trying not to squeeze too much out of its cash cow. The studio plans to produce a new feature film every two years, while keeping two TV shows running simultaneously. "Star Trek will do fine if they don't kill the goose," says Barrett Roddenberry. Berman acknowledges the danger: "There's always the question about taking too many trips to the well, and one of the tasks Roddenberry left me with was at least to try to prevent that from happening."

Yet Roddenberry's old optimism seems to be prevailing. "Gene Roddenberry had a point of view that space is infinite as far as we know, and therefore the possibilities for stories are infinite," says Brent Spiner, with Data-like precision. "In the original series, I think they had explored some 18% of the universe. We [The Next Generation] went into another 15%. So that leaves 67% of the universe left to explore." Which, by our calculations, should carry the show well into the 21st century, and that's not even traveling at warp speed. —Reported by Dan Cray and Mardita Smigli/Atlanta

TIME, NOVEMBER 28, 1994 79
SANTA CLAUS: Of course we believe in him. If we can believe in Newt Gingrich we can believe in anything. The real question is, Do we believe in Santa Claus movies? There are two on screens at the moment, and the best that can be said for them is that they offer a clear-cut choice: you can take your seasonal dose of sappy sentiment either in stuffy traditional or tacky modernist form. Miracle on 34th Street, as befits a remake we probably don't need, offers us a Santa Claus cut along classic lines—round, twinkly and played with a nice, comforting restraint by the reific who is pressed into service as a substitute St. Nick in circumstances at once too complicated and too stupid to explain. He finds to his dismay that the job is his for all eternity (that—Get it?—is the Santa clause buried in some fine print he didn't get a chance to read), and he is understandably skeptical about whether taking over operations at the North Pole is a great career move. To achieve a happy resolution of his dilemma requires the intervention of insistent (and charmless) elves, much desperate plotting and a number of cheesy special effects.

Different as these movies are in tone and development, they both address the same basic issue. In The Santa Clause, Scott gets into trouble because he wants to rescue his son (Eric Lloyd) from the rationalism of his psychiatrist stepfather (Judge Reinhold), who keeps insisting that it is unhealthy for the boy to believe in fantasy figures. In Miracle, Kris has to perform the same task for Susan Walker (Mara Wilson), whose Mom (an over-chilled Elizabeth Perkins) represents unyielding reason.

Rising Scrooginess, one might observe, that commonsensical immunity to whimsy may be a bore, but even when carried to the grim lengths exhibited here, it's not a major cause of familial dysfunction. But forget that; we don't go to the movies, especially Christmas movies, expecting much in the way of useful social commentary. What's really wrong with these pictures—Attenborough's sweet, smart performance aside—is that their sentiments are completely predictable and completely unfelt. They're just the standard seasonal slush. You can get the same emotional and imaginative kick staying home and rereading your Christmas cards.

Pregnant Idea
Arnold is great—well, pretty good—with child in Junior

HIS FAVORITE NOSH IS THE PICKLES-AND-ICE-CREAM COMBO. HE'S DELIGHTED WITH HIS SUDDENLY GLOWING COMPLEXION. HE GETS ANXIOUS AND WHIMSY WHEN HIS SIGNIFICANT OTHER LEAVES HIM HOME ALONE TOO MUCH. HE IS, OF COURSE, PREGNANT. BUT YOU'VE PROBABLY GUESSED ALL THAT. THE MARKETING CAMPAIGN HAS LEFT LITTLE DOUBT ABOUT JUNIOR'S CENTRAL JOKE. SURE, THIS IS FORMULIC, DESCRIBE-IT-IN-ONE-SENTENCE MOVIE-MAKING, BUT NEVERTHELESS, THERE IS A CERTAIN IRRESISTIBLE CURIOUSITY ABOUT SEEING ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER MIME THE RITUALS OF EXPECTANT MOTHERHOOD. GO AHEAD, SURRENDER TO IT. IT WON'T MAKE YOU A BETTER PERSON, BUT IT MIGHT, VERY BRIEFLY, MAKE YOU A HAPPIER ONE.

