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that can help other drivers avoid collisions. This fall, General Motors will be the first automaker to offer low intensity daytime running lights as standard equipment on thousands of its U.S. cars and trucks. They could make your time on the road safer, even if you don’t drive a GM vehicle.
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COVER: Photo-Illustration for TIME by Matt Mauldin

Diplomacy: Jimmy Carter to the rescue?
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Television: More channels, still nothing on
ONE OF JOURNALISM'S CHALLENGES IS COVERING A story while one step removed from it. Reporters very often must rely on other people's accounts of an event, figuring out just how much credence to give each version. The resulting uncertainty may give rise to an article that lacks authority and necessarily leaves gaps and unanswered questions.

Occasionally, however, reporters are caught up in an event, sometimes dangerously. Then no reconstruction or third-person testimony is needed. The truth of the event comes home to them with a painful certainty. Such was what happened last Thursday evening to Jamil Hamad, a reporter for 10 years in Time's Jerusalem bureau. Fortunately, when the evening was over, no serious harm had come to Hamad or his family. But he had gained harsh new insight into a story he has long covered for us—this time by becoming part of it.

As reported by Lisa Beyer, Time's Jerusalem bureau chief, Hamad was having a light dinner with his family in their home in Bethlehem in the West Bank. Around 8:30 p.m., they heard shouting outside. Through the window, they saw two men on the street yelling in American-accented English: "F___ you, Arab cowards!" "I'm going to kill you!" "Come out of your house!"

Both men were brandishing pistols; one was throwing rocks at the house. At one point, the Hamads heard three shots. As it later emerged, the men were Israeli settlers whose car had been stoned nearby. They claimed to police that the perpetrator had run into the Hamads' garden.

The settlers continued their tirade for 15 minutes or so, until two Israeli army jeeps arrived carrying eight soldiers. At that point, Hamad went outside. He asked one of the soldiers, "Protect us from this man." The soldier replied, "Get away. Go home." Hamad noticed that one of the settlers was moving toward his house, with a soldier flanking him on either side. Using his knee, the settler smashed in one of the glass panes on Hamad's front door while the two soldiers stood by.

Hamad ran up to them, shouting, "This man is destroying my property! Arrest him!" The settler answered angrily, "If you don't like it, leave this country!" He then punched Hamad in the chest. Neither of the soldiers made a move to restrain the settler. Hamad's wife Raeda approached, and the settler struck her in the chest. Again the soldiers did not react. By then, about 25 neighbors had gathered and were beginning to seethe. The soldiers pointed guns at the crowd to subdue them.

The soldiers allowed the settlers to leave in their white Volvos. When Hamad asked them to take down the license-plate number, one soldier replied, "It's none of your business." Hamad's son Sadir, 26, asked another soldier, "How could you let him go after what he did?" The soldier replied, "This is Israel, not the United States." When Hamad's oldest son Haitham, 31, a reporter for the Associated Press, arrived at the scene, he phoned the office of the army spokesman to report the episode.

Half an hour after the settlers departed, the commanding officer of the area, who introduced himself as Arik, arrived. He took down Hamad's account of what happened and promised that the settlers would be punished. Around 10:30 p.m., the army's liaison to the foreign press, Lieut. Colonel Yehuda Weinraub, learned about Haitham's complaint and called Hamad to tell him that he would relay the family's story to the office of Major General Ilan Biran, the head of Israel's central command, whose jurisdiction includes Bethlehem.

At 11:30 p.m., Commander Arik returned to the Hamad household to say authorities knew who the settlers were and would arrest them. At around 1 a.m., five Israeli police officers turned up at Hamad's house. They took down his testimony and also questioned the eight soldiers. They photographed the damage to Hamad's door and noted what appeared to be a bullet hole on the façade of the house. One of them said to Sadir, smiling, "We'll arrest the settlers, but, you know, these people have a lot of supporters. They will be released after a few hours. This is how it happens always."

The two men, both from Efrat, a settlement 10 miles south of Bethlehem, were arrested a few hours later. Both denied doing any harm to the Hamads or their house. The next morning they were released on bail, and their guns were confiscated. A police spokesman said the investigation would continue.

The army also promises an inquest into the behavior of the soldiers who stood by while one settler ran amok. "We'll check into it thoroughly, and if something like that happened, it's outrageous," Brigadier General Ilan Tal, the army spokesman, told bureau chief Beyer.

The authorities are not always so responsive in such cases. Last March the Israeli human-rights group B'Tselem released a report documenting 62 killings of Palestinians by Israeli civilians in the occupied territories over the previous six years. In only four of the cases were the Israelis demonstrably in mortal danger. The report was released in the aftermath of the massacre of 29 Palestinians in a Hebron mosque by a Jewish settler. In the course of an official inquiry into that affair, the findings of which have not yet been released, serious questions were raised about the permissiveness of Israeli authorities toward settler violence. According to B'Tselem, security forces have demonstrated "protracted impotence" in combating settler violence, while the judiciary has been "extremely lenient" toward those miscreants who have been brought to court.

Hamad's experience came to light and prompted some official action, mostly because he and his son are journalists. But the real significance of the episode lies in the broader pattern it reflects. Similar things—and worse—happen to all too many Palestinians who lack the relative protection Hamad enjoys.

Managing Editor
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**MAZDA**

**IT JUST FEELS RIGHT.**
I'M TRYING TO COMPREHEND WHAT MY FATHER was going through 50 years ago, as he and so many other brave men prepared to storm the beaches of Normandy [COVER STORIES, June 6]. In a letter to my mother after the invasion, he wrote, "I have come through the baptism of fire." That was all he would ever tell any of us about June 6, 1944. But we do know that throughout the time my dad and the 1006th Battalion were on Omaha Beach, his faith in God never wavered. He was indeed a crusader in the army of the righteous. Thank you, Dad. We will never forget what you accomplished on that fateful day.

John Bowman
Fairfield, Connecticut
AOL: John Alan

AS SOMEONE REPRESENTING THE YOUNGER generation, I would like to thank those who liberated Europe. Now it is our task to maintain the peace—despite growing fascism, racism and anti-Semitism—and make sure these heroes did not die in vain.

Willem de Beer
Tilburg, the Netherlands

I HOPE THAT HONORING THOSE BRAVE men who dropped from planes or landed ashore at Normandy will not obscure the fact that World War II continued to be fought long after D-Day. Indeed, the U.S. Marine Corps thereafter faced fanatical enemies and suffered horrible losses in the war in the Pacific.

John Norman Harkey
Batesville, Arkansas

I RECALL MY '60S GENERATION CONFRONTING a police phalanx spread across the plazas of UCLA. Invigorated by yet another basketball championship, we gestured and flung trite phrases across the bucolic campus, which was bought with our parents' taxes. If things got hot with summer approaching, we descended the cliffs of Palisades Park and sprawled for a tan on the beaches of Santa Monica. Now we remember an earlier generation that struggled through the Depression to confront Nazi armies across the pastures of France. Invigorated by an ancient sense of duty, these men flung themselves across Normandy. When things got hot, they sprawled for safety on the beach at Omaha and ascended the cliffs of Pointe du Hoc. With head bowed in respect and not disdain, I raise my naked hand, no longer clenched, and now say, "Right on! Thank you."

Andrew J. Guilford
Newport Beach, California

YOUR ARTICLE ABOUT D-DAY, THE CATAclysmic event that was to liberate Europe from the brutal yoke of Nazism, was a vivid account of the struggles, emotions and pain of those who participated in it. The invasion of Normandy was a great victory; but it was also a painful one. And for no one was it more painful than for the Germans. Spare a thought for the 319,000 Germans killed on French soil, for the painful scars this event left on the German people, even to this day. The Germans were the enemy, but they too were young, innocent men caught up in the hellish wheels of war. The exclusion of Germany from the invasion observances has further deepened their wounds. We must not isolate Germany. Instead, we should help it deal with its painful past. Let's not regard the Germans as enemies. War is never black or white; war is hell for all involved.

Prem Mikhail Lobo
Manama, Bahrain

AS A 30-YEAR-OLD FRENCH AMERICAN, I have nothing but admiration for the American veterans of World War II who risked their lives to free Occupied France 50 years ago. Every time I hear the French complaining about American culture, every time I hear tales of American tourists having to endure encounters with rude Parisians, I feel ashamed. The French people owe their freedom to the U.S., and gratitude is all they should show. Even 50 years later. Most of all, 50 years later.

Alan Rafter
Whittier, California

I RECALL MY '60S GENERATION CONFRONTING a police phalanx spread across the plazas of UCLA. Invigorated by yet another basketball championship, we gestured and flung trite phrases across the bucolic campus, which was bought with our parents' taxes. If things got hot with summer approaching, we descended the cliffs of Palisades Park and sprawled for a tan on the beaches of Santa Monica. Now we remember an earlier generation that struggled through the Depression to confront Nazi armies across the pastures of France. Invigorated by an ancient sense of duty, these men flung themselves across Normandy. When things got hot, they sprawled for safety on the beach at Omaha and ascended the cliffs of Pointe du Hoc. With head bowed in respect and not disdain, I raise my naked hand, no longer clenched, and now say, "Right on! Thank you."

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Newport Beach, California
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BEING A BABY BOOMER, I HAD TWO OF THE best possible history teachers on the subject of World War II: my dad, who had to leave his family behind while he was stationed in France and England, and my mom, who lived through the bombing raids in England. It’s nice to see America stand up and salute our World War II vets. If it had not been for their determination and courage, God only knows what life would be like today. I can remember my dad telling me that when he was a kid he had to walk five miles a day to school. But I never heard him say, “When I was a kid I had to leave my family and go overseas to fight for our freedom.” So, to my dad and all the brave men and women who served during the war: I proudly salute you and thank you for the freedom you gave me.

Tim Abbott
Corry, Pennsylvania

Courage to Change on China?

I APLAUD THE PRESIDENT’S DECISION TO extend China’s most-favored-nation status, thus delinking China’s reprehensible human-rights record from U.S. economic interests [The Political Interest, June 6]. However, Michael Kramer’s assertion that “the courage to change is often the very essence of leadership” is not applicable to this President. This was not an act of courage at all. Quite the contrary, it was simply another example of Clinton’s many foreign policy vacillations since he took office. It would be an act of courage if Clinton actually adhered to any of his campaign promises.

Thomas B. Sanford
Madison, Wisconsin
AOL: T2Green

The Dreamer vs. the Dealmaker

IN YOUR STORY ABOUT THE HEADWATERS Forest controversy [Environment, June 6], you glorified the illegal acts of a young man with no knowledge of forestry, according a backseat to Pacific Lumber’s 125-year record of responsible, renewable forestry on its privately owned lands—lands that are zoned exclusively for commercial timber production. Pacific Lumber’s willingness to sell the 3,000-acre Headwaters Forest and a 1,500-acre buffer for fair-market value still stands. What’s more, our efforts to accomplish the sale and continue to make a positive impact on the economically distressed northern coast of California with jobs and community commitment will go forward. You ignored the fact that the finest redwoods on the planet are preserved in more than a quarter-million acres of state and national parks and reserves. You also overlooked the fact that trees are not the only habitat for the marbled murrelet; these birds nest by the hundreds of thousands on rocky outcroppings on the Alaskan and Canadian coasts. Pacific Lumber has a long-term commitment to the belief that commercial forestry, resource renewal and environmental protection go hand in hand—not toe to toe.

John A. Campbell, President
Pacific Lumber Co.
Scotia, California

THANKS FOR YOUR EXCELLENCE IN ENVIRONMENTAL COVERAGE. SAVING THE WORLD’S LARGEST REMAINING STANDS OF 300-FT. REDWOODS IS AS AMERICAN AS BASEBALL. IF young Doug Thorn can quit college, go broke and face a lawsuit in this endeavor, then California’s Senators can surely deliver protection of Headwaters. Light-Hawk, by the way, is more than an “environmental flying service.” We generate and use evidence to protect coastal temperate rain forests and other vanishing ecosystems throughout the Americas.

Steele Wetkyns, Conservation Director
LightHawk
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Who Will Stop the Slaughter?

IN AN ISSUE COMMEMORATING THE 50TH anniversary of the greatest battle ever, it was ironic to read about the Rwandan rebels proclaiming themselves as powerful as the Allies were in April 1945 [Rwanda, June 6]. The powers of the world seem to acknowledge that claim by refusing to intervene. This is another bizarre demonstration of the white West’s apathy on the problems of the black world. We seem to have faltered somewhere in achieving our grand vision of the new world order.

Nareesh C. Singhal
Daily City, California

SORRY, BUT I JUST DON’T ACCEPT THE REASONING OF SOME PEOPLE THAT OUR LACK OF ACTION IN RWANDA STEM FROM A FORM OF RACISM. SO WHAT IF I DON’T KNOW ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN “ON HOLIDAY TO RWANDA” (TO USE THE WORDS OF BRITISH COLUMNIST SIMON HOGGART)? THERE ARE MANY COUNTRIES AROUND THE GLOBE THAT HAVE A DEARTH OF TOURISTS. WE CANNOT LET CONSCIENCE GUIDE OUR FOREIGN POLICY. RATHER, WE SHOULD USE LOGIC BASED ON PAST EXPERIENCES. AS THE WORLD’S POLICEMAN, WE CANNOT ENGAGEMENTS IN A CIVIL WAR FOR WHICH THERE IS NO SOLUTION IN SIGHT AND NO WAY OUT ONCE WE MAKE THE COMMITMENT.

Adam J. Bourque
Rochester, New Hampshire

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA’S PROBLEMS STEM AT LEAST IN PART FROM THE FACT THAT ITS BORDERS WERE ARTIFICIALLY IMPOSED BY EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS. TRIBAL ANIMOSITIES GO BACK CENTURIES AND WILL NOT BE QUelled BY NEGOTIATIONS. TO SEND U.S. OR EVEN U.N. TROOPS INTO THE FRAY WITH NO LONG-TERM SOLUTIONS TO OFFER IS TO TREAT GANGRENE WITH A MERE BAND-AID.

Sally W. Beckett
Exeter, New Hampshire

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NARESH C. SINGHAL
Daily City, California

SORRY, BUT I JUST DON'T ACCEPT THE REASONING of some people that our lack of action on the global scale has been due to the lack of knowledge on the part of the governments. The world is divided into rich and poor countries. The rich countries have the power to make the poor countries do what they want.

ADAM J. BOURQUE
Rochester, New Hampshire

SUB-SAHARAN AFRICA'S PROBLEMS stem at least in part from the fact that its borders were artificially imposed by European governments. Tribal animosities go back centuries and will not be quelled by negotiations. To send U.S. or even U.N. troops into the fray with no long-term solutions to offer is to treat gangrene with a mere Band-Aid.

SALLY W. BECKETT
Exeter, New Hampshire

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Excuse us?

Here's how it starts. Offhand comments by people who should know better are picked up and reported in the press and misinformation takes on a life of its own.

For example, in trying to relieve independent oil producers of some of the financial restraints imposed on the industry by Congress, some people described the financial restraints that "those who have stayed and provided jobs while the majors have moved overseas.

What's wrong with that statement is that it implies the major oil companies were faced with no shortage of profitable economic opportunities here in the U.S.A. and that we could have drilled away on these to our heart's content. It also suggests we simply chose to walk away from the United States in order to drill overseas.

The fact is, there are significant opportunities overseas. And, while much of the U.S. onshore has been fully explored, there are some potential profitable prospects offshore. But another factor that is too often ignored is the fact that Congress, the federal and state government authorities have chosen to shut the door on the future of the domestic oil industry by denying the industry the opportunity to drill in our nation's most significant areas—the U.S. offshore and the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. In essence, they have told the majors: Take your jobs and go overseas.

Fact: The industry has been drilling offshore for the U.S. for a half century with only a handful of major spills and without any lasting damage to the environment. Moreover, it is obvious that evidence exists showing that the industry's offshore platforms actually serve as man-made reefs, attracting fish that thrive on the sea bottom as distinct from the wells directly associated with the rigs.

Fact: In just the last 25 years the U.S. oil industry (of which the majors are a significant part) has produced more than 12 billion barrels of crude oil and 116 billion cubic feet of natural gas from offshore wells, and paid nearly $100 billion in lease bonuses and royalties to the federal government.

Fact: More than 10 years ago, Mobil and other large oil companies successfully bid for oil and gas leases offshore North Carolina and Alaska. We turned the money over to the federal government in good faith and with the intent to explore—as we had in previous years—for domestic supplies of energy in those waters. The industry subsequently spent millions of dollars more in surveys and exploration of the leases we were awarded by the U.S. government as a necessary prelude to drilling the prospects.

Fact: Many of those same leases we had agreed to explore were now under moratoria that preclude any drilling activity—despite the industry's proven ability to do so safely and despite the industry's considerable expenditures.

Fact: Mobil and other oil companies now have to sue the federal government to return to us the money we spent on bids and in preparation to drill the leases the government now tells us are off limits. We can understand their concern—Mobil alone has $140 million at stake. On the other hand, we can't understand why the U.S. government can't live up to a bargain.

Fact: This year, next year, maybe a couple of years out, we are going to be exploring, drilling—perhaps even producing oil and gas—from licenses in Qatar, Kazakhstan, Bolivia, Vietnam and a host of other nations. And, not because we "deserted" the U.S. Rather, it will be because those same nations have seen what we and other majors have accomplished in this country with our technology, financial resources and our concern for the environment. They want the oil and gas industry has been giving to the United States for the last century plus—the creation of wealth, jobs for the economy, and royalties and taxes for government—along with the best energy bang for the buck that's around today and for the foreseeable future.

The real pity is that the U.S. government doesn't want the same thing.
Have you noticed all your smoking flights have been cancelled? For a great smoke, just wing it.

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**NATION**

The Simpson Tragedy
After leaving a note proclaiming his innocence and leading police on an extraordinary freeway chase televised live across the nation, football superstar and television sportscaster O.J. Simpson surrendered to authorities at his mansion in Los Angeles. Capping five days of intensive investigation and media scrutiny, police arrested Simpson on charges of murdering his former wife and her friend outside her home.

Health-Care Maneuvers
House Democrats united to fend off what they claimed (and some Republicans virtually conceded) to be Republican obstructionism on health care. The House Ways and Means Committee sided with other congressional committees and voted in favor of mandating employers to finance health insurance, with breaks for small businesses. But leaders of the Senate Finance Committee told President Clinton they did not have the votes on their panel for such a provision, which the President favors. First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton raised the possibility of negotiating away abortion coverage, if necessary, to pass a compromise bill.

