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TIME FILE: Not For Publication

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by: DAVID AIKMAN in:

When the Russian novelist Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (please note that we are using this preferred form of his name, as used in the actual novel AUGUST 1914 in English) indicated through his U.S. publisher, Farrar, Strauss, that he would be willing to grant an interview with TIME, it became obvious that a major reporting event was at hand. Not long after his sudden and involuntary exile from the Soviet Union in 1974, Solzhenitsyn had given two U.S. television interviews in his temporary home in Switzerland and a handful of print media interviews to European media organizations. Since his move to his Cavendish, VT. retreat in July 1976, however, he had not given a single major interview to any U.S. news organization. His last English-language interview of any kind appeared in the London Times in 1983, and since that year he had formally chosen not to speak out publicly in any manner about events taking place in the Soviet Union or anywhere else in the world. It was obvious that anything Solzhenitsyn had to say would be a major journalistic and literary event.

For me personally, it was the interview opportunity of the decade. For any student of Russian literature and thought in the 20th century, Solzhenitsyn towers above the contemporary landscape as the single most important living personality. I had already attempted to arrange a meeting with the author through private channels, and had been politely but firmly rebuffed. Yet the changes wrought in the Soviet Union since the advent of Mikhail Gorbachev in 1985 seemed to cry out more than ever for comment by the Russian writer who had done more to influence Western views of the Soviet Union than possibly anyone since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

In arranging the details of the interview, careful constraints had to be borne in mind. The interviewer obviously needed to know Russian, yet Solzhenitsyn insisted that he would not address questions on contemporary Soviet or even U.S. politics, in keeping with his 1983 decision to avoid current affairs comments. The challenge, therefore, was to ask the author questions that were on the one hand literary or cultural, but on the other topical enough to satisfy broad reader curiosity about Solzhenitsyn and his views. The interview took place on the Solzhenitsyn estate in Cavendish, VT. Since it is impossible to find the house unless guided directly there, I waited by pre-arrangement with interpreter Harris Coulter and Photographer Steve Liss in a rented car outside the Cavendish post office.

Shortly after 9:00 a.m., we met Solzhenitsyn's personal secretary, who led us in his own car up the hill to the writer's retreat. The interview was conducted in the writer's library in a three-story building located behind the main house. Solzhenitsyn spoke only Russian throughout the interview, without interpretation. The function of interpreter Harris Coulter, who had translated for the Solzhenitsyn's 13 years earlier, was to render my questions into the most accurate possible Russian -- thus freeing me to concentrate on Solzhenitsyn's replies -- and to oversee the transcription and translation of the two and a half hour formal dialogue.

Solzhenitsyn unhesitatingly describes his 13 Vermont years as "the most productive and successful" he has ever had. It is easy to understand why. With the proceeds of the works that had already been published in the West before his exile from the Soviet Union in 1974, the author was able to purchase not just a comfortable literary retreat, but the accoutrements of an entire cottage publishing industry. The productive heart of the complex of structures on his estate is a three-story building behind the main house that serves as library, work room, type-setting and proofreading center. One half of the second floor is a library, three walls of which are covered in bookshelves, and in one corner of which is a microfilm machine. Solzhenitsyn has on microfilm the entire major newspaper output of Moscow and Leningrad for the year 1917 and several actual copies of papers from that year. In the center of the room are narrow tables decorated with neat piles of handwritten notes on different subjects. On a mantle over a fireplace, a spread of fall foliage sticks attractively out of a vase. In another part of the small building is a Russian type-setting system in which each of the volumes of THE RED WHEEL, as it is completed, is set to type by computer before being sent off to Paris for photography and printing by the Y.M.C.A. press. All of Solzhenitsyn's works so far published, either in the Soviet Union or the West have now been set to type in uniform manner for the Y.M.C.A. press, and constitute 18 thick volumes.

For many Americans, it may have seemed as though Solzhenitsyn, who epitomized the moral protest against political oppression in the Soviet Union, turned ungratefully against the country that had supported him not long after the family of five arrived in the U.S. in 1976. The turning point in this perception was undoubtedly the Harvard commencement speech that the writer delivered to the class of 1978. The address was powerful and eloquent, but it left an acidulous taste in many people's mouths with the sharpness of its assault on the crassness of much of American popular culture. Some of the speech rehearsed themes American critics themselves had raised: the over-emphasis on juridical litigation, as against ethical self-restraint, in the conduct of social relations, the superficiality of American mass culture. Where the speech hit home, though, was in its scathing assault upon the Western press, which the author said was the product of "the main mental illness of the twentieth century -- haste and superficiality." From being a lovable Russian eccentric embodying heroic protest against political repression, Solzhenitsyn to some disillusioned hearers now seemed to have become just another curmudgeonly foreigner who had completely failed to grasp what America was all about.

Even today, it is obvious that the sometimes harsh press criticism after Harvard hurt Solzhenitsyn deeply (see his remarks in the interview). "When I encountered such angry rejection," he told us, "and saw that nobody wanted to listen to me, and people asked me, 'Why did you even come here?', then I obviously asked myself, why take so much trouble?" He adds: "After all this, it is a big strain for me to engage in journalism and current affairs." In a sense, though, the unsympathetic response to the speech may have contributed to the enormous productivity of his years in Vermont. Though Solzhenitsyn formally decided not to conduct interviews except in extremely rare circumstances only in 1983, he has talked to virtually no outside journalists whatever since the late 1970's. The most recent interview of any kind we have been able to locate is an October 1988 piece in Der Spiegel with editor-in-chief (this his title) Augstein. Prior to that, there was a 1983 interview with French television. And now there is the Time piece.

Solzhenitsyn is sensitive to accusations that he has become a recluse and he forcefully denies it. He likes to distinguish between solitude -- which he admits to -- and isolation, which the Solzhenitsyn's claim is not a fair characterization of their situation. "You have to have solitude in order to be able to concentrate," he says. He chose the Vermont home, he says, because he wanted a place that was "totally quiet, with fresh air, greenery around me." His wife Natalya points out that, particularly in the summer months, there are many visitors from Europe, some of whom stay in the house as guests. Very occasionally, Solzhenitsyn himself will venture forth around the state or to a major library, but for the most part he remains at the house. It is Natalya who travels the world, oversees details of the education of two of their sons in England -- and does the major household purchases in a typical shopping mall a few miles away where none of the sales clerks have ever heard of the name Solzhenitsyn. ("That's an unusual name. Where are you from?" is a typical response to the proferred credit card.)

Natalya, in fact, is the lynchpin of Solzhenitsyn's connections not just with the rest of the world, but with publishers, agents, academic contacts and many friends in America. A handsome, elegant woman with firm views but a gracious manner, she obviously admires, respects and loves Solzhenitsyn deeply. The sentiment is both returned and appreciated on Solzhenitsyn's part. "I don't think I could have done it without my wife," he says with great affection in his voice as he looks at her. "She has been my constant associate at all levels. She has helped me by virtue of her well-developed literary taste, and has helped me very much in developing materials, editing. I would not have been able to cope with it myself." It's an unusual relationship, with a very high intellectual content in addition to the normal bonds of a warm, successful marriage.

Solzhenitsyn himself works constantly, 7 days a week, with a seldom-varying schedule that would break men 20 years younger than the 70 years of his own life. Up for the cold shower at 6:30, he breakfasts lightly and is at work between 7 and 8, tackling the heavy and complicated writing tasks. He interrupts the morning only once or twice for a cup of coffee drunk from elegant earthenware cups, then eats lunch in the large family eating area at 1:00 p.m. Next, he listens to the Russian-language broadcasts of either VOA or BBC to the Soviet Union. It is his principal source of news, since he seldom looks at English-language newspapers and virtually never watches television. In the afternoon he works on less arduous organizational or research projects for his writing of the following morning, breaks for dinner at 7:00 p.m., then reads relatively light material before going to bed. He keeps in close touch with the latest Soviet writers, but diplomatically refuses to indicate whom among them he prefers. It is a wise form of abstinence, for intellectuals in the Soviet Union today quickly label their own political leanings by indicating their preferred writers.

In the past week, the entire household has been thrilled by the decision announced by Novyi Mir editor Zalygin in the Soviet Union to publish in four separate issues of the magazine excerpts from the Gulag Archipelago. The Solzhenitsyn's have been in touch by phone with friends in the Soviet Union who have, they say, been bubbling over with joy. Even the janitors and machine operators at Novyi Mir, Natalya Solzhenitsyn reports, have been thrilled by the Zalygin decision. The Solzhenitsyn's themselves, however, without wanting to dampen the joy of others, have been disappointed with Soviet decisions so many times previously that they are being more cautious in their feelings until the excerpts actually appear. (An interesting footnote: Natalya says that a Chinese official told her a year ago that the entire three volumes of Gulag Archipelago have been published in Chinese translation in a neibu ("internal" and thus restricted) edition for use only by senior Chinese officials.) Solzhenitsyn, according to the agreement with the Soviets, will have full final approval of exactly which parts of the novel do and do not appear. The total quantity of material will approximate one entire novel, though it will be taken from different parts of the work.

With the long and arduous years of work on THE RED WHEEL behind him, Solzhenitsyn has the easy style of a man who is on the final lap of his long run and knows he is going to make it. He has, in fact, already completed the third draft of the two volumes of the final "knot" of THE RED WHEEL, that of APRIL 1917, and both he and Natalya now estimate it will require another 1-2 years at most before the work is published. By then, THE RED WHEEL will have comprised approaching 7,000 pages, the equivalent of having published a densely-researched 466-page historical novel every year for 15 years. Says Natalya, almost casually: "He's finished his life's work. That's why he's so relaxed."

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When
ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN
decided to grant his first major interview
in 10 years to a U.S. news organization,
he talked to one magazine:

TIME

Russia's Prophet In Exile

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

publishes the first volume of his epic on the Bolshevik Revolution and gives a rare account of his life in Vermont

BY PAUL GRAY

A handwritten sign hangs beside the door of the Cavendish, Vt., general store: NO REST ROOMS. NO BARE FEET. NO DIRECTIONS TO THE SOLZHENITSYNS. An intriguing story can be read between these lines: not only the presence in this small (pop. 1,355) Vermont town of a world-renowned Russian author but also the determination of his adopted Yankee neighbors to protect his privacy.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn arrived in Cavendish with his wife Natalya and four sons in 1976, some 2½ years after he had been charged with treason and forcibly exiled from the Soviet Union. Settling in at a 50-acre mountain retreat, purchased with royalties from Western publications of his works, the author of such books as *Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* gradually disappeared from headlines and public view. Admiring pilgrims hoping for a glimpse of the 1970 Nobel laureate—as well as suspected KGB snoops—were discouraged by the natives and by an impressive security system ringing the enclosure.

These outward signs of reclusiveness prompted much speculation. What was Solzhenitsyn doing in his bucolic isolation? After 13 years, an answer is finally emerging, and it is mind boggling. Aided by Natalya ("I don't think I could have done it without my wife"), he has constructed a virtual factory of literature. Laboring nearly twelve hours a day, seven days a week in a three-story building behind his house that serves both as a workplace and library and as a typesetting and proofreading center, he has produced more than 5,000 printed pages in Russian of an epic called *The Red Wheel*. Using the techniques of fiction but based on exhaustive historical research, this project aims at nothing less than a vast overview of the events leading up to and culminating in the Russian Revolution of 1917.

It will be years before the complete cycle of novels is available in English. But an enormous preview of what lies in store is being published this week as *August 1914* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 854 pages; $50 hardback, $19.95 paper). This novel first appeared in English in 1972; after his banishment from the U.S.S.R., Solzhenitsyn was free to explore new troves of archival material, particularly at Stanford's Hoover Institution, and has now expanded the text by some 300 pages. Much of the additional material concerns the evil (in Solzhenitsyn's view) activities of Lenin during Russia's hasty entrance into World War I, and the heroic (ditto) career of Pyotr Stolypin, the Prime Minister under Czar Nicholas II who was assassinated in 1911 by an anarchist named Dmitri Bogrov. Translated by Harry T. Willetts, this version is essentially a brand-new work.

And it is not, it must be added, a day at the beach. Those who feel guilty, summer after summer, about not reading *War and Peace* can positively grovel at the prospect of the unquestionably difficult and demanding *August 1914*. It offers an encompassing narrative, told from dozens of different perspectives, of Russian life circa 1914 and of the nation's stark unpreparedness for the military offensive launched against Germany in August of that year. With this story Solzhenitsyn mixes snippets from contemporary newspapers, a succession of official documents and a series of "Screens," scenes described as if they were intended for a film script. The overall effect of this avalanche of information is daunting indeed.

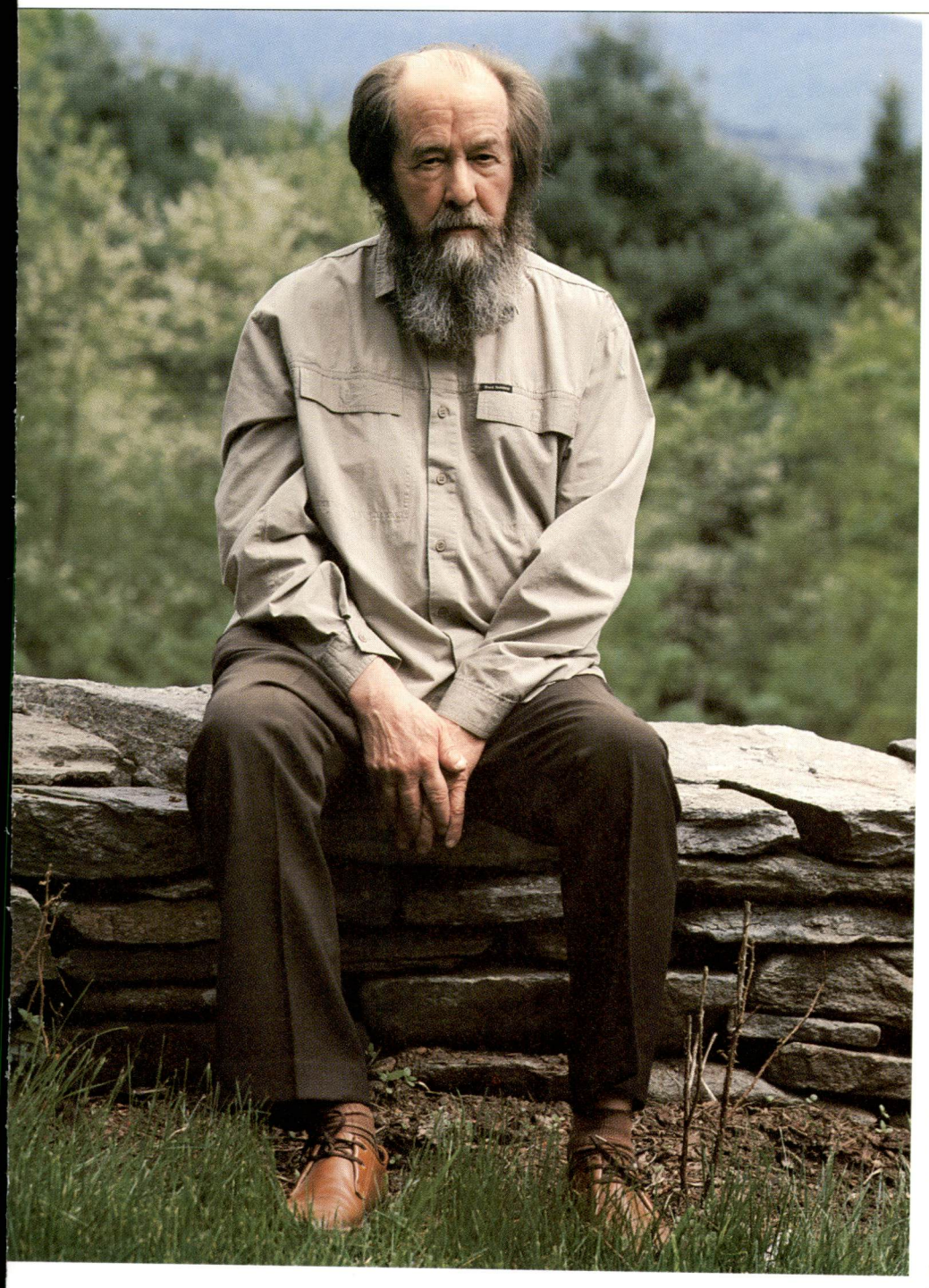
But patient readers will be amply rewarded. The maze of detail can be captivating. Characters are introduced and then vanish for hundreds of pages, only to reappear memorably. At the same time, individual identities are forged and melted in the crucible of history. Throughout the panoramic events, a persistent voice points out the folly and tragedy of what is being recorded: a cataclysm that wrecked a nation and changed the modern world.

Late in the 20th century, Solzhenitsyn has produced a 19th century icon, a saga that presupposes a readership intelligent and leisured enough to follow and stick with it. Coming from someone else, this novel—not to mention the looming immensity of *The Red Wheel*—would seem either quixotic or an example of monumental hubris. But the author, 70, has spent his adult life challenging impossible odds, and recent events indicate that he may be winning.

Suddenly, his reputation in the Soviet Union is soaring. The monthly Moscow literary journal *Novy Mir* will soon begin publishing excerpts from *The Gulag Archipelago*, Solzhenitsyn's searing account of political prisoners, himself included, in the extended network of Stalinist labor camps; the entire work will also be published in book form. And the Union of Soviet Writers recently announced the reversal of its 1969 decision to expel the author from its ranks for "antisocial behavior" and called on the Supreme Soviet to give back Solzhenitsyn's citizenship.

Vadim Borisov, the *Novy Mir* editor who is handling Solzhenitsyn's literary affairs in the Soviet Union, has no doubts about the author's importance to his homeland: "If all of Solzhenitsyn's works had been published in their time and not banned, the character of Russian prose today would be different. When his epic historical cycle is read in its entirety, it will have the same significance for Russian literature as Dante's *Divine Comedy* has for European literature."

In his splendid exile in Vermont, the author busies himself preparing the final pages of *The Red Wheel*. With the major work of his crowded, harrowing life all but behind him, he strikes loved ones and friends as more relaxed. His eye now in life, as it has always been in his writing, seems serenely and confidently fixed on eternity. —***With reporting by David Aikman/Cavendish and John Kohan/Moscow***



"For 70 years, we have been destroying everything in our country, the life of the people, its biological, ecological, moral and economic basis."

In his first major American interview since 1979, Solzhenitsyn reflects on his work, his past and his country's turbulent history

BY DAVID AIKMAN

Q. The novel *August 1914* was first published in 1971 in Russian, and now the English translation of a completely new edition is just being published. Why did you feel it necessary to add some 300 pages to the original manuscript?

A. The chapter on Lenin is the first addition. But the greater number of new chapters came from the fact that, with the years, I understood that the movement toward revolution and its causes could not be understood simply in terms of World War I, 1914. My initial conception was one that the majority of those in the West and East today share, namely that the main decisive event was the so-called October Revolution and its consequences. But it became clear to me gradually that the main and decisive event was not the October Revolution, and that it wasn't a revolution at all. What we mean by *revolution* is a massive spontaneous event, and there was nothing of the sort in October. The true revolution was the February Revolution. The October Revolution does not even deserve the name revolution. It was a coup d'état, and all through the 1920s the Bolsheviks themselves called it the "October coup." In the Soviet Union they consciously and artificially replaced the February Revolution with the October one.

Q. Do you think, then, that the February Revolution was more of a break with Russian history than the October Revolution?

A. Yes, it was much more of a break. The February system—if you can call it that—never even got established before it already started to collapse. It was collapsing from week to week. The October coup only picked up the power that was lying on the ground and that belonged to no one.

Q. Why did you decide to call the entire cycle of novels *The Red Wheel,* and why do you refer to each different stage in the narrative as a "knot" [*uzel* in Russian]?

A. We are not talking about the wheels of a car, after all.

Photographs for TIME by Steve Liss

We are talking about a gigantic cosmic wheel, like a spiral galaxy, an enormous wheel that once it starts to turn—then everybody, including those who turn in it, becomes a helpless atom. A gigantic process that you can't stop once it has started. And I used the knots for the following reason: I started to deal with the period 1914-22. If I were to rewrite in detail about the period 1914-22, the volume would be too great, so I reached for episodes where I thought the course of events was being decided. These are the knots, the most decisive moments, where everything is rolled up and tied in a knot.

Q. The one person in this novel whom you obviously admire greatly is [Russian Prime Minister Pyotr] Stolypin. How would you summarize his role in Russian history?

A. What is characteristic is that during the years he was active, conservative circles considered him the destroyer of Russia. And the Kadets [Constitutional Democrats], who considered themselves liberals but were in fact radicals in the European context, called him a conservative. Actually, he was a liberal. He thought that before creating civil society, we had to create the citizen, and therefore before giving the illiterate peasant all sorts of rights, you had to elevate him economically. This was a very constructive idea. Stolypin was, without doubt, the major political figure in Russian 20th century history. And when the revolution occurred, it was the free democratic regime of February 1917 that abolished all his reforms and went back to square one.

For 70 years, we have been destroying everything in our country, the life of the people, its biological, ecological, moral and economic basis. Naturally, people look to the past for some point of support, some constructive idea. Now people are looking here and there and finally coming across Stolypin's reforms and how he dealt with the peasantry.

Q. How do you see Lenin in the whole complex of Russian culture?

A. Lenin had little in common with Russian culture. Of course, he graduated from a Russian gymnasium [high school]. He must have read Russian classics. But he was penetrated with the spirit of internationalism. He did not belong to any nation himself. He was "inter" national—between nations. During 1917, he showed himself to be in the extreme left wing of revolutionary democracy. Everything that happened in 1917 was guided by [proponents of] revolutionary democracy, but it all fell out of their hands. They were not sufficiently consistent, not sufficiently merciless, while he was merciless and consistent to the end, and in that sense his appearance in Russian history was inevitable.

Q. The English philosopher Bertrand Russell, who was a self-professed atheist, met Lenin and said he thought Lenin was the most evil man he had ever met. Do you think Lenin was evil?

A. I never met Lenin, but I can confirm this. He was uncommonly evil.

Q. What do you mean by evil?

A. The absence of any mercy, the absence of any humanity in his approach to the people, the masses, to anyone who did not follow him precisely. If anyone deviated the least little bit from him, like the Mensheviks, for example, he turned on them, he reviled them, he used every term of imprecation against them. He hated them. Even without using the word "evil" in a broad, metaphysical sense, you can still apply this word to Lenin in its everyday meaning.

Q. Some critics have accused you of anti-Semitism on the basis of your depiction of the terrorist Bogrov in *August 1914*, and one writer even used the words "a new *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*" to describe the book. What is your response to these accusations?

A. I described Bogrov in the most realistic way, with every detail of his life, his family, his ideology and his behavior. I recognized his brother's interpretation of him as the most correct and convincing. In no way did I belittle the heroic impulse that moved him. I think that the application of the term anti-Semitic to *August 1914* is an unscrupulous technique. I had earlier thought this was possible only in the Soviet Union. The book was not yet available because I had not released it, but people stated quite loudly that this was a disgusting, imperialist, revolting, loathsome book, etc. It wasn't possible to check what was being said, because people couldn't obtain the book.

But what is really at issue here? The word anti-Semitism is often used thoughtlessly and carelessly, and its actual meaning becomes soft and squishy. I would propose the following definition: anti-Semitism is a prejudiced and unjust attitude toward the Jewish nation as a whole. If one accepts this definition, it becomes clear that not only is there no anti-Semitism in *August 1914* but it would be impossible to have anti-Semitism in any genuinely artistic work. No real artist could be prejudiced and unjust toward any entire nation without destroying the artistic integrity of his entire work. A work of art is always multidimensional, is never made up of empty abstractions.

My novel has no generalizations about the Jewish nation in it. In writing a book one cannot always ask, How will this be interpreted? You have to think, What actually happened? My duty was to describe things as they happened.

Q. Do you believe the completed *Red Wheel* will be published some day in the Soviet Union?

A. I have no doubt about that.

Q. You have said your writings must return to the Soviet Union before you are willing to do so.

A. Yes. I worked 53 years on *The Red Wheel*. Everything I have thought, discovered and worked over in my mind has gone into it. If I had to return to the Soviet Union prior to *The Red Wheel*, I would be sort of mute. No one would know where I stood. I would have expressed nothing. Once people read it, then we can talk. The book has to be available at every bookstore in the U.S.S.R.

But more generally, my return does not depend only on me. The Soviet authorities have never yet rescinded the charge of treason that was lodged against me. There, I am considered subject to criminal sanctions for betraying my own country.

[Natalya Solzhenitsyn interjects:] The day before he was exiled, he was formally accused of treason. Nobody has ever changed this.

[Solzhenitsyn continues:] And then, instead of maybe shooting me, they exiled me.

"Even without using the word evil in a broad, metaphysical sense, you can still apply this word to Lenin in its everyday meaning."

Q. You have said you are a writer in the 19th century Russian tradition. What do you mean by this?
A. It does not mean following precisely the genres and the artistic techniques of the period. Far from it. My material is entirely unusual and requires its own genres and its own technique. But it does mean maintaining the responsibility toward the reader, toward one's own country and toward oneself, which was found in Russian 19th century literature. They wrote very responsibly. They did not play games.

Q. The American novelist Henry James once described Russian novels as "huge, loose, baggy monsters." Your own *Red Wheel* epic will result in several thousand pages, many times larger in fact than *War and Peace*. Is there something about the Russian condition and Russian literature that asks for much greater length in the novel than is usual in other countries?
A. Mine is indeed very large, I admit. There is an aphorism: He who forgets his own history is condemned to repeat it. If we don't know our own history, we will simply have to endure all the same mistakes, sacrifices and absurdities all over again. This book is not designed to be read through easily, for amusement, but to understand our history. And to understand our history, I feel that my readers definitely need this book.

Q. So then, in your view, literature continues to have a very high, moral, philosophical and political purpose?
A. Yes, in Russia it's always been that way.

Q. You have been compared with both Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, both in scope of your subject matter and in your treatment of the psychology and ideas of your characters. What is your relationship to each of these two authors?
A. I have a very great feeling of respect and kinship to both of them, although in different ways. I am closer to Tolstoy in the form of the narrative, of the delivery of material, the variety of characters and circumstances. But I am closer to Dostoyevsky in my understanding of the spiritual interpretation of history.

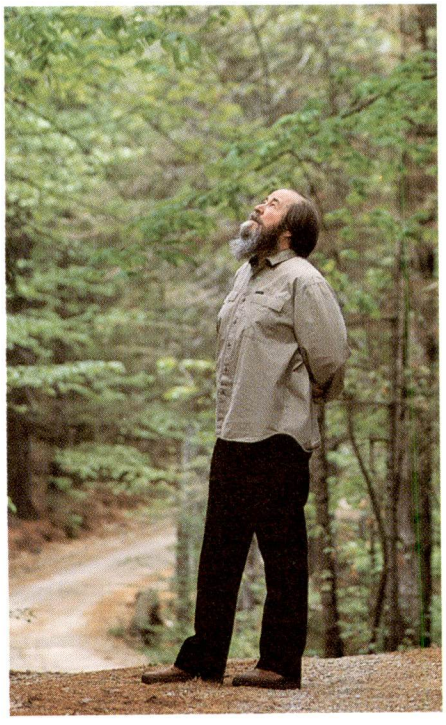
Q. Did you feel a sense of destiny even when you were quite young, that you had something very important to write, to tell the world?
A. Apparently, there is some sort of intuition. We don't know where it comes from, but we have it. From the age of nine, I knew I was going to be a writer, although I didn't know what I was going to write about. Shortly after that, I was burned by the revolutionary theme, and so, starting in 1936, at age 18, I never had any hesitation about my theme, and there is nothing that could have deflected me from it. Sometimes you have a strange premonition. For instance, I started describing General Alexander Krýmov. Knowing almost nothing about him, I simply made a provisional sketch as I imagined him, and later I learned that I had described him almost as though I had seen him. It was astonishing how well I guessed him.

Q. As a young man, at one point you were a convinced Communist, a member of the Komsomol. How did you come to change your ideas and become a Christian believer?
A. Let me make a correction. I was raised by my elders in the spirit of Christianity, and almost through my school years, up to 17 or 18, I was in opposition to Soviet education. I had to conceal this from others. But this force field of Marxism, as developed in the Soviet Union, has such an impact that it gets into the brain of the young man and little by little takes over. From age 17 or 18, I did change internally, and from that time, I became a Marxist, a Leninist, and believed in all these things. I lived that way up through the university and the war and up until prison, but in prison, I encountered a very broad variety of people. I saw that my convictions did not have a solid basis, could not stand up in dispute, and I had to renounce them. Then the question arose of going back to what I had learned as a child. It took more than a year or so. Other believers influenced me, but basically it was a return to what I had thought before. The fact that I was dying also shook me profoundly. At age 34 I was told I could not be saved, and then I returned to life. These

kinds of upheavals always have an impact on a person's convictions.

Q. Your ideas of both the Christian faith, in the form of Russian Orthodoxy, and of Russian nationalism have caused some critics to accuse you of being chauvinistic and xenophobic. Are you a Russian nationalist, and what does that mean to you?

A. It is quite extraordinary the extent to which I have been lied about. I will give you some of the accusations that are made about me: that I am an advocate of theocracy, that I want the state to be run by priests. But I have never written such a thing. Also, I am supposedly nostalgic for the Czars and want our modern Communist Russia to go back to czarism. Now, aside from the fact that only an imbecile thinks that one can bring back the past, nowhere have I written anything of the sort. Nowhere have I written that the monarchy is an ideal system. Everything comes from the fact that in the Soviet Union, Nicholas II was characterized as less than human, as a monkey, as the ultimate scoundrel, but I described him as a real person, as a human being. In other words, I deviated from the norm.



Some people distort things consciously, others just don't take the trouble to check their sources. It is remarkable, and it makes me ashamed of journalists. No one ever gives any quotes. The same is true for the charge that I am a nationalist. I am a patriot. I love my motherland. I want my country, which is sick, which for 70 years has been destroyed, and is on the very edge of death, I want it to come back to life. But this doesn't make me a nationalist. I don't want to limit anyone else. Every country has its own patriots who are concerned with its fate.

Q. How do you account for the violent feelings about your views?

A. In Europe the response to me is very varied. But in the Soviet Union and the U.S., it's like an assembly line: all opinions about me are exactly the same. In the Soviet Union I can understand it. It is due to the Politburo. They push a button, and everybody speaks the way the Politburo orders. But in the U.S. fashion is very important. If the winds of fashion are blowing in one direction, everybody writes one way and with perfect unanimity. It is perfectly extraordinary.

Then there was the Harvard speech [in 1978], where I expressed my views about the weaknesses of the U.S., assuming that democracy is thirsty for criticism and likes it. Maybe democracy likes and wants criticism, but the press certainly does not. The press got very indignant, and from that point on, I became the personal enemy, as it were, of the American press because I had touched that sensitive spot. Some people said, "Why did our leaders take him into this country so uncritically? They shouldn't have taken him in."

I have to say this was especially saddening, because the main idea of the Harvard speech—"A World Split Apart"—which is very important for the U.S. and Western thought, is that the world is not monolinear, not made up of homogeneous parts that all follow the same course. The mistake of the West, and this is how I started my Harvard speech, is that everyone measures other civilizations by the degree to which they approximate Western civilization. If they do not approximate it, they are hopeless, dumb, reactionary and don't have to be taken into account. This viewpoint is dangerous.

Q. Today there are events of enormous significance taking place both in the Soviet Union and throughout the whole Communist world. Why do you choose to be silent about these changes?

A. If I had started being silent at the onset of these changes, it might have been surprising. But I started in 1983, before there was even any suggestion of these changes. Was I going to interrupt my work and start acting as a political commentator? I didn't want to do that. I had to finish my work. I am over 70 years old, and age is pressing on me.

Q. You have said the moral life of the West has declined during the past 300 years. What do you mean by that?

A. There is technical progress, but this is not the same thing as the progress of humanity as such. In every civilization this process is very complex. In Western civilizations—which used to be called Western-Christian but now might better be called Western-Pagan—along with the development of intellectual life and science, there has been a loss of the serious moral basis of society. During these 300 years of Western civilization, there has been a sweeping away of duties and an expansion of rights. But we have two lungs. You can't breathe with just one lung and not with the other. We must avail ourselves of rights and duties in equal measure. And if this is not established by the law, if the law does not oblige us to do that, then we have to control ourselves. When Western society was established, it was based on the idea that each individual limited his own behavior. Everyone understood what he could do and what he could not do. The law itself did not restrain people. Since then, the only thing we have been developing is rights, rights, rights, at the expense of duty.

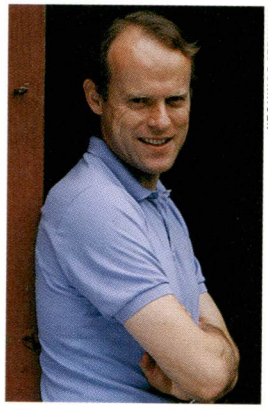
Q. More than anything else, your reputation in world literature is linked to your searing portrayal of Soviet labor camps. Did your experience of the camps provide you with a dimension of understanding of Soviet life that you could not have had without it?

A. Yes, because in those circumstances human nature becomes very much more visible. I was very lucky to have been in the camps—and especially to have survived. ■

From the Publisher

Journalists always want their stories to be the best—and the first. This week's issue features what we think are two notable examples of excellence and exclusivity. Correspondents Richard Behar and Scott Brown take a penetrating second look at the *Exxon Valdez* disaster. And in a special five-page section, Washington correspondent David Aikman talks with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn in the first major interview the Soviet writer has given to any U.S. news organization since 1979.