Schwarzenegger is a scientist named Dr. Alex Hesse. With husting Larry Arbogast (Danny DeVito, Schwarzenegger's Tfans costar), he has developed a drug that promises to help women carry difficult pregnancies to full term. The Food and Drug Administration refuses them permission to test it, so they steal an embryo, fertilize it and implant it in Alex's abdomen. After which nature—if that's the word we want—takes its course. The Kevin Wade–Chris Conrad screenplay takes some humorless pains to make this science fiction plausible, and it's smart of director Ivan Reitman to be patient with all that. The more that Schwarzenegger's predicament seems real, the funnier it is. Schwarzenegger gives a soberly befuddled performance as a man pleasantly surprised, and ultimately transformed, by the play of alien hormones to which he's host. Ciddiness (and most of the film's knockabout comedy) is left to Emma Thompson as a bright, klutzy fellow scientist, and she is a lovely reminder of our screwball yesteryears. Like all concerned with Junior, she refuses to let it rest lazily on its concept. The result is a high-energy farce that is more entertaining and, yes, more believable than it has any right to be.
As If We Never Said Goodbye

Andrew Lloyd Webber’s Sunset Boulevard has finally arrived on Broadway. Like Cats and Phantom, it may not ever leave

By MICHAEL WALSH

Few shows have arrived on Broadway hauling as much excess baggage as Sunset Boulevard, the Andrew Lloyd Webber megamusical based on the Billy Wilder film that opened last week. Having already conquered London and Los Angeles, Sunset has generated enormous expectations—reflected in a record advance sale of $35 million. There’s been backstage drama aplenty, as the mercurial composer sacked not one but two leading ladies, and snubbed New York by opening the $13 million American production in Los Angeles last year. No doubt, legions of Lloyd Webber haters would love to see the infuriatingly successful British interloper have another flop like his last Broadway outing, Aspects of Love.

Sorry, folks, but the show’s a hit, thanks in large part to Glenn Close. The actress projects authentic glamour as Norma Desmond, the demented former silent-screen star who wins her final close-up on a police blotter. Close starred in the L.A. production and won the Broadway part after Lloyd Webber renegotied on a contract with Patti LuPone, the creator of the role in London; it cost him $1 million to buy LuPone out. Faye Dunaway, meanwhile, was engaged as Close’s successor in L.A., only to be fired when Lloyd Webber decided her voice was not up to the part; her $6 million lawsuit is pending. Close, her mobile face and twitching hands working overtime, captures all the character’s narcissistic neuroticism, and she sings in a clear soprano that, if unschooled, is nevertheless a welcome relief from LuPone’s raw edge.

The radiant Sunset may not be Lloyd Webber’s best score, but it is his most seamlessly and artfully constructed. There is a resemblance between this show and The Phantom of the Opera—reclusive mad protagonist conceives passion for young member of opposite sex—but that is merely plot. Musically, Sunset’s real bear is Evita. The angular, chromatic recitatives for Norma explicitly recall Eva Perón’s egocentric ravings. If the music of the new show lacks Aspects’ delicious subtleties and Phantom’s gothic flamboyance, it still offers two of Lloyd Webber’s best songs in With One Look and As If We Never Said Goodbye.

Director Trevor Nunn and designer John Napier, the Cats team, have fashioned one coup de théâtre after another, reprising Wilder’s opening with the newly deceased hero (Alan Campbell as Joe Gillis) facedown in a swimming pool, and working up to a levitating mansion. This larger-than-larger-than-life approach doomed the gentle Aspects, but it suits the more histrionic material of Sunset. Some of the lyrics, though, have got to go. To have Joe sing that L.A. has changed a lot “since those brave gold rush pioneers” is ridiculous. L.A. barely existed in 1849; the gold rush took place 400 miles to the north; and the prospectors mostly came by sea, it being difficult to get wagons over the Rockies. Even in Hollywood they can’t manage that.

Arid Country

Sam Shepard’s first play in a decade is windy and barren

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Seedy Motel Room, Dirty clothes piled at the foot of the bed. Two men are engaged in a long discussion of a crime they committed years before, involving the blackmail of a horse-racing official. Carter (Ed Harris) is well dressed, assertive, nervous. Vinnie (Fred Ward) is grungy, passive, primitive. We’re in Sam Shepard country, all right, a place of blasted American dreams and macho power games. There was a time (Curse of the Starving Class, True West, Fool for Love) when that country was an essential stop on any tour of the American theater. No longer. Simpatico, Shepard’s first new full-length play in nearly a decade, is a pretty arid stretch of land.

Shepard, of course, has lately turned most of his attention to Hollywood, acting in movies (The Pelican Brief, Steel Magnolias), directing a couple (Far North) and being the husband of a Hollywood star, Jessica Lange. His new work, which opened last week off-Broadway under Shepard’s own direction, seems an exercise in nostalgia for his old, avant-garde self. The plot is purposely sparse, and the dialogue maddeningly elliptical, rising only to an occasional pretentious epigram: “People drifting apart—it’s worse than death.”

