LOUIS FARRAKHAN spews racist venom at Jews and all of white America. Why do so many blacks say he speaks for them?
The Contura Aero

7.5 x 10.25 x 1.5 Inches

Powerful 486 Processor

Backlit VGA Screen

Up To 6-Hr. Optional Battery

Instant-On Feature

Optional Docking Base

About 3.5 Pounds

Optional PCMCIA Floppy Drive

Free 3-Year Warranty

Monochrome From $1,399

Telephone 1 800-345 1518

Compaq
To know what cars and trucks will be like in 2005 talk to the people who live there.

At Ford Motor Company, we give our young designers all the tools they need to help them invent the future. We even link them electronically to other Ford design studios from Turin, Italy to Melbourne, Australia. In this "GLOBAL STUDIO" environment, these men and women of the computer age design vehicles for people living in a rapidly changing world. In this way, our customers get what they want before they even know they want it. To us, that's part of what quality is all about.
MILESTONES... 19

COVER STORY: America's Most Controversial Minister... 20
To some he is poison, to others an antidote. Why does Minister Louis Farrakhan, one of America's most popular black leaders, resort to venomous racism against Jews and whites in general? A look inside his ministry sheds light on his allure.

INTERVIEW: "I'm Not Trying to Be Mainstream"
Farrakhan speaks on black self esteem and his attacks on Jews

TIME FORUM: What Does Farrakhan's Anti-Semitism Mean?
Six leading thinkers, three black and three Jewish, cross swords

TRADE: Skirting a Trade War .....................cccccesseesseseseseseees 39
With a threat of sanctions, the U.S. tightens the screws on Japan

NAVY: Why is the Navy Off Course? ..................42
One theory: its chiefs have been submariners, not ship drivers

THE BUDGET: How to Not Pay for the Homeless ............ 42
Is Clinton ducking mortgage deduction as a source of revenues?

CITIES: The Decaying of New Orleans ................... 43
Have the good times rolled away for the Big Easy?

BOSNIA: Promises to Keep ........................... 44
The Serbs say they will take their big guns out of Sarajevo

The Political Interest: Playing Nuclear Poker

SOMALIA: Surprising Heroes ............................ 46
The untold story of valor amid the Delta Force debacle

BUSINESS: The Deal That Forced Diller to Fold ............ 50
The inside account of Viacom played a hand QVC couldn't match

SPORT: Finally, Redemption for Dan Jansen ............ 54
After slipping in his favorite distance, the heartbreak kid of the Olympics wins his gold medal in Lillehammer

Figure Skating: New kids on the blades
Skiing: Amazing Americans Tommy Moe and Diann Roffe-Steinrotter stun the skiing world

THE ARTS & MEDIA

Television: Old prime-time stars never die; they just keep coming back to solve murder mysteries .......................... 60
A new Nova special goes in search of human ancestors

Books: A Vietnamese memoir of peace, war and escape .... 65
The Fermata indulges in a voyeuristic tease

Theater: Athol Fugard in a post-apartheid world .................... 67

PEOPLE .................................................. 69

ESSAY .................................................. 70

COVER: Illustration for TIME by Paul Davis
LETTERS

Cracking Down on Crime

"Politicians want to use a huge Ace bandage to treat a cancer at taxpayer cost."

Grand L. Bush
Santa Monica, California

WE ARE CRIPPLED BY THE DISGRACE OF crime [COVER STORIES, Feb. 7], which has taken the heart out of America. For too long we have protected and encouraged juvenile criminals. A civilized society must practice tough love to redeem them and itself. Let family names be publicized. Shame parents into assuming responsibility for their children. I would go further: make parents pay penalties and do community service.

Kinora Nocessian
Westminster, California

WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO FINANCE THE education, food and clothes for these criminals when I am an upstanding citizen? Long prison terms will not help the problem. The death penalty will.

Ann Johnson
Norcross, Georgia

I AM SERVING TIME FOR MY FIRST OFFENSE, an armed robbery. Prison isn't at all what I expected. You're allowed to have your own personal clothes. You can buy your own TV, radio, cassettes, just to mention a few things, including drugs. In fact, you can basically have anything you had in the real world. Most of the younger guys in here act as though prison is nothing more than a step they must take to achieve manhood. When they are released, they will be heroes to their friends. I've been in some real rough places in the system, but I still come to the same conclusion. You should take away the personal clothes, the TVs and radios and make the joint what it used to be: a bad place. Build more walls and stop catering to these people!

Jerry Seal, No. 223993
Camp Brighton
Pinckney, Michigan

YOU DETAILED THE CORE PROBLEMS WITH our penal system: overcrowding due to mandatory sentences for drug offenders, releasing prisoners long before they complete their sentence, and the disappearing odds that a criminal will go to prison. Yet you fail to draw the obvious conclusion. Legalizing drugs now would free thousands of nonviolent prisoners and allow us to keep the real dangers to society behind bars.

Daniel Warren
Ridgecrest, California
AOL: DanielW404

Bill's Political Style

"THE STATE OF BILL CLINTON" [THE PRESIDENCY, Feb. 7] went a long way toward explaining why this chaotic, workaholic, "thousands of balls in the air" man appeals to so many of us. We forty-somethings know exactly where he's coming from. We travel the same route daily. P.F. Bentley's perceptive photographs captured the essence of Clinton. He may not be perfect, but I find it reassuring that he promises to "keep coming back." He's a refreshing blast of positive energy following a dozen years of oppressive stagnation.

Beth Meisner
Yorktown, Virginia

ONLY SWISS CHEESE HAS MORE HOLES than Clinton's State of the Union speech.

Peter C. Latiss
Culver City, California

BETTER TO BE "PROCESSING AND SYNTHESIZING" than reading staff-prepared cue cards. Clinton will generate the momentum to take this country toward its destiny. Let's watch to see where the resistance comes from.

Rick Scollon
Canistota, South Dakota

Blood-Soaked Snow

IS IT NECESSARY TO PRINT PHOTOGRAPHS like those of the Sarajevo shelling [BOSNIA, Feb. 7] showing blood-soaked snow and dead children? I'm tired of being shocked and depressed every time I turn a page. The same result could be accomplished through words.

Andrew W. Darwell
Lemont, Illinois

Racial Brush Fire

YOUR REPORT ON THE INCENDIARY speech by the Nation of Islam's Khalid Abdul Muhammad and pressure on black leaders to condemn his bigotry [RACE, Feb. 7] replays an old dysfunctional tune at precisely the moment when Jewish and African-American leaders have rewritten it. As you noted, the Anti-Defamation League reprinted excerpts of Muhammad's anti-Semitic and racist speech, and in the headline questioned the claim of Minister Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam, saying, "They are moving toward moderation and increased tolerance. You decide." We simply exposed the outrageous remarks to public scrutiny. We said, "You decide." We didn't ask or demand that anyone do anything. Our impression is that African-American leaders who spoke out so forcefully against bigotry felt compelled to do so because they could not be silent in the face of such hatred, not because of Jewish pressure. How ironic for TIME to say Jews and African-Americans were dancing to the music of political correctness at precisely the moment when conscience called the tune.

Abraham H. Foxman, National Director
Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith
New York City

YOUR PIECE IS AN OUTRAGEOUS EXAMPLE OF bias. In the opening paragraph, your writer appears to illustrate what was offensive about Muhammad's speech, but cites only the milder passages. You do not mention that Muhammad blamed the Holocaust on the Jews, or his reference to the Pope as a "cracker," or use of the term faggots. In saying that "black leaders began the ritual of condemnation," you paint Jesse Jackson and others as tools of a white, Jewish establishment—a characterization that not only is false but does a disservice to all black leaders. Although Muhammad is guaranteed the right to say whatever he chooses, right-thinking Americans are not bound to mindlessly allow his hateful words to escape challenge. Condemning bigotry is not an issue of "political correctness," as you would have readers believe, but a duty to which all conscientious people are bound.

Andrew E. Goldsmith
Washington

IT'S NOT "JUST ANOTHER KIND OF BIGOTRY" for Jewish organizations to ask specific black leaders who have been closely associated with Farrakhan's Nation of Islam movement to repudiate the anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic and antiwhite bigotry expressed by the official spokes- person of that organization. There is,
Every man over 50 should take this

PROSTATE TEST

Please answer the following questions:

YES  NO
☐  ☐ Do you urinate often, especially
during the night?

☐  ☐ Do you have trouble starting your urine stream?

☐  ☐ Do you have a weak or interrupted urine stream?

☐  ☐ Does it feel like your bladder isn’t emptying completely?

If you answered “yes” to any question, you should see your doctor. You may be experiencing the symptoms of a condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH), which is an enlargement of the prostate gland. Affecting one out of three men over the age of 50, symptomatic BPH can be caused by a tightening of muscles inside the prostate. These tightened muscles can slow the flow of urine, leading to the kinds of urinary symptoms described above.

There are three basic treatment options for symptomatic BPH: “watchful waiting,” which entails having regular checkups over time; surgery; and medication.

HYTRIN: A New Treatment Option

HYTRIN is a once-a-day medication that can rapidly treat bothersome BPH symptoms. HYTRIN works by relaxing the muscles that have tightened in the prostate, increasing urine flow and decreasing urinary symptoms. With HYTRIN, you can see improvement in 2 to 4 weeks. HYTRIN can cause a sudden drop in blood pressure at the beginning of treatment (or if you miss doses and then start taking the medication again). You may feel dizzy, faint, or “light-headed,” particularly after getting up from a chair or bed.

If you have any urinary symptoms, see your doctor. Only your doctor can properly diagnose symptomatic BPH (or other conditions such as prostate cancer). And, only your doctor can treat your bothersome BPH symptoms with HYTRIN. For FREE information on symptomatic BPH and HYTRIN, please call 1-800-777-5554

Please see patient information on adjacent page.

© 1994, Abbott Laboratories

ASK YOUR DOCTOR TODAY ABOUT

HYTRIN®
(terazosin HCl)
HYTRIN® (HI-TRIN)

PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT HYTRIN® (HI-TRIN)

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

When used to treat BENIGN PROSTATIC HYPERPLASIA (BPH)

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

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

What is BPH?

The prostate is a gland located below the bladder. It surrounds the urethra (you-REETH-rah), which is a tube that drains urine from the bladder. BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. The symptoms of BPH, however, can be caused by an increase in the tightness of muscles in the prostate. If the muscles inside the prostate tighten, they can squeeze the urethra and slow the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted stream when urinating
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night, or
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

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

What HYTRIN does

HYTRIN relaxes the tightness of a certain type of muscle in the prostate and at the opening of the bladder. This may increase the rate of urine flow and/or decrease the symptoms you are having.

- HYTRIN helps relieve the symptoms of BPH. It does not change the size of the prostate, which may continue to grow. However, a larger prostate does not necessarily cause more or worse symptoms.
- If HYTRIN is helping you, you should notice an effect on your particular symptoms in 2 to 4 weeks of starting to take the medication.
- Even though you take HYTRIN and it may help you, HYTRIN may not prevent the need for surgery in the future.

What you should know while taking HYTRIN for BPH

WARNING

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

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

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

Other important facts

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

How to take HYTRIN

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

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

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

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

Abbott Laboratories
North Chicago, IL 60064

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1994

However, something bordering on anti-Semitism to suggest that Jewish organizations making this demand are engaging in "just another kind of bigotry." Anti-Semitism within segments of the African-American community—especially among some college students—is a serious concern. Jewish leaders and people of good will have a duty to combat such bigotry, whatever its source.

Alan M. Dershowitz
Felix Frankfurter Professor of Law
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Too Gay or Not Gay Enough?

OF ALL THE ANALYSES OF THE MOVIE Philadelphia, Richard Corliss's best captured the subtleties of the debate over whether the movie was too gay or not gay enough [CINEMA, Feb. 7]. As the editor of a gay newswEEKLY in Boston, a very gay city compared with my hometown of Lincoln, Nebraska, I am constantly vigilant so that I do not forget the experiences of the heartland's citizens, gay or straight. Philadelphia may be viewed as an overdue primer by activists in the urban gay meccas, but it also contains sorely needed messages of compassion and truth for everyone else.

Jeff Eppler, Editor in Chief
Bay Windows
Boston

MANY GAY MEN HAVE FAMILIES WHO ARE loving and accepting. We were pleased that Philadelphia was honest enough to depict a gay man as something other than a silly hairdresser cum court jester. The truth is that there can be no single gay character because there is no typical gay man.

J. Brian Putler
Mark Gaff
Folsom, California

AS A NURSE WHO OFTEN CARES FOR AIDS patients, I think the depiction of the main character's physical deterioration was quite accurate. And although sadly not all AIDS patients have such a strong support system, I have seen many with loving and unconditionally supportive families. It is unfortunate that this movie came weighted with such political baggage that expectations seemed destined to be dashed for some.

Melinda Parsons
Syracuse, New York

The Big Payoff

THE REPORTED MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR "settlement" in the Michael Jackson child-molestatiion case is deplorable...
Twenty years ago...

GLORIA STEINEM Fighting sexism with new tactics

Also in this issue

Three Sinatras on one stage

Bill Simon's cool eye on the economy

Rodney Allen Rippy: six and sensational

Ford's Iacocca: big plans for small cars

When Previn makes music, Mia listens

Telling America's Stories
Subscription Renewals?  Gift Subscriptions?  Address Changes?

TIME is ready to make time for you.  Call toll-free
1-800-843-TIME
If you’re not already a meat and potato lover, Stouffer's home-style cooking will make you one.

When you sink your teeth into our Beef Pot Roast with oven-browned potatoes or Meat Loaf with real whipped potatoes, you’ll know why meat and potato lovers love Stouffer's Homestyle. Over a dozen down-home meals, each with its own special side dish. And the home-cooked taste that has made Stouffer's famous.

Nothing comes closer to home.
I will put first things last.

I will memorize clouds.

I will be amphibious.

I will study a sunset. I will be naked more. I will discover a color.

I will be a mango.

I will get a really good tan.

It's different out here.

NORWEGIAN CRUISE LINE
TO OUR READERS

THREE WEEKS AGO, A STORY WE published put us in the middle of a controversy. It was hardly the first time that had happened, but this instance suggested an opportunity for more than the usual colloquy in the Letters pages. So for this occasion and others like it, we have revived a section of TIME called Forum, in which we present a range of informed and eloquent opinions on pressing issues of the moment.

This TIME Forum, which begins on page 28, concerns our cover subject this week—the Nation of Islam and its leader, Louis Farrakhan.

The decision to pursue an in-depth investigation of this subject was prompted by the anti-Semitic and otherwise racist speech that Farrakhan's aide, Khalid Muhammad, gave at Kean College in New Jersey. The story was newsworthy in large part because it came just as some mainstream black groups were attempting to form a constructive alliance with Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam. News of the speech loosed a flash flood of reportage and commentary on the subject, and at that time we began the kind of weeks-long investigation a cover story like this one requires. At the same time, we published an article on one telling aspect of the larger story: the fact that some black leaders were offended when whites called on them to denounce racism in other black leaders while seeming to ignore offensive remarks by whites—as, for example, Senator Ernest Hollings, who had some time before made a supposedly joking reference to an African delegation as cannibals. The larger issue was that blacks feel they should be presumed to abhor anti-Semitism and other forms of racism without having to say so, and that they resent the attempt by whites to script their views, behavior or alliances.

The story raised interesting and important points, and it clearly struck a nerve. The reaction was instantaneous and strong, most of it coming from white and Jewish readers. Some argued that our story was opinion masquerading as fact. Some people, both white and black, said that crediting white pressure for the denunciations of Farrakhan was conducive, that it deprived black leaders of credit for what was simply principled behavior. Some readers also felt that to concentrate on this issue was to minimize or downplay the virulence of Muhammad's speech. And there was a general view among our critics that no amount of good works by the Nation of Islam could justify any black leader's toleration of, not to mention alliance with, such a racist organization.

The issues raised by the story's critics are important. Still, this must be said: Muhammad's speech was wholly disreputable and vile, and I believe our story made that clear. Our focus, however, was not on black racism but on the perception of a subtle form of white racism—the sense among some black leaders that, as the story put it, "some whites yesterday abetted genocide? On the other hand, how can a people whose most distinguished figures still suffer the sting of bigotry and whose less fortunate ones live in the ghettos of the 1990s—places where public order is gone, where homicide is the leading cause of death among young men, and where parents bury their children every day—how could such a people turn its back completely on an organization that it perceives as a fierce adversary of white racism, an organization that, by standing for such bedrock virtues as self-discipline, economic self-reliance, sobriety, the sanctity of family, could keep even one of its children alive?

There are of course many blacks who consider Farrakhan a racist. But why does he have so great a hold on others in the black communities of America? To find out, correspondent Sylvester Monroe, who has covered Farrakhan for a decade, conducted an extensive interview with the Nation of Islam's leader. We print it to give Farrakhan ample opportunity to make his argument and let readers judge him for themselves. We dispatched correspondents to mosques, college campuses and inner-city neighborhoods to examine the appeal that both the Nation of Islam and more orthodox forms of Islam hold for many blacks. We commissioned a poll of black public opinion by Yankelovich Partners to determine precisely how much support Farrakhan really has among African Americans. And we invited six distinguished writers and thinkers—three who are Jewish, three who are black—to explore the thorny moral and social issues raised by the controversy that began with Muhammad's speech.

For both sides, for all sides, the issues raised here are both morally difficult and of ultimate importance. That is why they generate such heat. I hope the TIME Forum that follows the cover story will generate some light as well.

Managing Editor
HEALTHMAX™ BEATS SOLOFLEX® AND NORDICFLEX GOLD™! COSTS $600—$700 LESS!

9 Powerful Reasons to Choose HEALTHMAX as Your Total-Body Fitness System.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>THE REASONS</th>
<th>HEALTHMAX</th>
<th>SOLOFLEX</th>
<th>NORDICFLEX GOLD</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 Low price</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>$329 (plus $49 S/H)</td>
<td>$995 (plus $105 S/H)</td>
<td>$999 (plus $99 S/H)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2 Easy to use</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No assembly/disassembly required between exercises.</td>
<td>Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.</td>
<td>Requires assembly/disassembly between exercises.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Leg Extension Unit included</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Permits both leg extensions and lying leg curls.</td>
<td>Costs $200 extra.</td>
<td>BUT...Leg unit included doesn’t permit lying leg curls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4 Butterfly Unit included</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No extra cost.</td>
<td>Costs $200 extra.</td>
<td>BUT...You must assemble/disassemble to use bench press.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 Strength conditioning for all five major muscle groups</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>YES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HEALTHMAX strengthens all five: arms, legs, abdominals, back and pectorals.</td>
<td>BUT...You must purchase $400 in extra accessories to do comparable exercises for legs and pecs.</td>
<td>BUT...Why would you pay $700 more than HEALTHMAX?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 Comfortable bench</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Padded bench is a full 47” long, 15” wide, and comfortable 20” high.</td>
<td>Padded bench is only 40” long, making some lying down exercises awkward.</td>
<td>Padded 40” bench is short, narrow (only 9” wide), and too high (24”) off the ground.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7 Hydraulic cylinder resistance system</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Adjusts to your personal resistance level with a simple twist of a dial.</td>
<td>Uses rubber bands which must be changed to vary resistance level.</td>
<td>Uses complicated cord/pulley/mechanical resistance system.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 Full refund of return freight if unit returned</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>If not satisfied, we will refund your cost, shipping/handling charges, and all return freight!</td>
<td>You pay over $85 to return. It must go by truck to Oregon!</td>
<td>You pay about $65 to return by UPS.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9 Payable in installments</td>
<td>YES</td>
<td>NO</td>
<td>NO</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>9 easy credit card installments of just $36.56! ($490.00 S/H added to first installment)</td>
<td></td>
<td>BUT...You pay $39 per month for the next 2 YEARS!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>BUT...You pay $700 more than HEALTHMAX!</td>
<td>BUT...At 4 payments of $250, each installment is almost as much as the total cost of a HEALTHMAX!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When you compare, the choice is easy...it's HEALTHMAX!