After all the coverage of last March's Alaska oil spill, was there anything left to report? Nation editor Jack E. White figured there was. In the Los Angeles bureau, Brown pored over National Transportation Safety Board reports and testimony by tanker crew members and others to unravel the complex chain of events. Then he went back to Valdez to talk with Coast Guard investigators. Says Brown: "I found the web of culpability surrounding the accident was almost as sticky and far-reaching as the spill itself." Meanwhile, New York correspondent Behar, who wrote the story, interviewed Hazelwood's family, friends and neighbors in the captain's—and his own—hometown of Huntington, Long Island.



CHARLES BORNIGER

FRANK MICELOTTA

Digging deep: Aikman at home; Behar in Huntington

"Two notable examples of excellence and exclusivity"

Aikman jumped at the chance to interview Solzhenitsyn when the Soviet author sent word through his U.S. publisher, Farrar, Strauss & Giroux, that he would be willing to talk to TIME. Says Aikman: "For any student of Russian thought and literature in the 20th century, Solzhenitsyn towers above the landscape. He has done more to influence Western views of the Soviet Union than possibly anyone else since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917."

To see the reclusive author, Aikman drove to Solzhenitsyn's home in Cavendish, Vt. "Solzhenitsyn's somewhat forbidding reputation as a stern social critic," says Aikman, "had not prepared me for the gracious host who bounded out of the house to greet me." The author's wife Natalya and their son Stepan, 15, listened in as Aikman conducted the 2½-hour interview in Russian. When it was over, Aikman was invited to share an informal family lunch: Russian *blinchiki* (crêpes stuffed with ground beef) prepared by Natalya.

Robert L. Miller

Reprinted from TIME, July 24, 1989.

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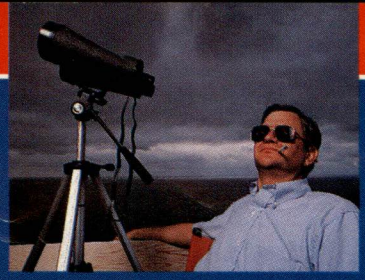
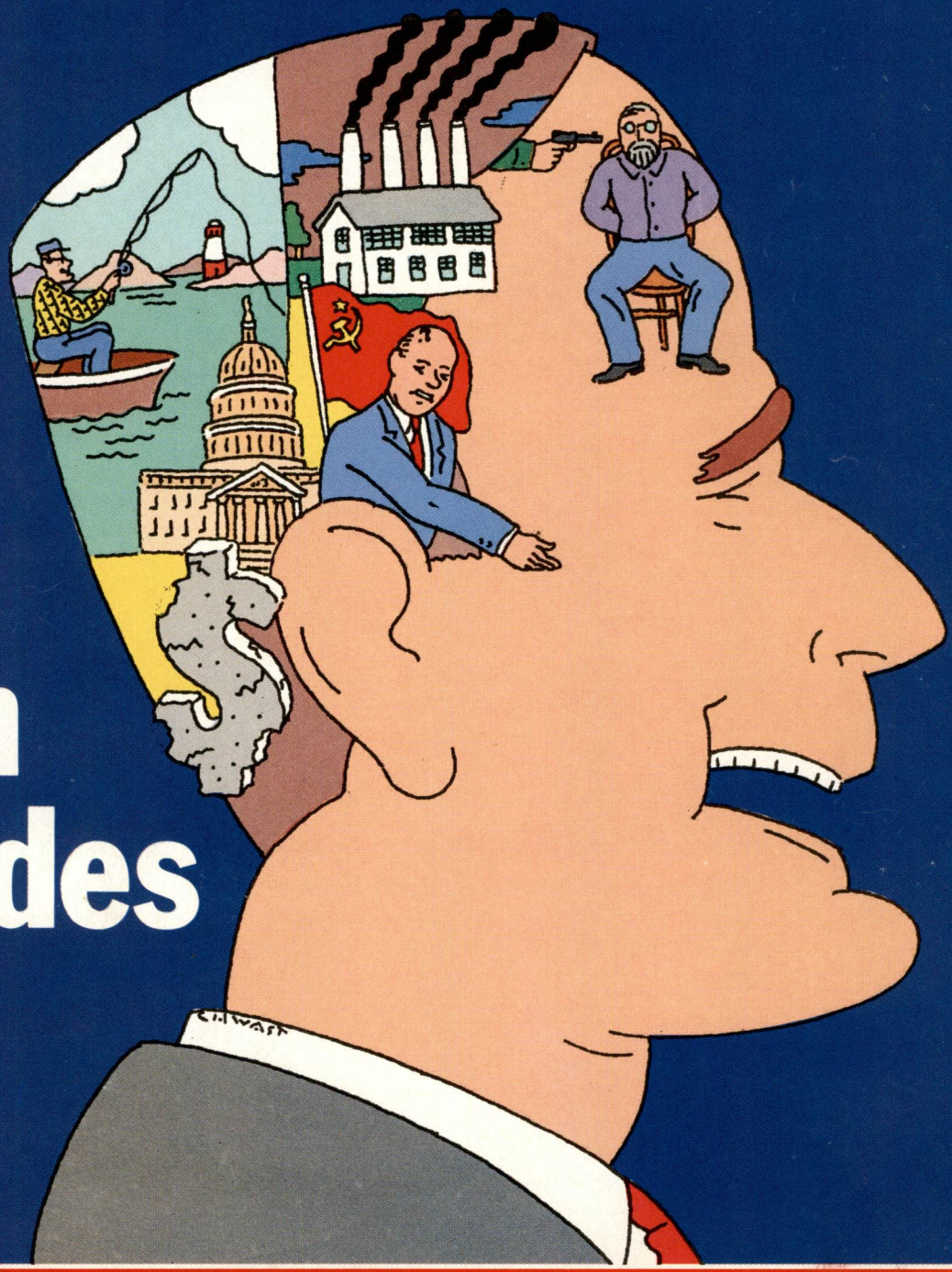


Tom Clancy's New Thriller

TIME

He's smarter than Reagan, less driven than Carter and savvy like Nixon

How Bush Decides



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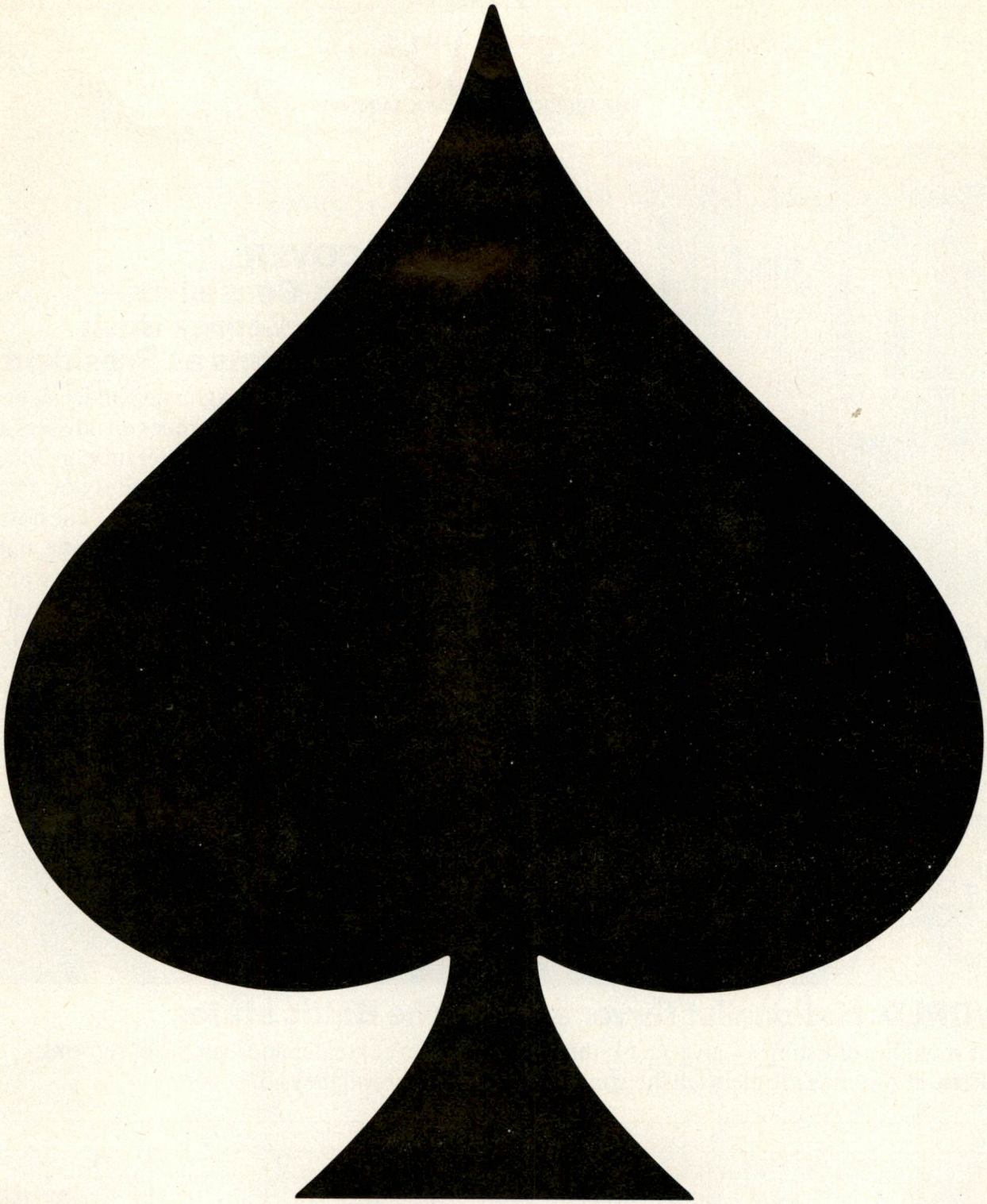

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Vol. 134 No. 8

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

DIANA WALKER

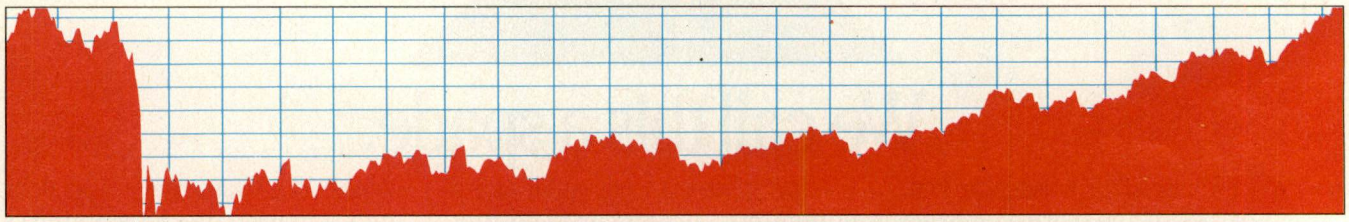
COVER: Mr. Consensus—how George Bush performs as President 16

A careful, pragmatic politician, he seeks opinions, relies on advisers and likes to split the difference on difficult choices. An inside look at how this White House operates. ▸ The hostages are still a long way from home, but the bazaar is open. ▸ Do guns save more lives than they lose? The National Rifle Association says so. *See* NATION.

ZECCHIN—MAGNUM

WORLD: Nationalist fervor sweeps the Baltic states 28

The republics of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania push for ever greater and ever faster reforms. ▸ Central America's leaders tell the *contras* to disband, but will they go?



BUSINESS: The bulls of summer are setting records 40

Yet woozy Wall Streeters are asking, Can a crash happen again? Is this boom any different from the last one? Despite such fears, investors have been looking on the economy's bright side.

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MARK WEXLER

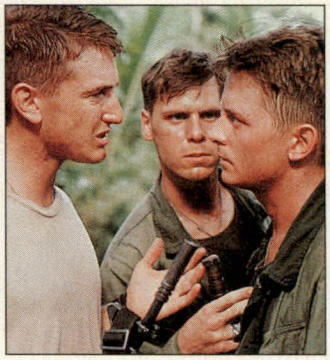
LIVING: Zoogoers are heeding the call of the wild and finding that today's menagerie is a cageless wonderland 50

Here is a Himalayan highland full of red pandas, there a tropical jungle where it rains indoors eleven times a day. As American zoos are renovated and redesigned—at a cost of more than a billion dollars since 1980—hosts of once jaded visitors, some even without children, are flooding through the gates. Inside they find education, entertainment and an urgent mission.

LAW: Taking aim at fedoras and pinstripes

Designed to go after mobsters, the catchall federal RICO law is being used to track down racketeers from Main Street to Wall Street.

48



CINEMA: Dreaming the Viet Nam nightmare again

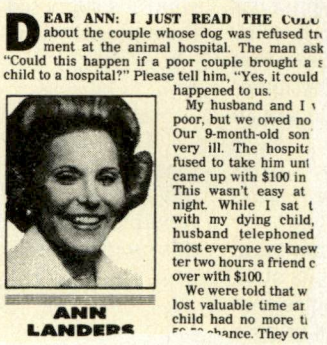
Based on a real-life incident, Brian De Palma's *Casualties of War,* starring Sean Penn and Michael J. Fox, performs a gritty diagnostic test on the national conscience.

54

MUSIC: Working weird wonders on old Irish airs

Full of spunk and sass, the Pogues, a loud and adventurous punk band, are electrifying folk music with a heady lash of hard rock.

56



DEAR ANN: I JUST READ THE COLU about the couple whose dog was refused tr ment at the animal hospital. The man ask "Could this happen if a poor couple brought a s child to a hospital?" Please tell him, "Yes, it could happened to us.

My husband and I poor, but we owed no Our 9-month-old son very ill. The hospit fused to take him unt came up with $100 in This wasn't easy at night. While I sat t with my dying child, husband telephoned most everyone we knew ter two hours a friend c over with $100.

We were told that w lost valuable time ar child had no more t chance. They on

ANN LANDERS

INTERVIEW: Adviser to the lonely hearted

Ann Landers patiently gives guidance to her millions of readers on everything from marriage and life to toilet paper.

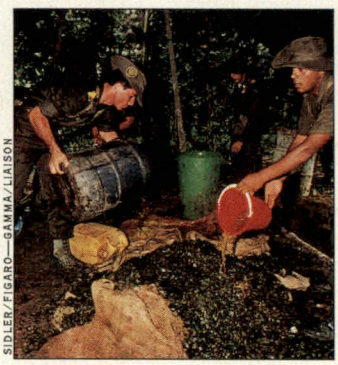
62

MICHAEL MERT

EDUCATION: The search for minorities

Colleges come courting, but high prices, poor preparation, cultural barriers and a resurgence of campus bigotry keep minorities, especially blacks and Hispanics, away.

64



SIDLER/FIGARO—GAMMA/LIAISON

BOOKS: Tom Clancy looks beyond best sellers

His thrillers—of which the latest, *Clear and Present Danger,* is out this week—have made him the military's minstrel. Now the ex–insurance man longs to live the life he writes about.

66

4 Letters
10 American Scene
49 Press
49 Religion
54 Milestones
58 Behavior
58 Travel
61 People

Cover:
Illustration by Seymour Chwast

Letters

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS

"I doubt that compassion, understanding and desire to help can be taught in medical school."

Vincent J. Menna, M.D., Doylestown, Pa.

Most of the physicians quoted in your story on the doctor-patient relationship [LIVING, July 31] seem to believe the root of the problem is the public's unrealistic expectations. They are wrong. The great majority of patients merely want us to be sympathetic, responsive and informative and to do our conscientious best to care for them at the level of current medical capability. We owe them no less.

Mark Cannon, M.D.
New York City

I doubt that compassion, understanding and desire to help can be taught in medical school. These are qualities one acquires long before becoming a doctor and are the prime factors motivating one to pursue a career in medicine.

Vincent J. Menna, M.D.
Doylestown, Pa.

When we were beginning our internships this year, the marketing director of our hospital bluntly told us that the care we provide is the product the hospital has to sell and that the patients are consumers. Fortunately, we decided to ignore that description, believing we are physicians and our patients are people who are in need of our help.

David Ryan Marks, M.D.
Los Angeles

Whose responsibility is it to maintain a healthy body day to day? Patients often expect doctors to perform miracles that will reverse the long-term effects of poor diet and exercise habits, smoking, drinking and failing to take the initiative in managing stress.

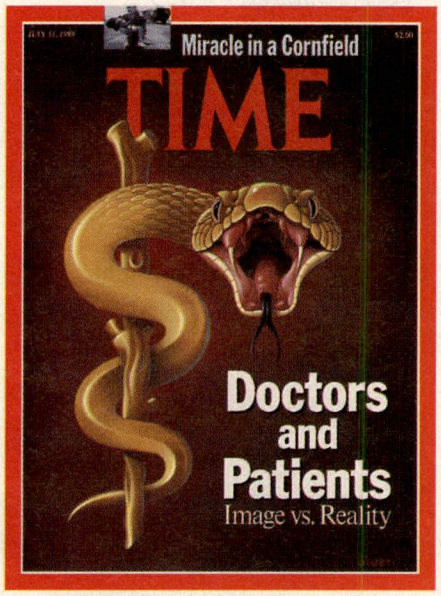
Mary Robinson
Kingston, N.Y.

After 32 years as a physician, I have discovered that while I used to be a doctor and take care of patients, I am now a health-care provider and take care of potential adversaries. It is a sad state for both parties.

Rudi Kirschner, M.D.
Phoenix

Making Stealth Disappear

At a cost of half a billion dollars each, the B-2 Stealth bomber must be a lot more than "virtually" undetectable by an enemy's radar [NATION, July 31]. It must be



nothing less than 100% invisible. Megabucks for something that doesn't quite do what it's supposed to is a huge minus for the national wallet.

Michael G. Driver
San Francisco

There is only one way to make sure that the B-2 Stealth bomber can remain totally invisible to the Soviets at an acceptable cost to the U.S. taxpayer: cancel this program—now!

Paul Dunn
New York City

Congressional critics condemn the Stealth bomber as too expensive. What are they considering as a cheaper alternative—disposable bombers with throwaway flight crews? In the final analysis, the most economical weapon is the one that is so clearly superior that it will never have to be used.

Charles H. Moore
Laramie, Wyo.

Burning Issues

In his piece "In Praise of Censure," Garry Wills argues that liberals can support the right to express dissonant political beliefs without being viewed as approving of them [ESSAY, July 31]. But there is no certainty that anyone can accomplish this. It is impossible, for example, for politicians to back the Supreme Court decision on the right to set fire to the flag without being portrayed as sympathetic to flag burning.

Richard E. Vatz
Towson, Md.

As Wills so ably points out, the First Amendment was adopted to safeguard the unrestricted discussion of ideas. Censorship lies not in the establishment of laws, rules and regulations that some may find objectionable but in the suppression of free and open expression.

Mark R. Brown
Iowa City, Iowa

Nicaragua's Despair

There is one explanation for the misery and suffering of the people of Nicaragua [WORLD, July 24]: the U.S.'s unjust intervention in the economy and politics of Nicaragua, beginning in the past century and continuing to this day.

Susan Smith
Rockford, Ill.

It has never been the intent of the Sandinistas to allow full political and economic freedom for Nicaraguans. For any positive changes to occur, the Sandinistas must be subjected to persistent pressure and vociferous disapproval. I pray that those in the U.S. Congress who make excuses for this oppressive Communist regime have not sealed the fate of the unfortunate Nicaraguan people.

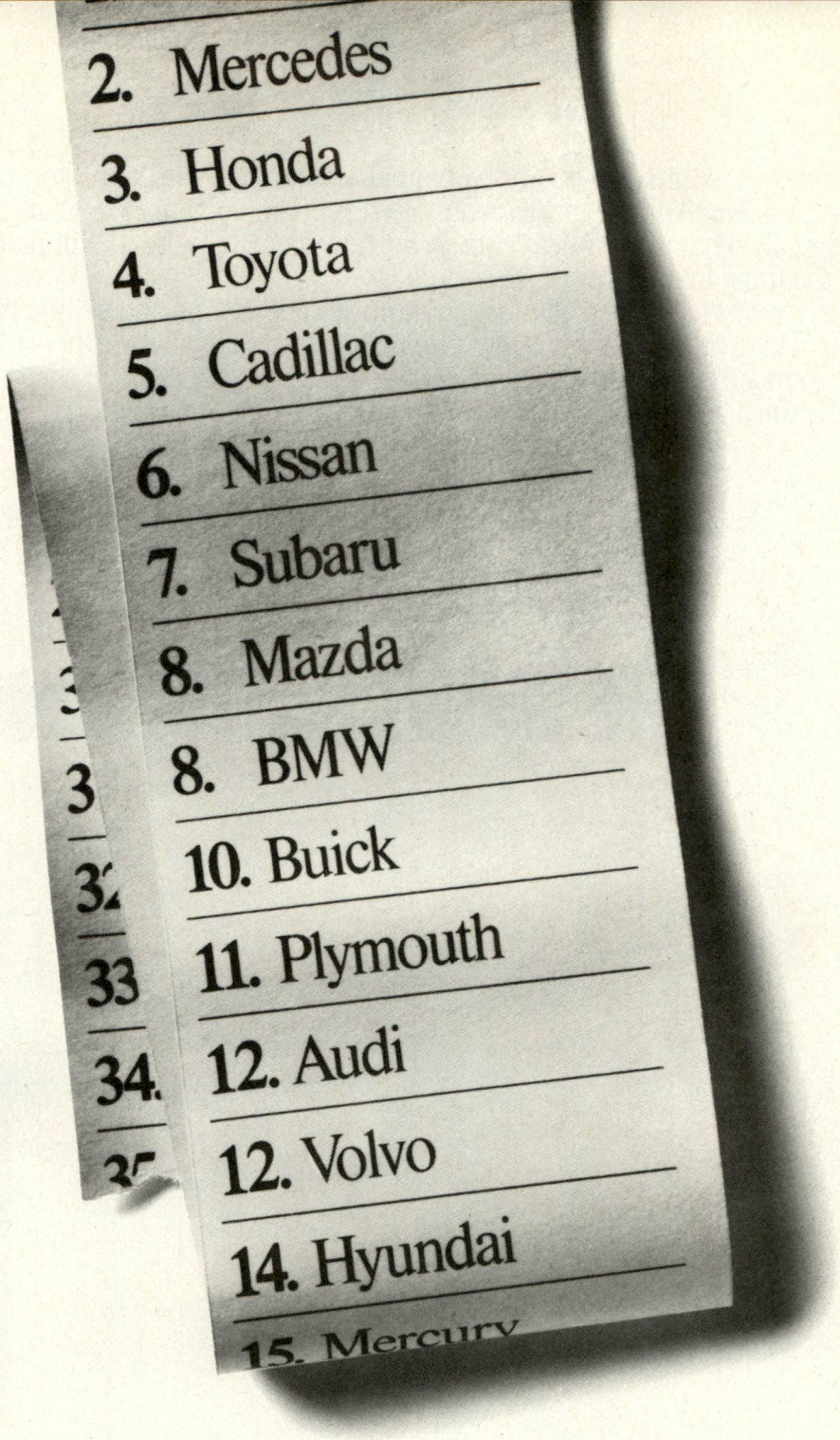
Linda Jean Whittington
Brookhaven, Pa.

Japan and the Environment

It is high time that the world focus on Japan's lack of international environmental conscience, as reported in your article "Putting the Heat on Japan" [ENVIRONMENT, July 10]. But a real change in Japanese attitudes toward conservation outside its borders depends on the development of a strong grass-roots voice and support for ecology within the country. Otherwise, the government will continue to resist outside pressures.

Yuri Kusuda
Bethesda, Md.

I am from Sarawak, Malaysia, and read with outrage and sorrow the report on Japanese logging activities in my na-



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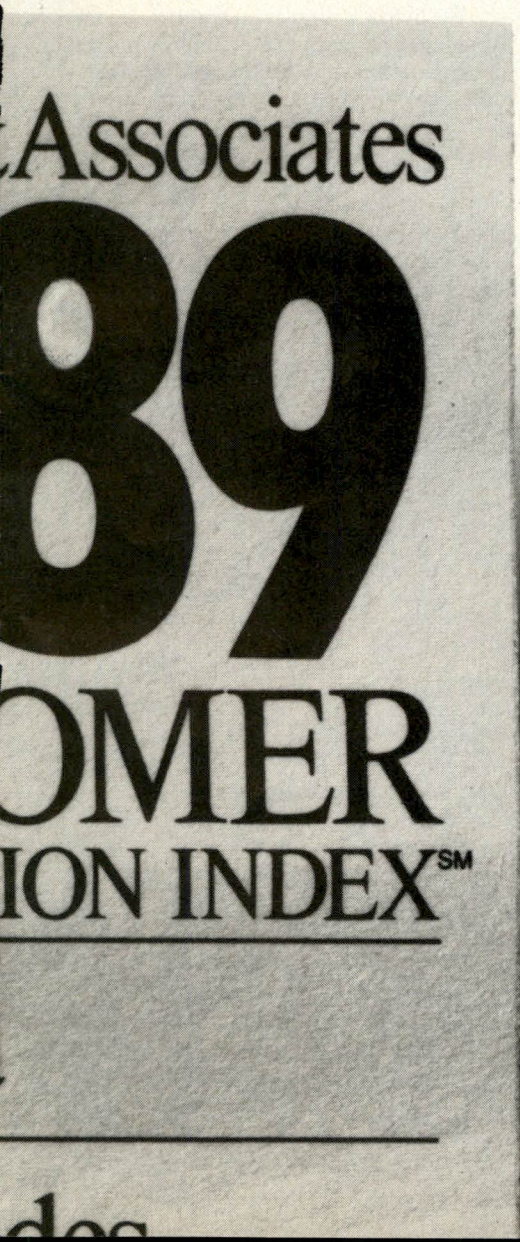

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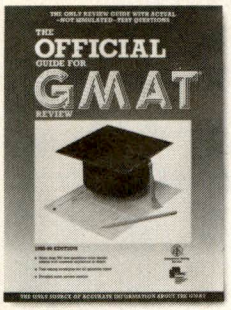

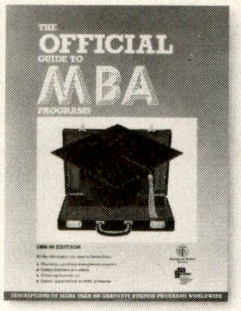

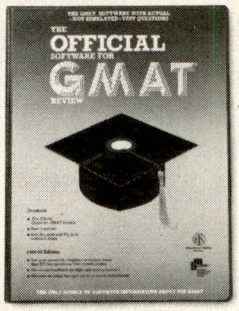

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tive land. An aerial view of Borneo used to reveal seemingly endless stretches of green jungles and brown, meandering rivers. Now there are vast, empty tracts denuded of trees. I wasn't aware that much of the Malaysian lumber is used for making throwaway forms in construction work. Can't Japan come up with a man-made substitute? That nation must be compelled to act more responsibly.

Rose Wong-MacMichael
Bradenton, Fla.

Killer Cats

It is a sad fact of life that the big fish eat the little ones. The study estimating that Britain's 5 million house cats kill wildlife at a rate of 70 million birds and animals a year was interesting, but I thought the researchers came down a bit hard on feline pets [ENVIRONMENT, July 31]. Cat owners were right in seeming "quite unperturbed" by the casualty figures. Wouldn't you rather have fewer sparrows than a lot more rats and mice?

Nancy Forney
Worton, Md.

We live in a rural area, and I wish cats would take up hunting the rabbits who are destroying the cabbage. Let the scientists find something else to worry about.

Mary Lazor
Clinton, Mich.

Would people say "Naughty tiger!" when the big cat kills and eats its prey? Of course not. Then why criticize domestic cats for doing the same? It's their nature to hunt. The instinct is unalterable.

Rick Pettey
Wauwatosa, Wis.

The Michigan Audubon Society has suggested that we keep our cats in at night and bell them whenever they go out. These simple ideas would give wildlife a fighting chance.

Marcia Lipps
Muskegon, Mich.

Doing What Comes Naturally

The fur flew in reaction to the British study on feline depredation. Cat fanciers came to the defense of their pets: 82% of those who commented on our story felt that the animals were only following their natural predatory instincts.

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Can you find the rich, robust Colombian export in this picture?

If you guessed the cup of Colombian coffee, you're only partly right. But you'd also be right if you guessed the succulent seafood, the exotic fruits, the beautiful flowers, the lovely fabric of the tablecloth, even the fine leather wallet.

All of them are Colombian exports, and all of them are part of a diverse economy that is one of the fastest-growing in Latin America.

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What's brewing now is diversity.

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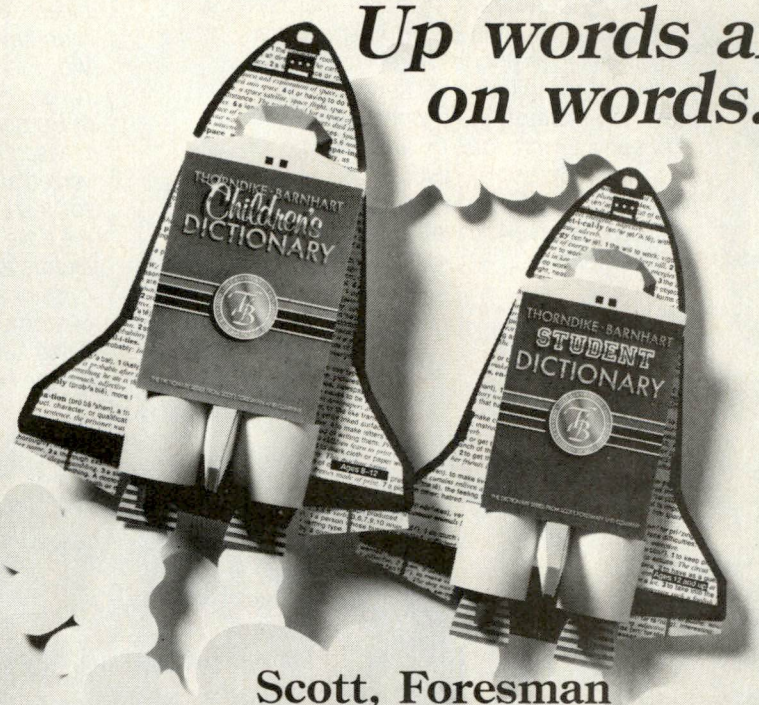

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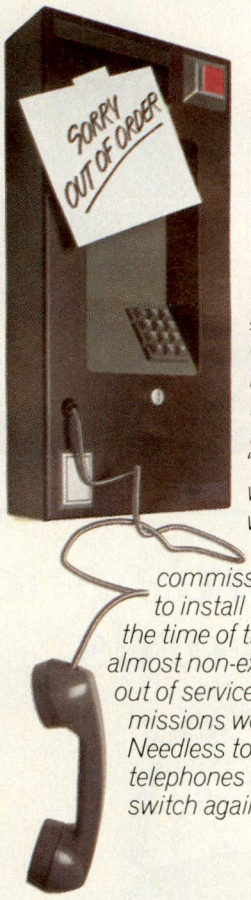
You'll never we're not there.

An interesting phenomenon has been happening in the pay phone business over the last few years. Other pay phone companies have been trying to woo customers away from Bell Atlantic with promises of higher revenues. Some customers have gone away.

Which has given rise to another interesting phenomenon: people coming back to Bell Atlantic.

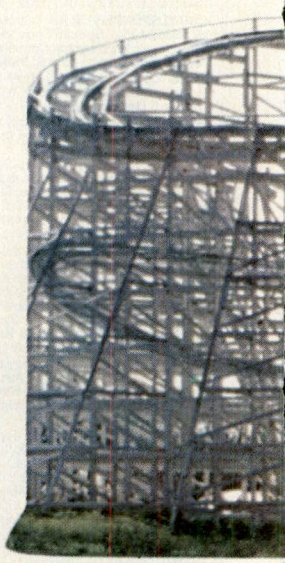
Because of Bell Atlantic's unequalled dependability and service.

Other pay phones break and stay broken. Bell Atlantic pay phones work all the time. And if they



BACK AGAIN AND HAPPY TO BE.

Carl Stout, who runs the Lightfoot Community Market in Lightfoot, Virginia, says it better than we ever could. "A couple of years ago, we were foolishly persuaded, with promises of equal service and higher commissions, to allow another company to install their phones here. From the time of the installation, service was almost non-existent, the phones were out of service more than in, and commissions were down drastically. Needless to say, we now have C&P telephones back. And we'll never switch again."



THE TRUCK STOPS HERE.

Talk about a tough group to please. How about the folks that high-ball 18 wheelers? Which is why Richard Rossbauer, who runs the Sandman Truck Plaza in Bordentown, New Jersey, is pleased to note: "We just converted all 28 of our pay phones to New Jersey Bell equipment. We have had absolutely no complaints about service, our commissions are up and our customers are not being surcharged for their calls."

miss us unless

that's often the most important. It's the money you don't lose.

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So, if you've gone away from Bell Atlantic, we invite you back. And, if you've stayed, we value your business. 1-800-782-8355

SERVING THE BEST SINCE 1925.

"I've been operating a family restaurant since I came out of the Navy in 1946," says Joseph Nicolella, who indeed runs the Mayfield Restaurant and Lounge in Pittsburgh. "My father started the restaurant in 1925, and we always had two public phones. As recently as last week, when we needed service, someone from Bell Atlantic was there in a couple of hours. I've never thought of switching to another phone company. I think 64 years with the same company is something to be proud of."