The talented cast (including Beverly D’Angelo as the woman who left Vinnie for Carter and James Gammon as the disgraced racing official) hits and puff but can’t blow any life into these windy three hours. Shepard’s wordplay lacks the wit and profane poetry of more accomplished practitioners like David Mamet. Simpatico is both coy and lazy: it invites the audience to fill in the gaps, to look for meanings. No thanks.
MUSIC

A Deeper Shade of Blue
Joni Mitchell's new album covers a wide emotional spectrum

By GUY GARCIA

IT HAS BEEN 23 YEARS since Joni Mitchell released Blue, a lapidary album that used vivid poetry and sun-washed melodies to enrich the palette of contemporary folk music. Now and then, over time, Mitchell's commercial fortunes have staled, but her determination has never wavered. Her forays into jazz (Mingus, The Hissing of Summer Lawns) cost her some fans but cemented her reputation as a provocative innovator, and by 1985 her lyrics had taken on an increasingly political bite.

Turbulent Indigo, her first album in three years, is steeped in an even deeper shade of Blue. The hallmarks of Mitchell's signature sound are abundantly evident—the crystalline arrangements, the unorthodox guitar tunings, the fluid, bitter-sweet melodies. Her voice, which has taken on a smoky flavor, can still soar through clouds of bass and piano. There are flashes of wry humor—as in her depiction of a comically inept Lothario in "Yvette in English.

At the same time, Turbulent Indigo is weighted heavily with the conviction that the world has snapped its moorings. Moody and mordant, its 10 songs evoke smog-choked vistas, the scorch of AIDS and the bloodless wounds of love—all presented as symptoms of a universal malaise. On Sex Kills, sirens echo ominously behind an insistent beat as Mitchell sings, "The ulcerated ozone/These tumors of the skin/This hostile sun beatin' down/This massive mess we're in...And sex sells everything/And sex kills." The album title, Mitchell says, "refers to the turbulent blues of this war/ing, frenzied climate that we live in, rid-

YET, this should come as no sur-
prise. The tensile, ravishing songs on Music for the Native Americans have been aborning, under one title or another, since Robbie Robertson's early glory days with the Band. As that seminal group's linchpin, Robertson wrote spooky, spooky and romantic vaudevectories to the mythic ghosts of American history: rounders and robbers, gamblers and wanderers, the proud, the humble and the haunted.

On this new Capitol album, working with a loose federation of musicians called the Red Road Ensemble, Robertson steps up to his most daunting theme, the tragedy and majesty of the American Indian. He returns from this trail of tears like an explorer who has reclaimed shards of the past—some history, some wisdom, a portion of fury and, most of all, a great undimmed fire.

The music, written for a doc-
umentary series that aired last month on the PBS cable network, is highly collaborative. Robertson is listed as the writer or arranger of seven songs; the remaining 12 are credited to various members of the Red Road Ensemble. But any Robertson fan will feel his prevailing touch, sure and mystic, in the eldritch rhythms of songs like Twisted Hair, Golden Feather and It Is a Good Day to Die, which combine the intricate textures of Native American song and dance with a surreptitious modernism that has its roots in both old blues and new electronic programming.

Most of the performers, including Robertson, have some Native American ancestry, which gives the music not only pertinence but resonance. Robertson has made splendid music before. This time, in every sense, the songs are written in blood.
Introducing the RCA DSS™ Digital Satellite System. Right now, twin satellites hovering 22,300 miles above the equator are beaming the world's first high-power digital broadcast to homes all across America. A broadcast that will quite literally change the way we watch television. The only way to get it is with an RCA 18-inch dish and set-top receiver. The RCA brand DSS System.

We raised Home Theatre to a new level. (22,300 miles above sea level, to be exact.)

Those that have it will be in for the television ride of their lives. The signal is digital. So your RCA Home Theatre™ can get CD quality sound and a picture so sharp and clear it's candy for the eyes and ears. Never before has there been such a combination of choice and control. The DSS System delivers up to 150 channels.

[Image: A revolutionary new broadcast system that delivers a digital signal, CD quality sound and up to 150 channels of advanced programming.]

Programs you want to watch, when you want to watch them.

Hit movies that run every thirty minutes. Special events you won't find anywhere else. Even season television tickets for your favorite sports teams whose games aren't televised in your area. The RCA brand DSS Digital Satellite System. The future of television is looking up. Changing Entertainment. Again. RCA
To coincide with the 50th anniversary of the United Nations in 1995, UNEP is organizing a photography competition that will focus on the fragility of our environment.

The competition invites the submission of photographs with the theme, "Focus on Your World," from professional and amateur photographers. Entries will be accepted no later than April 30, 1995.