Let's face it, when all is said and done, what you really want is a body like this. Until now, that meant spending $1,000 or more for a Soloflex or NordicFlex Gold. But now the secret is out...HEALTHMAX gives you as much — and more — for up to $700 less! So call today to get the hard body you want for just $329. And while you're at it, take the $600—$700 you'll save and buy yourself a reward.

CALL TOLL-FREE FOR A 30-DAY NO-RISK HOME TRIAL: 1-800-458-4652 Ext. 638-1469

HEALTHMAX™
47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, CT 06857

©1993 MBM
THE WEEK
February 13-19

NATION

Trade Tiff
The Clinton Administration has decided to impose sanctions on Japan for violating a 1989 trade agreement that would have allowed cellular-phone giant Motorola the same access to the lucrative Tokyo-Nagoya market that Japanese companies enjoy. Japan denies that they have violated the agreement. The President did not foreclose the possibility that American sanctions might be the first volley in a trade war with Japan. Earlier this month, talks between the nations broke down.

On the Road
President Clinton and his wife Hillary took to the hustings to rally support for their embattled health-care reforms, which have been overshadowed lately by rival plans in Congress. In a speech to 2,000 senior citizens in New Jersey, the President wooed the nation’s powerful elderly voters by vowing to protect Medicare.

Saudis Buy U.S. Jets
Thanks to a strenuous lobbying effort by the Clinton Administration, Boeing and McDonnell Douglas will sell 50 commercial jets worth $6 billion to Saudi Arabia—generating jobs for tens of thousands of Americans in the voter-rich Los Angeles and Seattle areas.

Whitewater
A U.S. district court judge agreed to impanel a special grand jury to focus on the federal investigation of President Clinton’s Whitewater real estate venture and its links to a failed S&L. Special counsel Robert Fiske informed the judge that the probe may last 18 months. In a related development, federal bank regulators cleared Hillary Clinton’s old law firm...
in Little Rock, Arkansas, of any conflict of interest regarding its association with the same S&L.

Tailhook Adieu
Admiral Frank B. Kelso II, Chief of Naval Operations, announced that he would retire two months early, in April, in exchange for an official tribute from the Pentagon meant to clear him of wrongdoing in the Tailhook scandal. Earlier this month, a Navy judge dismissed the last three Navy Tailhook cases on the grounds that they had been tainted by Kelso’s efforts to conceal his knowledge of the affair.

A Stolen Election Returned
A federal judge nullified a November 1993 election for a Pennsylvania state-senate seat, declaring that it had been won fraudulently by a Democrat. Supporters of William G. Stinson practiced “deception, intimidation, harassment and forgery,” wrote the judge. His decision returns the seat to the Republican candidate and could put the G.O.P. in control of the entire state senate.

Confess
After maintaining his innocence for the past two years, Danny Rolling, accused of murdering five college students in Gainesville, Florida, in 1990, pleaded guilty to all charges against him. “There are some things you just can’t run from, this being one of those,” Rolling told the judge.

Courtroom Roundup
In San Antonio, Texas, the defense rested its case in the trial of 11 Branch Davidians charged with murdering four federal agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms last February. The jury is expected to get the case late this week. Meanwhile, in New York City, lawyers continued their closing arguments in the World Trade Center trial of four defendants linked to the bombing a year ago that killed six people and injured 1,000.
Texas Chain-Saw Editing

The Texas state board of education is deleting 300 sensitive items from proposed high school health texts. They include hot-line numbers for AIDS information groups, references to anal and oral intercourse, facts about state laws against sex with minors, condom instructions and mentions of Dr. Jack Kevorkian. Critics of the changes say the board has fallen under the influence of the radical right.

And Speaking of Kevorkian

A Detroit judge declined to dismiss the last remaining charge against Dr. Jack Kevorkian, the aggressive advocate of taking one's life as an option for the terminally ill, and ordered him to stand trial in the assisted suicide of a man with Lou Gehrig's disease.

WORLD

Silence over Sarajevo?

Under heavy pressure from NATO, the U.N., President Clinton and—most important—their Russian allies, the Bosnian Serbs pledged their compliance with a NATO ultimatum to either withdraw their weapons from within a 12-mile radius of Sarajevo or turn them over to U.N. peacekeepers. At week's end U.N. observers were reporting "very significant withdrawals of Bosnian-Serb forces." However, there were new reports of Serb atrocities in other parts of Bosnia, particularly near the town of Banja Luka. In a Saturday address, Clinton warned that "American pilots and planes stand ready" to join in NATO air strikes around Sarajevo.

Sniffing Out Nukes

After an 11-month standoff, North Korea has informed the International Atomic Energy Agency that it will permit inspection of seven nuclear sites. Not included in the arrangement: two sites in its Yongbyon complex believed to be waste.
CHRONICLES

ZHIRINOVSKY BEAT

Exclusive: At Home with Russia's Top Ultranationalist

Whether he's at his office in Moscow or traveling abroad, Vladimir Zhirinovsky can't resist making bold statements about deadly new secret weapons or outlining his plans for Alaska. But after hours, he's just a regular guy.

Compromise Lost


Meeting in Chiapas

Talks between government and guerrilla leaders begin this week to bring to an end the Zapatista uprising in the state of Chiapas. The negotiations were announced 24 hours after the guerrillas released the former Chiapas Governor, whom they had been holding hostage since the rebellion began on New Year's Day.

Deadly Quake in Indonesia

More than 200 people were killed and 3,000 injured when a severe earthquake hit the Indonesian island of Sumatra. The U.S. Geological Survey in Washington estimated the quake's strength at 7.2 on the Richter scale.

Bucks for Bombs

Kazakhstan President Nursultan Nazarbayev visited Washington last week and came away with a windfall of $311 million—three times the amount of last year's aid total. In return, Kazakhstan will dismantle 104 long-range SS-18 missiles, each tipped with 10 nuclear warheads.

“R.L.P. for the Rostov Ripper

Andrei Chikatilo, the sadis-
Look Like A Million
Without Spending A Fortune.

Now Lease The Uncompromised Luxury
Of The '94 Lincoln Continental.

STANDARD FEATURES

- 3.8-liter V-6 engine
- Sequential multi-port
  electronic fuel injection
- Dual air bags*
- Four-wheel disc anti-lock
  brakes
- Six-way power driver’s seat
- CFC-free electronic automatic climate control
- Computer-controlled adaptive air suspension with load-leveling
  and dual damping ride control
- Speed-sensitive variable-assist power rack-and-pinion steering

For more information, call 1 800 255-5433.

LINCOLN
What A Luxury Car Should Be

*Driver and right-front passenger Supplemental Restraint System. Always wear your safety belt. ¹Lease payment based on average capitalized
cost of 90.67% MSRP for Continental for 24-month closed-end Ford Credit Red Carpet Leases purchased in the U.S. from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31, 1993.
Some payments higher, some lower. See dealer for payment and terms. Payments may be higher in AK, CT, KY, MA, MO, NC, Ri, TX & WV.
For special lease terms, take new retail delivery from dealer stock by 4/05/94. Lessee may have option to buy vehicle at lease end at a price
negotiated with the dealer at signing. Lessee is responsible for excess wear/tear and $.11 per mile over 30,000 miles. Credit approval/insurability
determined by Ford Credit. Total of monthly payments is $11,256. ¹¹Excludes tax, title and other fees.
Despite fears to the contrary, moderate aerobic exercise after childbirth does not hamper production of breast milk, according to a new report.

A public health campaign urging parents to put newborns to sleep on their back has reduced the nationwide incidence of sudden infant death syndrome 12% in just six months.

Scientists have synthesized taxol, a promising anticancer drug normally derived from trees in the Pacific Northwest.

A genetically engineered antibody has been remarkably effective in attacking a virus that causes pneumonia in mice (and men). Successful trials on humans could lead to a powerful treatment not only for viral pneumonia but also for influenza.

Cocaine puts a strain on the heart, and so does cigarette smoking. Now researchers have proved what common sense already implies: cocaine use by chronic smokers can be doubly deadly.

A bacterial infection that can cause skin lesions, fever and even death without prompt antibiotic treatment has been traced to cats. About 25% of felines in a San Francisco study carried the R. henselae bacterium. People with weak immune systems are at special risk.

Taxi drivers have a job-related homicide rate of 27 murders per 100,000. That's 40 times the national average, and three times the risk faced by liquor-store workers, the next most endangered group. Gas-station attendants are a distant third.

Prestigious Jobs in Magazine Publishing—No Experience Required!
Many wealthy and famous not-exactly-wordsmiths are serving as contributing editors at swank publications. You may not see these celebrity editors’ bylines too often, but you can trust that they are not collecting paychecks idly.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>&quot;EDITOR&quot;</th>
<th>PUBLICATION</th>
<th>JUSTIFICATION</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Diane Keaton</td>
<td>Mirabella</td>
<td>“She comes up with ideas... She's here because of her head.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sean Penn</td>
<td>Interview</td>
<td>“He's been a contributing editor for several years... Last March he wrote a piece on David Rabe for us.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diane von Furstenberg</td>
<td>Vanity Fair</td>
<td>“Her contacts are invaluable to Vanity Fair. She keeps the magazine abreast of what's happening in her field and offers ideas for future stories.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tabitha Soren</td>
<td>Elle</td>
<td>“She's a good conduit to music and college life.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diandra Douglas</td>
<td>Mirabella</td>
<td>“She helps provide us with an informal network of sources.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sofia Coppola</td>
<td>Details</td>
<td>“She supplies ideas for us.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandy (Mrs. Bob) Pittman</td>
<td>Allure</td>
<td>“She's an ideas person. There's an actual story she participated in.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lilly (Mrs. Brand) Tartikoff</td>
<td>Mirabella</td>
<td>“She provides us with ideas and sources.”</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gayfryd (Mrs. Saul) Steinberg, Anne (ex-Mrs. Sid) Bass</td>
<td>Vogue</td>
<td>“They really contribute a lot of ideas. They give us great ideas.”</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Viacom Victorious
The battle for Paramount ended rather anticlimactically on Monday, when shareholders finally voted more than the required 50.1% of their shares to Viacom for about $80 a share. The new company’s properties now include, among others, MTV, Paramount Pictures, Simon & Schuster and a debt of $10 billion.

Calling All Chryslers...
For the fifth time since December, the Chrysler Corp. has announced a recall of certain models. Last week's action, which involves electrical wires that are in danger of short-circuiting, applies to about 110,000 sedans: Dodge Intrepids and Eagle Visions, plus three models of Chryslers (the LHS, the Concorde and the New Yorker).

A Painting Held Hostage?
A hint that Edvard Munch's stolen masterpiece, The Scream, may be returned came last week from a Norwegian antiabortion activist. The Rev. Borre Knudsen said the painting may be returned if local television broadcasts The Silent Scream—a film that shows a fetus being aborted.

Bringing the Holocaust Home
Schindler's List, the wildly acclaimed Steven Spielberg epic about the Holocaust, had a gala premiere in Vienna last week that was attended by celebrities and politicians. Among the guests:
Neither a borrower nor a spender be is the message American novelist David Leavitt got from his publisher, Viking, last week. No more copies of Leavitt’s controversial novel, White Edge Sleeps, will be printed or shipped until the author has made “minor revisions,” said a Viking spokesperson. The move was in response to a lawsuit by the eminent British poet Stephen Spender, who claims that Leavitt has drawn too closely on his 1981 memoir, World Within World.

**WINTER OLYMPICS**

Cold Shoulders

Tonya Harding and Nancy Kerrigan finally appeared on the same ice for a practice session. Kerrigan pointedly appeared in the same costume she wore on the day she was attacked last month.

Whoops!

Russian Alexei Urmanov took the gold in men’s figure skating after the favorites, including 1988 winner Brian Boitano, had disastrous showings in the short program. Boitano finished sixth.

Wow!

Tommy Moe stunned the world by capturing the men’s downhill and then a silver in the super giant slalom. Diann Roffe-Steinrotter came in first in the women’s super-G, and Picabo Street took a silver in the women’s downhill.

Golds for Jansen and Blair

After slipping out of contention in the 500-m race, speed skater Dan Jansen finally won a gold medal and set a world record in the 1,000-m finals. Bonnie Blair skated to gold in the women’s 500-m, her third straight Olympic win in the event.

**CHRONICLES**

**MILESTONES**

**ENGAGEMENT REVEALED.** By JENNIE GARTH, 21, pouty, postpubescent star of Beverly Hills 90210; to drummer DAN CLARK, 24, of Sonic’s. The bride-to-be made the announcement on Entertainment Tonight.

**MARRIED.** JERRY GARCIA, 51, former exemplar of unhealthful life-styles and innovative lead guitarist for the Grateful Dead; and girlfriend DEBORAH KOONS, fortyish, independent filmmaker; in Sausalito, California; on Valentine’s Day; he for the third time, she for the first. The couple met at a Dead concert in the mid-1970s.

**GUilty PLEA ENTERED.** By CATALINA V. VILLALPANDO, 53, former U.S. Treasurer in the Bush Administration; on felony charges of evasion of $47,000 in federal income taxes; conspiracy to make false statements to the government, and obstruction of a federal grand jury; in Washington. Villalpando was Treasurer from December 1989 to January 1993; thus her signature appears on many of the dollars she will probably be handing over to the IRS.

**Folded.** SPY MAGAZINE, New York-based satirical monthly: after 7½ years of publication. Founded in 1986 by Kurt Andersen (formerly of TIME, currently editor of New York), E. Graydon Carter (formerly of LIFE, currently editor of Vanity Fair), and Tony Hendra (formerly of the National Lampoon) said, “It was a financial decision made by the owners of the magazine, the government, and the management.” The magazine was well-known for its witty, savagely elegant deconstructions of the hype, venality and sheer short-fingered vulgarity that marked the past decade. Despite the fact that the magazine’s circulation rose from 120,000 in 1990 to nearly 200,000 last year, the owner, Jean Pigozi, decided to sell it. However, he was unable to find a buyer. Of the closure, current editor Tony Hendra (formerly of the National Lampoon) said, “It was a financial decision made by financial people for financial reasons.”

**DIED.** RANDY SHILTS, 42, journalist and author of a ground-breaking book about the AIDS epidemic; of AIDS; in Guerneville, California. Shilts, one of the country’s first openly gay reporters, joined the San Francisco Chronicle in 1981. Soon after, word spread of mysterious outbreaks of rare types of skin cancer and pneumonia among gay men. At the time, Shilts was one of the few journalists who took the disease—seriously. He recounted his investigation in the 1987 best seller And the Band Played On, a blistering attack on the failure of governments and the medical establishment to recognize the epidemic.

**DIED.** CHRISTOPHER LASCH, 61, social critic and historian; of cancer; in Pittsford, New York. A lucid, penetrating writer, Lasch dissected postwar American society in his best-known work, The Culture of Narcissism (1979). He contended that his fellow citizens had become self-absorbed and materialistic, losing faith in the power of community to make life better. His prescription for combating America’s crisis of spirit, outlined in such works as The Minimal Self and The True and Only Heaven, involved a progressive philosophy that placed great importance on family and self-discipline. Said Lasch: “Today’s culture has ceased to stand for the values that many people continue to believe in.”

**DIED.** ROBERT LEE SHERROD, 85, author, former foreign correspondent for Time and Life, and managing editor of the Saturday Evening Post from 1955 to 1962; in Washington. Sherrod joined Time Inc’s Fortune in 1935 and helped set up Time’s Washington bureau two years later. He wrote four books covering World War II, including the classic of frontline reportage, Tarawa: The Story of a Battle. His eyewitness account of the bloody fight by U.S. Marines to capture the South Pacific atoll.

—By Melissa August, Ginia Bellafante, Christopher John Farley, Kevin Fedarko, Michael D. Lemonick, Jeffery Rubin, David Seldeman, Sidney Urquhart
Pride and Prejudice

He inspires African Americans, but why does America's most controversial minister poison his message with racist hatred?

By WILLIAM A. HENRY III

LOUIS FARRAKHAN IS A PROBLEM.

He is a problem for the Rev. Benjamin Chavis of the N.A.A.C.P. and Abraham Foxman of the Jewish Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, who met last week to discuss what to do about him in a meeting so sensitive they would not even confirm he was the topic under discussion. On Saturday, the N.A.A.C.P. said it would convene a national summit of black leaders and would pointedly include Farrakhan as a gesture of support, despite expected Jewish condemnation. "We have every right to convene African-American leadership," said Chavis. "There's a deep hunger in our community."

He is a problem for the Congressional Black Caucus, whose chairman, Representative Kweisi Mfume of Maryland, has embroiled himself in controversy by pledging a "covenant" of cooperation—since disavowed—with both Farrakhan and mainstream black leaders.

He is a problem for a broad range of American blacks, who rightly fear that his anti-Semitic rhetoric erodes the moral authority of his appeals against racism and who are chagrined that his Nation of Islam, long an angry voice of the underclass, now enjoys a following among college students.

He is a problem for American Jews, who want to ensure that his brand of racism means automatic disqualification from national debate.

He is a problem for the vast majority of Islamic Americans, who already suffer from having their religion equated with hostage taking and terrorism and who mostly reject Farrakhan's racial isolationism and abuse of other faiths.

He is a problem for some of his adherents, who hear in his speeches black self-love and self-help and who see the Nation of Islam as a force against crime and drugs, bringing order and discipline to neighborhoods with almost none—yet who know that many of their associates hear only hatred in his preachments.

And Farrakhan, still impetuous at 60, is a problem for himself. In private a calm, seemingly rational man yearning for a place among trusted elders of his race, he is apt in public to get carried away on a wave of rhetoric and say things so intemperate, so easily misunderstood—and sometimes not misunderstood—that he thwarts his ambition.

Above all, he is a problem for an America that is increasingly multicultural and is consequently in growing need of tolerance and mutual respect. His success underscores two ugly truths of American life. A great many black Americans view their white fellow citizens with anger. And a great many white Americans view their black fellow citizens with fear. Farrakhan's call for separatism and economic "repara-
How African Americans See It

Which of these descriptions apply to Louis Farrakhan?

- Someone who says things the country should hear: 70%
- An effective leader: 67%
- Speaks the truth: 63%
- Good for the black community: 62%
- A role model for black youth: 53%
- Someone you personally admire: 40%
- A bigot and a racist: 34%

What is the main problem facing the country today?

- Crime: 25%
- Drugs: 15%
- Economy: 11%
- Unemployment/jobs: 11%
- Racism/race relations: 9%
- Lack of morals/values: 6%

Do you think Farrakhan’s opinions and behavior improve relations between blacks and whites in this country?

- Improves: 12%
- Makes worse: 31%
- Has no effect: 34%

Do these groups have too much power?

- Whites: 80%
- Big corporations: 69%
- Jews: 28%
- Catholics: 28%
- Labor unions: 21%
- Blacks: 2%

Have relations between blacks and Jews got better or worse?

- Better: 26%
- Worse: 16%
- Haven’t changed: 42%

What is the main problem facing the country today?

- Crime: 25%
- Drugs: 15%
- Economy: 11%
- Unemployment/jobs: 11%
- Racism/race relations: 9%
- Lack of morals/values: 6%

Do you think Farrakhan’s opinions and behavior improve relations between blacks and whites in this country?

- Improves: 12%
- Makes worse: 31%
- Has no effect: 34%

Do these groups have too much power?

- Whites: 80%
- Big corporations: 69%
- Jews: 28%
- Catholics: 28%
- Labor unions: 21%
- Blacks: 2%

Have relations between blacks and Jews got better or worse?

