Infidelity
It may be in our genes
Year one.
You drive it to the family picnic. Your brother turns green.

You buy a new Honda Civic, and wonder how long you'll own it.

Year two.
Your parents visit. They see your Civic, and ask how much you're pulling in these days.

You change the oil.

Year three.
A stranger at the market asks you how you like your new Civic. You tell him it's two years old.

You see your boss driving a new Civic.

Year four.
You buy a new VCR. You wish Honda made one.

You buy a new answering machine. You wish Honda made one.

You get new wipers.

You move to the other coast. Your family flies. You drive.

You see your new boss in a Civic.

You valet park at a restaurant. They park it out front.

You bring in your Civic for scheduled maintenance. (Although it didn't seem to need it. It's running great.)

You replace the garage door.

You drive to the Grand Canyon. Poor planning means you sleep in the Civic one night. It's quieter than the previous night's hotel.
The bank sends you the title.
You drive your dog to the vet. He falls asleep.
You let your daughter borrow the car. You rub your eyes in disbelief.
You vacuum out the car. You are $2.37 and one golf ball richer.
You buy a new bird bath, and fold down the rear seat to get it home.
You fill up with gas. (Hey, it's been a couple of weeks.)
You decide to trade in your Civic and buy a new one.
The bank sends you the title.
You drive your dog to the vet. He falls asleep.
You let your daughter borrow the car. You rub your eyes in disbelief.
You vacuum out the car. You are $2.37 and one golf ball richer.
You buy a new bird bath, and fold down the rear seat to get it home.
You fill up with gas. (Hey, it's been a couple of weeks.)
You decide to trade in your Civic and buy a new one.

Two more payments, and the bank will send you the title.
You go visit your brother. He shows you his new Civic.
You wash your Civic. You are smug.
You buy a new Civic.
You drive to a ski resort and pass eleven stuck cars.
And one stuck truck.
You buy a new Civic. This time, you decide on blue.

You think about a new car. For about two seconds.
You go fishing. Even on a bumpy road, you hear no rattles.
For Father's Day, your son gives you a cassette of your favorite band.
You sit in the Civic for two hours.

The Civic A Car Ahead
Before you take Tylenol or Advil again, Get a second opinion.

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TO OUR READERS

Senior Correspondent Jack E. White has witnessed poverty in its worst degrees, from the refugee camps of Africa to the inner cities of America. But his experience failed to prepare him for the sights of Lake Providence, Louisiana, which according to Census figures is the poorest place in America. In this decrepit town he found crumbling shotgun shacks, burned-out houses and a poverty so desperate it has resisted all the remedies of the past three decades. "People told me, 'Be prepared for something like you've never seen,'" says White. "They turned out to be right. Most Americans would not believe that such destitution exists in their country."

White, who is from a small town in North Carolina, spent weeks in Lake Providence observing everyday life and listening to the town's residents. "They have the fewest institutions of any Black Belt town I've ever been to," he says. "They have no social club, no public park or swimming pool, no nothing."

White is a born-again magazine journalist. He first joined TIME as a staff writer in 1972, became senior editor of the Nation section in 1990, and then decided in 1992 to try his hand at television. He joined ABC News as a senior producer, but was away from TIME just eight months "before I started missing my notebook," he says. He returned in March 1993 to cover the lives of ordinary people.

Telling the stories of those in Lake Providence reminds him of the buoyancy of the human spirit. "What's amazing to me is the extent to which people can remain cheerful," White says. "If it were not for the black church, their morale probably would have already collapsed."

Lake Providence's glimmer of hope is its prospect of becoming a federal "empowerment zone." If it does, White plans to continue visiting the town to see the results. Though it will take years to turn things around, White has seen how government intervention can improve the lives of the poor. "Were it not for government assistance, these people could not survive," he says. "They couldn't feed themselves. They couldn't afford homes. What they really need is jobs."

Even without federal help, White has observed, a few things in Lake Providence have changed for the better. "When I first visited, they had these packs of wild dogs roaming the streets," he says. On an ensuing visit he learned that "they finally got around to hiring a dogcatcher."

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The health care debate

It's a matter of cost and quality

Too much of the debate swirling around health care has been conducted on an emotional level. Not enough people have been concentrated on the real issues—cost and quality—and, in particular, why the cost is so high—$1 trillion this year alone, or roughly $4,000 for every person in the United States.

Certainly, our nation's health care crisis is not a matter of supply, with 34 percent of hospital beds unoccupied on any given day. It's not a lack of technology. Either Hospitals and physicians' offices across the country are loaded with the latest in diagnostic and lifesaving equipment.

So, why should there be such turmoil over something as basic as providing quality affordable health care to all?

There are several answers—none of them wholly satisfying. For one thing, many Americans—perhaps as many as 8.5 million of the nation's 38 million uninsured—are un insured by choice. Some work for us and are offered an employer-sponsored plan, which pays their bulk of the insurance. But they're young. They're healthy. And they think it's better to spend their money themselves. They should be forced to pay for health insurance? So far, it's a question without an answer.

Other Americans are uninsured because of "preexisting conditions"—illnesses contracted prior to seeking health insurance. Either they pay premiums well in excess of what others pay or they're denied coverage. These people need help.

Still others are employed in low-paying jobs and cannot afford to pay health insurance premiums. Their wages, albeit limited, make them ineligible for Medicaid. And that hardly seems fair. To add insult to injury, they pay for others' health care through taxes for Medicare and Medicaid.

What does seem fair is the need to provide access to quality affordable health care for every American.

We're not in the legislating business, but we know how to keep costs down, while maintaining quality. And there are some things that seem sure to give any health care program a chance of success without wreaking havoc on the economy. We'll discuss some of these in weeks to come. For the moment, here's what we think the ultimate health care bill as prescribed by Congress should do:

- Leave what works—and what's good—alone. Many companies already have effective health care plans and let their employees decide whether they should be penalized for their foresight.
- Encourage private purchasing organizations, to take advantage of the excess supply situation in many parts of the country. Such cooperative alliances, working on behalf of individuals and small businesses, could be able to negotiate lower fees with hospitals and physicians.
- Provide subsidies for health care insurance to families or individuals who can't afford it—financed by decreasing other government expenditures or, if necessary, through a broad-based tax that cuts across the entire economy.
- Authorize insurance market reforms that include the ability to take your health insurance with you when you change jobs and no right of refusal based on preexisting conditions.
- Establish limits to legal awards and, in turn, reduce medical malpractice insurance premiums and the practice of "defensive" medicine, which has resulted in unnecessary medical visits and tests.
- Limit government involvement to areas where it is absolutely necessary and where it can maintain a balanced viewpoint. For example, government should not seek to impose price controls for medical insurance nor discriminate against large employers by taxing them disproportionately to meet health care goals. And, to the extent any government regulation is kept, it should be the exclusive purview of the federal government, which can keep the playing field level from coast to coast.

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"The Internet stands for liberty and open expression. It is pure freedom of speech—the good, the bad and the ugly."

Sean McNamara
Redding, Connecticut

I MUST COMMEND YOU ON THE MOST CLEAR, CONCISE AND UNBIASED ARTICLE I HAVE EVER READ ABOUT THE INTERNET AND ITS CUSTOMERS [TECHNOLOGY, JULY 25]. TOO OFTEN REPORTS DEAL ONLY WITH THE DARKER SIDE OF THE INTERNET: PIRACY AND PORNOGRAPHY. THE PUBLIC HAS BEEN BRAINWASHED INTO BELIEVING THAT THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY WILL BE NOTHING MORE THAN TELEVISION ON DEMAND AND THAT THE INTERNET AS IT EXISTS TODAY IS JUST A CASUALLY KNITTED BAND OF ECCLUSIONS TYPING AWAY IN DARKENED ROOMS. TIME DESCRIBED THE INTERNET'S TRUE NATURE. THE NETWORK CAN GROW INTO A FANTASTIC RESOURCE YET STILL MAINTAIN THE ANARCHY THAT HAS BEEN SO CRUCIAL TO ITS GROWTH.

Kevin McCormick
Elliott City, Maryland

YOU WERE TOO HEAVILY INFLUENCED BY FICTION WRITERS LIKE STEPHEN KING. THE INTERNET WAS NOT PUT TOGETHER BY A BUNCH OF ANARCHIC, ROLE-PLAYING HACKERS WITH NOTHING BETTER TO DO THAN STAY UP ALL NIGHT. IT WAS DEVELOPED LARGELY BY INTELLIGENT, HARDWORKING PEOPLE TO PROMOTE THE EXCHANGE OF NONCOMMERCIAL INFORMATION NECESSARY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF A FREE SOCIETY. GIVEN THE INTERNET'S NONCOMMERCIAL ORIGINS, WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN IT BECOMES PROFITABLE WITH PROFITERS, PORNOPHAGERS AND INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE AGENTS—PEOPLE FOR WHOM IT WAS NOT DESIGNED?

Robert S. Staudenmaier
Goleta, California

YOUR REPORT SHOULD BE REQUIRED READING FOR ALL THOSE PLANNING A TRIP DOWN THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY. HOWEVER, THERE ARE DANGERS IN TRAVELING THIS CYBERNETIC ROAD: SOFTWARE PIRACY. IT IS PERVASIVE ON THE INTERNET AND A PROBLEM AT MANY OF THE NATION'S UNIVERSITIES AND RESEARCH INSTITUTIONS. WARNING: WHEN YOU TRAVEL THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY, DON'T STOP; KEEP YOUR WINDOWS ROLLED UP AND YOUR HAND ON YOUR WALLET.

Louis E. Wheeler
Oceano, California

THE BIG ADVANTAGE OF INTERNET NEWSGROUPS IS THEIR IMMEDIACY. BUT ASIDE FROM THAT, THE NETWORK IS A VERBOSITY, CHAOTIC, INEFFECTIVE MEDIUM, WHERE ANYONE CAN SAY ANYTHING AND WHERE NO ONE IS REALLY SURE WHO ANYONE ELSE IS. EDITED, DIGESTED, INDEXED SOURCES OF INFORMATION, SUCH AS THOSE FOUND IN GOOD LIBRARIES, BEAT THE INTERNET NEWSGROUPS HANDS DOWN FOR USABILITY AND EFFICIENCY OF INFORMATION TRANSFER.

Stephen C. Grubb
Mandeville, Jamaica

DON'T TOUCH MY INTERNET. KEEPER THE GOVERNMENT OUT, AND LET US CYBERJUNKIES REGULATE OURSELVES! THE INTERNET STANDS FOR LIBERTY AND OPEN EXPRESSION. IT IS PURE FREEDOM OF SPEECH—THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET PAST MAGAZINE EDITORS TO BE HEARD! :-)

Sean McNamara
Redding, Connecticut
AOL: SeanMcN


Scott Champagne
Los Angeles

Defensiveless in a Nuclear World

CONGRATULATIONS TO CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER FOR A BRAVE, VISIONARY ARTICLE ABOUT THE NEED FOR THE U.S. TO BUILD DEFENSES AGAINST NUCLEAR ATTACK [ESSAY, JULY 25]. KRAUTHAMMER IS ABSOLUTELY RIGHT. WE ARE GOING TO BE DEFENSELESS IN A NUCLEAR WORLD.

Carolyn Tibbetts
Severn Park, Maryland

I BELIEVE IT IS NECESSARY FOR THE U.S. TO PROTECT ITSELF. HOWEVER, IF THE NUCLEAR INTERCEPTORS KRAUTHAMMER SUPPORTS ARE BUILT, IT WILL BE AT THE EXPENSE OF MY GRANDCHILDREN'S FUTURE. I DO NOT BELIEVE DAMAGE DONE BY TOO MANY VISITORS: THE INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON AND THE LASCAUX CAVES IN FRANCE ARE TWO EXAMPLES. INTERIOR SECRETARY BRUCE BABBITT DESERVES A LOT OF CREDIT FOR COURAGEOUSLY TAKING A HARD STAND, BOTH AESTHETICALLY AND ENVIRONMENTALLY, TO PROTECT OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE, WHICH HAS BEEN ABUSED FOR DECADES.

Margo Ward
Atlanta

AM I THE ONLY PERSON WHO FAILS TO SEE THE BUREAUCRATIC LOGIC OF CURTAILING TRAFFIC AND PARTLY SHUTTING OFF OUR NATIONAL PARKS AS A RESPONSE TO MORE AND MORE VISITORS? SOMEHOW BABBITT AND HIS NATIONAL PARK SERVICE CREW DO NOT SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THAT WHAT THEY CONSIDER TO BE THEIR PARKS ACTUALLY BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE THEY ARE SHUTTING OUT.

Marc Chaustain
Port Angeles, Washington

Script Doctors to the Rescue

RICHARD CORLISS THINKS THAT "MOST MOVIES" MADE IN AMERICA ARE STILL JUNK [CINEMA, JULY 25]. IT FOLLOWS THAT A STORY ABOUT MOVIE WRITING MUST ALSO BE JUNK. TOO BAD. I REALLY ENJOYED THE ARTICLE. BUT THEN, WHAT DO I KNOW? IM SIMPLY ONE OF THE MOVIEGOERS WORLDWIDE WHO HAPPEN TO LIKE AMERICAN MOVIES.

T. Alan Adair
Hong Kong

WHILE JOSHDUB MADE A SUBSTANTIAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE SCRIPT OF "SPEED," GRAHAM YOST SPENT THREE YEARS DEVELOPING THE SCREENPLAY. NOT ONLY DOES YOST DESERVE THE SOLE CREDIT HE WAS AWARDED BY THE WRITERS GUILD, BUT HIS CONTRIBUTION TO THE FINAL SCREENPLAY SHOULD NOT BE DIMINISHED BY THE FACT THAT OTHER WRITERS COLLABORATED ON THE SHOOTING SCRIPT.

Mark Gordon, Producer
"Speed"
Los Angeles

Roughing It in Yosemite

IT IS ABOUT TIME AMERICANS RECOGNIZE THE NEED TO TAKE DRAMATIC ACTION TO RETURN OUR NATIONAL PARKS TO A MORE NATURAL STATE, AS DESCRIBED IN "GOING WILD" [NATIONAL PARKS, JULY 25]. HISTORIC SITES ELSEWHERE IN THE WORLD HAVE BEEN CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC BECAUSE OF THE IRREVERSIBLE
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HISMANAL tablets are indicated for the relief of symptoms associated with common cold, flu, and other viral infections. HISMANAL should not be used as a substitute for orreplaced with other medications. Patients should be advised to consult their physician if the symptoms persist or worsen.

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PRECAUTIONS

The use of HISMANAL is contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any of the components of HISMANAL. Patients with known hypersensitivity to aspirin or other NSAIDs should be treated with caution.

Patients should be advised to consult their physician if the symptoms persist or worsen.

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HISMANAL should be used with caution in patients taking other medications that may affect the liver, such as alcohol, aspirin, or other NSAIDs.

PRECAUTIONS

HISMANAL should be used with caution in patients with a history of liver disease or those with a history of taking other medications that may affect the liver.

SUGGESTIONS

HISMANAL should be used with caution in patients with a history of liver disease or those with a history of taking other medications that may affect the liver.

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such systems are needed. Most of the countries Krappmann mentions are only looking for diplomatic recognition and financial assistance. If our government aids these countries, then we may nuclear war.

Richard E. Jones
Wichita, Kansas
AOL: REJones
Health-Care Maneuvers
While President Clinton attempted to turn up the heat on Congress with aggressive health-care campaigning, Senate majority leader George Mitchell finally put his cards on the table and released his much anticipated compromise bill. Mitchell proposed to cover 95% of Americans by the year 2000 through a combination of voluntary measures, insurance reforms and federal subsidies—with an employer mandate only as a last resort. The Mitchell blueprint, embraced by Clinton, was immediately blasted by Republicans for doing too much and by Democratic liberals for doing too little. House Democratic leaders fretted that the watered-down package might undercut their own more ambitious proposal.

The Whitewater Hearings
Congressional hearings on Whitewater got nasty. As a series of White House and Treasury Department officials testified before committees in both the House and Senate, Republicans—and some Democrats—zeroed in on Deputy Treasury Secretary Roger Altman, claiming he had been less than forthcoming about the department's contacts with the White House over an investigation into the failed S&L at the center of Whitewater. Former White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum was blasted for urging Altman not to recuse himself from overseeing the investigation.

A New Whitewater Prosecutor
In a surprise move on Friday, a special three-member judicial panel charged with administering the newly re-enacted independent-counsel law appointed Ken-

NEWLYWEDS OF THE WEEK: Ms. Lisa Marie Presley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elvis Presley of Memphis, announced her marriage to Mr. Michael Jackson of Neverland

Conventional Wisdom—No to New York
New York City has about as much chance of winning the 1996 Republican Convention as the Mets have of winning the World Series. National party leaders are going through the motions of considering Manhattan to avoid embarrassing the Big Apple's G.O.P. mayor, RUDDOLPH GIULIANI. But sources say the choice will come down to San Diego or New Orleans. The G.O.P. is looking to court votes in California, so insiders are betting San Diego will get the nod for the convention when the decision is made in January.
PHIL RIZZUTO
Holy cow! The Scooter finally enters baseball’s Hall of Fame

THE CITY OF CHICAGO
Lands ’96 Democratic Convention. Hey—the last one got noticed

THE U.S. SENATE
It’s Whitewater show. ★★★★ House version: ★

NANCY KERRIGAN
Waning interest prompts execs to put her bio-pic on ice

THE WOODSTOCK FESTIVALS
Sluggish sales defy “If you hate it, they will come” philosophy

CONAN O’BRIEN
Shaky show has to compete against Late Night w/ Roger Altman

MAP
New Yorker vs. National Enquirer

While the New Yorker has recently been devoting a lot of space to coverage of the O.J. Simpson murder case and female-to-male transsexuals, its readership remains demographically distinct from the National Enquirer’s. There is no market in which readership of both is above their national averages.

VOX POP
Percentage of Americans who cannot identify Harry and Louise

85%

From a telephone poll of 600 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on August 4 by Yankelovich Partners Inc. Sampling error is ± 4%.

INFORMED SOURCES
GATT’s Last Gasp?
WASHINGTON—It’s looking more and more likely that Congress might fail to approve legislation that would put GATT into effect. The trade treaty once looked like an easy sell, but with Congress already in the midst of a number of heated battles, some members aren’t prepared to get drawn into another fracas. Republicans don’t like the need for minor new taxes; unions oppose GATT for the same reasons they opposed NAFTA. Look for a dogfight in late September.

NATO Jets Hit Bosnian Serbs
American jets flying a NATO mission attacked Bosnian Serb targets near Sarajevo after a group of Bosnian Serbs...
broke into a U.N. compound and stole heavy weapons that were placed under U.N. control in February. The Bosnian Serbs' raid came one day after Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic cut economic and political ties to punish the Bosnian Serbs for their third rejection of a Western-brokered peace settlement. Although he has been their primary sponsor in the 28-month war, Milosevic appears to be fearful that continuing to support the Bosnian Serbs would lead to tightened trade sanctions against Serbia, thus weakening his grip on power.

U.N. Okays Haiti Invasion
The U.N. Security Council in effect sanctioned an invasion of Haiti by the U.S. and its allies to force out its military leaders. With the country under a defiant "state of siege," de facto President Emile Jonassaint said, "The battle of Haiti is being prepared. We shall fight it with all our strength."

Castro Threat: I'll Free Cubans
Angered by a massive antigovernment demonstration on the Havana waterfront, Cuban President Fidel Castro warned that unless the U.S. stops offering asylum to fleeing Cubans, he will allow the free departure of those who want to leave the country. That could trigger a repeat of the 1980 Mariel exodus, which saw some 125,000 Cubans arrive in Florida within a few months, overwhelming U.S. officials. Said Castro: "We cannot continue to guard the coasts of the U.S."

Feminist Author Out on Bail
Bangladeshi author Taslima Nasrin briefly emerged from two months in hiding that began when the government issued a warrant for her arrest following protests by Muslim fundamentalists who had placed a $5,000 bounty on her head. Nasrin, they claim, recommended that the Koran be "revised thoroughly," a
Three Days of Peace, Music and *Hee Haw*

Although coverage of the 25th anniversary of Woodstock may make it seem as if everyone in America under 30 was digging Jimi and fans in the rain, in reality there were but 400,000 revelers at Max Yasgur's farm. So what was the rest of America doing? A sampling of less historic entertainments enjoyed on the weekend of Aug. 15-17, 1969:

**LAS VEGAS HEADLINERS**
- Elvis Presley—International Hotel
- Paul Anka—The Flamingo
- Jerry Vale—Frontier Hotel
- Rodney Dangerfield, Jaye P. Morgan—The Sands
- Trini Lopez—The Landmark

**TOP-GROSSING MOVIES**
1. Goodbye Columbus
2. The Wild Bunch
3. Midnight Cowboy
4. Castle Keep
5. Popi

**FICTION BEST SELLERS**
1. The Love Machine, Jacqueline Susann
2. The Godfather, Mario Puzo
3. Portnoy's Complaint, Philip Roth
4. The Andromeda Strain, Michael Crichton
5. The Pretenders, Gwen Davis

**HIGHEST-RATED WEEKEND TV SHOWS**
1. Hee Haw
2. Mission: Impossible
3. Singer Presents Eleis
4. The Johnny Cash Show
5. The Newlywed Game
6. NBC Saturday Night at the Movies: Bird Man of Alcatraz

**NEWS EVENTS OF THE WEEK**
- In South Vietnam, a Viet Cong offensive along the Cambodian border marks the end of a two-month lull in fighting and delays President Nixon's decision on further U.S. troop withdrawals.
- Greeted by a crowd of 2,000 well-wishers, O.J. Simpson arrives in New York to make his professional debut at the Buffalo Bills' training camp.
- Apollo 11 astronauts are released from quarantine.
- Los Angeles police search for several suspects in the brutal murder of actress Sharon Tate and four companions.