Win $20,000. For more information, call 1-800-670-4321.
Parallel World
A first-rate novelist adapts Dostoyevsky's life too freely
BY JOHN SKOW

Here's a brilliant, brooding novel, a literary work of the first class, built around a confounding falsification by the author that reduces the entire book to the level of a clever and nearly meaningless stunt. Find an explanation if you can.

The situation in The Master of Petersburg (Viking, 250 pages; $21.95) is this: J.M. Coetzee, the South African novelist, has placed himself in the turbulent, ironic mind of Fyodor Dostoyevsky. It is 1869; the writer is 49, self-exiled in Dresden at mid-career, with Poor Folk and Crime and Punishment behind him and The Brothers Karamazov far in the future. He is a passionate, tormented idealist, still ruled by the Western liberal notions of social and political freedom that had swept the Russian intelligentsia a generation before. But the new, younger Russian intellectuals are not liberals; they are nihilists and anarchists, and Dostoyevsky is repelled and shaken. This ferment will result, two years later, in the towering "pamphlet-novel" variously called The Devils, The Possessed and (in a vigorous new translation by Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky) Demons—the demons being the indigestible Western ideas that were unsettling Russia.

In Coetzee's darkly convincing narration, Dostoyevsky hears that his 21-year-old stepson Pavel Isaev, who has fallen in with nihilists in Petersburg, has been murdered, perhaps by the police or by his comrades. The writer travels to Petersburg, finds the rooming house where Pavel had lived and—guilt-haunted because he did not get along well with this difficult son of his dead first wife—moodyly retraces the young man's last months. He tries to retrieve Pavel's papers from the police and is subjected to repeated, insinuating interrogations. He encounters a deadly, contemptuous young nihilist named Nechaev, who seems to live from child prostitution and who may have been Pavel's killer. Later, back in Pavel's rooming house, where he is staying, sleeping in Pavel's bed, wearing his stepson's um-
Platform shoes, disco, lava lamps... they’re back! And the music that made the ’70s special sounds better than ever!

Party down with SOUNDS OF THE SEVENTIES. Each volume brings you the greatest songs from a single year—from disco to arena rock to funky soul to new wave. Start with the hits of 1979 and boogie down with 18 terrific tunes.

FREE 10-day audition—dance and rock out! Try SOUNDS OF THE SEVENTIES: 1979 for 10 days, free, without obligation. If you love it, keep it for the sale price of $9.99, plus S&H, on double-length cassette or CD. Audition other SOUNDS OF THE SEVENTIES albums—one every month or so—and keep only the ones you want for our regular low price of just $14.99 for cassettes, $16.99 for CDs, plus S&H. Your satisfaction is fully guaranteed.

Party to the hits of 1979 for 10 days—on us! Here’s what you’ll get when you try 1979: Good Times Chic • Fire The Pointer Sisters • We Are Family Sister Sledge • You’re Only Lonely J.D. Souther • I Want You to Want Me Cheap Trick • Too Much Heaven The Bee Gees • Don’t Bring Me Down Electric Light Orchestra • Ring My Bell Anita Ward • Reunited Peaches and Herb • Bad Girls Donna Summer • Do Ya Think I’m Sexy? Rod Stewart • I Will Survive Gloria Gaynor • Rock ‘n’ Roll Fantasy Bad Company • Heart of Glass Blondie • Tragedy The Bee Gees • My Sharona The Knack • Promises Eric Clapton • What a Fool Believes The Doobie Brothers

Future albums bring you more superstars to get you shake-shake-shakin’!

Paul Simon, The Village People, Elton John, Earth Wind and Fire, Queen, Abba, Steely Dan, Steve Miller, Linda Ronstadt, Peter Frampton, 10cc, Marvin Gaye, Foreigner, Hall and Oates, KC and the Sunshine Band, The Spinners, The Cars...and dozens more!

Sounds of the ’70s

FREE PREVIEW OFFER!

Call 1-800-556-7744

Or send a check for $9.99, plus S&H ($2.99 cassettes, $3.66 CDs), plus sales tax in CA, CO, DC, IL, IN, MN, MO, NY, PA, TX, VA and WA to: Time-Life Music, Branch PB1308, P.O. Box 85570, Richmond, VA 23285-5570.

washed clothes, Dostoevsky begins to sketch the character who will be Nikolai Stavrogin, the world-hating, self-loathing young aristocrat who drives the action in Demons.