DEPENDABLE DOWN HERE MEANS DEPENDABLE UP THERE.

To Eugene Harley of the Wild World Amusement Park in Mitchellville, Maryland, dependability is the cornerstone of his business. "Our guests grade us on all aspects. Our Bell Atlantic pay phones never let us down. For quality equipment and efficient service, there is no other choice."

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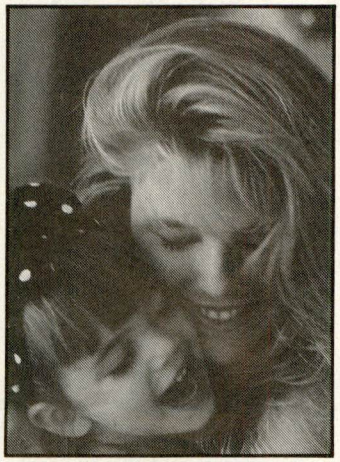

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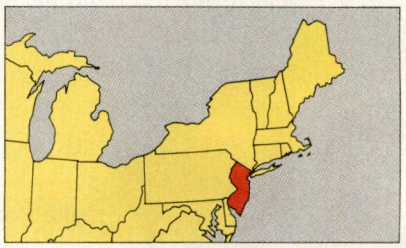
Doing Their Primal Thing

When it comes to orgies, these crabs have no peers



BY MICHAEL RILEY

As darkness tenderly drapes itself over Delaware Bay, a soft breeze breaks the lingering heat of a blistering summer day.

Clack-clack-clack.

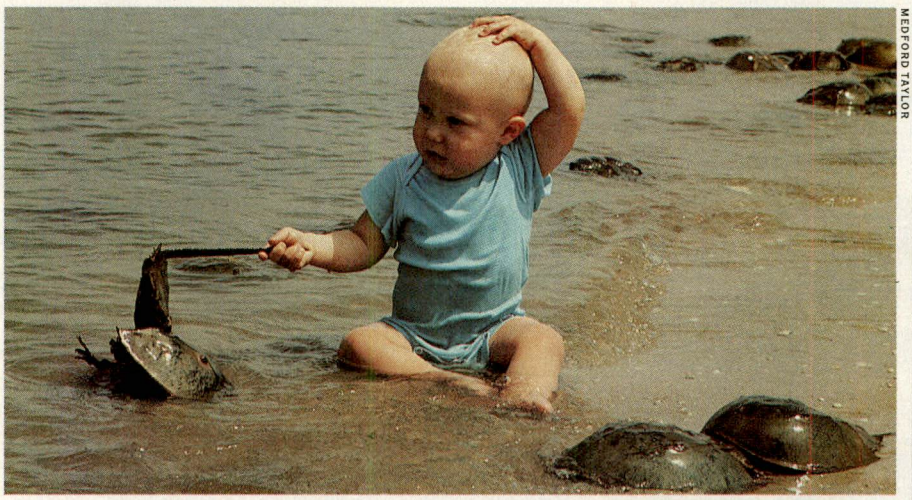
At first, you hear only a rhythmic clattering, like conch shells clicking in the gentle surf.

Clack-clack.

But if you crouch low near the water's edge, you can see in the shallows of the high tide an awesome spectacle that has been recurring since before *Tyrannosaurus rex* roamed the earth: the mating dance of the horseshoe crab, one of nature's ugliest and kinkiest creatures.

Their annual spawning is a sight so bizarre that it draws voyeurs from distant lands to the sandy shores some twelve miles northwest of Cape May, N.J. Lugging cameras, British journalists fly here to film the fecund scene. Japanese scientists gawk at the colossal display of concupiscence. American entrepreneurs profit from it. Biologists study it, and schoolchildren puzzle over it. Oblivious, the crabs just do their primal thing.

With the full-moon tides each May and June, tens of thousands of crabs swarm ashore like magic. Skittering shadows the size of an elephant's hoof, they mingle in piles along the water's edge. The sandy shoreline becomes the site of a vast, squabbling, tumultuous crab orgy.



MEDFORD TAYLOR

A 13-month-old boy seems bewildered by his catch

TAYLOR

"He climbs up on her back, holds on to her tail, puts his claws under her shell and just mates."

Before hitting the beach, some lucky crabs, whose tough, circular shells conjure images of tiny oceangoing Darth Vaders, pair up, with the smaller male crabs locking themselves atop the females' spiny shells with special pincers. For many less fortunate males, who vastly outnumber the females, the frenzy is more like a wretched high school dance: they form a stag line on the beach. Then, when a female, bearing a suitor on her back, wallows up and begins to burrow in the sand where she will lay about 4,000 eggs, as many as 15 lusty males struggle in the waves to pile on. All the

males, their long spiny tails wiggling like primeval Excaliburs, try to milt (scientific politesse for fertilize) her eggs and so continue their brutish lineage for another 200,000 millenniums.

"It's real prehistoric," says Fordham University biologist Mark Botton, a New York Giants cap perched on his curly black hair, as he ambles down the beach just feet from the frenzy. "We call it a random-collision process," he says, describing the orgiastic mating ritual of the world's largest population of horseshoe crabs. "It's just like billiard balls."

Swatting at a bug on his neck, Botton, who has studied the crab for twelve years, climbs the steps to a shoreline lab, where he is running an experiment to create horseshoe-crab babies in petri dishes. Directing a visitor to a microscope, he points out a wiggling, green horseshoe-crab embryo about the size of a large pinhead. "The little ones are cute," he concedes. But the parents? "When they get this big," he says, "it's just difficult to get emotionally attached."

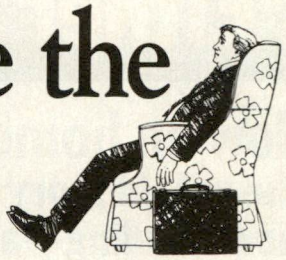
Which is a biologist's way of saying horseshoe crabs are repulsive. The scientific name, *Limulus polyphemus,* loosely translates as "slant-eyed Cyclops." But horseshoe crabs are not really crabs at all. They are arthropods, distant relatives of scorpions and spiders.

Delaware Bay's prime breeding beaches are also a burial ground. Thousands of the crabs lie dead, overturned by breaking waves, their hollow shells littering the sand like the discarded helmets of a defeated German battalion. Just yards away, oblivious to the noxious stench of rotting crabs, migratory shorebirds feast on exposed crab eggs, consuming about 100 tons in just a few weeks.

On a recent sunny morning, plucky Alison Akke, 15 months old and dressed in a dainty blue sundress, is lugging two horseshoe crabs by their spiny tails toward the water. Nearby, her mother Emma, 35, peers at one until it wriggles and then gingerly hauls it away. She and her daughter line up the crabs, side by side, along the beach just above the incoming tide. Besides saving some crabs, they have also tidied the sand, once littered with topsy-turvy animals. Quips Alison's mom: "Instead of mowing my grass, I come out here and clear my beach."

Theresa Tierney, sweating from her early-morning walk on the beach, carefully treads past the mating crabs. Each summer Tierney and her family trade the Philadelphia heat for a bay-front seat at crab-mating time. As a live crab trundles by her feet, she snatches it up by its spiny tail to reveal an underbelly of writhing legs and pulsing book gills. Despite years of such intimate contact with the crabs, she is still unable to unlock one vital secret. Murmurs a slightly embarrassed Tierney: "I can't even tell what sex it is."

How to solve the energy crisis



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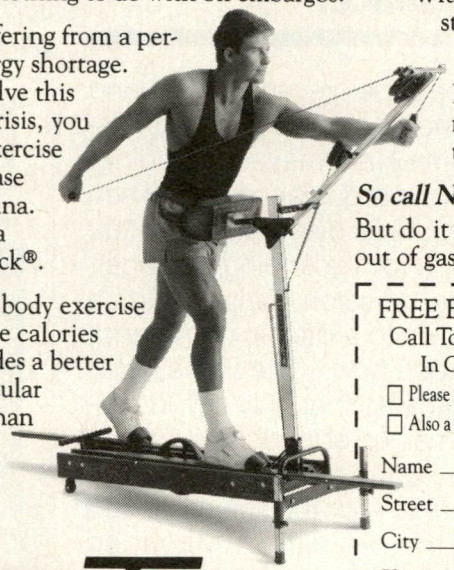

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American Scene

Her husband Matt and son Matthew, 8, could not care less about a crab's sex. With a devilish grin, Matthew places a roll of firecrackers under a hollow crab shell and steps away as his father lights the fuse. *Ka-boom!* That's one way to clear the beach.

Fireworks aside, the horseshoe crab, like the cockroach, seems designed to survive a nuclear holocaust. Some have withstood a month without food; others have weathered boat propellers and bullet wounds.

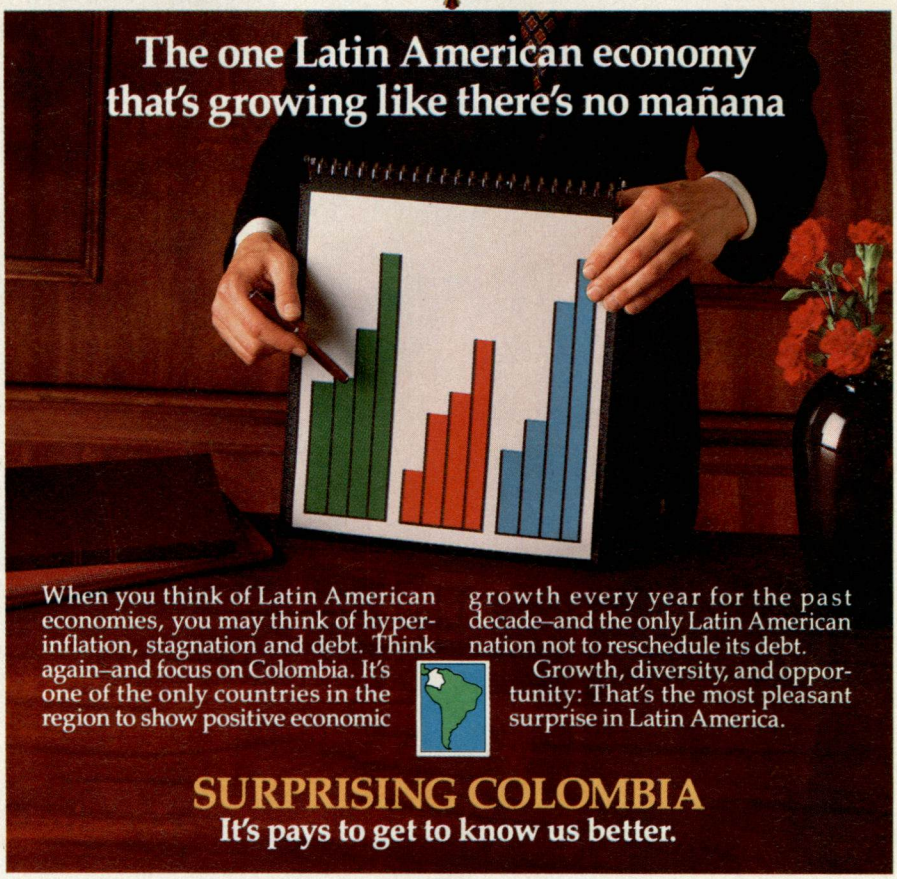
Dave Welsh knows. He's down at Reed's Beach, fishing with his father. For the umpteenth time since he worked these waters as a boy, Welsh, now 42, curses and starts reeling in his line. Nothing biting today except the horseshoe crab. Agitated, he untangles one from his line and tosses it back. He has few kind words for the crabs; the fact is, he finds inanimate objects more provocative. "Each year, you see ten or 20 articles about the crabs, but you never see any about the sandbars," he bellyaches, pointing to the tidal flats along the bay's eastern shore. "The sandbars are more interesting."

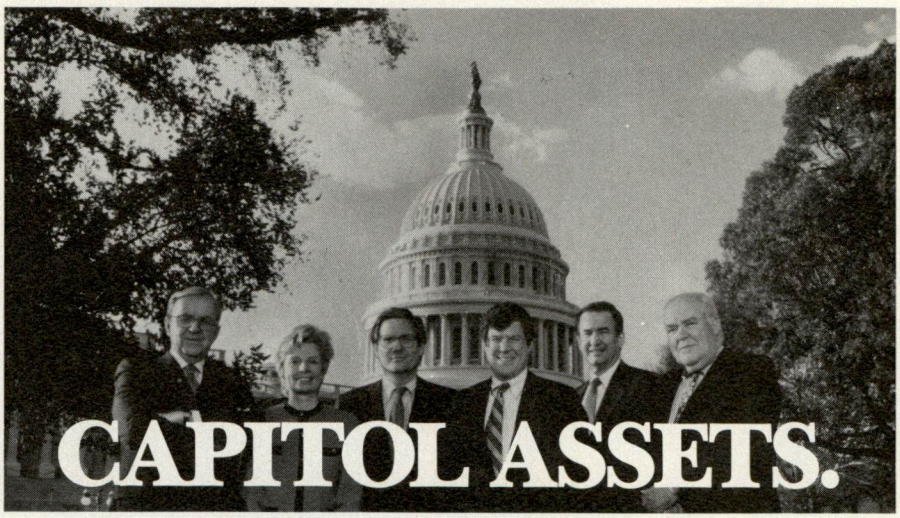
Not really. But what does one do with a horseshoe crab? Plenty, it turns out. Indians once used their tails for spearheads, and farmers have ground up the crabs for fertilizer and for hog and chicken feed. Some locals varnish dead ones for knickknacks, and others chop them up for eel bait.

Jim Finn makes money from the crabs. He runs a small company that converts the crabs' blood into the limulus amoebocyte-lysate test used to detect contamination in drugs and other medical products. Each year Finn pays college students to collect crabs and siphon their rich blue blood, which possesses remarkable clotting properties. After donating their blood, the crabs, no worse for the wear, are tagged and tossed back into the bay.

Late one afternoon, as the spawning crabs are returning to the water, Zack Gandy and a redheaded pal pace the beach, looking for late departers. Zack, a ten-year-old imp with a Mohawk haircut, sits in the sand poking at a live crab with a stick. "I like watching how they mate," he says, launching into a kid's version of the birds and the bees on the beach. "He climbs up on her back, holds on to her tail, puts his claws under her shell and just mates. That's all I know."

Sometimes the boys intervene. They comb the beach looking for a female, and once they find one, they pull an unattached male from the water and place him atop the female. Explains Zack: "If he goes off, just push him back on and say, 'Mate!' Then they'll do it." Easy—but then it should be, after 200 million years. ■





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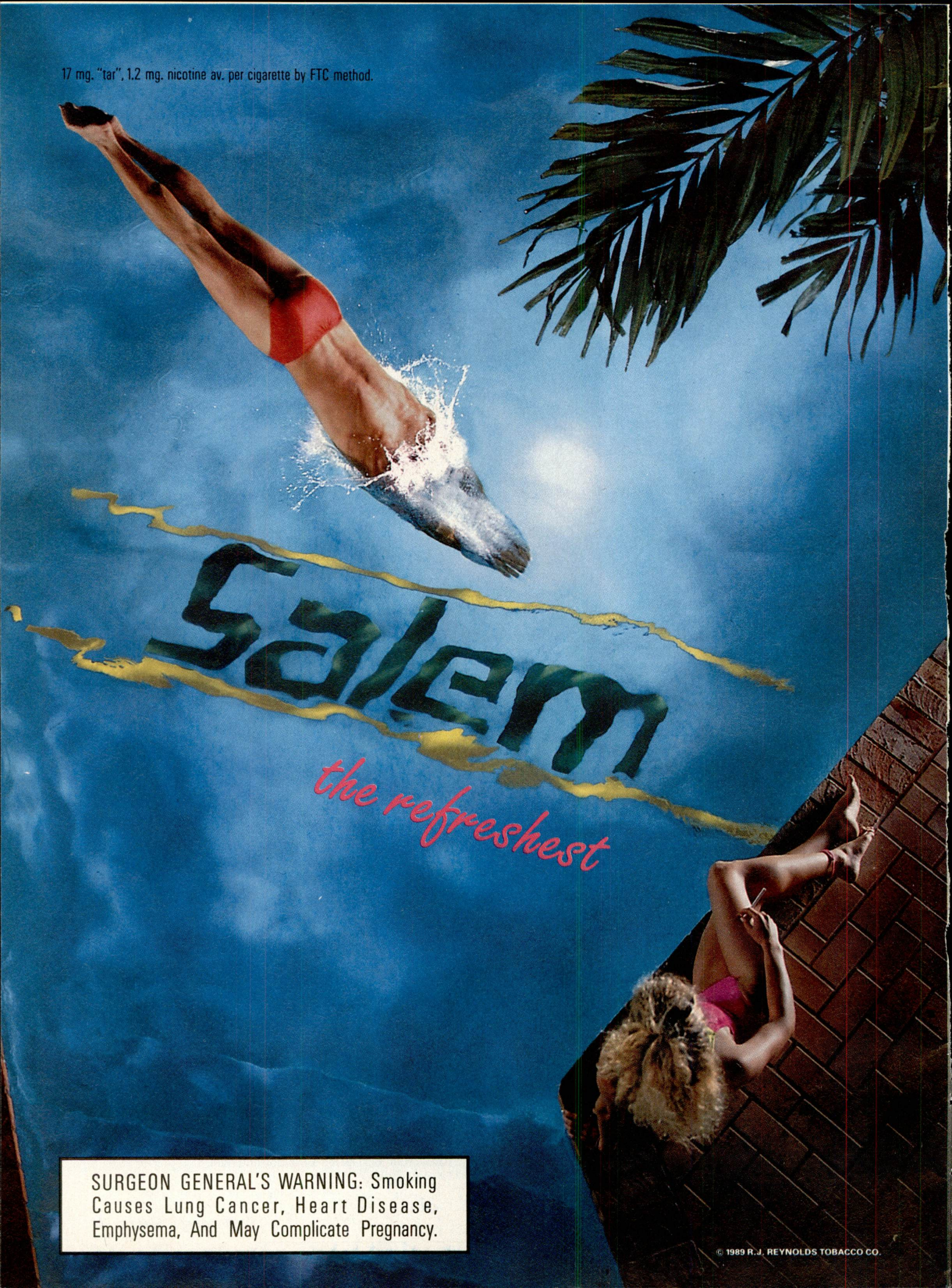
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The Bazaar Is Open

But the haggling over the hostages could take forever

The rules for a successful negotiation are pretty straightforward. All sides must want to make a deal, and everyone must come away with something. Last week it looked as if most of the parties in the complex hostage drama were at least talking about a deal. But satisfying everyone poses such a monumental challenge that any solution will take a long, long time—if it comes at all.

The rapid movement provoked by Israel's kidnaping of Shi'ite Sheik Abdul Karim Obeid has given way to a lengthy process of public posturing and private dickering. Israel offered the Shi'ites a simple swap: your guys (Obeid and 150 Shi'ite prisoners) for our guys (three captured Israeli soldiers), plus the 15 Westerners held hostage. But Jerusalem's agenda is not interchangeable with Washington's: while Israel would probably jump at a deal returning its prisoners, even without the foreign hostages, it would reject any that did not bring home its three soldiers.

The Bush Administration staked out a surprisingly supple position designed to maximize the chances for a successful negotiation without succumbing to an outright trade that would violate American policy against ransoming hostages. George Bush repeatedly made clear his willingness to talk to anyone. "If there are changes taking place, signals that are shifting, I don't want to miss a signal," said the President as he sent forth a stream of messages by television and telex. His main objective: to open a dialogue with Iran, which the Administration believes can influence, though not necessarily deliver, freedom for the hostages.

In a series of interviews and statements aimed at newly elected President Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, a pragmatist considered eager to end the isolation of the Khomeini era and repair his shattered economy, Bush held out the possibility of warmer relations in exchange for help in freeing the U.S. hostages. While Bush did not disavow the Reagan-era prohibition against direct bargaining with terrorists, he shifted ground enough to make some kind of negotiation possible. His private communiqués, sent via the Swiss embassy in Tehran and other intermediaries, elicited encouraging replies from Rafsanjani.

Administration officials hope to convince Iran that hostage taking has few benefits and obstructs the potentially lucrative flow of trade and commerce. This includes Iranian assets, estimated by Tehran at $11 billion, that have been frozen since the U.S. embassy in Iran was overrun in 1979. Restoring the flow might give Iran incentive to press for the release of the captives and a halt to terrorism.

The Shi'ite terrorists holding the hostages stated their position the way they often do. In the southern Lebanese town of Qleia, houses shook from the blast of a bomb attack on an Israeli convoy that wounded five soldiers and one militiaman from the Israeli-backed South Lebanon Army. "We'll show them that we are hard food to chew," proclaimed Hizballah's military chief in Beirut. Other terrorists sought revenge for the humiliation of Obeid's kidnaping.

Yet the mood of the terrorists seemed to be shifting. The spiritual leader of Hizballah, Sheik Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, modified his tough position by calling on all parties to help end the ordeal of the hostages. Explained Martin Kramer, an expert in Shi'ite affairs at Tel Aviv University: "They want to regain their dignity and pride and then proceed to negotiate."

The Shi'ites would have to participate, however indirectly, in any deal. Even friendly relations between Bush and Rafsanjani are no guarantee of the captives' return. While Iran exerts influence over Hizballah, which it has been bankrolling since 1982 at an estimated $60 million a year, no one knows precisely how much control Tehran has over the disposition of the hostages. At least seven factions, each with its own agenda, have claimed responsibility for one or more kidnapings since the wave of terrorism began seven years ago. In the end, the particular interests of these small and shadowy groups that operate under the loose umbrella of Hizballah will have to be taken into account.

The hostages are also pawns in the games played by powerful Middle East states. In Iran, they are part of a domestic power struggle between Rafsanjani and his hard-line Interior Minister, Ali Akbar Mohtashami, who served as paymaster to Hizballah in the early 1980s. Experts feel that Mohtashami's ability to sustain the hostage holding will be a litmus test of his power under the newly elected President. Syria, which maintains about 25,000 troops in Lebanon, could improve its relations with the West by rescuing the hostages, but it wields little influence over the Shi'ites who hold them. Still, the U.S. believes Syria could use its intelligence network to locate the hostages and flex its military muscle to press for their release.

Syria, in fact, appears just as powerless as other would-be peacekeepers in Lebanon, which has been reduced by 14 years of civil war to a lawless slum where kidnaping and murder are the norm. The fate of the hostages is tied as much to the bitter backyard struggle for power in Beirut as to international diplomacy, and that struggle has grown worse. Over the past five months, artillery duels between the Lebanese Christian General Michel Aoun and the Syrians have killed at least 600 people and wounded nearly 1600.

Last week the shelling sharply intensified, spreading well beyond Beirut's boundaries and leading some observers to speculate that Syria might be making a decisive assault. "Until the problem of Lebanon is solved," says a Lebanese diplomat, "there will never be a resolution of the hostages." —***By Jeanne McDowell. Reported by Ron Ben-Yishai/Jerusalem and William Dowell/Cairo***

AUBERT—SYGMA

Deadly fireworks: Syrian shells illuminate Beirut's night sky

The fate of captives is tangled in a bitter backyard struggle for power.

A "Complete Soldier" Makes It

This time Colin Powell got the job he always wanted

General Colin L. Powell has had a tough time staying out of Washington. Since he was first spotted as a bright young comer while a White House Fellow in 1972, Powell has shuttled in and out of Pentagon and civilian desk jobs. No sooner had he finally won command of the prestigious V Corps in West Germany in 1986 than Washington beckoned again, asking him to trade his coveted flag post for duty as Deputy National Security Adviser.

It took a personal appeal from Commander in Chief Ronald Reagan to get Powell to take the NSC job. Powell requested and received permission to retain his Army commission so he could stay on the career track he hoped would lead to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. As Reagan's term drew to its close, Powell, by then head of the NSC, anxiously scotched rumors that Bush would ask him to stay on. He gratefully accepted the U.S. Forces Command in Fort McPherson, Ga.

CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Back to the power center as JCS Chairman

Last week Powell, 52, happily agreed to return to Washington once more, his fears of being sidetracked dispelled for good. George Bush, calling Powell a "complete soldier," jumped him over dozens of more senior candidates and nominated him to replace retiring Navy Admiral William Crowe as JCS Chairman.

In the end, it was Powell's West Wing experience that took him over the top. Aided by his teddy-bear good looks, Powell projected a relaxed sociability among Reagan-Bush Republicans as effectively as he has done through his 31 years of Army service. But he was also able to slip seamlessly into a cool, no-nonsense demeanor when needed. Subordinates learn not to waste words in meetings he chairs. "Powell has many of the qualities that Bush admires," said a White House aide. "He's a team player, highly capable but modest. And he knows how Government works from the inside."

When he takes the Joint Chiefs job, Powell will need all these skills and more. The Pentagon budget, flat since 1986, is likely to undergo cuts that threaten not only major weapons programs but also the delicate interservice balance that a JCS Chairman must maintain.

The son of immigrant Jamaicans, Powell won his commission after graduating from City University of New York. He served two tours in Viet Nam, where he won a Bronze Star for valor and a Purple Heart. Like all good soldiers, Powell has subordinated his political views. He has never shied from projecting military force and was instrumental in implementing Reagan's controversial naval-escort policy in the Persian Gulf. But Powell is also a realist whose thoughtful analysis helped wean Reagan from overly aggressive support for the Nicaraguan *contras*.

Colleagues find Powell's strength of feeling on civil rights issues apparent but not obtrusive. At the Pentagon, he kept watch over promising black officers, and he makes a special effort to encourage young black soldiers. He informally advised Jesse Jackson during the past presidential campaign, while maintaining his loyalty to the Reagan national security team.

Some see Powell's nomination as a political salvage job for Bush, since it comes close upon the Senate's rejection of another black nominee, William Lucas, as head of the Justice Department's civil rights division. Yet the honor Powell brings to his fellow black Americans comes from the virtual irrelevance of race to his appointment. Said Tom Griscom, a former Reagan White House colleague: "No one ever thinks of Colin as being black; they think of him as being good." —***By Barrett Seaman. With reporting by Dan Goodgame/Washington***

J.P. LAFFONT—SYGMA

At Harvard: Is this restraint of trade?

Brain Trusts

Washington wants to know if colleges are fixing prices

President of the debating team, 1300 on her boards, reads Noam Chomsky in her spare time, parents make $30,000 a year. Let's see, $3,000 in financial aid sounds about right. You on board, Brown? What about you, Barnard?

Every spring, exchanges like this occur among the deans of 23 top private colleges. The idea is to avoid bidding wars for students accepted by more than one college, and to ensure that institutions are similarly interpreting financial information submitted by parents. But the Justice Department has decided to look into this practice, as well as into the fact that within groupings—the Ivy League schools and the Seven Sisters, for example—yearly tuitions tend to be similar. Presumably Justice wants to determine whether there is any violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act, which prohibits restraint of trade.

The cost of college is a hot topic because tuitions will increase up to 9% this fall. Total costs at Harvard currently run about $20,000 a year; Maine's Colby College costs about $18,900. The similarity is not the result of price fixing, says Colby President William Cotter. The reason, he says, is "that a Ford costs about the same as a Chevy," or in the case of Harvard and Yale, a BMW costs about the same as a Jaguar. Cotter admits that the market is not price sensitive. "A family decides on private vs. public," he says. "But then they don't pick the cheapest within the category."

Colleges started sharing information in the 1950s. Now critics say the system is tantamount to price fixing. College officials disagree, but they are complying with the inquiry. "I've done almost nothing but work on this request since July 31," says Amherst College treasurer James Scott. It will be worth the effort, he says, if critics "bitching and moaning about college costs" come to see that no one is getting rich teaching the country's children. ■

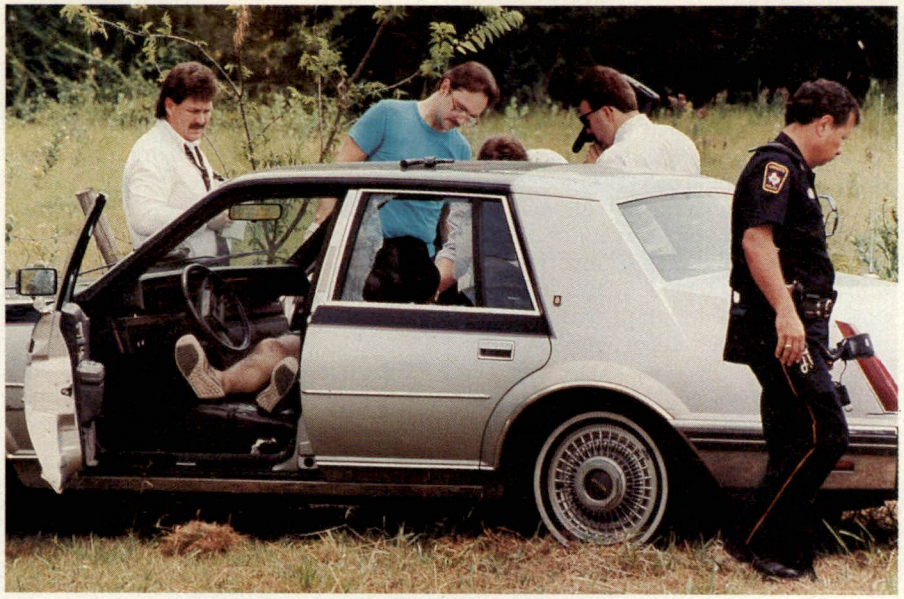
Do Guns Save Lives?

Not as often as the N.R.A. says

"After cabdriver Iran Bolton picked up an early morning fare at a Phoenix Ariz., night spot, the customer held a broken bottle to her throat and forced her to pull into a deserted area. Robbing her of $70, the thug pushed the woman out of her cab and threw her to the ground. When her assailant ordered her to crawl in the dirt, Bolton responded by emptying her pocket semi-auto into him. He died later in a hospital."

Each month *American Rifleman,* the journal of the National Rifle Association, features about a dozen such accounts of armed citizens defending themselves against criminals. Based on newspaper clippings submitted by N.R.A. members, the stories dramatically show how a gun can sometimes prevent a crime and perhaps even save a victim's life.

The gun lobby lands on mushier ground, however, when it leaps from such examples into a far broader argument: that more lives are saved than lost by the firearms Americans acquire to protect themselves and their property. The N.R.A. emphasized that claim in a two-page newspaper advertisement attacking TIME for its report [July 17] on 464 gun deaths that occurred in the U.S. in a single week, chosen at random. "Legally-owned firearms saved the lives of far more Americans than those lost during [TIME's] 'seven deadly days,' " the advertisement stated. "According to noted criminologist Dr. Gary Kleck of Florida State University, every year some 650,000 Americans use firearms to thwart criminal assault. That's 12,500 a week."



PRUITT—THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS

One of two burglary suspects killed by a homeowner in Mesquite, Texas

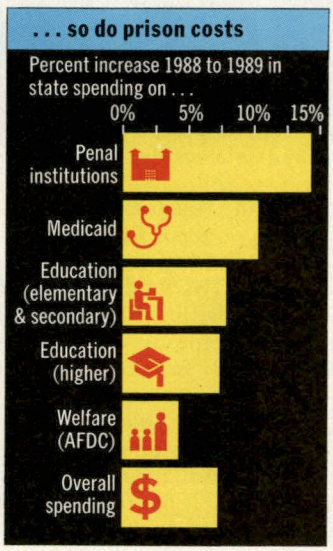
Even Paul Blackman, research coordinator for the N.R.A., concedes that the advertisement "stretches the data." He adds, "I don't know of any criminological study that has tried to quantify the number of lives saved based on the number of guns that were successfully used for protection."

Kleck says his study did not consider the question of lives saved. Nor did he conclude, as the N.R.A. claims, that a crime or an assault had been "thwarted" in each of his estimated 645,000 (the ad upped it to 650,000) annual instances of a protective use of a gun. Kleck notes that his study may have included incidents in which a homeowner merely heard noisy youths outside his house, then shouted, "Hey, I've got a gun!" and never saw any possible attacker.

Still, Kleck estimates that an assailant or the defender actually fired a handgun in nearly half the cases. If so, 322,000 incidents each year involved great danger, and the potential victims credited their guns with protecting them. That is about ten times the number who die from guns annually in the U.S. "It is possible that guns save more lives than they cost," Kleck says.

His numbers are based on a 1981 poll conducted by Peter D. Hart Research Associates. It asked 1,228 U.S. voters whether in the previous five years any member

The States Pay the Price



Two government reports issued separately last week seemed to illustrate a cause and an effect. The FBI reported that violent crimes in the U.S. last year jumped 6% over 1987, reaching a record of nearly 1.6 million offenses. The National Conference of State Legislatures, meanwhile, said the largest increase in state spending in the same period was for prisons, which grew 14.1%.

The increase in crime included a 2.9% spurt in homicides, to a new high of 20,675. More than half the victims either knew or were related to their killers; only 12% were slain by strangers. Washington had a horrendous murder rate of 59.5 per 100,000 people, more than seven times the national average. Atlanta was the most crime-ridden city in the U.S. For all types of crimes, including thefts and arson, Atlanta led Fort Worth, Dallas, Seattle and St. Louis in the top five. Much maligned New York City was 15th in its overall crime rate and tenth in the homicide rate. No FBI figures were available for Miami, but statistics from local police indicated that the city apparently had the fifth highest murder rate and the fourth worst general crime record.

of their household had "used a handgun, even if it was not fired, for self-protection or for the protection of property." Roughly 4% (about 50 people) said they had done so. Projecting that percentage onto the number of U.S. households in the five years covered by the poll (1976-81), Kleck came up with the estimate that handguns had been used protectively 3,224,880 times, or 645,000 a year. Comparing that with surveys that included rifles and shotguns, he estimated that all types of guns are used defensively about a million times a year.