**TOP FIVE ALBUMS**
1. At San Quentin, Johnny Cash
2. Blood, Sweat and Tears, Blood, Sweat and Tears
3. Hair, Original Cast
4. Romeo and Juliet, Sound Track
5. The Best of Cream, Cream

BY SARAH VAN BOVEN

statement she denies making. The heavily guarded feminist appeared in a court in Dhaka, the capital, to face charges that she outraged Muslims by defaming their faith. After she was freed on $250 bail and quickly returned to seclusion, thousands of demonstrators marched through Dhaka's streets shouting "Death to Taslima Nasiri!"

Devil's Dilemma in Rwanda
The mass of Rwandans returning home from Zaire slowed to less than 800 daily as the refugees pondered an unappealing choice: remain in the squalid, disease-ridden camps or return to Rwanda, where, Hutus claimed, vengeance at the hands of the victorious rebels awaited them. Even a few U.N. officials hesitated to advise repatriation of the mainly Hutu dispossessed, saying there may be insufficient guaran-
tee of their safety.

Nigerians Strike Against Junta
The 5 million-member National Labor Congress joined oil workers in Nigeria for two days in their month-old strike to try to topple the country's military government. Five people died in the unrest, including two marchers shot when police fired on a peaceful crowd.

Arafat Wants Jerusalem Talks
Stung by the Israel-Jordan peace agreement, which acknowledges Jordan's "special role" as custodian of Jerusalem's Muslim holy sites, P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat said talks on the city's future should begin immediately. Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin refused and reaffirmed his position that Jerusalem must remain unit-
ed under Israeli sovereignty.

Israel Jets Bomb Lebanon
An evening raid by Israeli fighter-bombers on a Muslim village in southern Lebanon killed 10 civilians and wounded 15 more. The Israeli army later apologized for what it said was an error.
BUSINESS
Pharmaceutical Consolidation
American Home Products made a surprise $8.5 billion bid for American Cyanimid, as the global pharmaceutical industry continued its breakneck pace of consolidation in the face of impending health reform. The proposed hostile takeover would be one of the largest in recent history.

One Trade War Avoided
The Canadian government averted a possible trade war with the U.S. this week by agreeing to slash annual wheat exports to 1.5 million metric tons. The wheat pact fulfilled Clinton's pro-NAFTA promises to grain-growing states that he would challenge alleged Canadian subsidies of the industry.

QVC Deal Sealed
The board of cable network QVC this week officially accepted the sweetened $46-a-share buyout offer from Comcast and Liberty Media that sabotaged last month's heralded merger with CBS.

SCIENCE
Drug Scare
Doctors worked overtime trying to calm the nerves of panicky epilepsy patients after the Food and Drug Administration announced that a popular new drug had been linked to two fatal cases of aplastic anemia. Researchers say that the odds of contracting the rare form of anemia are about 1 in 5,000 and that the drug, called Felbatol, could still prove to be the best choice for some patients.

SPORT
Strike Looms Closer
Failure by baseball owners to make a $7.8 million payment to the players' pension fund heightened tension between labor and management as baseball's Aug. 12 strike date neared.

MILESTONES

RECOVERING. BILLY IDOL, 38, singer; from an alleged drug overdose; in Hollywood, California. The rocker, known for searing hits like Rebel Yell, was held in and released from the intensive-care ward of a Burbank hospital. Earlier this year Idol was hospitalized after collapsing outside a Los Angeles nightclub.

DROPPING OUT. HOWARD STERN, 40, radio personality and Libertarian candidate for Governor of New York; from the gubernatorial contest; in New York City. Stern, who had eagerly discussed the most intimate details of his life in a recent memoir, cited financial-disclosure requirements as the reason he was withdrawing from the race. Skeptics noted that Stern's efforts to garner enough signatures to earn a place on the ballot had been faring poorly.

DIED. GIOVANNI SPADOLINI, 69, academic, journalist and leading figure in Italian post-war politics who served as Prime Minister twice in the 1980s; of stomach cancer; in Rome. Born and educated in Florence, Spadolini became one of the country's youngest professors at 25; edited Italy's largest and most influential newspaper, Corriere della Sera, from 1968 to 1972; and wrote scores of books. Spadolini entered politics in 1972—he was once described as a late-blooming "giant chub"—and maintained an unsullied reputation for honesty.

DIED. COLIN TURNBULL, 69, anthropologist and author; of pneumonia; in Kilmarnock, Virginia. At various times in his life a British navy man, a Buddhist monk and a museum curator, Turnbull found fame with two books: The Forest People, his 1961 study of the Pygmies in Zaire, whom he admired for their profoundly just society; and the grimly contrasting The Mountain People (1972), which portrayed Uganda's hunger-plagued Ik tribe, driven to abandon the most basic social virtues, even the protection of their own children. The best seller and standard text was adapted for the stage by Turnbull and avant-garde director Peter Brook.

DIED. BERT FREED, 74, character actor whose thick build and close-cropped coifure led directors to cast him as a menacing authority figure in films ranging from The Desperate Hours (1957), Paths of Glory (1957) and Billy Jack (1971) to Norma Rae (1979), and in more than 200 TV appearances; from a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

DIED. CAITLIN THOMAS, 81, widow of Welsh poet Dylan Thomas; in Catania, Italy. A dancer and artist's model when she married the penniless poet, Caitlin grew resentful of Thomas' burgeoning career, which she saw as smothering her own ambitions and leaving her with a life full of domestic drudgery. She nevertheless achieved notoriety as one half of a roadshow relationship marked by boozing, brawling and infidelity. After Dylan's alcoholic demise in 1953, Caitlin chronicled their self-immolating passion in the memoir Leftover Life to Kill.

DIED. RILDIA BEE O'BRYAN CLIBURN, 97, piano teacher; in Fort Worth, Texas. Like her mother and grandmother, Cliburn was a gifted pianist—she studied with a student of Franz Liszt's—but parental disapproval of a concert career turned her to teaching. Her most famous pupil: son Van Cliburn, whom she taught piano from age three to his Juilliard years. In fact, it was she who taught him Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1, the piece he played in 1958 at Moscow's Tchaikovsky Piano Competition and for which he won first prize—and instant fame. At a later Moscow recital, Cliburn had his mother play for an encore-mad audience. She brought down the house.

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By Philip Elmer-DeWitt, Christopher John Farley, Lina Lefaro, Michael Quinn, Jeffery C. Rubin, Alain L. Sanders and Sarah Van Boven

TIME, AUGUST 15, 1994
“... not anyone at Treasury and no one at the White House attempted to interfere.”
—TREASURY GENERAL COUNSEL HANSON

“I was surprised that [Altman] had not testified about the recusal aspect.”
—WHITE HOUSE ASSOCIATE COUNSEL EGGLESTON

“I don’t have total recall.”
—TREASURY SECRETARY BENTSEN

“I have no recollection of asking Ms. Hanson to go to the White House last fall.”
—DEPUTY TREASURY SECRETARY ALTMAN

“I don’t remember making that statement.”
—WHITE HOUSE SENIOR ADVISER STEPHANOPOULOS

“I told Ms. Hanson that I didn’t think this was the appropriate time to brief Clinton’s lawyer.”
—RTC GENERAL COUNSEL KUSKA
CULTURE OF DECEPTION

A tale of manipulation emerges from the fog of testimony—and a new special prosecutor arrives

By MICHAEL DUFFY WASHINGTON

FOR THE 29 CURRENT AND FORMER officials of the Clinton Administration who raised their right hands and swore to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, last Friday was supposed to be an end, not a beginning. They had already been interviewed by federal attorneys, testified to a grand jury, told their stories to a government ethics board and explained their actions to the White House counsel. In every instance, they had been cleared of wrongdoing. As they completed their disjointed testimonies in congressional hearings last week, senior White House officials were relieved to have put the half-year of scrutiny behind them.

But then, just hours after the hearings had come to a close, the nightmare began again. A three-judge panel in Washington stunned the White House by replacing independent counsel Robert Fiske, who had been chosen by Attorney General Janet Reno in January, with Kenneth Starr, a tough, conservative lawyer who served as solicitor general under George Bush. The panel, acting under a law passed by Congress earlier this year, wanted to guarantee that the Whitewater investigation would be truly independent.

While congressional Republicans had praised Fiske when he was first appointed, lately many of them have complained about a lack of aggressiveness in Fiske’s investigation and his ties to some members of the Ad-

ministration. Leading the chorus was Senator Lauch Faircloth of North Carolina, who pointed out last week that former White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum had once recommended Fiske for a job with the Iran-contra independent counsel.

The investigation’s fresh start is certain to distract the already embattled Clinton Administration for another six months and to push the probe’s conclusion into the middle of Clinton’s 1996 re-election campaign. The official White House reaction to Starr’s arrival was polite, two-sentence statement of welcome. The real reaction was different. “This is awful,” said a Clinton adviser. Starr’s arrival could also mean that the White House officials whom Fiske cleared of criminal wrongdoing in June may find themselves under fresh scrutiny. More time may have to be spent preparing for depositions. More money may have to be raised for legal fees. Contact between officials in different departments will remain out of bounds.

“Jesus,” said one of last week’s key witnesses, “a new prosecutor means I might have to go all through this again.” Another witness said simply, “It’s Kafkaesque.”

In fact, the tangled web was spun by the Administration itself. What emerged from more than 100 hours of complex testimony about the Whitewater scandal was evidence of a persistent pattern of deception among White House staff members. By last week it was clear that both Democrats and Republicans on Capitol Hill felt they had been misled by the Clinton White House. Roger Alt-
The Axman Cometh
burning ban. In 1990 Starr was on Bush's short list for the Supreme Court. Starr has argued against President Clinton's request for temporary immunity from the Paula Jones sexual-harassment lawsuit. Starr told TIME, "The President cannot violate the law as a citizen and then say with impunity, 'Wait until the year 2001.'" He added, "The immunity doctrine is ancient and important, but it is limited. It is a doctrine of law that protects the presidency and not the individual."

Can Starr set aside his partisanship and conduct a fair investigation? Starr sees himself, above all else, as a public servant ready and willing to tackle the task at hand. "My job is to chop the wood that is before me to chop," he said in 1991. "I have a very keen sense that I am to do what I am called upon to do." Starr has been entrusted in the past with sensitive tasks such as reviewing the diaries of Bob Packwood for the Senate Ethics Committee. While Starr has never before worked as a prosecutor, colleagues expect him to approach the Whitewater job with a zeal for thoroughness. He will probably reinvestigate some areas already covered even as he moves into new ones. There's a lot of wood to chop, and no telling where his ax will fall.

—By Christopher John Farley.
Reported by Nina Burleigh/Washington and Andrea Sachs/New York

a longtime friend of the President. As acting CEO of the RTC, Altman was nominally independent, but as Deputy Treasury Secretary he was answerable to Clinton. On this day, however, Altman was about to tell White House officials he would recuse himself from any oversight of the Madison investigation. The reason was obvious: staying in place would create a conflict of interest as the RTC investigated a case involving his friend, the President. But stepping aside would mean that responsibility for this investigation would fall entirely to the RTC's general counsel Ellen Kulk, who had no ties to the Clintons. Kulk and Treasury counsel Jean Hanson had urged Altman to recuse himself. Treasury Secretary Lloyd Bentsen agreed but left the decision to Altman.

**FEB. 2.** Altman went to the White House, where he intended to present his recusal at the conclusion of a meeting designed to bring Clinton aides up to speed on procedural aspects of the Madison investigation. But White House counsel Nussbaum urged Altman to stay. Nussbaum worried aloud that Kalka was a smart, tough lawyer. At the hearings last week, Hanson recalled Nussbaum saying that Altman, if he did not recuse, could impose "discipline on the process and lead to a fairer result." After the meeting, Nussbaum pulled Hanson aside and asked how Kulk had been hired. (During the hearings, Nussbaum denied making such an inquiry.)

**FEB. 3.** Altman called Margaret Williams, Mrs. Clinton's chief of staff, and asked her to assemble a group of people quickly so she could inform them of his decision. At a meeting in Williams' office, Altman told Nussbaum, Ikecs and Eggleston he would not recuse himself. Hanson arrived at the meeting late, after Altman left, and learned then of her boss's decision. Hanson recalled that Ickes asked her how many people were aware that she had advised Altman two days earlier to step aside. When Hanson replied that only three people knew, Hanson said, Ickes pronounced this

**FEBRUARY 25**

Altman recuses himself from the Madison inquiry. Clinton adviser George Stephanopoulos complains to Steiner about this and the decision to hire former U.S. Attorney Jay Stephens as an investigator in the RTC probe of Whitewater. Stephanopoulos and Ickes in a conference call with Altman castigate him for not giving the White House advance notice of his decision.

**MARCH 4**

Grand jury subpoenas go out to 10 White House aides, including Nussbaum, Williams and Ickes.

**MARCH 5**

Nussbaum resigns.
good. "If it gets out," she recalled him saying, "it will look bad." (Testifying under oath, Ickes could not recall saying this.) Later in the day, Altman told Hanson to tell Kulka to brief the Clintons' private attorney, David Kendall, on the rnc's probe. Kulka refused. Sometime that day, Nussbaum called Hanson and asked why Kulka's hiring had not been cleared with him.

**FEB. 4.** Nussbaum called Hanson again, this time with a new idea: Isn't it true, he asked, that the rnc could transfer its civil probe of Madison into the hands of special prosecutor Fiske, who had been chosen two weeks earlier by Reno to launch the criminal inquiry into Whitewater? If so, Nussbaum told Hanson, she might want to inform Altman, still fully in charge of the Madison case, that such a transfer was possible under Fiske's charter. (Under oath, Nussbaum recalled suggesting this to Hanson, but insisted that he did so to help Altman get out of his conflict-of-interest problems.)

**FEB. 5.** Hanson called the rnc's Kulka at home the next day with Nussbaum's request. Kulka brushed her off, telling Hanson that while Nussbaum was correct about the charter, Fiske didn't want any part of the civil case.

**THE WEEK OF FEB. 14.** New worries emerged. Clinton aides began to hear that the rnc had hired the law firm of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro to investigate the Madison civil case. The White House was particularly interested in the participation of Pillsbury partner Jay Stephens, a former federal prosecutor appointed by Ronald Reagan and a vocal critic of the Clinton Administration.

**FEB. 23.** More bad news. Two weeks earlier Congress had extended until December 1995 the statute of limitations for civil lawsuits against those associated with the collapse of insolvent thrifts—a group that potentially included the Clintons. At this point, Altman told Ickes he would be stepping down as interim rnc chief when his term expired March 30. With the deadline for lawsuits extended, the White House had only five weeks to find a suitable replacement for Altman.

**FEB. 24.** In testimony before the Senate Banking Committee, Altman was asked to list the contacts between Treasury and White House officials about the Madison case. Though the actual number was more than 20 by this point, Altman recounted only the Feb. 2 session, omitting the fact that his recusal came up in that session. Hanson, who had had more of these contacts than Altman, sat behind her boss and failed to correct his testimony. Eggleston, who also attended the Feb. 2 session, left the hearing and called the White House with a report on the shortcomings in Altman's testimony.

Senate investigators believe Altman's performance triggered a White House reaction. During the next 24 hours, Hanson recalls, she had at least three separate conversations with Steiner and a fourth with Eggleston regarding the Madison probe. Neither Hanson nor Senate investigators can pinpoint the order or the timing of the calls, but Hanson maintained last week that Steiner told her that his calls were prompted by the White House. As Hanson said in her deposition, "I don't know who."

Eggleston phoned Hanson to ask if there was anything "irregular" in the way Stephens was hired. At this point, Hanson testified, Steiner reported to her that the White House wanted Stephens disqualified. (Last week Steiner could neither remember nor deny the conversation.) Yet another time, Hanson testified, Steiner told Hanson that he thought Kulka should be fired for hiring Stephens.

**FEB. 25.** Faced with losing control over the rnc probe, White House panic reached a peak. In a conversation with a New York Times editorial-page editor, Altman announced publicly that he was recusing himself from the Madison case immediately—a month earlier than the end of his term. This put Kulka, the lawyer Nussbaum feared, in charge. Meanwhile, Stephens, the hated Republican, was doing some of the legwork, and there was no deadline in sight for filing a case. An angry Stephanopoulos called Steiner and complained about the manner of Altman's recusal as well as the Stephens appointment. Steiner reported in his diary a few days later, "George then suggested to me that we need to find a way to get rid of [Jay Stephens]. Persuaded
George that firing him would be incredibly stupid and improper."

It was around this time that Ickes, in a one-on-one chat, told Clinton about Stephens' new role as a legal sleuth. Clinton, Ickes admitted in his deposition, was "gravely concerned." In testimony last week, Ickes hastened to add that Clinton did not direct him or anyone else to do anything about Stephens' appointment. Stephanopoulos and Ickes later called Altman from Stephanopoulos' office and complained about "the manner" of Altman's recusal. During this conversation, Altman maintained last week, Ickes and Stephanopoulos pressed Altman to remove Stephens. Later Altman told Steiner, who was in the room during the call, that Ickes and Stephanopoulos must be "crazy" to try to pressure him to remove Stephens. Testifying under oath last week, both Stephanopoulos and Ickes denied telling Altman to get rid of Stephens. "I never directed anyone to impede with that investigation in any way," said Stephanopoulos.

FEB. 28. With Altman out and Stephens not budging, the hunt for a new SEC chief began. Associate counsel Eggleston completed a six-page memo, addressed to Ickes but bound for Hillary Clinton, in which he asked, "Now that Mr. Altman has recused himself from further involvement in the Madison Guaranty matters, who at the RTC will be the decision maker on whether to bring a civil action arising out of the failure of Madison Guaranty?" Noting that the White House would soon nominate a replacement for Altman, Eggleston added, "If the person refuses to recuse and is confirmed, then that person will become the decision maker. (Eggleston said last week that he presumed anyone Clinton appointed would be forced to recuse himself.)

VETERAN BANK REGULATOR JOHN RYAN is now the acting chief of the RTC and Bentsen has promised to name a permanent chief quickly. But there are likely to be no more quick fixes soon. Altman is a marked man, seeming too anxious to please his White House superiors but less than candid with the Banking Committee. Also departing soon may be Hanson, too slow to correct Altman's Senate testimony and too quick to do Nassambaum's bidding. Steiner's odds of survival are better, but Treasury Secretary Bentsen may want to sweep clean.

What got the White House in trouble in the first place was that it worried too much about people it could not control at the RTC: first Altman, then Kukla, then Stephens. Now, partly as a result of seeking control, the White House has lost control. And it has Kenneth Starr to worry about. With reporting by Nina Burleigh and Sunbelt Ratan/Washington and Michael Kramer/New York

THE POLITICAL INTEREST

Michael Kramer

Slippery Hillary

DID YOU CATCH THAT LITTLE-NOTED STUNNER IN THE MIDST OF LAST WEEK'S WHITESTONE DRAMA? If you were glued to the congressional hearings, to the repudiated diaries, sworn contraventions and "I don't recall," you may have missed it. On April 13 alone, the appearance of former White House counsel Vincent Foster, the Administration admitted that its previous accounts about the search of Foster's office following his death were, as the Nixonites used to say, inoperative. Even more amazing, the person at the center of this particular storm isn't the President; it's his wife.

To appreciate what the New York Times headlined NEW MISSTATEMENTS, flash back to Mrs. Clinton's April 22 press conference. During most of that session, journalists sought to understand how a novice makes a bundle in the commodities market. The most benign spin on the First Lady's explanation that day is that she had an expert for a friend, although even that seemingly harmless tale refuted the initial story, which attributed Mrs. Clinton's success to her perusal of the Wall Street Journal.

The Foster matter arose only briefly during the hour and 12 minutes. "There's been a lot of concern and criticism" about the removal of documents from Foster's office, Mrs. Clinton conceded, but "I cannot speak to that in any detail" because "... I was not here; I was in Arkansas." And anyway, she added, "I believe [the search] was done in the presence of officials from the park police," which had jurisdiction over the case. That sounded fine: Mrs. Clinton was away, and the cops controlled the scene. But, as the park police confirmed to the Senate Banking Committee last week, they were only near the zone; they were not in it. They had been forced to "sit outside" Foster's office while White House aides segregated the material. Well, Mrs. Clinton might say today, "all I said in April was what I believed to be true."