So Coetzee sums things up. But there are some facts the typical reader may not know that he ought to: in real life Dostoevsky did not travel to Petersburg in 1868; he remained in Dresden. His stepson Pavel was not murdered by nihilists or anyone else. A pest and a spendthrift, he tormented the author all his life, and

COPS OR NIHILISTS? Coetzee’s hero searches for his stepson’s murderer

a standard scene from biographies has Pavel being forcefully kept from Dostoevsky’s deathbed. Nechaev did exist, and Dostoevsky did transform him into a character in Demons, but the student his gang murdered in a celebrated crime was one Ivan Ivanov. Coetzee could hardly help knowing this, but not a word of preface or footnote explains that historical truth has been muddled with.

Was this phony central episode a justifiable aesthetic choice by Coetzee? Maybe; Dostoevsky’s wallowing guiltily in his murdered stepson’s bed and then staggering off to write Demons is plausible, though facile. Does it cheat the reader? Only in part, by creating a distorted picture of one episode in the writer’s life. But the matter leaves a bad taste. It’s true that telling invented stories is what novelists do; but what of novels that are part history, that take their weight from the known stature of real people? Isn’t the point to use fictional techniques to get the history right? If the novelist is fatally beguiled by some alternate reality, shouldn’t he say so:

“This is Dostoevsky, but from a parallel universe in which Pavel got zapped by the bad guys”? As things are, Coetzee has demeaned his own novel, which (a Dostoevskian ironist might observe) is a perversity worthy of Stavrogin.
Now after you play with your new toys, you can really go out and have some fun.

Just use the Ford Citibank® Card for everyday purchases and in no time you'll have a new control panel at your hands. Because every time you use the card, you get 5% of what you spend put toward the purchase or lease of any of America's best-selling cars and light trucks. You could save hundreds, even thousands of dollars. That's on top of any incentives available at time of purchase. It's a great way to get a great deal on the most important toy of all. To apply, see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

Get the card that gets you the car.
Apply today. 1-800-374-7777

5% of Ford Citibank Card purchases earn rebates from Ford (minimum of $700/year, $3,500 over 5 consecutive years) good toward the price of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury car or light truck. Some restrictions apply. Details will be provided upon card membership.
We've always wondered what Atlanta looked like. Now we're going to find out.

On December 13, Korean Air will make Atlanta our newest home. From Hartsfield International Airport, we're the only direct flight to Seoul—3 times a week—with over 100 weekly connections throughout the Orient. Accompanied by gracious, warm service. Best of all, you won't need a radar screen to find us. Simply call your travel agent or 1-800-438-5000.

KOREAN AIR
Fly the spirit of dedication.
The Cyclone
On Coney Island, the lives of basketballers soar and fall
By JOHN SKOW

Basketball is called the City game, but that's not quite right. The really slick city game is played by college and high school coaches, sports agents, shoe manufacturers, sportswriters and TV producers. It involves cunning kids—mostly poor black kids—into believing that they can grow up to play professional basketball. The fine documentary film Hoop Dreams shows how the game is played with high school basketballers in Chicago, and now Darcy Frey's thoughtful, sharply observed book, The Last Shot (Houghton Mifflin; 230 pages; $19.95), spells out its consequences for students at Abraham Lincoln High School in the bleak Coney Island section of Brooklyn.

Lincoln High's RailSplitters—Abey's rustic nickname is grotesque in this concrete waste—are city champs coming into the 1991 season. Their best players are returning as seniors: Russell, a guard who emerges, coldly intent, to take over; Tchaka, a wonderfully athletic 6-7, 7-in. power forward; and Corey, only 6 ft. 1 in. but spectacularly quick and a great dunker. Coming up as a freshman is a supernatural shooter named Stephon. With this sort of talent, the question isn't whether Lincoln will dominate its league again; the question is whether the three seniors, and Stephon when he's older, will win basketball scholarships to Division I colleges, the schools that incubate most of the N.B.A. pros.

Frey gets to know Coney Island not as a place with a few old amusement park rides but as 50 square blocks of high-rises housing poor families and fractions of families. The athletes are the hope of the community, and they are talented enough to play at any college. Everyone knows this, including the big-time coaches who buddy up, winking and promising. For the honor of the neighborhood, Frey makes us feel, to redeem something from the miles of drabness, at least one of these guys must make it big. But the odds aren't good. The omens that say so aren't so much the ubiquitous drug dealers but rather the old Lincoln High legends of four, five and 10 years earlier, gifted fellows who never got near the Celts or Lakers.