Exxon Valdez Verdict
In a decision that could dig deep into the Exxon Corp.'s pockets, an Alaska federal jury concluded that the oil giant was reckless in permitting a captain with a history of drinking to command the Exxon Valdez, the oil tanker that ran aground five years ago in Prince William Sound and caused the nation's worst oil spill. The verdict against Exxon and Captain Joseph Hazelwood enables local residents to seek $1.5 billion in

**INSIDE WASHINGTON**

Clinton Administration Shake-Up in the Works?
Senior Administration sources are speculating that Warren Christopher, who has come under fire as Secretary of State, will be renamed a senior adviser to the President by the end of the year, and Lloyd Bentsen will take over at State. Then, goes this scenario, White House chief of staff Mack McLarty will assume Bentsen's Treasury Secretary post and deputy chief of staff Harold Ickes will fill McLarty's job. Christopher is said to be so insecure that his staff is keeping a distance between Bentsen and him.
Payback Time
Indicted ex-Ways and Means chairman Dan Rostenkowski is a connoisseur of spirits, tobacco and Bredingnagian steaks. Now those who may have profited from his appetites are returning the favor, as this selective list of contributors to his defense fund shows:

- **$5,000**
  - **CHICAGO BEVERAGE**
    - (beer distributor)
  - **DISTILLED SPIRITS COUNCIL OF THE U.S.**
    - (trade association)
  - **E. & J. GALLOWINERY**
  - **JOHNSON BROS. LIQUOR Co.**
    - (St. Paul, Minnesota, beverage distributor)
  - **PHILIP MORRIS Co.**
  - **UST PUBLIC AFFAIRS, INC.**
    - (tobacco/spirit lobbyist)

- **$1,000**
  - **EBER BROS. WINE AND LIQUOR CORP.**
    - (Rochester, New York, liquor distributor)
  - **MYRON & PHIL'S STEAK & LOBSTER HOUSE**
    - (Chicago restaurant)

Fear of Falling Oil Prices
WASHINGTON—France and other U.S. Gulf War allies are eager to win contracts to help rebuild Iraq and want the U.N. to lift sanctions against Baghdad so it can resume exporting oil. But President Clinton opposes the move—and not just because Iraq remains a threat. If Iraq starts exporting oil, Administration energy experts warn, the price for crude could fall by nearly half, to $11 per bbl. That would spell trouble for volatile and financially strapped oil exporters such as Russia and Saudi Arabia—and for 60 oil-patch lawmakers, who begged Clinton for new tax breaks in a White House meeting last week.

Don't Call Us, We Won't Call You
WASHINGTON—Early last week, with the crisis in North Korea escalating, President Clinton tried to call Chinese President JIANG ZEMIN to persuade the Chinese to put pressure on Pyongyang. The Chinese, however, wouldn't take the call. The Chinese Foreign Ministry explained in a cable that Beijing did not wish to conduct diplomacy by telephone. Baffled, the White House went back to diplomatic channels.

Let's Get Presidential
WASHINGTON—Fearing that news of Whitewater and sexual-harassment charges could erode public confidence in President Clinton's character, advisers are urging him to watch his temper and avoid swearing. "It's not easy," says one high Administration official. "The President uses the F word a lot."

compensation and $15 billion in punitive damages.

Welfare Reform
President Clinton re-deemed one of his big 1992 campaign pledges by formally unveiling his $9.3 billion welfare-reform plan. Its central features would expand job training for recipients and require those born after 1971 to join a work program after two years or risk losing benefits. Chances of passage this year: virtually nil in a Congress already clogged with health reform.

Bill and Hillary Testify
In an unprecedented 2½-hour session at the White House, the President and the First Lady were interrogated separately under oath by Whitewater special counsel Robert Fiske about the suicide of deputy White House counsel Vincent Foster and a series of Administration discussions regarding the investigation of the S&Ls at the center of the Whitewater affair. The Senate later voted to hold hearings next month on the same matters—the least controversial aspects of the Whitewater case—while Republicans continued to press for a wider inquiry.

An Emperor Comes Calling
Sidestepping the political and economic frictions that have abraded U.S.-Japanese relations of late, President Clinton welcomed Emperor Akihito and his wife Empress Michiko to the White House—and to his Administration's first state dinner—for a day of ceremony focused on goodwill and cooperation.

Grass-Roots Free Speech
The U.S. Supreme Court reaffirmed its commitment to free speech by unanimously striking down a Ladue, Missouri, beautification ordinance that prohibited residents from posting political and other signs on their property.
Virginia's Senate Slugfest
Dissatisfied with the choices of their parties (Iran-contra figure Oliver North for the Republicans and incumbent Senator Charles Robb for the Democrats), two men are mounting challenges in Virginia’s Senate race. Former state attorney general J. Marshall Coleman, a Republican, is already running as an independent, and former Democratic Governor L. Douglas Wilder is expected to announce his formal candidacy soon. Virginians are now assured one of the most contentious, unpredictable campaigns in the nation.

Preparing for Dole in '96?
Neither he nor the country may be ready for it yet, but Senate minority leader Bob Dole acknowledged that he has begun maneuvering for the 1996 presidential election just in case. Dole has instructed advisers to line up some key G.O.P. political strategists and fund raisers in his corner before other Republican hopefuls grab them.

African-American Summit
Emerging from three days of closed-door meetings organized by the N.A.A.C.P. in Baltimore, African-American leaders agreed to reconvene in August to focus on economic development, youth and community empowerment, and moral and spiritual renewal. The N.A.A.C.P. drew attention and criticism for inviting controversial Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan.

Waco Sentencing
The eight Branch Davidians convicted for their roles in the deadly shoot-out that precipitated the Waco standoff were sentenced by a federal judge to stiff prison terms ranging up to 40 years.

WORLD
Reducing the Korean Conflict
Responding to a proposal by North Korean leader Kim Il Sung, his South Korean counterpart, President Kim Young Sam, agreed to a...
The Amos 'n' Sirajul Flap

Famine, flood and that George Harrison album. For years, this was all most Americans knew of Bangladesh—and Mukit Hossain has devoted his life to erasing that image. "We are a sophisticated, intelligent, highly evolved culture," proclaims Hossain, former head of the Federation of Bangladesh Associations of North America. But despite his efforts, non-Bangladeshi Americans have had a fresh stereotype to associate with Hossain's homeland ever since late-night king David Letterman's roving camera strayed into K&L's Rock America souvenir store, hard by his Times Square studio, and discovered Mujibur and Sirajul, painfully good-natured immigrant salesmen whom Letterman's Late Show has transformed into the nation's newest pair of unlikely semistars.

Now in the midst of a televised cross-country tour, the duo are clear successors to veteran Letterman foil Larry ("Bud") Melman—with one important difference. Melman was a character played by actor Calvert DeForest. Mujibur Rahman, 39, and Sirajul Islam, 34 ("the boys," as Letterman calls them), are real New Yorkers—and a real problem for their fellow émigrés, who have no illusions about what America is laughing at.

"Ninety per cent of the people of Bangadeshi origin living in New York can't speak the English of the average American," observes travel agent Mohammed Hossain (no relation to Mukit). "Letterman seems to be enjoying their failure." And yes, standing by the Mississippi last week, the pair triggered the brittle Letterman chuckle by staring blankly at a reference to the Stanley Cup and discovering new consonants in words like Illinois.

Ironically, Mujibur and Sirajul are unknown to many stateside Bangladeshis, who work immigrants' hours and lack both the time and the English to enjoy Letterman's Late Show. But word is spreading. At a Manhattan restaurant popular with Bangladeshi taxi drivers, opinions are as hot as the five-alarm curry. "These two people are stupid!" snaps one hacker. "They joined another stupid person, David Letterman, who does not have any respect for other cultures!" Among better-educated Bangladeshis, the unease is scarcely less intense. The Bangladesh Association of New England meets next month to draft a letter of complaint to the Late Show—the first such formal protest. Bank president Shahjahan Mahmood recalls how a graduation party for the son of a friend was consumed by talk of Mujibur and Sirajul. Nancy Hossain, wife of Mukit (and a graduate of Letterman's alma mater, Ball State), has also noticed the pair's increasing prominence in Bangladeshi dinner chat: At one gathering "someone said, 'Hey, maybe these simple men really are the face of Bangladesh.' He was shouted down."

In fact, Mujibur and Sirajul are not simple men. They met at the University of Dharaka, where Mujibur studied law and Sirajul specialized in Bangladeshi literature. But these are not the men on display on the Late Show—or at K&L's Rock America, where tourists regularly drop in to have their photos taken with the only Bangladeshis they think they know.

summit meeting in order to resolve tensions over the North's suspected nuclear weapons program. If it comes off, the meeting would be the first of its kind since Korea split in two in 1945. The agreement came at the end of talks between Kim Il Sung and former U.S. President Jimmy Carter; thanks to Carter's diplomacy, the North had already agreed not to expel international nuclear inspectors. But the Clinton Administration denied Carter's suggestion that the U.S. was ready to drop its call for U.N. sanctions against North Korea.

Shaky Truce in Bosnia
For the most part, the month-long cease-fire agreed to on June 15 by Bosnia's warring parties held. Amid several flare-ups along the front: the area around Bihac, where Bosnian government forces fought a group of Muslim rebels who have declared an independent field. Meanwhile, Croatian President Franjo Tudjman visited Sarajevo to discuss a newly formed Bosnian federation of Muslims and Croats.

Haitians Interviewed on Ship
The first Haitian boat people were processed aboard a U.S. Navy ship in Kingston, Jamaica, to see if they qualified for asylum in the U.S. Six of 35 petitioners, who were picked up from three small boats, made the cut; the rest will be sent back.

Vatican, Israel Make Nice
Building on an agreement made last December to recognize each other, Israel and the Vatican established full diplomatic relations and agreed to exchange ambassadors and open embassies.

Israel Frees Palestinians
Israel let 1,100 Palestinians out of jail in accord with the agreement on Palestinian self-rule signed in May. But an additional 650 who were scheduled for release were kept in detention because
BEFORE our designers CREATE A CAR they TALK TO OUTSIDE EXPERTS.

SEVERAL times a year we invite people to come and brainstorm with Ford Motor Company designers and engineers. We talk about cars, sure. But often we talk about NON-CAR THINGS: computers, appliances, music, the environment, quality in very general terms. We know that to design cars and trucks with relevance and appeal, you have to LISTEN to your customers. It’s part of the learning process that leads us to quality.
THE GOOD NEWS

✓ Contrary to recent anecdotal evidence, women with silicone or saline breast implants do not have a greater risk of developing connective-tissue diseases like rheumatoid arthritis and lupus, a new study shows.

✓ Breakthroughs offer hope for more effective treatment for two illnesses. A genetic test can now identify those at high risk for cancer of the esophagus, and researchers have isolated the gene that causes a potentially fatal disorder known as polycystic kidney disease.

✓ Women who have breast-cancer surgery during the second half of their menstrual cycle are less likely to have a relapse than those who have surgery earlier.

Sources: GOOD—New England Journal of Medicine; University of Washington Medical Center; Radnor, Del.; Lancet; BAO—New England Journal of Medicine; Journal of the National Cancer Institute, A.P.

THE BAD NEWS

✓ In about 40% of people with active tuberculosis, the disease results from new infections rather than reactivated ones, according to two studies. Doctors previously believed that up to 90% of patients with active TB had contracted the disease-causing bacterium years earlier.

✓ A survey of nearly 140,000 death certificates in 24 states found that women who are regularly exposed to electric or magnetic fields on the job (electricians and telephone workers, for example) have a higher incidence of breast cancer than other women.

VOX POP

Percentage of people who say the government is spending too much money “on assistance to the poor”: 23%

Percentage of people who say the government is spending too much money “on welfare”: 53%

From a telephone poll of 1,000 adult Americans taken for The New York Times by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ± 4%. "Not sure" omitted.

Tooned Out

Last week newspapers pulled Doonesbury comic strips that suggested the Catholic Church once sanctioned same-sex weddings—not the first time this has happened to cartoonist Garry Trudeau. Indeed, censorship of the comics has a long and proud tradition:

1949 The Seattle Times drops Li'l Abner strips in which the hillbilly hero believes he's eaten one of his parents. Says the Times: "Distasteful."

1954 Pogo is pulled from the Orlando Sentinel thanks to a new character, the wolfish Simple J. Malarkey, who bears an unsettling likeness to Senator Joseph McCarthy.

1965 The Hartford Courant drops two weeks of Little Orphan Annie after the pupil-less heroine is railroaded into an insane asylum. Says the publisher: "It would disturb people with relations in mental institutions."

1963 North Carolina's Greensboro News cancels Dick Tracy after the put-upon cop dispatches a miscreant with the observation, "Violence is golden when it is used to put down evil."

1970 Lieutenant Flap, a black soldier with an outsize Afro, joins Beetle Bailey. Three Southern newspapers refuse to run any Flap strips.

1993 For Better or for Worse runs into trouble with strips about a gay teenager. "It's not offensive at all," admits a publisher, "but it was conditioning homosexuality almost to the point of advocacy."

Health-Care Merger

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. and Travelers Insurance Co. Inc. have announced merger plans that would create one of the nation's largest health-care firms.

He's Back...

Brandon Tartikoff, TV-programming whiz kid, is back. New World Communications Group Inc., which recently aligned itself with the Fox network, has named him head of TV production. Under terms of the deal, New World will purchase Tartikoff's company, Moving Target Productions, for $9 million. The new hire, who led NBC to six straight years as ratings champ, will bring instant credibility to the Fox-New World venture.

A Sanguine Discovery

After more than three decades of research, scientists announced that they have identified a key hormone that helps blood clotting. Doctors hailed the find...
as a potentially crucial tool in improving the treatment of cancer and bone-marrow-transplant patients.

**Back to the Wild**
The California gray whale, whose population has risen from 10,000 in the late 1950s to 21,000 today, was removed from the endangered-species list, though it remains illegal to kill, injure or harass a gray whale without a scientific-research permit. The Clinton Administration also said that 50 gray wolves will be reintroduced into Yellowstone National Park and central Idaho, where they once thrived. They will not, however, be protected to the same extent as the whales: ranchers can take action against a wolf if they find one attacking livestock on their land.

**THE ARTS & MEDIA**
**On with the Show**
*Penestrioka, Part 2 of Angels in America*, won this year’s Tony Award for Best Play, making playwright Tony Kushner a winner for an unprecedented second consecutive year. Stephen Sondheim’s *Passion* was deemed Best Musical. The other awards were dominated by revivals. Despite winning only one award (for Best Costume Design), Disney’s stage version of *Beauty and the Beast* racked up $1.3 million in sales the day after the ceremony—a Broadway record.

**SPORTS**
**What Curse?**
Euphoria engulfed the hometown fans as the New York Rangers captured the Stanley Cup for the first time in 54 drought-ridden years. After losing Games 5 and 6 to the Vancouver Canucks, the Rangers came back to win the seventh game of the series 3—2. Faithful fans were ecstatic as team captain Mark Messier paraded the trophy around the arena, allowing them to touch the coveted cup.

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**MILESTONES**

**STEPPING DOWN. BEN COHEN, 43, CEO of Ben & Jerry’s ice cream; in Waterbury, Vermont.** The bearded, blue-jean businessman built a superpremium-ice-cream store into a $140 million concern with flavors like Cherry Garcia. But further growth may require a less idiosyncratic hand on the helm—and to get it, Cohen and his associates, Jerry Greenfield, are abandoning their famously idealistic policy that no executive receive more than seven times the salary of the lowest-paid worker.

**AILING. CAB CALLOWAY, 86, flamboyant Big Band leader; from a stroke; in White Plains, New York.** The singing biographer of Minnie the Moocher was stricken at home as he watched the N.B.A. play-offs. Hospitalized, he was reported to be resting comfortably.

**DIED. CHARLIE BECKWITH, 65, U.S. Army colonel; of natural causes; in Austin, Texas.** Beckwith led the 1980 effort to liberate the 52 Americans held hostage at the U.S. embassy in Tehran. But desert dust and aircraft accidents resulted in eight dead servicemen and cancellation of the operation 200 miles short of its objective. Beckwith left the military the next year, calling the calamity “the biggest failure of my life.”

**DIED. EDWARD KEINHOLZ, 66, sculptor; of heart failure; in Hope, Idaho.** Keinholz began constructing relics in the 1950s, working with anything from pieces of stray wood, junkyard objects and even a deer’s head. The works increased in size, eventually becoming free-standing environments that turned viewers into participants. Chief among them: *Rozzi’s* (1961), a grotesque evocation of a bordello run by a rhinoceros-skulled madam; *Backseat Dodge ’38* (1964), featuring a chicken-wire man romancing a plaster woman; and *The Beatery* (1965), a 22-ft.-long surreal saloon, so explicit that the L.A. County board of supervisors tried to scuttle its opening. Critics, however, praised Keinholz’s 3-D denunciations of alienation in America.

**DIED. HENRY MANCINI, 70, Grammy- and Oscar-winning composer for film and television; from complications of pancreatic cancer; in Los Angeles.** American music of the past four decades is the story of rock, rap, punk, soul, grunge, metal—and Mancini. The son of a Pennsylvania steelworker, Mancini cited as his musical influences the sound of his father’s flute in the local Sons of Italy band; a hitch with the Glenn Miller Orchestra as a pianist-arranger; and five years scoring radio programs, which taught Mancini the “craft of writing for dramatic shows.” In 1952 he became a staff composer at Universal—International, scoring more than 100 films. Six years later, Blake Edwards asked Mancini to create the music for a new television series. The result was the cool but edgy urban jazz that introduced the world to Peter Gunn—and, as a brand name, Mancini. The rest of his life was one long hit parade, from the romance of *Moon River* and *The Days of Wine and Roses* to the quirky novelty of the *Pink Panther* theme to scores of scores, including those of *Breakfast at Tiffany’s* and *Victor/Victoria*, which he was adapting for the stage at his death.

**DIED. RABBI MENACHEM MENDEL SCHNEERSON, 92, leader of the ultra-Orthodox Lubavitch Hasidim sect of Judaism; in New York City.** While shielding his followers from the modern world, Schneerson employed the most up-to-date technologies—including telephones and mobile “mitzvah tanks”—to reach out to secular Jews. The results of this proselytizing were 300,000 fervent acolytes worldwide and a powerful, right-wing influence over politics in New York and Israel. Some of Schneerson’s followers expect the Ukrainian-born rebe to reappear as the Messiah.
As America watched, O.J. Simpson was transformed...
By NANCY GIBBS

WHEN ASKED HOW THEY COULD HAVE LET THE most famous double-murder suspect in history slip away under their noses, the angry police commander and the tight-faced lawyer and the whole choir of commentators all said the same thing, without a trace of irony: “We never thought he would run.”

In crisis, people condense into their essential selves. O.J. Simpson was, essentially, a very great runner. That was how a bow-legged kid with rickets had escaped the slums where he was born, how a football superstar had become a national icon, always outrunning his obstacles, finding daylight where there wasn’t any. “I’ll tell you,” he used to say, “my speed has always been my best weapon. So if I can run away from whatever it is, I don’t need to be there.”

But there was never a run like last week’s final play. The chase had become a game: the police weren’t really trying to overtake him, and he wasn’t really trying to escape. He just wanted his mother. He wanted to go home. He found his blocker in his faithful friend and longtime teammate Al Cowlings, and together they slipped away from the lawyers and doctors who were there to mind him and eluded the police who had come to take O.J. into custody on charges of first-degree murder.

Word of the flight soon went out, and the crowds were on their feet, cheering. Police picked up O.J.’s cellular-phone calls and began tracking the Ford Bronco along the San Diego Freeway. Reporters pursuing in helicopters overhead said that he had a gun to his head. People pulled up their lawn chairs to the side of the road to wait for the cortege to pass. They lined the overpasses, waving, shouting, holding up signs—GO O.J. GO—as if he were trying to elude a pack of motorized tacklers.

Downtown at headquarters, the SWAT teams and crisis negotiators sat like everyone else, following the route of the Bronco on television. “Hey, it could be he’s headed right back here to turn himself in,” said one officer. “Yeah,” said another, “or else he’s going to blow his brains out.” But the police were still listening in on the calls: “He wants to head to his house.”