That kind of legislative parsing might not rival the President's occasional hedging, but an actual exchange revealed the First Lady's own artful way with words. Near the end of her press conference, Mrs. Clinton was asked why her chief of staff, Maggie Williams, was "involved at all" in the document retrieval. "I don't know that she did remove any documents," Mrs. Clinton answered. "I didn't send anyone into Foster's office to retrieve anything," she elaborated several weeks later—which was technically correct. It was Bernard Nussbaum, then the White House counsel, who distributed the documents. The whole truth, though, is that Nussbaum gave a file marked "Whitehouse" to Williams, who then had it stored on the third floor of the White House residence. Five days later, the papers were transferred to the Clintons' personal attorney. They eventually reached special counsel Robert Fiske, but not voluntarily, as the White House first said. Fiske had to subpoena them. What's more, the White House now admits that Williams acted at Mrs. Clinton's direction after she phoned the First Lady in Little Rock. Mrs. Clinton may not have known all the details, but she was directly responsible for some of the details that mattered most—and that she conveniently avoided mentioning on two occasions.

No one yet knows why the Clintons appear to have ignored the lesson of Watergate: the cover-up is invariably worse than the matters the participants seek to conceal. What we do now know, however, is that Mrs. Clinton is more like Mr. Clinton than anyone ever realized. Slick Willie, meet Slippery Hillary.
HEALTH CARE

THE 95% SOLUTION

As Clinton’s reform heads for a cliffhanger, he turns it over to George Mitchell

By RICHARD LACAYO

GEORGE MITCHELL KNEW WHAT HE was talking about when he took himself out of the running as a Supreme Court nominee a few months ago. He argued then that it was more important for him to remain in the Senate as majority leader so he could push through the President’s health-care plan. At the time, many people assumed that he was also keeping himself available to become major-league baseball commissioner after he retires from the Senate in January. Judging from the health-care proposal he introduced last week, a watered-down approximation of Clinton’s universal-coverage plan, he might get to fulfill the first job and increase his chances at the next. If his intricate gambit can attract enough wavering Democrats to salvage part of the President’s initial vision, Mitchell will not only have delivered the biggest victory of Clinton’s term so far; he will also have proved to the baseball-team owners that he knows how to execute a spectacular save.

If it works. With the Senate opening debate this week and the House set to follow on Aug. 15, the original Clinton plan is no longer on the table and the frantic Democratic leadership in both houses is without an alternative that has enough votes so far to pass. Having got the President’s enthusiastic endorsement during his press conference last week, Mitchell’s proposal now represents the only game in town for Senate Democrats—and one they have just begun to play.

No sooner had he introduced his bill than Mitchell was calling it “a starting point.” Translation: he could count on only about 40 or so votes to support it. Not just politics but principles are involved in this fight. Mitchell knows that if he cannot revise his plan sufficiently to attract a majority, it could be the end of Democratic hopes to shape health-care reform their way. Republicans would be happy to delay the passage of any bill until after the November elections, which are likely to strengthen their numbers in both houses.

As a starting point, Mitchell’s plan is full of ingenious devices for reconciling the conviction that health-care reform is a good thing with the no-less-common belief that paying for it is not. It aims to achieve coverage for

DO YOU FAVOR:

- Making sure all Americans are covered? YES 77%
- Having government regulate the costs? 49%
- Requiring employers to pay most costs? 46%

From a telephone poll of 529 adults Americans taken for TIME/ CNN Aug. 4 by Frankfutkampeters Inc. Sampling error is 5%. *Not sure* included.
95% of all Americans by the year 2000, when a federal commission would make recommendations on how to cover the remaining uninsured. If Congress failed to take action, a provision would take effect in 2002 requiring employers in companies with more than 25 workers to pay 50% of their workers' insurance costs. That two-stage procedure manages to acknowledge Clinton's ever fainter insistence on universal coverage while it offers Congress one of those agreeably far-off targets—the end of the century, no less—that lawmakers cherish.

The gist of Mitchell's idea is to have everybody buy his own insurance. As with the original Clinton plan, it would forbid insurers to reject any applicant because of pre-existing health problems. The bill would also place limits on how much premiums could rise, in part through a 25% tax on health-insurance plans whose premiums grow faster than an approved rate. The poor would get government help to pay for coverage, with the subsidies going first to poor children and pregnant women. Funding would come partly from a new tax on cigarettes of $45 a pack and through savings in Medicare and Medicaid.

That was enough for the President, who started one-to-one meetings with Democratic legislators to get them to support the bill while pursuing a furious counteroffensive that includes commercials purchased by the Democratic National Committee, aired on CNN. At rallies last week in New Jersey and on the White House lawn, Clinton pounded the podiums with calls for the G.O.P. to get with the program. "If Bob Dole and the special interests win," Vice President Al Gore told another crowd on Capitol Hill, "millions of Americans will lose."

Despite Clinton's pleas for bipartisanship, there has been never been much hope of bringing many Republicans on board. But while they have enough votes to stop any bill through a filibuster, that's a tactic that minority leader Dole is reluctant to use. He fears it will anger voters who want a vote on health care, not a procedural coup de grace. As G.O.P. pollster Bill McInturff warns, if reform dies on the floor, "Republicans have to be careful to keep our fingerprints off the murder weapon."

The real threat to the Mitchell plan comes from Democrats and their supporters on both left and right. Clinton's endorsement horrified House Democrats still committed to a bill that provides faster universal coverage, like the one introduced in the House two weeks ago by Democratic majority leader Dick Gephardt. In that plan employers would be required to pay 80% of their workers' insurance premiums. The jobless would be protected by an expansion of Medicare, which now covers all people over 65, to include the unemployed, the self-employed and the poor of any age.

Liberals in both houses supported the Gephardt idea in the hope that it would be useful as a lever against more conservative Senate bill when both went to the House-Senate conference committee to be reconciled. But Clinton's embrace of the Senate plan instantly made it harder to attract support for the Gephardt proposal, which is in competition with a minimalist plan sponsored by the G.O.P. leadership and two bipartisan alternatives, none of which feature employer mandates. Why should House members stick their neck out, they ask, by voting in favor of high employer mandates if the final House-Senate bill is more likely to resemble Mitchell's idea? With that in mind, House leaders postponed the start of their own debate to see how things would pan out in the Senate.

The White House is more concerned about bringing along conservative Democrats like Georgia's Sam Nunn and David Boren of Oklahoma, who have made it clear that even a hint of employer mandates could be too much. "To have any chance," Boren insists, "we must knock out the triggered mandate." The fate of Mitchell's plan may lie in the hands of a dozen or so Senators in both parties, including Boren, Nebraska Democrat Bob Kerrey and Republicans John Chafee of Rhode Island and Missouri's John Danforth.

Even a Democratic victory in both chambers could be a headache. If the House adopts a bill calling for universal coverage now and the Senate passes something resembling Mitchell's, the House-Senate conference will face an exercise in tricky coupling that could be like restaging a cargo plane on a bicycle. But with the approach of Election Day, by which date many lawmakers want a health-care bill to offer voters, the pressure may rise sufficiently to seal all the points of attachment. "If we don't get this done this year," Mitchell warns, "it will be well into the next century before we do." He shouldn't put it that way. It sounds like another of those distant target dates that Congress is so fond of. —Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Julie Johnson/Washington
INVASION ON HOLD

The U.S. is nose to nose with Haiti, but Clinton has not yet decided how or when to intervene

By BRUCE W. NELAN

In the White House basement’s Situation Room last week, a dozen or so of Bill Clinton’s senior foreign policy and defense officials were supposed to be planning the invasion of Haiti—but quickly fell to bickering. The policymakers clashed over setting a deadline for the junta to step down, after which an invasion would be launched. Defense Secretary William Perry was vociferously opposed: he was certain a deadline, even a secret one, would leak—forcing the U.S. to invade. “They always want us to knock heads,” says a Pentagon official, referring to the State Department, “because they see 15 other troublemakers around the world who they hope will get the message.”

Perry also argued that the Administration should allow more time for sanctions, threats and what Pentagon officials coyly called “inducements” to persuade the Haitian military leaders that they have to leave. While the officials insisted cash payoffs are not on the table, there has been back-room talk of providing the Haitian military leaders with safe passage to comfortable lives in exile.

Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott was vocal too—more so than his boss, Warren Christopher—in insisting that the time for negotiations had passed. It would be morally distasteful, Talbott declared, to help set up the junta’s leaders outside Haiti. Perry countered that Talbott’s inflexibility represented a peculiar morality. The U.S., he said, should explore all peaceful alternatives before risking American lives and hundreds of millions of dollars to oust Haiti’s bosses.

A Pentagon official dismissed the session as a “gentlemen’s spat.” But the divisions are real, split along lines that became all too familiar during the Reagan and Bush Administrations: a hawkish State Department urging military action and a cautious Pentagon holding out for more diplomacy. Not surprisingly, press reports of the should-we-or-shouldn’t-we debate left Haiti’s obdurate rulers more skeptical than ever that Clinton would force them out. When the President next focuses on his Haiti problem, he will be faced with some basic decisions. Should he set a deadline, public or private, for Lieut. General Raoul Cédras and his cronies to step down? Should he send a special envoy to Port-au-Prince to issue an ultimatum? Now that the U.N. has given its blessing to the use of “all necessary means” to restore Haiti’s popularly elected President Jean-Bertrand Aristide to power, should Clinton ask Congress for its support—and could he get it? Most important, Clinton must decide whether an invasion is a good idea at all, even as the last resort he labels it.

At his news conference Wednesday night, the President said the U.N. action signaled that “we should keep on the table the option of forcibly removing the dictators who have usurped power in Haiti.” He went on to define the national interest in terms of a million Haitian Americans living in the U.S. and “an interest in stabilizing
those democracies that are in our hemi-
sphere. By any traditional measure, such
interests are not vital to national security,
and Americans are—so far—largely uncon-
vinced. A TIME/CNN poll last week asked if
the U.S. should send troops to oust Haiti’s
military rulers. Only 31% of Americans
supported the idea; 61% opposed it.

If he does send in a military force, Clinton
insists it will be a multinational opera-
tion backed by the U.N. In practice a multi-
lateral force for Haiti would have to be
drawn from other Caribbean and Latin
American states—all of which have re-
sponded with varying degrees of reluc-
tance because of their historic opposition
to military interventions, especially by the
U.S. Only Argentina agreed to contribute
troops, but quickly began dithering after
domestic opposition erupted.

Cédras and his cronies responded to
the threats last week with a show of defi-
ance noteworthy even for them: a declara-
tion of a state of siege, an attempted politi-
cal assassination, a brutal assault on
Haitians waiting in line to apply for politi-
cal asylum in the U.S. and a threat to close
down local press organizations that report
“alarmist news.” They finished the week by
ordering their Justice Ministry to prepare a
case charging Aristide with treason for sup-
porting foreign intervention to restore him
to power.

Despite the regime’s show of intransi-
gence, officials at the U.S. embassy claim
the sanctions and trade embargo are cre-
aing a “sense of rising frustration” in Hai-
ti. But there is contrary evidence that the
outside pressure is forcing the business
elite to seek common cause with the mili-
tary. The Chamber of Commerce in the
capital has begun hanging banners of sup-
port for the junta across many main
streets.

While sanctions are hurting the poor,
who survive on beans and rice, shops in
Port-au-Prince were well stocked. Cement
supplies began to run out and so did Kel-
logg’s Corn Flakes, but well-to-do support-
ers of the junta boasted they could outlast
Clinton. Local supermarket owners said
they had enough stock in warehouses for at
least three months. “The prices are high-
er,” says a Haitian executive, “but I can still
get everything I need.” (Last week, howev-
er, gasoline prices shot up abruptly.)

The word bluff, spelled bluff, has now
entered the Creole language. Cédras
thinks he can outbluff Clinton. He will play
for time, negotiate with anyone who comes
along, and point to the delay to convince
his followers that the U.S. is not really com-
ing. So far, he is succeeding. Invasion fears
are fading, and many of Haiti’s wealthy
backers of the 1991 military coup against
Aristide have begun their August vacations
in the cool mountain valleys. In Wash-
ington Clinton’s advisers seemed no closer to a
decision, and most will be heeding off for
their vacations as well.

—Reported by Edward Barnes/Port-au-Prince, Ann M. Simmons and Mark Thompson/Washington
Thieves in the Night
Defiance and desperation drive Bosnian Serbs to raid a U.N. arms depot and provoke a NATO air strike

By KEVIN FEDARAK

IVE THE BOSNIAN SERBS AT LEAST this much: if audacity were the only requirement for winning a war, they would have routed their opponents long ago. But even the most brazen strategists can sometimes trump themselves. And the Serbs did so last week by launching a raid on a United Nations weapons center in an abandoned factory just west of Sarajevo. The Ukrainian peacekeepers guarding the depot were taken completely by surprise, not realizing the predawn smash-and-grab had taken place until they spotted the Serbs rolling a T-55 tank, two armored personnel carriers and an anti-aircraft gun out the main gate.

The U.N., however, was not going to tolerate the behavior, and on Friday evening NATO attack planes penetrated the thick cloud cover over Bosnia, trained their Gatling guns on a Serb motorized antitank weapon and blasted it with at least 600 rounds of ammunition. The mobile weapon, which was destroyed, was not among the arms parceled in the Serbs' morning raid. But the target was one of dozens of large Serb guns that have been spotted around Sarajevo, in clear violation of the U.N.-imposed heavy-weapons exclusion zone that has kept the Bosnian capital virtually free of shelling since February. The symbolic NATO strike did the trick. Within two hours, Momcilo Krajsnik, speaker of the self-styled Bosnian Serb parliament, had phoned U.N. officials in Zagreb to say that the stolen weapons would be returned. By the next day they had been handed back.

The move to steal the arms in the first place reflected not only the Serbs' defiance but also their desperation at recent battlefield advances made by their enemies the Bosnian Muslims, who have been helped by a new arms pipeline through Croatia. Even worse, the Bosnian Serbs appeared to have been abandoned by one of their staunchest allies—Slobodan Milosevic, President of Serbia. On Thursday Milosevic severed all political and economic ties with the Bosnian Serbs, accusing them of "insane political ambitions." Milosevic's move was ostensibly in retaliation for the Bosnian Serbs' refusal to sign the latest U.N.-brokered peace plan. But his action stems less from his own outrage at Serb aggression—one that he, more than anyone, has nurtured and fed—than hope for relief from the international trade embargo that has choked his country's economy.

NATO and the Clinton Administration hailed the air strike as a successful demonstration of allied resolve. But the Bosnian Serbs apparently remain determined to keep fighting—and to refuse the peace plan that both Croatia and Bosnia have now endorsed. On Friday three Serb mortar rounds were fired at Sarajevo—the first such attack on the city in months. "We are prepared to be hungry, naked and barefoot," declared Bosnian Serb leader Radovan Karadzic. "But we must fight for our freedom." —Reported by James L. Graff/Vienna and Ann M. Simmons/Washington

CUBA

Ferry Tales

Castro threatens to flood the U.S. with refugees

AFTER SURVIVING MORE THAN THREE decades of economic embargo and revolutionary rule, Cubans have learned to find humor in the grimmest situations. The new joke in Havana is that they have the world's cheapest ferry: not only will 10c take you across Havana Bay, but it will take you all the way to Florida.

It's no laughing matter, however. In the past two weeks, three ferries have been hijacked by refugees trying to flee Cuba. And when crowds started gathering on Havana's Malecon seawall front drive last Friday to see if hijackers would commandeer yet another boat, the police moved in, sparking a rock-throwing melee and the worst anti-government demonstrations since Fidel Castro came to power.

It was an eerie replay of the events that led up to the 1980 Mariel boatlift, when 125,000 disaffected Cubans flooded the U.S. Then, Castro had responded to Jimmy Carter's blanket offer of asylum by opening the port of Mariel for any boat that wanted to leave. And last week Castro was again quick to play his trump card. He toured the scene of the rioting in a jeep and later appeared on Cuban TV to accuse the U.S. of provoking the incident. "I do not want to say there will be another Mariel," he said. "But either they take serious measures to guard their coasts, or we will stop putting obstacles in the way of people who want to leave the country.

Castro is clearly trying to divert attention from his own domestic situation, which has deteriorated rapidly since the flow of economic support from Moscow was sharply cut in the early 1990s. But he also has a point. The U.S. makes it easy to defect from Cuba by allowing entry to all those who successfully flee. At the same time, the number of visas granted to enter the U.S. legally is limited.

While "deeply concerned" about a deluge of refugees, Administration officials rejected Castro's threat of a Mariel replay. Said a State Department spokesman: "The United States has stated repeatedly that we will not permit Fidel Castro to dictate our immigration policy."
The Swagger of Defeat

In exile, the Hutu army is stealing food, intimidating refugees and plotting a return to power

By KEVIN FEDARKO

There's a lot of intimidation," said a Western official. "The soldiers tell the refugees, 'If you go home, you'd better be careful. Because we're going back. And we'll get you.'"

An even more effective deterrent is the rumor that returning Hutu are being killed by vengeance-minded Tutsi. Whether those tales are true or simply—as Tutsi authorities insist—propaganda, they play directly to the strategy of the Hutu leaders. The calculus is as simple as it is brutal. Afraid of execution if they return home, the Hutu soldiers' only claim to power rests on maintaining a constituency they can control—the refugees. Says Mike McDonagh of the Irish charity Concern: "They are finished if the people go back. These men would do anything to make the refugees stay."

The key to their future is Zaire, which could support the army in exile or pressure it to disband. President Mobutu Sese Seko has strong links with the defeated troops. But Western governments are hoping that Mobutu can be persuaded not to cause trouble.

The new government in Kigali insists that the Hutu army is finished. "When we heard that the Hutu Chief of Staff was re-grouping his forces," Prime Minister Faustin Twagiramungu said last week, "we laughed. It's a joke." Maybe so. But the quirkier camps could prove ideal for nurturing the kind of organized hatred that can sustain conflict. Anyone who doubts the Hutu soldiers' resolve to rejoin the battle need only talk to Sara Rossi, the Red Cross nurse. "You can feel their desire for vengeance," she says. "I'm afraid that they will rearm and start the war again."—Reported by Lara Marlowe/Goma, Marguerite Michaels/Kigali and Ann M. Simmons/Washington

SOLDIERS OF MISFORTUNE: Defeated Hutu government troops in southern Zaire are all dressed up but have nowhere to fight. Many of them defiantly vow to resume the war.

Not only are there enough of them—30,000 in Goma, 8,000 more south of Lake Kivu, and 2,000 in the French safe zone in southwest Rwanda—but they are surprisingly well organized. Units have stayed together, and the command structure is intact. Wounded soldiers are visited every day by their colonel, twice a week by the army's Chief of Staff. While other refugees starve, the Rwandan military receive not just rations but something even more important: money, in the form of Rwandan francs brought by the fleeing former government from Kigali. "Every soldier continues to receive his salary in exile," declared Sergeant Major Charles Bonimpeye. "An army has to have order."

It also has to have guns. Although Zairian soldiers disarmed the first Hutu troops crossing the border last month, the Zairians have refused to rule out the possibility that the weapons may eventually be returned. "We haven't decided yet," confided Zaire's Defense Minister Mudima Mavua, while his aides quaffed pink Moët & Chandon at a luncheon party just miles from the camps. In any case, so great was the flood of refugees that many soldiers managed to keep their guns. These are now hidden; the only arms visible are the machetes the soldiers use to prove that they mean business.

A red cross nurse caring for injured and dying Tutsis slaughtered by Hutu fighters during Rwanda's civil war, Sara Rossi never anticipated that she might one day be forced to heal the men behind the atrocities. Yet that is what she now does in a Goma hospital; she tends to vanquished Hutu soldiers who fled across the border into Zaire. "We're saving the lives of those who did the massacres," she says. "They fell so low we couldn't turn our backs on them."

Along with the rest of their armed countrymen, these men bear responsibility for the tragedy that has engulfed Rwanda. It was the presidential guard, the army and its militia that took the lives of nearly half a million Tutsi civilians during three months of warfare. Last month, when they were defeated by the Tutsi-dominated Rwandan Patriotic Front, the Hutu soldiers spread rumors that the new government was killing Hutu civilians, ignoring the panic that drove more than a million refugees across the border to Goma. Now, as an army in exile, these same men prolong the nightmare by discouraging their hungry, disease-ridden compatriots from returning home. Next, they defiantly vow to resume the war.

Everywhere one looks in Goma, swaggering soldiers are mistreating those they are meant to protect. They cut to the front of ration lines reserved for malarious civilians. In a special military camp, they drive wood-laden trucks, while elsewhere refugees shaking with sickness must tote fuel by hand. But mostly they simply loaf, squatting outside their tents, guzzling home-brewed banana beer and smoking marijuana until their eyes take on a red, gassy light. "These soldiers could be distributing food, keeping the roads clear, looking after orphans," says Martin Collier, a driver with the aid group Assist. "Instead, they just stand there with their hands in their pockets."