- Better: 26%
- Worse: 16%
- Haven’t changed: 42%

Farrakhan’s charismatic presence has a powerful allure. In Atlanta a lecture by Farrakhan outdrew a 1992 World Series game the same night. In Los Angeles last October he filled the 16,500-seat Sports Arena. In New York City a December speech by Farrakhan drew 25,000 to the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center. This month in Chicago, when black aldermen needed a celebrity speaker to raise funds for their legal defense in a censorship case, they did not turn to Jackson or Chavis or Mfume but to Farrakhan, the one black man they felt could fill any hall in town.

Wherever he presents himself as "a voice for the voiceless,” crowds throng to his orations, typically almost three hours long, for entertainment and moral uplift.

What’s going on? How can so many blacks take seriously a messenger who spins bogus research into a vile theology of hatred for their fellow Americans, from Asians to Jews to whites of all variety? Plainly, black America sees a very different man from the one white America sees. This dichotomy says much about our country. And it makes trying to understand Farrakhan an urgent, if daunting, task.

Some of Farrakhan's impact is his bootstraps message of independence and self-reliance. Says Yvonne Haddad, professor of Islamic history at the University of Massa-
chusetts-Amherst: "Some of the issues that Farrakhan is highlighting are important to the African-American community, and no one else is highlighting them." She cites his attack on welfare as "subsidizing single women to have babies," his complaint that the Federal Government spends more on prisons than on education and his charge that white-collar crime is not considered as heinous as other offenses. In meetings with the Congressional Black Caucus, Farrakhan proposed unconventional rehabilitation methods—one member recalls a plan to transport prisoners and addicts to Africa as an alternative to the chaos of the ghetto—and was hailed for offering creative alternatives to standard treatment. Eric Adams, president of New York City's black police organization, the Guardians, says, "Many of our leaders don't have any solutions. We'd rather march and sing. The brother is saying, 'Let's do for ourselves': "We'd rather march and sing."

Many blacks rejected Christianity as a slave religion—although many, many more continue to practice it today—and were looking for an alternative to the chaos of the ghetto. Although the early days of the Nation of Islam are murky, the official version is that Wallace D. Fard founded it in Detroit in 1930. One of his followers in Africa—presumably Fard—was killed by Jewish protest. Says Cole: "I have no desire to become a Muslim. I just want to live, and I want my son to live."

TIME, FEBRUARY 29, 1994
jah's day, Nation of Islam guards are on constant patrol outside.

That was not the career for which he seemed headed in boyhood as Louis Eugene Walcott in Boston's Roxbury neighborhood, then beginning its shift from a predominantly Jewish area to a black one. A choirboy at St. Cyprian's Episcopal Church, he ran relays in track and made his way to Winston-Salem Teachers College in North Carolina, which he attended for two years. But his real gift was for music. He played the violin obsessively, retiring to the bathroom with bow in hand for three to five hours at a stretch. He also sang and played guitar and, after leaving college, appeared on Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour and in nightclubs as Calypso Gene or the Charmer. He has said that after hearing Elijah Muhammad speak in 1955, he had a dream in which he was expected to choose between show business and an unknown future—and he chose the unknown.

He did not entirely give up entertaining when he joined the Nation of Islam. During his early years, he wrote and recorded A White Man's Heaven Is a Black Man's Hell, a favorite black Muslim anthem. And he still plays the violin between 1 and 3 o'clock most mornings. At his 60th birthday concert

“They Suck the Life from You”

TIME correspondent Sylvester Monroe talked with Farrakhan for 2½ hours last week at his mansion in Chicago. Excerpts:

TIME: What is the message that the Nation of Islam is imparting to African Americans?
Farrakhan: That God is interested in us, that God has heard our moaning and our groaning under the whip and the lash of our oppressors and has now come to see about us. That's the appeal.

TIME: How does the Nation of Islam take a person who has hit bottom with drugs or alcohol or crime and remake that person?
Farrakhan: Well, we can't do it without the help of God, and we can't do it until we can reconnect that person to the source of truth and goodness that is Allah.

So once we can reconnect him to God and show him his relationship to God, then you give him the knowledge of himself, his history. So by teaching us our history beyond the cotton fields, beyond our slave history in America, and teaching us our connection to the great rulers of ancient civilizations, the great builders of the pyramids and the great architects of civilization and teaching us our relationship to the father of medicine, the father of law, the father of mathematics and science and religion, this makes us desire now to come out of our ignorance and achieve the best that we possibly can achieve. And this is what begins to transform the person's life.

TIME: It has sometimes appeared that you were building this sense of self-esteem by putting down another people.
Farrakhan: Now the truth of the matter is that white supremacists built a world on that ideology. If that system of white supremacy is based on falsehood, then the truth will attack that system at its foundation and it will begin to tumble down.

Now the truth of the matter is, whites are superior. They are not superior because they are born superior. They are superior because they have been the ruling power, that God has permitted them to rule. They have had the wisdom and the guidance to rule while most of the dark world or the darker people of the world have been, as they have called it, asleep.

Now it's the awakening of all the darker people of the world, and we are awakening at the level that the white world is now beginning to decline. And this is what Brother Khalid was talking about in his speech; I could not say he's a liar, [that] he's wrong. But this should never be taught out of the spirit of mockery. And so to tear down another people to lift yourself up is not proper. But to tell the truth, to tear down the mind built on a false premise of white supremacy, that is nothing but proper because that will allow whites to relate to themselves as well as to other human beings as human beings.

TIME: So what Khalid did, was that wrong?
Farrakhan: To me, it is highly improper in that you make a mockery over people. So why should we mock them? Why should we goad them into a behavior that is so easy for them to do harm to black people? And that's why I rebuked him.

TIME: Have Khalid's remarks damaged your relationship with the mainstream black civil rights leadership?
Farrakhan: I don't feel that we can go down the road to liberation without a John Jacob, without a Jesse Jackson, without a Dorothy Height, without a Coretta Scott King or a Congressional Black Caucus or an N.A.A.C.P.

I mean, I have grown to the point, by God's grace, that I see
in Chicago last May, soon to be available on videotape, he played Mendelsohn.

As a soldier in the Fruit of Islam, the Nation's security force and training vehicle for young men, Farrakhan proved an apt disciple. He became head of the temple in Boston and then, after Malcolm X left, temple head in New York City. By the early 1960s he was prominent in the urban black community. White Americans did not notice him until two decades later.

In the early days of the 1984 presidential campaign of Jesse Jackson, Fruit of Islam guards provided security until the Secret Service took over. Farrakhan was outraged to learn that Jewish militants were shadowing Jackson, that he had received death threats and that his family had been harassed - facts confirmed by the FBI. Until then, Farrakhan's speeches had reviled white people, not only over slavery but also over what he sees as a vast white conspiracy to conceal the glorious past of blacks as the original human race and the founders of most branches of civilization and scholarship. But he had not singled out Jews for special vilification until his Savior's Day speech that year, when he tried to intimidate Jackson's harassers: "If you harm this brother, it'll be the last one you ever harm."

the value of each and every one of these persons to the overall struggle of our people.

I feel that not only do they have something to offer me, but I have something to offer them. I'm not trying to be mainstream. I don't even know what that is. I don't know whether any black has ever achieved mainstream. But I do know this. I want the unity of black organizations and black leaders that we might form a united front and seriously discuss what we can do to better the condition of our people.

TIME: Has there been any discussion about just that?
Farrakhan: We have never got to the point where we would sit down to open up these kinds of discussions. Unfortunately, there are those who saw in me a poison that would infect that group. And so they used their influence to push that group away from me. Even if they liked me, they could not associate with me for fear of what it would do to them professionally and economically.

So now we have to get to this talk of anti-Semitism. Am I really anti-Semitic? Do I really want extermination of Jewish people? Of course, the answer is no. Now here's where the problem is. When I am accused of being a Hitler, a black Hitler, because of my oratorical ability and my ability to move people, there is fear that I'm not under control. By the grace of God, I shall never be under the control of those who do not want the liberation of our people. I cannot do that.

The idea is to isolate me, and hopefully, through the media and everybody calling me a hater, a racist, an anti-Semite, that I would just dry up and go away.

Now they have done this for 10 years, and I have not gone away. Now fortunately or unfortunately, they have forced other black leaders into silence on the basic issues of race and color and economics, and Farrakhan now has emerged as the voice that speaks to the hurt of our people.

Now I'm going to come to something that may get me in a lot of trouble. But I've got to speak the truth. What is a bloodsucker? When they land on your skin, they suck the life from you to sustain their life.

In the '20s and '30s and '40s, up into the '50s, the Jews were the primary merchants in the black community. Wherever we were, they were. What was their role? We bought food from them; we bought clothing from them; we bought furniture from them; we rented from them. So if they made profit from us, then from our life they drew life and came to strength. They turned it over to the Arabs, the Koreans and others, who are there now doing what? Sucking the lifeblood of our own community.

Every black artist, or most of them who came to prominence, who are their managers, who are their agents? Does the agent have the talent or the artist? But who reaps the benefits? Come on. We die penniless and broke, but somebody else is sucking from us. Who surrounds Michael Jackson? Is it us? See, Brother, we've got to look at what truth is. You throw it out there as if to say this is some of the same old garbage that was said in Europe. I don't know about no garbage said in Europe.

But I know what I'm seeing in America. And because I see that black people, Sylvester, in the intellectual fields and professional fields are not going to be free until there is a new relationship with the Jewish community, then I feel that what I'm saying has to ultimately break that relationship.

Just like they felt it necessary to break my relationship with the Black Caucus, I feel it absolutely necessary to break the old relationship of the black intellectual and professional with the Jewish community and restructure it along lines of reciprocity, along lines of fairness and equity.

TIME: How much does this black/Jewish controversy actually wind up hurting black people?
Farrakhan: I did not recognize the degree to which Jews held control over black professionals, black intellectuals, black entertainers, black sports figures; Khalid did not lie when he said that.

My ultimate aim is the liberation of our people. So if we are to be liberated, it's good to see the hands that are holding us. And we need to sever those hands from holding us so that we may be a free people, that we may enter into a better relationship with them than we presently have.

So yes, in one sense it's a loss, but in the ultimate sense it's a gain. Because when I saw that, I recognized that the black man will never be free until we address the problem of the relationship between blacks and Jews.

TIME: If you could tell the readers of Time magazine anything you want to tell them about Farrakhan or the Nation of Islam, what would you say to them, or do you even care?
Farrakhan: Of course I care.

I would hope that the American people and black people would give us a chance to speak to them not on a 30-second sound bite or not even through Time magazine or any other white-managed magazine or newspaper but allow us to come to the American people to state our case.

I would hope that before the House of Representatives or the Senate will follow the advice of others to do things to hurt the Nation of Islam and our efforts in America at reforming our people, that you would invite us before the Senate or before members of the House of Representatives to question me and us on anything that I have ever said in the past.

And if they can show me that I'm a racist or an anti-Semite, with all of the legal brilliance that's in the government, and I, from that lofty place, will apologize to the world for misrepresenting what I believed to be the truth.
Heard out of context, the speech seemed to be an unprompted threat. Once he was inter-}

terpreted as anti-Semitic, Farrakhan react-
	ed with inventive that removed any doubt, labeling Judaism "a gutter religion," Israel
"an outlaw state" and Hitler "a very great
man." ("wickedly great," he later explained).

Since then, Farrakhan claims, he has found his path blocked by Jews in numerous
and unanticipated ways. The most costly, he
says, came in 1986 when Jewish distribu-
tors, angry about his slurs, effectively torpe-
doed his plans for Nation of Islam cosmetics
toiletries sold under the Clean & Fresh
label. Major black-hair-care companies, in-
cluding Johnson Products Co. in Chicago,
agreed to manufacture Nation of Islam
products, then backed off. Farrakhan says.
Company owner George E. Johnson con-
tends his dealers told him that any dealings
with Farrakhan's firm would lead to having
his own products boycotted. "When I saw
that," Farrakhan says, "I recognized that the
black man will never be free until we ad-
dress the relationship between blacks and
Jews."

As recently as last summer, however,
Farrakhan seemed to be taking a softer line.
According to Representative Major Owens
of Brooklyn, a Congressional Black Caucus
member, "Farrakhan proposed that the
caucus serve as an intermediary between
himself and the Jewish community. He did
not indicate what he wanted to tell them,
but he did insist that he wanted peace, that
he had been seeking a dialogue." Yet in No-
vember when top aide Khalid Abdul Mu-
hammad made a venom-soaked speech at
New Jersey's Kean College, a state-funded
school, Farrakhan rebuked him only for his
"mockery" and said he could not disavow
the anti-Semitic, anti-Catholic and anti-gay
"truths" his aide had spoken. Indeed, Far-
arakhan repeated some of them in an inter-
view with TIME last week.

P

EIRhaps because of the turbu-

lent and occasionally violent

history of his and other black

Muslim sects, both Farrakhan

and the Nation of Islam are se-

cretive, verging on paranoid.

When correspondent Sylvester Monroe ar-

rived at Farrakhan's Chicago mansion last

week, aides searched Monroe as he came

in, again when he returned from a brief trip
to his car and once more as he entered a
Nation of Islam school—even though he
had been accompanied from the moment
he left Farrakhan's home by the same aide
who had searched him before. Simply to at-
tend a service at the Nation of Islam Temple
No. 7 in New York City, reporter Shar-
on Epperson was frisked and her pens
were examined to see whether they con-

cealed knives. Nation of Islam women also
checked her lipstick, compact and wallet.

Questions about such basics as the group's

size—estimated at 30,000 to 200,000 mem-
bers—and budget are routinely deflected,
as are questions about the family life and
background of Farrakhan and his aides.

He is so protected that it is hard to be
sure, but he seems scrupulous about fol-
lowing dictates of conventional Islam—no

pork, no alcohol—plus his sect's own rule of
only one meal a day, an extension of the
daytime fasting during conventional Is-
lam's month of Ramadan. He speaks fluent
Arabic, as he demonstrated by performing
an Islamie prayer call in Syria while accom-
panying Jackson on a mission to secure the
release of downed U.S. airman Robert
Goodman in 1984. His mansion mingles
massive concrete panels with delicate
stained glass, marble floors, crystal chan-
deliers and a fountain between the living
and dining rooms. But he shares it with
several aides as well as his wife of 36 years,
Khadijah (formerly Betsy), and some of
their nine children.

The sect has mosques or temples in 120
cities. All ministers are appointed by Far-
arakhan. Male recruits earn their way up in
the Fruit of Islam, where they are given
military-style stripes and ranks but do not

carry weapons. In contrast to Martin Lu-
ther King Jr.'s Christian invocation to turn
the other cheek, however, Nation of Islam
leaders favor vigorous self-defense.

In addition to "manhood training" classes to learn the history of the black
man, the code of discipline of the Nation of
Islam and rules about how to behave and
dress (coat and bow tie at virtually all
times), men must prove themselves by sell-
ing the sect's newspaper, the Final Call, on
door corners. Their sales totals directly af-
fect their standing. In some cities, recruits
still sell the group's trademark bean pies.

Fruit of Islam members often appear
mild-mannered, yet they simmer with antiwhite rage. Sharod Baker, a Columbia
sophomore involved with the Nation since
he was 14, is a diligent student and former
volunteer tutor. His mother remembers his
adolescent anger when he first joined the
sect, but she believes he outgrew it.

Friends remark on how he differs from the
hostile image of the Fruit of Islam. But
when his mother and friends are not
around, Baker admits his fury at whites is
unrelenting. "I don't think there's anything
wrong with saying I hate them. They have
caused me harm over and over, and I wish
they were dead." Farrakhan's preaching,
Baker says, reinforces his resentments.

"His point is to make you angry so maybe
you'll be motivated to change things."

N:\}ation of Islam women are expected to
emphasis housework and child rearing
and to dress "modestly." (Whereas they
sometimes permitted.) When religious ser-
ces are crowded, it is not unknown for
women to be asked to give up seats to men
and listen via loudspeaker in another room.

The Nation of Islam operates restau-
Elijah Muhammad, actually an eclectic of his speeches and books on black studies, has expanded into TV. He already has Nation of Islam, management and media operations as he expands into TV. He already has Nation of Islam bookstores that do a brisk business in their home, sat at his table. Every other black leader hopes, like Chavis, that Farrakhan will edge toward them, partly because of the good the Nation of Islam does and partly because no one but Farrakhan so effectively addresses the anger of young black men.

In Chicago the Nation operates the Muhammad University of Islam, actually an elementary and secondary school run by Shelby Muhammad, a former Chicago public-school teacher who converted in the early '80s. Along with religious training, the school emphasizes math, science—and discipline. Children are searched on arrival, not only for weapons but for candy and gum as well. This rigor is so popular, Muhammad says, that she has had to stop accepting applications from non-Muslim parents.

To white America, these operations are virtually invisible. What whites know about Farrakhan is the hate he spews or, in the case of Khallid Abdul Muhammad, endorses. Some critics thought Muhammad was a stalking-horse for Farrakhan himself. Time's Monroe, who has known Farrakhan for a decade, believes his professed anger at Muhammad was genuine. But Farrakhan wouldn't back down from his argument that Jews must acknowledge a historical role as slave traders, slave owners and ghetto employers and landlords. Far from their being another oppressed group, he says, when it comes to black America, Jews were oppressors. This leaves Jews, who played a major role in the black civil rights movement, feeling betrayed. And as a matter of logic, points out Farrakhan adversary Henry Louis Gates, chairman of Harvard's department of African-American studies, it is dubious. To blame Jews today for acts centuries ago, Gates says, carries "the tacit conviction that culpability is heritable."

Despite the protest, Khalid Abdul Muhammad is to appear on a New Jersey campus again, at Trenton State College next week. Governor Christine Whitman will counter with free screenings for college students of the Holocaust film Schindler's List to show "in a very, very graphic way what happens if the kind of attitudes expressed at Kean College are left unchecked." Farrakhan himself offered to come to Kean College this week as a gesture of "healing" and to waive his customary fee of $15,000 to $20,000. College officials expressed surprise when told of the offer and said it would violate their rule of ensuring administrators two weeks' notice of such appearances. He will have two broader opportunities to redeem himself, however, on Arsenio Hall's syndicated TV talk show Friday and in his annual Savior's Day speech in Chicago on Feb. 27. Many moderate black leaders hope, like Chavis, that Farrakhan will edge toward them, partly because of the good the Nation of Islam does and partly because no one but Farrakhan so effectively addresses the anger of young black men.

In his interview last week, Farrakhan acknowledged his isolation: "I don't have a personal relationship with any black civil rights leader. Rev. Jackson is the only person I have socialized with, been in his home, sat at his table. Every other civil rights leader I have had occasion to meet, I have an acquaintance with. I don't pick up the phone and call any one of them."

To get closer to them, Farrakhan must abandon his racist doctrine. But can he? Apart from his historical beliefs about Jews and business frustrations he believes were caused by them, he may feel a compulsion to voice slurs. The more cynical view is that he engages in bigotry because it brings him attention.

The pivotal question is whether the appeal of the Nation of Islam—and of Farrakhan—is separable from his invective of hate. Leaders throughout history have found it is often easier to succumb to demagogy, to define a single scapegoat and offer a single solution to life's ills, especially when proposing self-restraint and sacrifice. Would young people choose the hard way of Islam without the zealousy of separatism and resentment? Could Farrakhan fill the seats of big-city convention centers if he stopped offering the allure of the outrageous, the unpredictable, the unspeakable spoken out loud? Perhaps the answer to both questions is yes. Perhaps even if the answer is no, the Nation of Islam would have a brighter future if it stepped away from hatred. "Farrakhan faces a choice," says Harvard's Gates. "Does he want to be remembered as a great leader, someone who underwent transformation, like Malcolm X? Or does he want to be remembered as one more demagogue?"