The 25-man SWAT team scrambled and moved out to O.J.’s Brentwood mansion in unmarked cars. They split into a sniper team with scopes, a negotiating team and a larger backup team that fanned out through the bushes and trees around the property, armed with stun grenades and automatic rifles. When Cowlings drove up into the driveway, they could see O.J. in the backseat, holding a blue steel revolver pointed up against his own chin.

Simpson’s son Jason broke away from

THE LONG WAY HOME: As Cowlings drove, Simpson, in mug shot, upper left, lay in a Ford Bronco, pointing a gun to his own head.
“GO, O.J., GO!” SOME PEOPLE SHOUTED. OTHERS PULLED UP LAWN CHAIRS BY THE ROADSIDE TO WAIT FOR THE CORTEGE TO PASS.

the cops in the doorway and ran toward the car.

"Who the hell is that?"
"That's his son."
"Get him out of there!"

The weeping young man confronted Cowling, who seemed to be crying too. Two policemen calmly went out, no weapons drawn, and led the boy back to the house. The crisis team had two prob-

lems. They were worried for Cowling’s safety, since no one was sure about O.J.’s state of mind, and they wanted to coax him out of the car and into custody. Cowling shuttled back and forth to the door-

way, then the car, calming O.J., talking anxiously to the cops. “He was really pumped up; he was going—you could see that,” said SWAT team commander Mike Albanese. “Cowling wouldn’t come in the house because he figured we’d grab him.”

T he SWAT team weighed the standard choices. They could use tear gas. They could wait until O.J. fell asleep. They could divert him with flash grenades and then move in to grab him. Or they could try to talk him out. What they wanted to avoid at all costs was what they called “suicide by cop,” when a cornered suspect comes out with a gun drawn and forces police to shoot him.

O.J. kept talking by phone to negotiator Pete Weinreter about his successes and dis-

apointments, about his demands. Your children need you, Weinreter said, be cool, just relax. O.J. wanted to talk to his mother, who had been checked into a San Francisco hospital for stress. Pete said he could once he was inside. Call her; use the bathroom; get something to drink. O.J. wanted to be able to walk into his house. The cops promised not to tackle him. He wanted . . .

The phone battery went dead. Albanese yelled from the doorway that they would get another one; it would just take a few minutes. When they finally found one Cowling passed it along, and the talking began again—about O.J.’s kids and how much he loved them, about his wife. Finally Simpson said he wanted to come in.

“Y’all have to come to us,” said Albanese. Simpson said he was carrying two family pictures. Albanese alerted the snipers that those were not weapons in his hands. Slowly O.J. extended one arm from the truck. He seemed to step out and then step back in. “You’ve got to come to us,” Albanese called out. Finally O.J. emerged, clutching the pictures. When he reached the door of the house he collapsed into the arms of the officers, looking terribly sad and tired. They took him gently into the living room, gave him some orange juice and waited while he talked to his mother.

“O.K., are you ready? We need to take you out,” they said after a few minutes. They put the handcuffs on him and led Simpson outside. “I’m sorry, you guys,” O.J. kept saying. “I’m sorry.”

It was terrible to watch and impossible not to. That was the nature of the entire week, as America stopped its traffic to watch each clue scrape away another layer of the mystery. Where the facts were missing, the suspicions sufficed to keep the audience fed. When there was nothing new to report, the reporters interviewed each other, covering the coverage and defending themselves against accusations that they had already put Simpson on trial for murdering his ex-

wife Nicole and her friend Ron Goldman before he had even been charged.

Hearnay was not just admissible; it was broadcast live. Of course he did it—he had beaten her before, he was high on coke, he had gone into a jealous rage; of course he didn’t do it—he loved her too much, he was incapable of such savagery, he had an air-
tight alibi. Maybe he could have done it, but surely he would have been smarter, hired someone else and not left a trail behind.

All week long the clues and rumors leaked out, often from cops who were angry that the prosecutors were treating their celebrity suspect so delicately. First there were the bloody gloves—one at the murder scene, one at O.J.’s mansion. Then there were the bloody clothes in his washing machine, and the ski mask, and the stains on his driveway and in his car. The weapon was an antique samurai sword, then a sharp-
edged military entrenching tool, the newspa-

pers revealed, before the district attorney announced that no weapon had been found.

He’s killed himself, the Wall Street trading floors buzzed on Wednesday morning, before he appeared that afternoon at his ex-

wife’s wake.

Pundits trotted out Shakespeare for references; talk-radio hosts searched for Larger Meanings, about the destruction of black male role models, the special treatment of celebrities by police, the danger women face from the men who profess to love them.

But by the end of the week, with the last astounding twists to the case, it seemed that there were no larger meanings—just a howling, monstrous tragedy.

Americans honor the principle of the presumption of innocence, especially when they want it to be true. And through the days of promiscuous speculation, in the sports bars and on the radio shows and in the endless conversations over dinner, O.J. Simpson’s many admirers refused to suspend their disbelief. The most publicly shocking crime in years was received like a private death in the family. Before it was all over, millions of fans were already passing through the stages of their grief—mourning not only two victims they had never known, but the hero they thought they did.
THE CARNAGE: An investigator steps over the body of Nicole Brown Simpson at her condo.
He had smiled at them for years—first as one of the rare, great sportsmen, unraveled by his gifts or his fame, warm, grateful, ready to sign one more autograph when he was dog tired and overstretched. He ripened into the affable ABC commentator, the smooth corporate pitchman, even a plausible movie star. The legendary acting coach Lee Strasberg helped him learn the craft, but the art was innate. “He already is an actor, an excellent one,” Strasberg said. “A natural one.”

By last week that comment might have been taken as a clue. Friends who knew Simpson well understood that he was a creature of careful intention, the natural ease a measure of his discipline. He did not so much change, from the days of his raw, painful childhood, as add layers, coats of polish that only occasionally peeled. One day he was making a television commercial in Oakland, California, and fell into his first language, the street-corner argot of his gang years. Furious with himself, he stopped the shooting, regrouped and then said he wanted to do it again. The second try went perfectly. “That’s what happens when I spend too much time with my boys,” he said. “I forget how to talk white.”

It’s not that Simpson was a phony; he was just a man who had traveled a long way, accumulating public expectations. When his image was autopsied last week, the story of his life provided evidence to both sides: that he was gentle and generous and violent and mean. His guiding principles, he once told a Sports Illustrated reporter, were “my mother. The Bible. Do unto others.” But preserving sainthood was hard work. “You realize if you’re living an image, you’re just not living,” he said. “You find out the first thing in life is to be true to yourself. A lot of people think I’m the good guy who should drink milk and go to church every Sunday. I believe it’s good if you do, but I don’t . . . not all the time, anyway.”

He didn’t pretend to be more humble than he was; his mother Eunice, a hospital orderly, recalls that even before he went to kindergarten, he would tell her that “someday you’re going to read about me.” But not, surely, as one of the greatest sports heroes of his generation. For him and his friends growing up, the path to prison looked short and straight. They hung out in the San Francisco projects, stoning cars, fighting, getting hauled into juvenile hall. “I only beat up dudes who deserved it,” he once said, “at least once a week, usually on Friday or Saturday night. If there wasn’t no fight, it wasn’t no weekend!”

His talent saved him. “If it hadn’t been for football,” Simpson said, “we wouldn’t have come to school.” By the time Simpson was a junior at U.S.C., he was well along toward becoming the greatest running back college football had ever seen. He was late reporting to the Buffalo Bills training camp because he held out for a bigger salary. “Money means everything to the ghetto kids who don’t have any,” he explained. “I want to do youth work. If I can show them I got something from sports, they’ll respect me.” When I was a kid, Willie Mays was my hero. Not because he was a good baseball player. But because he had a big house.”

O.J. got his big house. He married his childhood sweetheart Marquise and had three children before the first tragedy struck in 1979. Their two-year-old daughter Aaren fell into the backyard swimming pool and drowned. When O.J. heard about the accident, he rushed down the hospital hallway screaming, “She murdered my child, she murdered my child!” That year he and Marquise were divorced, and he had knee surgery. His playing days were over.

But Simpson had long had his other lives: his friends, his movies, his television production company—and his new love. In 1977 he found Nicole Brown, a beautiful, blond, 18-year-old waitress at the Daisy Club in Beverly Hills. “O.J. came in and fell in love,” says his friend Michael Dabasso. “He quickly moved her in.” They married in 1985 shortly before the birth of their first child, Sydney.

Simpson liked to tell interviewers that “I’m a one-woman man.” It fit the wholesome image, but it didn’t bear checking too closely. Nicole and O.J. played the perfect, handsome couple; even after their divorce in 1992, they were often seen together with their two children or at parties. “Like all long-term relationships, we had a few ups and downs,” Simpson admitted in the extraordinary letter his friend Robert Kardashian read after O.J. fled his house. “If we had a problem, it’s because I loved her so

FOR THE DEFENSE: Attorney Robert Shapiro explains the events leading to O.J.’s flight and failure to surrender.

IT WAS TERRIBLE TO WATCH, IMPOSSIBLE NOT TO. AMERICA STOPPED TO
much." But he also had a message for his current girlfriend, Paula Barbieri. "Paula, what can I say? You are special. I'm sorry we're not going to have our chance."

Friends described Nicole and O.J.'s relationship as far more complicated than Simpson admitted, or Hollywood mythmaking allows; his own words even confirmed the impression of a passion always running near full boil. "At times," he said, "I have felt like a battered husband or boyfriend, but I loved her." Though friends believe what he said, they also say his love did not prevent him from pursuing other women freely during their marriage. Occasionally Simpson would order Nicole to go back to her parents for visits so he could play the field for a while. Once during a lunch with a reporter, Simpson asked the restaurant hostess to put money in the parking meter next to his Mercedes convertible. She complimented him on the car. He offered her a ride, and off they went to a condo. Recounting his conquest later, he said with a laugh that he got her back to work in time for cocktail hour.

The marriage persisted through the fights, separations, reconciliations. The most public explosion came at around 3 in the morning on New Year's Day 1989 when police received a 911 call to the Simpson estate. Wearing only a bra and sweat pants, Nicole came running out from the bushes to let them in. She was badly beaten with a cut lip and a black eye, the officers reported, and kept saying, "He's going to kill me, he's going to kill me." Police asked whether he had a gun. "He's got lots of guns," she replied, and later complained, "You never do anything about him. You talk to him and then leave. I want him arrested."

O.J. appeared wearing a bathrobe and started yelling at the cops. "The police have been out here eight times before, and now you're going to arrest me for this?" he said. "This is a family matter. Why do you want to make a big deal out of it? We can handle it." Nicole eventually decided not to press charges, but the city attorney brought up O.J. on a misdemeanor charge of spousal battery. He was fined and placed on two years' probation after pleading no contest.

GRIEVING FAMILY: At his ex-wife's funeral, O.J., here with Sydney and Justin, his children by Nicole, was treated by her relatives as a mourner, not a suspected murderer.

THE DECOY: The press assumed Simpson was this man returning from the funeral, shielded by bodyguards. Instead, O.J. had been whisked away to Encino.

So impermeable was his image, however, that the conviction did not prevent NBC Sports from signing him to a broadcast contract three months later. Last week, city district attorney Gil Garcetti called the handling of the case "a joke, a terrible joke. This whole thing is the result of the justice system not dealing with domestic violence."

The Simpsons' marriage began to take on the classic signs of a fatal struggle. Friends called the relationship dangerous, dysfunctional, two passionate people gazing and scraping at each other. One mutual acquaintance, cabaret singer Jennifer Young, recalls walking down Rodeo Drive one day after a lunch party with O.J. and another woman. Nicole drove up in her Mercedes convertible and began following them down the street, screaming obscenities, until the police came and sent her away. "He has a temper, but she had a temper too," Young says.

After the divorce, Nicole was counseled by therapist Susan Forward, author of the book Men Who Hate Women and the Women Who Love Them. Within 24 hours of Nicole's murder, Forward was claiming O.J. had beaten Nicole all through the marriage and had stalked her after the divorce. "He was telling her girlfriends and her that if he ever caught her with anyone, he would kill her," one friend told the Associated Press. "She totally broke it off with him three weeks ago."

In any domestic murder, the husband or lover is always the first to come under scrutiny because, police have learned painfully, women are commonly killed by the men closest to them. When the bodies were found outside Nicole's condo on Sunday night, cautious officials announced that they...
POLICE ALLOWED HIM TO DRINK A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE AND CALL HIS

had no primary suspects. But they began building their case against O.J., even as he denied any involvement and went about his grieving for the mother of his children.

Some discern a classic love triangle. O.J. and Nicole had been together that very day for their daughter’s dance recital. But he was not included in the dinner celebration that followed at Mezaluna, the local restaurant where Nicole’s friend Goldman, an aspiring actor, was a waiter. She called the restaurant later that evening to ask whether she had left her glasses, and Goldman offered to drop them off at her nearby condo.

Sometime after midnight, a neighbor out walking his dog found the bodies. Nicole, wearing only a nightgown, lay in a pool of blood, her head severed to the spinal cord. A barefoot Goldman lay nearby, his body faced with signs of a ferocious struggle and 22 knife wounds. It was the neighborhood dogs that sounded the alarm, their paws spreading a bloody body mosaic on the sidewalk around the house. One of the first cops on the scene, a longtime veteran, said, “It was the bloodiest crime scene I have ever seen.”

In the hours that followed, those who saw him say Simpson did not behave like a killer. He caught the 11:45 flight to Chicago for a meeting with Hertz executives and ran into an old acquaintance, photographer Howard Bingham, on the plane. They chatted, mainly about golf, and O.J. seemed in a cheery mood. “I did not notice anything out of the ordinary,” Bingham said, astounded when he heard the news later. Employees at the O’Hare Plaza Hotel said Simpson arrived at dawn, tired but upbeat. He hung around the front desk for a few minutes, joking with the staff and signing autographs before heading up to suite 915. A few hours later, after getting news of the murder by phone, he returned to O’Hare Airport to catch a flight back to Los Angeles. He spent three hours with police and then went home; they described him as simply a witness, not a suspect.

But as the week went on and the scrutiny mounted, Simpson grew more and more despondent. The circus parked outside his house in Brentwood Park, a glossy enclave in West Los Angeles where police are always nested anyway to protect Los Angeles Mayor Richard Riordan, D.A. Gil Garcetti and several judges who live there. The homeowners’ association hires 24-hour plainclothes security men, who watch over the homes of Angela Lansbury, Dennis Quaid and Meg Ryan, Roseanne Arnold, Michelle Pfeiffer, Meryl Streep and Tom Hanks. In fact, some neighbors of Nicole’s had a confession of their own. They hoped that O.J. had done it, that this was a classic crime of passion, something insanely logical, that it hadn’t been a random killer who

had punctured their security. “You know what scares me?” one neighbor admitted. “What if O.J. didn’t do it? It’s scared. This is a nice neighborhood.”

Simpson remained in seclusion, visited by friends like Jermaine Jackson, Dionne Warwick and former U.S.C. football teammate Bob Chandler. He did attend Nicole’s wake on Wednesday and funeral mass on Thursday at St. Martin of Tours Roman Catholic Church; he was treated as a mourner, not a murderer. Friends who talked to Simpson last week said he was distraught. Said movie agent Jack Gildart, who has represented the ex-footballer for 21 years: “He could hardly talk. He was in tears and everything.”

Simpson’s high-flying defense lawyer Robert Shapiro called in a team to help him through the crisis: forensic experts to go over every piece of evidence, an internist to monitor O.J.’s health and a psychiatrist to handle his deepening depression. On Friday morning Garcetti called Shapiro with word that the scientific tests were back, and that charges had been filed of first-degree murder involving special circumstances—meaning that Simpson could get the death penalty if convicted.

Shapiro agreed that his client would surrender that morning at 11, but the fear of suicide was so great that the lawyer wanted the doctors to see Simpson first. “When I saw O.J., he was kind of resigned that he had to go to jail,” said forensic expert Dr. Mi-

chael Baden. “He was depressed—I mean, truly depressed. So they called the prison doctors to tell them that O.J. should be watched.”

But Simpson still had some surprise moves to spring even on his own team. The surrender deadline came and went; when Los Angeles police department Commander David Gascon finally appeared before reporters, he was in a quiet fury. O.J. had failed to surface, he announced, and was now a fugitive. D.A. Garcetti arrived about an hour later to warn anyone against help-

THE CLIMAX: Having driven Simpson home, Cowlings gestures to L.A.P.D. SWAT team members; inside the mansion, senior negotiator Peter Weirer talks to O.J. by phone; finally, the gun O.J. held to his chin remains in the rear cargo area of the Ford Bronco as the police escort the handcuffed Simpson away for booking.
MOTHER BEFORE PUTTING ON THE HANDCUFFS AND TAKING HIM AWAY.

ing Simpson escape. "If you assist him in any way," he said, "you are committing a felony."

The drama of that news left reporters gasping. But there was more to come three hours later, when Shapiro finally stood before the cameras. It turned out that Simpson had remained in one place ever since Nicole's funeral the day before—not at his Brentwood mansion, where a stand-in had decoyed the media, but at the San Fernando Valley home of his friend Robert Kardashian. Shapiro said he had greeted Simpson that morning with news that he had been charged and that the surrender had been scheduled. But O.J. still had some things he wanted to do.

First he called his family lawyer and dictated a new codicil to his will. Then he wrote three letters—to his children, to his mother and "To whom it may concern." As Shapiro explained later, Garcetti's office finally called and said police were coming to take O.J. into custody. But when the forensic psychiatrist went to get O.J., he and Cowlings were gone. The hunt was on.

As if that were not enough, after Shapiro finished his account, Kardashian stepped forward to read the letter Simpson had written to posterity. It sounded in every way like a suicide note. He protested his love for Nicole and his innocence of any crime, and he denounced the press for mistakes. "I can't believe what is being said. Most of it is totally made up," he wrote. He thanked his friends, then concluded, "Don't feel sorry for me, I've had a great life, great friends. Please think of the real O.J. and not this lost person."

The police by now were receiving anonymous tips on where O.J. had been spotted. At 7:15 p.m., L.A.P.D. Detective Tom Lange, who had been one of the lead investigators, reached Simpson on a cellular phone in Cowlings' car. Lange functioned as a crisis negotiator through the wild ride down the freeways. Simpson's friends went on the radio to plead with him to give himself up. "O.J., Al, if you're listening to me, if you can hear me, guys, please, please stop," said ex-NFL player and sportscaster Jim Hill. "Just turn on your emergency blinkers and just pull over to the side. There are a lot of people who believe that if you two keep up with what you're doing right now, the worst is going to happen. People still love you, O.J., and they don't want to remember you going this way."

When it was all over, when the slow-motion chase ended in his driveway and night fell with the news that he was in custody, there was a national sigh of relief: O.J., still our O.J., had been pulled back from the brink of suicide; he was safe; it was over. The L.A.P.D., which earlier in the day had looked like Keystone Kops, accepted laurels for patience and restraint. It had been a day full of incipient violence, but as more than one commentator was heard to say at the end of it all, "at least no one was hurt."

At least no one was hurt.

In the Goldman home the phone kept ringing. It was friends of Ron's, calling his parents and sister to tell how much they had loved him, sending their love and energy to the family. "It's hard to imagine that a 25-year-old could touch so many people," his father Fred said. "He was a special human being. He didn't deserve for this to happen." The children, Sydney, 9, and Justin, 6, were with Nicole's parents. Their school had called in a psychologist to help their friends cope. One child broke down, wondering if she had anything to do with the murder because she knew Nicole and the kids. Outside Nicole's home, the flowers friends had placed at the murder site wilted in the hot June sun.