Is his analysis valid? "I certainly don't feel very comfortable with the way he's used the data," says Hart Research president Geoffrey Garin. While Kleck based his findings on the Hart survey, his analysis of the circumstances under which guns were used came from other studies. Protests Garin: "We don't know anything about the nature of the instances people were reporting." Says William Eastman, president of the California Chiefs of Police Association, about the Kleck conclusions: "It annoys the hell out of me. There's no basis for that data."

There is far more research on the question of who is most likely to get killed when someone keeps a gun at home. In a 1986 study called "Protection or Peril?," Dr. Arthur Kellermann, a University of Tennessee professor of medicine, and Dr. Donald Reay, chief medical examiner of King County in Washington, concluded that for each defensive, justifiable homicide there were 43 murders, suicides or accidental deaths. Out of 398 gunshot fatalities in homes in King County between 1978 and 1983, only nine were motivated by self-defense.

The one-week survey by TIME found a similar ratio on a national basis: only 14 of the 464 gun deaths resulted from defensive firing. An alarming 216 were suicides, 22 were accidental, and many of the rest involved homicides among people who knew each other well rather than citizens gunned down by strangers.

Such statistics do not refute the argument that a gun, even if not fired, can save a life by discouraging a murderous attacker. Still, Tulane sociologist James Wright points out that guns have limited usefulness in preventing crimes. About 90% of crimes in homes occur when the resident is away, he notes, while violent crimes often take place on the streets. Says Wright: "Unless you make a habit of walking around with your gun at all times, you're not going to stop that either."

A relatively balanced view of the gun question comes, surprisingly, from Kleck. "The vast majority of the population lives in low-crime neighborhoods and has virtually no need for a gun for defensive reasons," he says. "A tiny fraction has a great deal of reason to get anything it can get that might help reduce its victimization."

Even the *American Rifleman* accounts of how helpful a gun can be in saving a life may not always tell the full story. In the case of cabdriver Bolton, the N.R.A. magazine failed to report how chance, rather than her pistol, saved her life. Bolton told the *Arizona Republic* that after she wounded her assailant, he grabbed her gun, pushed the barrel against her neck and pulled the trigger several times. What really saved Bolton was that she had emptied the chamber. Said she: "I kept thinking that maybe there was a bullet still in it and it would go off at any minute." If that had happened, the incident undoubtedly would not have appeared in the *Rifleman*. ***—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Jay Peterzell/Washington and Richard Woodbury/Houston***

Grapevine

FOREIGN FIREPOWER. News photos of George Bush meeting with Prince Bandar of Saudi Arabia in Washington last week included a surprising detail: one of the prince's bodyguards was openly packing a pistol in a hip holster. Many Americans might assume that the Secret Service maintains a monopoly on firepower, but the U.S. has reciprocal arrangements with other protection services. The deal: foreign bodyguards carry guns when their VIP visits the U.S., and American agents do so when the President goes abroad. More worrisome to the service are the hundreds of armed local policemen near the President when he makes speeches at home. They might begin shooting in the event of a disturbance, posing more danger than an assassin would.

GIBSON—AFP

Bush and Saudi Prince Bandar served by a pistol-packing attendant

IN A STATE AT STATE. In a rare rebuff, Secretary of State James Baker refused to take along Alexander Vershbow, the State Department's top Soviet specialist, when he met recently with Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze. Career Foreign Service officers complain that Baker has cut them off, preferring to confer with a few longtime assistants. The only way the State Department knows what Baker is up to, says a senior officer, "is by reading his testimony on the Hill or seeing what he's putting out for press guidance."

THE BLUE PAGES. The June 29 issue of the *Congressional Record* could be rated X, thanks to remarks inserted by California Congressman William Dannemeyer. In a piece titled "What Homosexuals Do," the conservative Republican cites sexual practices—including some involving vegetables and light bulbs—that he maintains are commonplace among gays. Dannemeyer's unorthodox entry prompted Indiana Democrat Andrew Jacobs to ask the House ethics committee to clarify standards for placing "unspoken, not to say unspeakable, remarks in the *Congressional Record.*"

THE OTHER BERLIN BLOCKADE. More than 40 years after the Berlin airlift, West Germany is trying to break another blockade: an Allied monopoly over East-West air traffic. The U.S., Britain and France allow only their airlines to fly the lucrative air corridor from the Federal Republic into Berlin. The Allies also control the entire border zone, in effect barring direct traffic between major cities of the two Germanys. Bonn is skirting the Allied monopoly, if not breaking it: Lufthansa will fly from Frankfurt in West Germany to Leipzig in the East by detouring through Czechoslovakia.

American Notes

LAS VEGAS

Stop the Music!

Lounge music may be to the symphony what Velveeta is to cheese, but hey, it's all part of what makes Las Vegas great. That is why 195 musicians are on strike against five casinos that want to replace them at least some of the time with audio tapes and synthesizers. The musicians are getting tremendous support within the community—87% of the callers to a local TV talk show applauded the strike. Performers like Rodney Dangerfield, Connie Francis and Dionne Warwick have canceled their shows. Lounge lizards like Sammy Davis Jr. and Tony Orlando have vowed not to cross the picket lines.

Casino operators will not say how much the canceled floor shows are costing, but Bally's alone estimates that bands run $1.1 million a year and are becoming obsolete: visiting performers often provide their own backup. Strikers argue that the live music lures customers. Keeping the music, says picketer Elizabeth Smith, who played the French horn with Bally's Jubilee!, "is something a classy hotel should do." ■

LAURIE—LAS VEGAS REVIEW-JOURNAL

Picketers playing the Strip

PHOENIX

The Drowning Pools

Affluent parents who worry about the threat of kidnaping or sexual abuse by the babysitter are discovering that a graver danger to their children may be lurking in their own backyards. So far this year, twelve Phoenix youngsters under age 5 have drowned in residential swimming pools, twice the number for all of 1988. With 22 deaths of young children, Arizona is the No. 1 state in child drownings.

Early summer heat and a lack of adult supervision are blamed for the rash of accidents. Two brothers, ages 2 and 3, drowned within four minutes when their mother went to answer the telephone. More than 8,000 people showed up recently for a free course in cardiopulmonary resuscitation, or CPR, and requests for pool-fencing estimates have tripled. But authorities stress that parental vigilance is the key to preventing these tragedies. "If you can't answer the doorbell without taking your eyes off the kids," warns Stephen Jensen, assistant to the Phoenix fire chief, "don't answer the door." ■

KENT SIEVERS

A pool fence for safety

THE WEST

Gone to Blazes

Scorching temperatures, dry lightning storms and little rain have incinerated much of the West again this year. "At one point we had 43 major fires going simultaneously," said Arnold Hartigan of Idaho's Boise Interagency Fire Center, the nation's wildfire command post. Idaho has had 18 major fires burning across 187,000 acres, while Oregon had nine on 54,000 acres. California had two major fires that burned 23,000 acres, and Utah had one big blaze on 1,700 acres.

The Lowman fire, 75 miles northeast of Boise, destroyed 25 houses and businesses, including a resort lodge. Idaho Governor Cecil Andrus declared an extreme emergency to call in more than 300 National Guardsmen to help 9,000 fire fighters battling to control the burning land. Although the fires are not quite as bad as last year's, 462 million board feet of timber have been destroyed in the Boise National Forest alone. ■

OAKLEY—BLACK STAR

The woods were burning in Idaho—and plenty of other places

PORTER—THE DETROIT NEWS

A local destruction project

DETROIT

Anybody Home?

The only thing booming in Detroit these days is the number of houses being abandoned. With a population of 1,086,220, the city has lost 800,000 people since the 1950s, and is scarred by 12,000 or more empty buildings. Every year about 2,000 additional structures are abandoned to rats, crack dealers, vagrants and vandals. In July three angry residents of Grayfield Street in northwest Detroit, fed up with the eyesores on their block, took matters into their own hands. With sledgehammers and axes they hacked down two abandoned, vermin-infested buildings.

City officials, who have been managing to tear down only about 250 derelict structures a month, initially cast a blind eye on the copycat barn razings that followed. Events took on the atmosphere of a block party in some neighborhoods. But then a scuffle broke out on Chatham Street, after house busters blocked the road with debris from the makeshift crack house and brothel they tore down. The Motor City demolition derby has now resulted in five arrests for wrecking without a permit—and a healthy increase in the number of houses the city is clearing away. ■

SOVIET UNION

Cry Independence

Pushing for sovereignty, the Baltics shape the future of perestroika

BY JOHN KOHAN TALLINN

Sitting in his spacious, wood-paneled office in the Estonian capital of Tallinn, Communist Party leader Vaino Väljas, 58, wryly sums up the situation in his tiny Baltic republic with a peasant proverb: Better to see once than to hear a hundred times. The former Soviet Ambassador to Nicaragua was called home only a year ago to take up his new post, but what Väljas has already witnessed in those tumultuous twelve months is nothing less than a revolution, from the birth of unofficial political movements like the Estonian Popular Front to the bruising constitutional crisis with Moscow over the republic's sovereignty. "For years we have gotten used to speaking of the party's monopoly on power," he says. "We have forgotten the principle that the party has power only as long as the people trust it."

Väljas represents the new breed of Communist reformers who are taking power in the Baltic republics of Estonia, Lithuania and Latvia. He and his colleagues know that the party's prospects in the three Baltic states hinge on how quickly it can come to terms with growing popular demands for more radical political and economic change—even if the party runs the risk of angering Moscow. So far, the Baltic challenge has not erupted in ethnic violence and social anarchy; instead, it has been subtly expressed in arcane legal debate and parliamentary procedure. For President Mikhail Gorbachev, it represents both a bold affirmation of his goal of creating a society governed by law and an assault against the national union he has vowed to protect. How he responds could determine the future of *perestroika*.

The nationalist drift in the Baltics has aroused fear among the region's sizable Russian minority. When the Estonian supreme soviet voted last week to impose a two-year residency requirement for voters in local elections, supporters of the pro-Russian Intermovement and Joint Council of Work Collectives denounced the measures, charging that they consigned recent Russian immigrants to a political "pale of settlement." At least 10,000 workers joined strikes at some 30 enterprises. Since most of the affected plants are under the control of Moscow ministries, many Estonians viewed the labor unrest as another in a series of provo-

KALLAY—BILDERBERG

SABALAUSKAS—TASS

Looking forward and back: Estonians demonstrate for autonomy; Lithuanians mourn Stalin's victims

cations from conservative forces opposed to the Estonian campaign for local sovereignty.

It is a measure of how quickly political change has been sweeping through the Baltic republics that the debate about national self-determination has moved from the streets into Communist Party headquarters. Asked about the future, Väljas replies, "Our ideal is an independent, sovereign Estonia within the Soviet Union or within a federation of sovereign republics." Latvian Ideology Secretary Ivars Kezbers muses about being a "free republic in a free Soviet Union." Lithuanian Second Secretary Vladimir Berezov says that "our common goal is independence, even if the ways of getting there are different."

The paradox is that Gorbachev's campaign for economic reforms and political liberalization has drawn a more enthusiastic response from the three Baltic republics than from almost anywhere else in the country. The emergence of independent splinter groups like the Lithuanian Party of Democrats, the Estonian Christian Union and the Latvian National Independence Movement has already created something approximating a multiparty system in the Baltics. The Estonian, Latvian and Lithuanian delegations to the new Congress of the People's Deputies have proved to be the star pupils of the Gorbachev School of Democracy. The Estonians noted how one young Central Asian deputy from Kirgizia, sitting across the aisle, began to vote along with them—until he was shifted to the opposite side of his delegation.

If most of the country is moving at a snail's pace in carrying out *perestroika*, the relatively more prosperous Baltic states have been pressing the Kremlin to go further with economic reforms. Moscow officials have opposed the idea of independent national currencies, but that has not stopped the three republics from drafting plans to reduce the flood of Soviets who come from the rest of the country to buy scarce goods in better-supplied Baltic shops. The Estonians discuss establishing their own credit-card system, and the Latvians talk about creating an alternative currency as early as next January. It would be paid to local workers and redeemable in special stores. Last month the Supreme Soviet finally gave Estonia and Lithuania the green light to try running their economies free of interference from central ministries in Moscow. If these experiments prove successful, the three Baltic states could serve as the economic locomotive Gorbachev badly needs to pull the country's other twelve republics toward *perestroika*.

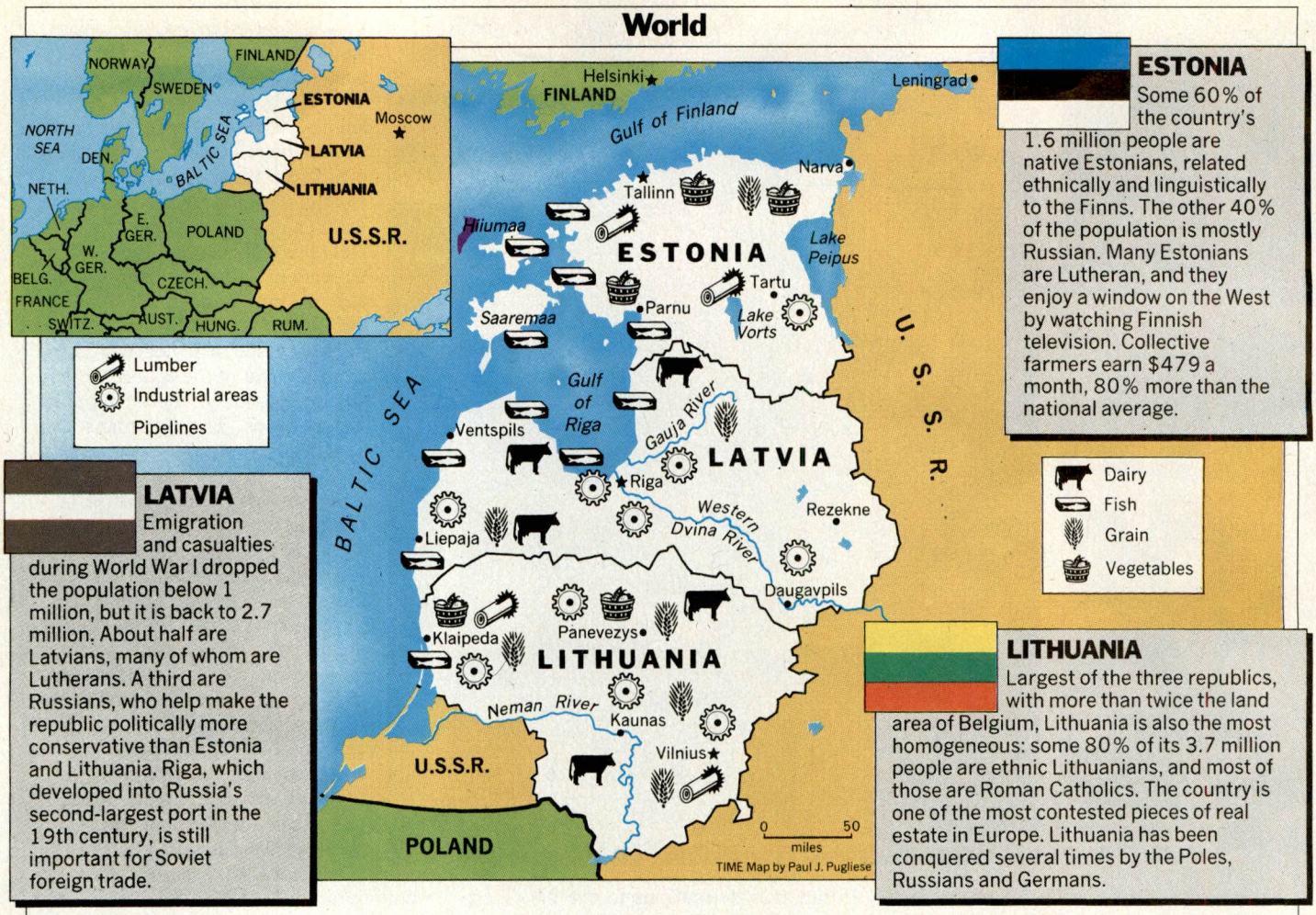
Of course, such a scenario would derail if the Baltic republics decided instead to uncouple totally from the Soviet train. Emotions are running particularly high this month because of the 50th anniversary of the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact, the treaty signed by the Foreign Ministers of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union that opened the way for Moscow's occupation of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania in 1940. In downtown Vilnius, the capital of Lithuania, a group of young hunger strikers has set up a makeshift shelter decorated with placards calling for liquidation of the Nazi-Soviet pact. HOW LONG WILL THE RED ARMY BE MASTER OF OUR LAND, declares a poster with a blood-red footprint on a map of the republic. On Aug. 23, the date of the agreement, popular-front groups hope to organize a human chain from Estonia to Lithuania, a sort of Hands Across the Baltics.

Valentin Falin, head of the Central Committee's international department, conceded last month what Moscow has long denied: that the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact included a secret protocol that called for the Soviet takeover of the Baltics. But Baltic deputies serving on a commission to study the pact complain that Moscow representatives want to stop short of drawing the necessary conclusions about

SHONE—GAMMA/LIAISON

Hoisting the Latvian flag against the Kremlin

A "free republic in a free Soviet Union."



ESTONIA

Some 60% of the country's 1.6 million people are native Estonians, related ethnically and linguistically to the Finns. The other 40% of the population is mostly Russian. Many Estonians are Lutheran, and they enjoy a window on the West by watching Finnish television. Collective farmers earn $479 a month, 80% more than the national average.

LATVIA

Emigration and casualties during World War I dropped the population below 1 million, but it is back to 2.7 million. About half are Latvians, many of whom are Lutherans. A third are Russians, who help make the republic politically more conservative than Estonia and Lithuania. Riga, which developed into Russia's second-largest port in the 19th century, is still important for Soviet foreign trade.

LITHUANIA

Largest of the three republics, with more than twice the land area of Belgium, Lithuania is also the most homogeneous: some 80% of its 3.7 million people are ethnic Lithuanians, and most of those are Roman Catholics. The country is one of the most contested pieces of real estate in Europe. Lithuania has been conquered several times by the Poles, Russians and Germans.

the legal standing of their republics in the union. Says Estonian Popular Front leader Rein Veidemann: "We must solve the Baltic question and recognize the fact that we were first occupied and then annexed." But what would belated recognition of that historical reality actually accomplish? "Nothing," says Latvian Ideology Secretary Kezbers flatly. "The marriage between the Soviet Union and the Baltic states is de facto if not de jure. It is part of the existing order of postwar Europe."

Still, the Baltic states hope at least to cut a better deal with Moscow, perhaps in a new treaty that guarantees their sovereign rights. During five decades of Soviet rule, the three republics have watched helplessly as all-powerful ministries in Moscow imposed new industries, regardless of whether they were appropriate to the region. As a result, stretches of white sand beaches along the Baltic coast became too polluted for swimming. An influx of outside manpower threatened to make Latvians a minority in their own homeland. The hardworking Estonians learned to their amazement that by Gorbachev's reckoning, they were supposed to be running a yearly deficit of 500 million rubles in the Soviet Union's federal budget.

The Baltic states also demand more say in military affairs. The Estonian government has petitioned Moscow to put more Estonians in the republic's interior-ministry forces and border guards. There have been calls to restore the tradition of local military units like the Sixteenth Lithuanian Rifle Division, and more radical proposals to create a zone of peace in the Baltics. Says Latvian Popular Front leader Dainis Ivans: "We should decide ourselves how many military bases we need on our territory and move step by step toward making Latvia a military-free zone."

The anger accumulated over decades has blossomed into a rainbow of national colors, a sign that whatever their unity of aims, each state still proudly clings to its own national traditions. In Estonia the once banned blue-black-and-white flag from the period of independence between the two World Wars waves again above Tallinn's Toompea Castle. Latvia has hoisted its traditional crimson-and-white banner above Riga Castle. In Lithuania the historic yellow-green-and-red tricolor flutters once more from Gediminas Tower in Vilnius. A report from each of the Baltic republics:

ESTONIA

As a popular saying in this northern Baltic state puts it: Think nine times and speak on the tenth. Estonia's major contribution to the Baltic reform movement has primarily been new ideas, whether blueprints for popular-front movements or drafts of laws regulating economic "cost accounting" at the local level. But when Estonians do speak, they get a hearing. Last November the Estonian supreme soviet passed amendments to the local constitution, investing ultimate legal authority with the republic rather than with Moscow. That act of defiance brought on a finger-wagging lecture from Gorbachev. But the tiny Baltic state held its ground, and Moscow pursued the matter no further. Says party chief Väljas: "Estonian persistence has brought results."

Väljas has astutely chosen compromise rather than confrontation with the powerful Estonian Popular Front. He has even turned over the key state-planning portfolio to economist Edgar Savisaar, a member of the movement's executive council. During elections last March, the Popular Front did not run its own candidates against party regulars. Väljas garnered 90% of the votes in his district, but a poll for a Finnish newspaper taken just after the balloting showed that if true multiparty elections had been held, the Communists would have placed a distant second to the Estonian Popular Front (16.3% to 35.2%).

The same questionnaire revealed that when ethnic Estonians were asked about the future of the republic, 55% opted for complete independence. A coalition of small nationalist groups has launched a

campaign to register those who lived in Estonia during its years of independence (1918 to 1940) and their descendants in order to convene an Estonian National Congress to discuss the fate of the nation. Organizers deny that they are creating a rival parliamentary body, but the fact that some 100,000 people have responded has caused concern within the ranks of the party and the Popular Front, and deepened the mistrust of the Russian minority.

The Estonian leadership has come under virulent attack from militant Russians for promoting legislation that gives priority to the language and culture of ethnic Estonians. Gorbachev may have taken a conciliatory approach with the nation's striking miners, but the authorities in Tallinn signaled last week that they were growing impatient with Russian agitators who have been using labor protests to press their demands. The authorities invoked a resolution recently passed by the Supreme Soviet in Moscow to ban the strike and issued a call for "common sense." As Popular Front leader Veidemann notes, "Our greatest danger lies in creating two separate societies, as in Northern Ireland and Lebanon."

LATVIA

The other Baltic states jest that being Latvian is "not a nationality but a profession," a reflection of the peculiar position of an ethnic group whose cultural survival has long been threatened. In 1935 Latvians made up 76% of the population in their homeland. By 1979 their numbers had dwindled to 53.7%. During the same period, the total of ethnic Russians in Latvia climbed from 11% to 32.8%. Thus, Latvian national aims have to be advanced through the art of compromise. At a time when Lithuanian and Estonian parliamentarians were debating whether to turn down Moscow's election-reform laws last November, the Latvians, led by President Anatoli Gorbunov, veered away from open revolt and drafted alternative wordings for the disputed passages.

Latvia has always had stronger ties to Moscow than have the other two republics. Latvian Riflemen made up the Kremlin's élite Praetorian Guard in the years after the Bolshevik Revolution, and party boss Arvid Pelshe became a fixture of the Brezhnev gerontocracy. Latvian First Secretary Janis Vagris, who gained his post last October when Boris Pugo was promoted to Moscow's Party Control Committee, is viewed by many as a compromise choice whose views on reform and political pluralism are acceptable to party conservatives.

One intriguing measure of popular support for the cause of Latvian self-determination came during the parliamentary elections, when Juris Dobelis, a leader of the Latvian National Independence Movement, ran against four establishment candidates, including First Secretary Vagris. The Communist Party chief squeaked by with 51%, and Dobelis polled an impressive 34%. When the Latvian Popular Front asked its 100-member council last June whether it should "join the struggle for Latvia's complete and economic independence," the vote was a unanimous yes. In May Popular Front members opened formal contacts with the leaders of Latvian exile organizations at a gathering in France. The movement hopes to score well in local elections this December and in balloting for the Latvian supreme soviet next February. As Kezbers admits, "They have slogans, programs—and no responsibility for the past."

SYGMA

Lithuanian protesters commemorate the Nazi-Soviet pact

Exposing the accord has shaken Moscow's control.

LITHUANIA

One of the more dramatic moments at the Congress of the People's Deputies occurred in early June, when members of the Lithuanian delegation walked out of the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses in protest against Gorbachev's plan to put the question of a new Committee for Constitutional Supervision to a vote. Considering the importance of constitutional issues for the republics, the Lithuanians wanted more time to discuss the makeup of the committee. Gorbachev compromised and referred the matter to a commission. From the point of view of the pragmatic Estonians, it was a case once again of the Lithuanians "mounting a charge on white horses." But Popular Front leader Virgilijus Cepaitis sees it differently: "We have been giving lessons to Moscow, and they have been accepting them. We are helping Gorbachev by showing the way."

Lithuanians make up fully 80% of the population in the southernmost Baltic republic, assuring bedrock support for Sajudis, as the Lithuanian Popular Front is known. One indication of the group's growing power came on the eve of its founding congress last October, when the reform-minded Algirdas Brazauskas became leader of the Lithuanian Communist Party. He received thunderous ovations at the meeting, especially after his dramatic announcement that the Vilnius Cathedral would be returned to the Roman Catholic Church. But relations soon deteriorated in the bruising parliamentary debate last November over proposed changes in the constitution. At Brazauskas' urging, the Lithuanians declined to follow Estonia's lead in rebelling against Moscow. Angry Lithuanians took to the streets, and Sajudis called for a symbolic work protest.

Troubles erupted again last February, after representatives from Sajudis and Vincentas Cardinal Sladkevicius called for the restoration of Lithuanian sovereignty at ceremonies marking the 71st anniversary of the beginning of Lithuania's short-lived independence. During an emergency party plenum, Brazauskas warned that such actions might lead to imposition of a "special form of rule." The scare tactics failed: in last March's parliamentary elections, Sajudis candidates picked up 36 out of 42 seats. Brazauskas also won, but only after his Sajudis opponent bowed out to ensure his victory.

Since then, the party leadership has met monthly with Sajudis representatives to discuss draft laws. But the present idyll in Lithuania's volatile political scene is bound to end, as both sides prepare for the electoral battle for local and republic-wide elections in December and February. The Lithuanian Popular Front has also had to move faster to keep ahead of the drift in public thinking toward the more radical positions of the Latvian Liberation League. Says Lithuanian Party Secretary Berezov: "We fear that some hotheads want to speed up the process and have it all tomorrow. They risk ruining everything."

At present, the economic life of the three Baltic republics is so intertwined with the Soviet Union that it would be impossible for them to go it alone. "We can decide to be separate and free, but what will we do the next morning?" asks Vello Pohla, leader of the Estonian Green Movement. "Everything has been damaged by 50 years of Soviet administration.

We have to reach a standard of living first that would make it possible to raise the question of secession." Latvian Ideology Secretary Kezbers points out that the West, for all its moral support, would probably offer little economic help to three independent Baltic republics. As he puts it, "No room has been booked for us in the Europe Hotel."

Moscow would not even need to resort to tanks and troops to dampen the Baltic enthusiasm for secession. It could exert pressure just by slapping an embargo on fuel and raw-material shipments. Yet there are numerous way stations of sovereignty on the road to independence. Some Baltic economic thinkers believe, for example, that the region could turn into a clearinghouse between East and West, where Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians could serve as go-betweens for Westerners eager to open up the Soviet market. "The Baltic states may not be as exotic as Hong Kong, but they make a good bridge between East and West," says Kezbers. "The Soviet Union is a vast country needing everything, and we know how it works."

The political benefits of such a strategy are obvious. "We cannot make Russia go away, and we are not about to leave Estonia," says Estonian Popular Front leader Veidemann. "So we must find a clever way to coexist and create conditions that would make the Soviet Union interested in our independence."

If Gorbachev responds wisely and generously to the nationalistic stirrings in the Baltics, he will win on two fronts: the cause of *perestroika* throughout the Soviet Union will be advanced, and one more irritant in East-West relations will disappear. Living next door to good neighbors is always better in the long run than sharing a home with unhappy relatives. ■

CENTRAL AMERICA

The "Disposal Problem"

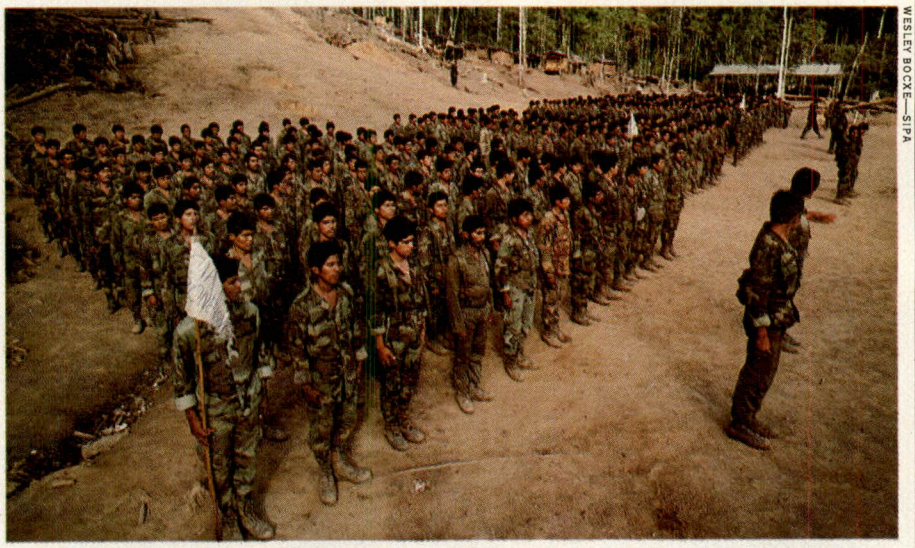
Five Presidents tell the contras *to disband, but will they go?*

The symbolism was as inescapable as the irony. When the five Central American Presidents gathered last week in the resort town of Tela in northern Honduras, their meeting place was a seaside compound once owned by the United Fruit Co., the U.S. multinational concern that long represented the essence of gringo imperialism in the region. There, the Presidents* negotiated the dissolution of the Nicaraguan *contras,* a force that to many Central Americans symbolized U.S. arrogance and interference during the 1980s. When the Presidents emerged from three days of deliberations, they had signed an agreement on a specific series of steps to demobilize the *contras* within the next four months.

The so-called Tela Declaration was a gesture that carried all the moral authority of the region's leaders but none of the military force that might be needed to make it stick. Its realization hinges on the "voluntary" cooperation of the *contras* and assigns responsibility for implementation to the United Nations and the Organization of American States.

Still, the latest attempt to end the eight-year war in Nicaragua was a rebuff to the U.S., which has supported and guided the *contra* effort since its inception in 1981. Right up to the last minute, the Bush Administration lobbied regional leaders to postpone demobilization until after the Nicaraguan election, scheduled for Feb. 25, to give the Sandinista regime at least some incentive to uphold its pledges for a free and fair vote.

*Oscar Arias Sánchez of Costa Rica, Alfredo Cristiani of El Salvador, Vinicio Cerezo of Guatemala, José Azcona del Hoyo of Honduras and Daniel Ortega Saavedra of Nicaragua



WESLEY BOCXE—SIPA

All dressed up but nowhere to go: insurgents at a base camp in the mountains of Honduras

As the war winds down, so does a U.S. policy that preoccupied the prior Administration.

But as the *contra* war winds down to a whimper, so too does a U.S. policy that preoccupied the Reagan Administration through two terms. The seeds of disengagement were sown last April, when President Bush secured $49.75 million in nonlethal aid for the *contras* in exchange for a guarantee that Congress could review—and sever—the aid package this November. Since many in Congress support the Central American leaders' desire to disband the *contras,* the Bush Administration seemed to capitulate without a fight. "Our intention is to play it straight and stick with the [peace] process," said a State Department official. "We're not going to stand in the way."

If enforced, the demobilization scheme will complete the gradual mutation of the *contras* from a military threat to a political force to a refugee remnant that U.S. officials have dubbed the "disposal problem." The Tela plan invites *contras* and their families to return to Nicaragua from their bases in Honduras but offers the option of resettlement in other countries. Honduras desperately wants the *contras* to go elsewhere, and Nicaragua has offered to repatriate them safely. But if the *contras* do not trust such Sandinista promises, the U.S. will face the painful question of its responsibilities toward the rebel force it created.

Much to the dismay of the *contras,* the demobilization plan enjoys the support of Nicaragua's 20 opposition parties. To ensure their cooperation, President Daniel Ortega Saavedra pledged to suspend Nicaragua's military draft until after the election, to hold fair balloting and to grant opposition candidates free television time. But the U.S. remains skeptical that the election will really prove free or fair, and last week's agreement provides no penalties whatsoever should Ortega renege on his pledges.