The Hutu soldiers behave less like a vanquished enemy than an invasion force in waiting, and the taste of defeat seems only to have sharpened their appetite for more fighting. "The war's not over," says Corporal Xavier Ndayisaba, 22, who has just been treated for cholera. "If we can get weapons, we'll fight again. There are enough of us to liberate our country."

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BANGLADESH

Death To the Author
As Muslim mobs demand her death, a writer faces government charges

By JAMES WALSH

Her face is among the best known in her homeland, a status most authors would envy. In Taslima Nasrin’s case, it is cause for dread. The writer whose image is framed by a noose on hundreds of vindictive placards went into hiding two months ago when her challenge of Scripture prompted legal charges and Muslim fatwas, or religious decrees, calling for her death. Last week, as she emerged from a Toyota sedan into Dhaka’s High Court building, a black head scarf and tinted glasses disguised her features. She appeared grim and jittery through a 45-minute hearing that ended with her release on $250 bail. Then she fled home to relatives she had not seen since June 4. By the consensus of literary critics, Nasrin, an outspoken feminist and atheist, is no Salman Rushdie. Her rather slapdash stories have gained notice mainly as screeds against the ill treatment of women. What she shares with the author of The Satanic Verses, a novel that earned an Iranian death warrant against him, is the misfortune of becoming a lightning rod for the passions of Islamic zealots. Five days before her surprise appearance in court to face charges of making inflammatory statements, a crowd of 100,000 demonstrators gathered outside the Parliament building in Dhaka to bay for her blood. They branded her “an apostate appointed by imperial forces to viliﬁy Islam.” One particularly militant faction threatened to loose thousands of poisonous snakes in the capital unless she was executed.

Formerly a practicing physician, Nasrin has been a target of Muslim fundamentalists since the publication last year of her novella Shame (Lajja) which portrays the brutalization of a Hindu family amid Muslim reprisals. A Hindu chauvinist party in India used the book for propaganda purposes, fomenting further animus against her at home. Bangladesh banned the book.

What fully enraged Nasrin’s opponents, however, was an interview last May in an Indian newspaper, the Statesman of Calcutta, which quoted—misquoted, she insists—a comment by her to the effect that the Koran should be “revised thoroughly” to give equal rights to women. Islam’s central article of faith is that the Koran is the literal word of God and thus above revision. Mosques began ringing with calls for her head. Dhaka experienced an astonishing escalation of violent protests, bombings.

A WOMAN AND HER CRIME: At an undisclosed sanctuary, Nasrin continued the writing that forced her into hiding.

Jane Austen She’s Not

If those mobs in Dhaka howling for Taslima Nasrin’s head had ever read her books, they might really be angry. What, for example, would they make of:

When a dog is chasing you, be warned.
That dog has rabies.
When a man is chasing you, be warned.
That man has syphilis.

This verse may be more nuanced and lyrical in the original Bengali, but the English translation conveys qualities that even most of Nasrin’s supporters in Bangladesh readily concede: she is very angry, not given to nice distinctions, eager to shock and unconcerned with turning fine phrases.

Thanks to her enemies, Nasrin has become a cause célèbre in a West almost totally ignorant of her writings. About the only place to experience her firsthand is in her novel Shame, published in India and translated into English. The expanded version of a novella-length work first issued in early 1993, Shame tells the story of the Dutta family—father Sudhamoy, mother Kironmoyee, son Suranjand daughter Nilanjana—Bangladeshi Hindus caught up in a wave of Muslim reprisals shortly after the December 1992 destruction of the Babri mosque by Hindu zealots in the northern Indian town of Ayodhya.

“I detest fundamentalism and communalism,” Nasrin announces in her preface, and that is about as subtle as Shame ever gets. Even though they have lived there for generations, the Duttas seem to have dropped into Bangladesh from Mars, so alien does the specter of sectarian violence from neighboring Muslims strike them. “Why was his motherland turning her back on him?” Suranjand wonders, lolling in bed. Only Nilanjana displays some apprehension of reality: “She was thinking that no one seemed to realize that something had to be done before something awful happened to all of them.” Shame is stuffed with such slack reasoning and prose. But bad writers deserve the same freedoms as good ones. If, as is to be hoped, Nasrin gets out of her troubles, she may even prove that persecution is a smart career move.

—Paul Gray

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NIGERIA

Uncivil Disobedience

Striking workers and street rioters hope that economic chaos will topple the military regime

By KEVIN FEDARKO

Driving from Murtala Muhammed Airport into downtown Lagos normally requires at least two hours. Last week it took barely 30 minutes: what traffic there was in the largest metropolis of one of the world’s major oil producers had been up at the few gas stations that still had fuel. Around those that had none, lines of abandoned vehicles fanned out in all directions. The effect was eerie, as if a neutron bomb had been dropped in the middle of the most populous country in Africa.

If the success of a strike can be judged by the degree of economic paralysis it induces, the 230,000 Nigerian oil workers who began walking off their jobs on July 4 in an effort to topple the country’s military government were successful beyond their dreams. The work stoppage, which escalated last week when it was joined by the 3.5 million members of the largest umbrella union, the Nigeria Labor Congress, played havoc with everyday life. Banks were shuttered, as were most small shops and businesses. Most painfully affected was Nigeria’s biggest source of foreign exchange, the oil industry. The Royal Dutch Shell Group, the largest operator in the country, announced that the strike had forced it to cut production nearly 40%. In the cities, virtually the only signs of life were the riots staged each week by teenage thugs known as “area boys.”

The catalyst behind the unrest was Moshood Abiola, a bearish 56-year-old multimillionaire who is widely believed—based on incomplete results—to have won election as President in June 1993. He was deprived of victory, however, by General Ibrahim Babangida, who had ruled the country for eight years. Babangida charged fraud and annulled the results before they were published.

Two months ago, Abiola surprised everyone by marking the anniversary of his thwarted inauguration with an uncharacteristically audacious pronouncement: he declared himself President. Within a fort-

night, he was arrested, charged with treason and thrown in jail. Since then, his power has only increased. Last Friday, when a high court in the capital ordered Abiola to be released on condition that he do nothing to undermine the government, the businessman turned politician rejected the offer. He said he would accept only unconditional freedom and vowed to carry on his campaign from prison.

Faced with a political cause célèbre that has galvanized the disgruntled popula-

FANNING THE FLAMES: In the streets of Lagos, armed rioters build barricades, burn cars and battle police

tion into demands for democracy, the government now seems to have only two alternatives: to continue its repressive tactics—and risk further erosion of its support—or to come to some sort of power-sharing agreement with Abiola. The most pessimistic analysis holds that failing to reach a compromise risks fracturing Nigeria along its ethnic fault lines, pushing it toward the sort of conflict not seen since the Biafran civil war, which claimed nearly 2 million lives during the late 1960s.

That chilling prospect was not lost on the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who was dispatched to Lagos by President Bill Clinton two weeks ago in hopes of defusing the crisis. Jackson stayed two days, then flew back to the U.S., warning that he saw little hope. Civil war in Nigeria, he suggested, would send shock waves throughout West Africa and make the ethnic conflagration that has engulfed Rwanda look like “child’s play.”

—Reported by Michaels/Nairobi, Cindy Shiner/Lagos and Ann M. Simmons/Washington

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COME TOGETHER, RIGHT

Entire industries, from railroads to banks, are being reshaped by a round of mergers.

By JOHN GREENWALD

Greed! Aggression! Corporate intrigue! Betrayal! That’s what you get when, say, a home-shopping channel wants to merge with a television network, right? Yet the juicy story line that usually comes with takeovers among media moguls is showing up in all corners of American industry these days. In fact, while the buzz is with Ted (Turner) and Larry (Tisch), the guys who are throwing real money around in their bids to consolidate belong to such unglamorous businesses as railroads and banks. Now it can be said: the ’90s were never meant to be the decade of small appetites.

Just last week, American Home Products, a sprawling outfit whose wares range from Anaen to Chef Boyardee spaghetti and meatballs, launched an $8.5 billion hostile bid for pharmaceutical maker American Cyanamid. At $95 a share, the offer was fully $32 a share more than Cyanamid’s recent trading price, which made its shareholders the envy of Wall Street. Moreover, the staggering bid arrived while investors were still humming with reports that the Norfolk Southern railroad was in talks to acquire Conrail, once a sickly ward of the government but now a healthy freight hauler, in a deal that would create the second largest U.S. rail carrier.

The prospect of such industrial-strength combinations was only part of the merger action. In Washington the House overwhelmingly agreed to let banks open branches across state lines and sent the bill on to the Senate, where it is expected to pass within the next two weeks. The House vote overjoyed giants such as Citicorp and BankAmerica, which would finally be free to gobble up banks across the country.

The pace of takeovers today already rivals the most frantic years of the ’80s. So far in 1994, companies have announced deals worth $171.6 billion, nearly 50% more than those of a year ago. At that rate, 1994 would trail only 1989 as the most merger-filled period on record. “The deals have just begun,” declares Martin Sikora, editor of the trade journal Mergers & Acquisitions. “The story of entire industries is being rewritten.”

The corporate marriages range across the breadth and depth of American business, from banking to pharmaceuticals to telecommunications. Defense? Try Northrop’s $2.1 billion buyout in April of aircraft maker Grumman, which had also been sought by Martin Marietta. Retailing? Federated paid $4.1 billion for R.H. Macy last month in a merger that created America’s largest department-store company. Wireless phones? U.S. West and AirTouch Communications agreed two weeks ago to pool their cellular operations into a business with total sales of $13.5 billion and nearly 2 million subscribers.
ON TRACK FOR A DEAL? Reports of talks between Norfolk Southern and Conrail electrified Wall Street last week.

and thus increase their chances of remaining in business.

How might all these deals affect American workers and consumers? As in the 1980s, economists and management gurus love to debate the benefits (higher profits?) and drawbacks (higher prices?) of corporate mergers. One thing, however, is virtually certain: the consolidations will create new waves of layoffs as the merged companies get rid of overlapping jobs and slash costs to make the deals pay off. The rapidly merging pharmaceutical industry eliminated more than 31,000 jobs, or 12% of its work force, between October 1992 and last April. In the field of defense, Grumman was planning to phase out 2,000 jobs, or roughly 5% of its work force, even before it was acquired by Northrop. No sooner had the deal been struck than industry experts predicted Grumman would wind up cutting at least 4,000 workers. Northrop too is reducing its payroll; the company has said it will eliminate 3,000 jobs at its plants and offices.

The rush of mergers has caught the Clinton White House without a clear antitrust policy. While Clinton has pledged to reinvigorate enforcement of antitrust laws, which loosened during the Bush and Reagan Administrations, the President seemed taken aback at his news conference last week when asked whether he would move to halt the consolidations. The Administration is clearly of two minds on such issues. Assistant Attorney General Anne Bingeman talks tough about enforcing the statutes. But while she worries about industries becoming too concentrated, chief economic advisor Laura D'Andrea Tyson argues that U.S. corporations should be permitted to bulk up to meet foreign competition.

In fact, companies have a wide range of reasons for joining forces. Some companies are merging because they see the coming shape of their industry, while others are hedging bets against an uncertain future. "You've got people in very diverse industries doing deals," says investment banker Herbert Allen Jr. "I don't think the telephone deals are influenced by the drug-industry deals. I don't think the drug deals are influenced by the cable deals. It's just one of those things that happen." A look at where today's mergers are hottest:

PHARMACEUTICALS. Prescription-drug makers were among the most profitable companies in America during the 1980s, when few doctors or patients ever questioned the price of a pill. But at a time when health-maintenance organizations and insurers are scrutinizing every outlay and the White House wants to overhaul the entire health-care system, drug companies are scrambling to merge with their rivals to push costs down and drive profits back up.

American Home Products is only the latest company to join this trend. Earlier this year Roche agreed to pay $5 billion to acquire Syntex, whose products include the popular arthritis drugs Naprosyn and Anaprox, and Sanofi of France is spending $1.6 billion to buy the prescription-drug unit of Sterling Winthrop, a subsidiary of Eastman Kodak.

The big news has been the rush by drug manufacturers to acquire large distribution networks that keep medicine prices down by buying in bulk. Last month Eli Lilly agreed to pay $4 billion for McKesson's PCS Health Systems, which provides

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The action is hardly confined to corporate behemoths. Merger mania has been raging just as strongly among smaller firms such as management consultants, environmental engineers and even funeral homes. The dealmaking is particularly feverish among medium-size makers of components like auto parts. "Throughout all of U.S. industry, and particularly in the automotive sector, the trend is clearly toward reducing the number of suppliers you want to do business with," says Robert Eaton, Chrysler's chairman and CEO. So suppliers are rushing to team up with one another

NOT HARD TO SWALLOW: Investors cheered when Advil maker American Home Products made an offer for American Cyanamid worth $32 a share more than the company's recent trading price.

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drugs at deeply discounted prices to HMOs and insurance plans. The move followed Merck’s 1993 acquisition of Medco, another national outlet. Such mergers worry some health-care experts. "Why would hospitals now want to deal with Medco?" asks Alan Shapiro, a finance professor at the University of Southern California business school. "Hospitals and HMOs dealt with it in the past because it was independent and they were really putting the screws on all the pharmaceutical companies. But Medco is no longer going to be a disinterested intermediary."

TELECOMMUNICATIONS. Even as telephone and cable-TV companies join forces to wire up America, cellular firms are racing to create networks in the air. Last week Nextel Communications, a New Jersey wireless company, gained just such a coast-to-coast system when it acquired the cellular operations of Dial Page of South Carolina plus the mobile-radio business of Motorola in deals valued at $2.7 billion. The combinations will pit Nextel, a firm with 200,000 customers, against AT&T, which agreed to pay $12.6 billion for McCaw Cellular last year. Also in the fray are Nynex and Bell Atlantic, which agreed in June to combine their cellular units.

RAILROADS. The U.S. had some 30 large railroads during the 1860s, but today the number has dwindled to a dozen. It is likely to shrink further if Conrail and Norfolk Southern go ahead with a deal and Burlington Northern completes its $2.4 billion acquisition of Santa Fe Pacific. That deal, announced last month, would create the largest U.S. railroad. The force behind such consolidations is the growing strength of a railroad industry that for years watched truckers drive off with its business. The railroads have cut their payrolls nearly one-quarter since 1987, which helped lower costs and reduce freight charges. The resulting surge in business has boosted their profits. "These mergers are the railroads' way of saying that the enemy is not really one another," says James Higgins, who watches the industry for Brown Brothers Harriman. "The enemy is the highway and the truckers."

Merging is one thing; making the deal a success is quite another. Some combinations, like last year's proposed merger of Bell Atlantic and TCI, never make it to the altar. Says Margaret Blair, a Brookings Institution economist: "The difference between the winners and losers is one heck of a lot of luck." And that's often true even if the people involved in megamergers use lofty concepts like "synergy" and "vision" to justify their moves. —Reported by Bernard Baumohl, John Moody and Jane Van Tassel/New York and William McWhirter/Chicago

FRAUD

Someone's on the Line

Telephone companies struggle to disconnect wily thieves who rip off cellular customers

By JOHN GREENWALD

The remarkable thing about the customers who filed in and out of Allman's Fashion Discount, a small Miami apparel shop, was that they never bought any clothes. Instead, say the police, they flocked to 17 cellular phones at the back of the store to call family and friends in Central and South America for just 50¢ a minute—less than half the nighttime rate for standard phones. Even at that low price the shop's owners, who had rigged their phones to bill the calls to other people's numbers, managed to rake in up to $200,000 in just six months before police raided the store in June. "They were basically operating their own phone company," says Bill Brush of the Secret Service, the agency involved in breaking up the ring, "It was pure profit."

Paydays like that have helped turn cellular phone fraud into a high-tech crime wave that costs the cellular industry about $300 million a year. Such breaches of security could threaten the growth of a booming $11 billion market that has 17 million U.S. customers and is gaining new ones at the rate of 14,000 a day.

That's why both AirTouch Communications and Nynex Corp. last fall began testing a system to thwart telephone thieves that was developed by aerospace conglomerate TRW. The pirates typically use radio scanners to record the serial number and subscriber identity number that each cellular phone transmits at the start of a call. Then they program the numbers into their own phones, leaving the victim to get the bills. But TRW engineers have come up with a proprietary method for analyzing and storing a third signature of cellular phones—their unique radio-frequency signal, which cannot be cloned.

Police agencies are also taking steps to thwart the pilfering of cellular numbers. Since 1991 more than 5,000 federal and local officers have completed industry-sponsored training that focuses on detection and prosecution. That has paid off across the country, especially in the Los Angeles area, where authorities are now arresting nearly 40 phone defrauders a month—up from just one offender a month two years ago. Among them: 29-year-old Rodney Phillips, who ran up $82 million worth of fraudulent calls from a home he had turned into a minifactory for matching numbers. Police found more than 20 cellular phones there, along with two computers equipped with the software to reprogram them. L.A. law-enforcement officials also nabbed a suspect while he was casing a neighborhood in a car filled with crowbars and gloves—and using a stolen number to talk on the phone. Though the man avoided being charged with burglary, he faces four years in prison for making $8,000 worth of bogus calls.

While some victims of rip-offs may wind up with astronomical bills, the industry tries hard to see that their subscribers don't. Most companies monitor any unusual jumps in a customer's calls and can immediately inquire whether the subscriber has made them. Harder to spot is illegal activity in large corporate accounts or small thefts that take place over time. Thus cellular companies warn consumers to watch their bills closely and report any suspicious charges. The last thing this booming industry wants is to have pirates plunder their customers and send them back to wired phones. —Reported by David S. Jackson/San Francisco and Jane Van Tassel/New York

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ENTREPRENEURS

Whittling Down

An ambitious media mogul sheds projects as he struggles to keep his education-reform project alive

By JOHN ELSON

To his admirers, media tycoon Christopher Whittle, 46, is a visionary marketing genius whose ideas for privatizing public schools could revolutionize education in the U.S. To his detractors, Chris Whittle is an all-hat, no-cattle huckster with more talent for raising funds than making money and one Big, Bad Idea: imposing ads upon captive audiences in classrooms and doctors’ offices.

Yet even some of Whittle’s fans have begun to worry that their beau ideal—who has said “few people really know me”—may be closer to the fast-talking Barnum portrayed by critics. Last week Whittle Communications L.P. announced the latest in a string of setbacks. The company will halt development of the Medical News Network, an interactive news service with infomercials for doctors that was scheduled for a nationwide launch in October.

Earlier this year Whittle pulled the plug on two other once promising ventures: Special Report Network, a series of videos and magazines that was aimed at patients waiting in doctors’ offices, and a publishing division that produced advertiser-sponsored books. To raise cash, the company is negotiating the sale to Wall Street’s Goldman, Sachs of half the equity in its profit-making Channel One, the advertiser-backed TV news program currently being shown in 12,000 U.S. public schools. Also for sale is Whittle’s 50% interest in the $55 million, Ivy Leagueish corporate headquarters in Knoxville, Tennessee, which he built only three years ago.

Whittle first gained national attention in the early ’80s as co-owner and rescuer of the financially ailing Esquire magazine. After selling out to partner Philip Mofitt, Whittle used the proceeds to expand a mini-empire of magazines aimed at such specialized audiences as teenage girls and travel agents. The profitability of these ventures, as well as Whittle’s innovative plans for moving into electronic media, enticed outside investors, including Time Warner, which now owns 33% of Whittle Communications. From 1987 through 1992, the company’s revenues rose from $82 million to $213 million. The growth was due largely to the success of the controversial TV service Channel One, which is offered free to schools if they show Whittle-produced news programs with ads aimed at children.

In the past three years, however, Whittle Communications has shut down 30 of its media titles; last year it recorded a 5.8% decline in sales, the company’s first such drop. What went wrong? “We overcommitted ourselves, badly,” Whittle told Time last week. “In the ’70s and ’80s we became extremely proficient at large numbers of small launches. Then in the late ’80s we decided to move to electronic and to concentrate on education and health. We thought launching big systems wasn’t different from launching small ones. We were wrong.” Bad timing was also a factor. The prospect of health-care reform and drug-industry mergers made it impossible to project ad revenues for the Medical News Network reliably.

Whittle’s shrunken empire now consists largely of Channel One and the Edison Project, his ambitious plan to reform American education, which operates separately from the communications company.

Headed by former Yale University president Benno Schmidt Jr., the project has tentative commitments from such cities as Boston, Miami and Wichita to begin supervising up to 20 schools in 1995. Financed by tax revenues, the project’s schools plan to offer a back-to-basics curriculum—geography and history instead of social studies and an academic year of 210 days (compared with a national average of 180). At a school in Trenton, New Jersey, which signed its letter of intent only last week, officials say Edison may eventually earn a profit if expenditures are less than $9,400 per pupil annually, the amount Trenton currently spends.

So far, the Edison Project has spent $40 million in development costs without earning a dime. Whittle’s partners in this venture, which include Philips Electronics N.V. and Associated Newspapers Holdings, may be reluctant to ante up much more. “At the time we invested in Whittle,” says a high-level executive at one of the companies that did, “we thought that it would soon become profitable. But then we realized that Chris isn’t made up that way. As soon as something is moderately successful, he’s off trying to invent the next business. In the meantime, we’re not getting any income from that investment. If someone came along and gave us a decent offer, we’d be out of there in a minute.”