—Reported by Dan Cray,
Patrick E. Cole, Elaine Lafferty, Jeffrey Reussner and
Martha Smigiel/Los Angeles and Julie Grace/
Chicago
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HEALTH CARE

Bending a Promise

Clinton softens his stance on coverage for everyone, but is he getting close to bargaining it away?

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

READ MY PEN. AMERICANS ADMIRE Bill Clinton's nerve and determination last January when he told Congress he was willing to compromise on every aspect of his proposal except one: universal coverage. "If you send me legislation that does not guarantee every American private health insurance that can never be taken away," he told Congress in January, "you will force me to take this pen, veto the legislation, and we'll come right back here and start all over again."

But this is no time for bravado. In an attempt to jump-start a stalled legislative process, the President last week indicated to key Senators that he might be willing to accept a much slower transition to universal coverage than he had originally proposed. And instead of requiring all employers to provide health insurance to workers by 1998, Clinton added, they could be merely encouraged to do so for a few years. If universal coverage didn't result, he suggested, his so-called employer mandates would finally kick in. "I made clear," the President later said, "that I was very flexible on how to solve this problem."

Clinton's latest display of elasticity hardly compares on the flip-flop scale to George Bush's welshing on "Read my lips: no new taxes." Still, the stakes for the President are daunting: he must deliver health-care reform this fall to keep his presidency afloat, but he must redefine "universal coverage" to deliver reform. If he gives away too little on that issue, the legislation will falter; if he gives away too much, he may lose liberals who support his plan and get blamed for breaking his unusual veto promise as well.

Nonetheless, Clinton's willingness to bend is the best indication that he may see a reform package on his desk this fall. For weeks, Senate Finance Committee chairman Daniel Patrick Moynihan had been trying to convince the White House that he lacked the votes to pass any plan, much less the Administration's grandiose scheme. The sticking point has been Clinton's employer mandates, which would require employers to pay 80% of the cost of health insurance for all full-time workers. Fearing depressed profits and warning of layoffs, small-business lobbyists generated enough opposition to effectively kill that provision. What Moynihan then needed was a signal from Clinton that he was prepared to accept some other mechanism to bring about Clinton's goal of universal coverage.

Last week the White House finally got Moynihan's message: "We were running out of time," explained an Administration official. "It's time to make this thing happen." The new vehicle, called a "trigger," was proposed by Louisiana Senator John Breaux, a moderate Democrat who is developing a reputation as a breaker of logjams. Breaux wants to postpone the employer mandate for small companies until the end of 1997; in the meantime new subsidies and tax incentives would encourage small businesses to insure their workers. If small companies, defined as those with 25 employees or less, failed to insure 97% of their workers by then, the mandate would be "triggered."

At a White House meeting last Tuesday, Clinton, Moynihan and Republican Senator Robert Packwood debated whether the trigger would bring about universal coverage. Packwood argued that the trigger should not be automatic, that Congress should be required to approve the mandates before they go into effect. At this, Clinton balked. Anything that requires another act of Congress, the President said, was unacceptable. The next step was to bring in technical experts on the Senate Finance Committee, who huddled late last week with Administration officials to design a trigger that both Democrats and Republicans can live with. But it's a measure of Clinton's perilous position that his modest concession was enough to anger liberals who have backed his plan for months. Democratic Senators Ted Kennedy, Jay Rockefeller and Tom Daschle led a press conference on Thursday to insist on universal coverage. "Why are we spending our time trying to come up with 10 different ways," asked Rockefeller, "to not do what the American people have clearly stated they want us to do?"

Sensing renewed momentum by the White House, conservative Republicans who have opposed health-care reform for months once more mounted an all-out attack. After Democrats in the House Ways and Means Committee tried to build a coalition with tax cuts and other sweeteners, House minority whip Newt Gingrich told colleagues to vote against amendments designed to broaden support for reform. "These guys smell blood," said a top Republican Senator aide. "Republicans believe they are inches away from handing this President a major, major defeat."

Some in Clinton's camp, too, would rather fight than compromise. But for now, Clinton is betting on a deal. The Republicans may soon seize the moment, since both parties are playing with fire if they fail to find a middle way. —With reporting by Julie Johnson/Washington

Do you favor or oppose Clinton's health-care reform plan?

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Should the government guarantee health care for all Americans?

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From a telephone poll of 600 adult Americans taken for TIME.com on June 15-16 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ±5.5%; "not sure," omitted.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE: Moynihan and Packwood warned Clinton that his plan was in trouble.
On Heaven's Ticket

After years at the grass-roots level, the religious right is throwing its weight around in the G.O.P.

By RICHARD LACayo

Allen Quist is not the kind of man you associate with the generally progressive politics of Minnesota. Not only is he firmly opposed to abortion and gay rights, he even says men are "genetically predisposed" to be the heads of households. Despite his high-definition conservatism, last week the Minnesota Republican Party chose Quist as its candidate for Governor this year. What makes that more unusual yet is that the Governor of Minnesota is already a Republican, Arne Carlson, and he has every intention of running for a second term.

Carlson, a fiscal conservative who eliminated the state's deficit, is a moderate on many social issues. That means he's out of favor with the troops of the religious right who have seized power in the state Republican Party. The feeling is mutual. "Allen Quist represents a radical movement," says Carlson. "He wants to break down the wall between church and state. That's not going to fly with the majority of Minnesota voters."

Will it fly with voters anywhere? Throughout the U.S. this year, the religious right is making its power felt in the G.O.P. Though Christian conservatives did much to set the belligerent tone of the 1992 Republican Convention in Houston—which, to put it mildly, was no great advantage to George Bush—the experts were wrong in predicting that the G.O.P. defeat that year would spell the end of their influence. Led by the Christian Coalition, the organization that rose from the debris of Pat Robertson's failed presidential bid in 1988, the religious right kept up its building process at the local level, jamming G.O.P. committee meetings and state caucuses. The grass-roots effort has paid off in control over the party apparatus in Texas, Virginia, Oregon, Iowa and South Carolina, as well as significant influence in perhaps a dozen other states.

Support from the religious right was crucial in making Oliver North the Republican candidate to oppose Democratic Senator Charles Bobb in Virginia. Earlier this month, conservative Christian delegates turned the Texas state convention into a whooping, rolling demonstration of their clout, forcing through the election of their candidate for party chairman and the adoption of a hard-right plank that gubernatorial candidate George W. Bush, the ex-President's son, will now have to run on. Wary moderates like Bush and Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison were careful not to offend the rightists, who rolled over anybody in their way. When one centrist delegate argued that the party was not a church, she was roundly booted.

More moderate Republicans are worried that the rightists will push the party so far to the margins on issues like abortion, gay rights and home schooling that mainstream voters will be turned off—a mirror image of what happened to the Democrats in the 1970s, when they tilted left and produced an exodus of what became Reagan Democrats. But at the same time, the G.O.P. cannot afford to alienate a group of voters who may constitute nearly 17% of the national electorate. In any case, party moderates have not had much success in reversing the tide. "The people on the far right are much more interested, much more determined, much more motivated, than the centrists," says Senator Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania, who 18 months ago helped organize the Republican Majority Coalition, a now-dormant alliance of centrists.

Accordingly, the early lineup of Republican presidential contenders is already bidding for the approval of the Christian right. Jack Kemp has long been a favorite of theirs. Dick Cheney was keynote speaker at the Virginia convention. Dan Quayle's memoir is peppered with references to his religious faith and was co-published by Zondervan, a Christian imprint. And the power of the religious right was certified two weeks ago by Bob Dole, who abruptly endorsed Ollie North's Senate bid after toying publicly with the idea of supporting the independent candidacy of moderate J. Marshall Coleman.
The rise of the religious right is proof of a well-established axiom of politics: even a small number of committed activists can take control of the party caucuses and committee meetings that usually draw small crowds. In Minnesota only about 1% of the state's active Republicans attended the caucuses that chose delegates for last week's convention. Ideological commitment also ensures that the troops of the Christian right work overtime for their chosen candidates. "Those who serve," televangelist Pat Robertson once told TIME, "have a tendency, ultimately to be those who lead."

Haunted by that very possibility, some middle-of-the-road Republicans are trying to join forces with the Christian activists and perhaps moderate their demands. "A party big enough to elect a President is too big to agree on every single thing," insists G.O.P. chairman Haley Barbour. Because they know that the religious right can still be a red flag for a good many voters, some candidates who have its support are playing down the connection. Though several of his regional coordinators are busy forming a Minnesota chapter of the Christian Coalition, even the hard-line Quist is careful to keep his distance. "I have never been in sympathy with Pat Robertson," he insists. To broaden his moral-issues agenda and build bridges to economic conservatives, he prefers to stress his ideas for a middle-class tax cut.

As they become more schooled in the art of give and take, conservative Christians have been willing to support more centrist candidates and positions. At its state convention two years ago, the California G.O.P. tore itself apart over whether to adopt a strict anti-abortion plank. The conservatives won, but in the November election G.O.P. candidates were moved down by the voters. This year, to avoid hobbling Governor Pete Wilson in his race against Democrat Kathleen Brown, Christians agreed to a softer abortion platform. Religious conservatives are looking for centrists to meet them halfway by supporting candidates like North and Quist, even if they appear to be potential losers in the general election. "If you're only there for the other party when the going is easy, it isn't a marriage," says Ralph Reed, who heads the Christian Coalition. "It's only an affair."

In Minnesota it's more like a divorce. With polls showing him favored by Republican voters 3 to 1 over Quist, Carlson will challenge the Republican nominee in a primary battle this September. If the Quist forces prevail, he warns, voters will flee to the Democrats. "The Republican legislative caucus will be able to meet in a phone booth." Or maybe the new triumphs of the religious right will be a wake-up call for the rest of the party.

BY SYLVESTER MONROE BALTIMORE

LIFE HAS MANY QUIRKS. NATION OF Islam leader Louis Farrakhan is fond of saying. One of the strangest for Farrakhan was sharing a stage last week in Baltimore with a number of African Americans who usually steer clear of him, including Jesse Jackson and Malcolm X's widow Betty Shabazz, who has declared her belief that Farrakhan played a role in her husband's assassination three decades ago. But the person who stirred the most controversy by sitting at Farrakhan's elbow was the man who invited him: Benjamin Chavis, the executive of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Farrakhan's presence at the N.A.A.C.P.-sponsored event, a 2 1/2-day gathering of 100 African-American leaders in Baltimore, aggravated criticism of Chavis' attempts to revitalize the 85-year-old civil rights group by taking a more radical posture. In a speech at the meeting, he lashed out bitterly at his critics: "I didn't realize that sisters and brothers could be so envious, so jealous and so spiteful." The conference had been organized with high hopes of hammering out solutions to social and economic problems. "If we can come out of here with a health-care strategy that would be effective," said the Rev. Al Sharpton. "Otherwise, it was just a revival meeting." His fear was justified. The summit produced mostly rhetoric that underscored the risk of Chavis' strategy. By moving the group away from its integrationist tradition and embracing black nationalism, Chavis may alienate the sources of financing that the cash-strapped group desperately needs.

In fact the meeting seemed more a declaration of defiance against anyone who had objected to Farrakhan's participation. "We don't get in your family business, you stay out of ours," Farrakhan shouted at a Sunday-night rally at Baltimore's historic Bethel A.M.E. Church, threatening widespread boycotts of any corporations that withdraw support of the N.A.A.C.P. because of his presence at the summit. "We will march on you like you've never been marched on before," he said. "We will turn you inside out and upside down."

However, the most quietly painful lack of support was from African-American leaders themselves. Though 20 members of the Congressional Black Caucus were invited, the only black elected officials to attend were Baltimore Mayor Kurt Schmoke and Congressmen Kweisi Mfume of Maryland and Donald Payne of New Jersey. Jackson was the only representative from any of the other major black civil-rights organizations to show up. Chavis seemed to be alienating absentee as well as critics when he declared, "The last time I checked my back, it was someone of African descent that put the dagger in and twisted it."

His record after one year as N.A.A.C.P. leader is mixed. Chavis has succeeded in boosting membership 24%, to 650,000, the group says. But financially the N.A.A.C.P. is founding, with a $3 million deficit this year in a total budget of $18 million. Just a day after the summit, Chavis laid off 10 employees at the Baltimore headquarters, including the chief financial officer and the manager of Chavis' office staff. The move came only a few weeks after he had given the staff a 5% pay raise. According to insiders, some N.A.A.C.P. creditors have threatened to file lawsuits against the organization, which could jeopardize the group's ability to carry on its annual convention in July. The financial trouble could threaten Chavis' short, shaky tenure as well.

DECLARATION OF DEFIANCE: Chavis, left, invited Farrakhan to the pulpit and back into the black leadership family

- Reported by Laurence J. Barrett/St. Paul and S.C. Gwynne/Austin

- With reporting by Jack E. White/Baltimore

TIME, JUNE 27, 1994

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Why Paula Jones Should Wait

"Leave him alone," in plain English those three words sum up the case Bill Clinton's attorney will soon argue in his effort to defer Paula Jones's sexual-harassment lawsuit until the President leaves office. The drift of lawyer Robert Bennett's thinking has been known for some time, but sources familiar with the latest version of his brief, and the impressive appendix of historical writings that supports it, have provided Time with the details of Bennett's argument. The key points, which highlight the inextricable connection of political and legal considerations, are these:

1) The Jones lawsuit is a case of first impression, meaning that the courts have never before been asked to rule on the essential question: Does presidential immunity extend to conduct allegedly undertaken before a Chief Executive assumes office? Bennett will assert that the logic applied by the Supreme Court in its 1982 ruling in Nixon v. Fitzgerald should apply here as well. (After telling Congress that cost overruns on the C-5A transport plane could reach $2 billion, Ernest Fitzgerald, an Air Force management analyst, was fired. President Nixon took responsibility for his dismissal, and Fitzgerald sued Nixon for damages.) In Fitzgerald, the court held that a President is absolutely and forever safe from lawsuits attacking his official acts. "Because of the singular importance of the President's duties," the court said, "diversion of his energies by concern with private lawsuits would raise unique risks to the effective functioning of government."

The decision to seek delay, rather than dismissal, is a political one. "Arguing that Jones' claim should be thrown out for good would be a public relations disaster," says a Clinton adviser. "Postponement permits her to go forward later and affirms the principle that the President is not a king, that nobody is above the law."

2) If Jones proceeds now, Bennett plans to argue, the decision could inspire copycat lawsuits. In Fitzgerald, Chief Justice Warren Burger was worried that uncontrolled litigation, which sometimes is used as "a mechanism of extortion," could spur a President's political opponents to file suits simply to distract him from his duties. After quoting Burger, Bennett's draft says "one can readily imagine" further claims, "especially involving unwitnessed one-on-one encounters that are exceedingly difficult to dispute. Moreover, given the moral annihilation approach to modern politics, one can easily envision political operatives recruiting putative plaintiffs to embarrass a President."

3) Bennett will warn of another dubious motivation for such lawsuits: fame. "When the defendant is the President," the draft brief argues, "instant celebrity status is conferred simply by filing the complaint, and this notoriety may be lucrative in and of itself—for both client and lawyer." This is why Bennett wants to argue that Jones-type lawsuits should be prohibited from even being filed during a President's tenure. If suits are lodged and then stayed, he says, plaintiffs will "be all over telling their ridiculous stories without ever being put to their proof." Bennett is "dead right about the reality," says an Administration lawyer, "but as a political matter, making that argument to the court is part of the 'No person's above the law' problem. In the end, we may decide that people should at least be allowed to file claims so that it doesn't seem like we're trying to refuse them the right to seek relief, even though all we're really arguing for is delay."

4) Bennett would leave room for certain lawsuits to proceed when immediate redress is required. White House Special Counsel Lloyd Cutler has suggested the example of a child-support action, where the harm should be mitigated as soon as possible. "Exceptional circumstances might warrant a deviation from the general rule of presidential immunity," the draft brief says, but "such facts are not presented" in the Jones complaint, "and the court therefore need not address them."

5) Bennett will also claim that the public has an interest in deterring Chief Executives from contesting suits. "A President facing a politically motivated private civil suit," the draft says, "may choose to defend such a suit to salvage his political career, at the expense of attending to more important responsibilities."

6) Finally, Bennett will urge that Jones' case against Arkansas state trooper Danny Ferguson be similarly delayed. Jones has fingered Ferguson as the man who summoned her to a hotel-room meeting with Clinton, but in the trooper's sworn answer to her complaint, he has admitted only that he "pointed out a particular room" where Jones alleges Clinton sought sex with her. Since the Ferguson case would invariably involve Clinton as a witness, Bennett believes the same distraction arguments apply.

As with many difficult legal questions, the rationale for delaying Jones' suit involves a balancing of interests. "Sure it's unfair to her or to similar plaintiffs," says University of Southern California law professor Susan Estrich. "She and they will suffer from waiting for their claims to be adjudicated. But permitting the President to focus on his job is more important." On this crucial point, Bennett's arguments are cogent and persuasive. This is not to say that Jones' charges are false. Given Clinton's personal behavior, which he himself has described as having caused "pain" in his marriage, one can't dismiss Jones' story out of hand. Clinton himself may not deserve the break he seeks, but the presidency does.
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Haiti

Pushed to the Edge

Haitians are panicked by fear of invasion and sanctions that really bite

By KEVIN FEDARKO

Most of Haiti was asleep last week when Emile Jonassaint, the island’s octogenarian puppet President, went on television at 2 a.m. to announce a national state of emergency. The country, Jonassaint declared, was “faced with extreme danger, denigrated, ridiculed, humiliated, strangled.” Warning of “invasion and occupation,” the President installed in office by his military handlers last month suggested that fellow Haitians might look for protection to the voodoo god of thunder.

It will take more than the almondy-syrup libations with which voodoo priests placate the god’s wrath to save Haiti from U.S. anger if the thugs who run the country do not voluntarily give up power. The once lackadaisical trade embargo is beginning to bite now that U.S. ships are forcibly halting all sea traffic and the land border from the Dominican Republic has been virtually shut down. Two new measures aimed at toppling the strongmen who deposed democratically elected President Jean-Bertrand Aristide in 1991—suspension of all commercial air traffic from the U.S. beginning this Saturday, and a freeze on Haitian assets, including bank accounts and credit cards—have provoked panic and pain.

The Clinton Administration hopes to succeed by driving a wedge between the military men who control the government and the business elite who support them. "Up to now," says Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott, "because of the slipshod nature of sanctions enforcement, an awful lot of the Haitian establishment not only could live with the embargo but, perversely, quite a few were profiting from it.” That is no longer the case. As bills piled up on their desks, businessmen spent most of the week frantically shifting money around by phone. Some, waiting in long lines at the bank, scanned local papers for advertisements offering special U.S. flights or Florida mortgages. "The fact that there are no planes is a major psychological blow," said a Port-au-Prince entrepreneur. "The freezing of bank accounts is killing businessmen. Some who were opposed to Aristide returning are finally sobering up."

The other prong in Washington’s strategy is the credible threat of military intervention. No one knows whether Clinton will follow through with an invasion, but the steady drip of leaks has created an atmosphere of frantic speculation that, combined with a dearth of hard facts, makes for effective psychological war. Amid all the uncertainty, Port-au-Prince is swept by sensational rumors, such as last week’s report that the U.S. embassy had been passing out trident paint so that Americans could identify their homes to invading troops.