The players' biggest problem is that Division I colleges make at least a pretense of being educational institutions. They require SAT scores of 700 for entrance. This isn't high if you've been prepped for these tests for years, but in educational terms the kids at Lincoln were written off before first grade. Some members of the team try to study enough to make up the difference. Mostly they aren't successful, so they are side-tracked to junior colleges, not hopelessly off the N.B.A. track, but slowly lose confidence and direction. Like the Lincoln High legends before them, they will someday be back home on the sidelines watching a new crop of kids who can make a basketball do card tricks.

Use the Ford Citibank® Card at Hertz or Texaco and earn 10% in Rebates.

You'll still get your 5% Ford Rebate on purchases, but now get an additional, unlimited amount of 5% Promotional Rebates at participating Hertz or Texaco locations. No other card gives you savings like these with names like these. So start earning 10% in Rebates toward the purchase or lease of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury—the best-selling cars and light trucks in America. To apply see your Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

Get the card that gets you the car:
Apply today. 1-800-374-7777

5% of Ford Citibank Card purchases earn Rebates from Ford (minimum of $700/year, $2,500 over 5 consecutive years); good toward the price of any new Ford, Lincoln or Mercury car or light truck. An additional 5% Promotional Rebate can be earned at participating Hertz and Texaco locations. Hertz Promotional Rebate is earned only when CD# 372912 is used. Texaco Promotional Rebate is earned only in New Jersey. Some restrictions apply. Details will be provided upon card membership.
Picture this: Something unexpected happens to you or your spouse. One parent must now deal with added responsibilities. And reduced resources.

The fact is, there’s nothing more important than making sure your children are taken care of no matter what happens.

With a Nationwide® Insurance Agent on your side, you can ensure that your family will do more than just survive. With a life insurance plan that sees to it that your children’s dreams for the future can still come true.

Call the Nationwide Agent nearest you today. And put a secure future in the picture.
In the Lap of the Gods

Welsh bass-baritone Bryn Terfel, at 29, has taken on the world's music capitals—and he is selling out the house

By MARTHA DUFFY

I

T MAY NOT BENEFIT THE ART, BUT THE TV age has brought a new way to become an opera star fast: get on the box. In 1986 mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli jump-started a huge international career by singing an aria on an Italian variety show. She was 19. Now Welsh bass-baritone Bryn Terfel, 29, is taking the opera world by storm. His career, which is only four years old, began when he placed second in the Cardiff Singer of the World competition, an event in which both the heats and the finals are televised. Videocassettes flew around Europe, and the phone began to ring: Solti, Abbado, Sinopoli, Muti. Would Mr. Terfel (pronounced ta-vel) care to audition?

What the maestros heard was a simply gorgeous voice, well-produced, even and lively from top to bottom—what Solti called "one of the great talents of the last 10 years." The man was a mountain, 6 ft. 3 in., broad-shouldered, barrel-chested, with a clear, open brow and merry eyes. He had easy poise and generous presence onstage. His calendar filled up fast (he now has no openings until 1998).

When Terfel emerged five years later, newly married to his childhood sweetheart and with a contract from the Welsh National Opera, he bought a house in Cardiff, thinking that he and his wife Lesley would spend their life there. But the house is already sold, and the Terfels now live in London—that is, when they are not on the road. They always travel together, joined as of four months ago by baby Tomos.

Whatever the alchemy that makes a star of a fine singer, Terfel has it. All his Metropolitan Opera performances this fall in the title role of The Marriage of Figaro and as Leporello in Don Giovanni "went clean"—theatrical slang for sold out—before the first curtain went up, and there were wait lists in the line for tickets to his New York City lieder recital last month. Onstage his presence is riveting. Both Figaro and Leporello are servants, but there is no trace of the oaf or the buffoon in Terfel's portrayals. In both parts he can be physically threatening. In Don Giovanni he is a formidable enforcer of the Don's will, grabbing the young husband Masetto and spinning him into vertigo. With the equally tall James Morris singing the Don, the stage becomes electric, and Franco Zeffirelli's bland 1990 production a hair-raising drama of licentiousness and revenge.

Directors love working with Terfel. Luc Bondy, who directed him as Jochanaan in an acclaimed Salome in Salzburg two years ago, recalls, "Our first meeting was funny. He was so young and so big. I thought, 'This big, big baby could be my son.'" Bondy learned that Terfel "is not a guy who is pretentious and insists on his own way." On Terfel's wish list are parts like Falstaff, Nick Shadow in The Rake's Progress and Escamillo in Carmen. His first Wagner, probably at the Met, will be the comparatively light role of Wolfram in Tannhäuser; with its lyrical ode to the evening star—cat's cream to a baritone with Terfel's plush tone.