A source close to the company says the entrepreneur blames his financial partners for not coming up with the cash that could have prevented his retrenchment. But Whittle denies Wall Street rumors that his communications firm will soon seek Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection. As proof of the firm’s stability, he claims that Channel One has a 99% renewal rate. Editorial comment on the Edison Project, Whittle says, has been “overwhelmingly positive.” And the fact that two other firms have similar programs—one of them, Education Alternatives Inc., based in Minneapolis, Minnesota, already has 10 schools in operation—is “a confirmation of what we are doing.” In trying to persuade investors to help him keep the project competitive, Whittle, the consummate baby-boomer salesman, faces his hardest sell yet.

—Reported by Bernard Baumohl and John Moody/New York

CHRIS WHITTLE: Is he a visionary marketing genius or an all-hat, no-cattle huckster with one Big, Bad Idea?

TIME, AUGUST 15, 1994
Because there are some things you can’t put a price on, LeSabre’s safety features are standard.

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NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY: 70% of children grow up in poverty amid staggering rates of drug abuse, crime and teenage pregnancy
The Poorest Place
In America

Lake Providence’s poverty is extreme and, despite civil rights progress, too familiar in the South

By JACK E. WHITE
LAKES PROVIDENCE

THE TOWN HAS NO PUBLIC PARKS OR swimming pools, no movie theaters, no shopping malls, not even a McDonald’s or a Wal-Mart. In fact, business in Lake Providence, Louisiana, is so bad that even the pawnshop has shut down. “The only recreation we have,” says a resident, “is poor people’s fun: drinking, drugs, fighting and sex.” Restless teenagers mill around narrow streets lined with burned-out houses and dilapidated trailer parks. “We’ve got all the problems they have in New York and Chicago, but nothing to fight them with,” says Mayor James W. Brown Jr. If there is a poorer place in America, the Census Bureau cannot find it.

No community in the country needs help more—and Lake Providence has turned to God and Washington for assistance. One Sunday evening not long ago, 400 of the town’s 5,500 people gathered for a gospel concert. “Weeping may endure for the night! But if you hold on, joy—joy!—is coming in the morning!” shouted one singer, paraphrasing the 30th Psalm. The crowd broke down in tears and fervent amens. This summer the town, joined by two almost equally destitute communities in neighboring Mississippi and Arkansas, submitted its application to have the area declared a federal “empowerment zone.” If they succeed, tax breaks and grants worth $100 million will shower down on this neglected corner of the rural South.

“We ought to qualify if anyone does, since there’s no place that’s worse off than we are here,” says James Schneider, president of a local bank.

Lake Providence is an extreme but not atypical example of the ambivalent legacy of the Freedom Summer of 30 years ago, when hundreds of volunteers, both black and white, went south to promote the cause of racial justice. That effort helped trigger the passage of civil rights laws that overthrew long-standing patterns of racial oppression in little towns like Lake Providence all across the South. Yet today for every sign of progress there is a sign of stagnation, or even regression. Blacks can elect their own to political office, but economic power remains largely in the hands of the white minority. Restaurants serve everyone, but many blacks cannot afford them.

The 1990 census found that the median annual household income in Block Num-bering Area 9903, which covers the southern two-thirds of Lake Providence and three-quarters of its population, was only $8,536—less than half the official poverty level of $14,764 for a family of four and the lowest in the U.S. Two years later, a Children’s Defense Fund study found that in East Carroll Parish, where Lake Providence is located, 70.1% of children younger than 18, or 2,409, were living in poverty, the highest rate in the nation—and this amid staggeringly high rates of infant mortality, teenage pregnancy and drug use.

Meanwhile, jobs are scarce, low paying and seasonal. For most of the year, hundreds of families subsist on welfare: a single mother with one child gets $123 a month, a family of five, $370. For many the only available work is backbreaking minimum-wage jobs in the nearby cotton fields. Some older men, like John Henry Jackson, don’t seem to do much but stand around drinking and swapping stories about the old days, when they worked on the farm and “followed some funky-ass mules all day long, smelled just like ‘em and didn’t get no money.”

Inevitably, almost everyone who can escape from Lake Providence does so. “I’d rather shoot myself than stay here. It would be a wasted life,” says Karva Henderson, who graduated from Lake Providence’s high school in June. She plans to go to college and wants never to return.

The urge to flee is more urgent because staying behind often leads to tragedy. Such was the fate of Calvin Jones, who until last spring was one of Lake Providence’s most promising young men. At 18, he was not only an honor student and a track and football star, but also a serious churchgoer who taught Sunday school and composed rap songs urging younger children to stay out of trouble. For Martin Luther King Day last year, his classmates and teachers chose him for keynote speaker. “I just talked about accomplishing your goals and not falling prey to society,” Jones remembers.

“I talked about the importance of having God in your life and the importance of get-
TRAGIC TEAMWORK: Soon after Calvin Jones, left, gave his inspiring King Day speech, he got together with Charles Reed, right, a drug user, and burned down the high school. Why did they do it? "There was no reason," said Calvin, now in prison for arson. "I'm just sorry I didn't do more to stop it."

widespread use of farm machinery destroyed thousands of agricultural jobs. At the same time, plantation owners resisted industrial development that could have brought new jobs and higher wages.

As a result, East Carroll Parish lost nearly half its population after 1940, shrinking from more than 19,000 to 9,500 and depriving Lake Providence of potential black leaders—people like William Jefferson, who left to become a Harvard Law School graduate and a Congressman from New Orleans, and Charles Jones, who is now a member of the state senate.

Meanwhile, the absence of jobs and talent has only served to reinforce the age-old Southern pattern of white authority and black subservience. "We've still got a lot of people working in white folks' kitchens or driving tractors," says Mayor Brown. "They're afraid to speak up for themselves because they're afraid of losing their jobs. They still have to say, 'Yassir, whatever you say.'"

Though black voters outnumber whites 2 to 1 and constitute majorities in most local government districts as the result of a long-running voting-rights case, their political power is limited. They control the poorly funded town government, but whites outnumber them 6 to 3 on the parish Police Jury (comparable to a county board of supervisors), which controls the bulk of local government spending. Blacks have not capitalized on their political opportunities, says the Rev. C.H. Murray, a Baptist minister, because "there's still a lot of slave mentality here, people thinking they should wait on the Lord to solve our problems." According to local leaders, easily intimidated black voters sometimes sell their votes.

Many whites believe their hold on power is the bulwark that keeps Lake Providence from descending into barbarity. "We don't have any colored leadership," says Captain Jack Wyly, a lawyer and prominent power broker who says he understands the blacks because long ago his ancestors owned theirs. "When I came home from the Army in 1945, 20% to 25% of our land was owned by blacks. But the welfare system has just undermined the incentive to work. When Daddy died, they'd sell their property, buy a Buick and go out West to Las Vegas or somewhere. They lost their work ethic; they lost their discipline with all this gimme stuff. Who would have thought that Negro girls would get pregnant to get on food stamps? Now they do it all the time." Wyly's biggest fear is that whites will be infected by what he considers black amorality. "Goddamn, if we have two races exploding, that's the end of America!"

And if Washington makes Lake Providence part of an empowerment zone, what would it do for the town? Drawn from ideas submitted by average citizens, the plan is an ambitious mixture of the grandiose and the mundane. It envisages using federal tax breaks to attract a factory that could employ hundreds of unskilled workers. It proposes making Lake Providence the economic hub of the entire region by creating a "one-stop capital shop," a lending office where small businesses from across the country could apply for federal loans. It also foresees using the area's proximity to the Mississippi and many beautiful lakes as the basis for tourism.

These ideas strike local skeptics as overly ambitious and doomed to fail. "Just wait until the mosquitoes start bitin'," scoffs Wyly. Emmanuel Osagie, the Southern University economist who drew up the proposal, believes that such objections are beside the point. "I don't think that in an area like this you can raise people's expectations too high," he says. "We know that the empowerment zone won't solve all our problems, but it can be a start. The problem here is to get people to believe that things can really get better. People here have been looking down at the ground for so long that all they can see is their feet."
PUBLIC EYE

Margaret Carlson

One Woman’s Fight to Fly

IN THE UNFINISHED DRAMA OF WOMEN IN THE MILITARY, Admiral Stanley Arthur and Lieut. (j.g.) Rebecca Hansen were antagonists in the making. Arthur was the former commander of U.S. naval forces during the Persian Gulf War, holder of 11 Distinguished Flying Crosses; he was looking forward to being confirmed by the Senate as commander in chief of the Pacific forces in July. Hansen, an honors student in Aviation Officer Candidate School, wanted to fly. The problem: she had been dismissed from flight school with only eight weeks left in an 18-month training course. As Vice Chief of Naval Operations, Arthur had reviewed the expulsion and approved it. In June, however, Senator David Durenberger put a hold on Arthur’s nomination. He wanted the Navy to respond to Hansen’s charge that she was dismissed for having filed a sexual-harassment claim against an instructor. The Navy then abruptly withdrew Arthur’s nomination, explaining that any delay in filling the post would be intolerable.

Had another admiral taken the fall over an incident that was actually the fault of those below him? Anyone who thinks that picking off admirals is an unfair tactic in the sexual-harassment wars should look at the 10-inch file in the Hansen case, and at the fact that it took the intervention of three members of Congress—Senator Paul Wellstone and Representatives Bruce Vento in addition to Durenberger—to get the Navy brass to pay attention. Durenberger told TIME last week that the Navy still hasn’t given him an unredacted report on the Hansen case: “I’m not one to put a hold on anything, but I didn’t have any choice but to use Arthur. The way the Navy has handled the Hansen case is absolutely incredible. They don’t want to examine in the open how the Navy handles reprisals against women for filing sexual-harassment charges.”

In primary training, Hansen, now 27, was assigned a flight instructor who routinely made remarks so inappropriate Roseanne would have a hard time brushing them off. Lieut. Larry Meyer called Hansen a “wench,” advised her to wear a pink bikini and dye her hair, and turned required discussions, such as on friction, into running sexual jokes. Hansen let it pass, she says, until one day when he grabbed her by the hair, forced her head down to his groin (a witness says he only saw her head go down as far as Meyer’s chest) and said, “this is how I like to control my women.” She filed a complaint. She had corroborating witnesses for most of the incidents, and there were two other women who were not in Meyer’s class who had complained about him. Meyer’s superi-

rior officer conceded that the instructor could on occasion be an “obnoxious loudmouth.” The Navy claims it punished Meyer with a letter of reprimand that effectively ended his career. In fact, the case was handled as a personnel matter rather than a judicial one; he was found only to have used “indecent language.” Meyer insisted he was just “trying to provide a relaxed atmosphere.” He left the military on his own timetable, a year later.

One night at the officers’ club before he left, Meyer swore to a fellow officer that he had “buddies waiting to fly with her” and that Hansen “would get hers.” This threat was reported to Hansen’s superiors but ignored. Despite some ostracism, Hansen maintained passing grades—3.0 out of a possible 4.0 in all phases of training—with some flyers giving her rave reviews like “one of the best boost-off approaches I’ve seen.” Her final flight, however, was with a captain who had previously chewed her out. Her average fell to 2.997, and she was bounced in March 1993.

Hansen then began a long series of appeals for congressional help. As a result, her dismissal was put on hold while the Navy investigated. During this time, in February 1994, Hansen hurt her knee in a skiing accident in Vail, Colorado, and found out just how much the Navy had turned against her. “I should have believed my superiors when they said filing charges would ruin my career,” Hansen says. What she didn’t know was that it could ruin her health. When she called her commanding officer from the emergency room in Vail, he ordered her to leave there and go to the Air Force Academy Hospital in Colorado Springs, although this meant taking a three-hour Greyhound bus trip and carrying boots, skis and luggage while on crutches. Once she was there and scheduled for surgery, her CO changed his mind and ordered her to return to the base hospital in Pensacola, Florida. Wellstone and Vento intervened, and she went to a VA hospital near her parents’ home in Minnesota. But her travels weren’t at an end. Because her CO refused routine authorization to take an Air Force shuttle back to the Denver airport, she again traveled unassisted on two buses. Still suffering from that, she had another operation on July 25.

Arthur says Hansen failed flight school because she was a marginal flyer who would not improve with training. Maybe so, although she flew for more than a year, sometimes solo, with good marks. Some admirals are more enlightened than the men below them, but until they shake up the ranks little will change. For the moment, perhaps the only way women can make their point is to take a few admirals down with the ship.

TIME, AUGUST 15, 1994 37
Laughing for the Lord

Revivalist fervor has invaded the Church of England

By RICHARD N. OSTLING

It's Sunday evening in London's fashionable Knightsbridge neighborhood. Though pathetically tiny flocks of Londoners attend many Anglican services, Holy Trinity Brompton has a standing-room-only turnout of 1,500. Oblivious to the hot, airless sanctuary, the youthful throng buzzes with an anticipation more common at a rock concert or rugby match. After the usual Scripture readings, prayers and singing, the chairs are cleared away. Curate Nicky Gumbel prays that the Holy Spirit will come upon the congregation. Soon a woman begins laughing. Others gradually join her with hearty belly laughs. A young worshipper falls to the floor, hands twitching. Another falls, then another and another. Within half an hour there are bodies everywhere as suppliants sob, shake, roar like lions and, strangest of all, laugh uncontrollably.

This frenzied display has become known as the "laughing revival," or "Toronto blessing," from the city that has popularized it. Though similar to the emotional outbursts found in some U.S. Pentecostal and Charismatic circles, the paroxysms of laughter are new, particularly for straight-laced Anglicans. And they are catching on. After first appearing at Holy Trinity only last May, laughing revivals have been reported in Anglican parishes from Manchester to York to Brighton.

The ecstatic displays appear to have American origins. They are similar to the flamboyant services—characterized by the trademark laughing outbursts—conducted by Rodney Howard-Browne, a Pentecostal revivalist from Louisville, Kentucky. According to Charisma magazine, an American pastor who saw Howard-Browne in action brought word to the Vineyard Christian Fellowship, a Charismatic church near the Toronto International Airport. Similar outbursts began taking place there in January, at six nights-a-week services that can last until 3 a.m. They have since spread to churches of several denominations across Canada as well as to England.

Though virtually unknown today, holy laughter was a long-standing Pentecostal tradition that poked out in the 1950s, according to religious historian Vinson Synan of Virginia's Regent University. Why has it resurfaced in such an unlikely place? "It's a kind of emotional release for a lot of people," maintains Synan. "It shows there's a spiritual and emotional hunger that's not being met in mainline churches."

At London's Holy Trinity, schoolteacher Denise Williams says she "came here a little skeptical," but soon was caught up in the fervor. "There was a lovely feeling of warmth and peace." Secretary Jo Luzquinos "felt as though I had chains around my wrists, and I prayed for release." Says Andy Bush, a bookshop proprietor: "If this experience means a deeper love for God, and therefore others, then it is a good thing."

Though such eruptions sometimes split parishes, Holy Trinity remains united, and three offshore churches are thriving. The reaction of other pastors is benignly wary. "We are watchful," says the Rev. Richard Bewes, vicar at All Souls, an evangelical Anglican church in central London. "One doesn't want something to be blown up that then proves to be a letdown." No sign of that yet: lines outside Holy Trinity now start forming an hour and a half before services.

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TIME, AUGUST 15, 1994

A Sexual Showdown

Will the bishops of the Episcopal Church tacitly embrace the new morality?

Never underestimate the power of sex to rile even such a relatively unflappable body as the Episcopal Church. The influential 2.5 million-member denomination has tolerated more progressive behavior than most Protestant groups; some liberal dioceses have held same-sex marriages and ordained gay clergy. Yet official church doctrine has always opposed such practices. Now a hot debate is erupting over a proposed "pastoral teaching" that would give liberationists more leeway than ever before.

The document, produced by a panel chaired by New York City's Bishop Richard Grein, uses carefully vague language aimed at mollifying conservatives. Yet it avoids endorsing a 1979 resolution, flouted by liberal bishops, that opposes the ordination of sexually active gays and affirms "marital fidelity and sexual chastity as the standards of Christian sexual morality." The new paper asks clergy to follow unspecified church norms and priests to set an undefined "wholesome example." The report also says the "full potential for sex occurs within "faithful and committed lifelong unions between mature adults" but pointedly omits mention of heterosexual marriage and implies acceptance of homosexual couples.

Church leaders intend to keep the 68-page report under wraps until the bishops had voted on it Aug. 24 during the church's convention in Indianapolis. But last week a conservative caucus, Episcopalians United, of Solon, Ohio, defiantly published the secret document in an effort to rally opposition.

Other foes are mobilizing. After receiving the report, a group of 18 Southern bishops conferred in Dallas and sent out a sharp-edged declaration reaffirming church opposition to nonmarital and same-sex relations. By last week, a total of 40 bishops (out of 275) had endorsed the declaration. The bitter fight ahead was presaged in a severe critique by the Rev. Stephen Noll, academic dean at Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry in Ambridge, Pennsylvania. "Many conscientious Episcopalians," he wrote, "feel they cannot stay in a church which officially denies one of the moral essentials of the faith."
Apologists for Murder

The FBI launches a probe of abortion-clinic violence, shining a spotlight on extremists who defend homicide

By DAVID VAN BIEMA

NEARLY MURDER, JOE SCHIEHELER, HEAD OF THE PRO-LIFE ACTION LEAGUE AND HARDLY A MODERATE IN ANTIABORTION CIRCLES, SAT DOWN AT SAUGANASH PANCAKE HOUSE IN CHICAGO TO TALK WITH HIS COLLEAGUES. OVER MUSHROOM OMELETS AND BUTTERMILK PANCAKES, THE LITTLE GROUP REVISITED A TOPIC THAT HAD SPLITT A LARGER MEETING OF ANTIABORTION PROTEST LEADERS THE DAY BEFORE.: IS THE KILLING OF ABORTION DOCTORS "JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE"? SIECHLER SAYS HE ARGUED THAT IT WASN'T. WHAT IF A DOCTOR WAS KILLED, HE ASKED, JUST AS HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO TENDER HIS RESIGNATION TO THE ATTORNEY GENERAL? WOULD THE LAW DO SOMETHING TO PROTECT THE DOCTOR? SIECHLER SAYS NO. "WELL," ANSWERS ONE OF HIS PARTNER'S THAT IF THAT HAPPENED, "HOMICIDE, GOD WOULD UNDERSTAND." SIECHLER REFUSES TO IDENTIFY THE PARTNER, OTHER THAN TO SAY HE WAS AN Attitude PRO-LIFE ACTIVIST.

The Chicago meeting will undoubtedly be near the top of the bureau's investigative priorities. Though the 60-person conference did not include leaders of the mainstream pro-life groups, with their millions of sympathizers, it did attract the movement's radical wing, whose adherents make up the majority of clinic protesters. Scheidler and other attendees report that after nearly two days of debate, barely half those present specifically repudiated Hill's extremist views. Adds Scheidler: "It wasn't justifiable homicide; it was [support for] violence, bombing and arson . . . I thought, 'Wow! The movement has gone through some kind of transition.'

The larger groups represented at the meeting—notably Operation Rescue and its more sizable spin-offs—seemed at least superficially resistant to that transition; they require that members sign a pledge of nonviolence. Yet Fred Hobbs, a special agent with the Florida department of law enforcement who has been investigating antiabortion violence for over a year, notes, "We feel that sometimes these pledges are [merely] a means to avoid prosecution under criminal and civil racketeering statutes." In addition, during the meeting more militant pro-lifers founded a new group, the American Coalition of Life Activists, at least partly out of frustration with their colleagues' perceived timidity.

Defenders of justifiable homicide make a simple, if scary, argument: if abortion is murder, then any means to prevent it—-even murder—is morally justified. Says Roman Catholic priest David Trosch, perhaps the most vocal proponent of this view: "If a person with a shotgun happened upon the scene of massive butchering of innocent children, and failed to act with deadly force, as quickly as possible, he would be committing a grave offense against God." Trosch's public eagerness for the death of abortion doctors, as well as their staffs and officials of Planned Parenthood, has caused the Archbishop of his Mobile, Alabama, parish to relieve him of his pastoral duties.

Another activist, Michael Bray, editor of Capital Area Christian News, has written that abortion providers should be stoned to death: "With each blow . . . by the grace of God, he may confess his sins and be saved before expiring." Even some who claim to oppose justifiable homicide are notably shy about condemning the actions of Paul Hill. Says Don Tresham, president of Rescue America: "We regretted the passing of Dr. Britton's life just like a Jew in 1943 Poland who just heard Dr. Josef Mengle and his bodyguard were shot down in Auschwitz that morning."

Whether the FBI can find anything that qualifies as a conspiracy to commit violence under the Attorney General's rules is far from certain. Says Dallas Blanchard, a professor of sociology at the University of West Florida and a consultant to the pro-choice National Abortion Federation: "There probably is collusion among the leaders of sit-ins and invasions of clinics. But if the real extremists—the bombers, the arsonists, the murderers—tend to be encapsulated, planning their most violent acts privately.