The path of reform and reconciliation takes courage—and the more power is at stake, the more courage it takes. If his moves in recent months mean anything more than tactical maneuvering, Farrakhan has his chances this week for healing. But his courage for change has already been tested once in recent weeks. And he flinched. —Reported by Ann Blackman and Julie Johnson/Washington, Sharon E. Epperson/New York and Sylvester Monroe/Chicago

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1994
When Louis Farrakhan's aide Khallid Abdul Muhammad spoke to students at Kean College in New Jersey, he blamed the Holocaust on its victims and attacked Jews for "sucking our blood in the black community." It was not only the November speech but the reaction to it from Jewish and black leaders that set off charges of complicity and double standards. TIME asked six leading writers and scholars to comment on Farrakhan, his message and the strained relationship between blacks and Jews.

**Taking Yes for An Answer**

Literary editor of the New Republic

IT IS BENEATH THE DIGNITY of decent and intelligent men and women to struggle over the superstitions of Louis Farrakhan, except that the struggle is really over the definition of dignity. Farrakhan represents the view that hatred is an element of dignity, that a proper respect for oneself and one's own is well expressed by a proper disrespect for others. In this view, he is not alone; as a society we have gone from a hatred of hatred to a fascination with it.

Or, to put it differently: the persistence of racism in America notwithstanding, the age of American racism has been succeeded by the age of American racialism. Racism and racialism agree that the color of a person's skin is an essential attribute of the person. For racism, the attribute is a negative one. For racialism, the attribute is a positive one. For a just social order, of course, the attribute is a neutral one. Neutral, not because race is not a fact; neutral, because race is not a value. Many people who do not share Farrakhan's bizarre beliefs share this belief that race is a value, which is why he has the power to disturb.

Farrakhan is foul, but he is useful insofar as he casts light upon the larger confusion. For this reason, he should not be pressured, nor should any black leader be pressured, to recant anything. This lets him, and the present state of race relations in this country, off the hook. It is an invitation to euphemism, as Farrakhan cheerfully showed. We all should know what each of us thinks, and draw our conclusions. The advertisement in which the Anti-Defamation League reprinted Khallid Abdul Muhammad's little catalog of hatreds was brilliant for its restraint. It was an exercise in clarification. It said to its readers: here is prejudice, measure yourself by it. If it made some (but hardly all) black leaders trim and squirm, well, that was clarifying too.

The A.D.L.'s advertisement was also an uncanny moment in Jewish history. In what other country would Jews themselves have disseminated anti-Semitic propaganda, in the certainty that its dissemination would protect them? The A.D.L.'s response to Farrakhan was an expression of the confidence of American Jews in America. I do not expect quite this degree of confidence in America from American blacks: racism, not anti-Semitism, has always been America's ugliness of choice, and the fate of blacks in America was, for whole centuries,
obscene. In this century, however, this country has challenged its black citizens precisely as it has challenged its Jewish citizens. The political and philosophical procedures of America have dared both these groups, and not only these groups, to take yes for an answer.

Taking yes for an answer is not as easy as it sounds. It means celebrating individual experience even as you celebrate collective memory; acknowledging the changes of the present in full, learned sight of the unchanging cruelties of the past; believing in politics, and pitting politics against the lachrymose ties of culture. For groups that have suffered extremely, as blacks and Jews have suffered, taking yes for an answer may even be experienced as a form of betrayal. And so, in such groups, the improvement of life will be a great opportunity for the mongerers of guilt, and for those who flog their own brethren with ideals of authenticity to prevent them from recognizing the reality of progress.

Farrakhan and the other racialists in the black community (and they are not all figures of the margin, and many of them flourish in popular culture) are precisely such mongerers and such floggers. Their chilling thesis is that the similarity between the black past in America and the black present in America is greater than the difference. For the past hundred years or so, the Jews have also had to contend with such a thesis about their own modernity. If they are more secure than they have ever been, in America and (for different reasons) in Israel, it is because they repudiated that thesis, not without bitter internecine battle, and because they made themselves ready in their own self-interest for the costs of change.

America represented a revolution in Jewish experience, and the Jews wisely as-
always condemned the persecution of difference. But the young people who run into the well-dressed brothers on the street hawking the Nation of Islam's paper do not know about the intimate cooperative work done by blacks and Jews in the era roughly spanning the life of W.E.B. Du Bois, from the days of immigration from Europe to the days leading up to the march on Washington in 1963. They do not know much about slavery or the Holocaust in Europe. But Minister Farrakhan is there. He says he cares what happens to them, a simple statement rarely made. Most of those who exonerate him are afraid to set foot in the neighborhoods where the Nation's teaching is readily available.

Minister Farrakhan's pat formulations of our troubles sound like the scapegoating diatribes of haters here and elsewhere, because they are soothing drinks drawn from the same well. Anyone who really wants to set foot in the neighborhoods where the Jews are least likely to exact equal retribution—and as evidenced on every street corner and schoolyard in the inner city, where real strength feels out of reach, toughness will have to do.

Minister Farrakhan and his imitators claim to be offering a new kind of strength and discipline to their flocks, but they are in fact merely rearranging the terms of service: Get off drugs, and get yourself a substitute dependency on hatred—it's a whole lot quicker as a therapy than learning how to truly stand on your own two feet. In other words, the Jews as methadone.

The really loving advice to Farrakhan's minions would be, throw away that Jewish crudity, which only weakens your muscles. You can very well make it on your own. Just try it and you'll see.
American Jewry. But even though Minister Farrakhan's anti-Semitic claims are false and hurtful, this does not mean that he is a Nazi or that he has a monopoly on anti-Semitism in America.

If we are to engage in a serious dialogue about blacks and Jews, and how best to fight xenophobia, we must not cast all anti-Semitic statements as pro-Nazi ones, vilify black anti-Semites and soft-pedal white anti-Semites (or Jewish antiblack or anti-Arab racists) or overlook the role of some Jewish conservatives as defenders of policies that contribute to black social misery. We cannot proceed if we assume the worst of each other—that the majority of black people are unreconstructed anti-Semites or that the majority of Jews are plotting conspiracies to destroy black people. I have great faith and confidence in the moral wisdom of most blacks and Jews in regard to vulgar racial bigotry—but our communities are shot through with more subtle forms. This is why it is incumbent upon blacks and Jews to fight all forms of xenophobia even as we try to alleviate the power and paranoia that feed so much despair and distrust in our time.

As for my brothers, Khalid Abdul Muhammad and Minister Louis Farrakhan, I beseech you in the precious name of the black community to join the compasionate spirit of Islam to channel your efforts of black self-help in ways that do not mirror the worst of what American civilization has done to black people.

We rightly will not permit a double-standard treatment that casts you less than human, but we also must not allow your—or anyone else's—utterance to tar the black freedom struggle with the brush of immorality. For the sake of Fannie Lou Hamer, Abraham Joshua Heschel and El-Hajj Malik el-Shabazz—and those many thousands gone—we can do no other.
The Quest is equipped with a standard driver's side minivan airbag.* Overprotective parents need protection, too.

The Nissan Quest features an energy absorbing front crumple zone, strategically placed safety stops and hood buckling creases.

A standard 4-wheel Anti-lock Braking System on the GXE model helps maintain greater steering control during emergency hard braking.

Three-point safety belts as well as head restraints are found on the outboard positions in both the second and the third rows.

Similar to the front crumple zone, the steering column in the Nissan Quest has been specifically designed to absorb impact energy in the event of certain frontal collisions.

*Minivan airbag can provide added protection.
The V6, 151-hp engine rests in front, which gives added weight over the drive wheels, which gives the Quest better driving traction, which gives you added peace of mind.

A front stabilizer bar helps keep the Nissan Quest level during cornering or lane changes.

In the event of a side impact collision, passengers in the Quest enjoy the added protection of thoughtfully designed steel side door guard beams.

The sliding side door has a child safety lock to help prevent any child-induced accidents.

of the world, rejoice.

Presenting the 1994 Nissan Quest: It's the first minivan to have successfully combined the handling characteristics of a car with the defensive properties of an armored vehicle (figuratively speaking, of course). For additional information, please call us at 1-800-NISSAN-3, ext 294.

When used with seat belts, Nissan Quest was designed to meet 1994 Federal Motor Vehicle Passenger Car Safety Standards except models with privacy glass.
blacks or Palestinians. In our frantic attempts to make it in America, we not only fixed our noses and straightened our hair and learned to talk more softly and genteelly to be acceptable to WASP culture, but we also began to buy the racist assumptions of this society and to forget our own history of oppression. Jewish neoconservatives at Commentary magazine and Jewish neoconservatives at the New Republic have led the assault on affirmative action (despite the fact that one of its greatest beneficiaries has been Jewish women); have blamed the persistence of racism on the victims' culture of poverty; and have delighted in the prospect of throwing black women and children off welfare as soon as possible.

But the third and most important reason I can't get exercised about Farrakhan is because to do so distracts us from the deep underlying crisis of meaning in American society that is central to why people are in so much pain that they are willing to seek any kind of anesthetic, from drugs and alcohol to communities based on fascism and racism.

Reacting against the selfishness and materialism that are sanctified by the competitive market—and that undermine our ability to sustain loving relationships—people hunger for communities of meaning that provide ethical and spiritual purpose. They are offered instead a myriad of nationalistic, religious or racial pseudocommunities that never challenge the "look out for No. 1" mentality of the market. So people soon find that their daily lives at work or in family life are just as empty as ever.

To explain why their lives don't feel better, these communities pick a demonized Other who is supposedly responsible. Typically, Christian-based societies have chosen the Jews, though in the U.S. it has been African Americans and, more recently, homosexuals and feminists, who become the demonized Other.

Anti-Semitism and racism can only be undermined when we develop a politics of meaning that speaks to this alienation and provides a direction for healing the wounds generated by a society based on selfishness and materialism. One tragic irony of black anti-Semitism is how easily it becomes yet another justification for some Americans to declare themselves "disillusioned" with the oppressed. So they succumb to the allure of American selfishness, lower their taxes by cutting social programs for the poor, and shut their eyes to the suffering of others.
NEWS ABOUT MIGRAINE
What hurt worse than my migraines was missing time with Carrie. But now we do so much more together since I saw my doctor.

Music is my life. And a migraine would stop me cold. I put off calling the doctor. But when I finally did, I couldn't believe all the help I got.
Today, thanks to new medical research, doctors have a better understanding of migraines. They know that a migraine is more than just a “bad headache.” It has a unique set of biological causes and physical symptoms.

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

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

Now you can live more of the life you want. But only a doctor can give you the whole story. Call your doctor today.

CERENEX™ PHARMACEUTICALS DIVISION OF GLAXO INC. Research Triangle Park, NC 27709

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

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

AINE, CALL YOUR DOCTOR.
The Editors of TIME proudly present the

TIME ANNUAL 1993

- Striking maps and graphics
- Award-winning features from TIME magazine's top editors
- Exclusive retrospective essays on 1993's most memorable events
- World-famous photographs
- A fascinating chronicle packed with over 190 pages of dramatic events

This library-quality hardbound edition is filled with over 190 pages of history in the making. Written and edited by TIME magazine's top editors, this collector's edition is a handsome addition to your home. If you keep this edition for only $19.95 plus shipping and handling, you'll receive future editions in the TIME Book Series as they are published, on a 21-day free trial basis. The TIME Book Series consists of books written and edited by TIME magazine's top editors. Future offers will include periodically published editions on historical and topical events. There is no obligation to buy and you may cancel the series at any time.

CALL TOLL-FREE

1-800-722-0813

or send your check for $19.95 plus $3.00 shipping and handling to: THE TIME ANNUAL 1993, P.O. BOX 60009, TAMPA FL 33680-0009

The Time Annual 1993 will be shipped in February 1994.
Take That! And That!

With a threat of sanctions, the U.S. tries to tighten the screws on Japan without starting a trade war

By RICHARD LACAYO

If posturing and tough talk were all it took to remedy the U.S.-Japan trade gap, everything would be fine by now. The grumpy Feb. 11 encounter in Washington between Bill Clinton and Japanese Prime Minister Morihiro Hosokawa has produced a surplus of bluster. “We will not modify our position,” Hosokawa warned afterward. “It’s just not acceptable for the United States to continue on the same path,” Clinton warned back last week. But as both sides grumbled, they tried to keep the brinkmanship within bounds. “The intent and fact are to be measured and calm about this,” insisted a White House official, even as others waved fists at Japan.

Scarcely had Hosokawa settled back in Tokyo than the White House struck. It announced that Japan had failed to comply with previous trade agreements by denying Motorola fair access to Japan’s cellular phone market. “This is a clear-cut and serious case of a failure by Japan to live up to its commitments,” said U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor. He promised that within a month his office would publish a list of Japanese companies that would be punished—probably through tariffs—if the situation is not remedied. One day later, Washington’s case was bolstered by new Commerce Department figures showing that the trade deficit with Japan rose nearly 24% last year, to a record $59.3 billion.

The Japanese made their own threat to fight any sanctions by accusing the U.S. of a “betrayal of trust” in multinational negotiations to reduce tariffs. But even as the Japanese were applauding Hosokawa’s refusal to cave in to Clinton, his government was calculating how to avoid a fight. Early in the week Tokyo was unnerved when the yen rose about 6% against the dollar while Washington stood by with arms folded. The upward pressure came from speculators counting on the U.S. to encourage a stronger yen to make American products cheaper in Japan. Because that would also cut into the profits of beleaguered Japanese companies that sell abroad, a 5% drop in the Japanese stock market quickly followed.

Tokyo scrambled to propose conciliatory measures to promote imports, speed deregulation, break down monopolies and open up government purchasing to outsiders—a standard litany that Washington wasn’t buying. And the Japanese gave no sign of willingness to compromise on the issue of IDO president Takeo Tsukada’s warning afterward. “It’s just not acceptable for the United States to continue on the same path,” Clinton warned back last week. But as both sides grumbled, they tried to keep the brinkmanship within bounds. “The intent and fact are to be measured and calm about this,” insisted a White House official, even as others waved fists at Japan.

Scarcely had Hosokawa settled back in Tokyo than the White House struck. It announced that Japan had failed to comply with previous trade agreements by denying Motorola fair access to Japan’s cellular phone market. “This is a clear-cut and serious case of a failure by Japan to live up to its commitments,” said U.S. Trade Representative Mickey Kantor. He promised that within a month his office would publish a list of Japanese companies that would be punished—probably through tariffs—if the situation is not remedied. One day later, Washington’s case was bolstered by new Commerce Department figures showing that the trade deficit with Japan rose nearly 24% last year, to a record $59.3 billion.

The Japanese made their own threat to fight any sanctions by accusing the U.S. of a “betrayal of trust” in multinational negotiations to reduce tariffs. But even as the Japanese were applauding Hosokawa’s refusal to cave in to Clinton, his government was calculating how to avoid a fight. Early in the week Tokyo was unnerved when the yen rose about 6% against the dollar while Washington stood by with arms folded. The upward pressure came from speculators counting on the U.S. to encourage a stronger yen to make American products cheaper in Japan. Because that would also cut into the profits of beleaguered Japanese companies that sell abroad, a 5% drop in the Japanese stock market quickly followed.

Tokyo scrambled to propose conciliatory measures to promote imports, speed deregulation, break down monopolies and open up government purchasing to outsiders—a standard litany that Washington wasn’t buying. And the Japanese gave no sign of willingness to compromise on the issue of IDO president Takeo Tsukada’s warning afterward. “It’s just not acceptable for the United States to continue on the same path,” Clinton warned back last week. But as both sides grumbled, they tried to keep the brinkmanship within bounds. “The intent and fact are to be measured and calm about this,” insisted a White House official, even as others waved fists at Japan.

As part of an agreement to give Motorola “comparable market access”—reached in 1989 after Washington threatened reprisals—the Japanese government provided the company a slice of the cellular-phone bandwidth in the Tokyo-Nagoya region. There was a catch: Motorola’s new transmitting equipment would have to be installed by IDO, the wholly private cellular operator in that area. Called upon to build facilities for a competitor, IDO dragged its feet. In 1992, at Motorola’s request, Washington sought and gained a follow-up agreement to speed construction.

Last summer Motorola again protested the slow pace, leading the White House back to bargaining with Japan. The U.S. wants guarantees that the new system will be up two years earlier than IDO’s projected completion date in March 1997. In the view of IDO president Takeo Tsukada, that would lead his still unprofitable company to “certain bankruptcy.” Motorola says anything less would keep it out of the cellular boom expected to start in April, when new regulations permit Japanese consumers to own phones instead of just renting them. Tokyo, meanwhile, insists that the remaining tangles are just a business dispute between private companies. “Washington is asking us to guarantee Motorola’s business,” complains a Japanese official.

Cellular phones are just one of 31 areas covered by trade agreements that the U.S. could use as gauges of Japanese intransigence and then retaliate. “It’s not our desire to be provocative,” says a White House official. “But the status quo cannot continue.” Neither can the present standoff, without the danger of a more serious confrontation that nobody wants. Now, does anybody here know how to just dabble in a trade war? —Reported by James Carney/Washington and Edward W. Desmond/Tokyo
Chevy congratulates Sterling Marlin, winner of the Daytona 500. We hope you enjoyed watching this year's running of the Daytona 500. In all the excitement, you probably didn't notice all the Chevy engineers who had a hand in "dialing in" the winning car. Armed with more victories on the Winston Cup Circuit than any other car company in the last 10 years.
Chevy held a meeting in Daytona.

our engineers have the quick-thinking and problem-solving skills that it takes to design better cars for the street. And by proving themselves on our cars at Daytona, there won't be a whole lot left for them to prove when they get their hands on yours. No car company has won more races over the last thirty years than Chevrolet.
In Tailhook's wake, Kelso's legacy is a Navy whose treatment of women needs an overhaul

DEFENSE

Up from the Depths

Why is the Navy off course? Some experts contend that too many recent chiefs were submariners.

As the TAILHOOK SEXUAL-ASSAULT scandal drove him into early retirement from the Navy, Admiral Frank Kelso last week sought to overhaul his image. The Navy's top officer claimed that during his nearly four years at the helm, he had helped rid the service of its tolerance for abusive attitudes toward women. If anyone treats women as did the drunken, groping aviators at the Tailhook convention 2% years ago, Kelso blustered at a press conference, "they're not going to be in this man's Navy."

In fact, his legacy is a Navy still straining to accommodate women, homosexuals and members of racial minorities. At the same time, the Navy's reputation has been battered by the investigations into Tailhook and cheating by midshipmen at the Naval Academy in Annapolis. Some naval officers and military experts note that the Navy's recent problems have come under a series of chiefs—from James Watkins in 1982 to Carlisle Trost in 1986 to Kelso—who arose from the aloof and secretive submarine fleet. Submarine commanders usually are trained as engineers and are not renowned for their people skills. Presiding over crews of 155 or fewer highly screened men hasn't prepared the Navy's recent leaders to grapple with modern personnel problems. Kelso and other submariners "didn't have the leadership challenges that surface-warfare officers had," agrees Senator John McCain of Arizona, a retired Navy pilot.

The Navy hasn't been run by a purebred surface-ship captain—whose sailors make up the bulk of its force—since Elmo Zumwalt left the job a generation ago. "When you go a long period of time without having a surface-fleet CNO, then it comes a very serious morale problem for that vast segment of the Navy," Zumwalt says.

Early speculation was that President Clinton would name Admiral Jeremy ("Mike") Boorda, a surface-warfare officer, as CNO. Unlike all 24 CNOs who came before, Boorda, a high school dropout, never attended the Naval Academy. As the Navy personnel chief from 1988 to 1991, he drafted a plan that allowed the Navy, unlike other services, to shrink dramatically without firing personnel. But an Administration official said Saturday that Clinton might prefer to keep Boorda in his sensitive Naples post, where he has been planning the possible NATO bombing campaign against the Serbs. If so, the next CNO is likely to be Admiral Charles Larson, the Pentagon's Pacific commander—a Naval Academy graduate who would be the fourth submariner in a row to run the Navy.