Despite the Tela plan's promise, few observers are ready to pronounce the *contras* dead. Such pronouncements have been issued before. And the rebels made it plain last week that unless the Sandinistas agreed to negotiate with them as equal partners, they had no intention of disarming. If the *contras* fail to lay down their rifles voluntarily, no one is offering to take the weapons by force. ***—By Jill Smolowe. Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington and Wilson Ring/Tela***

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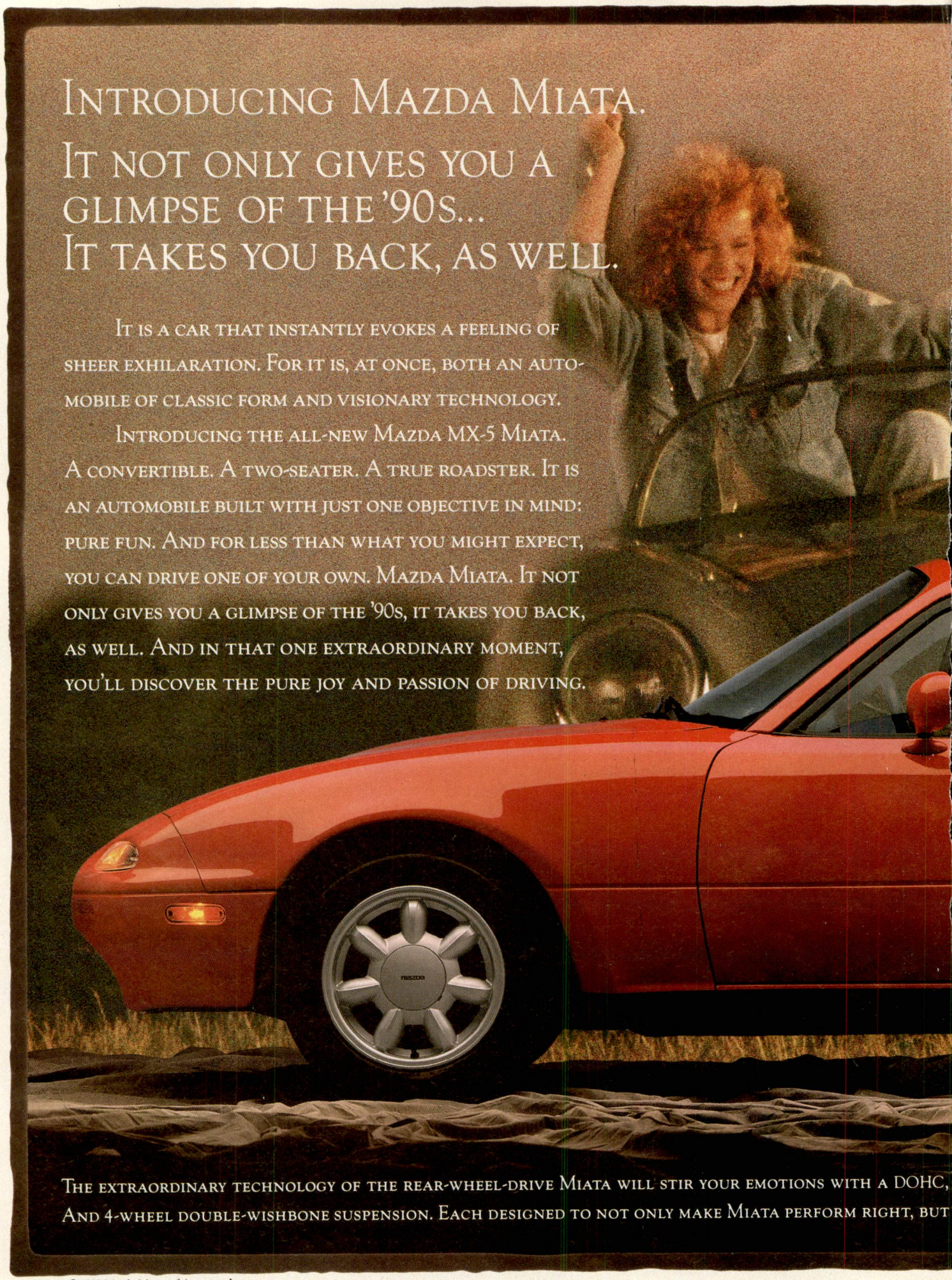

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BURMA

A Country Under the Boot

One year after explosive riots, the regime cracks down on pro-democracy activists

May I at all times be free
Of the four nether realms
The three scoundrels
The eight inauspicious locations
And the five enemies . . .

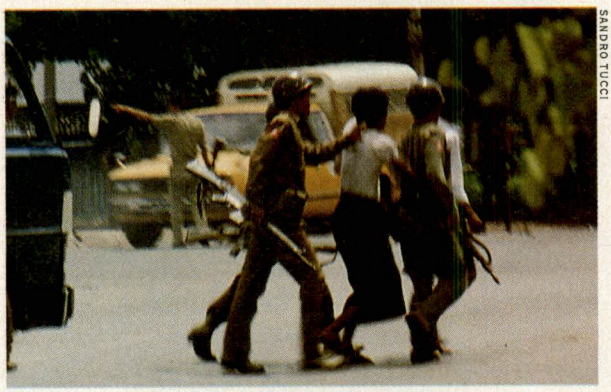
In Burma's myriad pagodas, those words from the Buddhist Okasa prayer are often on the lips of worshipers these days. They are an incantation against the five enemies—water, fire, robbers, people who wish evil on others, and rulers. Down through the centuries, it is the last category that has been most feared. But rarely in living memory have the Burmese so urgently believed they needed protection from their rulers.

The despondency has grown out of 27 years of one-man misrule. Under the authoritarian leadership of General Ne Win and his military cohorts, the country has been beggared and its people forced into silence. Last week, the first anniversary of explosive antigovernment riots, Burmese were suffering through a renewed campaign of repression. For the ruling junta, which has changed the nation's name to Myanmar to reflect the country's ethnic diversity, the main target is the National League for Democracy, the first organized, broad-based movement dedicated to democratic reform since Ne Win came to power in a 1962 military coup. In recent weeks, hundreds in the N.L.D.'s upper echelons have been jailed. Its leader, Aung San Suu Kyi, is under house arrest, where she began a hunger strike on July 20 that reportedly ended just last week.

VITOON—AFP

AP

Ne Win pulls the strings . . . **. . . that move Saw Maung**



SANDRO TUCCI

Burmese troops arrest a student at an N.L.D. rally

As the arrests have increased, so have reports of torture.

She is an improbable liberator for backward Burma, though perhaps born to the task. Her father was the national hero General Aung San, who led the struggle for independence from Britain only to be assassinated by a rival in July 1947, a mere six months before colonial rule ended. Until just over a year ago, Suu Kyi lived in England with her British husband Michael Aris and her two sons. Her return to Burma in April 1988 was a matter of happenstance: she came home to nurse her mother, who died last January. But the explosive antigovernment protests that gripped Burma swept Suu Kyi, 44, into her nation's turmoil, from which she emerged as a clear, determined voice of opposition. Says a Rangoon lawyer: "She is the only person in our politics who is stainless."

Her rise has been astonishing. As the daughter of Aung San, she was met with great deference, but her courage, bearing and oratory enabled her to build a following. The N.L.D., which she helped found last year, has grown to some 2 million dues-paying members in a country of 40 million people. During electrifying tours of the countryside, she disregarded the army guns that menaced her and her followers. And she has routinely flouted martial-law regulations prohibiting gatherings of more than five people. At one rally in Rangoon, soldiers aimed automatic weapons at the crowd that gathered to listen to her. "We are grateful to those who are giving the people practice in being brave," she snapped. While an officer recited over a loudspeaker the law prohibiting gatherings, Suu Kyi used her own microphone to confront the intruders: "May I request that the loudspeakers be quiet. I can control this crowd. You don't have to."

Suu Kyi's self-possession and determination have prompted obvious comparisons with Philippine President Corazon Aquino and Pakistani Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto. But in Burma the obstacles to reaching power are, in Suu Kyi's words, "much worse, much tougher." She did not inherit a large political organization or support network, as Aquino and Bhutto did. Nor has Burma, a hermit nation since 1962, been susceptible to the kind of international pressure that helped force Ferdinand Marcos out and ensured a fair election for Bhutto. No large business class or organized church exists to throw its heft behind one politician, only a military establishment set against the entire society. Says a Western diplomat of the officers who run the nation: "These are crude, uneducated, narrow-minded people. They don't understand what democratic politics is all about or what drives a modern economy."

It is by no means clear that Suu Kyi understands what drives a modern economy either. She seems to have given relatively little thought to the kinds of economic issues that would immediately confront her should she find herself in power. Her views on trade and foreign investment remain vague. Instead she has concentrated on a simple credo: to restore democracy to Burma and bring "freedom from fear" to its people.

Burma's current unrest has left thousands dead—no precise count is available—since September 1987. It was then that the regime sought to curb inflation by striking at an immense black market. Without warning, the government declared that all 25-, 35- and 75-kyat bank notes were invalid. (A dollar then bought 6.6 kyats at the official rate and as many as 80 kyats on the black market.) The decree eliminated 60% of the currency and with it the savings of rich and poor alike.

In a country that has seen its per capita income sink from $670 in 1960 to $200 today, the move was incendiary. Unrest simmered for months, then exploded last August. Ne Win had officially left office in July, but continuous riots brought down two heads of state before a junta of 19 offi-

cers that called itself the State Law and Order Restoration Council took control in September. The chief of staff, General Saw Maung, assumed the presidency. But student protests went on, and only the council's pledge to hand over power after free multiparty elections quelled the unrest.

After making that promise, however, the government for a long time balked at setting a date for the balloting, and many doubt that it will occur by May 1990, as promised by the junta. If the election were held today, the Burmese believe the N.L.D. would capture 75% to 80% of the vote. But the current regime has shown little inclination to allow genuinely reformist parties to exist, much less hold power. Consequently, the likely rules of the contest would prohibit the N.L.D. from taking part. That would probably tip victory to opportunistic parties eager to do the military's bidding. Says a European diplomat: "All the obedient little parties will go along. You'll end up with a gang of puppets willing to jump when the military pulls the strings."

"The people of Burma really want freedom. First of all, they want freedom from fear."

While many believe the promised election has become one of the grand fictions of Burmese life, Suu Kyi refuses to release the military from its commitment. The latest round of repression came in response to her decision to attack Burma's other grand fiction: the official retirement of Ne Win. General Saw Maung, like both his short-lived predecessors, claims that Ne Win, 78, is no longer involved in politics. But the populace and the diplomatic community are convinced that the old strongman still pulls the strings. Before she was put under house arrest, Suu Kyi told TIME, "We decided, Enough of the shadowboxing; let's get at the real enemy."

Her boldness reached a peak at the end of June, when she appealed to the military to overthrow the widely feared strongman. "Ne Win is the one who caused this nation to suffer for 26 years," she said. "Officials from the armed forces and officials from the State Law and Order Restoration Council, I call you all to be loyal to the state. Be loyal to the people. You don't have to be loyal to Ne Win."

In the following weeks, the regime stepped up harassment of the N.L.D. On July 20, Suu Kyi was arrested in Rangoon with 42 other top N.L.D. leaders. The organization's offices all over Burma were ransacked and files were seized. Reports of torture by troops grew more frequent, and arrests mounted. The N.L.D. estimates that 2,000 activists have been taken into detention. The army has launched a campaign of intimidation throughout the countryside. Said an underground activist in Taungyii: "Outside Rangoon, it's just naked military power. The soldiers can do what they like."

Not only is the country's political situation bleak, but its economy is also near failure. The Burmese Way to Socialism, Ne Win's odd amalgam of Buddhism, socialism and isolationism, proved a road to ruin. When Saw Maung took power, he declared that the economy would be opened up, but central planning and widespread corruption still discourage improvement. With foreign debt at a mountainous $3.8 billion, 75% of all foreign-exchange earnings are needed to service the loans.

The numbers merely quantify the depth of the despair and poverty that grip the nation. In conversations with TIME during four weeks of recent travel in Burma, merchants, monks, farmers, students, bureaucrats, police and political activists confirmed not only growing fear of the junta but desperation about the deterioration of daily life. Buildings seem to crumble before one's eyes. Most homes are bamboo huts; electricity is a rarity. Agriculture is a primitive matter of human hands and muscle. Burma was long a bountiful land, but faith in the kyat has sunk so low that rice traders are turning to export instead of domestic markets. Shortfalls are already being felt in some regions, and a nationwide man-made famine is not inconceivable.

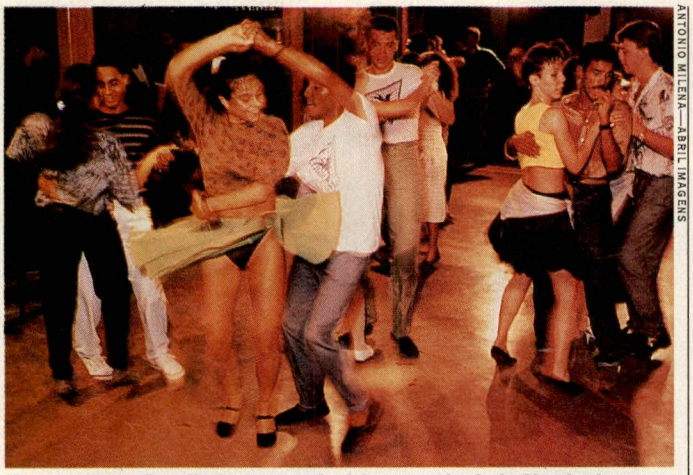
Economically and politically, the hand of Ne Win continues to blight Burma. But a strong appetite exists for change, for democratic institutions and a free market—even if the means of bringing it about appear remote. Some believe recovery will come only with the death of Ne Win, who reportedly still plays tennis at his lakeside villa in suburban Rangoon. Others feel that that is only half the equation: Burma's best hope, they suggest, languishes under house arrest in Rangoon. —*By Daniel Benjamin. Reported by Ross H. Munro/Rangoon*

SANDRO TUCCI

Dauntless dissident: "She is the only person in our politics who is stainless"

In a year, Suu Kyi rose from obscurity to challenge an intransigent regime.

World Notes



ANTONIO MILENA—ABRIL IMAGENS

Hot stuff from Brazil: the sexy swivel, bump and grind of lambada

FRANCE

Dirty Dancing, *Ma Chérie*?

"After the new chastity, it's a return to sin," proclaimed the French weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*. It is the lambada, a sensuous dance that sets the pelvis-to-pelvis physicality of *Dirty Dancing* to a steamy Brazilian beat. Spawned on the northeast coast of Brazil, the lambada has swept through France this summer. A soda commercial showing young bodies entwined in a lambada frenzy was an instant hit, and *Lambada*, a song that served as the ad's sound track, has sold more than 1 million copies.

The lambada is especially hot along the Côte d'Azur, where touring Brazilian dancers are showing French vacationers how to thrust their stuff. But is the lambada just this summer's hype? "It will become a classic," declares singer Loalwa Braz. "And it will be even more agreeable to dance in the winter. It's a way to keep warm." ■

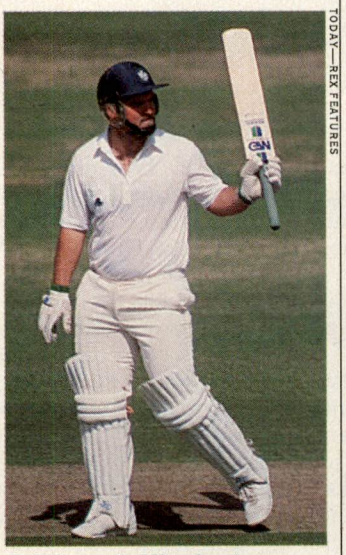
BRITAIN

Cricket by Checkbook

Sports-mad South Africans have been desperate for world-class competition since international sporting bodies began banning them 25 years ago and vowed not to readmit them until apartheid was abolished. With the news two weeks ago that a "rebel" English cricket team would play two tours in South Africa, most of the country's whites rejoiced.

Elsewhere, the reaction was outrage. Britain's anti-apartheid movement demanded that the rebel players be banned forever. Sports Minister Colin Moynihan advised them not to go, and Tanzanian Foreign Minister Benjamin Mkapa warned that African nations might boycott the 1990 Commonwealth Games.

Under heavy pressure, the two black members of the 16-man squad pulled out. The others, led by captain Mike Gatting, seem intent on going, no doubt spurred by fees of up to $160,000 reportedly offered by the South African Cricket Union. ■



TODAY—REX FEATURES

Rebel captain Mike Gatting

JAPAN

Kaifu's Surprises

Who says Japan is dominated by male shogunists? Not, apparently, the new Prime Minister, Toshiki Kaifu. Last week, in a move to improve the scandal-ridden image of his Liberal Democratic Party, Kaifu appointed two women to his 21-member Cabinet. Sumiko Takahara, 56, a writer on economic affairs, became Economic Planning Agency director, and former Labor Ministry bureaucrat Mayumi Moriyama, 61, was named to head the Environment Agency.

In a country where only three females have ever held Cabinet posts, the appointments seemed a welcome change. But the L.D.P. still has a way to go in reforming itself. Kaifu, 58, attained his office by deal-making with ousted leaders Noboru Takeshita and Shintaro Abe; in return for their help, Kaifu awarded their factions powerful Cabinet positions. And Kaifu was already bedeviled by unfounded rumors of sexual misconduct. ■

NEW ZEALAND

A Fretful Farewell

The Prime Minister's quandary was the stuff of high political drama: Would David Lange swallow his pride and give a Cabinet portfolio to his onetime friend turned archrival Roger Douglas, as his ruling Labour Party demanded? Lange's answer last week stunned the nation. "I intend to step down," said Lange, who cited his health as the reason for his resignation. But most political observers believe Lange quit rather than work with a man he had forced out of the Cabinet only last December for pushing economic reforms too far. Ironically, both will serve in the government of the new Prime Minister, Geoffrey Palmer, where Lange has accepted the post of Attorney General.

Lange will be best remembered in the U.S. for his government's decision to ban nuclear-armed or -powered ships from New Zealand's harbors, a move that caused a major rift with Washington and led to the suspension of New Zealand from the ANZUS alliance. That rupture seems unlikely to close soon. Palmer said he plans no changes in domestic or international policy. ■

ROB TUCKER

Old and new Prime Ministers

SOVIET UNION

Hard Cash for Hard Times

Never mind country dachas or four-door Ladas. Soviet authorities figure the best incentive for greater agricultural yields is U.S. dollars or British pounds or German marks. Under an experimental program announced last week, the government will pay foreign cash to growers on state-run farms for excess harvests of wheat and other crops. The hard cash will enable farmers to purchase goods that no amount of rubles can buy, such as sophisticated farm equipment—or videotape recorders.

Loosening restrictions on Soviet citizens' access to foreign currencies is not just another *glasnost* gambit. If the Soviet Union hopes to feed itself, it must find ways of getting its moribund farming sector to perform better. Notes a senior Western diplomat: "If they could import goods from a Sears catalog, that might be a pretty good incentive." ■

NOW THE BIGGEST SAVINGS IN HISTORY ON THESE NEW '89 MODELS.

DOUBLE CASH BACK

Dodge Omni America

$750 CASH BACK or 2.9%* APR FINANCING
+750
+120 On Automatic Transmission Discount Package (ALD)†

$1620 TOTAL SAVINGS

Plymouth Horizon America

$750 CASH BACK or 2.9%* APR FINANCING
+750
+120 On Automatic Transmission Discount Package (ALD)†

$1620 TOTAL SAVINGS

Dodge Shadow ES

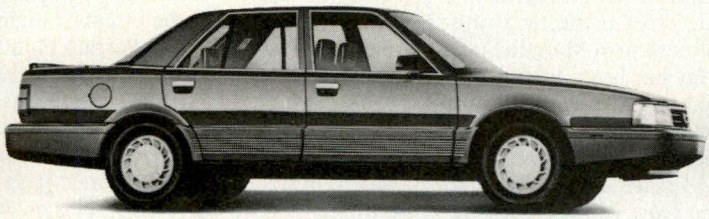
$750 CASH BACK or 2.9%* APR FINANCING
+750
+700 On Dodge "ES" Discount Package (AGN)†

$2200 TOTAL SAVINGS

Plymouth Sundance RS

$750 CASH BACK or 2.9%* APR FINANCING
+750
+400 On Rally Sport Discount Package (AGH)†

$1900 TOTAL SAVINGS



Eagle Premier ES

$1000 CASH BACK or 0%* APR FINANCING
+1000
+ 470 On Luxury Option Group (AFF)†

$2470 TOTAL SAVINGS

Eagle Summit DL

$500 CASH BACK or 2.9%* APR FINANCING
+500

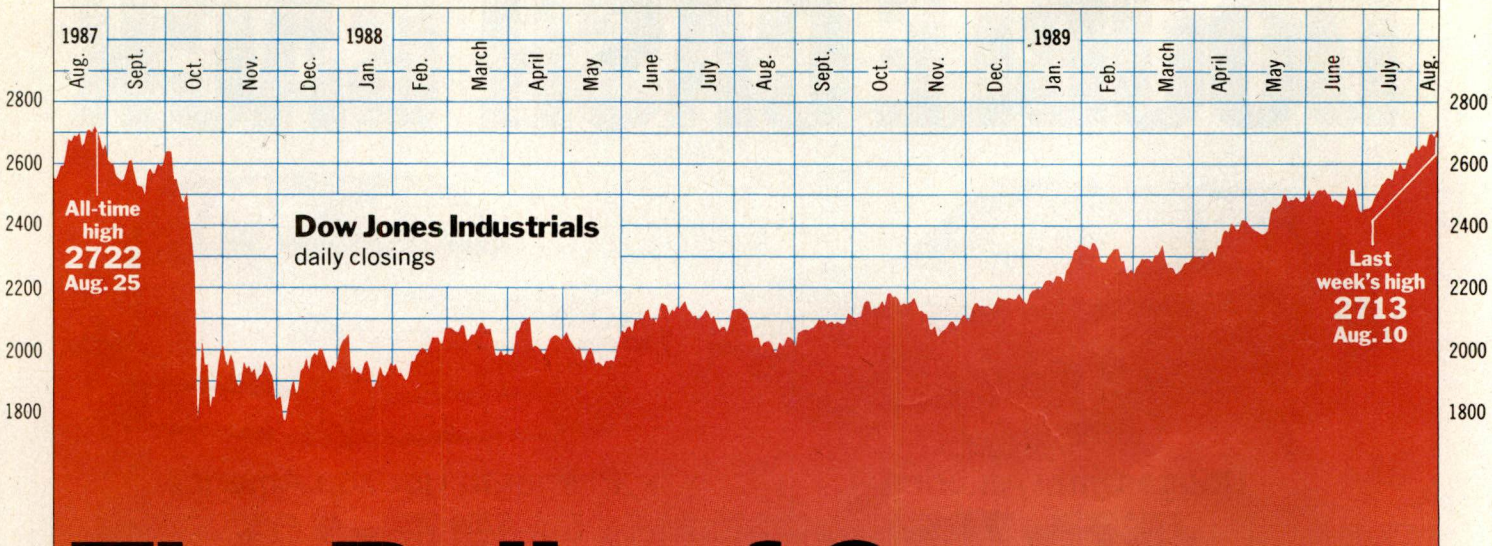
$1000 TOTAL SAVINGS

CHRYSLER Plymouth | Dodge Dodge Trucks | Jeep® Eagle

Plus the longest powertrain protection in the industry.

7/70**

*On new dealer stock. Short-term A.P.R. financing is for qualified buyers through Chrysler Credit. Longer-term rates available. **Protects engine, powertrain and against outer body rust-through. See limited warranty and its restriction at dealer. †Equipment package savings based on sticker price of options if purchased separately. 2,255 vehicles equipped with (AGN) and 3,289 vehicles equipped with (AGH) discount packages, nationwide.



The Bulls of Summer

Stock exchanges around the world are setting new records, despite fears that another free fall could occur if the U.S. economy goes into a slump

BY FREDERICK UNGEHEUER

Some Wall Streeters are experiencing acrophobia. Others talk of vertigo. Whatever the buzz word, the feeling is the same: stock speculators have suddenly become woozy about the market's new heights. After a 230-point rise in 1988, the Dow Jones industrial average has zoomed more than 500 points this year, 200 just since the beginning of July. "I've been on this trading floor for 39 years, and I've never seen a market go up so fast for so long without a major break," said Donald Stone, a specialist in consumer stocks on the New York Stock Exchange.

Propelled by good economic news, the Dow pushed ahead an additional 30 points last week in volatile trading, despite heavy profit taking in the final hours Friday. The Government announced that wholesale prices in July fell 0.4%, their biggest monthly drop in three years, which signaled that inflation is ebbing. During the same month, retail sales rose 0.9%, a surge that reassured investors that the economy has not stagnated. Before closing at 2683.99 for the week, the closely watched index briefly topped the all-time record of 2722.42 it set on Aug. 25, 1987. That was the heady peak from which the Dow began its steepest slide in history, culminating in the 508-point crash on Oct. 19.

Now that the Dow has made a nearly 1,000-point recovery in just under two years, Wall Streeters are asking, Can it happen again? Is this boom any different from the last one? "Stock prices have been climbing a wall of worry," says Robert Farrell, the chief market analyst at Merrill Lynch, who sees "a significant correction on the horizon."

In their long stampede, the bulls have managed at least temporarily to overcome their fears about the U.S. budget and trade deficits. Despite a dramatic slowdown in growth, they have been looking on the economy's bright side. "Investors now believe the Federal Reserve Board can deliver a 'soft landing' of subdued inflation by year-end, without a recession," says Byron Wien, chief domestic strategist for the investment firm Morgan Stanley, who since May has been predicting a new all-time high on the Dow. Elaine Garzarelli, a portfolio manager at Shearson Lehman Hutton, who was one of the few forecasters to warn of the crash in 1987, believes the Dow will top 3000 before the end of the year.

The Dow, in fact, has been at the back of the thundering herd of market indexes, partly because it is made up of blue-chip issues favored by relatively conservative investors. Broader market indexes including Standard & Poor's 500 and the Wilshire 5,000 had already reached all-time record levels by early August. Says Justin Mamis, chief strategist for the investment firm Cowen & Co.: "All the Dow can do now is put the lipstick on." The allure of stocks is broadening rapidly as more and more investors join the stampede, which is demonstrated by the big increase in the market's volume. The average daily number of shares traded on the N.Y.S.E. was about 200 million last week, in contrast to a daily average of less than 170 million so far this year. "In August, when many traders are away, this is very unusual," notes Shearson technical analyst Philip Roth.

True-believing bulls think the market rally is based on sound fundamentals, not just glamour and giddiness. Says Martin Zweig, a stock guru who turned bearish just before the 1987 crash: "I'm moderately bullish now. It's a different market." During the fall of 1987, Wall Street faced a sudden array of outside threats, ranging from potential war in the Persian Gulf to congressional attacks on takeover activity. Another catalyst of 1987's slide was a rise in interest rates, which threatened economic growth and siphoned money away from stocks and into interest-paying investments. Two years ago, yields on 30-year Treasury bonds were heading toward 10%; last week they stood around 8% after dropping all year.

Above all, the euphoria of the '87 rally pushed it to extreme heights in relation to the basic measure of stock value: corporate profits. Since the crash, the income of stock-issuing companies has risen 40%, giving them a much larger ratio of earnings per share. At the Dow's current level, its stocks are selling at 13 times their annual earnings, vs. 21 two years ago.

The Dow is getting another boost from the strengthening dollar, which has made U.S. stocks attractive to foreigners.

TIME CHART BY JOE LERTOLA

JOHN A. GIORDANO—SABA PRESS

Even with many investors vacationing in the sun, fevered trading on the New York Stock Exchange pushed the Dow up 30 points last week

Reason: overseas investors are getting a double dose of appreciation, since both the rally and the rising dollar are driving up the value of their holdings. At the beginning of summer, major Japanese brokerage houses including Nomura and Daiwa stopped shunning U.S. stocks and began buying in earnest. "During the past three months, Japanese investors have bought $7 billion worth," estimates Seiyun Nakao, co-director of Nomura Research in Manhattan. Almost every day last week Nomura alone bought 1.5 million shares of U.S. blue chips.

The prices of U.S. stocks now seem quite reasonable compared with issues on the inflated Tokyo exchange, where shares are selling at six times the Dow's ratio of price to earnings. Even so, Japan can well afford its buying binge at home and abroad. The country is awash in more than $1 billion of fresh savings every day, which keeps the Tokyo market index near the all-time high it achieved late last month. "In this kind of liquidity, I think it's crazy to be scared of another crash," said Noboru Terashima, a senior analyst for Shearson in Tokyo.

London, the world's third largest stock market, is still lagging behind Tokyo and New York, despite a 28% gain for the year on the 100-stock Financial Times index, better known as Footsie. Closing last week at 2354, the London index remains well below the record of 2443 it reached three months before the October crash. Since the crash, says Charles Larkum, a senior strategist at the James Capel investment house, "every morning London looks at where Wall Street closed before it decides what it's doing. Both markets waited through much of '88 to see when Armageddon was coming, and when it wasn't, they decided they had a bit of catching up to do." One reason London is taking its lead from Wall Street is that, because of British corporate acquisitions, more than 20% of the profits of London's 100 bellwether companies are earned in North America.

But even as investors take comfort in sound fundamentals, they look with alarm at the return of the greedy speculation and electronic sorcery that are blamed for the crash. The market has reacted with near hysteria to the possibility of takeovers, first in the communications industry in response to the Time-Warner deal and now in the airline business in the wake of bids for the companies that own Northwest and United Airlines. The takeover-stock mania has coincided with the return of program trading, a system in which brokerage houses use computers to buy and sell giant blocks of stock to reap quick profits from disparities in price between the equities and futures markets. Restrictions on program trading were imposed after the crash to limit the market's volatility, but have since been removed.

WALL STREET STYLE, THEN AND NOW

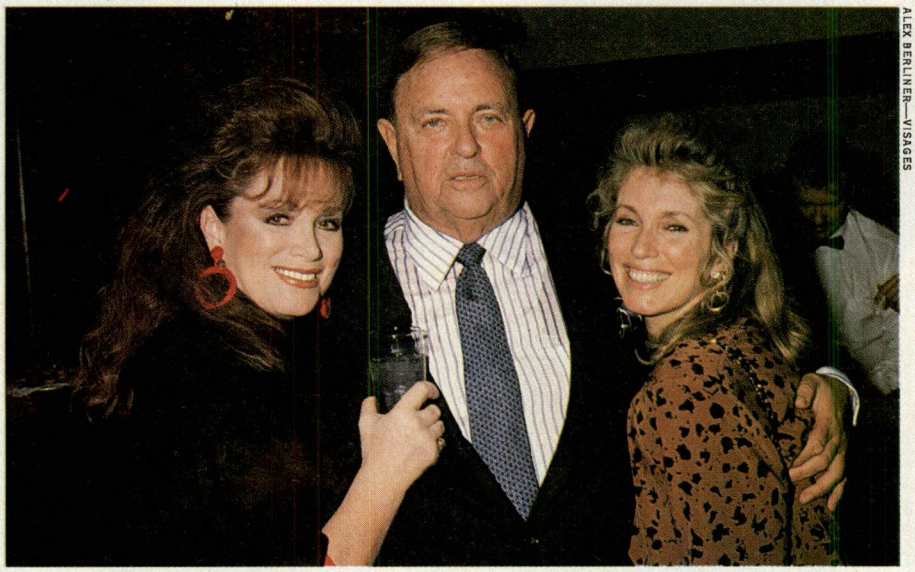
	1987	1989
Prestige job	Arbitrager	Mergermaker
Power-tie color	Yellow	Maroon
Market indicator	Hemlines	Cost of living
Lunch spot	"21" Club	Corporate cafeteria
Transport mode	Porsche	Minivan
Top guru	Robert Prechter, Elliot Wave theorist	Robert Farrell, Merrill Lynch strategist
Means of support	Suspenders	Belt
Stimulant	Cocaine	Simpatico beer
Favorite toy	Powerboat	Multidisc CD player
Trendy investment	Manhattan condo	Baby stroller
Exercise	Running	Walking
Leisure activity	Squash	Miniature golf

Another reason for nervousness right now is the too-good-to-last superstition. "This could be the eighth up year in a row," says Morgan Stanley's Byron Wien. "That's never happened in this century." During this bull cycle, U.S. stocks have produced a compounded 17% annual return, almost twice their historic 9% average. Even during the crash year of 1987, the Dow managed to rise 3%.

Some analysts are encouraged that investors have been going back into the market slowly and cautiously, in comparison with the mob scene in mid-1987, which made everyone skittish and panic-prone. That is not the mood this time around—at least, not yet—and markets rarely hit their peak until all types of stocks are overbought, professionals become exuberant, and even small investors are snapping up stocks with abandon. Peter Lynch, manager of Fidelity's $11.5 billion Magellan mutual fund, recalls that "in the summer of 1987, torrents of cash were coming at us out of money-market funds." There is only a dribble this year.

So far, most of the stock buying has been done by corporations through stock-repurchase programs, mergers, leveraged buyouts or employee-stock-ownership plans. All told, such buybacks have reduced the supply of shares on the market by a record $94 billion during the first half of the year, or nearly 4% of all outstanding stock. The buyout of RJR Nabisco alone took $25 billion worth of stock off the market, while the acquisition of Warner Communications by Time Inc. will reduce supply by another $14 billion.

The shrinkage of available stock has helped increase the value of all shares, since equities are becoming a little bit like land, which Will Rogers once said was his favorite investment "because they ain't making it anymore." But at current stock prices, a whiff of recession or a flare-up of inflation and interest rates could make stocks about as popular as beachfront property in hurricane season. — ***With reporting by Peter Shaw/London and Norihiko Shirouzu/Tokyo***



ALEX BERLINER—VISAGES

The big guy at his Carnegie Deli opening, with Joan Collins and Joanna Poitier (wife of Sidney)

He's Hungry to Buy an Airline

High-roller Marvin Davis mounts a $5.4 billion bid for United

Other than luck, what an oilman needs most is persistence. Marvin Davis has plenty of both. The bulky son of a dress manufacturer from Newark, Davis made his first billion dollars in less than 20 years as a Denver-based wildcatter with a salesman's knack for raising capital and a blessed instinct for drilling gushers. Now, amid the takeover frenzy gripping the airline industry, Davis has set his cap for a giant carrier.