To thwart any such acts, the Admi...
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Dante Tours the Inferno
A slipup mars a robot's successful foray into a volcano. Is Dante ready to explore the planets?

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK

It wasn't until refrigerator-size boulders began hurtling down from above that the scientists sitting in an Anchorage, Alaska, control room started to get seriously worried. Until then the robot known as Dante II had successfully negotiated a steep, muddy descent and ambled unconcernedly through hot steam and poisonous gases. But even a 10-ft.-tall, 1,700-lb. automaton has its limits, and multi-ton chunks of rock moving at high speed were beyond Dante's. "That big one," said Carnegie Mellon University robotics expert John Bares, pointing nervously at a video screen after a rockslide, "would've wiped us out.

In the end, it was a misstep, not a rock, that toppled Dante, and only after the robot had completed its main mission: a detailed study of the crater floor 300 ft. below the rim of Alaska's active Mount Spurr volcano that included a 3-D survey of the hellish terrain and an analysis of gases issuing from belching vents. Among the significant results: the first maps of the crater's surface, normally hidden by outcroppings and haze. Dante also discovered scant sulfur dioxide and hydrogen sulfide in the noxious air, implying that the volcano, which erupted in 1992, will probably stay quiet for a while.

But important as this news was to volcano experts and the people of Anchorage, just 80 miles from Mount Spurr, the volcano study was perhaps the least noteworthy part of the robot's mission. Despite the final slipup, which toppled Dante and left it stranded on the steep mountain slope, the 10-day trek went a long way toward proving the potential of a technology that could let humans explore a wide range of sites too hazardous to visit in person—other volcanoes, deep caves, the barren wastes of Antarctica, the ocean floor and even the surfaces of the moon and Mars. "The robot has performed like a champ," says David Lavery, manager of the Telerobotics Research Program at NASA. Island reactor after its near meltdown in 1979, and he oversaw development of a system that will automatically inspect the heat-resistant tiles on NASA's space shuttles.

Dante is perhaps his most sophisticated product. Its vaguely spider-like aluminum body has eight legs, four of which are always on the ground; that provides maximum stability as the machine moves forward at a top speed of 3 ft. per minute, stepping lightly over obstacles up to 4 ft.

High. Eight on-board video cameras enable scientists to view the terrain. Even more useful is a laser-ranging system—a sort of light-based radar—that makes 30,000 distance measurements every second and generates a virtual-reality computer image of the landscape. Says Bares: "It gives us a very complete picture of what's around us."

What makes Dante II truly revolutionary, however, is its four computers and their controlling software. Although the robot was connected by cable to a power generator and transmitter at the crater rim, which let the scientists direct it via a satellite hookup to the control room, Dante II can operate independently at times and did for nearly half the mission, negotiating its own path through the boulders.

That skill will be crucial if a Dante-like robot is sent to another world. On Mars, for example, says Lavery, contact would probably be limited to once a day, and even then the enormous distances would result in a minimum 10-minute time lag in communications. Dante II is not quite smart enough for full autonomy, but considering that it took less than a year to design and build, it is remarkably close to self-sufficient. Says Lavery: "The consensus was, if we had another four or five months, we would have had that ability."

Another barrier to sending robots to the planets is weight: every pound you launch into space is expensive. At nearly a ton, Dante II would break the bank. Whittaker is already thinking about lighter models, though. And while NASA's Lavery cautions that Dante II is still "far from any sort of flight opportunity," he acknowledges that much of the technology used aboard Dante II will probably find its way into future space missions. In fact, NASA wants to launch a robot explorer toward Mars as early as 1996. And a private company working with Carnegie Mellon scientists hopes to send a Dante-like robot to the moon in 1997. The purely commercial purpose: to gather images for a gamelike, virtual-reality tour across the lunar surface.

In the meantime, Dante II-type robots should be in hot demand from earthbound volcanologists, 11 of whom have died exploring active craters in the past few years. As for Dante III, or whatever Whittaker calls the next generation, the task will be to save humans from facing even greater dangers on other worlds. —Reported by Patrick E. Cole/Anchorage and Mia Schmiedeskamp/Washington
Chevy just started another

Chevy congratulates Jeff Gordon, winner of the Brickyard 400.™ Of all the NASCAR races we’ve won over the last 30 years, this victory was probably the sweetest. In addition to starting a new winning tradition at Indy, we kept an even older one alive as a Chevrolet Pace Car led some of the world’s finest drivers to the starting line for the eleventh time at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. This year, the honor belonged to the all-new Monte Carlo Z34. It had

Jeff Gordon’s race-modified Chevy takes a break from the winner’s circle to spend time with the Official Pace Car of the Brickyard 400 – the all-new Monte Carlo Z34.
Quite a following at Indy last weekend and we expect it will have quite a following on the streets that you drive. After all, the new Monte Carlo was designed by some of the same engineers who helped design cars for the most demanding drivers of all, the drivers in the NASCAR circuit. One car company has won more races in the history of NASCAR. That's Genuine Chevrolet.
Our Cheating
Devotion and betrayal, marriage and divorce: how evolution shaped human love

By ROBERT WRIGHT

The language of zoology used to be so reassuring. Human beings were called a "pair-bonding" species. Lasting monogamy, it seemed, was natural for us, just as it was for geese, swans and the other winged creatures that have filled our lexicon with such labels as "lovebirds" and "lovey-dovey." Family values, some experts said, were in our genes. In the 1967 bestseller The Naked Ape, zoologist Desmond Morris wrote with comforting authority that the evolutionary purpose of human sexuality is "to strengthen the pair-bond and maintain the family unit."

This picture has lately acquired some blemishes. To begin with, birds are no longer such uplifting role models. Using DNA fingerprinting, ornithologists can now check to see if a mother bird's mate really is the father of her offspring. It turns out that some female chickadees (as in "my little chickadee") indulge in extramarital trysts with males that outrank their mates in the social hierarchy. For female barn swallows, it's a male with a long tail that makes extracurriculars irresistible. The innocent-looking indigo bunting has a cuckoldry rate of 40%. And so on.

The idea that most bird species are truly monogamous has gone from conventional wisdom to punctured myth in a few short years. As a result, the fidelity of other pair-bonding species has fallen under suspicion.

Which brings us to the other problem with the idea that humans are by nature enduringly monogamous: humans. Of course, you don't need a Ph.D. to see that till-death-do-we-part fidelity doesn't come as naturally to people as, say, eating. But an emerging field known as evolutionary psychology can now put a finer point on the matter. By studying how the process of natural selection shaped the mind, evolutionary psychologists are painting a new portrait of human nature, with fresh detail about the feelings and thoughts that draw us into marriage—or push us out.

Bitter Harvest

It is to a man's evolutionary advantage to sow his seeds far and wide. Women instead seek mates with the best genes and the most to invest in offspring. These strategies can put the sexes in conflict and undermine love.
The good news is that human beings are designed to fall in love. The bad news is that they aren't designed to stay there. According to evolutionary psychology, it is "natural" for both men and women—at some times, under some circumstances—to commit adultery or to sour on a mate, to suddenly find a spouse unattractive, irritating, wholly unreasonable. (It may even be natural to become irritating and wholly unreasonable, and thus hasten the departure of a mate you've soured on.) It is similarly natural to find some attractive colleague superior on all counts to the sorry wreck of a spouse you're saddled with. When we see a couple celebrate a golden anniversary, one apt reaction is the famous remark about a dog walking on two legs: the point is that the feat was done well but that it was done at all.

All of this may sound like cause for grim resignation to the further decline of the American family. But what's "natural" isn't necessarily unchangeable. Evolutionary psychology, unlike past gene-centered views of human nature, illuminates the tremendous flexibility of the human mind and the powerful role of environment in shaping behavior. In particular, evolutionary psychology shows how inhospitable the current social environment is to monogamy. And while the science offers no easy cures, it does suggest avenues for change.

THE PREMISE OF EVOLUTIONARY PSYCHOLOGY is simple. The human mind, like any other organ, was designed for the purpose of transmitting genes to the next generation; the feelings and thoughts it creates are best understood in these terms. Thus the feeling of hunger, no less than the stomach, is here because it helped keep our ancestors alive long enough to reproduce and rear their young. Feelings of lust, no less than the sex organs, are here because they aided reproduction directly. Any ancestors who lacked stomachs or hunger or sex organs or lust—well, they wouldn't have become ancestors, would they? Their traits would have been discarded by natural selection.

This logic goes beyond such obviously Darwinian feelings as hunger and lust. According to evolutionary psychologists, our everyday, ever-shifting attitudes toward a mate or prospective mate—trust, suspicion, rhapsody, revulsion, warmth, iciness—are the handiwork of natural selection that remain with us today because in the past they led to behaviors that helped spread genes.

How can evolutionary psychologists be so sure? In part, their faith rests on the whole data base of evolutionary biology. In all sorts of species, and in organs ranging from brains to bladders, nature's attention to the subtlest aspects of genetic transmission is evident. Consider the crafting of primate testicles—specifically, their custom tailoring to the monogamy, or lack thereof, of females. If you take a series of male apes and weigh their testicles (not recommended, actually), you will find a pattern. Chimpanzees and other species with high "relative testes weight" (testes weight in comparison to body weight) feature quite promiscuous females. Species with low relative testes weight are either fairly monogamous (gibbons, for example) or systematically polygynous (gorillas), with one male monopolizing a harem of females. The explanation is simple. When females breed with many males, male genes can profit by producing lots of semen for their own transportation. Which male succeeds in getting his genes into a given egg may be a question of sheer volume, as competing herds of sperm do battle.

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

Patterns like these, in addition to showcasing nature's ingenuity, allow a kind of detective work. If testicles evolved to match female behavior, then they are clues to the natural behavior of females. Via men's testicles, we can peer through the mists of prehistory and see how women behaved in the social environment of our evolution, free from the influence of modern culture; we can glimpse parts of a pristine female mind.

The relative testes weight of humans falls between that of the chimpanzee and the gorilla. This suggests that women, while not nearly so wild as chimpanzee females (who can be veritable sex machines), are by nature somewhat adventuous. If they were not, why would natural selection divert precious resources to the construction and maintenance of weighty testicles?

There is finer evidence, as well, of natural female infidelity. You might think that the number of sperm cells in a husband's ejaculate would depend only on how long it has been since he last had sex. Wrong. What matters more, according to a recent study, is how long his mate has been out of sight. A man who hasn't had sex for, say, a week will have a higher sperm count if his wife was away on a business trip than if she's been home with the flu. In short, what really counts is whether the woman has had the opportunity to stray. The more chances she has had to collect sperm from other males, the more profusely her mate sends in his own troops. Again: that natural selection designed such an elaborate weapon is evidence of something for the weapon to combat—female faithlessness.

So here is problem No. 1 with the pair-bond thesis: women are not by nature paragons of fidelity, Wanderlust is an innate part of their minds, ready to surface under propitious circumstances. Here's problem No. 2: if you think women are bad, you should see men.

THE TROUBLE WITH MEN

With men too, clues from physiology help uncover the mind. Consider "sexual dimorphism"—the difference between average male and female body size. Extreme sexual dimorphism is typical of a polygynous species, in which one male may impregnate several females, leaving other males without offspring. Since the winning males usually secure their trophies by fighting or intimidating other males, the genes of brawny, aggressive males get passed on while the genes of less formidable males are deposited in the dustbin of history. Thus male gorillas, who get a whole harem of females if they win lots of fights and no mates if they win none, are twice as big as females. With humans, males are about 15% bigger—sufficient to suggest that male departures from monogamy, like female departures, are not just a recent phenomenon. Anthropology offers further evidence. Nearly 1,000 of the 1,154 past or present human societies ever studied—and these include most of the world's "hunter-gatherer" societies—have per-

ROBERT WRIGHT, a senior editor at New Republic, adapted this article from his new book, The Moral Animal: Evolutionary Psychology and Everyday Life, to be published this month by Pantheon.

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Illustrations for TIME by Alan E. Cober
The Dimensions of Sex

Gibbon males and females are about the same size, and the species is quite monogamous. Among gorillas, however, the male can be twice as big as the female and may command a harem of mates.

In between are humans and chimps: somewhat dimorphic and somewhat polygynous.

Many studies confirm the more discriminating nature of women. One evolutionary psychologist surveyed men and women about the minimal level of intelligence they would accept in a person they were "dating." The average response for both male and female: average intelligence. And how smart would the potential date have to be before they would consent to sex? Said the women: Oh, in that case, markedly above average. Said the men: Oh, in that case, markedly below average.

There is no dispute among evolutionary psychologists over the basic source of this male open-mindedness. A woman, regardless of how many sex partners she has, can generally have only one offspring a year. For a man, each new mate offers a real chance for pumping genes into the future. According to the Guinness Book of Records, the most prolific human parent in world history was Moulay ("The Bloodthirsty") Ismail, the last Sharifian Emperor of Morocco, who died in 1727. He fathered more than 1,000 children.

This logic behind undiscerning male lust seems obvious now, but it wasn't always. Darwin had noted that in species after species the female is "less eager than the male," but he never figured out why. Only in the late 1960s and early 1970s did biologists George
Williams and Robert Trivers attribute the raging libido of males to their nearly infinite potential rate of reproduction.

WHY DO WOMEN CHEAT?

Even then the female capacity for promiscuity remained puzzling. For women, more sex doesn't mean more offspring. Shouldn't they focus on quality rather than quantity—look for a robust, clever mate whose genes may bode well for the offspring's robustness and cleverness? There's ample evidence that women are drawn to such traits, but in our species genes are not all a male has to offer. Unlike our nearest ape relatives, we are a species of "high male parental investment." In every known hunter-gatherer culture, marriage is the norm—not necessarily monogamous marriage, and not always lasting marriage, but marriage of some sort, and via this institution, fathers help provide for their children.

In our species, then, a female's genetic legacy is best amplified by a mate with two things: good genes and much to invest. But what if she can't find one man who has both? One solution would be to trick a devoted, generous and perhaps wealthy but not especially brawny or brainy mate into raising the offspring of another male. The woman need not be aware of this strategy, but at some level, conscious or unconscious, timing is in order.

One study found that women who cheat on mates tend to do so around ovulation, when they are most likely to get pregnant. For that matter, cheating during the fertile part of the monthly cycle might have its own logic, as a way (unconsciously) to turn the paramour into a dupe; the woman extracts goods or services from him in exchange for his fruitless conquest. Of course the flowers he buys may not help her genes, but in the ancestral environment, less frivolous gifts—noble food—would have. Nisa, a woman in a !Kung San hunter-gatherer village, told an anthropologist that "when you have lovers, one brings you something and another brings you something else. One comes at night with meat, another with money, another with beads. Your husband also does things and gives them to you."

Multiple lovers have other uses too. The anthropologist Sarah Bahrer Blaffer has theorized that women copulate with more than one man to leave several men under the impression that they might be the father of particular offspring. Then, presumably, they will treat the offspring kindly. Her theory was inspired by langur monkeys. Male langurs sometimes kill infants sired by others as a kind of sexual icebreaker, a prelude to pairing up with the (former) mother. What better way to return her to ovulation—by putting an emphatic end to her breast-feeding—and to focus her energies on the offspring to come?

Anyone tempted to launch into a sweeping indictment of langur morality should first note that infanticide on grounds of infidelity has been acceptable in a number of human societies. Among the Yanomamö of South America and the Tikopia of the Solomon Islands, men have been known to demand, upon marrying women with a past, that their babies be killed. And Ache men sometimes collectively decide to kill a newly fatherless child. For a woman in the ancestral environment, then, the benefits of multiple sex partners could have ranged from their sparing her child's life to their defending or otherwise investing in her younger.

Again, this logic does not depend on a conscious understanding of it. Male langurs presumably do not grasp the concept of paternity. Still, genes that make males sensitive to cues that certain infants may or may not carry their genes have survived. A gene that says, "Be nice to children if you've had lots of sex with their mothers," will prosper over the long haul.

THE INVENTION AND CORRUPTION OF LOVE

Genes don't talk, of course. They affect behavior by creating feelings and thoughts—by building and maintaining the brain. Whenever evolutionary psychologists talk about some evolved behavioral tendency—a polygamous or monogamous bent, say, or male parental investment—they are also talking about an underlying mental infrastructure.

The advent of male parental investment, for example, required the invention of a compelling emotion: paternal love. At some point in our past, genes that inclined a man to love his offspring began to flourish at the expense of genes that promoted remoteness. The reason, presumably, is that changes in circumstance—an upsurge in predators, say—made it more likely that the offspring of undeveloped, unprotective fathers would perish.

Crossing this threshold meant love not only for the child; the first step toward becoming devoted parents consists of the man and woman developing a mutual attraction. The genetic payoff of having two parents committed to a child's welfare seems to be the central reason men and women can fall into swoons over one another.

Until recently, this claim was heresy. "Romantic love" was thought to be the unnatural invention of Western culture. The Mangaians of Polynesia, for instance, were said to be "puzzled" by references to marital affection. But lately anthropologists have taken a second look at purportedly loveless cultures, including the Mangaians, and have discovered what nonanthropologists already knew: love between man and woman is a human universal.
symmetry that is wildly misleading. Evolution not only invented romantic love but from the beginning also corrupted it. The corruption lies in conflicts of interest inherent in male parental investment. It is the goal of maximizing male investment, remember, that sometimes leads a woman to infidelity. Yet it is the preciousness of this investment that makes her infidelity lethal to her mate's interests. Not long for this world are the genes of a man who showers time and energy on children who are not his.

Meanwhile, male parental investment also makes the man's naturally polygynous bent inimical to his wife's reproductive interests. His quest for a new wife could lead him to withdraw, or at least dilute, investment in his first wife's children. This reallocation of resources may be more damaging to his genes but certainly not hers.

The living legacy of these long-running genetic conflicts is human jealousy—or, rather, human jealousies. In theory, there should be two kinds of jealousy—one male and one female. A man's jealousy should focus on sexual infidelity, since cuckoldry is the greatest genetic threat he faces. A woman, though she'll hardly applaud a partner's strictly sexual infidelity (it does consume time and divert some resources), should be more concerned with emotional infidelity—the sort of magnetic commitment to another woman that could lead to a much larger shift in resources.

David Buss, an evolutionary psychologist at the University of Michigan, has confirmed this prediction vividly. He placed electrodes on men and women and had them envision their mates doing various disturbing things. When men imagined sexual infidelity, their heart rates took leaps of a magnitude typically induced by three cups of coffee. They sweated. Their brows wrinkled. When they imagined a budding emotional attachment, they calmed down, though not quite to their normal level. For women, things were reversed: envisioning emotional infidelity—redirected love, not supplementary sex—brought the deeper distress.

That jealousy is so finely tuned to these forms of treachery is yet more evidence that they have a long evolutionary history. Still, the modern environment has carried them to new heights, making marriage dicier than ever. Men and women have always, in a sense, been designed to make each other miserable, but these days they are especially good at it.

MODERN OBSTACLES TO MONOGAMY

To begin with, infidelity is easier in an anonymous city than in a small hunter-gatherer village. Whereas paternity studies show that 2% of the children in a Kung San village result from cuckoldry, the rate runs higher than 20% in some modern neighborhoods.

Contraceptive technology may also complicate marriage. During human evolution, there were no condoms or birth-control pills. If an adult couple slept together for a year or two and produced no baby, the chances were good that one of them was not fertile. No way of telling which one, but from their genes' point of view, there was little to lose and much to gain by ending the partnership and finding a new mate. Perhaps, some have speculated, natural selection favored genes inclining men and women to sour on a mate after long periods of sex without issue. And it is true that barren marriages are especially likely to break up.

Another possible challenge to monogamy in the modern world lies in movies, billboards and magazines. There was no photography in the long-ago world that shaped the human male mind. So at some deep level, that mind may respond to glossy images of pin-ups and fashion models as if they were viable mates—alarming alternatives to dull, monogamous devotion. Evolutionary psychologist Douglas Kenrick has suggested as much. According to his research, men who are shown pictures of Playboy models later describe themselves as less in love with their wives than do men shown other images. (Women shown pictures from Playboy felt no such attitude adjustment toward spouses.)

Perhaps the largest modern obstacle to lasting monogamy is economic inequality. To see why, it helps to grasp a subtle point
made by Donald Symons, author of the 1979 classic *The Evolution of Human Sexuality*. Though men who leave their wives may be driven by "natural" impulses, that does not mean men have a natural impulse designed expressly to make them leave their wives. After all, in the ancestral environment, gaining a second wife didn't mean leaving the first. So why leave her? Why not stay near existing offspring and keep giving some support? Symons believes men are designed less for opportune desertion than for opportune polygyny. It's just that when polygyny is illegal, a polygynous impulse will find other outlets, such as divorce.

If Symons is right, the question of what makes a man feel the restlessness that leads to divorce can be rephrased: What circumstances, in the ancestral environment, would have permitted the acquisition of a second wife? Answer: possessing markedly more resources, power or social status than the average Joe.