Washington is prepared to wait some weeks while sanctions strange the economy, also watching to see whether a rattled elite decides to work out some skin-saving deal. But increasing numbers of Haitians are convinced that if sanctions fail to dislodge the military, the President’s tough posturing may have made invasion inexorable. Even though Clinton has yet to make a decision, there is a growing consensus that he has pushed matters to the point where he cannot afford to back down. "There's almost no way out," said former Ambassador to Haiti Ernest Peege, "except military intervention."
HIGH ANXIETY: Residents of the capital struggle to board a bus out of Port-au-Prince

That prospect must surely unsettle the Haitian regime, troubled by its own internal feuds. Haitians were shocked last week when the brother of powerful police chief Michel François went on the radio in the Dominican Republic to call for the resignation of military boss Lient. General Raoul Cédras. While François quickly disavowed his brother's statement as "offensive and inopportune," the police chief's associates confirmed a growing rift between the two junta leaders.

The government could only muster contradictory signals and empty gestures in response to the invasion panic. Jonasaint's state of emergency was roundly dismissed as a national joke when the military failed even to declare a curfew. Decision turned to surprise when, in a city where nothing works, pothole-repair crews and street cleaners suddenly made an appearance along several main streets in Port-au-Prince—presumably to demonstrate, however peripherally, that the government is capable of doing something.

On Monday the national legislature was declared open, but nobody showed up. On Wednesday the regime attempted to stage a show of force that quickly turned to farce as nervous soldiers goose-stepped in ragged fashion around the presidential palace to the sound of wheezing clarinets. The display served only to block traffic and remind onlookers how woefully the island's defenders are trained.

Shotgun-toting attaches, the irregular ruffians who back up the military, boasted that they would fend off any foreign invasion. "We turned their boat back once, and we will turn them back again," claimed a gunman. "When the Americans land, we will be issued grenades and M1s. We are supposed to start firing right away to keep control of the population." He said his superiors had warned that if a U.S. invasion succeeds, "they will make certain the attaches get no jobs and don't eat"—an effective threat in a country where only the luckiest have work or regular meals.

Against that surreal backdrop, the rest of Haiti seems to be holding its breath. Despite the apocalyptic fears of the BMW-and-beaujolais crowd, a vast, silent constituency eagerly awaits the political resurrection of the priest who is referred to in hushed whispers as "the man whose name we cannot speak." In villages throughout the country, prayers are offered in the churches each Sunday for the lifting of the embargo. "I would like to see the invasion," said Smith Elmont, a boatwright from the small coastal village of Luly. "We all want the Americans to come. Then there will be justice and we will live in peace."

—Reported by Edward Barnes/Lully, Cathy Booth/Port-au-Prince and J.F.D. McAllister/Washington

Invasion: Does It Make Sense?

THE ARGUMENT FOR INVASION IS SIMPLE: ALL OTHER ALTERNATIVES HAVE not worked. Haiti's internal turmoil is a legitimate U.S. interest because it sends thousands of unwanted refugees to American shores. Jean-Bertrand Aristide is a democratically elected President owed support in the hemisphere. Yet why should America be willing to put its soldiers' lives on the line to save Haiti? If the U.S. can negotiate with North Korea, why can it not do the same with the unsavory Haitian regime? If the refugees can be filtered through Jamaica, why should the U.S. worry about reforming the society from which they flee? If Aristide is, in the eyes of the U.S., a less than perfect leader, why should Washington take responsibility for returning him to office?

For the Clinton Administration, there are several reasons. A successful invasion could rapidly earn credibility for a foreign policy widely decried as weak and inept. It would also stand as an important victory for the international community: an unjust regime would be toppled; a brutal embargo would be lifted. What's more, says some experts, this is the first—and most essential—step toward getting Haiti on its feet. "There is no way to govern without restoring President Aristide," says Robert White, former U.S. ambassador to El Salvador. "So, regrettably as it is, military intervention is less regrettable than the U.N., U.S. and Organization of American States losing out to a bunch of uniformed gangsters."

The problem is this: What happens after the initial cheering stops? Boasting only 7,000 men, a handful of armored personnel carriers and a few patrol boats, the Haitian military is, according to a Pentagon analyst, "a joke" that is more likely to surrender early and create a political problem than fight a guerrilla war. But after defeating the army—which a Pentagon official estimates would be "finished up by dawn"—the situation gets messy fast. Military force can be an effective tool for toppling regimes, but as a means of rebuilding societies, it is a blunt instrument the U.S. has not wielded effectively in similar cases, such as Somalia.

The irreducible fact is that an invasion of Haiti would be less a military act than a political one. It would emmesh the U.S. in the governance of a country that, having only briefly experienced democracy, lacks the infrastructure to run an open, civil society. With its shivered economy and widespread unemployment, those institutions could take years, if not decades, to develop. In the end, perhaps the most telling fact is this: when the U.S. invaded Haiti in 1915, it did not leave for 19 years. And the country was brought no closer to a representative democracy.
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DIPLOMACY

In Need of Good Faith
Carter and Kim try to restart negotiations on a nuclear settlement

By BRUCE W. NELAN

The smile campaign was in full bloom in North Korea, played out publicly with the help of CNN. A beaming and nodding Kim Il Sung was on view receiving former U.S. President Jimmy Carter on a “private visit” last week with all the ceremony and trappings appropriate to a serving head of state. More important—since Kim knew that Carter was in touch with Washington—they talked for six hours. Then Carter and Kim shared a huge reminiscent of the one Carter gave Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev at the SALT II signing in 1979.

Carter claimed a diplomatic breakthrough, reporting that North Korea would allow international inspectors to remain at the main nuclear installation in Yongbyon while “good-faith efforts” toward a settlement were resumed with the U.S. As the television cameras rolled, Carter told Kim the U.S. would suspend its effort to impose economic sanctions on North Korea.

Anxious onlookers were eager to conclude that the threat of war had been spiked and the tense dispute over Pyongyang’s nuclear-weapons program was safely back on the diplomatic track. It is too soon to reach that conclusion, and it could be mistaken. The White House quickly denied it was shutting down its sanctions campaign and asked for clarifications from North Korea. The world’s hopes for a peaceful settlement are certain to rise and fall in the coming weeks as the U.S. tries to discern whether Kim is ready for serious negotiations this time or simply out to diddle the West once again.

The Administration is prepared to go back to serious talks—if the North Koreans will first freeze their nuclear program. That means, explained Vice President Gore, they must not extract plutonium from the 8,000 fuel rods they have just removed from their 5-MW reactor at Yongbyon; they must not put new fuel rods into the reactor; they must keep the IAEA inspectors on duty “and allow them to function.”

The sanctions campaign the U.S. formally launched last week was about the past rather than the future. Because Pyongyang extracted the fuel rods abruptly and made it impossible for inspectors to track the reactor’s previous plutonium production, Washington is asking the U.N. Security Council to begin putting pressure by banning North Korea’s arms trade, along with an end to U.N. technical and scientific assistance. If Pyongyang continues to stonewall on inspections, the U.S. will push for tougher sanctions with a full ban on trade and financial dealings. But if the North Koreans meet Washington’s requirements, the U.S. will resume the high-level talks and suspend the sanctions effort.

With Kim grinning and glad-handing on CNN, it might be tempting to assume he has finally decided to trade his nuclear program for a diplomatic and economic payoff from the West. But among North Korea watchers, there are still two divergent interpretations of what Kim is really up to. One group takes the view that his nuclear program is a bargaining chip, the only aspect of North Korean society that makes it interesting to the world, and thus one to be sold at the highest possible price in recognition and aid. They argue that the U.S. should make the benefits of a deal for North Korea more explicit.

The other view is that Kim, an old-fashioned communist dictator, sees nuclear weapons as the ultimate insurance for the survival of his regime and the succession of his son Kim Jong II. If this is correct, Kim’s repeated agreements to allow inspectors to work freely, and his subsequent refusals to live up to them, are part of a stalling game. His aim may be to string the West along until the end of the year, when he could have the plutonium for six or eight atom bombs—which might be enough to deter attack or blackmail a neighbor. By this theory, confrontation—even war—may be the only way to stop him.

No matter which of those theories is closer to the truth, Washington loses little by pursuing any diplomatic opening. As long as Kim allows the inspectors to keep track of the fuel rods, he cannot secretly process them to obtain plutonium for more bombs. But there is a tricky time element in this approach. The rods are still highly radioactive and cannot safely be reprocessed for a month or so. If theory No. 2 is correct, that downtime allows Kim to make many generous promises for the next few weeks, then rescind them as he chooses—perhaps including his proposal last week for a historic summit with South Korea. Only if or when the rods were to move into reprocessing would most of the doubts about Kim be resolved.

At that point, Clinton’s intentions will also have to come clear. Where does the U.S. draw its red line on North Korea? Clinton may be determined never to allow Kim to acquire any atom bombs. On the other hand, he may be unwilling to press North Korea any harder with sanctions than the reluctant Security Council will accept. He may not be prepared to resort to military force even if that is the only way to keep the Bomb out of Kim’s hands. Even if he does believe confrontation might ultimately be required, he can build global support only by trying every possible diplomatic step short of that. Possibly he has simply not thought it through. A pause now does not cost Washington any more than it costs Pyongyang. But if the fuel rods in Yongbyon begin to yield up their plutonium, Clinton could be forced to decide exactly how tough he will be.

Reported by James Carney and Jay Peterzell/Washington

TIME, JUNE 27, 1994  47
By moving too slowly against Balkan atrocities, the world community is encouraging still more war crimes

By JAMES O. JACKSON THE HAGUE

ELMA AHMIC, 17, IS HAUNTED BY memories of the brutal destruction of her village near Vitez, 37 miles north of Sarajevo, on April 16, 1993. A unit of the Bosnian Croat militia called the Jokers first shelled the mostly Muslim town, then moved in to finish off the men. Relations with local Croats had been good, she said, but after the arrival of the militia, "about 20 people surrounded our house, shouting. "Get out of here! This is Croatia, not Turkey." My father came out and asked them what they wanted. They took my father and killed him. They shot my brother when he was coming down the stairs. Then they shot my grandfather and two uncles in the front yard."

At least 107 Muslims died that day in the village of Ahmic. "Many of the people who killed my family are still there," says Ahmic. "I know who killed them." So does Sejka Dzadzic, a local Bosnian Muslim commander. "After the war," he says, "the dogs will eat these men."

As outside powers press the Bosnian factions to settle their civil war and accept the permanent dismemberment of Bosnia and Herzegovina, there is other unfinished business. The war has been as ugly as any in history. At least 85% of the 200,000 killed in three years of fighting have been civilians. An additional 4 million have become refugees, most of them driven from their homes in pogroms of "ethnic cleansing." Survivors tell of concentration camps, brutal guards, starvation rations, killing grounds, mass graves. They remember a sadist called the Butcher, the killer gang known as the Jokers. They have witnessed summary executions, decapitations, human beings being thrown on bonfires. Some still hear the moans of raped women, the shrieks of terrified children, the howls of men under torture.

Fifty years after Hitler's fall, war crimes are being committed in the Balkans on a level reminiscent of Nazi Germany. Governments and private organizations have compiled detailed documentary and eyewitness evidence of at least 5,000 specific cases, along with lists of 3,500 named individuals allegedly responsible for committing the crimes.

The atrocities, carried out mainly by Serbs but also by Croats and Muslims, cry out for punishment. So far, the U.N. and
other international organizations have deliberately been dilatory in tackling them. Although a U.N. war-crimes tribunal has been appointed, it lacks the political support and the funding to begin its work. No international charges have been brought before it. No trials have begun.

The Bush Administration named several top Serbs as potential war criminals, including Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic, Radovan Karadzic, the leader of Bosnia's Serbs and General Ratko Mladic, commander of the Bosnian Serb army. The Clinton Administration has compiled evidence of high-level involvement. "We can piece together a heck of a lot," says a U.S. official. A recent State Department report cites evidence that Mladic had "overall responsibility for the camp system." One witness, a Croat who had been an officer in the regular Yugoslav army and later spent 14 months in various Serb-run detention centers, testified that Mladic in some cases decided the fate of individual prisoners. "The Serb detention camps and prison system in Bosnia-Herzegovina and in occupied Croation territory was an integrated entity organized under the corps structure of the army of the [Bosnian] Serb republic and operated with full knowledge and support of the Yugoslav army," the report says.

Only a smattering of cases have been brought. In Bosnia two men have been tried for murder and rape, and authorities in Belgrade have sentenced a Serb to death for killing 16 Muslim civilians. Alleged war criminals have been arrested in Germany and Denmark, and France is investigating charges brought by five Muslims against Bosnian Serbs. The German case against a Serb named Dusan Tadic, 36, arrested in February, will go to trial in Germany or before the Hague tribunal.

ENES HADZIC, a 36-year-old Muslim truck driver, was held for two months at the Omarska detention camp in the summer of 1992. He says Tadic, who came from his home village of Kozarac, six miles east of Prnjavor, was a guard nicknamed the Butcher for the beatings and torture sessions he conducted. "One night six men were called out and killed within an hour," says Hadzic, held in a room nearby. "I could hear the voices saying, 'Please, Dule, don't kill me.'" One of Tadic's victims was Jasmin Hrmic, also from Kozarac. "I personally saw Dule Tadic call Jasmin out of the group," says Hadzic. "A few hours later, he was dead, Jasmin had money and a motorcycle. Dule always hated him."

The war-crimes trials held in Germany and Japan after World War II set the standard for such proceedings, establishing the principle that leaders may be held respons-
sible for starting wars and for atrocities committed during the conflict. A series of Geneva conventions have defined violations under three general headings: 

**War Crimes**, such as mistreatment of prisoners and targeting of civilians; 

**Crimes Against Humanity**, such as enslavement, deportation and murder of civilian populations, and racial, ethnic and political persecution; 

**Genocide**, defined as “deliberately inflicting on a group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part.”

Crimes in all three categories have been documented in Bosnia. “The credibility of international humanitarian law demands a tribunal to hold accountable those responsible,” says Theodor Meron, professor of international law at New York University Law School. He suggests that such trials “should deter those who envisage ‘final solutions’ to their conflicts with ethnic and religious minorities.” Says Tilman Zülich, director of Germany’s Society for Threatened Peoples in Göttingen: “I think we have to show that we’ve learned something. We have to show where genocide leads.”

**ESMA ELEZOVIC**, 45, was on her way home in Braunschweig, Germany, in January 1993, when she came face to face with a man who had forced her and fellow Muslims to flee the town of Kozarac in May 1992. “I was in shock,” she says. “This man had his gun on my son’s neck the whole way through the journey.”

The encounter brought back terrifying memories of the ethnic cleansing of Kozarac, where Muslims and Croats were rounded up and sent to a soccer stadium in Prijedor. “The next morning we were marched to a highway intersection for selection,” recalls Elezovic. “The men, women and children, and old people were separated. A man pushing a stroller with his one-year-old son in it was pulled to the side. They put a vicious dog up to his throat. We could see his insides spilling out. Then he was taken to a garage and shot.” Elezovic and other women eventually landed in the Omarska camp. “I don’t like to speak about it,” she says. “I was raped. I was beaten. The worst was that we had to watch everything. One night they built an enormous bonfire outside and pushed men into it. I was forced to watch from the ter-

**TO PUNISH, NOT AVERAGE**

Muslim civilians bury the dead returned to them in April 1993 by the Croats they had battled north of Sarajevo race of the building. I had a gun in my back and was told, ‘Look how they’re all singing and dancing’ as the men hopped around, burning alive.”

The Society for Threatened Peoples has evidence that 150 Yugoslav suspects may be living in Germany. Most are Serbs, but the society’s list also includes Croats and at least two Muslims. Authorities have launched investigations into 10 occurrences involving 30 individuals suspected of “conspiracy to commit genocide.”

But most of the war criminals remain in their homelands, safe from prosecution. Nothing has been done to confront the likes of Milosevic and Karadzic or others on the U.S. list. Leaders at that level will be the most difficult to prosecute even though they bear primary responsibility for crimes committed by underlings. “Dusan Tadic is only a small part in the machinery of evil,” says Ragib Hadzic, director of the Bosnia and Herzegovina War Crimes Commission office in Zenica, near Sarajevo. “Who created Dule Tadic? Who created the framework in which Tadic could exist? It is the creators of the system who must be prosecuted.” Unfortunately investigators do not have access to military logs or other materi-
al that might prove the chain of command.

Cerifer Bassiuni, who chairs the U.N. Commission of Experts appointed to study Bosnia war crimes, has passed 65,000 documents to the Hague tribunal. Ten three-woman teams, each consisting of a prosecutor, a mental-health specialist and an interpreter, have interviewed 200 rape victims and gathered data on 800 more cases.

The most persistent investigator is Fatila Memisevic. She has compiled a list of 1,250 suspects along with evidence she believes to be strong enough to satisfy international legal standards. Memisevic, a Muslim refugee from Zenica, has received advice from Nazi hunter Simon Wiesenthal in developing the cases and has applied his rule that each episode must be supported by the testimony of five witnesses. “In many cases we have 100 witnesses,” she says.

**NAZIF BEGANOVIĆ**, 59, A MUSLIM TINSMITH from the ethnically mixed Banja Luka neighborhood of Budzjak, had lived for years in friendship with the Serb next door: “Before the war we’d drink brandy and slivovitz every night. After fighting started, he saw that we were lost, and he thought of himself as a force with power over us. I said the war was not my fault. I had no sons fighting against the Serbs. But he screamed ‘Be silent, Baljka (a pejorative term for Muslims)! I won’t waste bullets shooting you. I’ll burn you and blow up your house. I tell you straight to your eyes, I’ll kill you.’”

For almost two years, said Beganovic, his family lived barricaded in their small home, slipping out a back window to fetch

**WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?**

Though many investigators are convinced that atrocities are organized at the highest levels, the chain of command has proved hard to determine, making any prosecution difficult. Doing so is important, however, in order to establish the legal principle that Serb, Croat and Muslim leaders may be held responsible for crimes committed by their henchmen, and to forestall reprisals by demonstrating to the survivors that justice has been served.

**ACCUSED TADIC**

Raised on tales of Serb victimization, he became a fanatic adherent of a Greater Serbia. A refugee in Germany, he was charged there with “systematic murder” as a guard at the Omarska camp, where Muslims were held.
food, harassed nightly by neighbors. The end came on Feb. 16, when two men wearing women's stockings over their heads charged into the house demanding money. The Beganovic's had none to give them. “They hit my nine-year-old,” says Rasema, Nezif's 33-year-old daughter. “I saw that her nose and ears were bleeding, and I screamed at them to let her go. Then they turned on me and raped me, one after the other. My whole family had to watch.” Her sister Nada, 27, was also raped. The family fled to a refugee center in Gasinci in Croatia, 90 miles away. They will not return.

There is little doubt that such brutality is organized and authorized at a high level, even if the available evidence does not satisfy the exacting standards of a courtroom. U.N. officials cite the example of the predominantly Serb Banja Luka region, which was home to 356,000 Muslims and 180,000 Croats before 1991. Today only 50,000 Muslims and 27,000 Croats remain. Their homes and neighborhoods have been taken over by an estimated 250,000 Serbs brought in from Muslim-controlled areas.