By Mark Thompson/ Washington

The Budget

Ducking the Homeless Bill

The White House shies from a fiscal trade-off

Neglect of the homeless was one Reagan-Bush legacy Bill Clinton angrily promised to change. Last spring the President ordered three members of his Cabinet to study the problem and propose bold solutions. Last week they did, in a private report to the White House that concluded that the nation's homeless population may have totaled as many as 7 million in the late 1980s—for higher than any current estimate. The report, signed by Housing and Urban Development Secretary Henry Cisneros, Health and Human Services' Donna Shalala and Veterans Affairs chief Jesse Brown, proposed spending large new sums on subsidized housing, mental health and other programs.

All well and good—except the document dodges the issue of how to finance such a plan or even how to estimate what it may cost. This was a curious oversight inasmuch as the same report specifically targets a rich source of funds: the billions of dollars in mortgage-interest tax deductions granted to the wealthiest one-fifth of American families.

The tax code, notes the report, grants middle- and upper-class Americans more in housing subsidies than poor people get, at a cost of $41 billion last year—85% of which went to the most affluent taxpayers. But the report makes no proposal for changing the mortgage-interest tax deduction. "Nowhere to go: And no idea how to pay for programs," officials deny they are avoiding a tough political choice. "We talk about it, but we don't say, 'Let's take on the middle class' because it will never happen," says an Administration official. "The middle-class mortgage deduction is a major economic generator. And if you slowed the economy because you reduced mortgage deductions, who did you really help? Nobody."

That argument begs the point. The issue: whether the Administration is willing to limit those deductions for Americans who can afford half-million-dollar homes and second homes.
EVEN BY NEW ORLEANS' LUSTY STANDARDS for revelry, last week's finale to weeks of Mardi Gras merrymaking was an epic blowout. There were John Bobbitt mimics, a Tonya Harding on roller skates with a baseball bat, and vendors peddling cellular keychains. The 10-hour parade was viewed by 1 million revelers who overflowed hotels and French Quarter restaurants. As grateful merchants tottered up the $10 million infusion, swelled for the first time by a riverboat casino, tourism-commission spokeswoman Beverly Gianna pronounced it "a grand and glorious party."

But beyond earshot of the festivities were the sounds of a city falling apart. In Gert Town, a 13-square-block Warren of ramshackle cottages and abandoned apartments, crack deals were made as children played amid broken glass and litter. As night fell, there and across the city streets emptied and residents retreated behind double-locked doors and iron gates.

The mounting fear of violence in the Big Easy is no idle perception. The murder count last year hit a record 389, a 36% jump over 1992. Other serious crime is causing alarm as it becomes more brazen and frequent: smash-and-grab assaults on motorists at stoplights, robberies of French Quarter tourists. Bob Tucker, a computer-services executive, shot an intruder who jumped him as he left for work one morning. Says Tucker: "Crime is out of control and everywhere."

That worry is turning neighborhoods rich and poor into armed camps. Residents of the stately Garden District along St. Charles Avenue sometimes pack pistols when they visit neighbors' homes for parties. Others act as sentries, carrying cellular phones when they walk their dogs. Rather than allow their children to play in yards, neighbors in one Uptown area banded together to build a walled compound. "Maybe it's like this everywhere, but sometimes I go from my alarm-locked home to my alarm-locked car to my alarmed office," says Bee Fitzpatrick, who runs an import store.

New Orleans' crime problem poses a special danger because of the economy's dependence on tourism and conventions. They are the principal industries left in this city of nearly 430,000 in 1980 to 407,000 today. The shrinkage has intensified a rolling budget crisis that has forced severe cutbacks in social services to a growing underclass of jobless and low-income blacks: 54% of African-American families earn less than $15,000. "Agencies are all overwhelmed," says Julius Wilkerson, who runs a private outreach effort for high-risk youths. "We need a dozen programs for every one we've got if we're going to give kids an alternative to shooting dope and killing themselves."

Ten percent of the population lives in 10 housing projects, most of them squalid, low-rise slums so dangerous the police avoid them when they can. Though the wait for housing is months long, hundreds of units stand empty, many awaiting renovations. An equal eyesore is thousands of abandoned houses—37,000 by one estimate—that stand boarded up or forsaken by landlords in the face of advancing crime and poverty. City services ranging from park programs and tree trimming to libraries have been cut.

Gambling's boosters, foremost among them Edwin Edwards, the state's high-rolling Governor, see salvation in plans to build the world's largest casino in the city's downtown. New Orleans officials were so desperate for revenues that before the deal was signed they penned $29 million in projected gaming revenues into their new budget. But a lawsuit threatens to delay the project.

Crime is the top issue in the March 5 mayoral runoff that pits Donald Mintz, a lawyer and civic activist, against Marc Morial, a state senator and son of the late Dutch Morial, the city's first black mayor. The incumbent Sidney Barthelemy cannot seek a third term. Both candidates vow to put more cops on the street, but the issues have been obscured by a muddling barrage.

The political theater is familiar to New Orleans, but it seems only to heighten public cynicism. Observes Xavier University sociologist Silas Lee: "We've taken a Mardi Gras approach for too long, covering up all the problems with costumes. But we were dying on the inside." That can change, others say, if New Orleans draws on its inner grit and bonhomie: "It has things going for it that others don't," says Renwick. "Who would want to eat in Atlanta compared to New Orleans anyway?" In times like these, a little civic chauvinism should be forgiven.
THE SIEGE BEGINS TO CRACK: Heavy Serb weapons may be moving away from Sarajevo, but no one knows what targets they might hit next.

BOSNIA

Words Are Not Enough

Even if the Serbs live up to their promise to pull the guns back from Sarajevo, peace remains out of reach

By BRUCE W. NELAN

THE SIEGE OF SARAJEVO BEGAN TO EASE last week in the snows of Pale, a former ski resort overlooking the city. Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic walked down the front steps of his headquarters in his putative capital, his shaggy hair glistening with snowflakes, to announce: "We do think the war in Sarajevo is finally over." Beside him, Russian special envoy Vitali Churkin, the catalyst for Karadzic's conversion, nodded his agreement. The Serbs, Churkin said, would withdraw their heavy weapons from the heights around Sarajevo. In return, Russia would contribute several hundred soldiers to peacekeeping forces in the area. There would be no need for Nato bombs, he argued, because there would be no targets.

Karadzic's proclamation of an end to the war was premature. The obvious purpose of the conciliatory words was to forestall the air strikes promised by Nato after Feb. 20 if the Serbs did not move their guns away from Bosnia's capital or hand them over to the U.N. It will, of course, be a good thing if the maneuver succeeds in stopping shells from smashing into the city. But peace is hardly at hand: the siege is not over so long as Serbian troops ring Sarajevo; the war is not over so long as Bosnia's ethnic factions do battle across the countryside. And many observers wonder if the Bosnian Serbs have not got the better part of the deal.

Though the Serbs began pulling their artillery, tanks and mortars down the icy roads around Sarajevo last week, it was not certain how many weapons were leaving or where they were going. Rather than stockpile them under U.N. guard, the Serbs might move them to Bihac in the northwest, for example, where Muslim-Serb battles have intensified in recent weeks, or to Bosnian-held Olovo, just north of Sarajevo. U.N. officials and diplomats spoke of "very significant withdrawals" from the capital region—while Serb vehicles were seen heading north and south, perhaps toward other battle zones.

But as they pulled out, some of the ordinary Serb soldiers seemed to think peace was coming. On the main road above Sarajevo, crew members were repairing an old Russian-made T-55 tank. Its dirty green hull covered with slush. "Hello, my name is Borislav," one of the crew called out. "I'm 28 and a Leo." The war had gone on too long, he said. "It is time to go home. We will be gone before NATO comes."

No one could say for sure if the Serbs had done enough to meet the Sunday Nato deadline. All heavy weapons that are not at least 12.5 miles from the city center or under U.N. control by then will still face air strikes by Western planes. Karadzic said boldly he would beat that time by 24 hours and invited patrols by U.N. blue helmets to begin on Saturday. The Nato allies said they would decide only after the deadline expires whether the Serbs had fulfilled the conditions. "NATO stands ready to carry out its mission," Bill Clinton said Saturday.

When a mortar shell killed 68 people in the Sarajevo marketplace three weeks ago, it shook the rest of the world as well. After 22 months of hand wringing and empty threats, NATO finally responded with an ultimatum. While the Serbs were finding it politic to negotiate a deal with the new U.N. ground commander, British Lieut. General Sir Michael Rose, the prospect of NATO action moved an anxious Russia—caught between loyalty to fellow Orthodox Slavs and its interests in cooperating with the West—to intervene. Air strikes would have forced Boris Yeltsin to risk the wrath of Russian nationalists or to condemn the attacks and alienate international friends. So Churkin paid his visit to Pale, carrying a face-saving plan from Yeltsin.

The new effort may bring an immediate payoff for the 380,000 residents of Sarajevo, where about 10,000 people—including 1,500 children—have been killed since Bosnian Serbs launched the war in April 1992. If the guns pull back and the U.N.-brokered cease-fire holds, Sarajevans can draw a confident breath and move around their city in the knowledge that they will not be shot by snipers or blown to pieces. That achievement alone is worth considerable effort, and it could lend impetus to similar settlements for other ostensibly "safe areas" where Muslims are surrounded by both Serbs and Croats.
Outsiders reap important benefits too. Clinton will breathe a sigh of relief if NATO planes do not have to fly bombing runs over the fog-wrapped mountains of Bosnia. A peaceful withdrawal will let him and the rest of the West claim it is the result of their toughness in facing down the Serbs. Yeltsin will score political points at home for standing by his Slav friends and abroad for his seriousness as an international peacemaker.

To balance that upbeat list there is another, less encouraging, set of considerations. Freeing Sarajevo of terror bombardments does not end its siege. "If the Serbs don't kill us with shells," says Mirsad Mojezinovic, a Bosnian army platoon leader, "then they'll do it with starvation." The Serbs still control ground movement into the city, along with the supply of food, electricity and gas.

Many Sarajevans expect a continued erosion of the multiethnic nature of their city as the U.N.-patrolled divisions take hold. The front lines of the Serbs and the Muslim-led Bosnian forces are not changing, and now U.N. peacekeepers are moving between, freezing them in place. In fact, the trenches manned by the two sides may one day become boundaries for the partition of the city that the Serb militia is determined to achieve.

All these feints, advances and retreats on the ground are supposed to lead to a diplomatic settlement. The only peace plan under discussion—the U.N.-backed Owen-Stoltenberg proposal—is one that will let the Serbs keep what they have captured and cut Bosnia into three ethnic pieces. The Muslim-led government rejects the plan because it rewards the Serb aggressor. The European allies believe the U.S. has agreed to push the Bosnians into accepting the Owen-Stoltenberg map. Says a Serb captain: "It depends on the will of the international community to be as hard on the Muslims as it has been on the Serbs."

A few hundred more blue helmets, even Russian ones, will not accomplish that. Moscow is now trying to round up the Serbs under its preferred-trading status with Washington allows its defense budget to remain low, and it abhors even thinking about developing a nuclear hedge against North Korea's capabilities.

China welcomes the current confusion as an aid to retaining its preferred-trading status with the U.S. "Beijing figures its chances improve if it is perceived as the single source capable of constructively pressuring Pyongyang," explains an Administration sinologist, even though the evidence suggests China did little if anything to encourage Kim's latest maneuver.

Finally, despite its public huffing, the U.S. seems to be taking North Korea's supposed nuclear capacity in stride. Whatever exists is "not militarily significant," says U.S. Pacific Commander Charles Larson. Yet, adds the admiral, it is obviously "significant politically." Which is why no one tells the truth—neither the West nor the North Koreans. "As soon as the bombs' existence is confirmed unambiguously," says a State Department official, "you have to do something about it. Better to let what is be and move to cap it at the present low-threat level."

"North Korea cannot be allowed to develop a nuclear bomb," Clinton said firmly last November, no doubt recalling that the last time a U.S. Administration got Korea wrong, the body-bag business became a growth industry because Harry Truman took too long to give 'em hell. "Drawing a line in the sand early is what you should have done in the '50s," says a Japanese diplomat. "Today you should be softer. Kim's bottom line is still his regime's survival, but victory is defined differently this time. Kim knows the way to win in the '90s is by joining the Asian economic boom rather than by armed conflict. Clinton has already made one mistake. He should have told Kim, 'You say you don't have the Bomb. O.K., we believe you.' Then, quietly, he should have begun to deal. Now, when everything is public and so much pride is on the line on both sides, it's harder."

But not impossible. "We'll certainly consider trading with them if they don't transfer their technologies to other nations," admits an Administration official. "It's the proliferation possibilities that really worry us."

So there's the bargain waiting to be struck. If the North is really more interested in getting rich than in making war, Clinton has a second chance to get it right. Assuming he finesse the current crisis, the President should learn the central lesson before other bad actors follow Kim's lead. The U.S. should actively engage the world's other rogue states before it's too late—no matter the know-nothings whose knee-jerk reaction to creative diplomacy is to cry appeasement. It won't always work. It didn't with Iraq. But peace prospects grow as fewer states are isolated. The time to deal with nuclear blackmail is before those who would threaten trouble acquire the wherewithal to make it. —Reported by Edward Barnes/Pale, James L. Graff/Sarajevo and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington

THE POLITICAL INTEREST

Michael Kramer

Playing Nuclear Poker

Does North Korea have the bomb, and if it does, what should be done about it? Kim Il Sung offered an essentially hollow capitulation last week, a promise to permit inspections of all but the key nuclear sites, which could settle the matter. So the world—and Bill Clinton—will be left to ponder those questions, perhaps indefinitely. What to do?

First, assume North Korea already has two crude nuclear devices, as those who are paid to know such things assume.

Second, understand the key players' views and motivations. South Korea, the presumptive first target of any attack from the North, is backing Kim into a corner. A result it fears economic sanctions would accomplish. What Seoul wants least is responsibility for an economically devastated North. "We're content with a divided peninsula," says a South Korean diplomat familiar with the huge absorption costs borne by West Germany's embrace of the East.

Japan is happy with the status quo too. Tokyo's joint security treaty with Washington allows its defense budget to remain low, and it abhors even thinking about developing a nuclear hedge against North Korea's capabilities.

But not impossible. "We'll certainly consider trading with them if they don't transfer their technologies to other nations," admits an Administration official. "It's the proliferation possibilities that really worry us."

So there's the bargain waiting to be struck. If the North is really more interested in getting rich than in making war, Clinton has a second chance to get it right. Assuming he finesse the current crisis, the President should learn the central lesson before other bad actors follow Kim's lead. The U.S. should actively engage the world's other rogue states before it's too late—no matter the know-nothings whose knee-jerk reaction to creative diplomacy is to cry appeasement. It won't always work. It didn't with Iraq. But peace prospects grow as fewer states are isolated. The time to deal with nuclear blackmail is before those who would threaten trouble acquire the wherewithal to make it. —Reported by Edward Barnes/Pale, James L. Graff/Sarajevo and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington

ONE CLEVER COMMUNIST: North Korea's Kim II Sung

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1994

45
AMID DISASTER, AMAZING VALOR

The untold story of the American troops who turned a calamitous foray in Mogadishu into an extraordinary lesson in military courage

By KEVIN FEDARKO

The Mogadishu street where Cliff Wolcott died on Oct. 3 last year doesn't even have a name. For Wolcott, one of 15 helicopter pilots who took part in the ill-fated operation aimed at capturing warlord Mohammed Farrah Aidid, luck ran out when he spotted several armed Somalis firing rocket-propelled grenades at his Black Hawk attack helicopter. Turning the craft broadside to give his gunners a better shot, Wolcott became a perfect target. A grenade exploded into the side of the chopper. "Super six-one is going down," he yelled into his headset, "Six-one is going in." Those would be his last words. The crash of Wolcott's Black Hawk transformed what had been planned as a textbook operation to decapitate Somalia's most powerful warlord into the longest sustained fire fight American soldiers have endured since the Vietnam War. The human costs of that raid, which took the life of 18 Americans and wounded more than 75 others, altered the very nature of the U.S. peacekeeping mission in Somalia, shocking the American public and forcing from the President a promise to remove all U.S. troops by the end of March.

Many of the details of that debacle are well known: the aborted mission to rein in Aidid, the desperate efforts of several relief convoys to reach and extricate the trapped Task Force Rangers and—above all, the capture, beating and humiliation of helicopter pilot Michael Durant. One part of the story has gone largely unreported, however: the 15-hour pitched battle that took place around the wreckage of Wolcott's chopper, an extraordinary display of valor by 99 men under calamitous circumstances. TIME has been told that two of those men who gave their life to protect Durant—Sergeant First Class Randall Shugart and Master Sergeant Gary Gordon—have been recommended to receive the nation's highest award for valor, the Congressional Medal of Honor. In addition, more than a dozen other Rangers and airmen will soon be given special awards. During the past six weeks, more than 19 of these soldiers agreed to be interviewed, some for the first time. This is their story.

At 3:40 p.m. on Sunday, Oct. 3, six MH-60 Black Hawk helicopters and eight MH-6 and AH-6 "Little Birds" headed for a building in southeastern Mogadishu where Aidid's henchmen were reported to be meeting. Within minutes, nearly 50 commandos from Delta Force, the premier U.S. counterterrorism unit, and several hundred Army Rangers had captured 24 of Aidid's closest colleagues. While helicopters from Task Force 160, the Army's special-operations air wing, fluttered overhead, the Rangers herded the prisoners into a nearby courtyard and awaited a ground convoy to take them away. Then came the radio report that would change everything: "One of the birds is down."

Karl Maier, 37, was at the controls...
of an unarmed MH-6 Little Bird helicopter when he spotted Wolcott's Black Hawk heeling over nose first. The stricken craft smashed into an alley about 500 yds. northeast of the target site the Rangers had first assaulted, its rotors chewing off the corner of a one-story building. Maier's decision was instantaneous. "I'm going in," he announced into his headset, and swung his aircraft toward the street corner. The space was so narrow that his blades barely cleared the houses on both sides as he set his bird on the ground.

The intersection was already filled with Somali fighters bombarding Wolcott's wreckage with AK-47 assault rifles and grenades. Facing directly into the enfilade, Maier's only defense was a light submachine gun, which he fired from the cockpit with his right hand. That left the pilot only his left hand to steady the chopper, while copilot Keith Jones struggled to load two injured Rangers aboard, then yelled at Maier to take off. Left behind were a handful of wounded Rangers, plus the bodies of Wolcott and his copilot, Donovan Briley, 33, of Little Rock, Arkansas.

As he ascended, Maier waved to a small detachment of Rangers led by First Lieut. Tom DiTomasso, 26, that had just fought its way from the original target near the Olympic Hotel. Surveying the scene, one of DiTomasso's younger infantrymen, Sergeant Anton Berendsen, 19, thought to himself, "For sure we are going to die."

Not far from the wreckage of Wolcott's chopper, pilot Dan Jollota was struggling to hold his aircraft steady while 15 Rangers "fast-roped" to the ground by sliding down a 40-ft. line at a rate only slightly more controlled than a free fall. In the cockpit, Jollota could hear the thunk-thunk-thunk of his rotors punctuated by the deadly whoosh of rocket-propelled grenades. With two Rangers still on the ropes, the chopper took a direct hit that chewed holes in a main rotor blade. The steel-nerved pilot bit off the impulse to flee. "It was remarkable," said a crewman aboard a nearby helicopter. "They just sat there as the RPGs whistled around them." Only when his men had slid to safety did Jollota begin limping back to base.

On the ground, the Rangers saw that Wolcott could not have crashed in a worse position. Smashed like a broken eggshell, the cockpit had hopelessly entangled the body of the pilot. To make matters worse, the craft had come to rest on a slight rise in the street, exposing anyone near it to the Somali's devastating cross fire. "Dust got in my eyes from so many bullets popping off the walls," recalled Specialist John Waddell, 20.