His worldly ambitions are few: "I'm too big to fit into a Porsche," he muses. He'd like a snooker table. Oh, and a house in North Wales, "so I can fly home like a bird." The greatest satisfaction his financial success has brought him is helping his father buy the family farm. "They nurtured my talent when I didn't even know it," he says of his parents. "I was gently placed into this tradition." Here is a man who just may survive the scourge of celebrity. — With reporting by William Tynan/New York

EISTEDDFODS: Terfel learned stage presence at small-town song contests; now his calendar is filled until 1998
Aged In Oklahoma.

So why is Cordon Negro Brut by Freixenet so crisp and dry, yet so uncommonly smooth? No doubt because it's an authentic méthode champenoise sparkling wine (naturally fermented in the bottle and aged two full years in the cave). Hey, if only everything improved as well with age.

Cordon Negro Brut By Freixenet
There's A Party In Every Bottle.

(375 ml) Espumante S.A., San Sadurni d'Anoia, Spain. For USA, S.A. Freixenet is imported exclusively.)
Ricki Lets the Fur Fly
During the past few years, animal activism has attracted Kim Basinger, Christy Turlington and other gloriously thin personalities. So it may make sense that newly svelte TV talk-show host RICKI LAKE has joined the cause. Last week Lake and other members of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals raided Karl Lagerfeld’s Manhattan offices to denounce the designer’s use of leather and fur. They blared, “Karl kills!” and Lake wound up arrested. The overlap of her well-publicized protest with the November ratings sweeps was pure coincidence, she said.

A Nice Girl’s Fatal Heat
Little in her happy-family, Catholic-school upbringing could have readied LINDA FIORENTINO for her role as one of film’s most vicious femmes fatales. As a murderous telemarketer in The Last Seduction, Fiorentino degrades men with a wickedness that has won raves even from auteur-of-the-moment Quentin Tarantino. Fiorentino, 34, says she knew no women evil enough to base her character on, so “I tapped into what I know about ruthless men.” Next she stars in the thriller Jade, and she hopes to work with Martin Scorsese and Alan Rudolph. “If they were directing the yellow pages I’d do it,” she says.

Driving Miss Rosie Straight to a Prenuptial Agreement
Time heals emotional wounds, but apparently so do burly chauffeurs. Last April, right in the midst of her tyringly raucous break-up with husband Tom, ROSEANNE ARNOLD hired a 240-lb. driver and bodyguard. By summertime, Roseanne, 41, and former mechanic BEN THOMAS, 28, were vacationing in Tuscany not as mistress and servant but as new lovebirds. Last week Roseanne, who will be divorced from Arnold next month, announced that she and Thomas will marry next year on Valentine’s Day.

SEEN & HEARD
It is a man of great temerity who challenges the exceedingly muscular Sylvester Stallone. But at a recent party in England hosted by Elton John, Richard Gere reportedly accused Stallone of becoming too friendly with his wife Cindy Crawford. The gods seemed to be smiling on the graying, comparatively slight Mr. Gere: Sly ignored him.
Editors are comparing it to The Bridges of Madison County, but The Horse Whisperer promises more than a conventional middle-aged-guy-meets-melancholy-housewife plot. It is a love story about a man who tames wild horses by talking to them. The film rights to the book by British journalist Nicholas Evans were recently bought by Robert Redford for $2 million. Last week the U.S. publishing rights went for $3.15 million—a record for a first novel. And how does the book end? No one knows. Evans hasn’t finished it yet.
\
Surely the most heart-wrenching human-interest story in the press recently was a cover article in Forbes magazine titled “The New Refugees.” These miserable souls are not fleeing conventional forms of oppression, such as the famine, dictatorship, torture and murder that have caused millions to seek haven in the U.S. through the generations. These are rich folks who, according to Forbes, are giving up their American citizenship—the very status boat people by the thousands are risking their lives for even today—because (according to one quoted legal expert) they “can’t pay the federal tax rate and live in the style they want.”

Poor babies! To be sure, these are not exactly your classic “huddled masses.” Whether they are “wretched refuse,” though, is a different question.

As a “trend” story, “The New Refugees” is a bit of a stretch. It turns out that only 306 Americans gave up their citizenship last year. Somewhat desperately, Forbes characterizes the number of expatriates as enough to “practically fill a Boeing 747.” But out of 260 million citizens, the number is pretty small.