The newcomers are instructed by local Serb officials to “integrate” into the villages. “That means they can look for a nice Muslim house and then go get it,” says Joran Bjallerstedt, the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees' chief protection officer for the former Yugoslavia. “They back up a truck to the house, load up anything that's salable, beat up the men, rape the women. The authorities say they can't control it. The truth is, they don't try.”

Lyubomir S., 21, is a Serb from the village of Brjani. He was one of several hundred men imprisoned by Muslim militiamen in a military barracks at Celebic in June 1992. “We were beaten regularly,” he told interviewers from Human Rights Watch/Helsinki. “A young soldier nicknamed Zenga beat us. They killed a man named Corba. They brought in a chair, on which he had to sit. They then shot him in front of his brother and me. This guy Zenga pulled the trigger.”

The Western powers have not used what meager authority they have to force the factions into more humane behavior. The U.N. Security Council two years ago asked the five-member Commission of Experts to investigate reports of atrocities. A year ago, after the panel concluded U.S. is about to purchase $3 million in computers for the prosecutor's office. It is also spending $6 million on a task force made up of FBI agents, State Department experts, intelligence analysts and others sifting evidence to build cases.

The U.N. tribunal—if it ever gets started—will be breaking new ground in the history of war-crime prosecutions. Some Nuremberg precedents have been rejected: no defendants will be tried in absentia; nobody will be hanged. All the tribunal can do, says Theo Van Boven, the court's registrar, “is rule that a case exists and issue an international arrest warrant. That would severely limit the movement of such people. They would become pariahs.”

In Nuremberg and Tokyo, the defeated were tried by the victors. “In Bosnia there is no victory,” says Dominique Wouters, a tribunal legal officer. The chief judge, Italian legal scholar Antonio Cassese, says that makes the creation of the tribunal “a turning point in international relations. For the first time,” he says, “the community of states is rendering a justice that is not that of the victors, imposed at the very time when the air is still being rent by the clash of arms and cries of pain.”

War-crimes trials are intended as acts of punishment and instruments of deterrence—not only against atrocities elsewhere but also against vengeance. One reason to prosecute in formal, legal surroundings is to hold those guilty of war crimes to account and let their victims see that justice is being done. What is happening today in Bosnia is the result, in large part, of ethnic violence during World War II and earlier that was never satisfactorily resolved. The international community will have to take responsibility for meting out justice in this Balkan war if it hopes to prevent the next one.


CALLING TO ACCOUNT
A Muslim woman who charges she was raped by Serbs waits for justice at a refugee camp in Croatia in January 1993

Ljubomir S., 21, is a Serb from the village of Brjani. He was one of several hundred men imprisoned by Muslim militiamen in a military barracks at Celebic in June 1992. “We were beaten regularly,” he told interviewers from Human Rights Watch/Helsinki. “A young soldier nicknamed Zenga beat us. They killed a man named Corba. They brought in a chair, on which he had to sit. They then shot him in front of his brother and me. This guy Zenga pulled the trigger.”

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Only two countries have put up hard cash beyond the U.N.'s small budget. Pakistan has contributed $1 million, and the
NEWS ABOUT

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SOCIETY

PRIDE AND PR

Times have changed 25 years after Stonewall, but gays still have cause to
For those living through the summer of 1969, its epochal moments seemed to be Chappaquiddick, the moon landing, Woodstock. But in terms of American social history, the most important event of those steamy months a quarter-century ago may have been a largely unreported street clash, in the early-morning hours of June 28, between police and the homosexual clientele of an unlicensed New York City bar, the Stonewall Inn. The brief uprising inspired a gay civil rights movement that until then had few public adherents and scant hope of success. It launched a social revolution that is still changing the way Americans see many of their most basic institutions—family, church, schools, the military, media and culture, among them. A group long dismissed as deviant or perverted or simply beneath mention has been able to claim a sizable space in national life, to the joy of its members and the continuing consternation of many fellow citizens. Declaring oneself to be gay is no longer an automatic admission that psychotherapy is needed or an abandonment of all hopes for family and career. Increasingly, especially for young Americans, it is seen as a straightforward matter of self-expression and identity.

That change is particularly striking given the relative newness of the gay movement: it is hard to trace significant activity back much further than the 1950s, whereas the civil rights movements for blacks and women took shape in the 19th century and needed far longer to attain their basic goals. The rapid pace of change for gays owes much to the trails blazed by blacks and women, and the success of those groups gives gays hope that in a generation or so they will have attained full acceptance as just another piece fitting into the mosaic of national life.

Yet for every gay success, there is a countervailing setback. For every invitation, there is a rebuff. If the view over the past quarter-century suggests that gay progress is inevitable, the picture today suggests that gays may instead be, as their opponents argue, a unique case rather than just another minority group. Far from continuing toward inclusion, gays may already be bumping up against the limits of tolerance. When Americans were polled by Time/CNN last week, about 65% thought homosexual rights were being paid too much attention. Strikingly, those who described homosexuality as morally wrong made up exactly the same proportion—53%—as in a poll in 1978, before a decade and a half of intense gay activism.

NO LONGER IN Hiding: At New York City's Stonewall memorial, celebration of self-assertion and the everyday freedoms it bred
THE FIGHT FOR EQUALITY: AIDS galvanized what many perceived to be a good-times community; a Vietnam veteran in Brighton, Massachusetts, openly supported the cause.

“...My beliefs aren’t based on bigotry or ignorance. But you could take it further and say fat people, prostitutes or left-handed people deserve their own protections.”

—ROY SCHMIDT
In jubilant moments like those planned this week in New York City—the Gay Games, an athletic gathering with more registered participants than the Barcelona Olympics; a companion cultural festival; and a Stonewall commemorative parade on Sunday, June 26, that is expected to attract hundreds of thousands of unafraid, unashamed marchers—it can seem that the gay struggle has almost been won. Yet everywhere one looks, there are signs of gay acceptability unimaginable to the dreamiest of Stonewall patrons.

GAYS ARE WORKING OPENLY in the White House and on Capitol Hill, at least two of them as elected members of Congress; a gay man is president of the Minnesota state senate, and another is the Democratic candidate for secretary of state in California. Unabashed gays are employed as doctors, lawyers, teachers, police officers. Pop stars and Olympic heroes acknowledge they are gay—as gold-medal diver Greg Louganis did, movingly, during Saturday night's opening ceremonies at the Gay Games. The gay dollar is courted by big companies, and gay tourism is encouraged, not only in Miami and Los Angeles but in traditionally conservative Pensacola and Palm Springs as well. Gays rally for rights not only in big cities but also, if more anxiously, in such places as Missoula, Montana, and Tyler, Texas. Earlier this month 20,000 gay men and women were made welcome at that icon of bourgeois family life, Disney World. Barbara Hoffman of Boston, 61, a retired, Radcliffe-educated clinical psychologist, has been "out" since 1955, when "the best we could hope for was to live quietly in our personal closets." She says, "I cannot believe how far our community has come."

Yet if gays are vastly less separate than they used to be, they are far from equal. Americans are willing to accept the abstract idea that gays have equal rights under the law—53% in the Time poll favor allowing them to serve in the military, and a plurality of 47% to 45% supports giving them the same civil rights protection as racial and religious minorities—but are distinctly less comfortable when asked about gay close at hand. By 57% to 36%, poll respondents say gays cannot be good role models for children; 21% say they would not even buy from a homosexual saleswoman or—man.

Many heterosexuals resent any perceived invitation to "condone" or "endorse" gay behavior. They would rather not know—or, in the words of the Pentagon, they would rather not ask and they would rather that gays didn't tell. When confronted with the likelihood that at least some of their children, or those of relatives or close friends, will grow up gay, even liberal parents recoil in dismay. Verline Freeman, 31, a word processor in New York City, describes herself as "tolerant" and says she has gay friends. Yet she objects to her sons, 13 and 6, being taught about homosexuality in school, and has never discussed it at home. "It probably is important, but to me it's not. It's not something I want to be bothered with." To many adults, letting children know homosexuality legitimizes it. Says Joseph Dickerson, 52, an electrician from Highstown, New Jersey: "I disagree with teaching a broad spectrum of life-styles. It may have a tendency to sway some kids. When I was a teenager, if someone introduced me to a different life-style, there's no telling how I would have accepted that."

In many areas of law there has been little or no change for homosexuals during affirmative-action programs for blacks and women. Roy Schmidt, city commissioner of Grand Rapids, Michigan, voted this year against an ordinance adding gays to the existing civil rights code. He insists, "I have no problem with the gay community or gay people. My beliefs aren't based on bigotry or ignorance. But you could take it further and say fat people, prostitutes or left-handed people are going outside their own protections." Like many people who regard themselves as unprejudiced, Schmidt sees gay rights as a threat to traditional families. "The core family unit already has enough problems. I don't want my three sons to think that the gay life-style is acceptable." If his children turned out gay, he adds, "I would never disown or break away from them. But I would try to have them mend their ways."

At the extreme, distaste for gays can lead to violence. The FBI, which has begun keeping statistics on hate crimes because of a congressional mandate, reports that in 1992 there were at least 750 cases of assault and intimidation against homosexual men and women. Those jolting numbers may be vastly understated. The National Gay and Lesbian Task Force surveys data on gay bashing in six cities—Boston, Chicago, Denver, Minneapolis-St. Paul, New York and San Francisco. For 1992, it reported 2,103 episodes. While cases in other cities declined substantially in 1993, they jumped 12% in Denver, perhaps as a result of emotional debate over an antigay referendum question on the 1992 Colorado ballot.

Another telling count comes from the Southern Poverty Law Center's Klanwatch Project, which says at least 30 murders in the U.S. last year were hate crimes, a third aimed at gays and lesbians in places as rural as Humboldt, Nebraska, and as urban as Washington, D.C. Says Klanwatch researcher David Webb: "As gays and lesbians become more visible, hate crimes rise in direct correlation. Bigotry today isn't just about the color of one's skin. In fact, people now are less likely to condemn someone for being black or Hispanic. It has become more acceptable to go after gay men and lesbian women." In Los Angeles County last year, hate crimes against gays overtook similar attacks on blacks.

That fear is why anonymous calls threatening to "slit your throat and watch your faggot blood run in the street" drove Jon Greaves to drop a grass-roots campaign last year against an antigay resolution adopted in Cobb County, Georgia, a prosperous and fast-growing Atlanta suburb. He and his lover moved instead to Atlanta, or Hotlanta, as its large and lively gay community likes to call it. "It wasn't a surrender," says Greaves, "just a retreat to safer ground." The resolution, which stands, declares homosexuality to be "incompatible with the standards to which this community subscribes." That apparently makes Cobb County, where the
FAMILY VALUES: In most states gay couples can adopt children; Florida and New Hampshire, however, have statutes against the practice.

"People seemed to be letting me know, in code, that they suspected and it was O.K. I don’t have much tolerance left for that kind of tolerance."

—MARY WHITE

lynching of a Jewish man in 1915 sparked a resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan, the only government jurisdiction in America to declare homosexuals officially unwelcome. Says the Rev. Charles Scott May of St. James' Episcopal Church in Marietta: "People are feeling insecure. The world is changing. They’re confronted with different cultures and personal values, and it scares the hell out of them." One factor that intensifies the battle is the 1996 Olympic Games. Cobb County is the venue for volleyball, and gay activists are lobbying Atlanta’s Olympic committee to get the sport moved or the resolution rescinded.

When Cobb County turned hostile, Greaves had a gay-friendly place nearby. That option does not always exist for gays in rural areas, as 400 marchers bore in mind in early June at Montana’s first ever gay-pride parade, through the streets of downtown Missoula (pop. 45,000). "You have to understand the risks people here are taking," said Linda Gryczan, the lead plaintiff in a suit challenging the state’s sodomy law. "This is different from being one in a million in New York or San Francisco. We are not anonymous anymore." Unlike gay parades in some big cities, the kind depicted in alarmist antigay videos used for fund raising by conservative Christian groups, this 30-minute procession had no men in nun drag, no topless women on motorcycles. The marchers mostly looked like the cowpokes and earth mothers next door. Even so, many closeted gays stayed away. One would-be participant watched longingly from a parked car.

The main reason for the protest: Montana’s unenforced “deviate sexual conduct” law, theoretically among the nation’s harshest, deeming gay sexual contact a felony punishable by up to 10 years in prison. When Governor Marc Racicot said last year he would support repeal, he got hundreds of angry letters, some threatening his family. Idaho and Kansas are reconsidering that law, too.

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Should marriages between homosexuals be recognized as legal by law?

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<th>YES</th>
<th>NO</th>
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<td>31%</td>
<td>64%</td>
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Do you favor the passage of equal-rights laws to protect homosexuals against job discrimination?

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<th>YES</th>
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<td>62%</td>
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How much attention is being paid to homosexual rights?

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<tr>
<td>Too much</td>
<td>65%</td>
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<td>Not enough</td>
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<td>Right amount</td>
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For gays, the issue is dignity. Montana law prohibits harassment of sports officials and livestock, but not of them.

Long-term, low-key approaches have helped gays elsewhere. In March 1993 a law banning many kinds of discrimination—including that against gays—went into effect in Miami Beach, where gay investors have played a key role in the resurgence of the South Beach area. Greg Baldwin, a gay partner in Florida’s largest law firm, Holland & Knight, spearheaded the drive for the ordinance. Says Baldwin: "We were very careful. We weren’t screaming and yelling and alienating. That wouldn’t have helped us achieve our goal." Instead, Miami Beach’s gay leaders spent a year and a half working to elect supportive politicians, then consulting everyone—even conservative clerics—and negotiating compromises. The ordinance was worded so that it could not be repealed piecemeal, only as a whole.

A similar step-by-step process worked in liberal but heavily Roman Catholic Massachusetts, where a gay-rights bill was enacted in 1989 after 17 years of legislative debate. By 1992, a third of all candidates for state legislature sought endorsement from the 15,000-member Massachusetts Gay and Lesbian Political Caucus; this year, all four gubernatorial hopefuls support gay rights. The Massachusetts Board of Education last year adopted, unanimously, the nation’s first state educational policy prohibiting discrimination against gay elementary and secondary students. Last December, Governor William Weld signed a similar bill into law.

By contrast, in even more liberal Hawaii, gays chose to sue for the right to marry, reasoning that many civil rights advances have come from the judiciary. At first they seemed to have won, when the state’s highest court last year required government officials to show "compelling interests" against same-sex marriage. Hawaii appeared to be on the verge of allowing such unions, which could have had nationwide significance, because other states would be constitutionally obliged to recognize marriages licensed by Hawaii. But few gay-
right issues are more sensitive: marriage is traditionally the province of religion, and allowing it for gays would treat them as truly the moral equivalent of straights. A Honolulu Advertiser poll found two-thirds of respondents opposed to same-sex marriage. Legislators quashed the idea by more than 3 to 1 and referred it to a study commission, a majority of whose 11 members must belong to specified religious groups—a proviso that many observers say ensures a negative outcome.

While gays have faced uneven results in the political arena, especially at the national level, they have made great strides in the seemingly less inviting world of private business. Hundreds of companies, including IBM, Eastman Kodak, Harley-Davidson, Dow Chemical, Du Pont, 3M and Time Warner, have specific policies banning discrimination based on sexual orientation.

Many, ranging from the Wall Street law firm Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy to the insurer Blue Cross and Blue Shield of Massachusetts, provide health or other benefits for gay employees' partners. Such old-line companies as Union Carbide and Colgate-Palmolive hire consultants to teach about sexual orientation. Yet many gays still fear that acknowledging their sexuality may hurt their chances for promotion, and stay closeted even at firms that vow equal treatment. A 1992 survey of 1,400 gay men and lesbians in Philadelphia found that 76% of men and 81% of women conceal their orientation at work.

Why do gays have to come out at all? Why can't they just live their lives discreetly? Being gay is, of course. Some consider themselves out because they tell other gays, or a few straight friends, or some family members. Some believe the only important

announcement is the first—coming out to oneself. For every drag queen or gender bender who believes life ought to be street theater, dozens if not hundreds of gay men and lesbians avoid confrontation.

Yet gays have compelling reasons to come out. Banding together—in public—is out because they feel that to keep silent is to imply they should be ashamed.

That is what motivated Mary White, the postmaster of Southport, Maine. She wasn't sure how people would react on the island of 500 where she lived and worked. "Everyone gay I know anywhere in the Postal Service is in the closet. But I'm tired of worrying about what other people think about my life. The choice to be open is the choice to be free. The more of us who throw our stones into the pond of freedom, the more ripples there will be," she said. She spoke those words months ago. But she didn't come out to anybody. "I didn't feel safe. One or two people seemed to be letting me know, in code, that they suspected and it was O.K. I don't have much tolerance left for that kind of tolerance."

White went on the record now because last week she left her job, taking a pay cut and demotion to move to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she can join a thriving gay subculture. She wasn't assaulted or threatened. She was simply tired of having to hide. "I can't be myself here," she said, surrounded by packing cartons. She is not sure where the gay movement is going. She feels it is leaderless and fractured. She has seen firsthand the collision with the limits of tolerance. But for the hundreds of thousands of gays who are coming to New York City for a week of sports and celebrations, and for the majority who, like her, are not, one thing is certain. They believe their civil rights are just as inherent in the Constitution as those of blacks or women or anyone else—and they believe that a quarter-century of phenominal change since Stonewall is not enough.

—With reporting by Wendy Cole/Chicago, Sharon E. Epperson/New York and Michael Riley/Atlanta

UNEASY DIVERSITY: Some gays may flinch at the drag excess of Wigstock but recall that transvestites and prostitutes were among the pioneers at Stonewall

"We live in a conservative, conformist culture, one with great intolerance and difference. All men are created equal except in practice."

—HISTORIAN MARTIN DUBERMAN
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BY ANASTASIA TOUFEXIS

 SHE WAS BURIED IN ROSELAWN, INDIANA, last Monday morning, with three crucifixes pinned to her pink dress and a favorite rattle bracelet lacing her wrist. At the flower-strewn gravesite, her small white casket was placed beside that of her sister, who was laid to rest 10 months earlier.

To most people it seemed the sad but certain end to the saga of the Lakeberg Siamese twins. Born joined at the chest with a fused liver and shared heart, they were separated last August at seven weeks of age in a controversial procedure that sacrificed one sister, Amy, so that the other, Angela, might live. The chance of success—widely reported to be just 1%—and the projected $1 million bill for the infants’ care ignited a national debate over the limits of medical intervention. Now the Lakeberg girls lay reunited in death. A tragedy, surely, but not a surprise.

And yet to the people who knew best—her family, doctors and nurses—Angela’s death on June 9 was sudden and unanticipated. In fact, says Dr. Russell Raphael, director of critical care at Philadelphia’s Children’s Hospital, until her final respiratory illness, he would have estimated “a better than 95% chance” that she would leave the hospital a healthy child. Says Angela’s mother Joey, 25: “We thought she would be home this summer.”

Far from the tortured existence that many predicted, Angela’s brief life was largely free of suffering. Repairs to her heart had rendered it fully functional. Her chest was somewhat misshapen but healing well. Angela did not spend her days entangled in tubes and wires. She needed no sedatives or painkillers or emergency trips to the operating room.