As the fusillade increased, the Rangers ripped up the bulletproof Kevlar mats from the floor of Wolcott's Black Hawk to fashion a makeshift bunker. The shield, however, provided only the barest protection, as Master Sergeant Scott Fales, 36, swiftly discovered. An Army special-forces medic who has saved 88 lives during his career, Fales was working on several wounded men when he felt himself slammed to the street. A bullet had ripped through his leg. Hunkering down next to the wreckage, he quickly bandaged the wound and then resumed tending his comrades.

While Fales divided his attention between saving lives and fighting off the Somalis—"I'd fire a few rounds to push them back, then put my rifle across my lap and turn around to do my medical duties"—several Rangers pulled at the crumpled wreckage to free Wolcott and the copilot. To no avail: it would eventually take a hum-
Sheltered in a warren of houses and courtyards, Bray and his men now faced another complication: more than a dozen Somali women and children who were huddling, terrified, against the walls. Fearing that if the civilians were released they would either be killed in the street or serve as spotters for Somali sharpshooters, the Rangers corralled the Somalis in a back room. Somalis would later charge that the Americans were using women and children as hostages. In fact, say the soldiers, the reverse was true: "We were under such tight rules of engagement that we couldn't effectively return fire," said Black Hawk pilot Mike Goffena. "Even when we knew there were bad guys, we wouldn't shoot if civilians were in the way."

As casualties rose, the medics were forced to dart from one stricken soldier to another. Crouched near the wreckage of Wolcott's chopper, Fales suddenly spotted five grenades sailing over a wall in his direction. Yelling to warn his comrades, he threw his body over two wounded soldiers to shield them from shrapnel. Meanwhile, Technical Sergeant Tim Wilkinson, 36, a Special Forces medic, also nestled next to the downed helicopter, heard a call from the other side of the street. It was Bray; his men needed medical attention. Yelling across the street for them to "lay down some cover," Wilkinson grabbed his medic's bag, put his head down and ran. He didn't even bother to bring his rifle.

"It's just like stealing a base in baseball," he said of the 45 yds. of open street raked by enemy fire through which he sprinted. "Once you make the decision to go, you just go." In the next several hours, he would dodge death in this manner two more times.

I was shooting down the street and thinking, 'We're going to fight to the last man, and we'll be out of ammunition. And that will be it.'

—Jeffrey Bray
Chrysler-Plymouth National Minivan Sale!

UP TO $2,600

America's No. 1 Selling Minivans!

IN CASH BACK

Plymouth Voyager, Grand Voyager and Chrysler Town & Country!

AND OPTION

The Minivans with all 1998 Safety Standards Now!

SAVINGS!

Madness at The Minivan Store!
The Deal That Forced Dille

The inside story of how Viacom's Sumner Redstone placed a $10 billion bet against QVC's Barry Diller and finally won the long battle for Paramount

By JOHN GREENWALD

"They won. We lost. Next."

QVC chairman Barry Diller

THAT BLUNT, FIVE-WORD CONCESSION statement rang down the curtain last week on one of the hardest-fought and longest-running takeover sagas in American corporate history. It came after Viacom Inc., best known for its ownership of MTV, won an overwhelming victory in the epic five-month battle for control of Paramount Communications, garnering more than 90% of Paramount shares soon after the polls closed in the proxy contest. In doing so, Viacom takes home some of the crown jewels of entertainment, including the Paramount film and television studios and a library of 890 movies ranging from Wayne's World and The Firm to Sunset Boulevard. Just one month earlier, Viacom and Sumner Redstone, the company's iron-willed billionaire chairman, had looked like certain losers. But thanks to frenzied financial maneuvering and a stunning and perhaps precarious alliance with Blockbuster Entertainment Corp., the world's largest retail video-store operator, Viacom turned the battle around and put Barry Diller to rout.

The fight was a quintessential '90s struggle that reflected the merger mania sweeping the communications industry and the quest for films, TV shows and other programming to run on the much anticipated electronic superhighway. Companies now feel compelled to bulk up to colossal size to compete with giants like Time Warner or huge telephone-cable-TV combines like the proposed merger of Bell Atlantic and Tele-Communications Inc.

This is the story of how Viacom won the battle and how Diller, one of the toughest and savviest Hollywood wizards, let the prize slip away. It is also the story of shattered careers, plunging stock prices and looming corporate shake-ups, all of which are part of the true cost of Viacom's $9.9 billion victory.

Time was running out on the Viacom executives and advisers who hunkered down to a Sunday-afternoon skull session in the well-appointed 49th-floor mid-town-Manhattan offices of Robert Greenhill, the chairman of investment firm Smith Barney Shearson. Four days earlier, on Jan. 12, Paramount directors had spurned a sweetened Viacom bid and backed a $10 billion merger with Barry Diller's QVC home-shopping network. Unless Viacom came back fast and hard, everyone present knew, the fight would soon be over.

With their minds thus concentrated, one thought dominated all those at the meeting: how to throw a knockout punch that would be, as one of them put it, a "Diller-killer." The notion of tossing in more cash or stock was quickly nixed as too costly. So were bigger warrants and increased dividends. After several such options were rejected, Greenhill turned to one of his whiz-kid investment-banking strategists, Michael Levitt, 35, who described a scheme he said would blow away Diller. The novel plan called for issuing a type of security, called a contingent value right, cvr, or "collar," that would guarantee the value of Viacom's bid if Viacom stock failed to reach a certain price level within three years of the merger. The guarantee could cost Viacom an extra $1 billion or so under the worst scenario, but if the stock hit or surpassed the target, the collar would cost the company nothing.

The initial response by Viacom executives was at first unimpressive. Greenhill had floated the idea before, only to have the tightfisted Redstone reject it as too risky. Now Viacom executives shook their head, stared at the ceiling or began pacing. When Viacom president and chief executive Frank Biondi, the senior officer present, began to question Levitt's collar approach, Greenhill snapped, "Look, do you want to win this thing?" Biondi did, of course; after hearing Greenhill out, he agreed that the collar was Viacom's best, if not its only, option. "But how," asked the Viacom CEO, "do we sell it to Sumner?"

That turned out to be no problem. Redstone, who once saved his own life by clinging to a window ledge with his right hand during a Boston hotel fire, had vowed to do whatever it took to win Paramount. And with the Feb. 1 deadline for final bids fast approaching, he decided to seize the advantage. Four days after the Sunday meeting, Viacom
raised the cash portion of its bid from $104 a share to $107 a share for 50.1% of Paramount stock and added the collar. Recalled Redstone last week: "We wondered, 'What would Barry do?' I said, 'Barry will not raise his offer.' Barry had said he would not raise his bid again, and I believed him." In fact, Diller had already decided privately that he would go no higher.

But very few others believed the tenacious and daring Diller would fold. As he neared his 52nd birthday, Diller famously yearned to own—rather than merely run—a Hollywood studio. And victory in the takeover brawl would settle an old score with Martin Davis, the tyrannical chairman of Paramount who had forced Diller from his post as head of the Paramount studio in 1984. If Diller won the battle, he would be the boss, and Davis would soon be history.

In the end, Diller could not—or would not—try to better Redstone's relentless drive to win at all costs. Weeks before Viacom applied the collar, Diller had packed up 10 lbs. of Paramount documents and hauled them along on a year-end Caribbean vacation. Running the numbers while onboard the rented yacht *Midnight Saga* as he cruised off St. Barts, Diller decided that Paramount was not worth a penny more than the $10 billion in cash and stock that Viacom was bidding. "When I came back on Jan. 3," he recalls, "I said, 'We're not going to exceed our offer. The company is worth what we've offered, but I'm not going to offer any more.' It would have been irresponsible, I thought, and I held to that belief." Indeed, even when Diller threw more cash into his final offer on Feb. 1, he reduced the stock portion of the bid and thereby kept its overall value from rising.

Some members of the Diller camp chafed at his stand-pat posture. Bell South, which had invested $1.5 billion in Viacom in support of the Paramount bid, urged Diller to devise his own collar. So did Bruce Wasserstein, Bell South's investment adviser. Diller refused to name names or discuss the matter. "Yes, of course, people had different opinions," he acknowledges. "Some were trying to persuade me until the end." But, he still insists, "a collar just doesn't make sense," because a break in the stock market, as he saw it, would force Viacom to create more shares and dilute the interest of company shareholders.

Huizenga and Redstone will command a global empire that ranges from hockey and basketball to Beavis and Butt-head.
Diller had other reasons to err on the side of caution. While serving as chairman of Rupert Murdoch's Fox Inc. in the late 1980s, he saw how excessive debt almost sank that entertainment company. In the end, Diller essentially threw in his hand and let Redstone rake in the pot. For Redstone, the triumph in what he angrily came to call "the cruel, abusive and sometimes ridiculous battle for Paramount" could hardly have been sweeter. With the battle about to end last Monday, Redstone, Biondi and two Viacom colleagues repaired to the posh "21" Club in midtown Manhattan to dine and await the result of the tally of tendered shares, which was due by midnight. The first call from Viacom's proxy solicitor came at 8:30, with word that Viacom already had the 50.1% of Paramount stock needed for victory. Exults the 70-year-old Redstone: "I picked up a champagne glass and said, 'Here's to us. We won.' It was not said in arrogance. The frustration, the stress, the meanness that had taken place all disappeared."

But the big win left Viacom with $10 billion of debt and exacted a heavy toll on the company's shareholders and allies. Redstone concedes that the battle forced him to cough up some $1.5 billion more than he intended to pay when Viacom and Paramount unveiled their original merger agreement last Sept. 12. Since then the price of Viacom Class-B stock has shrunk more than 50%, falling from 56% to 25% last Friday as investors reckoned that the cost of the merger would hammer the company's profits for years.

The deal also spells the almost certain end of the Paramount career of Martin Davis, who has run the corporation since 1983 but was relegated to the role of bystander in the protracted struggle. There will be no room for Davis in the merged company, which will be headed by Redstone, Biondi and Blockbuster chairman H. Wayne Huizenga, who is to become Viacom's vice chairman. Davis will leave with a fat consolation prize, however, when he cashes in his Paramount stock for roughly $120 million.

According to some key participants, the Blockbuster deal nearly died aborning—a close call that could have scuttled Viacom's chances of winning Paramount as well. The trouble began shortly before Christmas, when Blockbuster president Steven Berrard demanded that Viacom provide a separate collar to protect Blockbuster shareholders, who were to receive $8.4 billion in cash and Viacom stock in exchange for their company. While Greenhill later championed a collar for Paramount shareholders, he rejected Berrard's demand out of hand. Reason: Viacom stock was falling fast, and if the plunge accelerated, the company would have to issue more shares under the collar guarantee and drive down the price even further. That would slash the value of Viacom's bid for Paramount, thus all but handing victory to Diller. Berrard was adamant, however. "No collar," he snapped, "no deal."

Viacom couldn't afford to let Blockbuster get away, because Redstone needed the video chain's financial clout to defeat Diller and then help pay interest on the debt after the Paramount merger. So Greenhill, whose firm earned $12.5 million for advising Viacom, resorted to a game of high-stakes financial chicken. He allowed the Blockbuster talks to break off rather than accede to Berrard's demands. At the same time, Greenhill instructed Levitt to maintain contact with his pal Berrard. The strategy paid off on Christmas Day, when Levitt, calling from New Jersey on his Jeep Cherokee car phone, got Berrard on the line at a golf resort in Arizona. Also booked up at various times were Biondi, who was in Scottsdale, Arizona, and two other members of the Viacom camp in Houston and Long Island's Hamptons. "Steve," said Levitt, "let's talk."

In the ensuing conversation, Levitt asked, "How can you guys not agree on this?" Retorted Berrard: "What would you say if you were advising Blockbuster?" That gave Levitt the opening he needed to persuade Berrard to start talking again to Viacom. The upshot: Viacom finally agreed to a revised collar that would compensate Blockbuster shareholders for any drop in Viacom stock over a one-year period. That satisfied Blockbuster, which had originally insisted on compensation for any stock drop at the closing of the merger.

Still, some Blockbuster shareholders continued to grumble last week over the steep decline in the value of Viacom stock. But with Huizenga and other corporate insiders holding 23% of Blockbuster shares, dissidents could be hard pressed to put together enough votes to block the Viacom-Blockbuster combination. "The stock sucks right now," concedes John Melk, a Blockbuster director. "But this is a tremendous deal. In the long run, that is." It might also be a personal coup for Huizenga, 56, who may yet play a dominant role in the sprawling new company. While Biondi, 49, will remain Viacom's chief executive officer, industry leaders who know Huizenga well say he could swiftly become the real power. "He is light-footed like Sumner, who is 70. He eats 44No collar,77 says an entertainment-industry executive. "He looks at Sumner, who is 70. He eats "He looks at Sumner, who is 70. He eats
with his new partner. Says the Viacom chairman: "I've been down here telling Wayne that the more roles he plays in this, the happier we're going to be." Adds Huizenga: "We're in the middle of the conversation. We haven't buttoned it all down yet."

The two men will command a global empire with stakes in virtually every form of entertainment—from the New York Rangers hockey team to mtv’s Beavis and Butt-head to interactive video games and playgrounds for children. That permits a vast range of product combinations under a single corporate roof, with Beavis and Butt-head games popping up in Blockbuster stores, for instance, or Viacom transmitting Paramount films and TV series like I Love Lucy over its cable-TV systems. Perhaps most important, the new company will have a mother lode of movies and TV programming to send over electronic superhighways like the one Viacom is building with AT&T in Castro Valley, California. The deal will also put Blockbuster into new businesses that will lessen its reliance on video stores as the interactive superhighway comes of age in the U.S. in this decade.

While Redstone claims that he doesn’t want—or need—to sell anything to lighten his debt burden, analysts say that some assets of the merged company will probably wind up on the block. They include Paramount’s 50% share of the usa cable TV network and the Lifetime channel, of which Viacom owns 33%. Also frequently mentioned is Paramount’s huge publishing arm, including Simon & Schuster and Prentice Hall, which may not mesh well with the new Viacom film and TV units. When questioned, Redstone asserts that Viacom “absolutely” wants to hold on to the publishing unit. Biondi says he considers it “a crown jewel.” However, he adds, “if someone wants to talk about assets, we’ll talk to them.”

As the smoke settles on the Paramount battle, the outcome bears an ironic resemblance to the aftermath of the 1989 fight in which a Davis-led Paramount made a run at Time Inc. as it was about to merge with Warner Communications to form Time Warner. Paramount’s aborted bid forced Time to borrow heavily to complete the Warner deal and create the world’s largest media company. In the same way, Diller’s bid for Paramount forced Viacom to jack up its price and increase its debt load to play in the land of the giants. The need to recruit Huizenga to help pay for the deal effectively pushed Davis out the door.

As for Diller, he barely stood still after accepting defeat last week. Within days of his concession statement, he reorganized qvc to expand its electronic retailing operations and to develop new interactive services like an online computer shopping business. All the while, Hollywood buzzed with rumors of imminent new Diller bids for everything from Time Warner to Matsushita-owned Universal Studios. While Diller says he does expect to return to movies at some point in the future, he adds, “We’re not going to talk, comment or hint about any future issue. When we’ve got something to say definitely, we’ll say it.”

And what was the big fight all about in the final analysis? What attracted Redstone and Diller to Paramount and drew them into the struggle? “They’re dream machines,” Biondi says of U.S. motion-picture studios. “They are the quintessential American dream machines.” And everybody wants one. —Reported by Sam Allis and Thomas McCarroll/New York, Cathy Booth/Miami and Jeffrey Ressner/Los Angeles

**CORPORATE CONNECTIONS**

The addition of Paramount offers new ways to sell entertainment.
Finding salvation at the finish line, Dan Jansen, the Olympics' heartbreak kid, is first at last

By PAULA WITTEMAN HAMAR

DAN JANSEN IS NOT the only person to fall on the ice. People do it all the time. Crossing the street. On a frozen pond. Even on the perfectly planed surfaces of a world-class oval or rink. World champions and gold-medal favorites tumble as ignominiously as tots on double runners. Ask Brian Boitano of the U.S. and Kurt Browning of Canada. Or Germany's Gunda Niemann, the favorite in the women's 3,000-m race last week. One second she is in full stride, the next she is sliding on her derriere. Bye-bye, medal. Is anyone surprised that ice is meant to be slippery?

Certainly not Dan Jansen. He prefers it that way. The ice has been his friend and partner, providing him a surface upon which to set world records and achieve fame—that is, out of the Olympic spotlight, on ovals in the Netherlands, Canada and Wisconsin. Beyond the land of the five-colored rings, he is recognized as a hero and the greatest sprinter on long blades of the past decade.

Jansen has a different persona, however. In Olympic competition, it was etched into the minds of fans on Valentine's Day in 1988 when his older sister Jane died of cancer. Later that day in Calgary, full of grief but nonetheless the gold-medal favorite in the 500 m, he fell. Millions of hearts cleared a place for Jansen that evening and kept him there after he fell again in the 1,000-m race.

Redemption did not come, as everyone hoped, in Albertville in 1992. When Jansen lost his balance in a turn and finished in fourth place in the 500, questions, quickly followed by opinions, took form. Eric Heiden never fell. Bonnie Blair doesn't fall (last week she won her fourth Olympic gold). Maybe Dan is jinxed, hexed, doomed. Then Jansen staggered home 26th in the 1,000. See. And so, simplistically, it came to be.

No matter that Jansen, like most everyone else, changed. His ebullient, cheerful wife Robin bore a daughter. They named her Jane after his sister. Jane was learning to crawl as daddy was lowering the 500 world record to less than 36 sec. in preparation for his final attempt.
to win an Olympic medal. Jansen told everyone who asked that he was at peace. It was apparent in his eyes, still soft but no longer sad.

The 500 was a lock for Jansen this time. You could take it to the bank. Except by now everyone knew that speed skaters can and do go down. That has been Dan's singular contribution to the common body of knowledge about his discipline. On Monday, 300 m into the race of his life, it began to happen again. Out went Jansen's hand to steady himself, the friction of it scraping along the ice probably enough to cause the thirty-five hundredths of a second's difference between gold and Jansen's eighth-place finish. "You lose so much momentum, it's hard to get the speed back," he said after he recovered his composure.

Jansen went back to his quarters that night, sat down and wrote the four words that he had been penning to himself for the past two years. The mantra, given to him by sports psychologist Jim Loehr, said, "I love the 1,000." Problem is, Jansen didn't. "I was afraid of it," he admitted.

He was 0-for-6 in all Olympic races when he stepped onto the ice at the Viking Ship on Friday. Seven competitors had better times than Jansen's career best in the event. Moreover, the surface did not feel comfortable. "I wasn't gripping the ice well in the warmup," he said. Jansen knew he had to skate three-tenths of a second faster than he had ever done to have a chance. "Just relax," he told himself. "Have fun," added his coach Peter Mueller, seriously.

For the first 600 m, Jansen did just that. Then the skates that did not hold the ice in warmups lost their grip again. Imperceptibly, Down came his trailing left hand from its optimal position behind his back. But he held his concentration. Quickly he returned the hand to its place. Around the final turn 10,000 spectators held their breath. They let it out when he hit the last straightaway flying. When Jansen crossed the finish line 1 min. 12.43 sec. after he set out, salvation was his. "I knew when I saw the time," said Robin, who promptly hyperventilated and required medical attention. "The man upstairs took care of him," said Mueller, discounting the importance of his earlier attentions.

While characteristically thankful to one and all, Jansen thought he might have played a role in his own redemption. "Anybody who had doubts does not know racing," he said. "They don't know Dan Jansen.

Then he accepted his medal, shed several tears and skated a victory lap for his adoring Norwegian fans with his infant daughter in his arms.