Only two months after Northwest Airlines rebuffed his $2.6 billion bid, Davis has bounced back with an even grander scheme. Last week he offered to pay $5.4 billion, or $240 a share, for UAL, the parent company of United Airlines, the second largest U.S. carrier. UAL's board said it would consider the offer, and sent emissaries to meet with Davis' advisers. Meanwhile, UAL shares rocketed from 164½ to 257 in just four days. Wall Streeters believe that the price could top $300 if other buyers bid.

Either way, Davis is likely to score big, which is his habit. He used his oil profits in 1981 to buy 20th Century Fox, then sold it to Rupert Murdoch four years later for an estimated profit of $325 million. Davis picked up another $50 million by buying the Beverly Hills Hotel from the family of insider trader Ivan Boesky in 1986, then turning around and selling it to the Sultan of Brunei. Even Davis' "dry hole" takeover attempts often pay off. While Los Angeles investor Alfred Checchi won Northwest with a $4 billion bid, for example, Davis pocketed an estimated $30 million by selling his shares after the price ran up.

Colleagues have described Davis, 63, as a "killer" in business, an intimidating dealmaker whose 6-ft. 4-in. height and 280-lb. heft amplify his forceful nature. At the same time, he is a gregarious socialite who counts among his close friends Gregory Peck, Don Rickles, Henry Kissinger and former President Gerald Ford. Like many pals, Ford has invested in Davis' oil deals over the years. Says Ford: "You look at Marvin, and he looks like a tough, mean guy—and he is a tough businessman. But on a personal side, he's a warm person, a nice guy to be with."

Davis has contributed millions of dollars to medical research. From 1978 to 1985, he and his wife Barbara were the hosts of Denver's annual Carousel Ball, a glittering, star-studded bash devoted to fund raising for diabetes research. (One of Davis' three daughters suffers from the disease.) Since moving to Beverly Hills in 1985, Davis has supported a string of California medical-research centers.

Davis' sons John, 35, and Gregg, 26, are his business partners. John says his father taught him to do his homework, then "trust your gut." Sometimes the big man means it literally. When Davis spotted a good investment in the Carnegie Deli, the venerable Manhattan restaurant featured in Woody Allen's *Broadway Danny Rose,* the financier struck a deal to open a Hollywood branch. The glitzy grand-opening party last month featured a 3-ft. plastic matzo ball being lowered into a vat of simulated chicken soup. Best of all, Davis can now order his favorite pastrami sandwiches at poolside.

If another bid for United emerges, stock speculators wonder, will Davis raise the ante or once again take his stock profits and move on (he is believed to hold a 3.5% stake in the company)? Back at Horace Mann High School in the Bronx, Davis' classmates said the pugnacious youth could—and would—argue any side of an issue. Even now he may be mulling his next daring move over a nice hot pastrami sandwich in Beverly Hills. —***By Janice Castro. Reported by Dan Cray/Los Angeles and Gavin Scott/Chicago***

Can't Afford to Get Sick

In the phone strike, health care is a bitter new issue

The strike was widespread and militant from the start. In Boston, 14 striking New England Telephone workers were arrested for blocking the company's repair trucks. Customers in New York, New Jersey and California lost service when phone lines were sabotaged. In Van Nuys, Calif., two striking Pacific Bell employees suffered injuries when they were bumped by cars crossing the picket lines. The drivers "got angry because we called them scabs," claimed Marisa Rotondi, a shop steward for the local union. "Things are starting to get pretty bad out here."

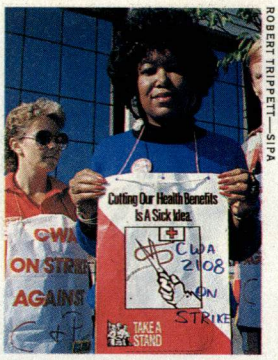
Nearly 160,000 telephone operators, installers and repair workers in 15 states launched strikes last week against three regional U.S. telephone companies: Bell Atlantic, NYNEX and Pacific Telesis. While direct-dial calls in the affected regions were handled smoothly by automatic switching equipment, customers encountered delays in getting directory assistance, repair service and phone installation.

The two striking unions, the Communications Workers of America and the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, are taking a tough stand on what has become an emotional and high-stakes labor issue: medical benefits. In an era of rising health-care costs, companies are trying to shift more of the burden to employees. Workers, on the other hand, look upon their medical benefits as hard-won rights that have become essential to maintaining their standard of living. Declared picket signs last week: CUTTING OUR HEALTH BENEFITS IS SICK.

While wages have increased at an annual rate of 3.3% since 1983, corporations have seen their health-care premiums jump 10% to 15% annually, to a current average of some $3,100 a worker. Economists expect that total U.S. health-care spending will exceed $600 billion this year, nearly 12% of the U.S. gross national product, up from 9.1% in 1980.

Many employers have tried to attack the problem from two angles. Hoping to get better prices for service, companies have negotiated favorable rates for their employees at certain hospitals and health-maintenance organizations. To reduce outlays further, more than 70% of companies require employees to pay at least some of the costs of insuring themselves and their families; only 51% did so in 1984. Negotiators for Bell Atlantic want the company's employees, who currently pay a $150 deductible for nonhospital medical care, to take on a $150 deductible for hospitalization and an additional $200 deductible for any treatment outside a prescribed network of doctors and hospitals. "The whole idea is to make consumers thoughtful buyers and to stop rising health-care costs by asking them to put something at stake," says Bell Atlantic spokesman Kenneth Pitt.

The problem with that approach, some health-care experts say, is that employees have even less control over medical costs than do corporations. "What can an ordinary phoneworker do about the prices that hospitals and physicians charge?" asks Dale Hiestand, professor of corporate relations at the Columbia University School of Business. A better solution, union leaders argue, is to work harder to keep costs down. They point to a program at BellSouth in which managers and employees have joined forces to cut costs, enabling the Atlanta-based company to keep its generous health-care coverage intact.



ROBERT TRIPPETT—SIPA

Taking a stand in Maryland

For long-term help, corporate America and organized labor are increasingly looking to a third party: the Federal Government. Several business and labor leaders are pushing for some type of national health plan in which everyone would automatically be insured. While a big-picture solution is still hazy, the problem is now in sharp focus: a debilitating financial drain on American workers, companies and the U.S. economy as a whole. ***—By Christine Gorman. Reported by Mike Cannell/New York, with other bureaus***

ELISE AMENDOLA—AP

A Trump 727 skinned its nose on a Boston runway when the front landing gear failed to drop

Needs Work

Too few jet mechanics, too many breakdowns

Are commercial airliners being maintained properly? A barrage of questions about passenger-jet safety were raised last week in the midst of the busy summer travel season. The Air Transport Association, an industry trade group, reported that U.S. carriers are facing a serious shortage of mechanics even as demand for them is growing. Meanwhile, as if to point up the understaffing in the hangars, several airlines were forced to abort flights because of mechanical problems:

▸ The most frightening accident of the week was reminiscent of the July 19 crash of a United Airlines DC-10 in Sioux City, Iowa, caused when the rear engine exploded, cutting the plane's hydraulic flight controls. On Wednesday the rear engine shattered on a Northwest DC-10 headed for Minneapolis, blasting holes in the engine housing. The plane landed safely in Denver. In the first mishap, the engine was a General Electric model, in the second, a Pratt & Whitney; no cause has been determined for either explosion.

▸ Another Northwest DC-10 turned back to Detroit immediately after takeoff because the flap controls were not working properly. By week's end many anxious travelers were avoiding bookings on DC-10s. Addressing the fears, Federal Aviation Administrator James Busey maintained that there is no evidence that DC-10s are less safe than other airliners.

▸ Other jets came in for their share of problems. A Trump Shuttle 727 skidded to a stop in a shower of sparks at Boston's Logan Airport after its nose gear failed to drop for landing. An American Airlines 767 flying from Phoenix to Chicago landed in Albuquerque after a valve burst in its hydraulic system.

No one was injured in last week's incidents, but the mechanical glitches renewed concern about whether maintenance crews that are stretched thin can maintain an adequate margin of safety. Not only do federal rules require modifications on thousands of older jets but the airlines are expanding their fleets with new, technically complicated planes. The ATA report, based on a survey of 21 major airlines, found that carriers have been unable to find mechanics for 4,000 vacancies out of a total of 69,000 positions. More troubling, the number of applicants for mechanic's positions is declining. ■

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Money Angles

Andrew Tobias

How My Pal Joey Got Even

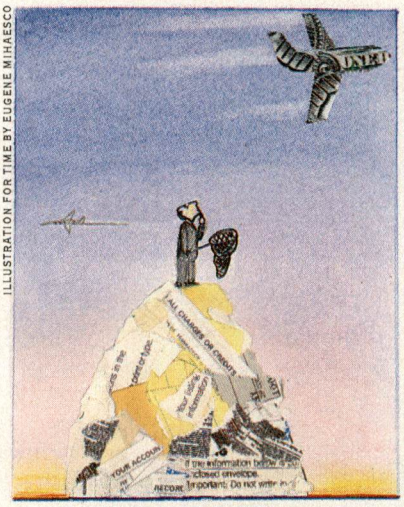


ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY EUGENE MIHAESCO

It is a busy time for justice. Chicago commodity traders indicted for cheating the public . . . Leona Helmsley facing 20 years in a Holiday Inn (the logical sentence) if convicted of tax fraud—it's hard not to be interested in these cases, but equally hard to have any impact on their outcome. How refreshing, then, to hear of a case, however small, in which one of us—specifically, my pal Joey—gets to be judge and jury. This is the story of Joey's revenge. It could save you a few bucks, or perhaps even earn you a first-class upgrade.

The crime, as Joey sees it, is the way some banks try to trick their customers. "Look at this!" he'll occasionally shout at me over the phone, as if I could see the checks he's waving. "They look just like regular checks! They've got my name and address preprinted on them, and my account number in magnetic ink at the bottom!" "So?" I ask.

"So—but they come from the bank that issues my credit card, and it's my *credit card* account number at the bottom of the check!" "So?" I ask.

"So—well they give you this big friendly pitch about how you can use the checks for anything, like to pay the electrician or to pay tuition!" *"So?"* I ask. (I too think these checks are a minor scandal, but I like to hear Joey get worked up.)

"So what they don't tell you in their letter, or they tell you only in fine print someplace, is that from the minute you use one of these checks they start charging you 19.8% interest." "Yes?" I ask.

"And not just on the check you wrote, on the rest of your charges too."

Some banks, Joey thinks, use these checks as a way to trick thrifty cardholders, who normally pay their bills in full and accrue no interest charges, into starting the meter running.

"Joey, every time you get checks like these you call me. This is an old story."

"Ah," he said in a hushed, conspiratorial tone. "But this time I got them back."

It seems this particular set of checks came from Joey's Pan Am–affiliated MasterCard. It's one of the many airline-affiliated Visas or MasterCards that give you a frequent-flyer mile free for every dollar you charge, even if you pay your balance in full within the grace period. To a frequent-flyer junkie, these cards are irresistible.

"First," said Joey, "I called to be sure I'd really get frequent-flyer mileage if I used these checks. [Usually with the checks you don't.] They said yes. Then I made sure my account balance was zero: I paid all my outstanding charges and quit using the card. [He switched to his United Airlines Visa.] Then I took one of the checks they sent me, made it out to myself for $10,000 and deposited it in my bank. So I was borrowing $10,000 from MasterCard. [He has a big credit line.] But at the same time, I sent MasterCard a *real* check for $10,000." A couple of days later, three things happened:

- MasterCard's computer started licking its chops when it saw Joey had used one of his checks to borrow $10,000.
- MasterCard's computer then saw the $10,000 payment, so MasterCard *couldn't* start charging him interest.
- MasterCard's computer awarded Joey 10,000 Pan Am frequent-flyer miles.

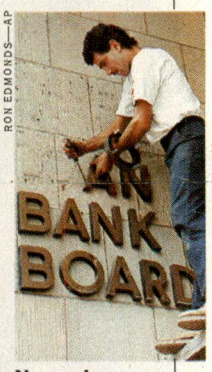
Cost to Joey: nothing. Cost to MasterCard: 10,000 frequent-flyer miles. (The bank that issues Joey's MasterCard pays Pan Am a penny or so for each mile awarded—about $100 in this case.) Lessons for us: Resist those tempting blank checks your credit-card company sometimes sends (unless you're really looking for a way to borrow money at 19.8%). Switch to a credit card that offers frequent-flyer miles. (If you're charging things, you might as well get a free trip once in a while.) Don't mess with my pal Joey. ■

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

The S & L bailout looks bold, but it hides the full costs

"With this bill's substantial funding, we will begin, here and now, to eliminate the ongoing losses of the insolvent firms . . . I'm proud to sign this monster." So said President Bush last week as he stamped into law his long-awaited and much debated savings-and-loan bailout bill. The legislation, which will rescue ailing thrifts at a cost estimated at $300 billion over the next 30 years, promises to transform the S & L business into a far smaller—and potentially stronger—industry. The law will also impose a sweeping reorganization on the Government's thrift regulators: the Federal Home Loan Bank Board, now independent, will become a Treasury Department agency called the Office of Thrift Supervision.

While the bailout has bold ambitions, its financing is based on a dismaying kind of budgetary sleight of hand that hides the real cost from taxpayers. Of the $50 billion that the Government will spend on the bailout in this fiscal year, $30 billion will be borrowed through bond sales and will be considered "off budget." It will not be counted as Government spending and will not exacerbate this year's federal deficit. The remaining $20 billion will be in the budget, but slipped in through a loophole in the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings law, so that the spending will not push the fiscal '89 deficit over the statutory limits and trigger automatic budget cuts. As a result, the '89 deficit will grow to about $168 billion, $30 billion over the target.



RON EDMONDS—AP

Name change

Congressional Democrats wanted to put the full $50 billion in the budget, but Republicans balked, accusing the Democrats of attempting to embarrass the Administration by overstating the bailout's immediate price tag. Putting $30 billion off budget, however, will increase the eventual cost of this year's bailout expenditures by an estimated $3 billion over the next three decades. That is because the off-budget money will have to be borrowed by the Resolution Funding Corporation, the Government agency responsible for restructuring the thrift industry, which will have to pay investors higher interest rates than the Treasury pays for on-budget borrowing. As a result, the S & L rescue's first installment is a case of bail now, pay later. ■

Business Notes

INVESTIGATIONS

Wringing Out a Money Laundry

Colombia's Banco de Occidente has no U.S. branches, but its Panamanian subsidiary did a booming underground business in America. The Panama bank is expected to plead guilty in Atlanta federal court this week to charges that it laundered hundreds of millions of dollars in drug profits for Colombia's Medellín cocaine cartel. The bank allegedly collected the illicit money in New York bank accounts, from which money was wired electronically to Europe and Latin America.

As part of the plea agreement, the Panamanian bank could pay a $5 million fine, giving up most of its $6.7 million net worth. The fine would be the largest U.S. penalty ever paid by a bank on money-laundering charges and would be the first time a foreign bank with no formal operations in the U.S. has been convicted of such violations. ■

INSECT REPELLENTS

Bugging Ticks For Profits

New health fears often bring windfall business, as the manufacturers of sun block and condoms can attest. This season the booming product is insect repellent. The near hysteria over tick-borne Lyme disease, along with a proliferation of other buzzing pests because of wet weather, has sent the sales of bug spray and lotion rising at double-digit rates.

Besides boosting products ranging from S.C. Johnson's best-selling OFF! to New Hampshire–made Ben's 100 lotion, the mania has also encouraged new entries. Florida-based Eclipse Laboratories seized upon the potential profits by introducing Tick Garde. The bug spray contains DEET, or diethylmetatoluamide, the same active ingredient found in many standard repellents, but the product's name appeals directly to the latest fears. The 6-oz. blue-and-white-colored cans cost $7.95, almost double the price of other sprays; yet in just a little over three months consumers have snapped up more than 500,000 of them. ■

NINA BARNETT

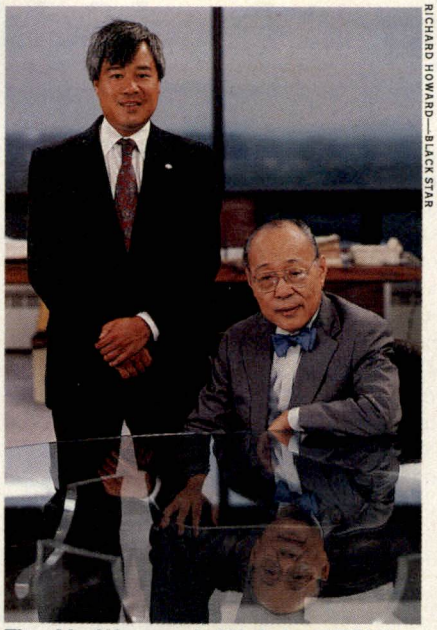
Protecting against bites with Tick Garde

BANKRUPTCY

More Than He Could Chew

B. Altman and Bonwit Teller are not the sort of stores that stiff their suppliers. But since the spring, several fashion houses have withheld shipments to the swank Manhattan department stores because of late payments. The stores have been caught in the enormous debt problems of their current owner, Australia's Hooker Corp., which is controlled by investor George Herscu. Last week Hooker's U.S. holding company sought protection from its creditors under Chapter 11 bankruptcy.

Herscu piled up debts of $1.4 billion building his trans-Pacific empire, then ran into trouble last year. Hooker, Australia's second largest home builder, has been hit by rising interest rates and sagging home sales in Australia, as well as lukewarm retail sales in the U.S. Herscu is now trying to sell off $750 million in assets, from Manhattan to Melbourne. Altman and Bonwit, meanwhile, are hoping to satisfy their creditors in time to sell some fall fashions. ■



RICHARD HOWARD—BLACK STAR

The elder Wang graded his heir at "75%"

COMPUTERS

The Son Also Sets

Sons of famous men often stumble when they try to follow in their father's footsteps. That fate has befallen Frederick Wang, 38, son of Wang Laboratories founder An Wang. The younger Wang, who took over as president of the troubled company nearly three years ago, gave up the job last week. He was apparently pushed out by his father, who retains the chairmanship and who told a reporter that he graded his son at "75%." A new president will be recruited from outside.

Frederick Wang's departure came a week after the firm reported a $424 million loss for the fiscal year ending in June. Wang Lab's woes stem from its failure to shift from minicomputers to industry-standard personal computers.

Even before last month, when the senior Wang underwent surgery for cancer of the esophagus, Wall Street suspected that the family-controlled company might be put up for sale. Now that Wang's heir apparent has stepped aside, that prospect seems even more likely. ■

CONSUMER PRODUCTS

Is It a Drug Or a Cereal?

Psyllium is not exactly a household staple, but the obscure grain has provoked a kitchen-table brawl between General Mills and Procter & Gamble. Psyllium contains soluble fiber, which has been shown to reduce cholesterol levels. The grain is an ingredient in Benefit, a new breakfast cereal General Mills introduced in May. Psyllium is also found in Metamucil, one of P&G's fiber laxatives. But while General Mills is allowed to advertise that Benefit helps to reduce cholesterol, P&G is forbidden to make the same claim for its laxative unless it can get FDA approval, which P&G has tried but failed to get so far.

P&G has urged the FDA to order the cereal off the market. But General Mills, which has limited Benefit's sales mostly to the Midwest, intends to fight back. Says a spokesman: "There's no question that it's a food and not a drug. It's packaged like a cereal, it looks like a cereal, and it's sold like a cereal." ■

MARIO RUIZ

The grainy subject of a kitchen-table brawl

Showdown at Gucci Gulch

Designed as a Mob buster, RICO has become a powerful catchall

When Congress adopted an obscure antiracketeering law in 1970, it seemed to target a particular kind of criminal: the old-school gangster wearing a fedora and a bulging shoulder holster. Nowadays, however, when federal prosecutors trigger the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, their sights are often set on a very different sort of defendant: a wealthy professional in designer pinstripes and Gucci loafers. In the nearly 20 years of its existence, RICO has evolved beyond its Mob-busting origins to become a powerful legal weapon against the upper reaches of white-collar crime. And because of its broad civil provisions, the statute has also become a tool for transforming common commercial and business disputes into major, expensive racketeering lawsuits.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY ARNOLD ROTH

Recently, few have felt the sting of RICO as much as the denizens of Wall Street. Federal prosecutors have used the law to go after big names like former junk-bond maestro Michael Milken, who is expected to be tried early next year on charges involving securities fraud. Two weeks ago, several executives of Princeton/Newport Partners were convicted for their roles in illegal stock-trading schemes. Two days later, the Justice Department indicted 46 traders at the Chicago Board of Trade and the Mercantile Exchange, 18 of them on RICO charges. And just last week the law was used to convict E. Robert Wallach, a longtime friend of former Attorney General Edwin Meese, of accepting illegal payoffs to influence Government officials in the Wedtech Corp. corruption case.

Critics blast RICO for the seemingly catchall provisions of both its criminal and its civil arms. "It's legislation on the cheap," says Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz. "It's an attempt to use one statute to solve all the evils of society." Others say the law is a good example of justice made blind. Government investigators indicate that, as originally intended, RICO has significantly dented the operations of organized crime. But Notre Dame law professor G. Robert Blakey, one of its main drafters, insists that Congress never intended to restrict its application to the Mob. "We don't want one set of rules for people whose collars are blue or whose names end in vowels, and another set for those whose collars are white and have Ivy League diplomas," he says.

RICO gives law enforcers extraordinary latitude because it focuses on patterns of criminal behavior rather than on individual crimes. It can target anyone involved in an "enterprise" that engages at least twice a decade in any of a broad range of criminal activities, from murder and extortion to mail and wire fraud. The law authorizes heavy prison sentences and carries a powerful economic punch. Convicted defendants must forfeit all their ill-gotten gains, including all "proceeds" from the enterprise.

Such punishments can sometimes be draconian. Gas-pump owner Oscar Porcelli, for example, faces the prospect of losing his string of New York gas stations for a RICO conviction stemming from sales-tax evasion. "He made a mistake, but not a mistake that should warrant shooting him with a cannon," says his attorney, Vivian Shevitz.

The economic penalties of the law can squeeze some defendants into plea-bargain agreements. Threatened by a RICO indictment and its sweeping forfeitures, the investment-banking firm of Drexel Burnham Lambert pleaded guilty to lesser charges last year and was hit with $650 million in penalties. Equally troubling to RICO targets is the law's ability to seize temporarily the assets of an accused before a trial begins—even funds that would be used to pay a defense attorney. "Suddenly, there are a lot of born-again civil libertarians on Wall Street," says Michael Waldman, legislative director for Public Citizen Congress Watch.

Although civil RICO lawsuits total less than half of a percent of the federal civil caseload, the statute's civil provisions draw some of the heaviest fire. "The imaginations of prosecutors in drafting RICO indictments are at least restrained by the Justice Department," explains University of Texas law professor Michael Tigar, "but the imaginations of plaintiffs' lawyers are not similarly restrained." What encourages the creativity, says critics, is the possibility of obtaining treble damages and the enormous leverage of labeling an opponent a "racketeer." The result has been a widening array of civil RICO lawsuits, from common commercial litigation to provocative political disputes. The law has been invoked by victims of sexual harassment against their bosses, by tow-truck drivers against local sheriffs and by whistle-blowers against their employers. Earlier this year, a federal appeals court upheld the use of RICO by a Philadelphia abortion clinic against 26 right-to-lifers who forced their way into the building, castigated patients, knocked down workers and damaged equipment.

This June, for the second time in four years, the U.S. Supreme Court refused to narrow the sweep of civil RICO, preferring to leave the matter to Congress. Not surprisingly, that ruling recharged ongoing legislative efforts to reform RICO's civil provisions. Among the broad coalition pressing for changes are some of the very groups that have recently attracted the attention of prosecutors: accountants and securities and commodities dealers. Says Waldman: "It's a combination of *The Untouchables* and *Showdown at Gucci Gulch.*" The congressional shootout to determine what happens to RICO could come this fall. —**By Alain L. Sanders.**

Reported by Priscilla Painton/New York

The Right to Fake Quotes

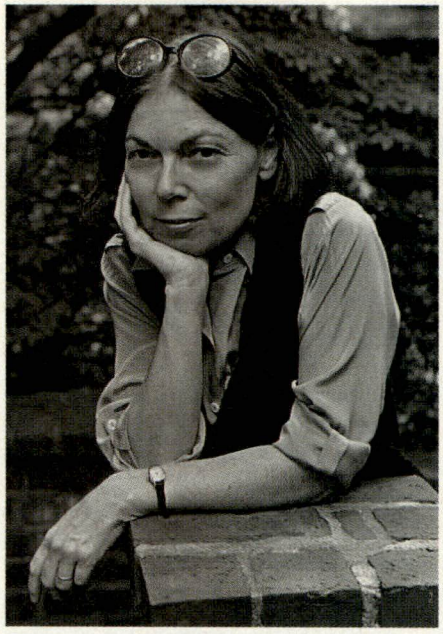
A journalist's legal victory raises questions about ethics

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

Journalism at best only approximates reality, because writers must inevitably select and compress. If they cannot cram in the whole truth, however, they can be expected to deliver the truth and nothing but—especially between quotation marks. The very use of that punctuation signals a special claim to credibility: this is not judgment but unfiltered fact.

To the consternation of many journalists, however, the meaning of those quotation marks has been blurred by a three-judge panel of the U.S. appeals court in California. In a 2-to-1 vote, the judges this month dismissed a libel suit by psychoanalyst Jeffrey Masson against *New Yorker* writer Janet Malcolm, holding that a writer may misquote a subject—even deliberately—as long as the sense is not substantially changed. Malcolm's articles attributed to Masson some dozen phrases he contends were altered or fabricated. Most offensive to him was a supposed self-characterization as an "intellectual gigolo."

The court ruled that even if Masson did not say those words, Malcolm's inventions were permissible because they did not "alter the substantive content" of what he actually said, or were a "rational interpretation" of his comments. Judge Alex Kozinski fiercely dissented: "While courts have a grave responsibility under the First Amendment to safeguard freedom of the press, the right to deliberately alter quotations is not, in my view, a concomitant of a free press."



NANCY CRAMPTON

Storm center: *New Yorker's* Janet Malcolm

Reporters ponder a seeming Pyrrhic victory.

The decision reinforced the rigorous standard of evidence imposed on public figures who sue for libel, and struck some journalists as reasonable in that context. Editor Eugene Roberts of the Philadelphia *Inquirer* noted, "After every press conference, where often you can't hear very well, you will see three or four variations on the same quote. Just about every time, the intent was preserved." To others, the victory seemed Pyrrhic. Said editor Bill Monroe of the *Washington Journalism Review:* "I don't see how any journalist can be happy with a judge condoning tampering with specific quotes."

Last March, as Masson's suit was pending, Malcolm sparked a debate about press ethics with a *New Yorker* article that began, "Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on knows that what he does is morally indefensible. He is a kind of confidence man, preying on people's vanity, ignorance, or loneliness, gaining their trust and betraying them without remorse." Although she focused on a ruptured relationship between author Joe McGinniss *(Fatal Vision)* and his subject, murderer Jeffrey MacDonald, many readers assumed that Malcolm was writing confessionally, if unknowingly, about herself.

That controversy proved fleeting, but the impact of the Masson case will probably linger. Journalists publicize any prominent reporter's willful lapse from factuality because they consider it uncommon, hence newsworthy; the irony is that the coverage prompts many readers to assume that such failings are widespread. Many a journalist has felt the temptation, as Malcolm allegedly did, either to skip the drudgery of poring over notes or, having perused them in vain, to concoct the perfect quote to make the point. Such behavior may be legal. But as every journalist knows, it is, in Malcolm's own words, "morally indefensible." —***Reported by Leslie Whitaker/New York***

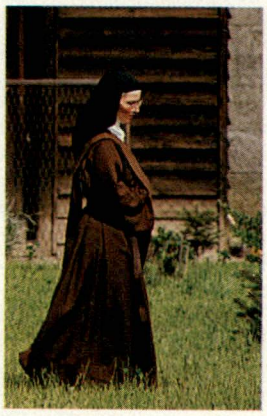
Auschwitz Ire

Stay-put nuns spark protests

For the past five years, efforts to improve ties between Roman Catholicism and Judaism have been disrupted by turmoil over the presence of 14 Carmelite nuns at the site of the infamous Auschwitz death camp in southern Poland. The nuns maintain a convent just outside the camp's barbed-wire perimeter, in a red brick building that once housed canisters of deadly Zyklon B gas. Their mission: to pray for all the Nazis' victims, including the 6 million Jews who died in concentration camps. But the establishment of a Christian institution at a place that will forever symbolize Jewish martyrdom has stirred outrage among Jews.

The dispute was supposedly settled in 1987, when four Cardinals, including Franciszek Macharski, whose Cracow archdiocese encompasses Auschwitz, promised that the nuns would move to a new center by February 1989. That deadline passed, but the nuns did not budge and renovations that had begun on their convent continued. The delay provoked strong Jewish protests and demonstrations at the site. Tensions escalated last month when Polish workers at the convent roughed up seven Jewish protesters and dragged them off the property.

Last week Cardinal Macharski, citing a "violent campaign of accusations and slanders" by Jews denouncing the delay, said he was indefinitely suspending plans to construct the new center because the work could not proceed in an "atmosphere of aggressive demands." The World Jewish Congress quickly assailed Macharski's comments as "brutal and violent" and "a tragic blow" to ecumenical efforts.



PETER JORDAN

Convent resident

Macharski's surprise action moved another of the four Cardinals, Albert Decourtray of Lyon, to issue his own declaration that the 1987 agreement must be honored. The demonstrations and hostile climate "cannot outweigh the accord," he asserted. Pope John Paul II has so far declined to intervene openly in a local Polish church matter, but behind Decourtray's unequivocating statement may be glimpsed a papal hand. ■

The New Zoo: A Modern Ark

From Atlanta to Tacoma, today's menagerie is both a cageless wonderland and a rescue station

BY NANCY GIBBS

Call it a natural disaster. The San Diego Zoo spent $3.5 million to build a designer forest that would house five adolescent Malayan sun bears. The zookeepers planted some trees, dug a moat, launched a waterfall, even hooked up a fiber-glass tree with an electric honey dispenser. As company for their wards, they invited lion-tailed macaques, yellow-breasted laughing thrushes, orange-bellied fruit doves and Indian pigmy geese.

When the lush exhibit opened this summer, zoogoers loved it. So did the bears. They shredded the trees, rolled up the sod, plugged the moat—and then one attempted a fast break over the wall. Spectators went scrambling for a zookeeper, who propped up a plywood barrier while another clanged some pots and pans to intimidate the beasts and herd them into a locked enclosure.

Meanwhile, at Washington's National Zoo another experiment was under way: scientists wanted to acquaint their rare golden lion tamarins with a facsimile of their natural habitat, a lowland Brazilian forest. But the coddled, zoo-happy monkeys lacked some basic skills—how, for instance, to peel a banana. Instead, they fell out of the trees and got lost in the woods.

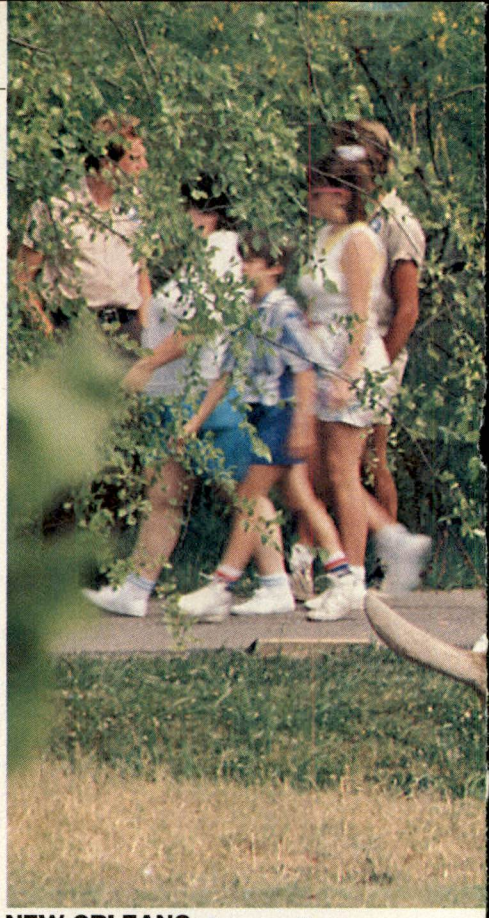
At some 150 American zoos in between, the troubles are not very different. The sharks eat the angelfish. The Australian hairy-nosed wombat stays in its cave, and the South American smoky jungle frog hunkers down beneath a leaf, all tantalizingly hidden from the prying eyes of the roughly 110 million Americans who go to zoos every year. Visitors often complain that as a result of all the elaborate landscaping, they cannot find the animals. But this, like almost everything else that goes wrong these days, is a signal that America's zoos are doing something very right.

Just about every aspect of America's zoos has dramatically changed—and improved—from what viewers saw a generation ago. Gone are the sour cages full of frantic cats and the concrete tubs of thawing penguins. Instead the terrain is uncannily authentic, and animals are free to behave like, well, animals, not inmates. Here is a Himalayan highland full of red pandas, there a subtropical jungle where it rains indoors, eleven times a day. The effect is of an entire globe miraculously concentrated, the wild kingdom contained in downtown Chicago or the North Bronx. As American zoos are renovated and redesigned—at a cost of more than a billion dollars since 1980—hosts of once jaded visitors, some even without children, are flooding through the gates. "In the past 15 years," says Cincinnati zoo director Edward Maruska, "we've probably changed more than we've changed in the past hundred."