Ensclosed in the hospital’s cardiothoracic intensive-care unit, the infant recovered quickly from the 5½-hour operation that separated her from her twin. One week later doctors removed the breathing tube that connected her to a respirator. But since her lungs were still weak from surgery and congenital problems, they placed her in a negative-pressure ventilator. The cylindrical device works like an iron lung, enclosing the body from the neck down in a vacuum, so that air flows through the nose and mouth and into the lungs without the effort of inhalation. Over the next months, Angela’s caretakers began the process of weaning her from the machine. But in the meantime she was fed her baby formula through a thin nasogastric tube so as not to interfere with her breathing.

By late fall she was able to leave the ventilator for short periods to be held and

TENDER MOMENT: In April, when Joey Lakeberg held Angela for the last time, the baby seemed well on her way to recovery.
rocked by nurses. Therapists manipulated her mouth to try to teach her the motions of sucking and eating, and eventually began feeding her tiny amounts of pureed food. They played grabbing and reaching games to help her learn to sit up. In January doctors discovered an obstruction in a pulmonary artery and inserted a small tube to widen the passage.

Joey Lakeberg made half a dozen trips to Philadelphia to see her red-haired, blue-eyed daughter, but financial constraints and mental problems kept her in Indiana much of the time. On her most recent four-day visit in April, Joey spent time holding Angela, blowing her kisses and trying to teach her to wink. Angela’s father Kenny saw his child only twice. A neer-do-well who outraged relatives and the public by using money donated for the twins’ care on fancy restaurants, a car and cocaine binges, Kenny has spent much of the past year in jail. He was in a drug-rehabilitation center when Angela died; hours after her death he was arraigned on auto-theft charges.

In the parents’ absence, volunteers and hospital staff provided nurturing. “People brought her presents and visited with her Christmas Day,” notes surgeon in chief Dr. James O’Neill, who separated the twins. Nurses bought her clothes, which they laundered themselves. They read books to her and stroked her cheeks, and Angela returned the affection. “She would blow kisses,” says nurse Maryann Izzi, who has two new dresses at home intended as gifts for Angela’s first birthday. “If you walked up and said her name or if you were someone she recognized, she would have a smile or a laugh. And if you mimicked giving a kiss, she would try to pucke up.”

Angela delighted in baths when she was out of the ventilator and could splash freely. “We’d play the sound track to Grease at bath time,” Izzi recalls. “She was smiling and laughing, and we’d dry her off and hold her a little while, just to get some human contact.” She adored watching videos, especially Beauty and the Beast and Aladdin. “She wasn’t really into Barney,” observes Izzi. A lollipopp was a special treat: “She would stick her tongue out, and we would rub it against her tongue.”

Angela learned a clever trick to get attention. She knew that if she pulled the cardiac sensors off her chest, alarms would ring and nurses would come running. By April, Angela was playing outside her ventilator for “sprints” of two to four hours several times a day, and once for as long as eight hours. Though she remained a little under the average weight for her age, so steady and secure was her progress that the medical team cut back its daily discussion of her case to a weekly assessment and predicted that she would be going home by early fall. In May, though, things suddenly changed. Angela caught a simple cold, the kind that she had overcome before. But then her temperature soared. On Wednesday two weeks ago, she began having trouble breathing. Doctors suspected she was developing pneumonia.

It turned out to be a more complex problem. A blocked vessel was keeping blood from flowing from the heart to the lungs, and the fluid was backing up into the heart. Angela lost consciousness. Doctors managed to bring her back two or three times, but at 1 a.m., in the room where she had lived for 10 months and had just cut her first tooth, she died.

Angela’s death renewed the debate over whether her doctors had made the right choice in attempting such heroic surgery in the first place. Doctors at Chicago’s Loyola University Medical Center, where the twins were born, had advised against any intervention. But Philadelphia’s O’Neill insists that the child had a reasonable chance of recovery. “We never believed that it was a 1% chance. If we thought that it was not a reconstructible heart except for a snowball’s chance in hell, we would have advised against it. We take long odds every day, but not crazy odds.” Others agree. “The tragic end result does not mean that the right decision was not made from the beginning,” says Mark Siegel, director of the MacLean Center for Clinical Medical Ethics at the University of Chicago. “The baby’s clinical course supports the original judgment that this was a case they could deal with.”

Dr. Jonathan Muraskas, the Loyola neonatologist who had advised the parents to “let nature take its course,” admits that he devised the 1% figure only to put the situation in simple terms and “to try to make the family agree with us.” Muraskas, who

“Everyone thought she was doing well. We thought she would be home this summer.”

—JOEY LAKEBERG, Angela’s mother

FROM SEPARATION TO REUNION: Angela and Amy before surgery; 10-month-old Angela watches a video from the ventilator where she spent most of her days; her casket rests beside Amy’s grave

—Reported by Wendy Cole
Roselawn and John F. Dickerson/Philadelphia

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TIME, JUNE 27, 1994
ETHICS

A Sick Boy Says "Enough!"

In another case involving a child’s right to die or be treated, a transplant patient refuses further help

By CHRISTINE GORMAN

IT IS AN ALMOST UNIVERSAL TRUTH THAT children who have been sick most of their lives possess a wisdom and maturity beyond their years. Benito Agrello, 15, possesses both—and plenty of spunk to boot. When social workers arrived with five police cars and two ambulances at his Coral Springs, Florida, home, they planned to force the boy, who is dying of liver failure, to go to the hospital. But Benny, who has already undergone two liver transplants, told them he wanted to be left alone to live out whatever remained of his life in peace. The 5-ft., 2-in. teenager, who weighs just 79 lbs., kicked and screamed and even managed to knock out a windowpane with his elbow before being tied to a stretcher and loaded into an ambulance. At the hospital he refused to have a biopsy or blood tests and spurned the antirejection drugs he was offered. Finally, after four days, a judge ruled that Benny could go home, where he can sleep late if he wants to, play Nintendo with some of the neighborhood children or read a good book.

At first glance, Benny’s story seems to be yet another case of a patient asserting his right to die when medicine can only prolong suffering. The twist is that Benny is still, in the eyes of the law, a child who cannot make such weighty decisions on his own. If he were in his 70s, the decision would seem like a victory: a dignified death with the consolation of a rich life fondly remembered. Benny, however, seems not only too young to die but also too young to want to.

The boy’s mother has made her peace with his decision, and the Florida judge also deemed him suitable enough to make the choice. But Benny’s doctors would like to buy him some more time. Perhaps, they argue, he could figure a way to vary the amount of the antirejection drugs he is taking so the side effects are not quite so miserable. There is also the possibility of yet another transplant. The chances he could survive a year after a third operation, however, are generally considered to be less than 50%. “We proposed trying to rescue his liver,” says Dr. Andreas Tzakis, head of liver transplantation at the University of Miami. “He refused.” One thing is sure: as Benny loses weight, and his skin turns ever deeper shades of yellow, his chances dim with each passing day.

Born with a malfunctioning liver, Benny a blinding headache. The pain in his joints often kept him from playing with friends. Last year, after thinking about it all summer, he decided to cut back on his dosage. His mother and the rest of his family protested, but by October Benny had stopped taking any medicine at all. And for half a year he lived what he has called “the best months of my life.” Nevertheless, in the view of transplant experts, Benny had made a mistake. In some cases transplant patients can be weaned from their antirejection drugs, but it must be done under close medical supervision so doctors can intervene at the earliest sign of trouble. If Benny had bided his time, say doctors, he might have had a happier relationship with the transplanted organ. “The longer you have an organ, particularly the liver, the more it becomes a part of you, and you a part of it,” says Dr. Andrew Klein, a liver-transplant specialist at Johns Hopkins Medical School. Transplant surgeons admit they are among the most aggressive at trying to keep death at bay. “Considering the severe shortage of donor organs, I think there is a moral obligation to take care of the organ you receive as best you can,” says Klein. He allows, though, that preserving an organ should not take precedence over preserving some semblance of pleasure in life.

One suspects that in Benny’s case, patient and doctors failed to understand one another’s priorities. Perhaps the boy felt his pain was not being taken seriously enough. Perhaps the medical team misread the young man’s growing determination to choose his own fate. “Often when problems like this arise, there’s a misgiving about families and the whole of medical ethics,” says James Nelson, a medical ethicist at the Hastings Center in New York. Someone from the Pittsburgh team decided to call the child-abuse hotline in Florida to try to force Benny to renew treatment, and the result was the awkward standoff. “That’s the most distressing part to us,” says Tzakis. “We all have the feeling that Benny has slipped out from under us.”

Tzakis has not given up hope that Benny may still change his mind. Several transplant recipients have volunteered to talk to the boy. But after a week spent dealing with lawyers and turning away phone calls from Nightline, People and other national media, Benny seemed weary. “Just tell them,” he said, “I want to be left alone.”

PRIORITY: A jaundiced Benny suffers from potentially fatal liver failure, but after quitting his medication he enjoyed “the best months of my life”
Cable's Big Squ

New channels are lining up for space, but good ideas are being shoved aside by

By RICHARD ZOGLIN

Tom Bergeron and Laurie Hibberd are new on the job, but already they are the most laid-back personalities on morning television. While camera operators and stagehands wander in and out of shots, the co-hosts of Breakfast Time, a new morning show on the FX cable network, sidle from room to room in their spacious, apartment-like set in New York City. When not trading quips with a wisecracking hand puppet, they introduce segments that make Good Morning America look like the MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour: a visit to an Oklahoma ostrich farm, an interview with a Florida man who makes furniture out of junk, a live report on Hula-Hoopers in the park across the street. This is homemade TV—and proud of it. On the show's first broadcast, Bergeron playfully chased his executive producer around the set and accidentally broke a lamp. "You're watching our final day on FX," joked Bergeron. "Tomorrow the Lint Channel will be here."

Maybe the Lint Channel has already arrived. FX, launched three weeks ago by the Fox network, is perhaps the ultimate example of disposable television. Along with its lighter-than-air morning show and a slate of oh-so-familiar network reruns (Hart to Hart, Batman, Family Affair), the channel features a pet show, a consumer guide to rock CDs and a collectibles program. If it weren't for a Nightline-style interview show hosted by former CBS correspondent Jane Wallace, the network would be so insubstantial that it might float away.
eeze

more of the same old thing

Yet IX and two other similarly superfluous channels created by broadcast networks are the most potent newcomers on the jammed cable dial. Fox's entry went on the air with a subscriber count of 18 million homes—the largest start-up figure for any cable service in history. Nearly 11 million homes are expected to be on board July 4, when NBC introduces America's Talking, a new network consisting of—what ready, America?—nothing but talk shows. Last October ABC launched ESPN2, a hipper, younger version of cable's largest sports network; it currently reaches 12.8 million cable homes.

For years, cable visionaries have promised a day when everyone from sailing enthusiasts to opera lovers would have a cable channel to suit his tastes. But the new cable programmers are pursuing a more old-fashioned strategy: aiming for a broad-based audience by replicating fare that already gluts the airwaves. Meanwhile dozens of other worthy cable aspirants—channels devoted to history, health, fine arts, golf—are struggling to be born. There may well be an audience for more knockoffs of Oprah, more sappy morning shows and more reruns of Dynasty. But viewers looking for the diverse array of niche programming that cable once promised are still looking. What has gone wrong?

One answer is that, remarkable as it may seem, the cable dial is full. The much hyped 500-channel future is years away, and for now the average cable system has only about 40 slots for programming. Take away the dial positions that must be given to over-the-air stations and public-access channels, and there aren't nearly enough spaces for the more than 70 basic-cable services vying for an audience—and for the advertising revenue they need in order to survive.

Actual crowding on the dial, however, is only part of the problem. A more important roadblock to new channels, in the view of the cable industry, is government regulation. In the 1992 Cable Act, Congress responded to consumer complaints about the rising cost of cable service by instructing the Federal Communications Commission to regulate rates. The FCC proceeded to roll back current rates and to establish a strict formula for how much cable operators could raise them in the future.

While consumers rejoiced, the cable industry griped that the regulations took away the incentive to add new programming to their basic service—those packages of channels offered for a flat monthly fee. The regulations allow systems to pass along the cost of new channels plus 7.5%, but cable operators complain that the percentage is too small to make carrying such channels worth it. Hence few new channels on basic cable. "In regulating the industry," contends Carter Maguire, executive vice president of sales for Turner Cable Network, "the FCC has paralyzed it."

Instead of adding new basic services, cable systems have turned their atten-
tion to channels that can bring in revenue unhindered by the rate caps: premium services (such as HBO and Showtime), home-shopping networks (from which cable operators get a portion of the sales income) and pay-per-view movies. One of the biggest growth areas is adult-movie channels—a lucrative business, since the cable operator typically can keep 70% or more of the $4 to $5 customers shell out for an evening of soft-core sex.

But if cable systems are refusing to add new basic channels, how did FX and ESPN2 and America’s Talking end up getting carried? It has less to do with must-see programming than with deals struck between the cable industry and Fox, ABC and NBC. Traditionally, cable systems have been able to retransmit local broadcast stations for free. The four broadcast networks, which own local stations in big markets, have always been frustrated by this situation, and in 1992 they were allowed to seek retransmission payments from the cable operators. The cable companies refused to pay, however, so a compromise was reached. The networks dropped their demand for money, and in return the cable systems agreed to carry and pay for new cable channels that the networks would devise.

These network-owned channels have been guaranteed carriage in major markets; the fate of other cable newcomers has been much different. In April, Ted Turner launched Turner Classic Movies, which offers many vintage, long-unseen films from Turner’s MGM and Warner Bros. archives. Cable systems serving only 250,000 homes were persuaded to sign up. Horizons Cable Network, a PBS-backed channel that plans to cover lectures, panel discussions and other educational and cultural events, had hoped to debut later this year, but it was forced to delay the launch after cable systems representing 6 million homes, citing rate restrictions, backed out of a commitment to carry it.

Ovation, a proposed fine-arts network, and the History Channel, offering documentaries and historical movies and mini-series, both plan to launch by January but are having a hard time building up a subscriber base. “The way the rules are structured today,” says Barry Rosenblum, president of Time Warner Cable of New York, “cable operators are only motivated to launch services that are unregulated. And those may not be the best services for our customers.”

Established cable services are suffering as well. Officials at C-SPAN, chronicler of Congress and government activity, say the channel has been booted off or cut back in systems representing 4.3 million homes. “The regulatory environment is making our life miserable,” says C-SPAN president Brian Lamb.

FCC chairman Reed Hundt has promised that the agency will listen to the cable industry’s complaints and consider refining the rules. Consumer advocates, though, scoff at cable’s cries of pain. “When I hear a cable operator say he can’t add a new channel,” says Bradley Stillman, legislative counsel to the Consumer Federation of America, “I wonder how many shopping channels he’s got on the air, or how many channels in which he has a financial interest. Channel decisions are driven by many factors—and the industry is trying to blame it all on the FCC and the 1992 cable law.”

Whichever is to blame, the oversupply of reruns and chat on the cable dial has become oppressive, the attempts to breathe new life into them almost laughvably desperate. America’s Talking will offer such quirky variants on the talk-show format as Am I Nuts? (psychologists offer advice to people facing everyday stresses) and Pork (its single topic: government waste). On ESPN2, the hot-shot hosts can be abrasive enough to provoke violence (New Orleans Saints quarterback Jim Everett, taunted by interviewer Jim Rome this spring, overturned a table and pounced on him).

Increasingly, the theme is homegrown, back-to-basics TV. Spurred by the need to look different and to do it cheaply, new channels proudly let the seams show—a throwback to the earliest days of TV—and stress spontaneity and viewer participation—an attempt to achieve the intimacy of talk radio. Anne Sweeney, chairman of FX, says her channel’s goal is to create “a national network based on a local feel.” America’s Talking will use interactive technology to get viewers involved. “This is a place where Americans can come, pull up a chair, pour a cup of coffee and join the national dialogue,” says head of programming Elizabeth Tilson.

But televised talk radio and the return of Hart to Hart were not all that the cable revolution was supposed to bring us. Maybe, when the tide of banality has run its course, viewers will finally be fed up and start turning to the cornucopia of choices that cable was supposed to offer—and, one day, may actually provide. —Reported by S.C. Gwynne/Austin, Texas, Martha Smillie/Los Angeles, William Tyman/New York and Adam Zagorin/Washington

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It’s back-to-basics, user-friendly TV, with a lighter-than-air morning show, service programs—and, inevitably, lots of old reruns.

Just what America was waiting for, wall-to-wall talk shows. With Rust Limbaugh’s producer Roger Ailes at the helm, it starts July 4.

There aren’t enough sports to fill this ESPN spin-off, but the channel has recruited plenty of brash young hosts to woo the MTV crowd.

The government-affairs channel has been rebooted out of cut back in 4 million homes, at least partly because of the above channels.

With Gone With the Wind as well as obscure MGM and Warner Bros. chestnuts, this channel is a movie buff’s dream. But few can see it.

It will offer original documentaries and historical movies, but getting cable systems to sign on for its January launch has been a struggle.
Why did your mom always tell you to drink orange juice?
The reasons just keep piling up.

It's quite a reading list. Over 500 studies — including well over 100 on vitamin C alone — all point to one general conclusion: The vitamins and nutrients in orange juice can play an important role in maintaining good health.

In fact, leading researchers have found diets rich in fruits and vegetables, which are generally low in fat and high in vitamin C, vitamin A, and dietary fiber, are associated with a reduced risk of several types of cancer.

And an 8-oz glass of orange juice more than satisfies the government's recommended daily allowance of vitamin C.

Other studies indicate the potassium and folate in orange juice have important health benefits as well. Potassium is needed for normal muscle function. And folate helps produce new red blood cells, and may reduce the risk of some birth defects. So it's very important for pregnant women.

And orange juice is sodium-free, fat-free, and cholesterol-free.

There's so much good news, it's hard to keep up with it all. Of course, you could just keep up a healthful diet, including lots of orange juice, and see the positive results for yourself.

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So you never reach this point.

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HEART ATTACK

Macaulay Culkin's latest is desperately sentimental

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

NOW THAT MACAULAY CULKIN IS a teenager, vulnerability, the quality that has prevented his wise child from turning into a wise guy, comes harder for him. Now that Ted Danson is a movie star, or thinks he is, stupidity comes harder for him. Danson's character in Getting Even with Dad is supposed to be an inept thief, but the actor doesn't want to dig into dumbness, which is where the laughs, if any, might be. Untutored is the worst he'll allow himself to seem. Untutored, but capable of sensitivity, of love, of being a '90s beau ideal, if given a chance.

Providing that chance is the job of the half-pint, in a movie so desperately maneuvered that it's possibly unfair to blame Danson for defending himself against it. Culkin plays Timmy, the son whom widowed Ray hasn't seen for three years, and he arrives just as his dad and two confederates are about to rob a coin collection. This they manage with a cleverness that belies their alleged incompetence. But the boy steals the loot, and will give it back only if Ray will act the good

SURPRISE CASTING: Culkin plays a smart-aleck kid; Danson is a lovable lug

father for a week—you know, ball games, amusement parks, miniature golf. Father and son bond, of course, and along the way Timmy does a little matchmaking, helping Pop and the cop who's trailing him (Glenn Close) fall in love.