He didn't slip once. —With reporting by Brian Cazenave/Hamar
As a veteran pair triumphs, a new triumvirate emerges

High Flyers

By MARTHA DUFFY

IN AN OLYMPICS where the women's practice sessions grabbed the headlines, an important change of guard took place in skating. The kids—relatively speaking—took over the men's field four years before they were expected to claim dominance. Lillehammer was heralded as the final showdown among veteran champions. Instead they fell away, and the gold went to Russia's 20-year-old Alexei Urmanov, a fledgling classicist who was not tipped to win anything. The silver skater was an aerial whiz from Canada, Elvis Stojko, 21. Philippe Candeloro, 22, a blithe and showy Frenchman, took the bronze after an incendiary program to Godfather music ended with a fall on a triple Axel near the end.

The established masters did not disgrace themselves. Viktor Petrenko, Kurt Browning and Brian Boitano had virtually lost their medal hopes two days earlier by skating weak short programs. But experience still counts: each was able to draw on reserves of seasoning in international competition to deliver a smooth, clean long routine. They placed fourth, fifth and sixth, respectively. That kind of finesse was what U.S. champion Scott Davis, 22, could not summon. Nervous and spill-prone, he wound up eighth.

The jumps told the story, and Urmanov had them—all eight of his planned triples. Stojko achieved higher elevation, and Candeloro's leaps were mighty, but both had bobbles. As two-time Olympic champion and TV commentator Dick Button put it, "The judges consider first whether you've completed your triples. After that, the overall impact of the program. Last of all comes skating: footwork, spins and musicality." If these priorities prevail, there will be more and more Stojkos and Candeloros at the top. Only the sky is their limit.

The young gun with the gold was the most balletic in his approach. Triples notwithstanding, Urmanov is no firecracker, but his program had pleasing balance. A native of St. Petersburg, he trains with one of his country's best, Alexei Mishin. For his efforts, Urmanov gets about $30 a month. Not for long.

Stojko and Candeloro provided the color in the competition: theirs should develop...
into a rich and fervent rivalry. Stojko is not so handsome as his eponym or so graceful. But could the Pelvis jump like a cat? Stojko can. And he shares Presley’s taste for loud music and louder costumes. But at the rink he is determined. “I’m very hungry for what I want,” he says. “Nothing’s going to stand in my way.”

His parents, Steve and Irene, emigrated from Eastern Europe to Ontario in the mid-1950s. Maybe his flair has been inherited; they named their first son Attila. At age 2, Elvis looked at skating on TV and announced that he wanted to do that. It was nearly three years before the Stojkos relented, but the rest is history: Elvis has been in high-level competition for six years.

Candeloro fancies himself a young Corleone. His approach to a program is freer-than-freestyle, and he is the most crowd-pleasing male skater to come along since Browning, radiating a cheeky sense of the ridiculous. At one point Candeloro’s answering-machine tape told callers to leave a message because he might be with a beautiful young woman. At the moment he sports a tiny cross in his ear, “so small,” he says with relish, “the judges can’t see it.”

Veterans did prevail at the pairs event. In the best competition in years, experience told the story, with returning Russian pros still setting the standard for grace and synchronization. The gold went to Ekaterina Gordeeva, 22, and her husband Sergei Grinkov, 27. Not much to quarrel with on that score, because the couple delivered a long program of seamless beauty.

Still there was some old-fashioned second-guessing afterward. Another returning Russian pair, the 1992 Olympic winners Natalia Mishkutienok, 23, and Artur Dmitriev, 26, rated silver for a showier, sexier program. One sequence resembled gymnastics on ice, lacking only the parallel bars and pommel horse. The couple’s coach, Tamara Moskvina, plotted the splashy routine to draw attention to their underdog pair with “a single piece of theater.” As for the winners’ chaste presentation, she said enigmatically, “Some prefer the priest; some prefer the priest’s wife.”

The bronze went to Canadians Isabelle Brasseur, 23, and Lloyd Eisler, 30, but as far as Eisler was concerned, they won gold too. A tireless critic of the rule change that allows professional skaters into the Olympics, he declared, “We feel bad for the younger ones who came in fourth and fifth, because the pros came back.”

It was an exciting week, that is, if world-class skating is what you’re looking for. This week promises more—and less. In the dance competition, which Jayne Torvill and Christopher Dean turned into a glamour event, the distance between the three top couples is minuscule. Then comes the real showdown, the ladies’ championship. At last the world can judge whether Nancy Kerrigan came back all the way from the clubbing attack. Often depicted as a fragile blossom, she showed a formidable dramatic streak when, on her first practice with Harding, she wore the white costume in which she was attacked. “I want her to see me in it again,” she told her startled coach. Now that’s in-fighting. As for Harding, she will have to demonstrate that her triple jumps equal her superb media balance. A pesky ankle has bothered her lately. In Hamar a silver cross was swinging from her neck, and at a press conference she invoked God in her cause.

But don’t get too distracted by the Americans, keep your eye on Surya Bonaly of France, Chen Lu of China and Oksana Baiul of Ukraine. They may hold the whole Olympic world in their hands.
By MARGOT HORNBLOWER KVITFJELL

MORE THAN A century ago, the Norwegian dramatist Henrik Ibsen hiked down the mountain range at Kvitfjell. It was, he recalled in his play Peer Gynt, akin to riding a wild buck through "the wide and dizzy void."

Last week Diann Roffe-Steinrotter could identify with that. Clad in skintight purple spandex at the starting gate of the Olympic course, the diminutive (5 ft. 4 in.) racer from Potsdam, New York, gazed down the ice-glazed slope to the distant valley below. In the Arctic chill, a kaleidoscopic blur of 40,000 snowsuits gazed back through a vast video screen. "I was sick-to-my-stomach nervous," she said. "I tried to drink water. My insides felt like California during the earthquake." But somehow as she zipped past red barns and sailed over moose and lynx paths down a sun-striped highway of snow, Roffe-Steinrotter summoned Olympian reserves. First in line among 56 skiers in the super-G, a cross between a downhill and a giant-slalom course, she had no one else’s mistakes to guide her. "It’s one day, one hill, 1½ minutes," she told herself, “and whoever shakes and bakes the best is going to get the gold.”

Ibsen’s not, but Roffe-Steinrotter was poetry in motion as the first American woman to win an Olympic Alpine ski race in a decade. It was the second surprise victory of the week for the U.S. Her compatriot Tommy Moe had blasted off with a gilded glide in the downhill and followed with a silver medal in the men’s super-G. "I’ve skied my butt off," said Moe, a square-jawed, square-talking Alaskan. "Now it’s paying off." On Saturday Americans struck ore again with a silver in the women’s downhill for the irrepressible Idaho daredevil Picabo Street. "I skied like a dirtbag," she said, "but I was charging down the mountain."

Not bad for a bunch only recently dubbed "Uncle Sam’s lead-footed snowplow brigade," by Sports Illustrated magazine. Yet even U.S. ski officials said they were stunned by the team’s sudden resurgence. "It’s the most unbelievable thing I’ve seen in sports," said American coach Paul Major of Roffe-Steinrotter’s win. The 26-year-old veteran’s career was in a slump, and she had failed to place higher than eighth in any World Cup race since capturing a silver medal in the 1992 Albertville Olympics. As for Moe, he had not won a major downhill contest in five years—and no American man had claimed an Olympic Alpine medal since 1984. None in history had won two in the same Games. But criticism galvanized the team. "I was really stoked," said Moe, who attributes the success to hard training. "We don’t deserve to be ridiculed."

The unexpected U.S. triumphs left Austrian and Swiss favorites floundering in the powder. The two powerhouse Alpine nations, where World Cup races are routinely televised and schuss stars are celebrities, had dominated Olympic skiing for decades. Yet last week a Norwegian (the dynamic Kjetil André Aamodt) and a Canadian (the surprising Ed Podivinsky) won silver and bronze medals in downhill after Moe, while a Russian, Svetlana Gladyscheva, edged Italian Isolde Kostner for silver in the women’s super-G. In the men’s super-G, Markus Wasmeier, a Bavarian who likes to play Mozart on his zither, won the gold, beating Moe and Aamodt, who captured the bronze. The French were dependent when their favorites failed to gar-
ner medals, and L'Equipe, the national sports daily, struck back by calling Moe—who had been expelled from teams as an adolescent for smoking marijuana—a "little truant" and describing Roffe-Steinrotter as looking like "an insomniac squirrel." But French skier Florence Masnada was more gracious. "The Americans have no complexes," she said admiringly. "They just throw themselves down the slope without asking any questions."

Few fans are likely to hold youthful sins against Moe. "I was not the smartest or the best student," he said of his marijuana-smoking days. "I was out having a good time, being a normal American kid." But when the ski team suspended him at 16, his father, a contractor, hauled him up to the Aleutian Islands for a summer of 16-hour workdays. "He shoveled gravel," recalled Tom Sr. "He crawled on all fours." Moe Jr. straightened out. Since then he has put in six grueling years on the World Cup circuit, racing from one mountain to another.

The mood at the Alpine races was exuberant. The frigid temperature—down to 1°F—seemed only to stimulate flag-waving, cowbell-clanking Norwegians. Before the race they bounced up and down to keep warm—and to keep time with the weirdly appropriate golden oldies blasting from loudspeakers. One tune, Achy Breaky Heart, seemed a dirge for the brilliant career of Swiss veteran Franz Heinzer, whose bindings snapped as he leaped out of the downhill's starting gate. Heinzer whacked the snow with his poles in fury and three days later announced his retirement at 31.

Another heartbreaking moment was the failure of former Olympic champion Donna Weinbrecht, the 28-year-old New Jerseyan, who has dominated freestyle moguls skiing since it became a medal sport in Albertville. Weinbrecht had fought her way back from a crippling knee injury. But she finished seventh out of 16 in the competition last week. "I started getting this numb feeling and a real bad vision thing," Weinbrecht told reporters at the finish line. "It's one of those things where you're off. This course, I think I could have shredded it, as we say in freestyle. But when it counted, it was like an out-of-body experience." It was a sad parenthesis in the wacky competition that combines hotdogging exhibitionism with athletic zeal. American Liz McIntyre, a Dartmouth graduate, captured a silver medal by executing a Daffy Twister jump, while winner Stine Lise Hattestad of Norway performed a Cossack—an aerial ballet split on skis, as did the men's mogul winner, Canadian Jean-Luc Brassard. Each race was introduced by a recorded rooster's loud "cock-a-doodle-doo."

Only Alberto Tomba, the madcap Italian slalomer, is a household name beyond the Alps. But Moe, 24, and Aamodt, 23, seem poised to become the Jean-Claude Killys of the '90s: glamorous derring-doers capable of focusing world attention on the Alpine sport. Moe, so easygoing that he was yawning at the starting gate of both races, has an outdoorsy charm that could earn him as much as $1 million a year in corporate endorsements, according to industry insiders. "He is already capturing the hearts and minds of the American public," says Jon Franklin, a vice president of the International Management Group, which handles Tomba and other skiers.

As for Aamodt, whose ski-coach father used to blindfold him on skis to teach him the feel of the snow, he is fast succeeding the Austrian Mare Girardelli, who competes for Luxembourg, as the world's best all-around skier. Leading in World Cup points, the charismatic Norwegian skis both downhill and slalom and could well rack up more medals this week. "In Norway we used to have the attitude that you should not do something special—or at least you should not think you are special," Aamodt said. "But now we are developing a winner's attitude. In the U.S. you like to be No. 1. With the Olympics, the American Dream has come to Norway."

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1994
LEXANDER SCOTT, THE GLOBE-trotting secret agent played by Bill Cosby in the 1960s series *I Spy*, made a return visit to his old top-secret agency a couple of weeks ago. And no one was more surprised than the security guard who had to inspect his outdated photo ID. “Long assignment?” she asked skeptically. “Sick leave,” he replied.

It may be too harsh to call them the over-the-hill gang. But TV’s newest batch of prime-time detectives are, let us say, not the sleuths you’d feel most comfortable hiring to follow an armed robber down a dark alley. Cosby, now 56 and with a No. 1-rated sitcom under his (expanding) belt, not only resurfaced in *I Spy Returns* on CBS but also played a police crime consultant in *The Cosby Mysteries*, the first of a planned series of NBC movies. Dick Van Dyke, now an avuncular 68, portrays a crime-solving physician in the CBS series *Diagnosis Murder*, and Gene Barry, 74, is back in *Burke’s Law*, a new version of the ’60s series about a millionaire police detective who tools to crime scenes in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce.

In yet another TV revival, Robert Wagner, 64, and Stefanie Powers, 51, returned last week in *Hart to Hart: Home Is Where the Hart Is*, an NBC movie based on their decade-old series about high-living husband-and-wife detectives. George C. Scott and Louis Gossett Jr. are among the stars who will join the old-codger crime-fighting brigade later this spring. Add to these such veteran TV sleuths as Angela Lansbury in *Murder, She Wrote*, Andy Griffith in *Matlock* and Peter Falk in occasional *Columbo* movies, and you’ve got enough votes to block Clinton’s Medicare reforms.

Detective shows are the low-impact aerobics of network programming. To an aging star for whom feature-film roles have dried up and sitcoms are too demanding, a detective show can be a comfortable sinecure. For viewers tired of rauc-
to solve a whodunit

cous sitcoms and hard-charging magazine shows, these TV whodunits provide easy-to-take, low-decibel entertainment. Murder, She Wrote, in its 10th season on CBS, is still a Top 10 hit. Matlock is a solid success in one of the week's toughest time periods: Diagnosis Murder and Burke's Law, new this season, have given CBS its best Friday-night ratings in years.

Even so, the genre has had to struggle to get back into network favor. The audience for these shows tends to be older, at a time when advertisers seem obsessed with targeting the young crowd. A recent Nielsen survey found that Murder, She Wrote, despite its high ratings, gets less for a 30-second commercial than its low-rated (but younger-skewing) Sunday-night competitor SeaQuest DSV.

Yet by the same token, the shows offer counterprogramming to youth-oriented sitcoms, plus a way to lure back the broad-based family audience that has drifted away from network TV. "Every segment of the audience has value," says CBS Entertainment executive vice president Peter Tortorici. "The better job you do of connecting them so you can get them to watch together is, ultimately, the best you can make of the medium."

Viewers from eight to 80 have little trouble recognizing the unwavering formulas of these arthritic whodunits: murder discovered, suspects questioned, red herrings introduced, culprit finally tripped up and exposed. Not every show is as hokey and mechanical as Burke's Law, which routinely ends with a scene in which Burke gathers all the suspects and eliminates them one by one until he fingers the guilty party. The better shows at least try to bring their criminology into the '90s: the key to the solution of Cosby's first mystery—Who is murdering the corporation's top executives?—was the racial feature on a victim's car fax.

Compares with the hard-nosed crime fighters in more realistic police shows like NYPD Blue and Law & Order, these detectives are easygoing dilettantes. For many, the job is just a sideline, sometimes a reluctant one. "I don't want to work;" whines Cosby's character, who is trying to retire after winning the lottery. "I just want to stay home and sleep and play my clarinet."

Van Dyke works in a metropolitan hospital, yet he seems to have unlimited time to run down clues in an effort to clear...
people falsely accused of murder—people who, far too often, are old personal friends. (With friends like these...)

Happily, these graying gumshoes are, for the most part, spared the indignity of fistfights, car chases and other demanding physical stunts. Typically, they have a younger partner who does most of the heavy lifting. (Both Barry and Van Dyke, for instance, are teamed with sons on the police force; Van Dyke’s is played by his real-life son Barry Van Dyke.) Yet even the few spurts of physical action can be discomfitting: last week’s Hart to Hart revival brought back Lionel Stander, now 86, as the Harts’ Man Friday, then forced the poor fellow to pursue a suspect (played by Alan Young, 74) over a rocky New England beach. Ben-Gay, anyone?

Though classic TV escapist, these shows may be filling a societal need. “They put an ‘entertainment grid’ on the explosion of crime that’s really happening out there,” suggests William S. Link, co-creator of Columbo and Murder, She Wrote as well as The Cosby Mysteries. “Today’s crime rate is the highest in history. People want to see some sort of control, and you get that with fiction. On TV, the heavies are always caught.”

The heavies, moreover, are considerably less frightening than those in real life. Murders on these shows are nearly always committed by well-groomed, well-to-do white people. And the deeds are neat, bloodless, imaginatively staged. In recent weeks we have seen a magician drown in a tank of water when his escape trick is sabotaged (Diagnosis Murder); a late-night TV host electrocuted by his microphone at a Friars-type roast (played by Alan Young, 74) over a rocky New England beach. Ben-Gay, anyone?

“We put an ‘entertainment grid’ on the explosion of crime that’s really happening out there,” suggests William S. Link, co-creator of Columbo and Murder, She Wrote as well as The Cosby Mysteries. “Today’s crime rate is the highest in history. People want to see some sort of control, and you get that with fiction. On TV, the heavies are always caught.”

The heavies, moreover, are considerably less frightening than those in real life. Murders on these shows are nearly always committed by well-groomed, well-to-do white people. And the deeds are neat, bloodless, imaginatively staged. In recent weeks we have seen a magician drown in a tank of water when his escape trick is sabotaged (Diagnosis Murder); a late-night TV host electrocuted by his microphone at a Friars-type roast (Burke’s Law); and a manic-depressive book editor driven to near madness and pushed off a building roof to feign a suicide (Murder, She Wrote). Murders are never random or accidental or committed in the heat of passion; they are carefully planned by people with clear, easily understood motives.

“One of you here tonight is a murderer, and I’m going to prove it,” Van Dyke announces just before exposing the magician’s killer. What’s nice about TV mysteries, as opposed to real-life ones, is that the culprit is always “here tonight.” Which may be one reason why the Nancy Kerrigan—Tonya Harding story has struck such a chord. Kerrigan’s attacker was not, as most people assumed at first, a crazed fan or a random nut. The crime appears to have been—just like TV!—an elaborately plotted effort by another skater’s camp to eliminate a rival. Any fan of Murder, She Wrote can recognize the motive. And not even Columbo could have cracked the case faster. —With reporting by Jeffrey Reaser/Los Angeles

---

**TELEVISION**

**The Origin of Our Species**

Nova offers a vivid three-part tour of human prehistory

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

MORE THAN 3 MILLION YEARS ago, a tiny female, part human and part ape, slumped to the mud of an East African lakeshore and died, her bones sinking deep into the soft ground. Eventually, the lake dried. The mud turned to rock and so, gradually, did her bones. She might have rested there undisturbed forever but for the roaring geologic forces that ripped the earth apart over the next 30,000 centuries, finally thrusting the long-buried fossil bones to the surface—where American anthropologist Donald Johanson would find them in 1974.

Two things make Origins more compelling than most science programs. The producers avoided the temptation to be encyclopedic and thereby to overwhelm viewers with information. And Johanson doesn’t simply present facts. He shows how paleoanthropologists actually work, how they uncover fossils (the hard part) and how they analyze what they’ve found (the harder part). The earliest hint that his team had discovered an especially ancient human ancestor was a single knee joint plucked from the African dirt. It was old—carefully dated volcanic ash in nearby rocks proved that. But it took laborious work by anatomist Owen Lovejoy to prove the knee belonged to a biped—and thus, not entirely ape-like—primate. Lucy turned up nearby a year later, but it took weeks to piece her jumbled bones into a partial skeleton and years before anthropologists could agree on her place in human evolution.

In short, Johanson presents paleoanthropology as a kind of detective story, in which physical evidence is carefully gathered, painstakingly assembled and used to construct a convincing story of what actually happened. (In fact, Lovejoy, Johanson’s frequent collaborator, also works with real detectives to solve murders and other crimes.)

The major differences between humans and apes, Johanson notes, are that the former are more intelligent and walk upright. There’s one more: humans are intensely and endlessly curious about where and how they began. In Search of Human Origins will do much to satisfy that curiosity.
Imagine a material so bright it lets you see an accident in time to prevent it.

It brightens the majority of the world's roads, helps safeguard everyone from tikes on trikes to marathon runners, and helps prevent accidents everywhere from Times Square to the outskirts of Moscow.