Nevertheless, Forbes—a conservative publication, ordinarily not averse to a bit of flag waving—brings enormous sympathy to this tale of Americans abandoning their country. It seems that “victim chic,” ordinarily decreed as a left-wing phenomenon, knows no bounds of reason or ideology. These people, after all, are less like traditional refugees than they are like the Americans who went to Canada during the Vietnam War. They are fleeing the draft—of their wallets, not their bodies. It’s a smaller imposition, some might think. Those who fled in the 1960s were motivated, at best, by principled opposition to a government policy and, at worst, by a desire to save their own lives. The “new refugees” merely want to save money. And these financial draft evaders are not even barred completely from our shores. Under the rules, they are allowed to spend 120 days a year in the country they decline to support.

The “new refugees” aren’t going to Canada. Nor are they going to Britain, France, Germany or Japan. These grown-up nations all have tax rates roughly equivalent to those in the U.S., or higher. Mostly the “new refugees” are going to island pseudo countries with names like St. Kitts and Nevis or Turks and Caicos. The U.S. says, “Give me your tired, your poor.” These tax havens say the opposite. They are places of Third World poverty where the well-to-do, in exchange for some investment, are invited to shed the normal obligations of citizenship in the developed world.

One of those obligations is the defense of freedom. Forbes notes, without irony, that “the end of the cold war means wealthy Americans can live in many developing nations safely.” How long would that be true if it weren’t for the American defense structure, paid for by the American taxpayer? The Turks and Caicos Islands, freedom loving though they may be, are not exactly in the forefront of the protection of that freedom.

In predominantly middle-class nations like the U.S., taxes also support a level of shared infrastructure (roads, sewers) and social services (police, schools) that poorer countries simply cannot afford. In those countries, the rich provide such services, more cheaply, for themselves alone, and the poor do without. One of the pleasures of membership in an advanced society like ours is precisely the knowledge that certain mundane aspects of life are shared by all. This gives a daily reality to the otherwise abstract democratic ideal. We all drink the same water, walk the same sidewalks, are guarded by the same cops. If 306 rich people derive no such democratic pleasure from life in America, maybe they really do belong someplace else.

True, American taxes serve a third function: outright redistribution that supports even the poorest citizens at levels that would seem luxurious by Third World standards. That too is a price of membership in an advanced democratic society that either you think is worth it or you don’t. Of course we argue endlessly here in America about whether tax rates are too high and whether the government should be spending money on this or that. But the U.S. will never be able to compete with Third World backwaters for the allegiance of the mobile rich if tax rates are the only criterion.

Would-be refugees from the U.S.—“yacht people” might want to wait, though, before burning their passports. The good news is that, in some ways, this country is becoming more like the Turks and Caicos Islands every day. As noted by thinkers from Labor Secretary Robert Reich on the left to IQ-obsessive Charles Murray on the right, technology and global trade are increasing the gap between rich and poor (even as they make us all richer on average). Increasingly, as well, affluent Americans do provide their own social services, such as schools and security and even roads in gated communities, while the general level of such services in society is allowed to deteriorate. And with the Republicans in control of Congress, the rich can even hope for some relief from those allegedly confiscatory top-bracket tax rates.

So don’t give up on America yet, yacht people. You needn’t move to the Third World. The Third World is coming to you.

Michael Kinsley

Love It or Leave It

SURELY THE MOST HEART-WRENCHING HUMAN-INTEREST
The One And Only! Only Better.

Now Cheerios is better than ever with a crispier toasted oat taste.
A REPUTATION as good as GOLD.

It’s been called the BEST car built in AMERICA.*
It has won awards, DISTINCTIONS, and the LOYALTY of millions of owners. Along the way, it has earned a glittering REPUTATION as the GOLD STANDARD of sedans.

With its SOPHISTICATED safety systems, including DUAL AIR BAGS,** the POWER of an available V6 engine, and starting at only $16,418,* Camry CONTINUES to make a NAME for itself.

The 1995 Toyota Camry, Newly RESTyled.
Yet with a HERITAGE of QUALITY craftsmanship that only the best REPUTATIONS are MADE OF.

Call 1-800-GO-TOYOTA for a BROCHURE and location of your nearest DEALER.

Camry LE Mfg in Georgetown, Kentucky, which builds Camry, received the Gold Plant Quality Award, North American Plant, two years running.

New styling makes the Camry as beautiful to look at as it is to drive.


O.R.T.: 1991 Motor Trend & AAJ/Toyota 1991 New Car Quality Survey. All systems include a 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 5-year/60,000-mile limited powertrain warranty. See dealer for complete details. "Motor Trend & AAJ/Toyota 1991 New Car Quality Survey. All systems include a 3-year/36,000-mile limited warranty and a 5-year/60,000-mile limited powertrain warranty. See dealer for complete details.