Timmy is a calculating little guy, the creation of calculating big guys. Like everyone else in the movie, he appears to have been shaped into existence by people who aren't writing or directing in the usual sense of those words but are operating a computer whose keypad is marked with a few simple signs: sentiment, sweetness, lovable mischief, yousness. The coldness with which these filmmakers pursue warmth is—no other word for it—bone chilling.
MUSIC

The Young and Screwed-Up

Green Day's explosive CD is the best rock release of the year

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

IF THE MEMBERS OF Green Day ever tour Singapore, they'll all probably end up as candidates for caning. The punk trio's new CD, Dookie, is immature ("I'm not growing up, I'm just burning out," run the lyrics to Burnout, the opening song), rude ("I don't know you! But, I think I hate you," the band sings on Chump) and violently threatening in a he-was-such-a-nice-boy-before-he-shot-the-senior-class kind of way (Having a Blast goes, "I'm taking all you down with me/Electrodes duet taped to my spine"). But bad attitudes often make for good rock 'n' roll. Green Day takes its adolescent snottiness and channels it into music. The result is a cathartic punk explosion and the best rock CD of the year so far.

This is music for people with raging hormones and short attention spans, for the sort of kid who, as his burrito rotates in the microwave, impatiently frets, "Three minutes is an eternity. Three minutes is an eternity." Every song on Dookie is brief and hard—the entire 14-track album is just 39 minutes long. Most of the songs are built around seductive guitar riffs, and each one is performed with controlled frenzy. The lyrics are about being young and screwed-up, about having your hopes and dreams dipped in disillusionment and then swallowed whole like so many Chicken McNuggets. "My mother says to get a job," vocalist-guitarist Billie Joe sings on Longview, "But she don't like the one she's got." Even romance is, like, a bumper. On Sassafras Roots, Billie Joe makes the proposition, "I'm a waste like you.../May I waste your time too?" Green Day's punk nihilism works because it's delivered with self-deprecating humor, not with narcissistic rock angst.

All the members of Green Day—Billie Joe, bassist Mike Dirnt and drummer Tre Cool—are in their early 20s. Billie Joe, who writes almost all the trio's lyrics, grew up in Berkeley, California (his given name is Billie Joe Armstrong). His father, a jazz musician, died when Billie Joe was 10; his mother is a waitress, and he is the youngest of six. "Mom gradually got less strict with each kid," admits Billie Joe, and that evolution in parenting style may help explain the anarchic themes in his lyrics and his carefree approach to music in general. "I still can't read music," he says, "and I only know about three chords. But that's all you need."

He's right. The band started modestly, putting out two albums on a tiny Berkeley record label (Lookout!), but now, on their major-label debut (Warner Bros./Reprise), their raw three-chord rock is finding a wider audience (Dookie has sold 600,000 copies). This summer Green Day is set to pull off a cross-generational coup—the group will not only tour with the hip annual Lollapalooza music festival, it will also play the nostalgic-laden 25th anniversary of Woodstock. So rock's torch is passed on. Look for Green Day to light some fires.

UNVANQUISHED: The tough, sexy Hynde is now 43 and has daughters 11 and 9

Real Thing

Chrissie Hynde leads the return of the Pretenders

By DAVID E. THIGPEN

AS A WOMAN ROCKER LEADING AN otherwise all-male band. Chrissie Hynde has long been one of pop music's most fascinating and contradictory figures. Fond of skintight jeans, torn T-shirts and excessive amounts of black eye shadow, she combines a punkish disdain for the world with an expressive, let's-get-it-on sexuality. As the songwriter and singer of the Pretenders, she manages to create buoyant, invigorating rock 'n' roll by weaving pop music's tunefulness with punk's aggressive energy. With pulsing, loping guitar work and a ragged-edged style that retains the sound of a great garage band, the Pretenders' early records produced an array of hits like Precious and Talk of the Town. Last of the Independents, the Pretenders' first new album in four years, has a relaxed, familiar feel. With jangling guitars, stomping drums and Hynde's voice—soft one moment, steely the next—it is assured, bare-knuckle rock 'n' roll. Part of the credit goes to the sturdy rhythm work of returning drummer Martin Chambers, an original Pretender who left the band in 1986 (the other two charter bandmates, James Honeyman Scott and Pete Farndon, died of drug overdoses in 1982 and 1983).

Hynde is 43 now, and although her youthful rebellion seems tamed, it hasn't quite been vanquished. "Bring on the revolution! I want to die for something," she sings on Revolution. Night In My Veins celebrates quickie sex. But the album's most intensely felt moment comes on I'm A Mother (Hynde's two daughters are 11 and 9), a feisty rebuttal to soft images of motherhood: "I understand blood! I understand pain! There can be no life without it," she sings. Hynde is living proof that even for punks, life doesn't have to end at 21.
“This bottle contains a great-tasting imported beer.”

“This bottle contains a great-tasting light beer.”

Either way, you’re right. Who says nothing’s perfect.
Live by the Ax, Die by the Ax
One of publishing's fiercest buccaneer executives is summarily fired by his Viacom bosses

BY MARTHA DUFFY

LAST WEEK RICHARD SNYDER, THE CEO of the huge publishing house Simon & Schuster, and his young, third wife Laura Yorke invited a dozen Manhattan media swells to a dinner party. The guest of honor was to be Snyder's new boss, Sumner Redstone. Redstone's company, Viacom, acquired Simon & Schuster when it bought Paramount Communications, which owned the publisher. But the day before the party, Redstone left a message on Snyder's answering machine, backing out.

Later that day, Snyder was fired.

Until then Snyder, 61, had been one of the most powerful executives in publishing. Aggressive and abrasive, he had run Simon & Schuster since 1975 and increased the firm's revenues from $40 million to $2 billion. He achieved this growth largely by buying educational publishers like Prentice Hall. But those outfits didn't bring Simon & Schuster fame. It was its trade division—the division that publishes the nonfiction books and novels available in bookstores—that made waves.

Under Snyder, Simon & Schuster became as avid as a Hollywood studio in its pursuit of hot properties and star writers. Among the authors it rewarded with big advances were Jackie Collins, Mary Higgins Clark, Kitty Kelley, Bob Woodward, Rush Limbaugh and Ronald Reagan, who was reportedly paid $7 million for his memoirs. For class, Simon & Schuster plucked Philip Roth away from his prestigious publisher, Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Although only about 10% of Simon & Schuster's revenues come from trade publishing, that is where the glitz lies. Says top literary agent Morton Janklow: "Trade publishing is like couture in fashion. Saint Laurent loses money on couture, but that's what allows him to make millions from his perfumes." With Snyder in charge, Simon & Schuster became the flashiest couture house of them all.

Snyder's high-volume, high-profile style produced profits that were just about average for the industry, but his personality created serious turnover problems. An arrow of a man, with a loud, deep voice and a blunt manner, he underscored every bottom line with outbursts of temper. When Martin Davis took over Paramount (then Gulf & Western) 10 years ago, the two dictatorial bosses began a festering, not-quite-open feud. Snyder is a buccaneer, better suited to being an entrepreneur than an employee. Says Joan Didion: "This is the game he wanted to play; he played it for 30 years, and he lost this round."

"This is the game he wanted to play; he played it for 30 years, and he lost this round."

—Writer Joan Didion

and the man who fired Snyder, says simply, "Dick Snyder's operating philosophy and Viacom's operating philosophy were just at odds with each other."

Snyder's departure—he was immediately replaced by his soft-spoken former No. 2, president Jonathan Newcomb, a finance and marketing specialist—raised the question of what the new owner intends to do with Simon & Schuster. Viacom's victorious pursuit of Paramount brought $8 billion in debt. To lessen that burden, Viacom might sell the publishing house, but Wall Street observers dispute the wisdom of such a move. Says one: "A company with an $8 billion debt can't afford to dispose of a big chunk of cash flow like that." In addition, Viacom bought Paramount for its software—its films, television programs and books. The writing community, however, is worried. Whatever his flaws, Snyder was fiercely committed to his writers. Now editors are receiving nervous calls from most writers with Simon & Schuster contracts.

Manhattan rumor mills ground out stories suggesting that another factor undercutting Snyder with Redstone was the publisher's free-spending ways. Snyder's contract called for an annual salary of $1 million, with a possible bonus of another $1 million each year. (He will leave with $10 million.) Snyder likes living well—he has a vast Manhattan apartment and a baronial spread in Pound Ridge, New York—and at Simon & Schuster he kept a chauffeur on staff.

Those close to the fray discount such expenses as a serious factor. Snyder jokes that he was so conscious of Viacom's stinginess that he walked to his firing rather than use his car. For his part, Redstone, who used to take the subway, now rides in a limo. His driver: Martin Davis' former chauffeur.

But Snyder no longer has to worry about being thrifty. His chic little dinner went on last week despite the absence of its centerpiece. Snyder told his guests that when Redstone withdrew from the party, he changed the menu. Out went the frugal food. In came the caviar and champagne. —Reported by Sam Allis/Boston

Elizabeth L. Bland and Thomas McCarroll

New York
Mom's Horror
A novel about a good parent accused of child molesting

By JOHN SKOW

ANYONE WHO HAS GIVEN HOSTAGES to fortune by marrying and having children knows that the normal 3 a.m. horrors take on an astonishing new awfulness under those conditions. Nightmares of the crippling disease, the car crash, the sociopath be-devil the spouse and parent. And they do so, for some reason, in perverse proportion to how healthy, loving and prosperous a family really is.

Though it is not explicitly acknowledged, this torment seems to have been the inspiration for A Map of the World (Doubleday; 390 pages; $22), a miscellaneous and unsettling marital melodrama by Jane Hamilton, whose first novel, The Book of Ruth, won the 1989 PEN/Hemingway Foundation Award. Hamilton introduces us to Alice and Howard Goodwin, a handsome Wisconsin couple—she a school nurse, he a dairy farmer—who are the parents of two little girls and who could be exhibited at the state fair in the perfect-marriage pavilion.

If this were a western, such peace-fulness would signal "Apaches!" Sure enough, disaster befalls. While Alice is tending her own and a neighbor's kids, the neighbor's two-year-old tumbles into a pond and is pulled out brain dead. A second calamity follows, as Alice is accused of sexual abuse by the mother of one schoolboy and then by the parents of several others. She is blameless, but so shaken that her denials sound like admissions, and she is jailed to await trial.

As happens in a bad dream, both Goodwins are nearly paralyzed by their terrible fate: Alice sleeps 20 hours a day. And there is another similarity to the skewed reality of nightmares. At the edges of the reader's field of vision, backdrops are unainted and sets only sketchily built. There is no strong sense of sheltering farm, disapproving town or world beyond the Goodwins' tragedy, and this intensifies the reader's unease because there is no broader reality to which to escape.

This would be soap opera if the author were not unusually good at transforming acute, intuitive perceptions into sentences. Writing, this is called. Alice, half cranked, notices an overweight townswoman: "Her partially exposed freckled bosom, confined in its pushup bra, was barking and whining to get out." She slaps a hostile child: "He had absorbed the blow. It was as if the sting had gone right to a spot inside where he stored his wounds." And here is Alice's tiny daughter putting a clammy hand on her arm and trying to console her: "When I was your mom and you were a baby, I needed sweet and nice." This is very good stuff by a novelist whose momentum seems unstoppable.

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When Southern Gothic Is Real Life

With the help of an established novelist, an unknown writer publishes a powerful memoir

By R.Z. SHEPPARD

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, has always been a city of two tales—one white, the other black, running parallel, sometimes clashing but seldom touching. That is one reason why Ruthie Bolton’s Gal: A True Life (Harcourt Brace; 275 pages; $19.95) is such a remarkable book, for it is the result of an unlikely collaboration between two writers—one black and unpublished, the other white and well established. Gal is also remarkable as that one-in-a-million unsolicited manuscript that actually gets published. But most impressive is the book itself.

The author of Gal is a 33-year-old former employee of a plant nursery who is the wife of a restaurant worker and the mother of five children. She has adopted the pseudonym Ruthie Bolton to spare her family embarrassment over some of the raw events she writes about. Josephine Humphreys, 49, is a Charleston native and a highly regarded novelist. Her Dreams of Sleep, Rich in Love and The Fireman’s Fair have impressed readers and reviewers with their perceptiveness, their quiet humor and their blend of the courtly conservatism and racy spirits that have survived in and around that seductive old seaport for three centuries.

Humphreys is married to a lawyer, has two sons at Harvard and lives in a green beachfront house on one of South Carolina’s fragile barrier islands.

Humphreys does much of her writing at an office in an attractively ruinous building in Charleston that once housed Confederate widows. That is where the porter asked her if she would talk to Bolton about her “book.” He had overheard Bolton discussing it at the nursery and said he knew someone who could help. At that point the effort consisted of 58 pages, handwritten on looseleaf paper and kept in a red folder marked “Parent’s Handbook” that Bolton’s seven-year-old daughter had brought home from school.

Last week, sitting on a neighbor's screened porch with a view of Fort Sumter behind them, the two women recalled the beginning of their association and friendship. Advising unpublished writers is not Humphreys’ glass of ice tea. “I found that I'm usually a hurt more than a help,” she says. Yet she phoned Bolton and was immediately hooked by the voice she heard. “I loved its sound, bright and quick...a strong story-telling voice,” she says. Bolton had had only one other encounter with the literary world, when she contacted a vanity publisher whose ad she had seen. “They wanted $5,000,” she says. “So I jumped off that one.”

Inside the folder Humphreys found a sketchy narrative about a child aban-
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God Is His Cornerman

Boxers usually like to brag, “He never laid a hand on me!” But not EVANDER HOLYFIELD. The retired heavyweight champ says a laying on of hands by Benny Hinn, a traveling faith healer, has cured him of a serious heart ailment. Holyfield, 31, says he wants to return to the ring, even though his doctors have warned him not to. “I’m healed,” Holyfield claims. The fighter, who earned $100 million during a decade in the ring, plans to donate $265,000 to Hinn’s church. Talk about miracles.

No More Smoke and Spandex

In the ’90s the best hunting ground for new starlets may be the smoke-and-spandex world of MTV videos. Witness the emergence of ALICIA SILVERSTONE. Her debut movie, The Crush, met a quick box-office demise, but the haughty, bad-girl panache she displayed in three Aerosmith videos—while bungee jumping and getting a wedgie climbing out a school-room window—caught the eye of studio execs. Silverstone, 17, has three new films in the works, including True Crime, in which she plays a Catholic schoolgirl turned detective.

Vedder Vows?

He is rock’s reluctant grunge hero. She is a quiet Seattle artist who keeps her distance from the mosh pit, preferring painting and writing. Music circles are buzzing that Pearl Jam’s EDDIE VEDDER, 28, and BETH LIEBLING, 26, secretly wed in Italy last week. The couple told friends they were slipping away to celebrate 10 years together. Ten seems to be significant to Vedder—that’s what he called his band’s first album.

It wasn’t surprising that Barbra Streisand was invited to the White House for a state dinner last week, but what did attract notice was her date: dapper ABC anchor Peter Jennings. This may be the start of something beautiful—but can Jennings play tennis like Andre Agassi?

Paying millions for celebrity spokespeople is risky business (remember Pepsi and Michael Jackson?). Still, AT&T signed Whitney Houston last week to sing in TV commercials and seemed unfazed by reports of public displays of marital discord between the pop princess and her husband, singer Bobby Brown. Houston’s deal is said to be worth $10 million.

Florida authorities said marijuana-possession charges will be dropped if Jennifer Capriati agrees to continue undergoing drug rehabilitation. Capriati, 18, just completed a 23-day program in a Miami clinic.
What Americans Won’t Do

They will never execute O.J. Simpson. They will never strap O.J. down in the gas chamber, seal the door, and drop the poison pellets (California’s chosen method). Even putting it in these terms proves the point. It is unimaginable. We will not allow it—"we" being the same American citizenry that supports capital punishment by a wide margin in every poll, the same citizenry to which politicians promise ever more executions for an ever greater variety of crimes.

Simpson, of course, is innocent until proven guilty. He may be telling the truth when he says, through his lawyer, that he was at home two miles away when his ex-wife and her male friend were murdered. Furthermore, as a rich man, he is entitled to the true blessing of American justice—which isn’t a fair trial but an unfair trial. Top criminal lawyers don’t get $500 an hour or more to supply justice no better than a run-of-the-mill public defender. Even if he’s guilty, he may get off, or get off lightly.

But O.J.’s real guarantee against capital punishment is his celebrity, not his wealth. Imagine that the scenario we’ve all had running through our head actually happened: that O.J. Simpson drove his Ford Bronco over to his ex-wife’s town house, donned a pair of gloves, confronted her and a man he at least thought was her boyfriend, inflicted “multiple sharp force injuries and stab wounds” (the coroner’s report) on both and slit her throat to death. Two deaths. Premeditated. Gruesome. No obvious complicating or mitigating circumstances.

Is that the kind of thing advocates of the death penalty have in mind when they say that some crimes are deserving of the ultimate sanction? Undoubtedly yes. Would society be able to impose it on O.J. Simpson? Undoubtedly no.

Why not? Because O.J. Simpson’s celebrity means that for most Americans he is a flesh-and-blood human being. We comfortably call him “O.J.” even though we’ve never met him, because in our mind he’s a friend. Even if convicted of murder, he’ll never be an abstract symbol of evil like the typical death-penalty customer with three names—Robert Alton Harris, Rickey Ray Rector, John Wayne Gacy et al. For once, in the competition of humanization between the murderer and his victims, the murderer would have an unbeatable edge.

O.J. Simpson is not just a famous former football star. Through his sports commentaries, his Hertz Rent-a-Car commercials and his movie roles, he has created a persona: manly and likable, the classic good-guy jock. Whatever actually happened last week, we now know that this persona was not entirely accurate. Good guys don’t beat their wives until the police have to be called, as apparently happened more than once in the past.

But however much our image of O.J. Simpson may have to be revised, his celebrity will continue to protect him. This is only partly because the impression of O.J.’s likability—stamped into our brain by hundreds or even thousands of media moments over the years—will never be completely destroyed, even by the most compelling of contrary facts. More important is that likable or unlikable, O.J. Simpson is and always will be a real person in other people’s mind. And all but the most hardened death-penalty enthusiasts will quiver at the thought of this real person—O.J. Simpson—gasping for breath as the cyanide begins to do its fatal work.

So if it comes to the crunch, people will be understanding and compassionate. They will look for excuses: a troubled childhood, uncontrollable rage, the pressures of his high-powered winner’s life. They will stress his remorse. They will point to his orphaned children. They will say the whole thing’s a complex tragedy. They will argue for mercy. They will, in short, become liberals—at least for this one case.

As a liberal softy, I oppose the death penalty, but I’m not a sentimentalist about it. There are many other circumstances in which the state sanctions the death of its citizens for policy purposes. The decision to go to war is the most obvious example, but even the less dramatic decision to build a major tunnel or bridge contains the statistical probability of deaths in the process. We live with it. Furthermore, a quick and relatively painless end strikes me as preferable to echoing decades in the typical, miserable state prison with no hope of parole—the death-penalty opponents’ favorite alternative. (Of course, most of those who actually face the choice disagree with me about this.)

But, as retired Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell belatedly concluded after a career of upholding death sentences, the death penalty cannot be administered fairly. Nothing illustrates that better than the thought experiment of trying to imagine O.J. Simpson in the gas chamber. It’s just not going to happen, no matter what he may have done. And rightly so. After all, this is a guy we’ve shared beers with—at least in our mind.

So, does that mean we should perhaps spare some human empathy even for the low-powered losers who are the usual murderers in our society? Is their tragedy, perhaps, also complex? Does their remorse count for anything? Should we hesitate to demand death for death in their cases?

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