And all to what end? To entertain, of course, but to do more than that. By junking the cages and building vast biological gardens, the zoos provide a decent, delightful place for animals and people to meet and, with luck, fall in love. Once that bond is made, the visitors discover there is a larger mission at hand, a crusade to join. Between the birth of Christ and the Pilgrims' landing, perhaps several species a year became extinct. By the 1990s the extinction rate may reach several species an hour, around the clock. American zoos are leading the battle to stop that clock and recruit others to the preservationist's cause. "We don't just want you to come here," says David Anderson of the New Orleans Audubon Park. "We're trying to say, 'Do something!' "

The zoos have therefore taken on a role as educators that dwarfs that of any other "recreational" institution. Whole public school systems are redesigning their science curriculums to take advantage of local exhibits, for what better biology classroom could there be than a swamp or a rain forest? The newest facilities, such as the Living World in St. Louis, include state-of-the-art computer technology that turns a simple menagerie into a cross between a laboratory and a video arcade.

Though highly effective at raising

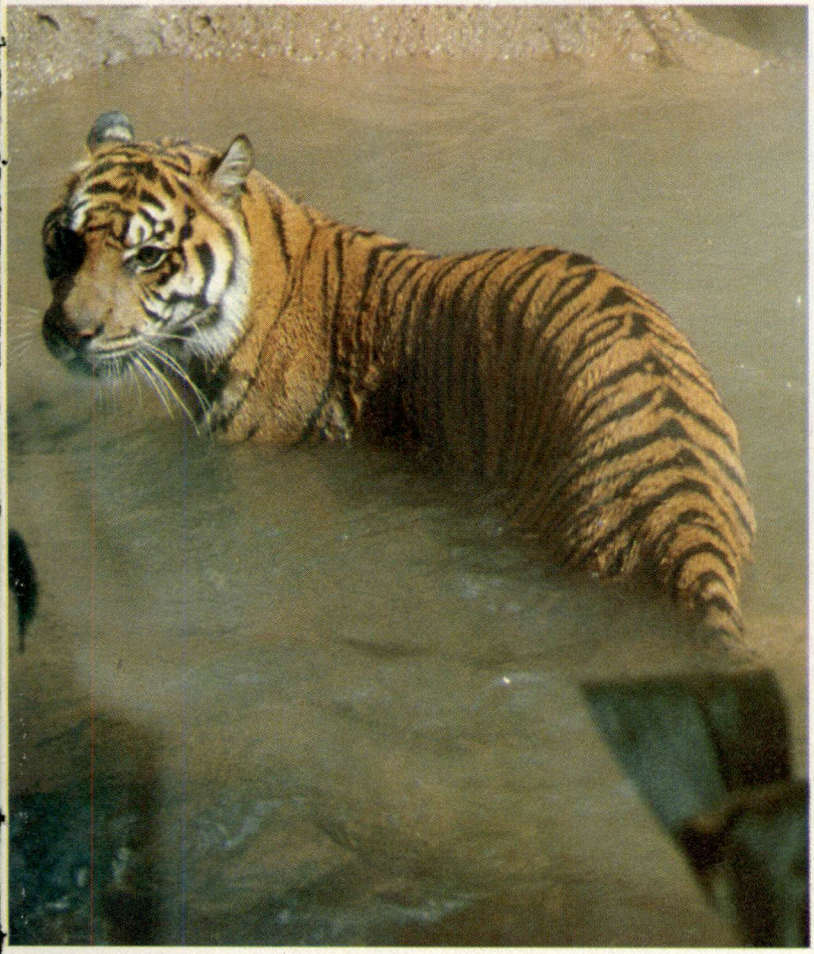


NEW ORLEANS: Gone are the sour cages. In

SAN DIEGO: At the Tiger River, a waterfall is

DONN YOUNG

"biological parks" across the country, the animals roam free, and the people are contained—in this case, across a moat from the rhinos



RON GARRISON

part of a 72,000-gal. computerized irrigation system

GARY BRASH

TACOMA: Close encounters—even through Plexiglas—make fast converts to preservationism

THE BRONX: In the screechy, mystical depths of Jungleworld, visitors must look sharp for the proboscis monkeys, the only captive breeding group

TED THAI

CINCINNATI: In the middle of America's urban jungles, not only do the buffalo roam, but here the zebras and the giant elands also play

consciousness and making converts, this is not an easy or a cheap way to run a zoo. At the Tiger River exhibit in San Diego, that lovely gushing waterfall is part of a 72,000-gal. computerized irrigation system. A huge banyan tree has heating coils in its roots to encourage the python to uncoil near the viewing glass. Not far away, an agile cliff-springer mountain goat is contained on the assumption that it will not jump eight feet to a ledge on the moat's far side that is constructed at a precise 30° angle. "But," admits architect David Rice, "nobody has told the cliff springer that."

Beyond the aesthetic and mechanical challenges, there is the basic issue of what zoogoers should be allowed to see in a naturalistic setting. Zoo directors refer to "the Bambi syndrome," a belief common among visitors that all creatures should be cuddly, or at least not killers. A while back, the Detroit Zoo staff euthanatized a dying goat from the children's zoo and placed it in the African-swamp exhibit, which includes big vultures. Doing what came naturally, the vultures ate the goat. About half the zoogoers who happened upon the scene were fascinated, says director Steve Graham. But the other half averted their children's eyes and scurried away.

For all the increased drama in the exhibits themselves, the real revolution is going on behind the scenes and out in the wild, where a state of emergency exists. To begin with, most zoos no longer take animals from the jungle; they grow their own. About 90% of the mammals and 75% of the birds now in U.S. zoos were bred in captivity, and some are even being carefully reintroduced to their native environs. At the same time, zoo-affiliated organizations like Wildlife Conservation International are working to save whole habitats in 38 countries in Africa, Asia

of the species in the West. Says director Conway: "Zoos are acting as living gene pools"

FRANK MICELOTTA

RED MORGAN

MIAMI: A eucalyptus forest provides munching grounds for koalas

MARK WEXLER

ATLANTA: Silverback Willy B. is "a completely different gorilla," say his keepers, now that he has more spacious quarters

and South America and to reduce the threats to endangered species. Says the Bronx Zoo's visionary director William Conway: "Our objectives are very clear—to save fragments of nature, to preserve biodiversity."

As zoos fight back, they are pulling along the public with some shrewd tactics. Conservationists often select an irresistible, oversize crowd pleaser—pandas are perfect, but snow leopards and black rhinos work fine—and lead a campaign to preserve the creature's habitat. "There is a utility in the concern for the giant panda," says the National Zoo's director Michael Robinson. "Pandas are relatively stupid and uninteresting animals. But they happen to be photogenic and appealing, and they help focus people's attention." Big animals need big swatches of habitat, and so in the process a lot of less sexy species are protected too. To save the African elephant requires saving the Serengeti. That means roughly 5,000 sq. mi. and, as it happens, 400 species of birds, maybe 50 species of mammals and tens of thousands of invertebrates. And the elephants.

Though many of these outlying efforts have been wildly successful, the zoos themselves are still the front line. A child who rubs noses, even through the plate glass, with a polar bear or a penguin may be far more likely to mature into an eager conservationist than into one who sees animals as toys or accessories. It is hard to walk around a good zoo without caring, deeply, about whether this miraculous wealth of lovely, peculiar, creepy, unfathomable creatures survives or perishes. And it will be a great sorrow if zoos are ever the last place on earth where the wild things are. —***Reported by David Bjerklie/New York, Dick Thompson/Washington and James Willwerth/Los Angeles***

Cinema

Vice and Victims in Viet Nam

CASUALTIES OF WAR *Directed by Brian De Palma; Screenplay by David Rabe*

BY RICHARD SCHICKEL

Why are we in Viet Nam? Again. At this late date. In the case of *Casualties of War,* there can be only one answer: for further diagnostic tests on the national conscience. For the story it tells, based on an incident first reported in *The New Yorker* by Daniel Lang two decades ago, is too brutally horrific to contemplate unless some moral edification can be derived from it, some guide to the larger enigmas of human conduct.

The story, recounted in a grinding, realistic style that is unlike Brian De Palma's usual manner of playing fast and loose with death, is simple to describe. A small unit under the command of a Sergeant Meserve (Sean Penn, in an uncompromising performance) sets off on a long-range reconnaissance mission. On Meserve's orders, it stops at a peasant village, where it abducts a young girl and sadistically binds and gags her for the many awful hours of their trek. The girl, who is heartbreakingly played by a delicate newcomer named Thuy Thu Le, will serve as "portable R. and R." In other words, Meserve intends that he and his men will gang-rape her. This they eventually do, with only one among them, Eriksson (Michael J. Fox), refusing to participate and trying to rescue the girl. She is murdered in a fire fight, and ultimately Eriksson, despite threats to his own life and the indifference of his commanding officers, succeeds in bringing charges against his sometime buddies. They receive, at last, stern punishment from a court-martial.

ROLAND NEVEU

Ruthless commander, righteous soldier: Penn and Fox

An incident too brutally horrific to contemplate.

Its surface realism notwithstanding, this movie must be read symbolically, especially since it is presented as a dream that overtakes Eriksson years later, when he encounters a young Oriental woman on a train who reminds him of the long-ago victim. In the dream, Meserve—arrogant, competent, headlong (in short, a born American leader)—is an archetype of the worst in the national character. Eriksson—frail-looking but articulate and morally alert—is the beleaguered best. The remainder of the unit is, of course, the hulking, muddled majority, all too willing to be conned by anyone who seems to be sure of his goals, however perverse. Their victim represents all of the innocents who, by accident, find themselves in the path of Yankee imperialism.

The script, by playwright David Rabe (*Streamers, Hurlyburly*), introduces some complexities into this schematic story. Eriksson owes his life to Meserve's military skills. The sergeant, who is not presented as a psychopath, and the other men are in a furor because a buddy has been killed in an ambush at a supposedly pacified village. Eriksson has an interesting speech in which he argues that the standard rationale for bad wartime behavior ("We might at any second be blown away") is exactly wrong. It is precisely because soldiers live inches from death that they should be "extra careful about what we do." The ending, in which Eriksson is awakened from his nightmare and, in effect, offered absolution by his trainmate, seems to propose that decent Americans may, at last, enjoy sleep untroubled by the naggings of historical conscience. It is, at least in popular-cultural terms, novel.

But still the movie does not work. Its true story is too singular to serve as the basis for moral generalizations. The ideas advanced by the film are, in any case, not significantly different from the ones put forward by opponents of the war while it was going on. But it is its distant and curiously monotonous tone that finally betrays *Casualties of War.* It numbs the conscience instead of awakening it. ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Mo Udall, 67, 15-term Arizona Democratic Congressman; and **Norma Gilbert,** in her 50s, a former lobbyist who works for Udall's interior committee; he for the third time, she for the second; in Washington. Udall was briefly a candidate for President in 1976.

MISSING. Mickey Leland, 44, six-term Democratic Congressman from Houston; along with 15 others; after their plane disappeared in bad weather en route to a Sudanese refugee camp in western Ethiopia. This was the sixth trip to the area for Leland, the chairman of the House Select Committee on Hunger.

CONVICTED. E. Robert Wallach, 55, San Francisco lawyer and close associate of former Attorney General Edwin Meese; of racketeering in connection with lobbying efforts for the defunct Wedtech Corp.; in New York City. The jury found that Wallach and co-defendants W. Franklyn Chinn and R. Kent London received a total of more than $1.5 million worth of cash and stock from the company for using their influence with federal officials. Wallach faces a sentence of up to 45 years in prison and $1.3 million in fines.

DIED. James Markham, 46, Paris bureau chief for the New York *Times;* from an apparently self-inflicted gunshot wound; in Paris. After starting his career as a stringer in India for TIME, Markham joined the Associated Press in 1967 and reported from Burma, Afghanistan and West Africa. He covered the fall of Saigon, the Iranian revolution and Israel's invasion of Lebanon for the *Times,* and was due to become the paper's deputy foreign editor in September.

DIED. Hubert Beuve-Méry, 87, founder in 1944 of the influential French daily *Le Monde,* the country's most trusted paper; in Fontainebleau, France.

DIED. A.W. Wilson, 87, pastor for 50 years of the Montgomery church that in 1955 became the headquarters for Martin Luther King Jr.'s landmark bus boycott; in Montgomery. The yearlong protest began with a meeting at Wilson's Holt Street Baptist Church, after black seamstress Rosa Parks refused to relinquish her seat to a white man on a city-owned segregated bus.

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Eight Lads Putting on Airs

The Pogues shake up Irish folk tunes to make blistering rock

BY JAY COCKS

The birth of a band: at a London flat some eight years ago, Shane MacGowan, who had more of his teeth back then, picked up a guitar and started to play an old Irish tune, *Paddy Worked at the Railways.* He played it fast; he played it very fast, in the best postpunk, frontal-assault style. His pal Spider Stacy clocked MacGowan's hands at "940 light-years an hour." That time, of course, was unofficial. But looking back now, it has become the official beginning of the Pogues.

This aggregation landed its first gig two weeks later. "Hey," MacGowan said to a local club owner, "we're in a band that plays Irish Republican songs. Can we do a set here?" The club owner agreed, and MacGowan, Stacy and three friends were soon doing a 20-minute set of "mutilated Irish rebel songs" that was frequently interrupted, according to Stacy, "by chit-throwing British soldiers, who displayed far greater musical taste than the rest of the audience."

A prototypical punk moment. It was loud, adventurous, untutored and self-destructive. Something may have been kindled that night, but it took 18 months to work it into a flame. Now the Pogues burn reckless and bright, working weird wonders on old Irish airs, giving errant folk melodies a strong bracing of rock. The new Pogues album has the kind of title that makes a sucker out of anyone who doesn't know the band; *Peace and Love* is full of spunk and sass, unreconstructed punk attitude hiding a hard social conscience. Chits will no longer be tossed.

The Pogues muscled mainstream folk music out of its rut. Their raucous, carefully heedless style opened the way for the Hothouse Flowers, the Proclaimers and the Waterboys, three of the best bands working the newly fertile field of electric folk. The Pogues redirected and redefined a tradition that even such disparate talents as Tracy Chapman, the Indigo Girls and Suzanne Vega are working to excellent effect. Mind you, listening to MacGowan blister his way through *Young Ned of the Hill* or *White City* will not bring a fond smile to folkies who prefer their music mild, like a cup of chamomile, or foursquare, like a sermon on a six-string. MacGowan sing-snarls like a saloon rowdy. His mouth, missing several prominent teeth, has attracted almost as much press attention as his voice, perhaps because they make such a perfect match. There is nothing pretty about a MacGowan vocal; the beauty comes later, after he has given the ear a good boxing, and the lyrics settle—very gently, really—on the heart.

MacGowan onstage is restless, perhaps combustible. If the other seven band members do a tune in which his involvement is minimal, he will take a hike into the wings. "It's embarrassing," he says. "I'm sitting on my bloody hands." Even when he's not in the thick of things, he is the Pogues' charismatic center. It was MacGowan and his writing that got Terry Woods out of retirement. At 42, Woods is older by a decade than the rest of the band, and he played with such mid-'70s English electric-folk groups as Steeleye Span, on whose influence the Pogues have drawn extensively. "I've been through the folk revival; I've been through the decline of the revival," he says. "But I liked MacGowan's writing. A lot of Irish music had been parlorized by the English. The Pogues took it back to the streets. They were attacking it."

The Pogues are not a postmodern incarnation of the Clancy Brothers, however. Only half of them are Irish (MacGowan, 31, was born in Ireland but moved to London when he was six), and it quickly became apparent back in the formative days that working up a repertoire of Irish music exclusively, even punked and pulverized, was a dead end. "It was patronizing," says Stacy simply. So instead of the raw Irish musical tradition itself, the band took the spirit of the tradition, which Stacy compares convincingly with rhythm and blues and reggae.

Rooted in Ireland (where only Woods and guitarist Philip Chevron live) but centered in London, where they are an enduring force in a music scene that changes with tidal regularity, the band members still live close by one another, most of them in the same working-class neighborhoods where they grew up. "We are not the sort of people," says MacGowan, "who like to be snotty bastards, out in space." They just finished playing a few dates in the States, to get *Peace and Love* off to a strong start, and will return next month for a lengthier series of concerts, both opening for Bob Dylan and performing on their own.

The Pogues are doing well enough, and remain enterprising enough, to explore some unlikely avenues of musical inspiration. "There are eight really strong personalities in the band," MacGowan comments. "Everybody writes." Jem Finer, who plays banjo, sax and hurdy-gurdy and who pulled the Pogues together in the early days, has written, with the aid of a "very old Italian phrase book," an aria. "We've rehearsed it," he reveals, "but it wasn't recorded for the album. Various factions thought it was pushing things a bit far. But opera is one of our secret desires." Unlike British soldiers on a pub crawl, opera fans have been known to throw objects somewhat heftier than chits. But after nearly a decade, the Pogues still dote on stirring things up. The best rock comes right from the firing line, and the very best from bands, like the Pogues, that keep on shooting back. ***—Reported by Elizabeth L. Bland/New York***

TIMOTHY WHITE—ONYX

MacGowan and his gang: sassing, snarling and stirring things up

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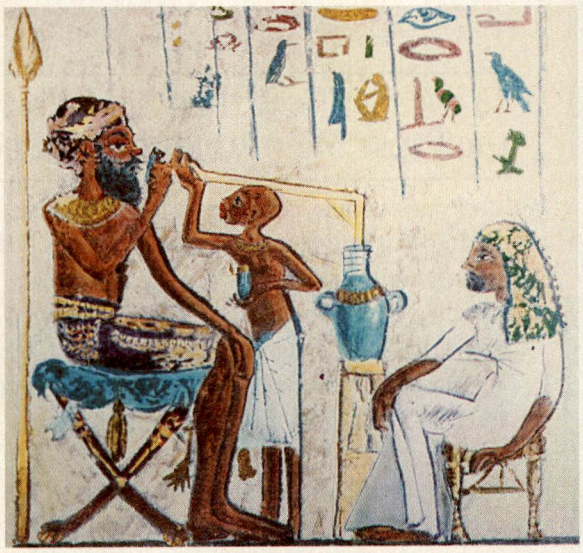
Behavior

Do Humans Need to Get High?

A scientist says society should provide safe, nonaddictive drugs

The Government has declared total war on illegal drugs. But is it a battle that can ever be won? No, according to a new book by Ronald K. Siegel, a research psychopharmacologist at the UCLA School of Medicine. In *Intoxication: Life in Pursuit of Artificial Paradise* (Dutton; $19.95), Siegel argues that the war is doomed because it is against man's own nature. His controversial contention: humanity's pursuit of happiness through chemicals—whether caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, opium, marijuana or cocaine—is a universal and inescapable fact of life.

Siegel, a scientific consultant on the nature of drug addiction to two presidential commissions, the National Institute on Drug Abuse and the World Health Organization, is not the first expert to conclude that the desire to alter one's state of consciousness is a drive as elemental as hunger, thirst and sex. But he takes the argument a radical step further by proposing that society would be best served if it accepted the inevitability of intoxication and launched an all-out effort to invent less damaging, nonaddictive substitutes for alcohol and the popular illicit drugs.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Since ancient times, mankind has pursued intoxication

Some think the drive is as basic as hunger and thirst.

In an attempt to prove his point, Siegel presents exhaustive evidence of the quest for intoxication throughout history and throughout the animal kingdom. In many cases, humans and animals have shared the same drugs. Hawkmoths, for example, fly erratically after drinking the nectar of datura flowers. The Aztecs used the same plant as a pain-killer, and British soldiers in Jamestown who made a salad of its leaves became intoxicated for eleven days.

Siegel admits that today's drugs of choice, both legal and illegal, are too dangerous and too seductive to be used safely. But he is convinced that nontoxic, nonaddictive drugs can be devised, even though "the research may require the same effort and cost man put forth to go to the moon." The utopian intoxicants he envisions would provide pleasure or stimulation within limits but would not cause a user to lose control, nor pose any danger of overdose. Such wonder drugs may be years away, Siegel concedes, but he notes that molecular chemists have developed hundreds of new psychoactive compounds that are still waiting to be tested.

Siegel's book may draw spirited attacks from conservatives and skepticism from those who have fought and conquered addictions, but his ideas are respected by drug authorities. Says Dr. Lester Grinspoon, a Harvard psychiatrist and author of several books on drugs: "I have come to the view that humans have a need—perhaps even a drive—to alter their state of consciousness from time to time." Pioneer drug researcher Dr. Andrew Weil of the University of Arizona College of Medicine confirms that view: "There is not a shred of hope from history or from cross-cultural studies to suggest that human beings can live without psychoactive substances."

But the experts part company with Siegel on the idea of building better drugs. "There is a real danger," says Weil, "in thinking there is a perfect drug that won't interfere with psychological and spiritual growth—and without the potential for dependence and damage." Reaction from drug czar William Bennett's newly created Office of National Drug Control Policy is equally cool. Says Dr. Herbert Kleber, the agency's deputy director: "I can only note that all previous attempts along this line have ended in disaster. Remember that morphine was used to treat opium addiction, and heroin was used to treat morphine addiction. If the drug Siegel envisions were too good, people would just want more of it." —***By Jonathan Beaty/ Los Angeles***

PENNY TWEEDIE

Co-owner Reeves: putting women first

Travel

A Room of Her Own

In London a hotel responds to women's complaints

Wander into the Reeves private hotel, a tidy Victorian row house overlooking Shepherd's Bush Green, and you can easily imagine yourself in any of central London's small, discreet hotels. The woman at the front desk will offer a cordial greeting as you check in, tell you about the facilities and invite you to have tea or a drink at the bar. Unless, of course, you are a man. In that case, you will be urged, very graciously, to leave.

The Reeves is the first and only one of its kind in Britain—a hotel designed exclusively for women. Though the owners cannot by law refuse male guests, no man has stayed in the rooms, which cost about $75 a night, or been served in the bar since the hotel opened in February 1988. "We're not hostile to men," says manager and co-owner Carole Reeves. "We're just trying to put women first. Men's needs are catered to quite adequately in other hotels."

That is a point much in dispute in the British travel industry. The existence of the Reeves is an indication of how rankled some travelers are by the standards of other London hotels. The Businesswoman's Travel Club, founded two years ago to "provide a voice for women who receive second-class service when they travel," conducted a survey earlier this year that yielded a flood of complaints about life on the road. Many women are tired of

ironing skirts with a trouser press or drying long hair on a space heater. Says Kirsty Maxey, 25, a marketing executive: "It's about time hotels realized that the 'executive' amenities they supply are fairly useless to a lot of the executives traveling these days."

Among the women's chief complaints are outdated attitudes, poor facilities and inattention to security. "If you're looked up and down by a haughty hotel doorman who assumes you're a hooker, it's not very welcoming," says the BWTC's marketing coordinator, Trisha Cochrane. In hotel bars, the survey found, a woman alone must often wait to be served because the bartender assumes that someone will be joining her. In the meantime, she is left to fend off the attentions of other patrons at the bar. Said a respondent: "I'm tired of being chatted up by every lonely salesman in Britain."

In the restaurants, meanwhile, women find it difficult to play host at a business lunch or dinner, since waiters typically assume that the male guest will choose the wine and pay the bill. Female travelers also complain that hotels can be careless about revealing room numbers and too often place women in insecure locations, such as ground-floor rooms without door chains or peepholes.

Thanks in part to the increased number of female business travelers and the lobbying efforts of the BWTC, the complaints are being heard. To attract female guests, several hotel chains have introduced new features—some quaint, some useless, but many very welcome. Crest Hotels now offers "Lady Crest'' rooms. The redesigned suites are more softly decorated than regular executive rooms, and come equipped with hair dryers, makeup mirrors, women's magazines, skirt hangers, irons and ironing boards, and an expanded range of bathroom toiletries. Similarly, Ramada takes care to assign women to specially outfitted rooms in well-lighted areas, and will not put through telephone calls unless they are first accepted by the guest. Other hotel chains have substituted coded plastic cards for room keys and are more careful about revealing a guest's room number.

While the chains have been redesigning rooms and retraining staff to keep up with women's demands, the entrenched London bastions are unconcerned. "I don't believe there should be separate quarters for the ladies, like some female ghetto," says Giles Shepard, managing director of the Savoy group of hotels. "It is women who are made to feel more uncomfortable when a lot of special arrangements are made for them." Many businesswomen would agree—so long as simple courtesy, convenience and safety are not viewed as "special arrangements." ***—By Nancy Gibbs, with reporting by Nancy Seufert/London***

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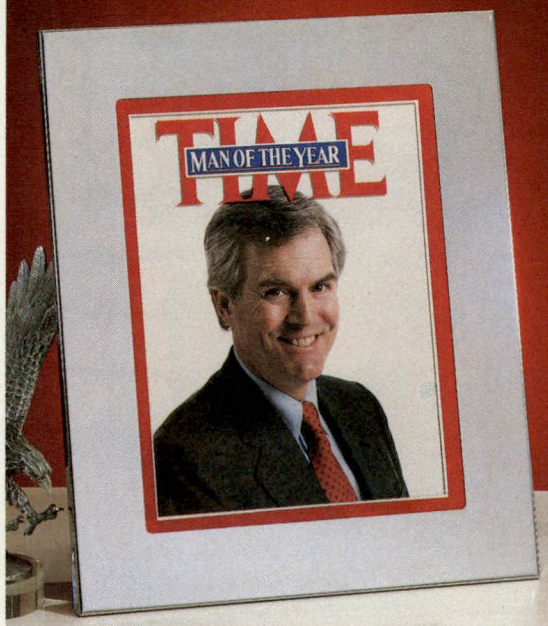

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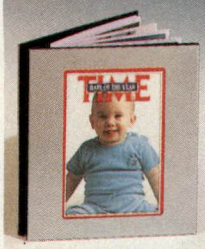

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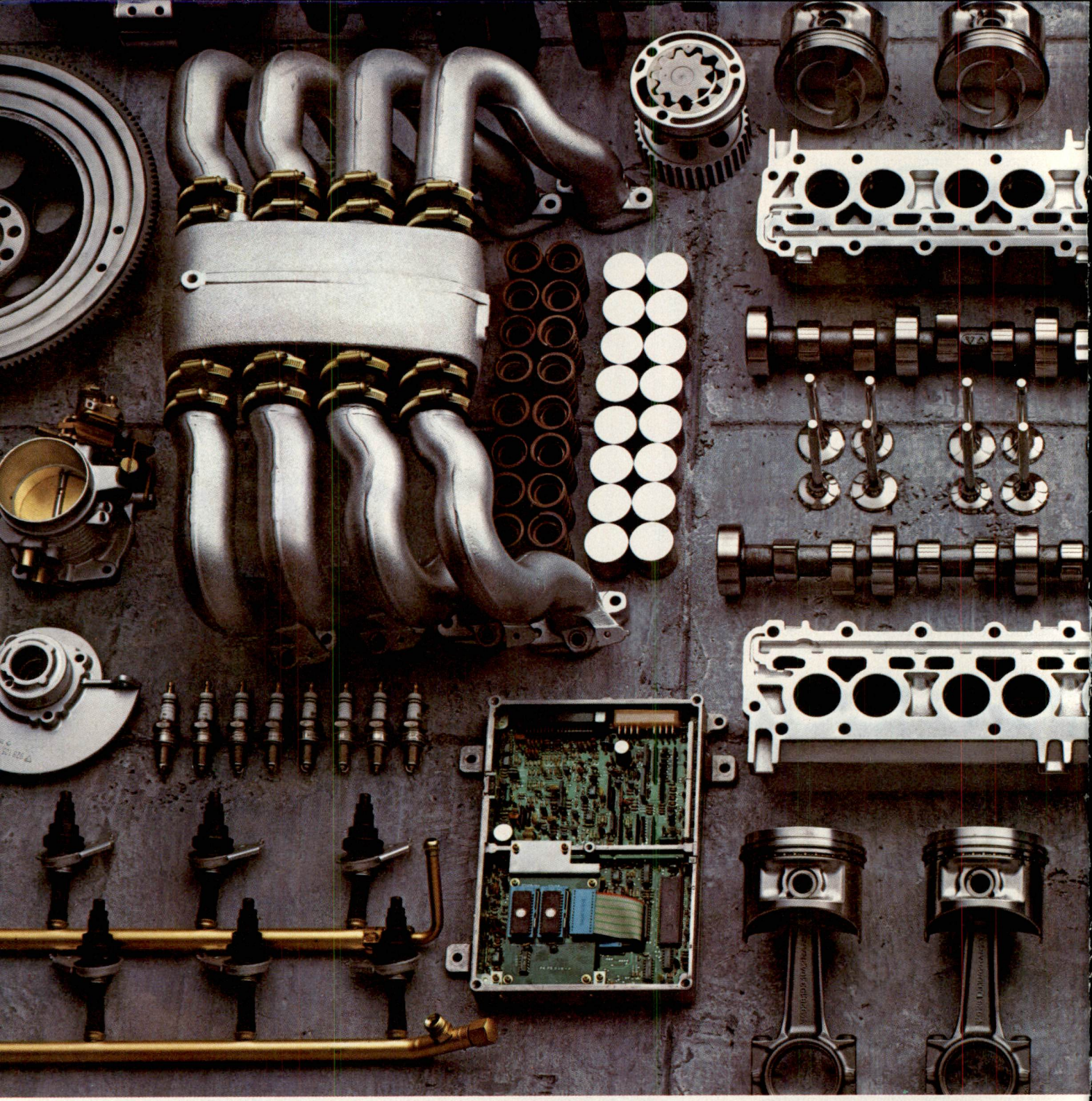

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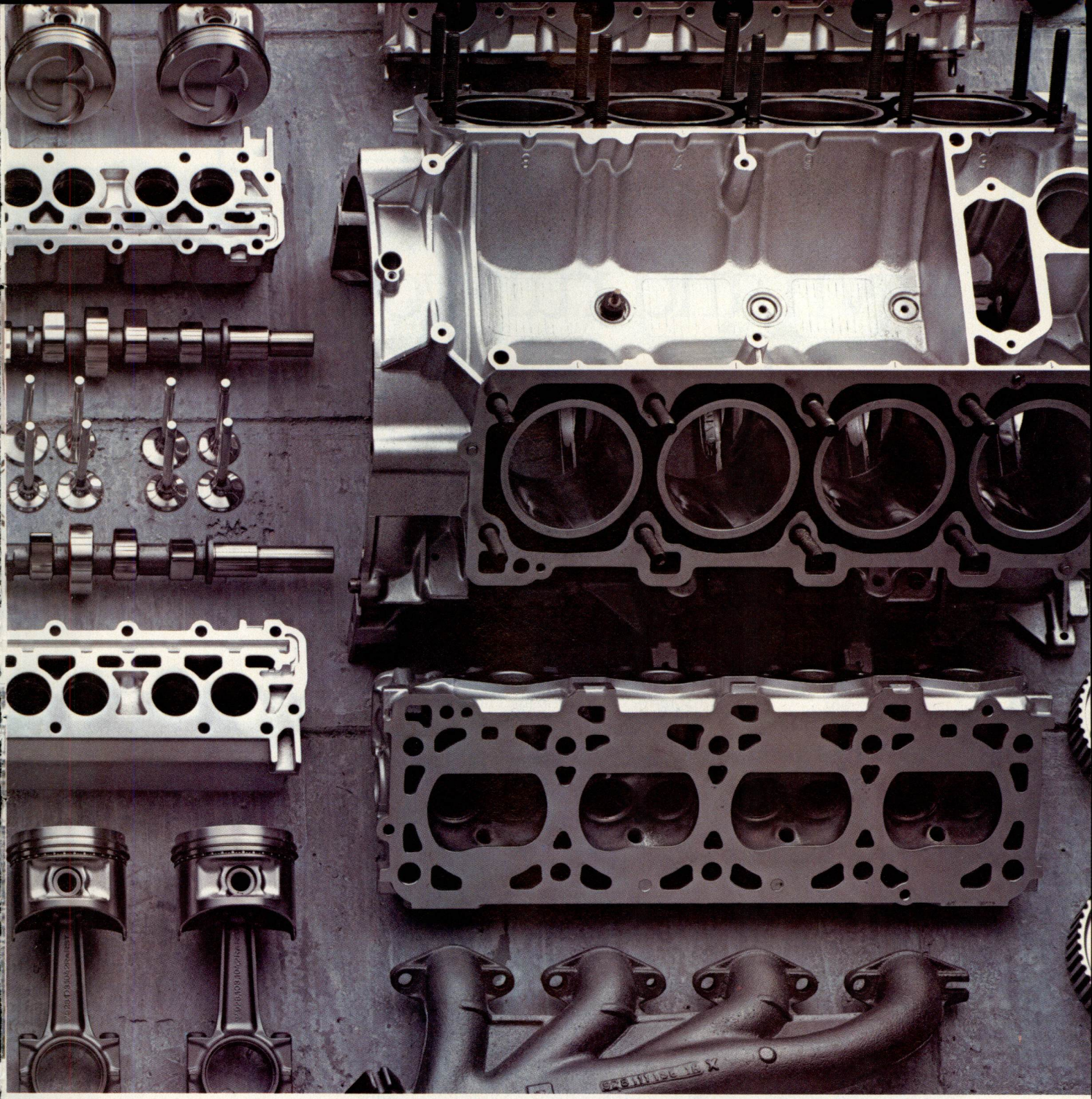

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People

BY EMILY MITCHELL/Reported by Wendy Cole

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

Mum? Is That Really You?