Of course, it's no accident that this lifesaving innovation comes from a company that developed, defined, refined, consistently improves and constantly expands the uses of reflective materials in sheeting and clothing. The company, 3M. Its people, encouraged to reach, unafraid to fail, anxious to answer questions that have yet to be asked, to make products that do not yet exist.

No wonder 3M teams have brightened our lives with more than 60,000 small miracles that make the world safer, easier, better. For information call: 1-800-364-3577, that is 1-800-3M-HELPS.
Think of it as economic fuel injection.

At Toyota, we’re committed to building in America. In fact, almost half the Toyota passenger vehicles sold in America are built in our Kentucky and California plants. And over the last three years, we’ve doubled our U.S. made parts purchasing to over $4.4 billion per year. From our manufacturing facilities to our U.S. research and design centers, our operations here provide more than 16,000 direct jobs and give an economic boost to communities right across America.

Investing in the things we all care about. Toyota

For more information about Toyota in America write: Toyota Motor Corporate Services, 9 West 57th Street, Suite 4900/R6, New York, NY 10019
Shipwrecked in Vermont
A haunting tale of growing up in, and escaping from, Vietnam

By JOHN SKOW

Little over 10 years ago, a beat-up '67 Pontiac Firebird with California plates rumbled into Bennington, Vermont, and died. The driver was a 26-year-old Vietnamese teenager. He was headed not to Vermont but simply to move on. The old buildings of Buffalo, New York, were depressing. Albany was O.K. but didn't feel right.

The dying car chose Bennington. Jade put a $250 deposit on a shabby apartment and paid $5 for a hot plate at the Salvation Army. He had $10 left. He got the teenagers enrolled at Mount Anthony High School. An adviser there helped him with college applications. His English was shaky, but Bennington College gave him a full scholarship. He studied English and American literature: The Waste Land, Dover Beach, Strunk and White's The Elements of Style. He read Shakespeare and daydreamed about writing books. When he graduated after three years, he had managed to write, in formal and rather literary English, the first draft of a haunting memoir of his youth in Vietnam.

This remarkable account, reworked and eased of learner's stiffness, is now published as South Wind Changing (Graywolf Press; 320 pages; $20). The author's childhood was pastoral and amazingly peaceful. Although an older brother was a military pilot, the war at first did not touch the island in the Mekong Delta where his large, prosperous family grew rice. But fighting swept through with the Tet offensive of 1968, when Jade was 12, and afterward "the war continued on and off like a chronic disease." He had passed his university exams when the North won its victory and the Americans flew away, and therefore, as a suspect intellectual, he was sentenced to a re-education camp. Brutality in the camp was casual and causeless; what was learned in addition to parroted Marxist self-criticism was fear, hunger and aching homesickness. Jade and the others trapped rats for their guards' suppers and stayed alive by holding back some of the meat.

Opportunity for escape came in the form of a strange, dreamlike journey in which Jade helped a wounded prison guard reach a hospital (where North Vietnamese doctors shrugged and amputated a nearly healed leg). Jade managed to slip away into the chaos of a broken society. A boyhood friend sheltered him, and they scavenged to find money for an escape by boat to Thailand. Twice they were turned back. Before the attempt was successful, pirates boarded their boat, stole everything and raped the women. Jade and one of his brothers found their way to a refugee camp and spent months being interrogated. But fighting swept through with the Tet offensive of 1968, when Jade was 12, and afterward "the war continued on and off like a chronic disease." He had passed his university exams when the North won its victory and the Americans flew away, and therefore, as a suspect intellectual, he was sentenced to a re-education camp. Brutality in the camp was casual and causeless; what was learned in addition to parroted Marxist self-criticism was fear, hunger and aching homesickness. Jade and the others trapped rats for their guards' suppers and stayed alive by holding back some of the meat.

Opportunity for escape came in the form of a strange, dreamlike journey in which Jade helped a wounded prison guard reach a hospital (where North Vietnamese doctors shrugged and amputated a nearly healed leg). Jade managed to slip away into the chaos of a broken society. A boyhood friend sheltered him, and they scavenged to find money for an escape by boat to Thailand. Twice they were turned back. Before the attempt was successful, pirates boarded their boat, stole everything and raped the women. Jade and one of his brothers found their way to a refugee camp and spent months being interrogated. But fighting swept through with the Tet offensive of 1968, when Jade was 12, and afterward "the war continued on and off like a chronic disease." He had passed his university exams when the North won its victory and the Americans flew away, and therefore, as a suspect intellectual, he was sentenced to a re-education camp. Brutality in the camp was casual and causeless; what was learned in addition to parroted Marxist self-criticism was fear, hunger and aching homesickness. Jade and the others trapped rats for their guards' suppers and stayed alive by holding back some of the meat.

Opportunity for escape came in the form of a strange, dreamlike journey in which Jade helped a wounded prison guard reach a hospital (where North Vietnamese doctors shrugged and amputated a nearly healed leg). Jade managed to slip away into the chaos of a broken society. A boyhood friend sheltered him, and they scavenged to find money for an escape by boat to Thailand. Twice they were turned back. Before the attempt was successful, pirates boarded their boat, stole everything and raped the women. Jade and one of his brothers found their way to a refugee camp and spent months being interrogated. But fighting swept through with the Tet offensive of 1968, when Jade was 12, and afterward "the war continued on and off like a chronic disease." He had passed his university exams when the North won its victory and the Americans flew away, and therefore, as a suspect intellectual, he was sentenced to a re-education camp. Brutality in the camp was casual and causeless; what was learned in addition to parroted Marxist self-criticism was fear, hunger and aching homesickness. Jade and the others trapped rats for their guards' suppers and stayed alive by holding back some of the meat.

Opportunity for escape came in the form of a strange, dreamlike journey in which Jade helped a wounded prison guard reach a hospital (where North Vietnamese doctors shrugged and amputated a nearly healed leg). Jade managed to slip away into the chaos of a broken society. A boyhood friend sheltered him, and they scavenged to find money for an escape by boat to Thailand. Twice they were turned back. Before the attempt was successful, pirates boarded their boat, stole everything and raped the women. Jade and one of his brothers found their way to a refugee camp and spent months being interrogated. But fighting swept through with the Tet offensive of 1968, when Jade was 12, and afterward "the war continued on and off like a chronic disease." He had passed his university exams when the North won its victory and the Americans flew away, and therefore, as a suspect intellectual, he was sentenced to a re-education camp. Brutality in the camp was casual and causeless; what was learned in addition to parroted Marxist self-criticism was fear, hunger and aching homesickness. Jade and the others trapped rats for their guards' suppers and stayed alive by holding back some of the meat.
Nicholson Baker's brand of soft-core porn is better written than is usual for such naughty stuff, and now and again the suggestion is made that what he is writing is mainstream fiction. Or even, in the case of *Vox* (1992)—his long transcription of an entirely satisfying anonymous phone-sex relationship—that he is producing something like satire, driven by something like a point of view. A concept for our times: how safe can sex get, not just from infection but from imperfection, and of course from conception, though not from Baby Bell?

His new novel, *The Fermata* (Random House; 303 pages; $21), is somewhat less elevated. A fermata, in music, is the extension of a note, chord or rest. What is extended, or stopped, in Baker's tale is the forward motion of time. What he does is preserve that moment while all else is stopped. What he does is a 13-year-old boy's dream: Strine, who's 35, takes the clothes off a woman and masturbates. Then he dresses the woman, snaps his fingers, while all else is stopped. Strine, who's 35, takes the clothes off unsisting women and masturbates. Then he re-dresses the women, snaps his fingers again and the decline of the West resumes, with no one the wiser.

That's about it. Not another idea or phenomenon disturbs the flow—that's probably the right word—of the narrative. As with any extended porn, the book is a highly elaborate tease, sillier and more exotic with each chapter. It's not ugly stuff, as such things go: Strine isn't a rapist or even a thief, though he does steal peeks. Ogling is really all he's interested in, and all that Baker seems to feel readers need to sustain their interest. That's fairly patronizing and more than a little feebleminded, though may be he is right. Still, an onlooker wonders whether Baker's eye-roller was really the best that Random House could do to fill out the pop-schlock portion of its spring list.

—JS.
Home Is Where the Art Is

South African dissident Athol Fugard happily loses his great theme and sets his sights on a postapartheid world

By WILLIAMA. HENRY III

JUST BEFORE HE FLEW TO THE U.S. TO DIRECT A SPLENDID REVIVAL AT PRINCETON THIS MONTH OF HIS FAVORITE EARLY PLAY, Hello and Goodbye, dramatist Athol Fugard asked friends at a dinner party, “Am I about to become the new South Africa’s first literary redundancy?” Although he tells the story with a twinkle, that fear has hovered over him for years. In his mind he is a poetic playwright, but the world has seen him as a political, even polemic one, and his works are valued more as testimony against apartheid than for their subtle interplay of emotion and Beckettian sensitivity to the down-trodden. For many people, Fugard’s dramas mattered less than the taboos they broke—The Blood Knot put a black actor alongside a white one on the same Johannesburg stage—and the punishments they brought, including revocation of his passport and virtual house arrest from 1967 to 1971. Those experiences ensured a niche in history but also made his storytelling seem limited to a place and time. His plays were often treated as a field correspondent’s dispatches.

Fugard first felt his relevance eroding when black anger overwhelmed white liberal gradualism in the 80s. Then, as the intransigent white government relented and prospects for peace improved, critics—notably in New York City—seemed to lose interest in a man they once hailed as great. Fugard’s most recent pieces, My Children! My Africa! and Playland, dealt with South Africa’s smoldering race hatred via small-scale, personal tragedies. Each had success elsewhere in the U.S. and around the world but closed quickly off-Broadway. Even at home in South Africa, where the shows were lauded, people wonder what a white liberal dissenter has to say to a society embarking on black-majority rule.

The answer, Fugard hopes, is plenty: “I’m beginning to realize that the challenges I face daily as an ordinary white South African can bring enormous new energy to my work.” With Hello and Goodbye having ended its run on Sunday, Fugard is heading back to South Africa, where he does all his writing. In a departure from the rituals of a lifetime, he will begin two plays at once—one a look at the relationship between young and old “that will be an evident metaphor for what is happening in my country,” the other an outright collaboration with five high school students.

Through auditions he selected two black youths, a white, one of Indian descent and one of mixed race (or, in South African parlance, colored). After school and on weekends, he will meet with them to develop a text based on their experiences and hopes, to be performed in June and July in schools and at a festival in his hometown of Port Elizabeth, then on a professional stage in Johannesburg.

This talking-it-out technique has been the wellspring of South Africa’s liveliest theatrical movement of recent years, the roughhewn, hortatory “township plays” created largely by young black amateurs, including the international hits Sarafina! and Asinamali! But it is quite a departure for Fugard, normally a believer in élite craftsmanship despite the egalitarian sentiments of his work. He has collaborated only once before, developing Sixteen Banti Is Dead and The Island with professional black actors Winston Ntshona and John Kani, who jointly won a 1975 Tony Award for their performances in the two shows.

“I don’t know if this enterprise will work,” Fugard says. “But I share with these young people the belief that for all the bombast from politicians, no one is speaking to or for their generation. And of course there is a selfish reason: a white person in the new South Africa must expect to be on the sidelines. This allows me to be part of the debate.”

If this project is vital to Fugard politically, the more important one emotionally will be the play about youth and age. While preparing to write, a process of meditation that never takes him less than two years and sometimes lasts 20, he delighted in Princeton’s invitation to revisit Hello and Goodbye, which dates to 1965. Its sometimes aburdist portrait of a dysfunctional family centers on an unseen father much like Fugard’s own—alcoholic, crippled and mean. The playwright’s favorite role as an actor has long been the cowed, despondent son, who represents...
Nobody's perfect. Especially when it comes to selling cars. Yet all it takes is one bad experience to spoil the reputation of an entire car line and its dealers. But now, at Chrysler Corporation, we're doing something about that. Through Customer One, our renewed commitment to keeping our customers happy, we're providing them with some of our best products and services ever. And getting rid of anything that prevents us from doing just that. Customer One: It's not the perfect solution to eliminating bad apples. But, at Chrysler Corporation, we think it's a good place to start.
By GINIA BELLAFANTE

Boulevard of Broken Dreams

Tearing up the L.A. stage as Norma Desmond, the unhinged Hollywood discard in *Sunset Boulevard*, GLENN CLOSE has won the kind of reviews actresses dream of. Meanwhile, playing the same role in the original London production of the musical, Patti LuPone has felt distinctly unappreciated. Last week came the ultimate blow for LuPone. Though she had been promised the role when the show opens on Broadway this fall, producers announced they were casting Close. It will cost them millions to buy the devastated LuPone out of her contract.

Moonlighting at the Mike

When she began studying opera, her friend Orson Welles told her to stick with acting. When she appeared in the movie musical *At Long Last Love*, no one went to see it. And when she sang *My Funny Valentine* during a football game at a Los Angeles high school, a heckler stood up and shouted, "Hey, just take it off!" Now, emotionally fortified by five years of psychotherapy, CYBILL SHEPHERD is ready to face the microphone again. "In another life I'll be an opera singer. It's a miracle that I keep this up," says the struggling chanteuse. And yet last week she graced the *Tonight* show stage to sing *The Power of Love*, and next month she will perform a full 90-minute radio concert for the BBC. And if she doesn't turn out to be the next Edith Piaf? Fear not; CBS has slated Shepherd to star as an affluent single mom in an upcoming sitcom.

Fur's Foe, Exposed

Famously p.c. and pet-friendly, KIM BASINGER has dined on tempeh scallopini and proclaimed that "a nation is only as strong as it treats its animals." Now the impassioned Mrs. Alec Baldwin has proved her commitment to the cause by posing nude for an antifur ad that will appear in four languages on billboards in Europe.

**SEEN & HEARD**

He is Geraldo's dream guest: the publicist who admitted to a "sexual relationship" with the shoes of his former employer, Marla Maples Trump. After a comically lurid trial, a jury found foot fetishist Chuck Jones guilty of stealing dozens of Mrs. Trump's pumps and boots.

Like ex-stand-up comic Jerry Seinfeld, ex-stand-up comic Paul Reiser stars in a sitcom in which grave moral dilemmas arise when characters retrieve the wrong shirt at the laundry. Now, like Jerry, the *Mad About You* star will pen a book of observational humor. Next will he court a co-ed named Shoshana?

FEBRUARY 28, 1994

69
ESSAY

Barbara Ehrenreich

Kicking the Big One

A

N EVIL GRIPS AMERICA, A LIFE-SAPPING, DRUG-RELAT-
ed habit. It beclouds reason and corrodes the spirit. It under
mines authority and nourishes a low-minded culture of winks and smirks. It's the habit of drug pros-
hibition, and it's quietly siphoning off the resources that might be better used for drug treatment or prevention. Numerous au
thorities have tried to warn us, including most recently the Sur
geon General, but she got brushed off like a piece of lint. After all, drug prohibition is right up there with heroin and nicotine among the habits that are hell to kick.

Admittedly, legalization wouldn't be problem-free either. Americans have a peculiarly voracious appetite for drugs, and probably no one should weigh in on the debate who hasn't seen a friend or loved one hollowed out by cocaine or reduced to selling used appliances on the street. But if drugs take a ghastly toll, drug prohibition has proved itself, year after year, to be an even more debil-
itating social toxin.

Consider the moral effects of marijuana prohibition. After booze and NyQuil, pot is probably America's No. 1 drug of choice—a transient, introspective high that can cure nausea or make the evening sitcoms look like devastating wit. An estimated 40 million Americans have tried it at some point, from Ivy League law professors to country-
and-western singers. Yet in some states, possession of a few grams can get you put away for years. What does it do to one's immortal soul to puff and wink and look away while about 100,000 other Americans remain locked up for doing the exact same thing? Marijuana prohibition establishes a minimum baseline level of cultural dishonesty that we can never rise above: the President "didn't inhale," heh heh. It's O.K. to drink till you puke, but you mustn't ever smoke the vile weed, heh heh. One of the hardest things a parent can ever tell a bright and questioning teen-
ger—after all the relevant sermonizing, of course—is, Well, just don't get caught.

But the prohibition of cocaine and heroin may be more corrosive still. Here's where organized crime comes in, the cartels and kingpins and Crips and Bloods. These are the principal beneficiaries of drug prohibition; without it they'd be reduced to three-card monte and numbers scams. Legitimate entrepre-
neurs must sigh and shake their heads in envy: if only the gov-
ernment would ban some substance like Wheat Chex, for ex-
ample, so it could be marketed for hundreds of dollars an ounce.

Yes, legal drugs, even if heavily taxed and extensively regu-
lated, would no doubt be cheaper than illegal ones, which could mean more people sampling them out of curiosity. But this dan-
ger has to be weighed against the insidious marketing dynamic of illegal drugs, whose wildly inflated prices compel the low-in-
come user to become a pusher and recruiter of new users. Drugs can kill, of course. But drug prohibition kills too. In Wash-
ington, an estimated 80% of homicides are drug related, mean-
ing drug-prohibition related. It's gunshot wounds that fill our urban emergency rooms, not ODs and bad trips. Then there's the perverse financial logic of prohibition. The billions we spend a year on drug-related law enforcement represents mon-
ey not spent on improving schools and rebuilding neighbor-
hoods. Those who can't hope for the lasting highs of achievement and self-respect are all too often condemned to crack.

So why don't we kick the prohibition habit? Is it high-mind-
ed puritanism that holds us back, or political cowardice? Or maybe it's time to admit that we cling to prohibition for the same reason we cling to so many other self-destructive habits: because we like the way they make us feel. Pro-
hibition, for example, tends to make its advocates feel powerfully righteous, and militant righteousness has effects not unlike some demon mix of liquor and amphetamines: the eyes bulge, the veins distend, the voice begins to bray.

But the most seductive thing about prohibition is that it keeps us from having to confront all the other little addictions that get us through the day. It's the Nutrition in the coffee we use to wash down the chocolate mousse; a dad's "Just say no" commandments borne on martini-scented breath. "Don't do drugs," a Members Only ad advises. "Do clothes." Well, why "do" anything? Why not live more lightly, without compulsions of any kind? Then there's TV, the addiction whose name we can hardly speak—the poor man's virtual reality, the substance-free citizen's 24-hour-a-day hallucinatory trip. No bleary-eyed tube addict, emerging from weekend-long catato-
nia, has the right to inveigh against "drugs."

When cornered, the prohibition addict has one last line of defense. We can't surrender in this war, he or she insists, because we'd be sending the "wrong message." But the message we're sending now is this: Look, kids, we know prohibition doesn't work, that it's cruel and costs so much we don't have anything left over with which to fight the social causes of addiction or treat the ad-
dicts, but, hey, it feels good, so we're going to keep right on do-
ing it. To which the appropriate response is, of course, heh heh.

We don't have to quit cold turkey. We could start with mari-
juana, then ease up on cocaine and heroin possession, con-
centrating law enforcement on the big-time pushers. Take it slowly, see how it feels. One day at a time.

70

TIME, FEBRUARY 28, 1994
20/20 vision isn't the only reason to see your eye doctor.

Of course your eye doctor will make sure you see clearly. But that’s only the beginning.

During the course of an annual exam, your eye doctor may not only tell you about the health of your eyes, but also about your health in general. By examining your eyes, your eye doctor may detect the early onset of diseases like diabetes, high blood pressure, and multiple sclerosis.

Johnson & Johnson reminds you to have your eyes examined regularly. It may mean more than seeing clearly.

When’s the last time you had an eye exam?

Don’t lose sight of what’s important.
Park Avenue.
Its heated driver's seat should be warmly received.

Standard dual air bags, anti-lock brakes and DynaRide suspension. Even warm touches like an available heated driver's seat. You'll be very comfortable with the quality of your Park Avenue.
To find out more, call 1-800-4A-BUICK.

BUICK
The New Symbol For Quality In America.