Even in some "egalitarian" hunter-gatherer societies, men with slightly more status or power than average are slightly more likely to have multiple wives. In less egalitarian pre-industrial societies, the anthropologist Laura Betzig has shown, the pattern is dramatic. In Incan society, the four political offices from petty chief to chief were allotted ceilings of seven, eight, 15 and 30 women. Polygyny reaches its zenith under the most despotic regimes. Among the Zulu, where coughing or sneezing at the king's dinner table was punishable by death, his highness might monopolize more than 100 women.

To an evolutionary psychologist, such numbers are just extreme examples of a simple fact: the ultimate purpose of the wealth and power that men seek so ardently is genetic proliferation. It is only natural that the exquisitely flexible human mind should be designed to capitalize on this power once it is obtained.

Thus it is natural that a rising corporate star, upon getting a big promotion, should feel a strong attraction to women other than his wife. Testosterone—which expands a male's sexual appetite—has been shown to rise in nonhuman primates following social triumphs, and there are hints that it does so in human males too. Certainly the world is full of triumphant men—Johnny Carson, Donald Trump—who trade in aging wives for younger, more fertile models. (The multi-wived J. Paul Getty said, "A lasting relationship with a woman is only possible if you are a business failure.")

A man's exalted social status can give his offspring a leg up in life, so it's natural that women should lust after the high-status men who lust after them. Among the Ache, the best hunters also have more extramarital affairs and more illegitimate children than lesser hunters. In modern societies, contraception keeps much of this sex appeal from translating into offspring. But last year a study by Canadian anthropologist Daniel Pérusse found that single men of high socioeconomic status have sex with more partners than lower-status men.

One might think that the appeal of rich or powerful men is losing its strength. After all, as more women enter the work force, they can better afford to premire their marital decisions on something other than a man's income. But we're dealing here with deep romantic attractions, not just conscious calculation, and these feelings were forged in a different environment. Evolutionary psychologists have shown that the tendency of women to place greater emphasis than men on a mate's financial prospects remains strong regardless of the income or expected income of the women in question.

The upshot of all this is that economic inequality is monogamy's worst enemy. Affluent men are inclined to leave their aging wives, and young women—including some wives of less affluent men—are inclined to offer themselves as replacements.

Objections to this sort of analysis are predictable: "But people leave marriages for emotional reasons. They don't add up their offspring and pull out their calculators." True, but emotions are just evolution's executors. Beneath the thoughts and feelings and temperamental differences marriage counselors spend their time sensitively assessing are the stratagems of the genes—cold, hard equations composed of simple variables: social status, age of spouse, number of children, their ages, outside romantic opportunities and so on. Is the wife really duller and more nagging than she was 20 years ago? Maybe, but maybe the husband's tolerance for nagging has dropped now that she is 45 and has no reproductive future. And the promotion he just got, which has already drawn some admiring glances from a young woman at work, has not helped.

**The Allure of Power**

Among baboons, the higher a male ranks in the social hierarchy, the more sex he has. The pattern is a bit harder to discern for humans, but a study by Daniel Pérusse found that single men of high social status (based on income, education and job status) have the busiest sex lives (based on frequency and number of partners).

Similarly, we might ask the young, childless woman who finds her husband intolerably insensitive why the insensitivity wasn't so oppressive a year ago, before he lost his job and she met the kindly, affluent bachelor who seems to be flirting with her. Of course, maybe her husband's abuses are quite real, in which case they signal his disaffection and perhaps his impending departure—and merit just the sort of pre-emptive strike the wife is now mustering.

**The Fallout from Monogamy's Demise**

Not only does male social inequality favor divorce. Divorce can also reinforce male social inequality; it is a tool of class exploitation. Consider Johnny Carson. Like many wealthy, high-status males, he spent his career dominating the reproductive years of a series of women. Somewhere out there is a man who wanted a family and a pretty wife and, if it hadn't been for Johnny Carson, would have married one of these women. And if this man has managed to find another woman, she was similarly snatched from the clutches of some other man. And so on—a domino effect; a scarcity of fertile females trickles down the social scale.

As theoretical as this sounds, it cannot help happening. There
are only about 25 years of fertility per woman. When some men dominate more than 25 years’ worth, some man somewhere must do with less. And when, in addition to all the serial husbands, you count the men who live with a woman for five years before deciding not to marry her, and then do it again (perhaps finally at 35 marrying a 25-year-old), the net effect is not trivial. As some Darwinians have put it, serial monogamy is tantamount to polygyny. Like polygyny, it lets powerful men grab extra sexual resources (a.k.a. women), leaving less fortunate men without mates—or at least without mates young enough to bear children. Thus rampant divorce not only ends the marriages of some men but also prevents the marriage of others.

In 1960, when the divorce rate was around 25%, the portion of the never married population age 40 or older was about the same for men and women. By 1990, with the divorce rate running at 50%, the portion for men was larger by 20% than for women.

Viewing serial monogamy as polygyny by another name throws a kink into the family-values debate. So far, conservatives have got the most political mileage out of decrying divorce. Yet lifelong monogamy—one woman per man for rich and poor alike—would seem to be a natural rallying cry for liberals.

One other kind of fallout from serial monogamy comes plainly into focus through the lens of evolutionary psychology: the toll taken on children. Martin Daly and Margo Wilson of McMaster University in Ontario, two of the field’s seminal thinkers, have written that one of the “most obvious” Darwinian predictions is that stepparents will “tend to care less profoundly for children than natural parents.” After all, parental investment is a precious resource. So natural selection should “favor those parental psyches that do not squander it on nonrelatives”—who after all do not carry the parent’s genes.

Indeed, in combing through 1976 crime data, Daly and Wilson found that an American child living with one or more substitute parents was about 100 times as likely to be fatally abused as a child living with biological parents. In a Canadian city in the 1980s, a child age two or younger was 70 times as likely to be killed by a parent if living with a stepparent and a natural parent than if living with two natural parents.

Of course, murdered children are a tiny fraction of all children living with stepparents; divorce and remarriage hardly amount to a child’s death warrant. But consider the more common problem of nonfatal abuse. Children under 10 were, depending on their age and the study in question, three to 40 times as likely to suffer parental abuse if living with a stepparent and a biological parent instead of two biological parents.

There are ways to fool Mother Nature, to induce parents to love children who are not theirs. (Hence cuckoldry.) After all, people cannot telepathically sense that a child is carrying their genes. Instead they rely on cues that in the ancestral environment would have signaled as much. If a woman feeds and cuddles an infant day after day, she may grow to love the child, and so may the woman’s mate. This sort of bonding is what makes adopted children loveable (and is one reason relationships between stepparent and child are often harmonious). But the older a child is when first seen, the less profound the attachment will probably be. Most children who acquire stepfathers are past infancy.

Polygynous cultures, such as the 19th century Mormons, are routinely dismissed as cruelly sexist. But they do have at least one virtue: they do not submit children to the indifference or hostility of a surrogate father. What we have now—serial monogamy, quasi-polygyny—is in this sense worse than true polygyny. It massively wastes the most precious evolutionary resource: love.

**IS THERE HOPE?**

Given the toll of divorce—on children, on low-income men, and for that matter on mothers and fathers—it would be nice to come up with a magic monogamy restoration plan. Alas, the importance of this task seems rivaled only by its difficulty. Lifelong monogamous devotion just isn’t natural, and the modern environment makes it harder than ever. What to do?

As Laura Betzig has noted, some income redistribution might help. One standard conservative argument against antipoverty policies is their cost: taxes burden the affluent and thus, by lowering work incentive, reduce economic output. But if one goal of the policy is to bolster monogamy, then making the affluent less so would help. Monogamy is threatened not just by poverty in an absolute sense but also by the relative wealth of the rich. This is what lures a young woman to a wealthy married or formerly married man. It is also what makes the man who attracts her feel too good for just one wife.

As for the economic consequences, the costs of soaking the rich might well be outweighed by the benefits, financial and otherwise, of more stable marriages, fewer divorces, fewer abused children and less loneliness and depression.

There are other levers for bolstering monogamy, such as divorce law. In the short run, divorce brings the average man a marked rise in standard of living, while his wife, along with her children, suffers the opposite. Maybe we should not lock people into unhappy marriages with financial disincentives to divorce, but surely we should not reward men for leaving their wives either.

**A MORAL ANIMAL**

The problem of divorce is by no means one of public policy alone. Progress will also depend on people using the explosive insight of evolutionary psychology in a morally responsible way. Ideally this insight would lead people to subject their own feelings to more acute scrutiny. Maybe for starters, men and women will realize that their constantly fluctuating perceptions of a mate are essentially
The Fallout from Serial Marriages

Some male primates kill the offspring of a female’s previous mate. The cruel dictates of evolution work against investing in the care of another’s child. There’s evidence of a similar dynamic among humans. Canadian studies show relatively high rates of child abuse and murder by stepparents.

Illusions, created for the (rather absurd, really) purpose of genetic proliferation, and that these illusions can do harm. Thus men might beware the restlessness designed by natural selection to encourage polygyny. Now that it brings divorce, it can inflict great emotional and even physical damage on their children.

And men and women alike might bear in mind that impulses of wanderlust, or marital discontent, are not always a sign that you married the “wrong person.” They may just signify that you are a member of our species who married another member of our species. Nor, as evolutionary psychiatrist Randolph L. Nesse has noted, should we believe such impulses are a sign of psychopathology. Rather, he writes, they are “expected impulses that must, for the most part, be inhibited for the sake of marriage.”

The danger is that people will take the opposite tack: react to the new knowledge by surrendering to “natural” impulses, as if what’s “in our genes” were beyond reach of self-control. They may even conveniently assume that what is “natural” is good.

This notion was common earlier in this century. Natural selection was thought of almost as a benign deity, constantly “improving” our species for the greater good. But evolutionary psychology rests on a quite different world view: recognition that natural selection does not work toward overall social welfare, that much of human nature boils down to ruthless genetic self-interest, that people are naturally oblivious to their ruthlessness.

George Williams, whose 1966 book Adaptation and Natural Selection helped dispel the once popular idea that evolution often works for “the good of the group,” has even taken to calling natural selection “evil” and “the enemy.” The moral life, in his view, consists largely of battling human nature.

Darwin himself believed the human species to be a moral one—in fact, the only moral animal species. “A moral being is one who is capable of comparing his past and future actions or motives, and of approving or disapproving of them,” he wrote.

In this sense, yes, we are moral. We have at least the technical capacity to lead an examined life: self-awareness, memory, foresight and judgment. Still, chronically subjecting ourselves to moral scrutiny and adjusting our behavior accordingly is hardly a reflex. We are potentially moral animals—which is more than any other animal can say—but we are not naturally moral animals. The first step to being moral is to realize how thoroughly we aren’t.
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F devotion to the works of Richard Wagner is a worldwide cult, then a performance of The Ring of the Nibelung is that religion’s ultimate rite: a fervent emotional and aesthetic observance. Any opera house that is able to produce the Ring cycle—four long, mythic music dramas, based on old Norse and German sagas—is assured of a sellout. Audiences travel across continents to submit themselves to the Ring’s thrilling embrace. Among Wagner’s many other theatrical gifts was his ability to build a climax at the end of every act, so that the audience is continually swept into a musical catharsis. Movie scores—like those by John Williams for Star Wars and several Spielberg epics—try to duplicate the master’s visceral thrills but always fall short.

No production of the Ring is as sacred to Wagnarians as the one that takes place at their holy see—Bayreuth (pronounced buy-roit). Wagner founded the music festival first held there in 1876 and designed its theater, the Festspielhaus. He engineered the completion of the theater specifically for this 15½-hour tetralogy about a peculiarly human race of gods and demigods who were ruined by their greed for a cursed treasure of gold. Heads of state—from mad King Ludwig of Bavaria to the much madder Adolf Hitler—have made the pilgrimage to this isolated city in northern Bavaria to hear the master as he wanted to be heard.

Of all the opera houses in the world, only Bayreuth can mount a new production of the entire Ring in a single week. This summer the program has attracted more than routine interest because it is the one year in seven when a new Ring cycle debuts. In addition, the conductor for the first time is James Levine, the Metropolitan Opera’s powerful artistic director and the leading interpreter of Wagner on the international scene ever since Georg Solti largely retired from theatrical work. Levine’s partners are Alfred Kirchner, an experienced European opera and theater director, and set and costume designer Rosalie, the professional name of Gudrun Müller. This is the pair’s first time working on the Ring at Bayreuth as well. The result is an expected success.
GOLD

In this cycle brought wild cheers and top-of-the-lungs boos

for Levine, a muddled start for Kirchner and a deserved round of boos—as only Festspielhaus crowds can bay them—for Rosalie.

A Bayreuth audience is unique. Every one of the 1,925 seats is occupied by someone who knows his Wagner and has cast-iron confidence in his opinions. This summer has been the hottest in a century, and the theater is not air conditioned. While the music plays, the crowd sits still and silent; a sneeze brings savage stares. At the curtain call, though, reaction is unbridled. Virtue is rewarded with thunderous stamping on the wooden floors; lapses with lusty booing.

Kirchner and Rosalie set out to present a Ring that ignored the political—mostly Marxist—approach that has been popular in Europe over the past two decades. Reacting especially to Patrice Chereau’s influential 1976 production, set in the Industrial Revolution, the team rejected polemics in favor of a more classical approach. But they failed to come up with an alternative vision. The modest strength of this Ring is that it leaves the audience with scope to listen and think; the weakness is that the stage is empty of ideas or inspiration.

Instead, Kirchner and Rosalie offer what is basically a high-tech light show—perhaps the trendiest and most threadbare gambit now popular in Europe. Some of the stage pictures are inspired, like the glassy, green, undulating plates that suggest the forest in Siegfried, but too often the choices seem arbitrary. In addition, Kirchner’s stage maneuvers are inept. Time and again the cast is left singing directly to the audience—just like the bad old days when operas were turned into stiff pageants. Some awkward direction will be corrected next year. Bayreuth stages no new productions of Wagner’s other operas during the second year of any Ring cycle, wisely using time and money to make improvements, which can be extensive.

For now, Rosalie overshadows the direction and even the music with stunningly ugly and capricious costumes. At a press conference she explained that since no one has seen a god or a giant or a dragon, she had to create them from her imagination. In fact the sources are painfully

DANGEROUS FOREST: Wolfgang Schmidt as Siegfried takes on the dragon Father.
clear. Some influences are evidently classical—warriors all wear plastic breastplates. Unfortunately they suggest Jean-Paul Gaultier's Paris more readily than ancient Athens. More striking are the costumes containing Oriental references. They make the wearers appear larger—read fatter—than they are, a particular pity with a fit and youthful-looking cast. The inspiration seems to have come from Issey Miyake, a master at making small figures look grand. Rosalie received her curtain-call boos in an outfit by the Japanese designer, but his magic touch turned out to be untransferrable.

The greatest casualty is soprano Deborah Polaski, playing Brünnhilde, especially in Die Walküre. Tall, handsome, heroic in gesture and carriage, she should make an ideal goddess. But with her bulky breastplate and helmet and huge skirt, she looks like the typical porky Wagnerian. The Rhinemaidens are decked out in biker gear, the dwarf Alberich wears one bright green sneaker: a reference to the Green movement? Who knows.

Of the creative trio only Levine trusted his material and worked to burnish it. His Wagner has been criticized for being too slow. Certainly he chooses rapture rather than excitement. In the Festspielhaus, with its marvelous acoustics, every instrument is audible and clear. Under Levine's baton the music seems translucent, and the melodies play themselves. "It is as if I am standing in front of a treasure chest," the conductor says, "and the idea is to draw it all out where the listener can hear it and feel it and get involved in it."

SINGERS LIKE LEVINE'S SPACIOUS pace. Ekkehard Wlaschka, the excellent Alberich, says that "to sing this music fast, you have to be Superman. Levine fulfills the tempo and he gives you time to phrase—you can better form a musical arch." Adds Manfred Jung, a proper servile Mime: "It's no secret that the orchestra plays more quietly if the beat is not fast."

In one area neither Levine nor any other conductor can dip into a treasure.

The Ring is now impossible to cast in an entirely satisfactory style. There are no sopranos who are equal to the heavy demands of Brünnhilde. Nor are there any tenors strong enough to carry off Siegfried, perhaps the ultimate heroic role. Levine has picked expert singing actors who are musically sensitive. Polaski's voice is simply too light. As Siegfried, Wolfgang Schmidt delivers a poetic reading of the score, but his tone is dry and reedy. Tina Kiberg makes a passionate shrill Sieglinde. As Wotan, John Tomlinson falters in the beginning but finds commanding style in Siegfried.

The real hero of the week was the Bayreuth orchestra. Its members work in a closed pit, invisible—as is the conductor—to the audience. The temperature there is fiery. But the musicians seemed ideally responsive to Levine, and at the end of Götterdämmerung he paid them tribute by taking his bow standing among his sweaty, shirt-sleeved crew of 119. The roar of prolonged stamping reverberated through the hall, with not the echo of a boo.

Die Wagneren: A True-Life Opera

BAYREUTH HAS ALWAYS BEEN RUN BY A WAGNER, AND now it is Richard's grandson Wolfgang, 75, who is in charge. As skilled a manager as his forebear, possessing just as combative and strife-prone a temperament, Wolfgang is the most visible person at the festival. He also conducts one of the behind-the-scenes highlights at Bayreuth, the press conference that follows a new production. This year he outdid himself in gruffly garrulity. Ignoring the journalists' humble need to get quotes from all major participants, he grabbed the mike and answered questions addressed to Rosalie or Alfred Kirchner.

Wolfgang has even more to say in Acts, his new autobiography. Mostly the book is an exercise in self-justification and a series of mud pies flung at his family. The Wagners are a contentious lot. At various times Wolfgang's son, daughter and a nephew have laid claim to his throne. He in turn insists that no blood relative is competent to rule.

The deep shadow over Wolfgang's life remains his brother Wieland, a director of rare theatrical imagination who revolutionized the staging of Wagner—and all other opera—by doing away with conventional sets. Wieland died in 1966, leaving Wolfgang in command of the festival. He too has had a busy career directing, but his work tends to be fussy and literal, and he is not taken seriously. The rumor is that Wolfgang started his memoir when he heard he had a rival, American author Frederic Spotts, whose Bayreuth (Yale University; $35) appeared in late

June. Once again Wolfgang has been badly bested. Spotts's great strength is the balance he maintains in his well-organized narrative. Music history, cultural comment and such issues as the family's embrace of Nazism are all deftly combined. Spotts told TIME he was so determined to maintain the right proportions that he omitted his biggest scoop: that Hitler sexually abused the young Wieland during the 1920s. If he had gone into that scandal, Spotts says, "it would be all anybody wrote about."

The book gives a detailed account of the family's anti-Semitism and its attachment to Hitler. Even after the war, Wolfgang's mother Winifred said she longed to see the Führer come through the door again. To his credit, Wolfgang has banished any trace of anti-Jewish bias from the festival.

The great subject of Bayreuth gossip now is, Who will replace Wolfgang? For the time being, no one; he shows that he is still more than capable of running a one-man show. He says the next boss may not be a Wagner at all, but he will probably choose his second wife, Gudrun, 50, formerly a festival secretary. That solution would follow tradition. When the composer died, his wife Cosima succeeded him for 23 years, then handed control to her son Siegfried. After he died in 1930, his widow Winifred continued in his place until after the war, when, publicly disgraced for her idolatry of the Nazis, she relinquished the festival in favor of Wieland and Wolfgang. Will there be a fight over Gudrun? As surely as the Rhinegold is cursed.

—M.D.
TELEVISION

I Was a Teenage Teenager

The boys hot-rod and grope the girls, the girls get pregnant and go to prison in a series inspired by teen Z movies of the 1950s

By RICHARD CORLISS

SURE, THERE’S A REAL GENERATION GAP these days. It’s reflected in the debate over which decade is worthiest of feeling nostalgic for. People of the ’90s flee from the sassy current Zeitgeist toward some more wired, more meaningful time. The ’60s and ’70s have attracted big cults, but to true devotees of déjà voo, the golden age was the ’50s. Survivors of that era rise from their golf carts and shout, “We don’t need no stinkin’ Woodstock! And Watergate nostalgia is for wimps! Listen, pal, I was a teenage teenager. I want the ’50s—Ike, Mad, duck and cover, the birth of rock ’n’ roll. And films about teens in turmoil—the cheaper and grungier the better.”

In a flashy tribute to those movies and mores, Showtime is rolling out 10 teen features set in the ’50s but with ’90s attitude splattered all over, like the rotten eggs that used to decorate Dad’s DeSoto on mist night. The series, called Rebel Highway, is premiering a movie a week each Friday through Sept. 16. Taken together, this seamy decalogue shows the ’50s as a neat place to visit—a lovers’ lane accessible from a killer drag strip—but hell to live through. Each movie revives the battles between tough guys and sweet chicks; each recalls sex before the pill and those enduring teen compulsions: to rebel and to belong.