'Allo, 'allo, what's going on 'ere then? QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER has been done up for London's National Portrait Gallery, but somehow she doesn't look right. Now 89, Britain's most beloved granny posed for the likeness in five one-hour sessions, but it seems a bit dour, like a landlady who's not too friendly when the rent's got behind. Scottish artist ALISON WATT, 23, wanted to show the Queen Mum's strong personality, not create a chocolate-box version of her: there's no tiara, not even a hat. Maybe people will be surprised and won't like it, Watt says, but "I wasn't prepared to paint a Polaroid snap of her." The Queen Mum reportedly approves.

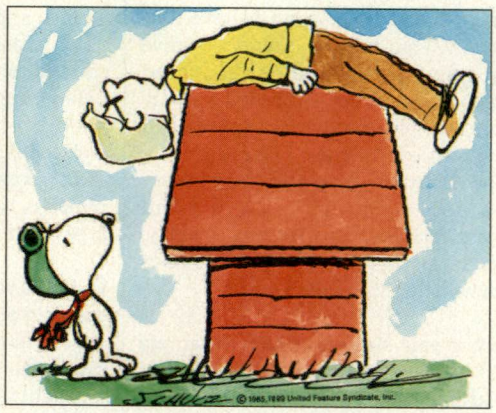
FRANK MICELOTTA

Atten-hut!

"Leadership doesn't depend on gender," says the first captain of the U.S. Corps of Cadets at West Point. She should know. **Kristin Baker,** 21, is the new commander of the long gray line, the first woman to win the academy's highest honor. A self-styled "Army brat," she hadn't planned on a military career but changed her mind after seeing the Point, her dad's alma mater. At 5 ft. 4 in., she is shorter than most of the 4,400 cadets she'll order around. On the other hand, she's 2 in. taller than Napoleon Bonaparte.

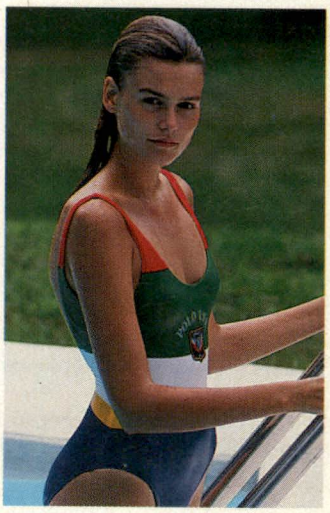
A Lovable Winner

At first, good ol' Charlie Brown "was going to be a smart-alecky little guy," says CHARLES SCHULZ, 66. But instead *Peanuts'* creator made him into a lovable loser. Inspiration was close at hand, says columnist RHETA GRIMSLEY JOHNSON in her upcoming biography *Good Grief: The Story of Charles M. Schulz.* "For Schulz," she says, "humor comes from sad things, not happy things. All of life's embarrassments remain fresh." One memory is especially poignant. In 1950 a real-life "little red-haired girl" spurned his marriage proposal. Says Schulz, who dashed off a self-portrait for this item: "You never get over a loss like that."



Sweet Synne

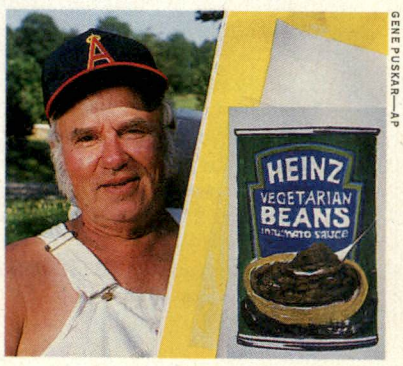
Norway isn't a big country, but it casts a long and shapely shadow in the modeling world. Nine years ago, Ford Models Inc. discovered the "Face of the '80s" in **Anette Stai,** 19, a Norwegian who went on to cover-girl glory. Last week it presented the "Face of the '90s": an innocent 16-year-old from Oslo who goes by her first name, **Synne** (pronounced *Sin*-uh). **Eileen Ford** predicts great things for the 5-ft. 11-in., 125-lb. beauty: "I love that Garbo face."



OSCAR ABOLAFIA

For the Birds

As kids, **Paul Warhola** and his youngest brother (who grew up to be **Andy Warhol**) sat around the kitchen table doodling. "I taught Andy a lot," he boasts. Now retired to a Pennsylvania farm, Warhola, 67, is painting on his own. His subjects are familiar: catsup bottles, a can of baked beans. But he has other ideas: "I'm going to put paint on some chickens' feet and let them bounce around on a canvas." If that works, he'll try ducks. As Andy once said, "An artist is somebody who produces things that people don't need to have."



GENE PUSKAR—AP

Living By the Letter

To her 90 million readers, **ANN LANDERS** is the last word on matters as mundane as toilet paper and as painful as divorce

BY ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Q. When you started out in the advice business 33 years ago, you were a square, Midwestern Jewish girl leading a life without woes. How did you relate to people with problems, and how did you find your voice? It seems to be a mix of liberal politics and conservative morals.

A. And I have learned from them. But I don't believe that you have to be a cow to know what milk is. You don't have to have lived through an immense amount of agony and pain in order to relate to people who are suffering. I really care about what happens to people, and when I first began to read those letters, it was an eye-opener. I came from a very solid Midwestern Jewish home. You see, I led a very sheltered life. I had never seen a man hit his wife. I had never seen any drunkenness. I had never seen any poverty. I knew these things were happening, but they never happened to me. The mail grew me up in a hurry.

Q. You have attributed much of your success to luck. What role does ambition play?

A. I think there's such a thing as serendipity. You have to be lucky. You have to be at the right place at the right time. But once you are lucky, you have to know what to do with your luck. And I knew what to do with my luck.

Q. You are tremendously driven, and I wonder how much of that results from being the twin sister of Dear Abby?

A. Competitiveness is a factor, I'm sure, as with all siblings. But I was the first one to go into this work, and the drive was there from day one.

Q. Do you read most of the letters you receive every day? Do you read 100 at a sitting?

A. Oh, yes. Reading those letters is a very important part of doing the job, because selecting the letters is the lifeblood of that column. If the letters aren't well selected, the column is no good. I must be alone when I read.

Q. When you started out, you hesitated to mention the word sex, but now . . .

A. Hesitated? I printed a letter on homosexuality the first year that I was writing the column, and the publisher in St. Joe, Mich., let us know that he was not running that column. He printed a box on Page One saying there would be no Ann Landers column today because she's dealing with a subject that we feel is not fit for a family newspaper. Of course, everybody in town ran to buy the Detroit *Free Press* to see what it was that Ann Landers was talking about that the paper wouldn't print.

Q. Your candor cannot endear you to right-wingers.

A. You are right on. They say you can judge a man's value by his enemies. I have an interesting assortment. The National Rifle Association, pro-lifers, the animal-rights people. For years I have fought to abolish Saturday-night specials and those cop-killing bullets that explode on impact. I have taken a strong stand against the church or state telling women what they can and cannot do with their bodies. We need animal models [for experiments], and I've been fighting this battle for years. It gets tougher and tougher. The animal-rights people are powerful and rich.

Q. A wide range of subjects provokes intense feelings among your readers. What is it about toilet paper, for instance, that prompted more than 15,000 letters?

A. Incredible, isn't it? A woman went to visit her cousin in Cincinnati and she said, "Look, you're hanging the toilet paper wrong." Louise replied, "What do you mean?" The cousin said, "You're hanging it so it goes over the top. You're supposed to hang it so that the toilet paper goes down along the wall." I figured this is a subject everybody can relate to, and it was—well—different. And I wondered, "How many people really care?" Then I thought, "I care, and I bet thousands of others do too." So I printed it. I discovered 15,000 *did* care. I like to hang it down the wall. Talk about a compulsion! If I'm a guest in a home and the paper is hung the other way, I'll change it. I know this is crazy, but we all have our areas of nuttiness.

Q. When you started the column it didn't seem that you were as quick to recommend psychotherapy as you are now.

A. Actually, I do send my readers for professional help much more than I used to, but I am less inclined to suggest a psychiatrist. I tend more to send my readers to psychiatric social workers, psychologists, trained counselors, rabbis, priests and ministers.

Q. What's wrong with psychiatrists?

A. I am well aware that there are not a great many competent, caring, dedicated psychiatrists out there. The Karl Menningers in the field are few and far between. I am disturbed by the fact that 1 out of every 10 psychiatrists admits, get that, to having had sex with patients. If 1 out of 10 admits it, how many more do you think have actually been involved? I find this reprehensible. These people are so vulnerable. They trust their psychiatrist. He's father; he's God. To violate that trust is hideous.

Q. You seem to have changed your views on divorce since the days when you advised couples to stay together for the sake of the children.

A. Yes, that's true. I began to see an awful lot of children who were screwed up because the parents were screaming

"I love the freedom that I have. I don't have to worry about a man's wardrobe, or his relatives, or his schedule, or his menu, or his allergies. I would not be married again."

all night. I decided that it wasn't really great advice to say "stay together for the sake of the children."

Q. Did your own divorce, as your daughter Margo suggests in her book, make you more human?
A. I think I was pretty human before I was divorced. Mine was not a terribly painful, miserable, rotten divorce with animosity and anxiety. I just knew that my life was going to have to change, and I was determined that I was going to make it better. The divorce was going to improve my life. And it did.

Q. How so?
A. Well, I have to tell you. This may sound terribly selfish, but I love the freedom that I have. I don't have to worry about anybody but myself. I don't have to worry about a man's wardrobe, or his relatives, or his schedule, or his menu, or his allergies. I would not be married again.

Q. Because you couldn't give up the freedom?
A. Right. Since I've been divorced, there has always been a man in my life. I enjoy male company enormously, but I like to keep my personal life private, and I've succeeded in doing just that. But I cannot imagine my life without a man. I think when I'm 90 I'll still have a fella.

Q. I'm wondering about the effect of the women's movement on you. In the early days, you encouraged homemaking and homemakers, and yet you worked.
A. Well, my daughter was 15 years old when I went to work. And actually, I didn't go to work. I worked at home. So when she came home from school, I was there. I don't think she realized that I was a workingwoman. I never felt like a workingwoman.

Q. Do you feel that way now?
A. You know, this sounds crazy, but no. Yet I work harder than anybody I know. Somehow I don't think of it as work, because I really love what I do. Also, the freedom of being able to make my own schedule is marvelous. Most people who work have to get up in the morning and go to an office or a store. If I want to sleep until 10 o'clock, I can do it.

Q. Why do you stop short of calling yourself a feminist when you support a traditionally feminist cause such as a woman's right to an abortion?
A. I don't want anybody calling me Ms. I have certain ideas that I had even before the feminist movement came along. I always believed in these things, like equal pay for equal work, but I can't say that I went out and fought for those principles.

Q. If you were still married, would you continue to have JULES' WIFE embroidered in your fur coats?
A. Yes, I would. Being Jules' wife was more important than being Ann Landers.

Q. What happened to those fur coats after your divorce?
A. I had the linings removed. ■

Photograph for TIME by Michael Mauney

The Search For Minorities

Despite increased wooing, few go on to college

At the top of just about every college president's "to do" list these days is a resolve to recruit more minorities. Although a growing percentage of black students are finishing high school, black attendance in college is dropping. In 1985 only 26% of black high school graduates went on to college, down from 34% in 1976, a year when the figure was slightly above that of whites. While minority college enrollment expanded slightly between 1980 and 1986, the gain was mostly because of increased numbers of Asians and Hispanics, not blacks.

These bleak statistics persist despite several decades of intense effort to attract and retain minority students. According to a study released last month by the American Council on Education, 8 out of 10 colleges and universities report either "a lot" or "some" activity aimed at boosting minority undergraduate enrollment on their campuses. At the same time, 60% give themselves only "fair" or "poor" success ratings in attracting black students; two-thirds give equally low grades for Hispanic recruitment.

One reason for the desultory pace is that many public schools are failing to meet the needs of minority students well before they reach high school graduation, leaving them academically unprepared for college-level work. Also, some 38 states have toughened admissions standards for public universities, raising the hurdle that minorities must surmount to get in.

JOHN CHIASSON—GAMMA/LIAISON

In Connecticut, an on-campus music class for high schoolers

"Once kids have the fever for college, you can do a lot of good."

In poor inner-city neighborhoods, family patterns and cultural barriers often make it difficult for minority students to view college as an option. Moreover, many potential applicants are frightened away by soaring college costs. Federal aid, which has shifted from grants to loans, has disproportionately affected minorities, many of whom are unable to make the financial commitment to borrow large sums for education.

Those minority students who do arrive on campus feel isolated. A resurgence of bigotry has caused many to drop out. Last

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summer, for example, arsonists at the University of Mississippi torched the school's first on-campus black fraternity house; last spring four black women at Smith College received racist notes. In the face of such hostility, the inducements to enroll—scholarships, minority-student organizations—seem pale. "Overt racial incidents can have a real psychological effect, even if they don't happen to you," says John Jackson, 23, a black at the University of Texas at Austin.

Although colleges in general have a lackluster record of attracting and holding minorities, a number of programs are starting to chip away at the problem. In some areas, college–public school partnerships seek to get minority students thinking about higher education at an early age and to nurture that goal through high school. "Once kids have the fever for college, you can do a lot of good," says Nathan Potts, principal of West Side High School in Newark, which was "adopted" by Ramapo College of New Jersey in 1985.

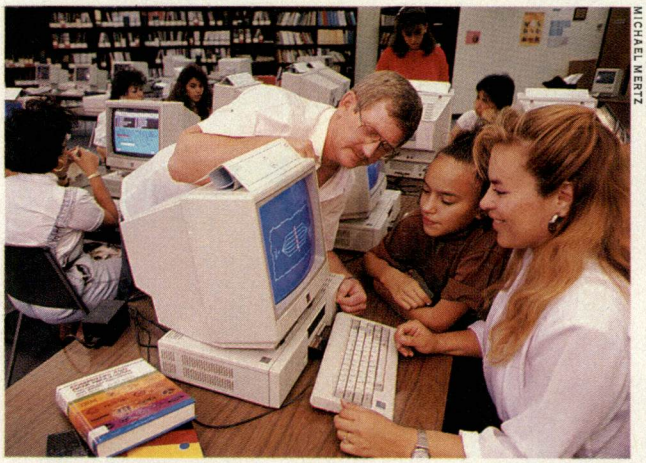
Many programs court only the academically gifted, but there are exceptions. Last month Connecticut College launched a program aimed at tenth-graders who rank in the top 30% of their class but fall short of the top 10%.

"Nobody is telling us to target only the top 10% of white students," explains Claire Gaudiani, the school's president. Public school teachers select the students and accompany them to the campus for two weeks of classes and counseling. In order to maintain the students' interest in college, professors and minority alumni will correspond with them throughout high school and hold twice-yearly "reunions."

Since 1984, Arizona State University has run an innovative program to recruit Hispanic women. Several times a year, Hispanic mothers and their daughters, ranging in age from 13 to 18, come to campus to take classes together. Although the purpose is to make parents advocates of college for their girls, 30% of the 234 mothers have been sufficiently inspired to continue their own educations. "Hispanic family values encourage females to get married and stay home," says A.S.U. sophomore Sonia Torres, 18. "I probably would not have gone to a four-year college without the program."

Although such efforts hold out hope for improvement, much more needs to be done. By the year 2020, 35% of the American population will be minority, with blacks and Hispanics making up the largest portion. For society's sake as well as for their own survival, colleges cannot afford to have more than a third of the nation view them as inaccessible or inhospitable. Many of the current programs seem to be on the right track, but they will take time to produce results. "If higher education is interested in the harvesting of minority students," says Judy Jackson Pitts, a former assistant dean at Cornell, "we have to get in on the planting." —*By Susan Tifft.*

Reported by Joelle Attinger/New York and Jerome Cramer/Washington



MICHAEL MERTZ

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Of Arms and the Man

Tom Clancy, the military's minstrel, longs to live the life he writes about

BY WALTER SHAPIRO

What an exhausting five-year run it has been for backwater insurance agent turned blockbuster novelist Tom Clancy. Forget the four straight best sellers published since 1984 and the 20 million copies sold. Forget the movie version of his first novel, now in production. Forget the $4 million advance for his latest thriller, *Clear and Present Danger*. Forget such crass calculus of cash-register commerce.

Dwell instead on what this chain-smoking, nearsighted, 42-year-old family man with a hyperactive imagination has boldly orchestrated on the global stage. It would have been enough that he engineered the defection of a Soviet nuclear submarine in *The Hunt for Red October*. But no, Clancy had to go fight World War III without firing a single nuclear weapon in *Red Storm Rising*—and make sure that the good guys narrowly won.

Then there was *Patriot Games*, where Clancy's plucky hero Jack Ryan just happened to be in London in time to rescue two royals, seemingly Prince Charles and Lady Di, from a terrorist attack, and, of course, was rewarded with a knighthood from a grateful Queen. Call that just vacation fun compared with what Clancy pulled off in *The Cardinal of the Kremlin*. Not only did he virtually save the job of a reform-minded Soviet leader but he also spirited a defecting KGB chief onto Air Force One to fly to the land of freedom, opportunity and new Tom Clancy novels.

This time around, in writing *Clear and Present Danger* (Putnam; $21.95), which is being published this week, Clancy got mad. Not at his usual villains, like the Soviets or international terrorists. Instead, what aroused his ire was what the Iran-*contra* affair revealed about "how the Government makes decisions, what kind of people make those decisions, and what happens when things go wrong." That is what settling insurance claims teaches: how often in real life things go wrong. And when that happens to soldiers and spooks, Clancy says, "very often you get hung out to dry. All those Marines who got blown up in Lebanon got hung out to dry. William Buckley, the CIA officer who got captured by the bad guys in Beirut, was hung out to dry. We do that a lot; it's probably the most despicable thing our Government can do. But it happens, and that's what I decided to write about."

The book that arose out of these emotions is Clancy's most politically sophisticated and philosophically complex. (Beach readers, have no fear; this is not Sartre.) There are no direct references to Iran-*contra,* no arms-for-hostages deals and no Ollie Norths; Clancy is too accomplished a craftsman for such overt gambits. The closest parallel comes in the fictional National Security Adviser, Vice Admiral James Cutter, who is reminiscent of John Poindexter. Almost from the moment the admiral is introduced, readers can sense Clancy's scorn: "Cutter was the sort of sailor for whom the sea was a means to an end. More than half of his career had been spent in the Pentagon, and that . . . was no place for a proper sailor."

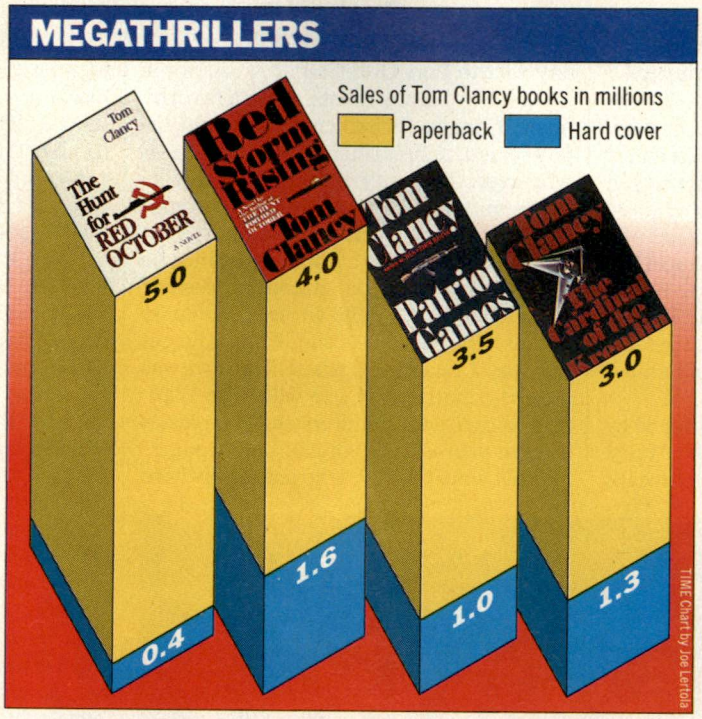
Clancy's intricate plot begins with Cutter's winning presidential approval for a covert operation against the Colombian drug cartel. The ill-conceived plan: insert four platoons of élite U.S. Army light infantrymen into the Colombian jungle to identify drug-running planes and disrupt

cocaine production. With his trademarked obsession for military detail and shrewd insights into the psyches of fighting men, Clancy recounts the training of Sergeant "Ding" Chavez and the other "light-fighters" (fast-moving small units unencumbered by heavy equipment) for their quasi-legal mission.

Almost as soon as Chavez and his fellow grunts hit the ground, things begin to go awry. Big things, like the assassination of the FBI director on a secret visit to Bogotá. Before long, U.S. pilots are dropping untraceable bombs (dubbed "Hush-A-Bombs") on the fortified castles of the Colombian drug lords, while Chavez and his compatriots are hung out to dry—abandoned in the jungle on Cutter's orders.

It should come as scant surprise to connoisseurs of Clancy's earlier novels that along about now the sometimes cloyingly straight-arrow CIA man Jack Ryan mounts a daring maneuver to rescue the light-fighters. There are other familiar Clancy touches. While the author has moved beyond the narrow genre of techno-thrillers, the novel still explains ordnance with the avidity that Judith Krantz devotes to designer labels. There are also a few mawkish passages: "Clark embraced Ryan in the way that men do only with their wives, their children and those with whom they have faced death."

Best-selling novelists are often bedeviled by potboiler reputations, and Clancy echoes a familiar lament when he says, "It is disconcerting that the critics don't think of thriller writers as serious writers." In fairness, he should not be dismissed as merely another book-biz commodity, the action-adventure counterpart to Danielle Steel or Sidney Sheldon. For one thing, Clancy's narrative prose rarely descends to the all too familiar level of "I'm dictating as fast as I can." More important, to measure Clancy's output solely in terms of bookstore Q-Ratings and royalty statements would be to distort the moral seriousness that undergirds his fiction. Clancy believes passionately in professionalism, preserving order, patriotism and playing by the rules. As Ryan says to the President near the end of the novel, "Sir, the oath our people take when they put the uniform on requires them to bear 'true faith and allegiance' to their country. Isn't it written down somewhere that the country owes them the same thing?"

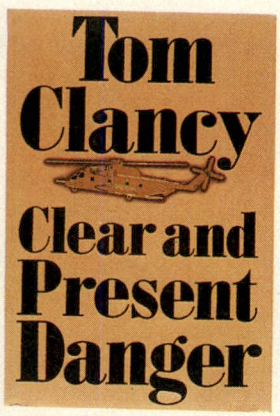


Little more than six years ago, Tom Clancy was spending every spare moment at the dining-room table composing his first novel on an IBM Selectric that he lugged home from the office. His wife Wanda, who had just given birth to a son, brooded over his neglect of his insurance business, and his two daughters balked at having to eat all their meals off TV trays. But Clancy saw his writing as a way to climb out of "the middle-class trap."

When it came to creating a pedigree for his alter ego, Jack Ryan, Clancy made certain that he came equipped with the fiscal independence that the author so painfully lacked. Near the beginning of *Red October,* Clancy wrote, "[Ryan] was not afraid to speak his mind. Part of that came from having money and being married to more money . . . Ryan could not be bought, bribed or bullied."

These days, the study alone of Clancy's new eight-bedroom dream house overlooking the Chesapeake Bay in Huntingtown, Md., is larger than the Calvert County insurance agency that he escaped from. And what home boasts such self-indulgent extras as Clancy's private underground pistol range? "When I set up the background for Jack Ryan," Clancy recalls, "I gave him everything I thought one could possibly need in life." But this study can serve as an index of the author's own wish list. There are toys (a pool table), tools (a MacIntosh computer), tributes (five director's chairs from the film set of *Red October)* and tokens that symbolize Clancy's embrace by the U.S. military (the bookshelves are punctuated by upwards of 80 souvenir caps bearing logos like USS CASIMIR PULASKI). Looking around the room, Clancy laughs, as much to himself as anyone else: "Now I have more than Jack Ryan."

Following the up-from-nowhere success of Red October, Clancy, who was dropped from the ROTC program at Loyola College because of severe myopia, quickly became the Navy's favorite house-guest. Captain J. Michael Rodgers, who commanded the destroyer squadron in which Clancy first went to sea aboard the U.S.S. Gallery, puts it this way: "The Aeneid begins, 'I sing of arms and the man.'



JOSE AZEL/CONTACT

A makeshift cocaine-processing plant in Colombia like those that are battlefields in the novel

In that tradition, Tom is our minstrel."

That voyage not only launched a friendship between Rodgers and Clancy, a fellow classicist, but it also gave the novelist a new vocational dream. "I've told my friends in the Navy for five years now, I would trade what I do to be a commanding officer of a ship," Clancy says. One could almost see him standing on deck, a tall, sandy-haired C.O., wearing dark glasses and an intense expression. "As I get a little older, I get further away from it, but command of a ship is probably the best job in the world."

Many in the Pentagon were stunned by the accuracy of *Red October*. "When I first met Clancy at a White House lunch," recalls former Navy Secretary John Lehman, "I joked that if he had been a naval officer, I would have had him court-martialed: the book revealed that much that had been classified about antisubmarine warfare. Of course, nobody for a moment suspected him of getting access to classified information."

Clancy prides himself on the verisimilitude of the technical details in his novels, but insists that his methodology is simple: "It's amazing what you can get from the public press." Yet in conversation, Clancy can also purport to be privy to more than a layman's share of sensitive information, thanks to his legion of admirers in the military. At times, he will break off an anecdote by saying, "It's a shame that I can't tell you about that."

Surprisingly, Clancy claims to have researched *Danger* in less than a week. He felt no compulsion to visit Colombia, since he subscribes to the you've-seen-one-jungle-you've-seen-them-all philosophy. Clancy finds it routine that he learned all that he needed to know about the Army's light-fighters during a three-day visit to Fort Ord, Calif. "A warrior is a warrior," Clancy insists, using a favorite term of praise, "whether they're light infantrymen, submariners, fighter pilots or whatever. The way they express themselves may be different, but the personality types are pretty much the same."

Clancy has been at loose ends since he came down from the adrenaline rush of completing *Danger* (he wrote the final 45 manuscript pages in a single day to meet his May 1 deadline). His self-reward was a cross-country train trip with wife Wanda and their four children (the youngest is a three-year-old daughter), plus Rodgers and his wife. Clancy, who shares his hero Ryan's aversion to flying, rented an entire Amtrak parlor car for the trip.

BRUCE MCBROOM

Sean Connery as the Soviet captain in the movie version of *Red October*, due out in March

Amid success, the novelist grapples with the dilemma posed by answered prayers.

Clancy has resisted signing a new book contract with his publisher, Putnam, "because I don't want all the pressure over me, the delivery date and all that stuff." Even though he talks boldly about taking an entire year off "to do something different," Wanda predicts that his sabbatical will not last another two months. Over the summer, Clancy has already been tinkering with three different books—a new Ryan tale, a World War II naval adventure and a half-completed novel called *Without Remorse*, about a moralistic CIA assassin named Clark. Clancy's rationale for his new spate of writing: "You just can't sit at the computer and stare at the blank screen."

But such frenetic activity cannot dispel the persistent sense that Clancy is grappling with his own form of mid-life crisis: the dilemma posed by answered prayers. "Tom is doing what you and I would do when we achieve a goal," says Lieut. Commander Gerry Carroll, a Navy pilot who has been Clancy's close friend since high school. "He's asking himself, 'Now what should I try to do?' It's not the great American ennui in the sense of a mystified now-what. It's more of an earnestness to hitch up your wagon and get on to the next horizon."

For Clancy, the beckoning horizon has long been Government service. He is still enough of an earnest outsider to recall each of his seven visits to the White House (the most recent: in March, to watch a screening of *New York Stories* with George Bush). But ever since Ronald Reagan stepped forward as Clancy's First Reader, the author has had more reason than most to muse about the what-ifs of being officially on the inside.

In April he was asked to serve as an unpaid consultant to the National Space Council, chaired by Vice President Dan Quayle. Although Clancy is still negotiating the wording of the standard nondisclosure agreement so it does not impede future novels, his eagerness to serve is palpable. "They wouldn't have asked me in if they didn't think I'd be useful," he says, the hope almost audible in his voice. But the novelist can also sound like Ryan when he declares, "Somebody in my position has the unique ability to look an official in the eye and say, 'What you just said is garbage.' " But the Bush team has other ideas. "What we had in mind," says an Administration insider, "is tapping his expertise in creating public enthusiasm for the space program."

Novelists can become captives of their own Walter Mitty fantasies (remember Norman Mailer's political career?). It may be Clancy's entrée to the powerful that now encourages him to aspire to something beyond the National Space Council. For although he has no formal military or national-security credentials, what he privately covets is nothing less than Ryan's job as deputy director (intelligence) of the CIA. It may be only an armchair ambition, but at moments he seriously weighs whether he could handle the challenge. "I think I would be pretty good at it," he muses. "Maybe I could find out someday if I'm as smart as I say I am."

That self-confident veneer is vintage Clancy. "I don't think Tom believes there's anything on this planet that he can't do," says Carroll. But even if he never gets to test his talents in government, Clancy has already performed a national service of sorts: more than any recent popular novelist he has sought to explain the military and its moral code to civilians. Such a voice was needed, for Viet Nam had created a barrier of estrangement between America's warrior class and the nation it serves. Tom Clancy's novels may be romanticized, but they have helped bring down this wall. Not bad for a small-town insurance man who thought he might try his hand at popular fiction. ■

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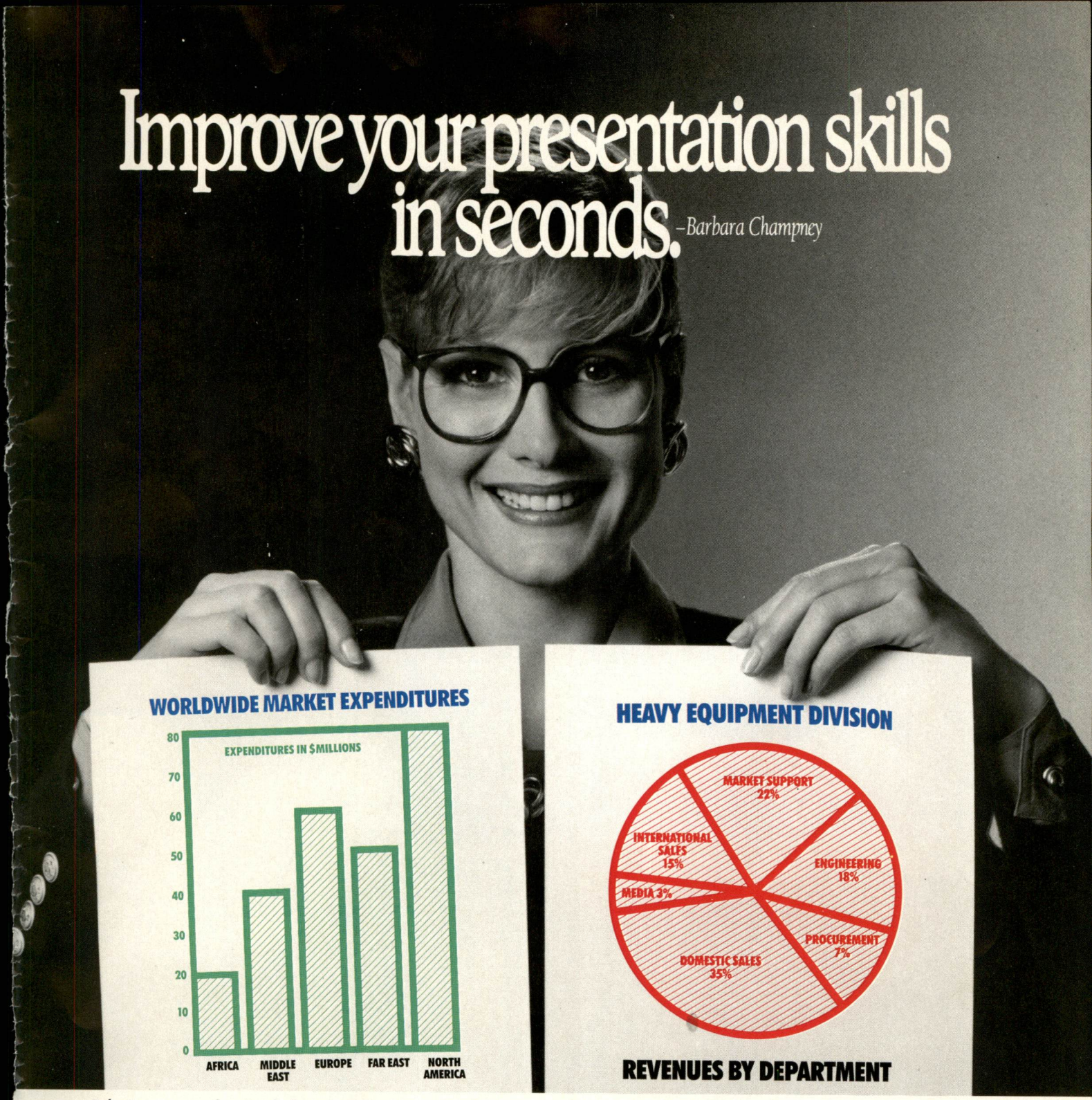

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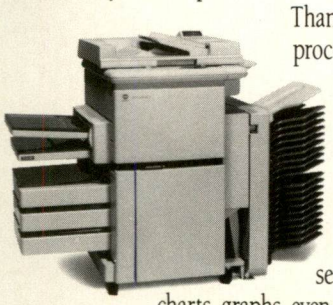

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