The idea was for 10 film directors of eccentric renown to take the title but not the plot of a ’50s exploitation epic from the vault of American International Pictures and, on a miserly budget of $1.3 million, spin a hip variation on it. So Allan Arkush (Rock ’n’ Roll High School) picked Shake, Rattle and Rock; Ralph Bakshi (Fritz the Cat) selected Cool and the Crazy; Joe Dante (Gremlins) chose Runaway Daughters; Uli Edel (Last Exit to Brooklyn) took Confessions of a Sorority Girl; William Friedkin (The Exorcist) got Jailbreakers; Jonathan Kaplan (The

PROTO-PUNK: How cool is Paul Rudd’s town rebel (with Julie Bowen) in Runaway Daughters? He says, “I like being bored.”

None of the directors needed to feel awed by their source material. These weren’t the signal teen films of the ’50s (Rebel Without a Cause, The Wild One, Invasion of the Body Snatchers); they are forgotten schlock from the bottom of producer Sam Arkoff’s Z-movie barrel. Maybe they were drive-in classics, but that’s because kids didn’t go to drive-ins for the movies. The A.I.P. films were moldy melodramas whose only nod to ’50s spirit was in their titles. If they were to show up on TV now, it would only be as fodder for the brilliant deconstructionist rambles of Mystery Science Theater 3000.

The one cheerful movie in the series, Runaway Daughters, written by Charlie Haas, provides its own subversive commentary. Lightheartedly undercutting a hard plot about a girl (Julie Bowen) who believes herself pregnant and, in her search for the perpetrator, enlists the daring town rebel (Paul Rudd), “How cool is this guy?” “I like being bored,” he mutters. The film also has a nice parody of the hee-haw speech every movie parent had to endure in a ’50s teen movie. “Do you people ever sit down and talk to your kids?” a righteous detective asks the frazzled moms and dads. “I mean, really talk to them about sex and sexual diseases—the strange night world of twisted kicks and weird rituals and equipment, the whips and chains and rubber balls and dildos and handcuffs.” (Rubber balls?)

The other Rebel Highway films hunker down to more serious matters of turf marking and pubescent angst. Motorcycle Gang re-teams real, terror, as some wild ones kidnap a restless girl and her dad gets really mad. Roadracers is a hyperkinetic assault on good manners. Dragstrip Girl, a Cal-Mex remake of Rebel Without a Cause, stars Natasha Gregson Wagner (Natalie Wood’s daughter) as a bored teen lured by a handsome Chicano’s threat and thrill. Confessions of a Sorority Girl uncovers the black double-dealing of a teen queen spumed. Girls in Prison, with a script co-written by now-meat auteur Sam Fuller, is a tart, taut fable of betrayal in stir and out—there’s no difference, ladies.

The whole series revels in misanthropy; it parades the bullish stupidity of your average teenager, your average parent, your average everybody. Theonly things these movies romanticize are cars, cigarettes (each character smokes about three packs a minute) and the clichés of old teen pix, “Rumble at the playground tonight.” The young actors, children of the children of the ’50s, might be speaking Old English, but they give the words an authentic spin. They know that the ’50s was the cauldron in which the modern language of rebellion was forged.

The best thing about these movies is their mad style. They say the Eisenhower era years were too complex to be remembered as just Hula-Hoops and hair grease. And that is fine with us old ’50s types. When nostalgia is true, it hurts, man!
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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
Now Batting for the OSS...
A biography traces the life of Moe Berg, major leaguer and spy

By R.Z. SHEPPARD

A BASEBALL PLAYER, MOE BERG belonged in the sock drawer of fame. He began his professional career in 1923 as the third baseman for the Brooklyn Robins and ended it 17 years later as the third-string catcher for the Boston Red Sox. He spent most of his playing days schmoozing and reading in dugouts and bullpens. His lifetime batting average was .243, he had only six home runs, and he was error-prone. If Berg ever stole a base, his latest biography, The Catcher Was a Spy (Pantheon; 453 pages; $24), does not mention it.

What the spirited and diligent writer Nicholas Dawidoff does document, with fresh research, some 200 interviews and unqualified affection, is that the oddball legend of Moe Berg is based mainly on his refusal to take full cuts at his many opportunities. He was a Princeton honors graduate who would have had a longer and more successful career in the classroom than on the diamond; a lawyer trained at Columbia who never established a practice; a linguist with a reluctance to converse in any of the dozen languages he had studied; and a darkly handsome ladies’ man who was nevertheless something of a prude.

On a slow day sportswriters could depend on the polymath Berg to fill a column. “More profiles of Berg were published than any other journeyman ballplayer in history,” writes Dawidoff. But he will be best remembered as the spy who took rain checks. An OSS operative during World War II, Berg traveled widely, lived well and managed to be where trouble wasn’t. In 1944 he was at a conference in peaceful Switzerland to hear a lecture by Werner Heisenberg, the Nobel prize-winning physicist who headed Hitler’s atom-bomb project. Berg’s orders were to shoot the scientist if it became apparent that the Nazis were close to producing a nuclear weapon. Berg did not know enough physics or German to be sure whether or not he should shoot, and he didn’t. The genius who formulated the uncertainty principle proved to be an incompetent administrator, so his continued service to the Reich probably benefited the Allies.

After the war, Berg, a charming, literate and steadfastly unemployed semi-celebrity, parlayed his baseball and espionage experiences into 25 years of free room and board. Until his death in 1972 at the age of 70, he lived at his sister’s house in Newark, New Jersey. From there he played the circuit of hospitable friends. His routine was to call up to say he happened to be in town and then wait for the inevitable invitation.

Once lodged, he could be difficult to remove. Joe DiMaggio offered a night’s stay at his Manhattan hotel suite, and Berg remained for six weeks. He traveled light: a toothbrush, a razor and a book, sometimes in Sanskrit. His road uniform was a dark wash-and-wear suit and a white nylon shirt that he would rinse out and hang up to dry before bedtime. In the morning, one host recalled, Moe would show up for breakfast fully dressed though a bit damp.

Nearly all Dawidoff’s sources agree that Berg was good company and an intriguing storyteller. He had been tangential to big events. He could talk politics, philosophy and sports. Babe Ruth was a pal, as were Nelson Rockefeller and Chico Marx. Eventually the reader comes to see Berg as a one-man March of Time.

But blending himself into history and folklore may have been a strategy to deflect intimacy and embarrassing inquiries. Dawidoff suggests this view, with speculation that Berg had trouble living up to his billing as athlete-scholar-spy and actually felt unworthy. Just as likely, he feared the dull prospect of settling down after baseball and a good war and so decided to schedule the rest of his life as a series of away games.

UTILITY PLAYER: Lawyer, Sanskrit scholar, would-be assassin; Berg batted .243 lifetime

NO ARMCHAIR TRAVELER: Alexander visits the locales the poet read about

Coleridge Baedeker
A travel writer searches for the sources of Kubla Khan

By JOHN SKOW

THE CARGO MANIFEST FOR CAROLINE Alexander’s delightful work of literary voyaging, The Way to Xanadu (Knopf; 198 pages; $23), might read something like this: toothbrush, 1; wide-brimmed straw hat, 1; large, leatherbound geographical and poetical tomes, six or seven dozen. But Alexander’s account of her travels, undertaken to set foot and mind in the actual places around the globe that inspired Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s misty and fantastical poem Kubla Khan, carries its erudition lightly.

Her journeying begins as it should, in libraries, and in particular with a 1927 work, The Road to Xanadu, by the British scholar John Livingston Lowes. He not only traced literary and mythological influences on the poet’s imagery but also demonstrated that Coleridge (1772-1834) was a tireless armchair traveler. There was, in fact, a real Xanadu (more commonly called Shangdu), with the remains of real walls and towers. Marco Polo had been there. And there were in the world—though nowhere near one another except on Coleridge’s bookshelf—marvelous caves of ice, mighty fountains, rivers that might well be sacred, caverns measureless to man, and a real Abyssinian Mount Abora.

“Aggressively dressed in a long, full, Out of Africa skirt,” Alexander writes, she set out to trace her poet’s imaginings. Mighty string pulling brought a rare ap-
proval from the Chinese to visit Shangdu, in military territory 200 miles north of Beijing. This was the summer capital—pleasure dome is a fair description—established by Kublai (1215-94), grandson of Genghis Khan and a personage who, according to Marco Polo, "always rides on the back of four elephants, in a very handsome shelter of wood, covered inside with cloth of beaten gold and outside with lion skins." The location of the palace and the vast size of Kublai's grounds can be traced today with the help of guides from China's Bureau of Cultural Relics. It is the ghost of magnificence; only a few shards of colored tile can still be found in the sweep of grassland. Not far away, Chinese industrialization crowds in.

Coleridge moved "caves of ice" to Xanadu from the Kashmir region of northern India, where they had been described in 1795 by the Rev. Thomas Maurice in The History of Hindostan. Alexander and a friend, forbidden to travel there because of political turmoil, attached themselves to a mob of religious pilgrims and pressed on regardless. The journey was not entirely spiritual; an overcrowded campsite was fouled with human dung. This does not prevent Alexander from creating a beautiful scene. "I saw, on drawing back the tent flaps," she writes, "snowdrifts gleaming on the towering black peaks and, a long way beneath them, a wobbly line of light from the pilgrims' lanterns descending the far hills and inching across the plain."

The ice cave at Amaranth lay ahead, offering Siva's boon, "a release from the fear of death, not from death itself."

The poet discovered his fountains both in the great, welling springs of northern Florida (in his Travels, William Bartram wrote of them that "the ebullition is astonishing and continual") and in Abyssinia or Ethiopia. Alexander reports ruefully that the Ethiopian fountain, at a place called Gishe Abay, was thought to have magical properties, but may no longer; as a female, she unknowingly defiled the flow with her touch. Or so she was assured by locals.

Alexander's thoughtful and lively account shifts gracefully from travel heroics to library exploration. It is no admission of failure when she says that ultimately it was impossible to find the sources for the images in Coleridge's great poem in mere geography. "Xanadu is a place dark and craggy," she writes, "but essentially reminiscent of nowhere I have seen."
Clear and Present Thriller
The latest Tom Clancy adaptation is forceful and even coherent

By RICHARD SCHICKEL

WHAT DO JACK RYAN, A SPECTACULARLY energetic CIA operative, and a spectacularly sedentary movie reviewer have in common? In the end, both of them have to make an audience of clueless innocents understand the incredibly complex series of events related in Clear and Present Danger—and keep them alert in the process.

As Jack, played by Harrison Ford, will ultimately testify before a Senate committee, it all starts with a President and his men deciding to insert a small guerrilla force into Colombia to hit one of the cocaine cartels. This is done in deep secrecy, and among those left out of the loop is Jack. After escaping an ambush, he learns that the men in suits are selling out the troops in the field and even trying to do a deal with one of the drug lords.

That's the main line. A whole lot of other interesting stuff feeds smoothly into it: the fight against cancer by Jack's shrewd old mentor (James Earl Jones); an FBI secretary seduced by the oldest drug runner; the field operatives led by Willem Dafoe who do spectacular damage to the cartel's operations; amusing glimpses of the life-style of its rich and infamous boss. What's truly appealing about the film is that it plays fair with all this material and the audience. Unlike the typical action movie, which is always trampling over narrative logic in order to rush on to the next explosion, this movie had writers (John Milius, Donald Stewart, Steven Zaillian; the film is based on a Tom Clancy novel) who take the time to keep us in the picture. You may not remember all of it later, but as the plot unfolds, its logic is, you might say, clear and present.

The movie has two other qualities you don't always find in films of this kind: a sense of humor and a sense of character. At a particularly desperate moment when Jack must confront the drug boss, he simply walks up to the boss's gate and blandly presents a CIA business card to the menacing guards. It's a much smarter, more amusing choice than blasting his way in.

This is the third movie with Jack as its hero, so he is a known quantity—a humanist spook with an overdeveloped moral sense—but Ford, playing the part for the second time, knows how to keep his earnestness fresh. Meanwhile, Donald Moffat's President is tough and unctuous, his National Security Adviser (Harry Yulin) is tough and tense, and his chief aide (Henry Czerny) is tough and tough.

Director Phillip Noyce deserves credit for the easy confidence of his pace, his quick way with the telling detail. In this movie, unlike some others one might name, the lies ring true, and, at least for the length of its running time, absorb you in a conscientiously constructed fictional world.

HUMANIST SPOOK: Harrison Ford returns as Jack Ryan, conscience of the CIA

SUNDAY DINNER: Mr. Chu does better romantically than his befuddled girls

Chef's Ballad
A comedy shows the link between food and love

THE YEAR'S BEST ACTION SEQUENCE: Easy. It's Mr. Chu (Sihung Lung), a master chef, slicing, dicing, chopping, boiling, broiling, steaming the ingredients of the dinner he prepares every Sunday for his three not entirely grateful daughters. It's the culinary arts rendered as thrillingly as the martial arts, with a middle-age Taiwanese cook appearing as deft and graceful in his peaceful trade as Bruce Lee ever was in his more violent one.

Eat Drink Man Woman presents Mr. Chu's morality as simple—feed the body artfully, and the soul will take care of itself—but the chef is not without cunning outside the kitchen. His children are not aware of that, nor can they see that his meals are metaphors for love; they see them as a form of torture added to their other torments. The eldest, Jia-Jen (Kuei-Mei Yang), is a spinster schoolteacher, pining for a lost love but beginning to moon over the cute new gym teacher. The youngest, Jia-Ning (Yu-Wen Wang), is rebelling by working in a fast-food restaurant and taking a lover who reads Dostoyevsky and rides a motorcycle. In the middle is Jia-Chien (Chien-Lien Wu), interrupting her yuppy bustle for liaisons that can't go anywhere.

As things work out in this comfortably intricate comedy by Ang Lee (who directed last year's The Wedding Banquet), their father, despite his obsession with food, does better than any of them romantically. This is perhaps because cooking at his level has taught him to blend the practical, paradoxical gifts of calculation and improvisation, while his children are—until they finally right themselves—befuddled by abstractions and distractions. Like the cuisine it celebrates, this movie is tart, sweet, generous and subtle.
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According to classic psychoanalytic theory, young women unconsciously seek husbands who bear profound similarities to their fathers. Assuming that is true, LISA MARIE PRESLEY has been looking for a rare mate indeed. A man like her father ELVIS PRESLEY would be a popular singer who possessed celebrity almost terrifying in its scope. He would dress each day as though he were paying sartorial homage to Liberace. He would fit the description of Elvis offered by a reviewer in 1956 who said the performer resembled "an obscene child." And where Elvis was "the King," this perfect man would be, say, "the King of Pop."

Despite formidable odds, Lisa Marie Presley has found such a partner. Last week she confirmed reports, which had been circulating in the press for weeks, that she secretly married MICHAEL JACKSON in the Dominican Republic in May. Calling herself Mrs. Presley-Jackson, she issued a statement proclaiming devotion to her husband. "We both look forward to raising a family and living a happy, healthy life together," she said, as if she were just another winsome bride embarking on a life of slate-patio, convection-oven normality.

The union is perhaps the most remarkable celebrity coupling in pop-culture history. Lisa Marie Presley is the daughter of the most successful recording artist of all time; her husband ranks not far behind. The names to the left and right of her fashionable hyphen translate into billions of dollars in record sales; together Lisa Marie and Michael are worth an estimated $300 million. As occupants of the highest echelon of America's show-big class, they have behaved perfectly sensibly by marrying each other. And at the same time the marriage makes no sense. Michael Jackson, so disturbingly, aggressively childlike, was supposed to fan-guish forever in his curious bachelorhood. He was not meant to say "I do."

Of course, the bride and groom may simply be madly in love, but the reason for the marriage has been the subject of considerable speculation. Michael, some say, hopes to salvage his image, sullied last year when a 13-year-old boy accused him of sexual abuse. Others theorize that Lisa Marie, whose effort to get a record contract failed two years ago, may have wed Michael in order to further her career as a singer. But certainly there are easier ways for the daughter of Elvis Presley to achieve that end than by becoming the wife of Michael Jackson. After all, Roger Clinton had a record deal, and he didn't marry Madonna to win it.

Lisa Marie and her mother Priscilla are members of the Church of Scientology. Danny Keough, the man to whom Lisa Marie was until recently married and the father of her two children, is a prominent Scientologist. The church makes an effort to attract celebrities, but there is no indication that Michael has joined. As Michael's wife, Lisa Marie will live in her accustomed manner. The new mistress of Neverland, the 9,700-acre ranch Michael has equipped with a Ferris wheel and zoo, spent her childhood at Graceland, her father's pleasure palace. Elvis gave his daughter a diamond ring and mink coat on her eighth birthday, and jetted her to Utah and back one afternoon so she could see snow. Michael will surely deny her nothing. Until last week, the newlyweds were staying in a $10,000-a-month apartment in Manhattan's Trump Tower. What does the future hold for Mr. and Mrs. Jackson? They are now in Budapest, where Michael is shooting a video. In October they will give a concert together at Graceland. There is even a rumor of a baby in the offing. May the godfather be Frank Sinatra.
ESSAY

Michael Kinsley

Why Not Kill the Baby Killers?

In the end, almost everyone is against killing doctors who practice abortion, though it is a little hard to understand why. The logic of Paul Hill—that abortion equals baby killing, that there is a “holocaust” going on and that therefore killing an abortionist is “justifiable homicide”—may be insane, but it is more consistent than the logic of those who share all of Hill’s premises but reject his conclusion.

On July 29, Hill shot and killed Dr. John Britton and a clinic volunteer at an abortion clinic in Pensacola, Florida. Almost all elements of the right-to-life movement condemned the killings. But why? After all, the practical effect of such actions is not merely to put one baby killer out of business but to chill the entire practice of abortion in America. Surely during the real Holocaust it would have been “justifiable homicide” to kill a German camp guard, if that would have slowed the feeding of the gas chambers.

Until last week, the American Center for Law and Justice (A.C.L.J.), a self-styled conservative clone of the American Civil Liberties Union (A.C.L.U.), was supplying Hill’s legal defense on earlier charges of harassing abortion patients. The A.C.L.J. is part of the religiopolitical empire of Pat Robertson, who certainly considers himself mainstream. Yet Hill never made a secret of his belief in the moral necessity of killing abortionists. The A.C.L.J. says it was representing Hill because the harassment charges infringe his First Amendment right to protest. But the A.C.L.J. is not the A.C.L.U., which routinely defends the rights of people it profoundly disagrees with (such as Nazis who wanted to march through a Jewish neighborhood in Skokie, Illinois). The very fact that the A.C.L.J. dropped Hill when he became too hot to handle suggests that its previous defense of him was motivated by something other than abstract dedication to the First Amendment.

Disrupters at abortion clinics frequently invoke the First Amendment. They also invoke the traditions of the civil rights movement. Believers in abortion rights should take these arguments seriously to demonstrate that we don’t just believe in civil liberties for people we agree with. But there are flaws in the reasoning.

As for the First Amendment, Operation Rescue is quite frank that the purpose in its sieges of abortion clinics is not communication. It is not attempting to persuade doctors and patients to come around to its view that abortion is the murder of innocent babies. It is attempting to physically prevent the operation of the clinics and/or to make the experience so unpleasant for doctors and patients that they will give it up, without the necessity of changing their beliefs. The First Amendment does not grant me the right to harass you into giving me the contents of your wallet. So it certainly doesn’t grant abortion opponents the right to harass women into giving up their constitutional right to choose abortion.

Of course if abortion is truly murder, Operation Rescue may well be right not to stop at mere persuasion. But in that case it cannot self-righteously invoke the First Amendment. And if it is going to invoke instead the glorious tradition of civil disobedience, other problems arise. There are different rules for legitimate civil disobedience in a democratic society than in a place (e.g., Nazi Germany) where working for change through the established political system is not an available option.

A cardinal principle of civil disobedience in a democracy is that you accept society’s punishment—as acknowledgment that you are breaking society’s rules for what you see as a higher cause. Operation Rescue activists have submitted to arrest for minor charges like trespassing. But they also like to flood the home phone lines of judges who have ruled against them. Their purpose is not to “petition for redress of grievances,” as protected by the First Amendment; their purpose is to make those judges miserable. And even the larger right-to-life movement opposes efforts to protect abortion clinics with laws that work.

An abortion clinic is not a lunch counter—and anyway, no one was ever prevented from eating lunch by the civil rights movement. The antiabortion movement, like the civil rights movement, may ultimately persuade society that it has been profoundly wrong. But meanwhile, a democratic society cannot fail to protect the exercise of what it has determined to be a fundamental right.

Which brings us back to the question of killing abortion doctors. Even someone who believes that abortion is murder might reasonably conclude that killing abortionists is not justified because America is not Nazi Germany: we are a democracy under the rule of law. But once a group accepts the premise that the laws enacted by a democratic society are no legitimate deterrent in efforts to prevent “baby killing,” it becomes harder to see what is wrong with stopping the murders by killing the murderers. The Operation Rescue people are not pacifists. They do not believe in the principle that violence is always wrong, even in response to violence. So why not kill the doctors? Paul Hill understands their logic better than they do.
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